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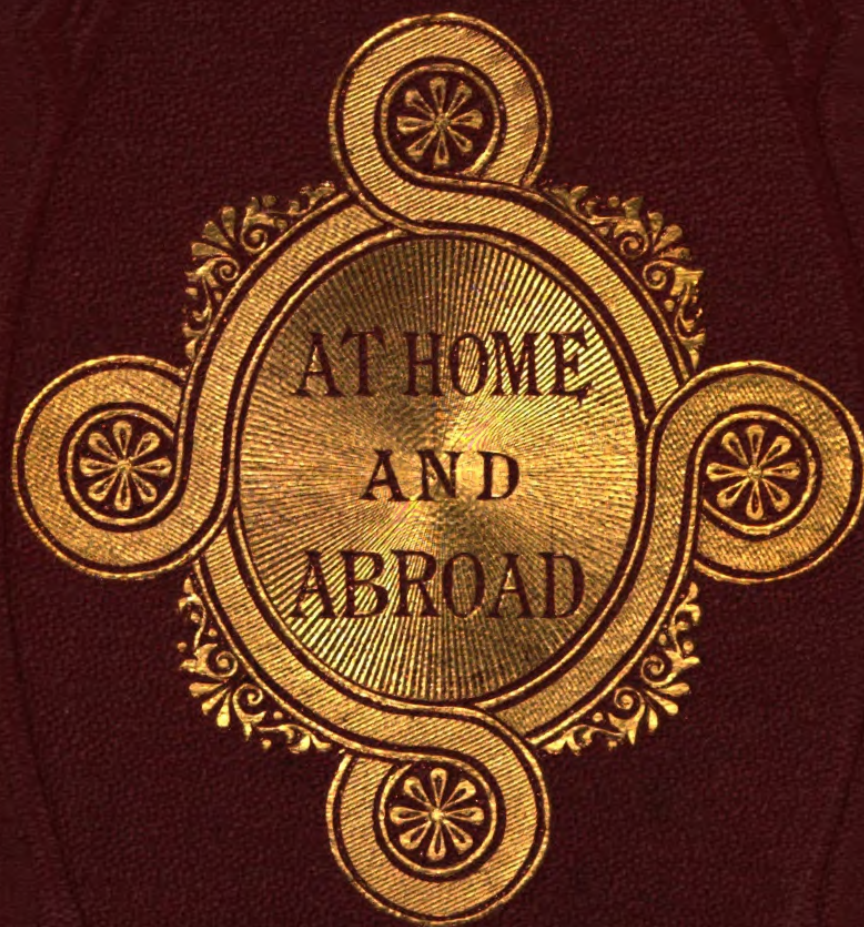
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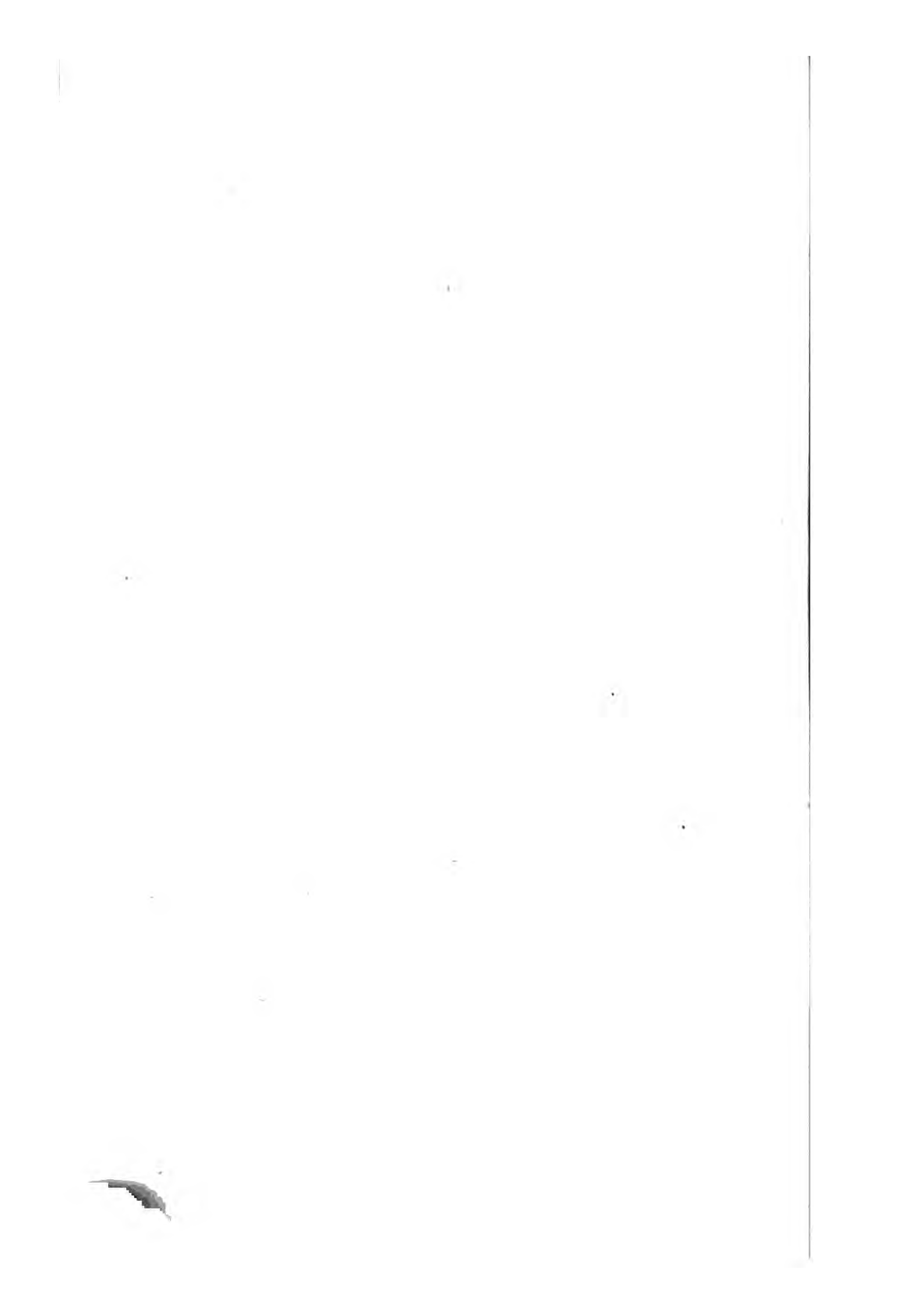






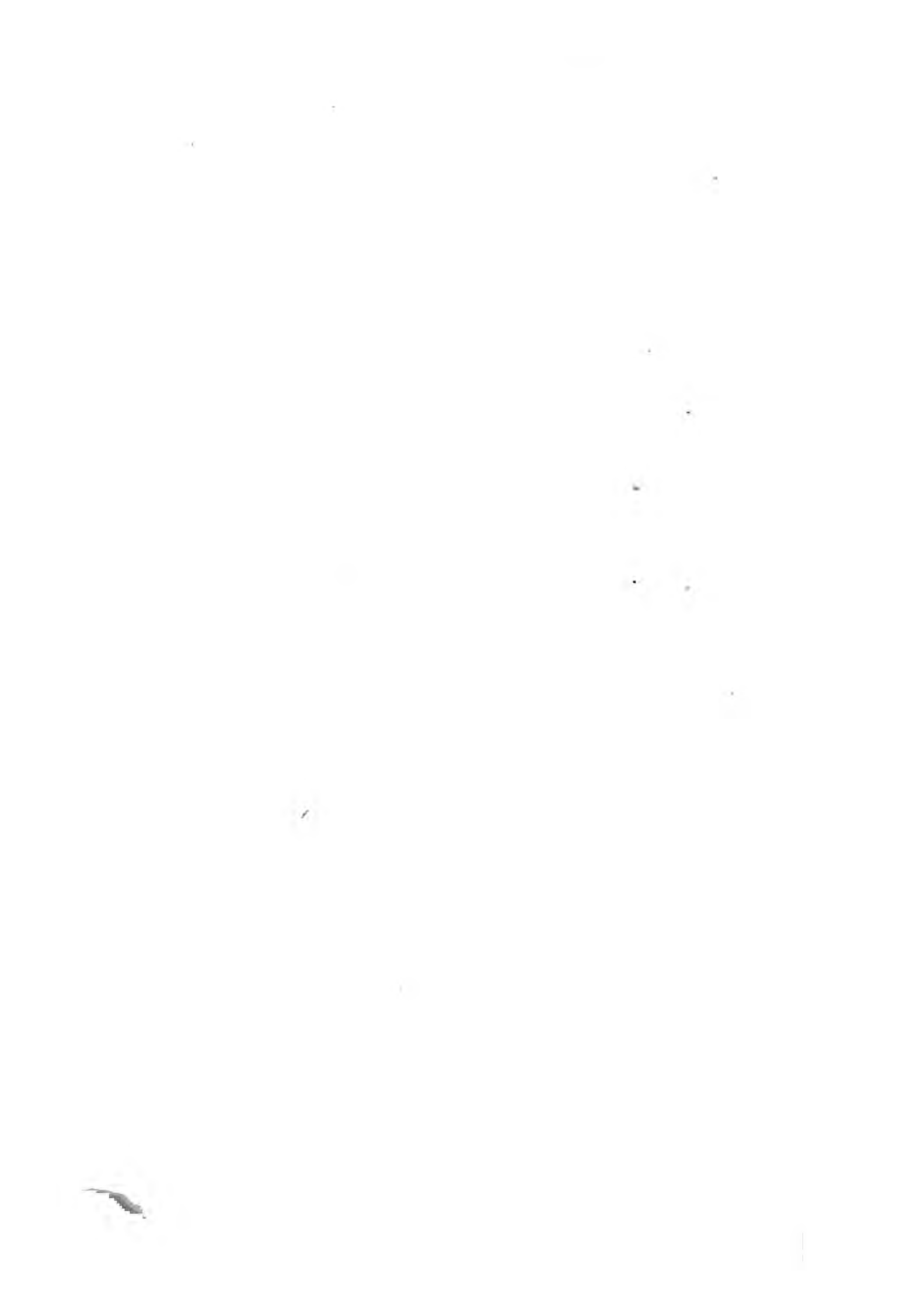
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AT HOME AND ABROAD.









AT HOME AND ABROAD.—*Frontispiece.*

AT HOME AND ABROAD;

OR,

UNCLE WILLIAM'S ADVENTURES.



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WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

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# AT HOME AND ABROAD;

OR,

UNCLE WILLIAM'S ADVENTURES.

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## I.

### THE FAMILY AT THE PARSONAGE.

“**M**Y dear uncle, my good, kind uncle,” said little Emily Ormond, jumping on her Uncle William’s knee, and throwing her arms round his neck, “see how dark it is, and how gloomy the weather is to-day. I have been shut up all day in the house, because my mother would not allow me to go out in the rain, and I have been so dull and weary. I assure you, dear uncle, I have longed for your coming, hoping that you will tell me something to amuse me.”

Little Emily spoke the truth when she said that she was very weary. It was the evening of a rainy day in the month of October, and there were signs of the approaching winter. The rain was beating against the windows, and the few flowers that remained in the



garden, with their heads hanging down on their stalks, seemed to be mourning for the summer that had gone; whilst the yellow leaves of the trees, shaken off by the north wind, were falling upon the walks of the garden.

It was about five o'clock, and, at the time when dusk was coming on, little Emily was accustomed to come to her uncle's knee and ask him to tell her a story. While she was pleading with him to begin, the door of the room was opened hastily, and a boy, about twelve years old, entered. His eager look and noisy movements showed that he was more unruly than studious. He carelessly threw on the table a strap which fastened together his books and exercises, and they all fell in confusion on the floor, loosened by the violence with which they were thrown.

"There they go," said Eugene, laughing; "there are all my books on the floor. Do, Emily, come and help me to pick them up. I wish all these horrid books were at the bottom of the sea," he continued, heaving a deep sigh, while he was picking them up. "Just look, Uncle William, at the task Mr Robertson has given me for to-morrow. I shall never learn all that," continued he, knocking his fist on the table. "I don't want to be a learned man. I have no desire for it, for my part. Don't you think, Uncle William, that learned men are very tiresome, with their pedantic airs, and their books under their arms? Look at me, Emily, and I will show you how Mr Robertson walks when he comes into the schoolroom." Putting a few books under his arm, the boy walked across the room with slow and measured steps, his body stiff, and his head well held up. Emily could not help laughing.

Uncle William had hitherto been silent but he now turned to his nephew, and said to him in a grave and

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serious tone: "Eugene, be silent. It is time to learn your lessons; but first come to me—I have something to say to you."

The boy, with his eyes cast down, went up to his uncle.

"If you were in Mr Robertson's place," said Uncle William, "would you like a little boy to imitate your way of walking, and to turn you into ridicule—more especially if you had been kind to this little boy; if you had made him a present of a box of water-colours and a new top? Nay, more, if you had patiently borne with the carelessness of the boy, who once had spilt oil upon your clothes? and if, for a long time you had been working hard to teach and train him—what would you think of his conduct?"

Eugene was silent.

"Eugene, you know I like candour. Tell me frankly what you would think of such a boy?"

"That he was very naughty indeed," replied Eugene, blushing, and with tears starting into his eyes.

"You are right, Eugene. And now, can you tell me who this naughty boy is?"

"It is I, dear uncle," replied Eugene, in a low voice; "but I will never be so naughty again, I assure you."

"I hope you never will, my dear; for nothing shows more clearly an evil heart than a mocking spirit. It is bad enough to turn strangers into ridicule, but far worse to mock those who have done us good. Do you think, Eugene, that God approves of such conduct?"

"No, dear uncle."

"Can you give me an instance in the Word of God, when He very severely punished children who mocked?"

Eugene thought for a moment, and then replied :

“ Yes ; the children who followed the prophet Elisha, saying, ‘ Go up, thou bald-head,’ and who were torn by beasts” (2 Kings ii. 3-25).

“ You are right, my boy, and I wish that God would be pleased to fix the remembrance of this in your heart, so that in future you may not be tempted to indulge in mocking. I know that God does not always punish this sin at the moment when it is committed, but we know that He hates scoffers, and I hope that you will remember this, my dear.”

“ I am very sorry ; I hope you will not be angry with me any more,” said Eugene timidly.

“ No, my dear boy,” said Mr Danby. “ If you are truly sorry I will try to forget what has passed.”

“ Then you will tell us a story now ?” said little Emily.

“ Well,” said her uncle, “ after Eugene has learnt his lessons for to-morrow, when we have had tea, and your mother is sitting with us at her work, I will think of a story to please you. And now, while Eugene learns a Latin verb, I will go up to my room and look for a journal which I wrote in my youthful days.”

“ Oh ! Uncle William,” said little Emily, touching Mr Danby’s grey hair, “ were you ever young ?”

Eugene burst into a fit of laughter, and, as he had just dipped his pen into the ink, he made a great blot in the middle of the page.

“ See, Emily, what mischief you have made me do !” said he. “ How stupid you are ; one would think you had just come from some desert island.”

“ What did I say that was so stupid or strange ?” said the little girl, looking somewhat puzzled.

“ How old are you, Emily ?” said Eugene.

“ What a curious question ! Do you not remember

that I was seven years old last Friday, and that mamma gave me, as a birthday present, a large plum-cake, of which you ate nearly the half?"

"It is quite true," said Eugene, "and I am very fond of plum-cake. I wish there was a birthday every day in the year. Well, since you were seven years old last week, do you think you will be seven years old when we keep your birthday next year?"

"What nonsense," said Emily, shaking her fair curls. "I shall be eight years old then."

"Well, in ten years more?" asked Eugene.

"Oh! in ten years more I shall be a tall, grown-up young lady. I shall do what I please, and eat whatever I please, and mamma will not send me to bed at eight o'clock, as she does now."

Uncle William smiled.

"Well, when you are eighteen, you will not play with your doll."

"Poor Nina," said Emily, looking sorrowfully at a little cradle with green curtains; "is it possible that I could ever forget you, or care no more for you? Even if I were a tall, grown-up young lady," continued the little girl, taking up her doll, and clasping it in her arms, "I am sure I should always love you."

"Perhaps not, Emily," said Eugene. "People change as they grow older. And now, do you not see that Uncle William may have changed since he was young?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "Uncle William was once seven years old, as I am; then eight, then eighteen, then——"

"He has grown old and grey," said Mr Danby.

"Shall I ever be as old as you, dear uncle? Shall I ever have grey hair as you have?"

Uncle William smiled.

“Perhaps, my dear child,” said he; “if God permit you to live so long.”

As he spoke a step was heard on the stairs.

“It is my mother,” said Emily, running to open the door; “I am so glad she has come.”

“Uncle William has promised to tell us a story, mamma,” said Eugene, throwing down his pen. “Make haste, Emily, put your dear Nina into bed, and keep quiet, Uncle William is going to begin his story.”

“Patience, my boy,” said Mr Danby. “The Latin lessons must be done first.”

Leaving them thus comfortably employed, we shall now give our readers some account of the family to which we have introduced them. When Mrs Ormond, the mother of Eugene and Emily, was left a widow, her brother, Mr Danby, a clergyman, earnestly entreated her to make his house her home; and she consented to leave her residence in town, and remove, with her family, to the parsonage.

