

A TRUSTY ANCHOR.

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"Her Soldier Luddie," etc., etc.

"Cast all your cares upon God; that anchor holds." Enoch Arden.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME ADVENTURES.



MARTIN'S first thought on returning to the *Niobe* was to try to find Ju, and to effect a reconciliation; but the latter avoided him, and when on the next day he took his turn ashore, his friend had some difficulty in getting a word with him.

"Don't let us be ill friends, Ju," he said, when at last he managed to speak. "I wish we could have gone together; we would have enjoyed it then. There's lots you'll find to amuse you. Don't forget to go up to the Mount Church if you can manage it; you never saw anything like the view from there; it will make you open your eyes pretty wide, I can tell you, and it's jolly fun coming down in the sledge. Have you got any money? I'll let you have some. Mother gave me some before I came away."

Ju would have replied cheerfully, but he saw Cookson's eye upon him, and remained silent.

"Don't let them take you into a wine-shop," Martin went on earnestly. "Just think of poor Dawson; he wouldn't let the others drag me in, and said he wished he'd never broken his pledge. Well, he couldn't get aboard last night, and was brought off this morning, and now to-day he's got 10 A. He'll have to eat all his meals on the upper deck and lose his grog, and I heard the boatswain tell him he was lucky he hadn't to 'Muster his bag'; the men hate that, they say. If you want to rest find your way to the Sailors' Home, you can get refreshment there, and there's a jolly reading-room with English papers."

Ju wriggled his shoulders and jumped into the boat without replying; he was sore at heart, and in fact would have been glad to reply to Martin, and hear of all his shore-going experiences on the previous day, but pride kept him silent. Cookson had filled him with the idea that Martin looked upon him and treated him as a baby, and the only way to prove his manliness was to openly defy him.

It was not until the following morning that Martin heard that the boat had returned on the previous night without bringing Ju. The men reported that he had slipped away shortly after they landed, and though search had been made they could hear nothing of him. As Cookson had not been of the party, Martin could attach no blame to him, but the gleam of malignant amusement in the fellow's eyes whenever they met angered him beyond measure, and made him think that he knew something of the reason for the boy's non-appearance. A