

cough, they deemed; surely all other diseases might find a like remedy.

It was a sight that touched all hearts.

"Missis, if we'd only got the Lord Jesus aboard now!" said Molly. Ah, that was a thought which had come to most of the party.

"Perran, Captain Mostyn, what can we do?" 'Lisbeth asked, with tears in her eyes.

"You make pretend you cure with bead again, then they think you great people, and bring pig, and sago, and cocoanut," advised Peter.

But few heard the words, and no one heeded them. This was no time for pretence, the need of these poor diseased savages was so real. Perran fetched the medicine chest and dispensed a few simple remedies. 'Lisbeth tried in vain to advocate warm water, and cleanliness, at least as regarded the children.

Towards sunset there was a general distribution of small gifts, which it was easy to see were regarded in the light of charms.

"Oh, if we only could speak to them, and tell them who sends sickness and can cure it!" said 'Lisbeth wistfully.

Still the crowd lingered on the river bank; it was necessary to get rid of them before nightfall. As the readiest mode of clearing the neighborhood, a few squibs were let off.

"They'll soon run off when they see stars let loose," said Peter. And he was right.

Everyone picked up his sick and fled.

"There! I'm tired, for one, of this long company-afternoon," said Captain Mostyn wearily. "Crane I wonder would you take the first watch. I feel as if I must have a sleep."

But when the middle watch came, the young engineer found the captain tossing in the restlessness of oncoming fever. Perran had to be roused instead.

"I wish we could get out of this trough," was the sick man's cry next morning.

The enforced imprisonment to one spot, the lack of the excitement and variety of movement, coupled with the marshy soil of this reach, were likely enough to encourage fever; but though rain fell each night, there was still not enough water in the river to float the *Dart*.

And this was but the beginning of trouble.

One after another of the party sickened, till at last the deck of the *Dart* resembled a hospital ward. Only Peter, Molly, and 'Lisbeth kept about.

And now they reaped the fruit of their patient kindness to the natives. Their first friend, the young Papuan mother, paid them daily visits, bringing cocoanut milk, sago, and bananas—most invaluable supplies at this crisis. Her eldest child was mending, too, and she was ready to worship the white woman who had wrought the charm. There was no doubt, either, of the good feelings of the rest of the tribe.

'Lisbeth kept up her spirits. Perran's fever was not so severe as the attack the others suffered from; he could still advise and direct her, and now she could even see good in the accident to the steamer. But for the easy access to the shore, what would the short-handed company have done at this time?

All sorts of work had to be done by the women. Molly became quite a good shot, bringing down pigeons whenever the larder supplies ran short; and one day she came back from a short trip into the forest very much excited. She had killed "ever such a big bird." Peter must come and help her to bring it in.

It was a cassowary—indeed a big bird, with eating upon it for a week, and plenty capabilities for stewing out of it strong soup for the sick.

"Well done, Molly," cried Perran feebly, a smile lighting up his drawn face.

There was a sound of many waters that night. 'Lisbeth cried for the first time since their troubles began. She *couldn't* keep the sick dry; the rain came down in bucketfuls. In vain she moved Perran and Mr. Crane—now the two worst cases—into the "ladies' cabin." Streams ran down its sides and dripped on the half unconscious men; she was at her wits' end.

Towards morning she thought Perran was delirious, for he feebly clapped his hands, and cried "Hurrah!" She ran to him and put a hand on his head. But he laughed in her face.

"We're afloat," he said, "Hurrah!" And so they were. At daybreak a tottering, white-faced crew roused itself to attempt some little work on board the vessel. Molly attended to the engine, and Peter proudly acted as captain, engineer, steward, able-bodied seaman.

When steam was actually got up, and the *Dart* began to thrill through her length, hope came back to all faces. The clouds had broken, too, and a glorious sun was cheering every one, and promising to dry the streaming deck.

'Lisbeth scolded herself for her fears of the night before. Why had she been so faithless?

She ran backwards and forwards with orders for Peter from the still prostrate engineer.

"How is he to steer?" she asked at last, when the *Dart* really found itself in mid-channel, and the soundings showed a respectable amount of fathoms.

"Straight forward!" was the answer. And it cheered every one who cared for the name of Proudfoot.

"Straight to Jesse," it seemed as if the words meant.

(To be continued.)

Give until you feel it, and then give till you don't feel it.—*Mary Lyon.*