Mr Danby had been a widower for several years; he had no family, and considered the children of his sister as his own. The parsonage had been newly furnished for Mrs Ormond, and the good clergyman neglected nothing which could make his home pleasant to his relatives. The parsonage was situated near a beautiful lake, and in the fine days of summer its clear blue waters reflected the landscape around. Clusters of white houses were dotted here and there among the meadows, and the church, with its tapering spire, its Gothic windows, and its porch ornamented with old sculpture, resembled, in some degree, a building of the middle ages, and formed a pleasing object in the surrounding landscape. A long avenue of chestnut trees led to the church, and under their cool

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shade Eugene and his sister often played during the fine summer evenings, whilst Mrs Ormond, seated on a stone bench near them, employed herself in knitting or embroidery.

The young Ormonds led a quiet pleasant life at the Parsonage; well cared for by their Christian mother and uncle, who sincerely desired to bring them up in the fear of God, and who allowed no day to pass without offering up fervent prayers to the Lord for the welfare of the dear little ones whom he had entrusted to their care.

Eugene and his sister had doubtless some faults. What child, or what grown up person is without them? Eugene was inclined to be noisy, idle, and somewhat wilful. Emily was inquisitive, sometimes talkative, and rather greedy. Their mother and uncle knew their faults, and constantly endeavoured to correct their evil inclinations by continual watchfulness and by good advice. But their kind relatives knew, as we have said before, that watchfulness must be accompanied by prayer; therefore they were earnest and constant in using this powerful means of overcoming evil in their children, and turning their young hearts to God. We say *their* children, for Mr Danby liked to consider the children of his sister as his own, and to lavish upon them every mark of fatherly love and judicious care.

But to return to our story. Eugene had just finished his lessons for the next day when he was called to tea. This meal was usually followed by evening prayers, because Uncle William thought that it is not good for children to put off the reading and studying of the Bible to the last hour of the day, when they may probably be too sleepy to pay proper attention to it.

When prayers were over, and the large Bible was

replaced upon the shelf, Mr Danby went to his study, promising to return soon. The lamp was placed upon the table. Mrs Ormond took her work, Eugene placed before him two large pictures of soldiers, which he intended to colour, whilst Emily, furnished with a small pair of scissors, prepared to cut out figures from a sheet of white paper.

Before long Uncle William returned, carrying a large portfolio. The children jumped with joy when they saw it. Eugene hastened to put a large arm-chair in a comfortable place near the fire, whilst Emily brought him a footstool. The children looked to the portfolio with eager curiosity, and were about to ask many questions, but Uncle William said, smiling :

“ My dear children, I intend to begin, this evening, to relate to you some of the adventures of my youth, which I think will interest you. It may perhaps appear extraordinary that I should speak of having met with adventures such as few men have passed through ; but all that I am about to tell you is strictly true. Sometimes it is the will of God to send us severe trials and afflictions ; but He does this for the good of our souls. We read in the Scriptures that those whom He loves He chastens, and that, though ‘ no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous : nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby ’ (Heb. xii. 11). Do you clearly understand me, my dear children, continued Uncle William.”

“ Oh, yes, I understand you quite well,” said Eugene ; “ my mother has explained this verse to us.”

“ How interesting it will be,” said Emily, “ to hear the strange adventures that have happened to you. Do begin at once, dear uncle.”

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“Wait an instant, children,” said Mr Danby; “before I begin my story, I must let you know my conditions.”

The children looked at each other in surprise.

“I shall begin,” said Uncle William, “by asking my sister to allow Emily to sit up till nine o’clock, if she can keep her little eyes open to so late an hour.”

“Oh, dear uncle,” said Emily eagerly, “you know I shall never be sleepy while I am listening to a story.”

“Will the story be very long?” said Eugene. “May we hear the end of it this evening?”

“No, my boy; my story will be very long. I mean to divide it, and to tell it to you on two evenings every week.”

The children clapped their hands, exclaiming, both at once, “Oh, how pleasant it will be! how glad we are!”

“Hush, my dears,” said Mr Danby, “I have not yet told you my conditions.”

The children were silent.

“My conditions are,” said Mr Danby, “that if Emily displeases her mother, or if Eugene has a bad report of his conduct from the school, there will be no story that evening.”

The children cast down their eyes.

“Then we may, perhaps, be deprived of the story some weeks,” said Emily, sadly.

“That will depend on your own conduct,” said Mr Danby; “but let us not anticipate evil. I should be sorry to think you would be so naughty.”

“I intend to work hard,” said Eugene.

“And I,” said Emily, “will try to be neither inquisitive nor talkative, as long as the story lasts. What shall I do, mamma? How do you think I



shall be able to keep from these faults for so long a time?"

Mrs Ormond and Mr Danby could not help smiling at Emily's frank confession.

"My dear children," replied her mother, "try with all your heart to correct your faults, and pray to God for help; He will certainly give you strength to resist what is wrong, if you sincerely pray to Him every day for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Will you remember and try?"

"Yes, mamma, if you will kindly remind me," said Emily.

"Well, my dear," said Uncle William, "are you now ready to listen?"

"Yes, yes, uncle," said the children.

Uncle William put the portfolio on the table. "I have here notes of my adventures," said he, "which I must look at, from time to time, that I may leave out nothing that may interest you."

They then settled themselves comfortably, and Uncle William began his story.





## II.

### UNCLE WILLIAM'S BOYHOOD.

“**I** WILL not say much, dear children, of my early years, as nothing remarkable happened to me then. I must confess, however, I was a very giddy, thoughtless boy, preferring play to lessons, so that I often gave much grief to my good parents. My father was a doctor, and was very popular in the town where he lived. Both he and my mother were pious people; both wished and endeavoured to bring up their children in the fear of the Lord. My sister, three years younger than I, was a good little girl, gentle, sweet-tempered, and affectionate. She liked to be constantly with her mother, and I can imagine I see her now, seated on a little stool at our mother's feet, playing quietly with her doll.

“The peace and happiness which reigned in our home were troubled only by my noise and continual thoughtlessness. I was constantly quarrelling with my schoolfellows, and rarely came home any day without scars and bruises. As my father was absent during the whole day, my mother superintended my lessons; and I remember, with bitter grief, how often I caused her to shed tears by my rebellion and idleness.

“ On Sunday afternoon we attended a Bible class for children, taught by one of the best clergymen in the town. This good man tried to interest us in every possible way, while faithfully expounding to us the Word of God. Our parents felt it a duty and a pleasure to accompany their children to this class. As my thoughtlessness was well known, a place was assigned to me on one of the benches close to the master’s reading-desk, notwithstanding which, I never ceased to play tricks on my companions, to distract their attention, and make them laugh. Unfortunately for them and me, I generally succeeded too well. But this bad conduct was soon put an end to. One Sunday I went to the Bible class with a little kitten hid under my jacket, and, at a time when all appeared most attentive, I threw it suddenly under the bench. The poor little creature was so frightened it began to mew in a piteous manner, and I need not say that the whole class was disturbed. The clergyman was obliged to stop, and he cast on me a look in which I read his extreme displeasure. He said—

“ ‘ William Danby, leave the class immediately, and do not return until I give you permission.’ ”

“ My poor mother, deeply grieved, took me by the hand and led me away; whilst all the children, and even some of the parents, whispered to each other, and the following words reached my ears, ‘ Oh, what a naughty boy!’ ‘ What a wicked child!’ ‘ How much his poor mother is to be pitied.’ For the first time, perhaps, I felt myself blush deeply, and, with my eyes cast down, I left the chapel, while my mother accompanied me in silence.

“ When we reached home, my father was alone, busy in his study, and my mother left me in the dining-room, while she went to tell him what had happened.

My father sent for me, opened his Bible, and slowly read to me the following words :

“Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die.

“Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell’ (Prov. xxiii. 13, 14).

“Taking a rod, he administered to me a correction that I shall never forget, and then ordered me to bed.

“Pride and passion had prevented me from screaming, but when I found myself alone in my room, I shed tears of anger. However, by degrees, I became more calm, and at last fell asleep. In the evening I was awakened by a soft hand on my forehead, and hot tears falling on my face. It was my poor mother, who could not resolve to go to bed without coming up to speak to me.

“‘William,’ said she, in a voice full of tenderness, ‘do you not repent of having been so wicked, and of having caused so much grief to your father?’

“I could not reply, for I did not wish to say what was not true, and I did not feel really sorry for what I had done. My mother, receiving no answer, supposed me asleep. I did not see her, for she had come softly in without a light, but I heard her kneel by my bedside, and I knew she was weeping, and probably praying for me. After some minutes she quietly rose and left the room. This made a deep impression upon me; my conscience was troubled, and although I strove to forget it, I could not. It was long before I slept, and at length I felt deeply sorry. The next morning, I implored forgiveness of my father and mother.

“About a year after the scene which I have just related, Clementina and I rejoiced to welcome the arrival of a baby brother. Scarcely was he able to

walk a few steps, when I wished to teach him to climb trees, and to run about with me. My mother was afraid to trust me with her 'dear little treasure,' as she called him, and it was with great difficulty I now and then obtained permission to take care of him for a few minutes. I generally spent all my leisure time in a large orchard situated behind our house. I climbed the trees with great agility, from long practice, and more than once I left portions of my clothing upon the large cherry tree. I gave my poor mother incessant work, for my clothes were constantly requiring repair. I did not care for lessons, but I liked every kind of bodily exercise, and was the best pupil in the school for swimming and gymnastics. My father approved of these exercises, because he said that a man ought to be early accustomed to make good use of his limbs. Nevertheless he would have wished to moderate my eagerness in these pursuits, and would have liked to see me give more attention to my studies. I was often scolded and punished, and, by degrees, I learned to take better care, and not to tear my clothes to rags. Amongst the lessons which I disliked most was learning the French language. My father had passed ten years of his life in France, and he knew the language almost as well as his own, so that every evening, when my other lessons were over, he gave me French lessons, which I disliked excessively. Nevertheless, thanks to the perseverance of my father, I learned the language well enough to speak it with great ease. Giddy and thoughtless as I was, I was not bad tempered, and my faults proceeded chiefly from my thoughtlessness. My father was aware of this, but he did not the less labour to correct me. His just severity and inflexibility produced, at length, some improvement in

my character, and when I reached the age of thirteen I was more studious, more obedient, and, in general, more attentive to my duties. But alas! my dear children, no really serious thought had as yet touched my heart, which had remained the same, although my outward conduct was somewhat improved. I never listened during our family worship, and yawned at our evening prayers. If I had not been obliged to do so, I would never have opened a Bible of my own accord, to seek there for an exhortation and instruction of which I stood so much in need. Every day I heard my father speak of the Lord Jesus Christ, as a Saviour, and as the Friend of sinners, but I had never once thought of examining my own heart, and was far from thinking myself a sinner. Sometimes I had repented when I had caused grief to my parents, but the feeling was so vague and so fleeting, that I did not see my need for a Saviour. Nevertheless, as I have already said, my outward conduct was better; I had better reports from my school; and after the correction which had followed the adventure of the kitten, I had never again tried to excite my companions to naughtiness in the Bible class.

“It was about this time that, one day at dinner, I observed that my father was much more silent than usual. He looked grave and thoughtful, and, instead of playing with us after dinner, as he was in the habit of doing, he shut himself into his study, and we did not see him again until the time of the evening prayer. Eight days passed in the same way, and my mother looked as grave and thoughtful as my father did. One day I ventured to ask her what was the matter. She only replied: ‘Don’t ask me now, dear; you shall know by and by.’ The first of February was Clementina’s birthday. She had just attained her

tenth year. After dinner, when we were seated round the fire, and little Paul was sitting on my mother's knee, my father said to us, in a grave voice: 'My dear children, I have some news for you; and I am not sure whether you will be pleased to hear it or not.' Clementina and I looked at each other with mingled surprise and joy, for you know that children are always pleased with novelty.

"My father continued thus: 'You have often heard me speak of your uncle, my eldest brother, after whom Paul is named. You know he has been living for some years at Canton, one of the principal cities of China. I have often spoken to you of China and the Chinese, when the presents arrived which your uncle so frequently sent to us. You have seen specimens of Chinese writing on the tea-chests which have come from him. Well, in the beginning of last week, I received a letter from your uncle, asking me to join him in China, and to take you with me.'

"When Clementina and I heard these words we uttered exclamations of pleasure, clapped our hands, jumped for joy, and made a deafening noise.

"'Be quiet, dear children,' said my father, 'and let me finish what I have to say.'

"We were silent in a moment.

"'Your uncle proposes that I should go to Canton to take the post of medical missionary. An American committee, which has been formed in that city for the evangelisation of the Chinese, are anxious to find a person to act as evangelist, possessing, at the same time, medical knowledge, which will enable him to penetrate into the interior of the country. The gentleman who held this post died about six months ago; and your uncle, in consequence of considerations which it would take much time to explain to you,

thought fit to propose me to the committee ; and he assures me that my services will be immediately accepted, if I should consent to go. This proposal, my dear children, requires, as you may well imagine, much serious thought, and many prayers that the Lord will enlighten me as to my duty in so important an affair. After much perplexity, I have at length decided to go, because I believe firmly that God calls me to the work ; and consequently I ought not to shrink from the difficulties I may have to encounter.' My father's voice trembled a little as he spoke these last words, whilst my mother put her handkerchief to her eyes, and thus restrained my sister and myself from showing the joy we had at first felt. We threw our arms round the necks of our parents, making many promises for the future, and assuring them we should help as much as we could in the preparations for the long voyage. Little Paul alone did not understand what we were all talking about, but, seeing our good mother weeping, he wept also, trying at the same time to wipe away his mother's tears with the corner of his little white pinafore.

" We asked our father about what time we should set out.

" ' Please God,' replied he, ' our departure will take place in the end of April, or the beginning of May.'

" He then left us to visit some of his patients.

" During the rest of the day Clementina and I could think and talk of nothing but our journey. Clementina entreated me to make a box for her in which to pack up her dolls, and that very day I went to the garret to look for some pieces of wood to make it. I proposed to make a box for myself also to hold my bats and balls and other treasures, but I wished to



make Clementina's box first. The next morning at daybreak I set to work with my little saw and plane, taking the measure of my sister's largest doll with as much gravity as if I had been a master carpenter. I will not mention more details of what took place during the time that elapsed before our departure. In the month of April everything in our house appeared in the most complete disorder. The passages were blocked up with furniture, trunks, and parcels, and our drawing-room was constantly filled with visitors, who came to bid us farewell. The parting between our parents and their friends was very sad. We children alone were joyful, running here and there about the house unchecked and unrestrained. There was no more school, no more lessons; we were like birds escaped from a cage. For several years before this time we had had a large Newfoundland dog, called Nero. He had been the faithful friend of our childhood; he had shared all our games when we were very little, and had often carried us upon his back. Every night he watched round the house; and never, perhaps, was there a dog more faithful or more devoted to his master. Clementina and I entreated our father so earnestly to take Nero with us that he could not refuse, notwithstanding the trouble it would cause. At this time there were but few steamships for long voyages, which were usually made in sailing-vessels, and the voyage from England to China commonly took six months. My father, fearing the length of the voyage, resolved to take passages in the 'Dolphin,' a steamer which was to sail from London on the 10th of May, and go to China, touching at a port in Australia. Its engines were much more imperfectly constructed than engines are now; it was reckoned that our voyage would last nearly four

months, and we did not expect to reach Canton before the end of August."

Here Uncle William paused in his story to look for the map of the world. After having placed it on a table, he pointed out to the children the route that the "Dolphin" was intended to take round the south of Africa, rounding the Cape of Good Hope.

"At present," said he, "people going to India and China usually travel by the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea."

"Uncle," said little Emily, putting her finger on the map at the extremity of the Mediterranean Sea, "an isthmus is a narrow neck of land, and ships cannot cross the Isthmus from the Mediterranean Sea into the Red Sea, as the Isthmus of Suez is between them."

"Very true," replied Uncle William, "this shows me you think of what you have been taught. There is a railway, which extends from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and passengers who are on board the steamers leave them when they reach Alexandria, and proceed overland to the Red Sea, where they embark again in another vessel. A canal is now being constructed across the Isthmus of Suez, and it is expected that ships will then be able to cross from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Do you understand it now?"

"Perfectly, dear uncle."

"That is the reason," said Eugene, "that the time required to go to India and China is now comparatively so short."

"Certainly," replied Uncle William; "but let me now go on with my story: We set off on the 10th of May, and had for some time favourable weather, although we suffered a good deal from sea-sickness.

We sailed past several groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, and the captain hoped that in about a fortnight at most we should reach Canton ; when, all at once, one evening, on the 25th of August " . . .

At this moment the clock struck nine, and Uncle William paused abruptly. "It is the hour that you must retire to rest, dear children," said he.

"Oh, uncle ! dear uncle ! I am sure the clock is too fast," said little Emily. "Nancy said so to mamma this morning when mamma asked why breakfast was not ready."

"No, my darling," replied Uncle William, pulling out his watch, "the clock is quite right. We must separate for this evening."

"It is a great pity," said Eugene, "putting up his colours in his paint-box. I assure you I am not at all sleepy."

"I am quite awake," said Emily. "Will you kindly allow me to ask you one question?" added she. "Who is the little girl whom you call Clementina? It is not mamma, because her name is Pauline."

Mrs Ormond smiled.

"No, my children ; we had the misfortune to lose your Aunt Clementina. Your mother was not born until a year after we returned to Europe."

The children would have very much wished to stay a few minutes longer. Uncle William's story had interested them so much that they did not feel at all inclined to sleep. Notwithstanding, as they knew well that it was quite useless to dispute what their parents told them to do, Eugene and Emily went to their rooms, hoping to hear on a future evening the story which Uncle William had begun.



### III.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

“**T**HE twenty-fifth of August,” continued Mr Danby, “was the anniversary of Captain Stewart’s birthday. He was the officer in command of our vessel. It was his custom on this day to serve out a double allowance of spirits to the crew. Two of the sailors were ill, and unable to take their portions, which they gave to the man at the helm, who, becoming nearly intoxicated, was consequently incapable of steering properly.

“The ship began to go out of her course in the afternoon of that day. Unfortunately, towards the evening we encountered fresh difficulties. At the moment when the watch was changed, the sky, which till then had been clear and blue, became covered with thick clouds. A storm arose, and the ship was tossed violently on the waves, so that almost all the passengers became very ill.

“The first officer of the watch, Mr Macdonald, perceived too late the intoxication of the steersman. He caused him to be put under arrest, and consulted the captain as to what ought to be done to get the ship again into her course. The captain, seeing that the matter was very serious, called the other officers, that

they might all consider how they might best avoid the reefs which they knew to be very numerous in these regions.

“In the meantime the wind increased more and more, and in a short time the storm became so terrible, that our vessel was the sport of the furious waves, although, till then, the captain had said to us that there was no danger. We now remarked that he began to be anxiously uneasy. He ordered all the passengers to go below, to be out of the way of the sailors, and we were obliged to obey him. Although my father and I could not walk steadily on account of the motion of the vessel, we were not sea-sick, and we preserved our presence of mind. My father desired me not to undress, and begged my mother to dress herself and the children, trying at the same time to encourage her; and he exhorted her to trust in Him whom winds and waves obey.

“My father himself helped her to dress little Paul, and afterwards made up a parcel of our best clothes, and various small articles which he wished, if possible, to save, and tied them up securely.

“‘We ought to be prepared for whatever may happen,’ said he to us, ‘and pray to the Lord to guard and keep us;’ then he offered up a short but fervent prayer. He continued to try to strengthen and cheer the mind of my mother, who clasped my little brother in her arms, as if she feared to lose him. The poor child was so ill, that his little body was as cold as if he were dead, and his face, usually so fresh and rosy, was pale and livid. We gave to him and to Clementina a few drops of wine, which seemed to revive them a little.

“At three o’clock in the morning the tempest was still raging violently, when all at once a terrible crash

announced to us that the vessel had struck against the reefs that we had feared. My father turned pale, and exclaimed, 'We are lost! The vessel has struck on the reefs!' Whilst my mother, half dead with terror, with her eyes raised to heaven, clasped her child convulsively in her arms. As for me, I cannot exactly remember what were the different sensations I experienced at the moment. I recollect only hearing a repeated cry, 'To the pumps! To the pumps!' and that my father, wishing to rush up stairs and get upon deck, was stopped for a moment by my mother clinging to his dress; but my father, obeying the call of duty, urged her to let him go, and went up quickly to assist, if he could, at the pumps. The ship had struck on a sharp rock, and the shock had caused a leak; nevertheless all hope was not lost. The sailors were actively working at the pumps, and the wind was blowing less violently. The captain caused several bales of goods to be thrown into the sea, in order to lighten the ship. By degrees the crew succeeded in partly stopping the leak, and pumping out much of the water.

"The day began to dawn, and my father came down to tell us what had passed, and to endeavour to comfort us; but my poor mother still appeared frightened, and looked at us with the deepest anxiety. The storm continued to abate, and we tried to take some food. About two o'clock the weather had become quite calm. My father and I went as usual to dine at the captain's table. All the officers appeared grave and uneasy, because the vessel was not yet on her right course. The machinery was disabled, and a north-east breeze was driving her towards a group of islands, surrounded by rocks, which they knew to be not far distant.

"About four o'clock the wind began to rise again,

and notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, the vessel was carried on, not only by the wind, but also by a strong current. Danger was evident, even to the passengers, some of whom uttered cries of distress, and others, who had sufficient coolness to preserve their presence of mind, tried to provide themselves with all the means of rescue they could think of."

"What are means of rescue, uncle?" said little Emily.

"There are various means, my dear, by which people may be rescued in shipwreck," said Uncle William. Sometimes they fasten themselves to a piece of wood, to a plank, to a cask, or anything buoyant enough to float upon the water, even when a person is tied to it. Sometimes ships are provided with belts filled with air, which are called life-preservers, and are fastened round the body. By means such as these, people may float for some time upon the waves, and have a chance of being saved. Amid the general confusion, the captain ordered the boats to be lowered; darkness was complete, and at the very time when the people were getting into the boats, a more terrible shock than that of the preceding night swamped one of the boats, whilst the water gushed into the vessel through a large opening, and took away all hope of saving her.

"We were the last to go forward to try to get into the second boat. My father held Clementina in his arms, who had fainted away; my poor mother, trembling and exhausted, carried my little brother; for my part, I kept close to my father, and held by his dress. We got near the side of the vessel, and it was our turn to go down into the boat, when the sailors cut the ropes which fastened it to the ship, and we were left on deck; all hope of safety seemed to be gone.

“ We stood bewildered and fixed to the spot. Were I to live a hundred years, I could never forget that moment. By the flashes of lightning we saw, amid the darkness, the frail boats struggling against the fury of the elements. Here and there the unfortunate people who had thrown themselves into the sea, were endeavouring to swim, appearing and disappearing in turn. Some had fastened themselves to beams or planks or broken pieces of the vessel. Not one had remained in the ship except the captain, the first mate, and our family.

“ ‘ Oh Lord, have mercy upon us ! ’ exclaimed my father, with his hands raised to heaven ; ‘ receive us into thy eternal habitations, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour ! ’

“ ‘ My children, ’ said he, looking around upon us, ‘ let us look unto Jesus, who alone can save us. ’

“ The water began to reach the stern of the vessel, where we had taken refuge, when the captain all at once exclaimed : ‘ God be praised, we have still means of safety left ! the small boat has been forgotten ; take courage, my friends, and do not lose your presence of mind. Get up a few barrels of provisions. Quick ! quick ! Let us make haste. ’

“ My father understood the orders. He got us up and put us into the boat, which was suspended at the stern of the vessel, whilst the captain and his mate lowered the boat, put into it some barrels of provisions, and the compass. When we had all got into the boat, they cut the ropes with a hatchet, and we were at the mercy of the waves.

“ I cannot tell how we passed that night. All that I remember is, that they put an oar into my hands, and, urged by the extremity of the danger, I began to row



with a strength scarcely to be expected of a boy of my age.

“At the first dawn of day we distinguished a sand-bank, surrounded by breakers, and at a little distance beyond it we saw the land.

“‘Land!’ we all exclaimed at once.”

“You were saved then, uncle William,” exclaimed Emily, clapping her hands.

Eugene laughed heartily.

“Who could have told us the story of the shipwreck, my little sister,” said he, “if Uncle William had not been saved?”

“It is true,” said Emily; “I did not think of that; but go on, I entreat you, dear uncle, I am so anxious to hear the rest of the story.”

“We lifted up our hands to Heaven in gratitude,” continued Mr Danby, “and my father offered up a few words of thanks to Him who had mercifully preserved us from almost certain death.

“The storm had ceased, the sky was again bright and blue. Notwithstanding the early hour, it was warm in the sun, and we were glad of the heat to thaw our stiffened limbs, and dry our clothes. We landed on a large coral reef.”

“Coral, dear uncle,” said Emily. “Oh! how beautiful it must have been. Was the rock of a bright red colour?”

“No, you are quite mistaken, dear children. The coral rocks which have been long formed are of a blackish colour, unpleasing to the eye. The newly-formed branches are generally white in the reefs round these islands. But let me go on with my story.

“We fastened our little boat to the rock, and we scrambled, not without difficulty, to the top of it.

Thence we looked all around in the hope of seeing the other boats, or discovering in the distance some of our companions in misfortune. Alas! all had disappeared; the sea had swallowed up all. The land was in sight, but to our discomfort we were still separated from it by an arm of the sea, which was like a lake between the coral reefs and the shore. This piece of smooth water appeared to us to communicate with the sea only through an opening too narrow to admit the passage of our boat, so that, to reach the shore, we should be obliged to swim across the water which divided us from it. My father and the captain were consulting as to what they should do, when I heard a low growl. I turned eagerly, and what was my delight when I saw Nero shaking himself from the water, and coming joyfully towards me. The brave dog had swum from the ship. It appeared to us that when we saw him again, we found one of our most faithful friends. He went successively to each of us, fawning upon us and caressing us. Even little Paul was not forgotten in Nero's noisy salutations.

“Meantime we had begun to feel very hungry, and I accompanied Mr Macdonald to the boat to get out some provisions. We opened a barrel by means of a hatchet, which the captain had brought with him, and we took out a little salt meat. But alas! water had been forgotten. We had nothing to drink, but a little spirits contained in a flask which the captain had in his pocket; but scarcely had we moistened our lips with it when it seemed to inflame our mouths; and we could not take it, notwithstanding the feverish thirst we felt.

“You, dear children, have been always abundantly provided with pure, clear water; you have always

plenty of it to quench your thirst, and you cannot imagine the horror of being deprived of water. A glass of water appears to you a thing of little value ; but how you would change your opinion if you ever experienced thirst without having anything to drink. Have you ever thanked God for this special blessing of water ? Be always grateful, dear children, even for benefits which may appear insignificant to you ; for all good things, whether little or great, are sent to you by our gracious heavenly Father.

“ We anxiously consulted how to reach the shore which we saw in the distance. The captain and I were able swimmers ; but my father had had little practice, and Mr Macdonald was easily fatigued, because of a weakness in his chest. How could we take upon us the responsibility of lives which were so precious to us, by undertaking to carry along with us my mother, my sister, and little Paul ? Would such an attempt not be running the risk of dragging them with us to the bottom ?

“ On the other hand, the heat became more and more intolerable ; there was not the slightest trace of vegetation on the bare rock, which was covered with a thick bed of sand. This sandbank seemed to stretch beyond our view, and we could not tell whether or not it communicated with the shore. At last, after a short deliberation, it was decided that the captain, mate, and I should go to explore it, in order that we might discover whether we could not find some opening, through which we might get our boat into smooth water.

“ After having walked a long time upon the loose sand, in which our feet sank, we at last discovered what we so ardently wished. Some sharp points of rock formed a kind of cave, below which was a

hollow through which the sea flowed freely into the lagoon that separated us from the shore. All we had now to do was to embark again in the boat and row towards this opening. My mother, Clementina, and little Paul had great difficulty in scrambling down the rocks to get into the boat, as they were rough and broken. While my father assisted them, Mr Macdonald and I prepared the boat. In a short time we had all got in, had passed through the opening, and were floating on the water, which was scarcely ruffled by a light breeze.

“Nero had thrown himself into the water, and followed our boat, swimming vigorously. We were near the shore, and our hearts were filled with joy, when little Paul, who was sitting on my mother’s knee, wishing to look round, made a sudden spring, escaped from my mother’s arms, and fell into the water. A cry of terror made me turn, and seeing him, I jumped into the sea to try to recover the child, but alas! it was too late; and when Nero, that reached him first, succeeded in raising him above the water, carrying him by his dress, life was gone! Weakened by the hardships he had suffered, his death was instantaneous.

“This sad loss made such an impression upon me, that after I climbed again into the boat, I fell down fainting. When I recovered my senses, I was lying on the sand, my father and mother were bending over me. My mother was weeping bitterly, and when I was sufficiently restored to remember what had happened, I also wept when looking at the inanimate remains of our dear little Paul, who was laid on the sand beside us, his head raised on Clementina’s lap. His pretty brown hair was falling round his face, and his little hands were folded on his breast. The bright red colour of his frock contrasted with his pale face.

It was so peaceful that one might have supposed the dear child was sleeping.

“ I threw myself down beside him, sobbing bitterly ; and I believe I would have remained long there, had not my father gently drawn me away, trying to console me. My mother had become more calm, she raised her eyes to heaven, and uttered these words, interrupted by sobs :

“ ‘ My dear child is with the Lord Jesus ! Perhaps he has been saved from much suffering in being thus early taken away. I ought not to murmur at the will of God. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, and He does all things well.’ ”

“ While she uttered these words, she drew from her pocket a pair of scissors. She cut off some of the child’s lovely brown curls, and placed them in her breast. Then, after one long, lingering look at the baby’s face, she turned to my father, her eyes filled with tears, and said in a sorrowful tone, ‘ Now, I have bid farewell to my child, let us leave this fatal spot. I feel that my strength is giving way.’ ”

“ My father made a sign to the captain and Mr Macdonald, and went away with my mother, telling us to follow him. At some distance, we sat down under the shadow of a rock, and I then understood that they were going to do the last duties to my little brother. Casting a stolen glance upon the place we had quitted, I saw the captain and mate dig a grave in the sand with their hands and the hatchet. A few minutes after, the little body was placed in it, and soon nothing was visible of the darling who had been our delight for four years.

“ During the sad ceremony, my father had knelt down, and we had followed his example. He fervently prayed to God that He would enable us to submit to

His will ; and we besought Him to guide our steps in this strange land, wherein the first thing we had been obliged to do had been to dig a grave. It was, perhaps, the first time in my life that I had really prayed from my heart, and when I rose from my knees I felt myself soothed and comforted.

“ Mr Stewart and Mr Macdonald soon rejoined us to consult as to what was to be done. To judge from appearances, the island upon which we had landed was a desert one, as there was no trace of any inhabitants. The sand on the shore was mostly composed of fragments of white coral and shells, that shone in the rays of the sun with a thousand charming hues. In the distance, we perceived gigantic trees, interlaced with creeping plants, and low shrubs ; but we could not distinguish whether these trees bore fruit or not. The first thing to be done was to try to discover a stream, for we were all suffering much from thirst. Nevertheless, my father did not wish to quit my mother in this time of sorrow, but he sent me with the other gentlemen to explore the neighbourhood, advising us not to lose sight of the coast, or of the cave where we had found shelter.

“ After having walked about a quarter of an hour, we saw before us a beautiful meadow covered with bright flowers, and beyond it some thick, flowering shrubs. We crossed the meadow, and we thought we heard the murmur of a stream on the other side of the shrubs. We opened a passage through them with our hatchet and knives, and we at length came to the bank of a beautiful stream, whose waters, clear as crystal, flowed over smooth pebbles. We rushed towards it, and Mr Macdonald and I drank eagerly, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the captain, who advised us to be moderate.

“When I had quenched my thirst, I filled my hat with water, having nothing else in which to put it; but in my haste to bring it to my mother I spilt most of it before reaching the cave. However, the few drops that were left refreshed her sufficiently to enable her to return with us to the edge of the stream. After we had enjoyed a draught of the delicious water, we rested on the grass under the shade of some fine trees, whose enormous leaves shaded us delightfully from the burning rays of the sun.

“Behind us was an open space, beyond which we saw a thicket of trees, most of which were unknown to Captain Stewart, although he had made many voyages in this part of the world.

“I especially remarked some of the trees, the leaves of which grew like a tuft, on the top of a large stem. These leaves were about six feet in length, and some of them were a foot broad in the middle. Captain Stewart said it was the banana, a very common plant in tropical countries, and exceedingly useful to the inhabitants of them. We went up to one of these trees to examine them more particularly, when we saw that some of the largest bore two or three clusters of fruit, four or five inches long, in the shape of a cucumber, and of a greenish-yellow colour. Captain Stewart had no doubt that this fruit was the banana. We succeeded in knocking down some of them, which we thought extremely good. The banana is delicious when ripe, even uncooked; but Captain Stewart told us that it is also very good when cooked. It is sometimes fried in slices, as fritters. If the pulp of the fruit be squeezed through a fine sieve, it may be formed into small loaves, which after having been properly dried may be kept for a great length of time.

“The day began to decline, and we were obliged

to think of finding a shelter for the night. We all thought that we ought to remain in the cave till the next morning, because there we would be out of the reach of wild beasts that might attack us during the night. We therefore resolved to gather a large supply of a kind of dry moss that we had observed near the edge of the wood. We made a thick couch of it on the sand, in the most sheltered part of the cave, in order that my mother and sister might get a little repose. Notwithstanding my extreme fatigue, I went diligently to work; your grandmother lent me her shawl in which to carry the moss; and I collected a large quantity of it, which I brought to the cave.

“Meantime, my father, the captain, and Mr Macdonald had fastened our boat in a little creek not far from the cave, and had been busy carrying the supplies they had got from the wreck, to the rocky retreat which was to be our shelter. To our great joy, we found that one of the barrels contained powder and shot; but our satisfaction was of short duration, when we remembered that we had no firearms. Without these, how could we procure food, or defend ourselves against savages, or wild beasts, were they to attack us?”

“We were at first very sad, but my father tried to encourage us by reminding us of God’s promises; and that He who feeds the little birds of the air would send us all that was needful for us.

“We carried all our possessions into the cave, and thought ourselves fortunate in being able to put our provisions in safety. Our riches consisted of a small packet of clothes, a barrel of salt meat, another small barrel of brandy, and a barrel containing, as before said, powder and shot. I ought not to forget to mention a compass, as not the least important of our treasures.”



“Does Emily know what a compass is?” said Eugene.

“I was just going to ask you, dear uncle,” said the little girl.

“The compass, my dear, is a round box containing a needle of magnetised steel, so balanced that it can turn freely in any direction. Under this is a card, divided into thirty-two equal parts, on which is marked the names of the several winds. The needle has a singular property of turning always towards the north, so that by its help the sailor on the trackless sea, or the wanderer over unknown lands, can always discover the direction in which he is travelling.” So saying, Uncle William placed upon the table a small case, and opening it took out a compass. Eugene and Emily examined it with the greatest attention. The little girl asked what is meant by a magnetised needle.

“The magnet at the point of this needle,” said Mr Danby, “is a mineral which has the property of attracting or drawing iron towards it. Suppose, for example, that you were to walk over rocks containing loadstone, with shoes on, with iron nails, you would be much surprised to find that you could scarcely walk, and that your feet would feel as if drawn towards the ground. Yet there would be nothing extraordinary in this, since the loadstone has a property of attracting iron; the rock containing it would, therefore, attract the iron nails in your shoes.

“But how does the steel get this property?”

“Loadstone, or magnetic ironstone,” said Uncle William, “is a mineral substance found in most iron mines in Europe and America. It is a kind of iron ore of a dark colour, which has the property of drawing to its surface any piece of iron or steel with which it may come in contact. On account of this

property it has been called a load, leader, or leading stone. Its chief value, however, consists in its power of always pointing, and enabling a needle touched with it, to point towards the pole. The word magnet applied to a loadstone, is said to be derived from Magnesia, a country in Lydia, where this loadstone, or natural magnet, was first discovered."

"Why does a loadstone point towards the pole?" asked Eugene.

"You have asked a question, my dear boy, which it would puzzle some of the most scientific heads in the world to answer. The subject is not yet clearly understood, and I think we must not stop now to discuss it at greater length, but rather go on with my story."

"I omitted to tell you that among the treasures we saved from the wreck, there was a small work-box, containing a pair of scissors, a penknife, and thimble, with a good supply of needles, thread, and buttons. In Europe, we would have called these things trifles, but now we considered them as a treasure. On this evening, however, I was little disposed to think of what we should require in the future, for I was wearied with the fatigues of the day.

"As soon as my father had offered up our evening prayer, I lay down on one of the mossy couches we had prepared. My father and the other gentlemen had fenced round our cave as well as they could, by means of planks and barrels; and we were so tired that we were not too particular about our accommodation, and we were soon sound asleep."

"Now, dear children," said Uncle William, looking at the clock, "it is time for you also to go to rest, for it is nine o'clock. Good night, my dears; may you sleep in peace under the protection of Him who alone can preserve us from all evil."



## IV.

### THE DESERT ISLAND.

“**F**ORGOT to tell you,” continued Uncle William, “that Mr Stewart and Mr Macdonald had resolved that on the next day they would make an attempt to reach the wreck, in order to save some things that would be of the greatest use to us.

“Accordingly, at the break of day, they went out of the cave, to see if all was quiet around us, and if the sky were still clear and blue.

“The day promised to be fine, and the sea was perfectly calm. They asked my father’s permission to take me with them, and he consented, although he would have been better pleased had I remained with my mother.

“After having breakfasted on bananas, a little salt meat, and pure water from the brook, we embarked about nine o’clock.

“When we had quitted the lagoon of which I have already spoken, we rowed along on the open sea, yet taking care not to lose sight of the rocks along the coast. All around us was silent, except the cry of wild sea birds, which flew about in large flocks over our heads, sometimes skimming the surface of

the deep blue water, and sometimes rising rapidly and disappearing in the distance.

“We were all eagerly looking round, in order to discover any vestiges of the wreck. Our thoughts naturally turned to our companions in misfortune, and we wondered whether they, like us, had been so fortunate as to escape, or whether they had succeeded in landing on some part of the neighbouring shore. While conversing on this subject, we were anxiously looking around, when I thought that I perceived a dark speck in the distance. I pointed it out to my comrades, and we rowed with all our strength towards it. As we approached, we discovered that it was the wreck of the *Dolphin*.

“The captain was extremely anxious that we should get on board the ship, to try to save some valuable things that were in his cabin. We hastened to fasten our boat to the ship; for we calculated that only one hour was at our disposal before high water. There was therefore no time to lose, and we climbed on board the wreck, though not without difficulty.

“It was with deep emotion that the captain looked at this magnificent vessel, one of the finest that had ever left the London docks; but as he possessed great firmness of mind, he soon recovered himself sufficiently to give orders as to what should be done. After incredible trouble, we succeeded in bringing up a large trunk from the captain’s cabin, a chest containing firearms, and a few barrels of provisions. We managed to get all these on board the boat before high water; and we left this desolate place, after bidding a last farewell to the wreck of the *Dolphin*.”

“Pardon me, dear uncle,” said Emily; “but I do not clearly understand what you mean by high water and low water?”

“ I will try to explain it to you in words which you will be able to understand. On the shores of the ocean, and in bays, creeks, and harbours which communicate freely with the ocean, the waters rise a certain height twice a-day, and as often sink down a certain depth, forming what is called a flow and an ebb, a high and a low water. The whole interval between high and low water is called a tide ; the water is said to flow and to ebb ; the rising is called the flood tide, and the falling is called the ebb tide. If a man were to be on the shore of the sea when the tide began to flow in, and were to persist in remaining in the same place, he would be swallowed up by the waters. There is near the coast of the Island of Jersey, a fort built on a rock out in the sea, and at high tide completely surrounded by water ; but when the tide is very low, people can walk over the rocks and sand to the castle.”

“ Oh, how singular this is, dear uncle. How much I should like to see the castle !”

“ Perhaps I may take you there some day, my dear,” said Uncle William ; “ but let us go on with our story.”

“ We continued to row across a calm sea and under a cloudless sky ; but just as we were going to enter the opening through the reef, we observed an enormous wooden case which had come from the shipwrecked vessel, and was fixed among the rocks in such a way that there was but little of it seen above the water.

“ ‘ This is an important prize,’ said the captain. ‘ I think that this case contains planks : let us try to disentangle it from the rocks, and to fasten it to our boat.’”

“ Fortunately, we were provided with two coils of

thick ropes, and we succeeded in freeing the case from the rocks, and fastening it to our boat; but we were obliged to proceed very cautiously in order to steer the heavy load that we were dragging after us.

“When we reached the shore, we found my father, my mother, and Clementina waiting impatiently for us; for the time had appeared very long to them since our departure. Clementina told me that they had passed the morning in looking for shell-fish among the rocks, and that they had found a great number which were fit to eat. We all helped to carry the chests up to the cave, and my father was delighted to find that one of those we had brought contained fire-arms.

“The captain having opened his chest, took out his clothes, and laid them on the sand to dry. He also gave to me a large volume of natural history containing a number of coloured pictures representing the animals and vegetables which are found on the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The water had not reached this book, because it had been well wrapped up in the middle of the chest. It was a real treasure to us, as it enabled us to discover the names and properties of many of the plants which grew on our island. It was our whole library, with the addition of the most precious of books, the Word of God, which was preserved, because my father always carried it in his pocket.

“In the captain’s trunk there were also various articles, which were extremely useful to us, especially a telescope of the very best kind. We opened the large case which we had towed behind our boat. It contained planks prepared for the erection of a wooden house, such as are often sent out to the colonies.

“ ‘We shall be able now to build a house, madam,’

said the captain to my mother ; but she replied only by a melancholy smile and a deep sigh ; the idea of building a house to remain on this desolate place was painful to her.

“ ‘ Thanks be to God,’ said she at length, ‘ that we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the builder and founder. Here everything is quickly passing away.’

“ As she said these words, she looked towards the spot where the body of our poor little Paul was laid ; and she turned away to hide the tears which she could not restrain.

“ It was Saturday evening, and we were all anxious that the next day should be a day of rest. My dear parents wished to keep holy the first Sunday passed in a strange land by offering up special thanks to Him who had graciously preserved us from death ; and as Captain Stewart and Mr Macdonald were pious men, my father was glad to think that we could all unite in the worship of God.

“ After having put everything in order, we went to rest, and when my mother gave us our evening kiss, she rejoiced to think that for the next day at least we had not to undertake any distant expedition.

“ When I awoke on Sunday morning I found that every one else was still asleep. I quickly left the cave to enjoy the beauty of the first morning hours. A heavy dew had refreshed all the plants ; it was standing in bright drops on the rich foliage of the trees in the wood, which I saw at some little distance. The sand on the shore, still moist, was sparkling in the first rays of the sun, and there were numberless pretty shells, of every form and hue, that the retiring tide had left on the shore. I had never before been

so much struck with the beauties of nature, and I was delighted with the aspect of all around me. I thought that we could be contented to live on this distant island, even although it seemed to be a solitude. I felt thankful to God for having guarded and preserved us, and brought us to so pleasant a place, even if we should be obliged to pass the rest of our lives in it.

“As I was thus plunged in thought, I heard my mother’s voice calling me to partake of our frugal breakfast. My father had spread leaves of the banana tree on the sand, and had taken a piece of salt pork from one of the barrels, which my mother had cooked; whilst Mr Macdonald had looked for shell fish, and Captain Stewart had gathered some bananas. When everything was ready, and we had thanked God for the food which He had provided for us, we breakfasted, talking, meanwhile, of the way in which we were to employ the day. Breakfast over, my father proposed to have divine service. Captain Stewart began it by prayer, after which Mr Macdonald read the Sermon on the Mount from the Gospel of St Matthew, then we all sang a hymn of praise to God for our wonderful deliverance. The tones of our hymn on the sea shore were repeated by the echoes of the rocks, whilst we heard the harmonious sound of the waves as they softly broke upon the shore. The thought that we were the only human beings who inhabited this island, and were able to offer up prayer and praise to our Creator, produced such an effect upon me, that this morning’s service has never been effaced from my mind. Worship being over, our friends went to walk in the woods, whilst our family paid a visit to the grave of my little brother. Your grandmother sat down for a moment beside the little mound of sand, the sight of which reminded her of so painful a scene, and she wept



bitterly. Clementina and I tried to console her ; and, wishing to lead her away from the sight of these melancholy remembrances, my father proposed that we should return home. We spent the rest of the day quietly in the cave, with my father's Bible as our companion and adviser.

“The next morning we set off early to explore the neighbourhood of the cave. We were accompanied by Nero, that jumped merrily, and snuffed the earth from time to time. He was bent upon hunting a kind of lizard well known in these regions, and which issue in swarms from the clefts of the rocks. Until this time we had not perceived any serpents. To Clementina's great displeasure I ardently wished to see some of these creeping monsters, who were so well depicted in our book on natural history. As for my father, he always feared that we should meet any of the venomous reptiles which abound in these warm countries, therefore he always went first, and forced a passage for us through the creeping plants, and the branches of the trees. Numberless lovely birds of the most brilliant colours fled at our approach to seek a safer refuge, and thence to look at us with curiosity.

“We reached, without accident, the summit of the little eminence that we had chosen as the limit of our walk. From thence the view of the wide ocean seemed to us boundless. It is while we contemplate such a picture that we feel more vividly—on the one hand our littleness, our nothingness ; and on the other hand the greatness and the power of Him who has created all things.

“My father wished to form some idea of the island which we inhabited, and he took the telescope and looked in every direction. The result of this examination was that the island appeared to us much larger

than it really was. No other land was to be seen except a few islands scattered here and there amid the sea.

“In my turn I took the telescope, but what was my surprise, when looking through it attentively, I saw in the distance several islands, looking like a garden on the surface of the ocean. These islands appeared to me to be covered with trees of great height. My father, surprised by this discovery, took the telescope to look through it again, but as his sight was not so good as mine, he could not perceive what I had seen distinctly. Were these islands inhabited, or were they not? It was a problem difficult, or rather impossible to solve, for with a frail boat, such as ours, how could we go to explore new islands, perhaps inhabited by cannibals?

“The thought that we had perhaps savages or cannibals in our neighbourhood caused my father and mother much anxiety for some time; but as for me, I should have wished to set out at once in quest of adventures. ‘I will kill the first cannibal who dares to come near me,’ said I, brandishing the hatchet that I held in my hand, ‘and on seeing this, the rest will soon take to flight.’ So saying, I put on a martial air, and succeeded in looking so threatening and soldier-like that my mother was frightened, and Clementina drew back a few steps.

“‘May God guard us from such an encounter,’ said my father. ‘Try to be calm, William,’ added he, ‘we shall need all our courage to defend ourselves against the savage creatures who may soon come to attack us. For my part, I did not believe that these islands were inhabited, for, if so, we should certainly have found here some traces of human habitations; but in any case, let us commit our ways unto His hands,

who numbers the hairs of our head. Nothing can happen to us without His permission.'

"We returned along the path, descended the hill, and reached the edge of the forest, when, as we passed between tall and tufted trees, Clementina was all at once struck by an enormous cocoa-nut, which rolled at her feet. We uttered a cry of surprise and of terror, thinking that this nut, if it had fallen on the head of any of us, would have killed us easily. I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment when I saw a small monkey seated upon one of the branches of the cocoa-nut tree, looking at us maliciously, and making horrible grimaces.

"When I perceived the monkey, I quickly threw off my jacket, and began to climb with eagerness the trunk of the tree, with the intention of catching the naughty fugitive. I was about to seize him, when he gave me such a vigorous box on the ear that I nearly fell from the tree, and then he darted rapidly away to the highest branch of a cocoa-nut tree, while continuing to make faces at me with a malicious grin, which exasperated me. My father called to me in vain to come down. I should have wished to pursue this ape to chastise him for his insolence; but although very skilful in the art of climbing trees, I had found my master; besides, I could not venture higher up without danger, for I might have risked receiving upon my head a shower of cocoa-nuts, which infallibly would have made me descend much quicker than I had ascended. After a moment's hesitation, I again clasped the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree, and slid down to the ground without any accident. My father had divided a cocoa-nut with his hatchet; it contained a whitish liquor, something like almond milk, and of exquisite taste.

“ Scarcely had we left the place when a large quantity of nuts fell on the ground around us. My father prevented me from gathering them, fearing that the malicious ape might come back and revenge himself by throwing others at our heads. We therefore resolved to wait till the next day to pick up and carry away the precious nuts into our habitation ; and we directed our steps towards the shore ; for Clementina suffered much from the blow which she had received, and my mother wished to apply some remedies at once.

“ As I turned to look from time to time whether the monkey was still in the cocoa-nut tree, my father said : ‘ William, what did you intend to do when you climbed up that tree ? ’

“ ‘ Father,’ I replied, ‘ I wished to punish the malicious monkey for the blow he inflicted on my sister.’

“ ‘ And do you think, my son, that you have succeeded in correcting him for his fault ? ’

“ I laughed heartily.

“ ‘ Certainly not,’ replied I ; ‘ but really, father, I would have been satisfied if I had punished the monkey for the injury he did to Clementina.’

“ ‘ You wished, then, to revenge yourself on this creature ? Since the Gospel forbids us to revenge ourselves on beings possessed of reason, who have done us harm knowingly and wilfully, do you think that it is reasonable that we should take vengeance on animals destitute of reason, whose nature we cannot change ? By your thoughtless action you have exposed us to the anger of the ape, which may possibly throw upon our heads a shower of cocoa-nuts, and perhaps hurt us, since it is probable that he is not alone here, and that other apes may help him.’

“ ‘ That is true, father,’ replied I, looking down ; for I felt ashamed of my folly. ’

“ ‘Then be more prudent in future, my dear son. Anger is always an evil thing, especially when it is vented on dumb animals that cannot retaliate upon their oppressors. Angry men have been known to kill or cruelly ill-treat poor animals that cannot be responsible for their actions. If any animal attacks you, you have a right to defend yourself, and even to kill the animal, if necessary, but not to expose yourself to danger imprudently and unnecessarily, merely to satisfy a desire for revenge. Do you quite understand me, William ? ’

“ ‘Yes,’ I replied, and I hope I shall never forget your advice.’

“As we walked on, we reached the sea-shore. Clementina had recovered after my mother had applied a remedy to her wound, and she now came to meet me. We amused ourselves for a long time looking for shells. They were so numerous that we scarcely knew which to choose, and I thought with a kind of contempt of the shells which we had formerly treasured in England as rare curiosities, which were far inferior to those which were scattered around us.

“Whilst my father and mother were seated on the sand under the shadow of a rock, my sister and I continued to explore the shore, gathering all the shells that we thought the prettiest. But our collection soon became so heavy that we were obliged to throw away some of them. We looked behind a large rock thinking to see some curiosity, and we uttered a cry of surprise when we saw an enormous tortoise lying on the sand. Although I did not move at all, yet Clementina was so frightened at it, that she hid herself behind me, and caught hold of me to prevent me leaving her.

“ ‘How foolish you are,’ said I to her. ‘Do you not know that tortoises hurt no one?’ ”

“ ‘Let us go and look for papa,’ said Clementina, running off at full speed, as if she were afraid that the tortoise would come after her.

“ I followed her, laughing at her terror till quite out of breath. She had some difficulty in informing our parents of the discovery we had just made.

“ ‘Oh, mother, come, come, I entreat you, come and see this enormous tortoise!’ said Clementina, drawing your grandmother by the hand; ‘but do not come too near, for the creature is not dead, and might do you harm.’ ”

“ However Clementina was quite ashamed when my father said, after having examined the tortoise, which she thought so dangerous: ‘It is quite inoffensive, as it is dead; the waves have brought its body here.’ ”

“ We tried to turn the creature over. The shell was of a greenish colour, and very long, and its feet were broad as if made for swimming. My father made my sister come near it in order to examine so strange a creature.

“ ‘It is a real sea-tortoise,’ said he. ‘These tortoises live in numbers in the water, and they seldom approach the shore except to deposit their eggs in the sand, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun. At the end of three weeks, if the eggs have not been found and devoured by sea birds, that eat them greedily, little tortoises come out of them and run towards the sea, impelled by the instinct of their nature.’ ”

“ ‘Oh! papa,’ said Clementina, ‘how much I should like to see the little tortoises running to the water! Is not mamma’s comb made of tortoise-shell?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, my dear, but not of the shell of this species. It is a tortoise found chiefly in the Indian Sea which furnishes the finest shell. There are also fresh water tortoises that are known by the round form of their shells, under which they can completely hide their feet, their heads, and even their tails.’

“ ‘Is the flesh of the tortoise good to eat?’ asked my sister.

“ ‘Yes, generally, and some kinds are more highly esteemed than others.’

“ ‘May we not try to cook the flesh of this one,’ said I.

“ ‘No,’ replied my father, ‘because when the tortoise is dead, its flesh very quickly becomes putrid. At all events, I shall wait till to-morrow before separating the flesh from the shell.’

“ Clementina sighed deeply.

“ ‘What are you thinking, my dear Clementina,’ said my mother.

“ ‘I was thinking, mamma, that if our dear little Paul had been spared to us, this tortoise-shell would have been a pretty cradle for him. I remember that papa told us that a large tortoise-shell is still exhibited at Pau, in which King Henry IV. of France slept when he was a little boy.’

“ ‘Yes, my dear, the same thought had occurred to me,’ said my mother, sadly.

“ It was time to think of our dinner, and we returned to the cave, where we found our friends waiting for us. They told us what they had discovered during their morning excursion. The island appeared to them fertile and well supplied with fresh water; but they thought that the interior was covered with an almost impenetrable forest, and they were very anxious to undertake an excursion into the interior, that they

might find out the extent of the island and its productions. This project appeared to terrify my mother, who always feared that some of our party would meet with savages or wild beasts. Nevertheless, she was somewhat pacified after my father had assured her that he would not leave her for some weeks at least.

“My sister and I spent the rest of the day in learning by heart a few verses of the Bible, which we afterwards repeated to our father. The hour for rest seemed to come more speedily than we expected, and after our evening worship we retired for the night, intending to rise very early the next day, that we might choose a good situation on which to build our wooden hut, and intending then to begin the work immediately.”

Here Mr Danby stopped in his recital, for it was past nine o'clock, and the nursery-maid had come to take Emily to her room. After having said good night to their parents, the children went to their rooms, earnestly wishing that some day they might be cast on a desert island as Robinson Crusoe and their Uncle William had been.







## V.

### DISCOVERIES IN THE ISLAND.

“**S**CARCELY had the day dawned when we were all up and ready for work. After morning prayers, and a frugal breakfast, the gentlemen, my father, and I, went to look for a suitable place for the construction of a house, as near as possible to the shore, because we found that we could not continue to live in the cave, it was so constantly damp. My mother’s health was already giving way, and she suffered much from violent headaches and rheumatism.

“After searching for some time, we fixed upon a spot for the erection of our building, near the grove of banana trees, not far from the stream, where my mother could easily get water for cooking our food and washing our linen. Whilst the captain and the mate were occupied in cutting young trees to make posts which we intended to fix in the ground, my father and I carried the planks that we had saved from the wreck to the place which we had chosen. After the posts had been fixed in the ground, we all worked diligently in nailing the planks upon them. Fortunately we had a large supply of nails which we had got from the wreck, and at the end of a few hours

we had the pleasure of seeing that we had made great progress in the erection of our log-house."

"What is a log-house, dear uncle?" asked Eugene.

"The emigrants who go from Europe to North America," replied Uncle William, "or the Americans themselves when they go to live in the forests or the wide prairies of the west, build houses for themselves formed of trunks of trees placed close to each other, and these erections are called log-houses. It must be confessed that these habitations are often not very comfortable, but they are very useful to the American farmers, who in general care little either for the beauty or convenience of their dwellings, when they go out as pioneers to cultivate the waste lands. But as I told you, our log-house was constructed of planks, and not of trunks of trees only; besides, we intended to cover it with the leaves of the banana tree."

"Why did you intend to cover it with leaves?" asked Eugene.

"Because of the great heat in that country. If we had covered our hut with planks it would have become so hot during the day, that it would have been almost impossible for us to occupy it during the night without being nearly stifled.

"We divided our hut into two compartments, one of which was intended for our friends, Captain Stewart and Mr Macdonald, and the other for ourselves. As we all worked diligently, the construction of our hut advanced rapidly, and we went to rest in the evening with the pleasant hope of being able to occupy our own dwelling on the next day. We collected a large supply of enormous leaves, which formed a beautiful green roof above our heads. The whole was soon finished, to the great joy of Clementina, who adorned it with nosegays of bright-coloured

flowers which she had gathered on the edge of the brook.

“ We found, near our hut, beautiful banks of moss, which we gathered and dried to make couches and beds. My mother had also been working hard all the day, for she had been washing our linen in the brook, and the operation was not an easy one, as she had not a single piece of soap. While she was washing, Clementina spread the clothes to dry on the bank, and the next day we had the comfort of having clean linen.

“ I had worked so eagerly, and with so little regard for my clothes, that they had suffered in the cause, so that in the evening there were holes in both knees of my trousers, and my mother had no stuff of the same kind with which to mend them. She was obliged to make use of a little bit of red stuff which she chanced to have, and you may imagine how strange it looked. My sister laughed heartily when she saw me with two red knees, and I could not help thinking how my old schoolfellows would have teased me if they had seen my odd-looking dress.

“ We resolved to leave our provisions in the cave, because my father thought that they would keep better there than in the hut. When our work was over, we went to look for the remainder of the cocoa-nuts which the monkey had thrown down to us the evening before, and they made a delicious supper. The cocoa milk reminded me of the orgeat which I had liked so much at home. The shells carefully opened and emptied, were very useful for holding water, and for various other purposes. We thanked God with grateful hearts for the abundance of food that was provided for us ; nevertheless, we all felt the want of bread to be a great privation. What would I not

then have given for a few of the crusts which I had once carelessly thrown away?

“‘Oh, if we had but a bit of bread,’ said Clementina, ‘I would not ask my mother for sweetmeats or cakes!’

“‘It would be of no use to ask me for either,’ said my mother, smiling; ‘for we cannot expect to have cakes or sweetmeats here; but I must confess that I am of your opinion, and that I would prefer a bit of bread, even coarse bread, to the greatest delicacy.’

“‘Let us take care not to imitate the conduct of the Israelites in the Wilderness,’ said my father. ‘The Lord has supplied us abundantly with food, as He gave manna to the Israelites. Let us not murmur like them, and desire what we cannot obtain.’

“‘But perhaps some day,’ said I, eagerly, ‘we may see a vessel arrive, and may be able to return to our own country. Oh, how delightful it would be! But, papa, we have forgotten one thing that is very essential—we ought to have set up a signal upon the shore, in order that if any vessel should approach the island the captain would know that there are human beings here.’

“‘You are right, William; but of what do you propose to make your flag?’

“‘Well, I think that perhaps the captain may give us a part of one of his shirts, as his chest was saved from the wreck, and my mother might sew on it the bit of red stuff which she has left. Shall we do it to-morrow, papa?’

“‘Willingly, my boy.’

“During all that night I dreamt of flags, and as soon as I awoke in the morning, I entreated my mother to make ours at once, for I longed to see it

waving in the air. When the flag was finished, we chose a conspicuous point on one of the neighbouring cliffs, where we fastened it to the top of a pole which we had made by cutting down a young tree. I then asked my father to permit me to take the boat and to go with Mr Macdonald to see the effect which my flag would have when seen from a distance. Permission being granted, we got into the boat and rowed out to some distance from the shore. We had the great delight of seeing our flag fluttering in the breeze, and we were sure that if any vessel were to approach the shore, our signal must certainly be seen, and we might hope to be rescued.

“When we landed we saw my father and Captain Stewart busily engaged in taking the tortoise out of its shell. It cost them a good deal of trouble to get all the flesh out, which had already a tainted smell. We hastened to throw the flesh into the sea, and after having washed the shell carefully, we put it to dry in the sun, hoping thus to make it fit for use.

“We were about to return to the hut, when we saw Clementina running to meet us quite out of breath, and waving her straw hat to attract our attention.

“‘Oh, papa, papa! come as fast as you can,’ exclaimed she; ‘I have something very curious to show you. Come quickly! William, will you go and call my mother; I think you will find her at the edge of the brook.’

“While she was speaking, Clementina led my father towards a thick grove of trees, where, to his great surprise, he saw a large pig quietly feeding on the fresh grass, with five little pigs jumping round her. This discovery was certainly one of the most valuable we had made since our arrival in the island.

We all saluted the little pigs and their mother with exclamations of joy. My sister clapped her hands and said : ' See, father, we shall have no want of meat now.'

"While Clementina was expressing her joy, my father was looking to find out what the pig was grubbing for under the turf, and he discovered that it was a kind of root, something like a potato, but much larger, and of a blackish colour outside, whilst the inside was of a reddish hue.

"Captain Stewart told us that these roots were yams, which are abundant on some of the islands in tropical climates, and are very much used by the natives. My father told us that by drying and bruising these roots, we might perhaps succeed in making wholesome bread.

"At the promise of bread our hearts were filled with joy ; but we thought that in the meantime the most necessary thing to be done was to secure the pigs. Captain Stewart managed to throw a rope so as to entangle the mother, and having once fastened her to the trunk of a tree, we were sure that the little ones would stay near her.

"Before going to rest we sat down together for a short time on the sea-shore to enjoy the delicious coolness of the evening breeze, and we spoke of all the blessings which God had granted to us. Then my father offered thanksgiving and prayer.

"Next morning I was awakened by my mother's voice singing the beautiful hymn,

" ' Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

“ ‘ Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun goes down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet, in my dreams I'll be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

“ ‘ There let my way appear  
Steps into heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

“ ‘ Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

“ ‘ Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !’

“ My mother had a beautiful voice, and her words were repeated by the echoes of the rocks around : I can fancy that I can see and hear her still.

“ Ah, dear children,” continued Uncle William, “ how deeply I repent now that I ever grieved my

good mother ! How much would I not give to recall the time, so that I might behave better to her ! How I mourn that I ever vexed her ! But she is gone, and I can no longer ask her pardon. I must ask forgiveness from Him who has washed away our sins in His precious blood."

For a few minutes Uncle William was unable to say more, as he was overcome by his feelings.

Meantime Mrs Ormond opened a drawer in her work-table, and took out a little box containing a miniature set in gold.

"Here," said she, "is the picture of your good grandmother. It was taken when she was about thirty, and her lovely face had not yet lost its beauty."

The children gathered round their mother to look at the picture, and after it was again replaced in the box, they entreated Uncle William to continue his story.

"Accompanied by Nero," said he, "I went to pay a visit to the pigs, that appeared to have passed a very good night. But Nero was not inclined to be friendly to them. He barked violently, and wished to attack them ; and it was with difficulty that I succeeded in pacifying him and getting him away from the place.

"We had resolved to try to make cakes of the yams we had found, and we all set to work to gather as many roots as possible. Having cut the roots into small pieces and bruised them between two large stones, we succeeded in making a kind of paste, which my mother shaped into two flat cakes. But how to cook them was not a very difficult matter, as we had the means of making a fire. There were several boxes of matches in the trunk saved from the wreck. Clementina and I soon gathered enough wood to



make a blazing fire ; and we enjoyed our cakes very much, although there were certainly some ashes mixed with them. In order to remedy this, Captain Stewart told us to look along the shore for some flat stones, on which, when heated, we might place our cakes, and by laying other stones above them, we might probably manage to get our cakes better baked. The captain said that on a former voyage he had seen the natives of some islands thus make excellent bread.

“ ‘ Now that we have succeeded in finding these roots,’ said he, ‘ nothing will be more easy than to gather a supply to last us as long as we remain here ; for I know that they are cultivated exactly like potatoes. If a little bit is put into the ground, it soon produces many roots, provided it contains an eye, that is, the germ of the young shoot. By cultivating them carefully, we may improve them very much, for I have heard of yams which weighed nearly twenty or thirty pounds each.’

“ A small quantity of thread which my mother had saved in her needle-case, was nearly at an end, and we had all been trying to find out how we could replace it, for thread was an indispensable necessity to every one of us. Mr Macdonald and Captain Stewart had both made great rents in their clothes while at work. My father had been the most careful, yet even his garments required some repairs.

“ An idea struck me which I communicated to the gentlemen. I remarked that some of the trees we had cut down had whitish filaments under their leaves, and that these filaments were very difficult to break. I hastened to gather some of them, and brought them in triumph to my father, that he might examine whether they were sufficiently strong for thread. We succeeded in gathering a large number of these filaments, which

my mother could put through the eye of some of her largest needles, and, to our great joy, our first attempt was successful.

“Your grandmother immediately began to mend all the clothes that were torn, whilst we went to gather wood for the next day.

“We wished much to catch some white birds which we every day saw passing in flocks over our heads, and which the captain told us were good to eat. These birds somewhat resembled the grebes which are found in Europe. Their plumage was white and silky, and they lighted in numerous flocks upon the points of the coral rocks which bordered the shore. I was eager to try our firearms, and I obtained permission from my father to fire at the birds when I should see them alight on the rocks. I had not long to wait before I was able to present three birds to my mother for our next dinner.

“Our friends had told us in the morning that they wished to make an excursion into the interior of the island, in order to discover if it were really uninhabited, and whether there were not some savage tribe settled towards the north. They proposed to my father to take me with them, which I should have liked very much; but he would not consent to cause any fresh reason for anxiety to my mother, who had become very timid, and who feared new dangers might happen to those whom she loved. The gentlemen promised us not to remain absent on their excursion more than five or six days, and to be very prudent in case of meeting with any inhabitants in the island. From their former voyages, both the officers were acquainted with the character and habits of the savages in this part of the world.

“Captain Stewart thought that the island on which

we had been cast was one of a small archipelago, not far from the New Hebrides, which are surrounded by formidable reefs, and inhabited by cannibals. My father had carefully concealed this from my mother, and had forbidden me to speak of it to her, from a wish not to alarm her unnecessarily.

“For my own part, I remembered the terrible stories I had formerly heard related about these savage people, and my youthful imagination represented in vivid pictures the human sacrifices, and the scenes of carnage of which I had read. I resolved to defend my mother and sister to the last drop of my blood, and not to yield to these terrible cannibals till the last extremity. I pictured to myself their fierce looks fixed upon me as upon a prey easily vanquished; but in imagination I struggled with them, I subdued them, and I saw them take to flight at full speed into the depths of the forests. When I returned to my mother, I looked so threatening, that she asked me uneasily what was the matter with me; but not being able to communicate to her my uneasiness, I began to laugh in order to cheer her.

“Taking with them two loaded guns, a small supply of powder and shot, a hatchet, a little bag containing some clothes, and a small quantity of salt meat, Captain Stewart and Mr Macdonald left us about mid-day to begin their journey. We accompanied them for about a quarter of a mile along the banks of the stream, and then we returned to the hut to engage in our various occupations.

“The rest of the day was employed in baking cakes, and also in cooking two sea-birds that my father had killed in the morning. After my mother had prepared them, she fastened them to a stick, the two ends of which rested on two stakes at each side

of the fire. I kept constantly turning the stick on which the birds were placed, whilst Clementina kept up the fire and basted the fowls with sea water. Thanks to our united exertions, we had an excellent supper.

“Six days were passed in constant occupation without the time appearing long to us. It was my work to feed the pigs every morning—to supply them with yams and other roots, as well as fruit that they liked. We were obliged to keep them prisoners, lest they should escape from us altogether. Whilst my mother and sister washed and mended our clothes, my father went out to shoot sea fowl, or to catch lobsters and collect shell-fish which had been left among the rocks by the tide.

“On the evening of the seventh day we began to feel uneasy on account of the continued absence of our friends; nevertheless, my father did not seem much alarmed at the delay, as he supposed that they had some good reason for prolonging their excursion. But when the eighth, the ninth, and tenth days had passed in expectation of their return, and when even on the twelfth day, we were going to rest without any tidings of them, my father began to be seriously alarmed, and said to my mother that if they did not return the next day, he would set off on the day following to look for them in the interior of the island, taking me with him.

“Your grandmother, dear children, was much alarmed when she heard my father express this determination; yet she was satisfied that it was our duty to do what we could to find our friends. In our family worship that evening, my father prayed more specially than he was accustomed to do for his companions in misfortune, and we went to rest soothed and comforted by his prayer.

“You know, dear children,” continued Uncle William, “that it is prayer alone which can sustain us amid the trials of life ; therefore never forget to praise the Lord in whatever situation you may find yourselves. And remember that ‘the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much’ (James v. 16).

“About two hours after we had gone to rest, we were suddenly awakened by loud claps of thunder, which succeeded each other almost without intermission. We quickly rose at the flash of the lightning, whilst Clementina clung to my mother in terror.

“The fury of the wind was so great that we heard on all sides the cracking and breaking of trees, which were being uprooted by the storm. The waves of the sea beat violently against the rocks, and every flash of lightning showed us their foaming crests.

“My father feared that our leafy roof might be carried away by the tempest, and he wished us therefore to leave the hut and to pass the rest of the night in our cave. It was but a short distance that we had to go, yet the torrents of rain wetted us to the skin, and several times we thought we should have been carried away by the wind. My father carried my little sister in his arms, whilst my mother and I clung to him as we moved on, guided by the glare of the lightning.

“Scarcely had we reached the cave when a loud noise, different from the thunder-clap, caused us to start. We listened attentively . . . . No, we were not deceived ! . . . . it was indeed the sound of guns ! . . . . Doubtless signals of distress from some vessel, which in a few minutes might perhaps be swallowed up by the waves !

“I cannot describe to you, dear children, what we felt when we heard the sound of the guns, which

reminded us of our own country and of the danger in which some of our fellow countrymen might probably be. We asked ourselves what we could do for the unfortunate people who were so near to us? We could not possibly go to their help in our frail boat, which would inevitably be broken in pieces by the fury of the waves. Never, never, will the remembrance of this terrible night fade from my memory! When we again heard the sound of the signal guns we pictured to ourselves the unhappy crew struggling against winds and waves without any hope of safety! Was it an American, an English, or a French vessel? We could not tell, for we durst not even go out of the cave, for the violence of the storm had so increased that we might have been carried away, or swept into the sea. The three hours that passed before the dawn of day appeared to us like years.

“The guns had ceased to fire, and by degrees the storm had abated; the thunder was no longer heard, and at the dawn of day all nature was again calm. This is often the case in tropical countries, that is to say, those which are situated in the warmest parts of the globe. To the most terrible tempests there succeeds almost immediately a perfect calm, and after the conflict of the elements, nature seems almost instantaneously to recover her former tranquillity, even among the devastation caused by the storm.

“When at length we left the cave, the shore presented an aspect of utter desolation. It was strewn with trunks of trees, shrubs torn up by the roots, plants, flowers, and fruit. The sand was covered with dead fish, crabs, and numerous shells cast up by the tide. My father hastened to the hut, which had been unroofed by the violence of the wind. Fortunately, our pigs had not suffered. We found them lying

quietly in the inclosure we had made for them in the grove.

“We hastened to climb to the top of the hill, from which we had been accustomed to watch the scene in order to try to discover if the vessel were in sight, which certainly had been near the coast of our island during the night. But, notwithstanding our telescope, we saw absolutely nothing, except some broken pieces of wood floating on the waves.

“We could not distinguish whether these broken pieces of wood were trunks of trees or portions of the vessel which we supposed to have been wrecked. What had become of this vessel? Had it been able to get out to sea, or had it been dashed to pieces on the reef? If so, what had been the fate of the passengers and the crew during the dark and stormy night when the wind had been blowing so violently as even to uproot large trees?

“While we were looking through the telescope all around, eagerly trying to discover any trace of the vessel, we were startled by Nero, that came running towards us barking violently. He jumped upon us as if he were frantic, he fawned upon me and licked my hands, then went to my father, and came back again to me, turning his head to the sea and barking, as if he wished to draw our attention to something on the shore. My father said that we ought to go in the direction indicated, and as soon as Nero saw that we were walking towards the shore, he darted on before us at full speed, but every now and then turned back, as if to make sure that we were following him. He thus guided us to a sheltered creek between two steep walls of rock which jutted out into the sea.

“Nero stopped on the shore of the creek, and bent over something lying on the sand under the shelter of

the rock, which I could not see distinctly. My father had descended the rocks much faster than I could; and as he reached the spot where Nero stood, he called out to me: 'William, William, it is a child—a little girl fastened to a plank—come quickly: I do not think she is dead.'

"I hastened towards him, and saw a little girl firmly bound to a plank lying on the sand. She was pale and livid, and I thought she was dead. She was richly dressed, and had evidently been carefully tied and wrapped round with many coverings to save her from injury; but the covering had fallen from her head, and her long fair hair half covered her face and shoulders. My father, without saying a word, untied the fastenings which bound her to the plank, and lifted her in his arms. He found that her pulse was still beating, although so feebly that there seemed but little hope of saving her.

"My father used the accustomed means of recovering the drowned, and while he was thus occupied he sent me to tell my mother, and ask her to come at once to his help. The little girl appeared to be about five years old. We supposed she had been cast upon the shore on the top of a large wave before she had swallowed much water, and that the bright beams of the tropical sun had partially warmed her stiffened limbs, and so preserved her feeble life.

"I ran as fast as I could to the cave, and, quite out of breath, told my mother what had happened. She desired me to remain with Clementina while she went to my father. I said to my sister that we ought to prepare a soft bed for the little girl. The idea struck us of making use of the shell of the tortoise, which was very large. We filled it with soft dry moss, which we had spread to warm in the sun. We had just



finished this work when we saw my father coming towards us carrying the little girl in his arms.

“ ‘She is living, dear children, she is living!’ exclaimed my mother as soon as she saw us. We jumped for joy as we ran to meet them.’ ”

At this moment the merciless timepiece struck nine o'clock, but Eugene and Emily were so absorbed in the story of the little girl that they did not remark that it was time for them to go to bed. Mrs Ormond was obliged to point to the clock and remind them that they must go. The children uttered exclamations of annoyance.

“ Oh, dear uncle,” exclaimed Emily, “ must we really wait till next Tuesday to know more of this little girl? How long the time will seem! Could you not spare us one evening more this week, dear uncle,” added she in a pleading tone. “ We will be so good, so very good!”

“ I should like to do it,” said Uncle William, “ but it is not in my power. I have to prepare two sermons for next Sunday, and my evenings must be spent in my study. There are also some sick people whom I must see. We shall meet again on Tuesday,” continued he; “ meantime, good-night, and may God bless you, dear children.”





## VI.

### EUGENE'S FAULT.

**T**HE end of the year had come. The earth was hardened under its covering of snow and ice, and a bitterly cold wind blew violently, whistling and wailing through the branches of the trees near the parsonage. The sky was of a dull leaden colour, for no sounds were heard near the house except the cawing of the rooks that had taken refuge from the wind among the leafless branches of the trees. All the doors of the houses in the village were carefully shut, and the glass of the windows was ornamented with fanciful pictures formed by the frost.

A few fowls were scratching and picking up grain near the door of a stable,—one might have supposed that they were the only living things in the village,—when suddenly the school door opened, and a troop of boys rushed out, giving evidence of their presence by their loud and joyous cries. They darted off in the direction of a pond, the surface of which was a smooth and solid mass of ice. In a moment, books and straps and all incumbrances were thrown on the bank, and the boys were sliding merrily on the ice. Certainly, if they had been as eager at work as at play, their

master would have had every good reason to be satisfied with their progress.

On this particular day, Eugene had been permitted to leave his school an hour sooner than usual, and he was returning briskly to the parsonage with his strap of books in his hand, when he met two boys with whom he was slightly acquainted. They were the sons of Mr Jackson, a rich proprietor in the neighbourhood, but as they were not well brought up, and were allowed too much of their own will, Uncle William had strictly forbidden Eugene to play with them, or even to stand talking with them. Hitherto Eugene had obeyed his uncle's orders, and when he met Charles and Alfred, he merely bowed to them and passed by. On this day, however, the two boys had each a pair of new skates, which they were going to try on the frozen pond.

"Come, Eugene," said the elder, "you will go to skate with us, will you not?"

"No, thank you," said Eugene, continuing to walk on, "my uncle expects me, and I have to do my lessons with him for to-morrow."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Alfred, "your uncle does not expect you yet. How can he know that the master has allowed us to get out to-day an hour sooner than usual? You may come with us for a little, and still reach home at your usual hour; do come, I will lend you my skates."

Eugene hesitated; he had never been allowed to skate but once; his mother did not approve of this amusement, because she thought him still too young to take proper care of himself upon the ice. Besides, Uncle William's orders were very decided, and Eugene remembered them well. He knew he ought to go home.

“Come, you foolish boy, why should you not?” said Charles, taking hold of Eugene’s arm. “Are you afraid of the parson? Your uncle preaches fine sermons, indeed, and I suppose you are afraid of a lecture from him; but you should see how my father laughs at him! It is fun to see my father mimicking your uncle! My dear brethren!” said Charles, in an emphatic tone, extending his arm; “My dear brethren!” He could say no more, but burst into a fit of laughter. “Would I not make a good parson?” asked the naughty boy, looking at Eugene, who seemed annoyed.

“How can you go on in that foolish way?” said Alfred; “Eugene will come with us, and you must not tease him any more.”

Eugene felt ill at ease; his conscience told him that he was in bad company, that he ought not to remain with those who sneered at his good uncle. He knew that he ought to leave them at once, and to go home; but the joyous cries of the boys on the ice reached his ears; he was tempted to join the merry crowd for a few minutes; he resolved not to stay longer; and he suffered Charles and Alfred to lead him on to the edge of the pond. When we take the first step in a bad way, the second is more easy, and people generally go from bad to worse, and this is what happened to Eugene. The boys stayed sliding and skating as long as it was daylight, and Eugene remained with them as long as they could see to skate.

He then thought that it was time to return home. But he was dissatisfied with himself, because an evil conscience always makes us unhappy, and instead of walking on with his usual brisk and rapid step, he was loitering in a lazy way, which showed his inward disquietude. Charles and Alfred accompanied him,

laughing at his uneasiness. They had to pass by a farm-yard, the gate of which was carefully closed, but it was low enough for them to see over it easily. Some beautiful white fowls were picking up grain in the farm-yard. Among them was a cock, a great favourite at the farm, because he was a handsome bird, and of a valuable kind.

“What will you bet,” said Charles Jackson, picking up a stone, “that I will not hit this tough, old cock, and teach him not to think so much of himself?”

So saying, he threw a stone at the poor cock, but fortunately did not hit him. The creature had time to escape, and got off with a fright. Eugene began to laugh.

“You missed your aim,” said he; “I thought you were a better marksman, Charles.”

“A better marksman!” exclaimed he, spitefully, “I should like to see if you could hit that pretty white hen which is pecking the corn so busily down there. Let us see whether you are a better marksman than I am.”

Eugene, excited by the challenge, hastily picked up a stone, and threw it with so much strength and skill, that the poor hen fell never to rise again. One of her legs was broken.

At the same moment, the door of the farm-house was quickly opened. The old farmer, with a woollen cap on his head, rushed out towards the little boys; but both the Jacksons had run off so quickly, that they had succeeded in hiding themselves between a large hay-stack and the barn. Eugene, with his heavy strap of books, had not been able to run away so quickly as his companions, and was caught by the old farmer, who boxed his ears well, and gave him such a blow on the nose that the blood flowed freely. Eugene was at first stupified at what had happened, but, quickly

recovering himself, he made such good use of his fists, that he succeeded in escaping from old Nicol's hands (that was the name of the old farmer), and he ran off at full speed, leaving his strap of books on the field of battle.

Eugene was so frightened at what had taken place, that his first thought was to get as quickly as possible, without being seen, into his own little room on the second floor of the parsonage. But as he was running up the staircase quite out of breath, with his face and clothes spotted with blood, he met his uncle, who was coming out of his study with a light in his hand.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mr Danby, alarmed; "Have you met with an accident, my boy?"

Eugene could not answer, he was so ashamed that his voice failed him, and his heart beat violently.

"There is something wrong, I am sure," said Uncle William, taking the boy by the arm and leading him to his study. "Eugene, tell me the truth—the whole truth," added he in a stern voice. "Why did you not return from school at your usual time?"

Eugene tried to speak, but his voice was choked by sobs. At last, by his broken sentences, Mr Danby understood what had taken place, and was deeply grieved by his nephew's conduct.

"Eugene," said he, "you now see the consequences of your disobedience. Remember the words in the first Psalm, which I have so often caused you to repeat. You have been standing in the way of sinners, and associating with the scornful, who mock at what is right, and thus, as the Word of God says, you have been led into evil. You began by being disobedient, and then you became cruel and wicked. I shall not say anything more to you this evening, for I am sure you are already suffering for your faults; but to-morrow

I shall go with you to the farm-house, when I expect you to make an apology to old Mr Nicol, and, at the same time, to pay him the value of the hen, for it is more than probable that the poor fowl is now dead from the consequences of the injuries it received. I need scarcely say that you must pay this from your own pocket-money."

"Oh, uncle, dear uncle, spare me the humiliation of confessing my fault to Mr Nicol," said Eugene, sobbing; "I will send him the money, and I will promise you that I will never do such a thing again; no, never, I assure you."

"You must submit to the consequences of your fault, my boy," said Uncle William, quietly. "We ought to blush to do evil, and we ought never to be ashamed to repair the evil we have done. You are now too excited to hear more at present; to-morrow we shall settle what ought to be done."

"Oh, Uncle, was it not this very evening that we were hoping to hear the end of your story? Was it not this very Tuesday evening that we were so longing for? And now, I suppose, you will deprive us of the story." And Eugene sobbed still more violently.

"I regret much," said Uncle William, "that Emily must suffer from the consequences of your fault: but I know how kind-hearted she is, and I am sure that she could not enjoy a pleasure you cannot be permitted to share with her. You will, therefore, be busy with your lessons till eight o'clock, and then you must go to bed.

At the mention of lessons, Eugene looked at his uncle with a terrified glance; for in his vexation about the accident to the hen, he had not perceived that he had lost the strap with which his books and exercises were fastened together. He was, therefore, obliged to

confess this fault also, and to go at once to bed after a supper of dry bread ; but he could not sleep till very late, and then his sleep was disturbed.

The next morning, when Eugene awoke, the ground was deeply covered with snow, and all the trees in the garden were clothed with a white mantle. A few poor little birds, not knowing where to find either shelter or food, were picking up the crumbs of bread that Eugene had put upon the window sill, for every day after his own dinner, he thought of these poor inhabitants of air, and scattered some food for them. Sometimes he welcomed their visits with such noisy exclamations of joy, as caused them quickly to take refuge among the large chestnut trees on the lawn. On this particular day, Eugene was saddened by the remembrance of what had taken place on the evening before ; he felt himself ill at ease, and he envied the little birds that were merrily picking up the crumbs without seeming to be troubled by any care.

"Happy birds," said he, looking at them through the window, "why cannot I take flight like you and go far, very far from here!" Tears were in his eyes while he spoke. He forgot that whithersoever he should fly, he would always, and everywhere, be followed by what made him unhappy, by the remorse that was the consequence of his own conduct.

On the morning of the day in question, he could not go to school, not having been able to prepare his lessons, or to prepare his exercises. He would have been asked why they were not done, and he would have been obliged to confess his misdeeds before the whole class. It was for this reason that he besought his uncle to spare him the great humiliation of returning to school the next day, and his uncle had consented to his remaining at home, on the condition that he would



go to Mr Nicol, confess his fault to him, pay him the value of the hen, and humbly entreat to receive his books back again.

Eugene's heart was so full, that he could not touch his breakfast of bread and milk, and it was not without many deep sighs that he at last decided to put on his cap and cloak and accompany his uncle to the farmhouse.

Mr Nicol was one of the most prosperous farmers in the neighbourhood. He was generally loved and respected by every one, although his manner was sometimes rough and abrupt. Though he made no great profession, yet Mr Nicol was a man who feared God from the bottom of his heart, and who trusted for salvation only through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. But as he had been a long time a soldier, he had retained a few military habits, from which his family suffered; he exercised in his own house a kind of military discipline, to which every one, without exception, was obliged to submit; but, to the credit of the old soldier, be it said, that he never exacted anything but what was fair and just.

As Eugene and his uncle approached the farmhouse, Eugene's heart was beating violently. When the front door was opened to admit them, a mist seemed to pass before his eyes, and he was ready to faint. He and his uncle first passed through a large and beautiful kitchen, ornamented with plates, and pots, and covers of metal, which shone like polished silver. A large cat and a shepherd's dog were sleeping quietly together, near the wide fire-place, beside which were suspended bunches of willows for making baskets during the long winter evenings.

Uncle William knocked at the door of the nearest

room, and when the answer was given, "Come in," he crossed the threshold of it, followed by Eugene. This room was as large as the kitchen, and was warmed by a good fire. It contained a large bed, with curtains of green moreen, a table and chairs of polished mahogany. The walls were adorned with about a dozen coloured pictures, generally representing Scripture scenes. Mr Nicol was seated before the table, with his spectacles on his nose. He was reading a large Bible, beautifully bound. His wife and his three daughters, Jemima, Fanny, and Susan, were each busy at their needle-work, in perfect silence; for the old farmer could not allow any of them to speak a single word while he was reading. When he saw the clergyman come in, he rose respectfully.

"Be quick, and bring a chair for Mr Danby, Jemima," said he to his eldest daughter.

The girl hastened to bring a chair, which she placed for the clergyman in a respectful manner, whilst Eugene, more and more embarrassed, tried to hide himself behind his uncle.

"I have come," said Mr Danby, taking his nephew by the hand, "to introduce this boy to you, Mr Nicol; he feels much ashamed of a fault he committed yesterday, and he has come to apologise to you for it."

The tears came to Eugene's eyes, when the old farmer, taking off his spectacles, began to look at him attentively.

"Was it you, then, Master Ormond," said he, "who broke the leg of my pretty white hen yesterday? Was it you who hurt our poor favourite that we all liked so much? I am sorry to tell you, that if so, you did a very wicked action; but you see that I am frank, and I always say what I think."

Eugene began to sob again.

"I thought you a better behaved boy, sir," continued Mr Nicol. "When I picked up the books that you had left behind you, and read your name upon them, I could scarcely believe my eyes. Is it not so, Martha?" continued he, speaking to his wife.

"It is true," she said, in a low tone.

"The poor hen died in consequence of the injury it received," continued Mr Nicol. "My wife was holding her in her lap when the poor thing died; it looked up to her with such an expression of suffering in its eyes,—an expression I will never forget!"

"I will never do such a cruel thing again, sir," said Eugene, with a voice choked with sobs.

"I really trust you will not. It is most unlike the son of your kind mother, or the nephew of your good uncle."

"It is just," said Mr Danby, "that Eugene should pay you the value of the hen you have lost; and I hope you will permit me to give you these three shillings from him. I hope that this occurrence will be a useful lesson to him, and will help to keep him from bad company. I think he will remember for the rest of his life the true proverb, 'that evil communications corrupt good manners.' If Eugene had obeyed my orders, and avoided the society of Mr Jackson's sons, he would not have been led into this evil."

"You are quite right, sir," said the farmer. "There is a proverb which says: 'Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are;' and this proverb is very true. If we associate with wicked and ungodly people, we soon become wicked and ungodly too. The devil is cunning, he has all kinds of snares to entice us to evil; therefore we ought to take good heed to ourselves if we do not wish to be

led into sin. But do not think, sir, that I can accept the three shillings! No, thanks be to God, I can afford to bear this trifling loss, and I shall even be glad if it proves to be a good lesson to Master Eugene."

"It is not just that my nephew should keep this money," said Uncle William; "will you therefore be so kind as to take it, and to make what use of it you like."

"Well, in this case, we may take it and put it into the missionary box. What do you say to that, wife?"

"I think it will be the best way," said Martha.

The farmer's wife took the three shillings and put them into a money-box upon the mantelpiece, on which was written the words "Home Missions." Then Mr Nicol brought Eugene's books and strap, and helped the boy to fasten them up. Eugene's heart was lightened, his fault was confessed and in some degree atoned for, and he bade a kindly farewell to the old farmer and his family.

When he returned to the Parsonage, he passed the rest of the morning in preparing his lessons for school in the afternoon. He had still to suffer another disagreeable consequence of his fault. His uncle was obliged to write a note to the schoolmaster, to make an excuse for the boy's absence in the morning, and he would not do this without giving the true reason, and so letting the master know something of his nephew's bad conduct. Eugene would have been most thankful if his fault might have been concealed, but in this, as well as in his visit to the farm, Uncle William was inexorable. ;

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## VII.

### EXCURSIONS INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND.

**O**N the following Monday, Mr Danby continued his narrative, as follows :

“When my father reached the entrance to the cave, he sat down with the child in his arms, and we were delighted to see that she was beginning to recover her senses. She feebly opened her eyes, and looked round her as if bewildered ; then she began to cry, asking us : ‘Where is mamma ? Oh ! tell me where mamma is !’

“My mother took her in her arms, and softly caressed her, trying to sooth her uneasiness ; but she continued to repeat : ‘Where is mamma ? Where is papa, and my little brother Tommy ? I want to go to them.’” And she sobbed in the most heart-rending way. My father tried to make her take a little cold water, in which he had put a few drops of brandy to recover her, and restore warmth to her, but she pushed away the cup of cocoa-nut shell which he held out to her, and repeated still more loudly : ‘I wish to see papa ; I want to go to mamma !’ My father thought from her accent that she was an American, and not an English girl, as we had at first supposed. He thought it probable that the ship which had been

wrecked on our coast had come from the United States. The poor child was now probably an orphan ; it was not likely that she should ever see her father and mother again. This thought made her dearer to all of us, and my parents resolved to adopt her as their own.

“We asked her name. ‘Pamela,’ replied she ; but she was not inclined to speak : she seemed overcome with weariness, and fell sound asleep in my mother’s arms.

“My mother laid her softly to rest on the mossy bed which my sister and I had prepared for her. When she awoke, my father and mother asked her a few questions, in order to discover who she was, but all that they could make out was that her mother wore a beautiful silk dress and a hat with feathers ; that they once lived in a large, large house with many servants ; and that afterwards her father and mother and herself had got on board a ship which sailed away on the sea. Then the waves were very high, and she was very sick. She remembered that her mother had laid her on a sofa, and had given her some tea. The wind blew loudly, and the waves became higher and higher, and then her father had taken her on deck in his arms, had wrapped her up warmly, and tied her firmly to a plank. After this she remembered no more of what had taken place.

“It was evident that the child had been one of a rich family. We saw this from the dress she wore—her fine linen, her silk frock, and her lace collar, all of the best materials. My father thought that her family had left the United States, and were going to India or China.

“At five years old the feelings of children are keen, but speedily passing ; thus, the following day, the

little Pamela had become reconciled to remain with us, and spoke less constantly of her father and mother. As soon as she was well enough to walk about a little, Clementina tried to amuse her by showing her everything she thought might interest her. She seemed particularly amused with our young pigs, and watched them through the bushes as they were feeding.

“After she had gone to rest, my father called me to him, and told me that he intended to start very early the next morning to go into the interior of the island and look for our friends, and that he meant to take me with him. He appeared very uneasy, and his face was careworn. My mother, for her part, seemed anxious, and appeared frightened to be left alone with Clementina and Pamela; but my father encouraged her by assuring her that the island appeared perfectly uninhabited, that it was very unlikely that she would at all be disturbed during our absence, and that he would not stay away longer than three days. Though my father thought it his duty to go and look for our companions in misfortune, he also thought it right to act with great prudence, and not to leave my mother too long alone. He advised her to remain as much as possible within the shelter of the cave, and not to walk along the shore.

“Next morning at daybreak, after my father had once more repeated his advice, we set off. When my mother bade us farewell, her heart was so full that she burst into tears. ‘My dear,’ said my father, gently, ‘do you forget that you have a Friend who constantly watches over you, and who will never forsake you? Trust in Him. I am sure you would not wish to hinder me from doing what I think to be a duty. Farewell! and may the Lord be with us all!’

“So saying, he walked away quickly, as if he feared his resolution might fail; he felt it so painful to leave those whom he loved so much. I followed him, but I could not help often turning round to catch a last glimpse of my mother and sisters, who watched us, and waved their handkerchiefs to us as long as we were in sight.

“The day was magnificent. I was fresh and ready for exertion, as one is at fifteen when beginning a journey which promises to be full of interest. We had each a gun on our shoulders, and a good supply of powder and shot; besides, my father had a hatchet, and I had a hunting-knife in my belt. We had not taken much provision with us, for we expected to find bananas and cocoa-nuts on our way through the island.

“For about an hour we walked along the banks of the stream which flowed near our hut. At first our path was very smooth, over soft moss or short fine grass. From time to time we found beds of strawberries, with delicious fruit somewhat like the pineapple strawberries which are cultivated in England. After we had walked about two hours, we reached the edge of a kind of jungle.”

“What is a jungle, dear uncle?” said Emily.

“A jungle is a large extent of forest composed of gigantic trees, of bushes, interlaced with creeping plants, thick shrubs, and tall grass, through which it is exceedingly difficult to penetrate. There are many jungles in Brazil, in India, and in some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean.”

“I forgot to tell you that Nero had accompanied us on our excursion; but when he saw the thicket before us, he did not seem particularly anxious to enter it. We resolved to let him go back to my mother



if he liked to do so, and we began to cut a passage for ourselves through the bushes by means of the hatchet and the hunting-knife. We expected every moment to see some dangerous reptile, but we crossed all the jungle without encountering even one. Troops of monkeys were leaping from branch to branch of the gigantic trees which formed a green shade over our heads. We saw also numerous squirrels, the pretty creatures that you like so much; and lories, a kind of small parrots, whose plumage is bright and many-coloured. These animals were too inoffensive to attack us, and we had no wish to make war on them, but continued our march, amusing ourselves by watching their nimble leaps, and listening to their shrill cries or loud chattering.

“My father was sufficiently acquainted with natural history to point out to me several kinds of trees bearing useful fruit. Among these was the *artocarpus* or bread-fruit tree, the fruit of which is of a pale-green colour, about the size of a child's head. It grows to a height of about forty feet, has spreading branches, and large bright green leaves. The edible part of the fruit may be eaten raw if used immediately when gathered; it is somewhat of the consistence of new bread, and is as white as snow. The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands prepare it as food by dividing the fruit into slices, and roasting it on hot embers. They sometimes also beat it into a paste with a stone pestle, and make it into bread, by adding to it either water or the milk of the cocoa-nut. This tree supplies not only food, but clothing and other useful things. The inner bark is white, and is composed of fibres which can be formed into a kind of cloth. Some parts of the flowers serve as tinder in the lighting of fire, and the leaves are used for wrapping up food, and for other purposes.





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We also saw the jack-fruit tree, another species of *artocarpus*. The fruit is very large, weighing sometimes more than thirty pounds, and containing seventy, eighty, or even one hundred nuts or seeds. These are each about the size of a chestnut, and have something of the same taste when ripe. They are eaten roasted. The unripe fruit is sometimes pickled, and is also eaten boiled or fried.

“I wished very much to taste some of this fruit, but I was like the fox in the fable ; the branches were so high as to be quite beyond our reach, and none of the monkeys were kind enough to throw any fruit down to us.

“After a fatiguing journey through the thickets, over the trunks of fallen trees, and among the stems of climbing-plants, which often caused us to stumble ; we at length reached the edge of the jungle, and there we found ourselves on the banks of a small river, which appeared to us to be deep, and full of fish. We resolved to rest for half an hour, under a tall cocoa-nut tree, that we might breakfast, and decide on our future route.

“Until then we had heard no human voices but our own ; but now, hoping that we might be perhaps heard by our friends, we began to repeat their names, calling on them as loudly as we could. It was a vain hope ! The deepest silence reigned around us, and was broken only by the buzzing of insects, and the rippling of the stream. Nero, who had disappeared for more than an hour, now rejoined us, and leaped upon my shoulders to express his joy at finding us again. His skin was torn, and bleeding in various places, by the thorns of the bushes through which he had passed. I gave the poor animal something to eat, and then washed him carefully. We refreshed ourselves with water from the

river, and after having rested some time upon the turf, we considered how we should get to the other side of the stream, as, of course, you know there was no bridge."

"Why could you not have swum across?" asked Eugene.

"Remember," replied Uncle William, smiling, "that we should not have found dry clothes on the other side; besides, the current was so strong that we could not have swum with our clothes on without running the risk of being carried away by it, although the river was not very broad in this place. We were thus stopped by an obstacle that we could not have overcome if nature had not provided us with a bridge.

"As we walked along the bank, we perceived at a distance a very large tree which had fallen across the stream. This was a natural bridge which Providence had bestowed on us, and of which we made haste to avail ourselves. The crossing was not without danger, for the bark of the tree was so slippery that at every step we ran the risk of falling into the water, and it was not without much difficulty that we reached the opposite bank safe and sound.

"Meantime Nero had thrown himself into the water, and had been several times nearly carried away by the current. It was a long time before he succeeded in crossing, and he got to the bank much lower down than we did. When we had passed through a thicket of tall trees, we found ourselves at the foot of a very steep hill chiefly formed of black rocks. We resolved to attempt to climb this hill, with the hope of being able to see more of the country, and to have a more correct idea of the route we ought to take in order to explore the island thoroughly. We were far from expecting all the difficulties which we had to encounter

in the ascent. Before we had got a third part of the way, we found the ground so wet and slippery from the rain the evening before, that we were obliged to take off our shoes in order to climb the steep slope which lay before us. Our feet were soon bleeding from the thorns in our path, and on the bare hill side the heat was so overwhelming, that we were exhausted with fatigue. The wounds on our feet were so painful, that we tried to aid our ascent by catching at all the tufts of grass and low shrubs which were within our reach ; but these supports were so weak that they were of little use to us. We were at length obliged to creep on our hands and knees, and it was not without much suffering that we reached the top of the hill which I proposed to name the hill Difficulty.

“ We sat down on the top to rest. Our feet were so swollen and painful that we could scarcely stand upright. Nero appeared quite as much fatigued as his masters, and it was in this sad plight that we made our first survey of the surrounding country.

“ Our island, as seen from the summit of this hill, appeared to us much larger than we at first believed it to be. It was intersected by jungles, and by numerous groves of palms and cocoa-nut trees ; the river that we had just crossed seemed to divide it into unequal parts ; and afar off, beyond the shore, it was encircled by a broad reef of grey rocks, which seemed to defend this desert land from any foreign invasion. The wide ocean, calm and deep blue, stretched as far as the eye could reach ; the profound silence which reigned around us was broken only by the buzzing of the mosquitoes, which tormented us sadly by flying round us, and harassing us with their sharp stings. We again called aloud on our unfortunate companions, and my father fired his gun several times, hoping that

they might hear the reports ; but, notwithstanding all our efforts, no sound answered us but the echoes of the woods.

“ We remained sitting for a long time, as we were both suffering so much that we had scarcely strength or courage left to attempt the descent of the hill. My father then knelt down, and, in a short prayer, besought the Lord to help and guide us ; and, strengthened by the belief that He would not forsake us, we prepared to continue our journey.

“ We reached the foot of the hill without any accident, but so extremely fatigued that we both threw ourselves on the turf, under the shade of a tall palm-tree, and remained there for some time without being able even to utter a word. Our faces and hands were disfigured by the mosquitoes, our clothes were torn in several places, and our feet were so swollen that the pain was almost intolerable. In addition to my troubles I had lost one of my shoes. Our exhaustion was so great that, notwithstanding our sufferings, we soon fell sound asleep.

“ When we awoke we saw that the sun had long risen, and, to our great satisfaction, we felt ourselves relieved by the rest that we had enjoyed. Nero had kept guard beside us all night, and he now came to lick our hands and feet. The brave dog was our only friend in this desert place, and we returned his caresses with interest : we gave him the last morsel of salt meat which remained of the provisions we had brought with us, for we were so thirsty that we did not feel inclined to eat anything but fruit. After having entreated the Lord that He would guide and strengthen us during the rest of our toilsome journey, we proceeded on our way.

“ We were very anxious to find a stream in order

to quench our thirst, and we did not feel quite certain what direction to take. As we perceived the sea in the distance, we resolved to walk in that direction, hoping again to find a stream or brook, as the island appeared to us to be abundantly supplied with fresh water. Besides the trees which I have before mentioned, we also observed the plantain-tree (*Musa Paradisiaca*), which bears a fruit so valuable that it is called by the negroes of the West Indian Islands 'the staff of life.' This tree grows very rapidly, and the fruit may be eaten both raw and cooked. When ripe they are delicious: some have compared the taste to a ripe pear, and others to a fig. When gathered before it is ripe, and roasted, it is an excellent substitute for bread. As the fruit was not quite ripe at the time we discovered them, we did not eat many of them.

"When we were about two miles from the sea-shore we reached the edge of a large pond, surrounded on three sides by shrubs and bushes. We at first thought that the water of this pond must be salt, its greenish colour so much resembled salt water, but when we had tasted it, we found, to our great delight, that the water was fresh. Nevertheless, my father advised me to drink of it with moderation, for, being stagnant, it was probably unwholesome. He himself took very little of it; but, forgetting his wise advice, I drank eagerly, hoping to quench the thirst from which I had been suffering. I felt as if I were in a burning fever, the mosquitoes' bites had irritated my skin so much, and heated my blood.

"Two beautiful water-fowls were skimming quietly on the surface of the pond. I asked my father's permission to kill one of them to take to my mother. He consented. I fired, and the poor fowl was killed,



dragged to the edge by means of a long branch, and put in my bag. We then proceeded on our journey. As we approached the sea-shore we perceived among the rocks a large black object, the form of which we could not at first distinguish, as it was partly hidden by the cliffs. As we approached nearer, we found, to our great surprise, that it was a canoe from ten to twelve feet in length.

“It was roughly painted black on the outside, and white on the inside, which gave it the appearance of a long coffin. Nevertheless, we could see no trace of human beings all around, and, when we examined the canoe more nearly, we saw that it must have been in that place for a very long time, for the wood had decayed in several places, and the canoe was partly filled with water. This tranquillised our minds in some degree; nevertheless, I saw my father was feeling uneasy, and that, while he tried to encourage me, he was himself feeling great anxiety.

“You know,” continued Uncle William, “that savages often form their canoes, by hollowing out the trunks of large trees, and shaping them into the form of a boat. These canoes are usually manned by a number of the islanders, who row them with marvellous speed.

“We explored the shore in various directions, and at last left the place convinced that no savages had landed there recently. We even persuaded ourselves that the crew of this canoe had probably perished in the open sea, and that their vessel had been cast on the shore by a storm. A little reassured by this idea, we resolved to explore the coast on the north, before returning to the hut. We should then have seen most of the island, and this was what my father wished; for the disappearance of our friends appeared to him so

extraordinary, that he wished to discover whether the islanders had not landed on the northern coast, and perhaps carried them away. After walking for half-an-hour I felt so much fatigued that we were obliged to stop. Unfortunately there were no trees at that place, and we were obliged to take shelter under a tall thorny shrub with shining leaves. Scarcely was I seated when I was seized with such violent sickness that I thought I was dying. My hands and face were covered with an eruption which caused me to suffer much. My father attributed my illness to the quantity of water I had drunk. We afterwards learned that, in several of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, there are ponds, the water of which has a property of causing sickness, or even death.\*

“For several hours I was unable to move, I felt so weak ; we were therefore obliged to spend the night in this place, that I might recover sufficient strength to return the next day to the place where we had left my mother, as my father felt uneasy at leaving her so long alone.

“The night appeared very long indeed to me, as I could scarcely close my eyes, I was suffering so much from fever. Besides, having only a stone for a pillow, I felt it very hard, and wearied my father by incessant complaints. It was then I felt more than I had ever done before, how deficient I was in patience, a virtue so necessary in this life. It is not natural to us ; it is a gift of God ; and He will make us patient if we sincerely ask Him to do it.

“Although my excellent father was not quite so ill as I was, he was also suffering much from fatigue, as well as from the bites of mosquitoes, which gave us

\* Captain Cook speaks of these ponds in his “Voyages Round the World.”

neither rest nor peace. These troublesome insects tormented us sadly. Oh! how gladly would I have exchanged the clear beautiful sky and warm air for a few hours of snow and ice! I thought of the little attic that I had occupied in our house in England, and of the trouble that I had caused my father by my unwillingness to rise in the morning when the cold was so intense in my room that the water was often frozen near my bed. Oh! if a beneficent fairy, by a wave of her wand, could have transported me back to my old room, cold as it was, how glad I should have been! I should have welcomed the snow and frost as the greatest of blessings; but I was thousands of miles from my country, and there was no beneficent fairy that could help me, either in our island, or, indeed, anywhere else. I was therefore obliged to wait patiently till the dawn of day brought me a little relief; humbly putting my trust in Him who is pleased to call Himself our heavenly Father,—without whose permission not even a little sparrow can fall to the ground.

“The dawn so eagerly desired came at last, but not before I had enjoyed a short time of repose, for towards morning both my father and I had fallen asleep. When I awoke I felt much better than I had done the evening before, and my father also seemed better. After prayer, and a frugal breakfast of wild fruit, we set off on our journey with the sweet hope of seeing my mother and sisters again. — But I had to encounter a new difficulty, which made walking much more fatiguing; the loss of my shoe obliged me to limp often on one foot to avoid hurting my naked foot still more among the thorns and brushwood. We succeeded in finding our way along the bank of the river which we had crossed the day before, until we reached

the natural bridge. While I was endeavouring to pass over it, clinging fast to its slippery bank, my gun fell into the water. It was a very great loss to us, as you may imagine, and I could scarcely restrain my tears when I reached the opposite bank. We had only now a pair of pistols left in the cave, and I had been so vain of carrying a gun that I was inconsolable for its loss.

“At length we came in sight of the clear waters of our little brook, and I was delighted to walk again on the soft turf, and refresh myself with cooling fruit. But my father looked grave and thoughtful, as the disappearance of our friends caused him to feel great anxiety for the future; and even the hope of soon seeing my mother again could not quite remove this uneasiness so natural in our situation.

“As soon as I came in sight of our hut, I began to run as quickly as my wounded foot would permit, that I might see my dear mother and sisters sooner, whilst my father also hastened his steps. There was no one to be seen on the shore, and I called as loud as I could, ‘Mamma, Clementina, Pamela, where are you?’ but the echoes alone replied. I supposed that they might be in the interior of the cave, and might not have heard my voice. I rushed towards it, entered it, still calling upon them. I searched every corner of the hut in vain. There was no one in the cave. Then I fancied that they might, perhaps, have hidden themselves behind a rock, to give us a surprise by coming out suddenly. ‘Papa,’ I exclaimed, ‘they are not here; I am sure they are hidden behind some of these rocks, and I am going to look for them; wait for me here, you are so much fatigued.’

“I did not remark that my father had become deadly pale, and I rushed away behind the ridge of

rocks which protected the little creek in which our boat was usually fastened. But a piercing cry from my father soon called me back to his side, and I stood as if petrified by terror and surprise, when I saw upon the sand the recent footprints of large naked feet beside footmarks made by shoes."

Eugene and Emily could not restrain their feelings, whilst their eyes were fixed on Mr Danby as if to ask him to continue his narrative.

"My father stood speechless and still as a marble statue. He was holding in his hand a little neckerchief of blue silk which Clementina usually wore, on which there were several spots of blood. He had just picked it up on the shore, and his trembling lips seemed powerless to utter a word.

"O my dear children, may God preserve you from experiencing such a terrible and sudden grief. No words can express what we then felt. I seemed to have grown all at once ten years older, and to have become a man instead of being a boy. I sympathised deeply with my father's grief, and sought to console him. He sat down on the sand, and, wiping the cold perspiration which stood on his forehead, he continued to look despondingly to the small neckerchief which he held in his hand. Meantime Nero set up a loud and continued barking; he ran from the cave to the shore and from the shore to the cave, then he crouched at our feet, licked our hands, laid his great paws on our knees, and looked at us with eyes so melancholy, that we fancied he might have understood our sorrow.

"'Father,' said I, rising suddenly, 'it is impossible that the savages have yet had time to carry my mother to a great distance; there is no time to lose, we must go to search for her; we must go at once.'

“ ‘ And how can we go ? ’ said my father, letting his head fall heavily upon his breast ; doubtless the natives have taken away our boat.’

“ Without saying a word, I hastened to the creek, and, to my great joy, I saw that our boat was still there. I ran back to announce the good news to my father.

“ ‘ We have no sails,’ said he ; ‘ and a sail is indispensable if we are to go any distance.’

“ ‘ We can make a sail, father. The captain must have left shirts in his trunk : I shall go and see.’ I hastened into the cave, and found several shirts in Mr Stewart’s box.

“ When I returned, my father had recovered his usual presence of mind, which had been as if paralysed by the sudden shock of so great an affliction.

“ ‘ My dear son,’ said he, ‘ we have no other hope than in Him who has sent us this great trial. His will be done,’ added he, with an effort, but with an air of resignation. “ ‘ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” Perhaps your beloved mother may be already beyond the reach of suffering. O Lord, do not try me beyond what I am able to bear !’

“ We had to act promptly ; thus, notwithstanding our grief, we did not lose a single instant, that we might be ready to set off in a few hours. We thought that the islanders had taken away my mother as a prisoner to carry her to a group of islands, which we supposed to exist at some distance off. It was, therefore, in this direction that we wished to steer, in order to try and save her life, for we knew enough of the habits of the cannibals to believe that they do not kill their prisoners till a certain time has elapsed.

“ Was it possible that my mother and sisters had

fallen into the hands of these ruthless savages? We could not be quite sure; and the little neckerchief spotted with blood suggested fears still more terrible. Doubtless some of the party had been wounded by the savages; nevertheless, there was no trace of blood on the sand. There was under all this a deep and impenetrable mystery, which might possibly in some way be connected with the melancholy disappearance of our friends Captain Stewart and Mr Macdonald.

“In this hour of extreme suspense, dear children, I seemed to be gifted with supernatural strength, and in a few minutes I carried into the boat all that I thought we required for a voyage of some days. Besides our firearms and all the supply of powder and shot that we had left, provisions and meat, and a little rum, I packed up in haste a small parcel of clothes for my mother and sisters, whilst my father was occupied in making a sail for our boat as well as he could. At one o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready for our departure.

“It was a solemn moment when we prepared to quit the island without knowing whether we should ever return, and when, at the same time, we were going to meet great and certain dangers.

“At the last moment, my father opened his Bible at the 34th Psalm, and read a few words appropriate to our situation, with a slow voice and full of emotion. We then knelt down on the shore to pray for the guidance and protection of our heavenly Father, and to give ourselves entirely into His hands, whose ways are sometimes so mysterious to us poor short-sighted mortals.

“When we rose from our knees, I remarked that my father's face was calm and peaceful.

“‘William,’ said he, ‘I feel sure that we shall find

your mother again. I think that our prayer has ascended to heaven, and has been heard by our God; let us leave the result entirely in His hands.”

Uncle William’s narrative had been so interesting that even Mrs Ormond had not thought of looking at the timepiece. She now saw that it was past the time when the children usually went to bed. Accordingly, they said good night and retired, wishing that they might soon have another pleasant evening.







## VIII.

### A JOURNEY AND A MELANCHOLY MEETING.

“**A**MONG the number of the articles that we had taken with us in our boat,” continued Uncle William, “we had neither forgotten the compass nor the telescope; and by the help of these two instruments, and aided by a favourable wind, we felt confident that we should reach the unknown archipelago, where, doubtless, many dangers awaited us.

“Scarcely had we got beyond the reef when a good breeze filled our sail, and gave us a hope that our voyage would not be a long one. Our oars being now useless, we placed them in the bottom of the boat that we might take a little rest. It was then that we first became conscious of our extreme fatigue, for during the great excitement of the morning we had not had time to think of ourselves. Nevertheless we already felt the benefit of the cool and refreshing air of the open sea, and about four o'clock our strength seemed quite restored. After having taken a little rum mixed with water, we again made use of our oars, for the breeze had fallen, and there was a perfect calm. These calms are very frequent in the Pacific Ocean, where the blue surface of the sea is scarcely

ruffled by even the slightest wind, and sailing ships are sometimes obliged to remain whole weeks in the same place.

“The sky was so clear that we had no reason to fear a storm. We saw near the boat numerous flocks of birds of a kind I had never seen before. I should have liked to shoot one or two of them, but we were obliged to save our ammunition for more important occasions. Fish of various kinds also attracted my wondering eyes. I was still more surprised when I saw at a great distance a flock of birds with grey plumage rest closely together, and appearing to stand on the surface of the water, while they were pecking voraciously at something we could not distinguish. As we approached we saw that an enormous dead whale, which had been driven into these seas by a current, was the prey which the birds were devouring so greedily. I had never seen a whale, except in pictures, but anxious as I was to examine it more closely, we were obliged to keep the boat at a distance, as it would have been dangerous had it struck against this enormous creature.

“We passed by numerous coral reefs, near which the water was shallow and as clear as crystal. It was beautiful to look down and see the branches of coral and marine plants of all kinds at the bottom of the sea. Beautiful shells were scattered here and there, and lovely little fish of varied colours were swimming rapidly among the sea weed.

“We were able once more to lay down our oars, for the evening breeze rose and began to swell our sail. The deepest silence reigned around us, and we were anxiously looking out for the first glimpse of the group of islands towards which we were steering. Just before it became dark, we saw through the tele-

scope a chain of mountains in a distant island. Some of them appeared very high, and their sides were covered with immense forests ; others were steep, rugged, and bare.

“ In tropical countries there is scarcely any interval between day and night during all the year round ; the darkness comes on suddenly without being preceded by the long twilight of our northern climes ; or at least the twilight is so short that we can scarcely perceive it. While I was still absorbed in watching through the telescope the high mountains, gilded by the last rays of the sun, we found ourselves almost instantaneously surrounded by the shades of night ; and but for the light of the rising moon, we should have found considerable difficulty in steering our course safely among the islets which lay in our way.

“ Nevertheless, as we were gently driven to the east by a slight current, and as the evening breeze was blowing in the same direction, we continued to float on gently over the beautiful calm sea. We thanked God that in His mercy He was thus guiding us on the commencement of our journey, which would have been very perilous had we encountered a tempest or a stormy sea.

“ Thousands of stars were shining brilliantly in the clear blue sky, and my father named to me some constellations which I had not seen before. Astronomy is a most interesting study, and I hope that you may all become acquainted with it, that you may learn to admire more fervently the wonders of God’s creation, when you see the numberless worlds He has scattered throughout the immensity of space. It is true that, while we are in this world, we can know but little of these other glorious worlds around us ; but perhaps, on some future day, we may know more about

them — when we shall no longer see as through a glass darkly, but when we shall know even as we are known.

“ For some time we sailed on in silence. At length I said: ‘ Father, will you permit me to ask you a question ? ’

“ ‘ Ask whatever you like,’ said he.

“ ‘ I have often heard you say that nothing happens without God’s permission, and that all things work together for the good of those who love Him. Yet it is very difficult for me to believe that it is for my mother’s good that she should be carried away by the savages ; and I confess that I do not understand why God has permitted this misfortune to happen to us.’

“ My father thought for a moment, and then replied : ‘ Your doubts, dear William, do not astonish me ; for, alas ! such doubts will sometimes enter the minds even of pious persons. Yet we know that such thoughts are wrong, for all are too feeble, too weak, and our understandings are too imperfect, to comprehend the ways of God, for His wisdom is unsearchable, and His ways are past finding out. A little child cannot always understand what his father means by the orders he gives. How much less, then, can we understand God, since there is an infinitely greater distance between him and us than between a child and his father, and His dispensations must often be incomprehensible to us. Yet we ought to believe His word when He says He afflicts in mercy. We ought to trust in His love and wisdom, and submit to His will without murmuring, even when it is painful and difficult to bear.’

“ ‘ But suppose we do not find my mother, my sister, and Pamela ; if they have been perhaps murdered by

these savages, could you still believe, father, that it is all for the best?' exclaimed I, earnestly, with tears in my eyes.

"'I fervently hope and trust that this is not the case,' said my father; 'yet even if it were to be so, I firmly believe that the Lord would strengthen me to submit humbly to His will, and to believe that it is right. When God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his only son, do you think, dear William, that the patriarch could understand the meaning of the command?'

"'No, father; certainly not.'

"'Yet Abraham submitted meekly. If, therefore, God were to send us such a terrible affliction as the loss of your dear mother and sister and poor little Pamela, should we not still pray to Him for strength to enable us to bear even this suffering, and believe that, however painful, nothing happens without His permission, and that we should one day see that all these sufferings had worked together for good?'

"'But when you left Europe, dear father, you believed that you were doing your duty in taking the course that it was God's will you should follow; yet if we had not left our own country, none of these trials would have happened to us.'

"My father sighed deeply.

"'It is true,' said he; 'nevertheless I firmly believe that I was doing my duty in leaving England. Trials are necessary for us, my dear boy. We often voluntarily enter upon a course in which we encounter many; yet if we have done this with an upright heart, believing it to be our duty, and after having prayed for God's guidance and direction, our kind heavenly Father will not forsake us in our sufferings, but will bring us safely through all our afflictions, with our

faith strengthened and our hearts purified. Do you understand me, William?’

“‘Yes, dear father.’

“‘It is now my earnest prayer to God that He may enable us to submit to His will, and I trust He will restore our loved ones to us; and then if this hard discipline teaches us to trust in Him and love Him more, we shall be enabled to rejoice even in tribulation; for as the Apostle says: “Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby”’ (Heb. xii. 11).

“My father ceased to speak, and during some minutes we kept silent. There was something solemn in the deep calm of the night and in the unbroken silence. Our boat, carried on by the current and by the evening breeze, continued to sail on rapidly; whilst the moon’s silvery beams, reflected on the waves of the sea, permitted us to distinguish and avoid the sand-banks and reefs near which we were passing.

“We continued to steer thus when, all at once, our attention was attracted by a reddish light which appeared in the distance, towards the north-east. This light rapidly increased, and seemed to us like a great fire, whilst bursts of flames and smoke rose upwards in the air. At first we thought that it was a burning ship, but we soon perceived that the flame and smoke proceeded from the eruption of a volcano on one of the high mountain summits which we had seen a few hours previously. It is well known that many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean abound in volcanoes, the eruptions of which are very frequent. The one which we saw was really magnificent, and I have never

seen a spectacle more grand. The whole sky appeared on fire ; the crater continued to send forth torrents of flames and smoke, and thousands of sparks, which rose in the air in every direction. Fortunately for us, we were still at a great distance from the island in which the volcano was, for these eruptions being usually preceded or accompanied by earthquakes, the sea then becomes boisterous, and our navigation would have been dangerous. At the end of three quarters of an hour, we saw neither flames nor smoke, the sky again became deep blue, and the moon continued to shed on us a light which seemed very pale, when we compared it with the brilliant illumination which had lasted for a few minutes previously.

“At length the daybreak gilded the top of the mountains, and, to our great joy, we perceived that we were scarcely a league distant from the group of islands on which we wished to land.

“These islands appeared to us to be about seven or eight in number, some of them were but islets ; they were separated from one another by narrow arms of the sea, and were surrounded on many parts by coral reefs. When we examined this newly-discovered land, by help of our telescope, we perceived to the west another archipelago, where we saw also very high mountains.

“Oh ! dear children,” continued Uncle William, “how much we then felt the necessity of asking God to direct us in our difficulties ! We could not tell on which of these islands we ought to land, and what way we ought to take. God was our only support, our only Comforter, our only Guide ; He alone could save us. With what fervour we offered up our morning prayer, beseeching Him to guard and save the dear ones who had been taken from us.







“We saw before us a small bay ; we entered it, and soon set foot on the fine sand scattered over with fragments of white coral and shells. After having fastened our boat, filled our pockets with the articles which we most required, and taken our fire-arms, we advanced, followed by Nero, into a large forest of trees, which appeared to us still more gigantic than those of the island which we had hitherto inhabited. I was now shod with a pair of boots which had belonged to the captain ; they were certainly much too large for me, but they were so strong that I had no fear of thorns and briars. I had also changed my torn trousers for a seaman’s suit of strong linen. We had each a straw hat, under which we had taken the precaution to fasten a large banana leaf, in order to preserve us from sunstroke. Thus prepared for our excursion, we ventured into the great forest which lay before us, hoping that it might lead us to some village or some human habitation ; for when we landed on the shore we had remarked numerous footsteps.

“The first thing that attracted our attention was a lovely cascade falling from a high rock. Here we could quench our thirst, and the refreshing water did us much good. Soon afterwards we passed into a narrow footpath, which appeared to have been made by the hand of man, and which went along the bank of the stream. Majestic palm-trees proudly raised their heads above the lower shrubs, whose thick foliage formed magnificent groves. Creeping plants grew in abundance, their flexible stems were intertwined with the branches of the trees, and formed verdant bowers enamelled with flowers, resplendent with the loveliest colours, and odoriferous with the sweetest perfume. Bright birds hovered among the branches, paroquets

and other birds which I had seen only in the pictures of my books of natural history, animated this enchanting wood. It seemed to me that I was in a fairy land, and if the sad thought of the fate of my mother and sister had not haunted me, I would have enjoyed with delight the splendours of surrounding nature.

“We had feared to encounter dangerous animals, but we only saw a few little serpents, which fled as we approached them. We saw no monkeys in this forest, which we thought a singular circumstance.

“Thanks to the narrow path that we followed, we advanced rapidly, and we had nearly reached the edge of the forest when our attention was attracted by a new object.

“When we raised our eyes, we saw, at a short distance from us, a great creature of a dark colour, which was waving from the branch of a tree. As we approached, we saw that it was a large serpent, and we thought that it was watching for a victim, and I at once put my hands on my pistols, but my father made a sign for me to wait, while he himself ventured forward to look at the monster more closely. Then, loading his gun, he aimed at the serpent and shot it in the side. The furious reptile darted towards us like an arrow from the top of the tree, still remaining fastened by its tail to the branch which supported it, and stretched itself out and tried to reach us; but its rage was powerless, for we took care to keep at a safe distance. At the same moment, just as my father was preparing to fire a second time, we suddenly heard sharp cries and loud shouts, which appeared to come from the edge of the forest.

“‘Savages! exclaimed I; ‘I see savages, father!

I can see—one, two, three, four, through the trees.'

"'Hush, be quiet and prudent,' said my father; 'let us hide ourselves behind the trunk of this palm-tree, and wait quietly.'

"With palpitating hearts we concealed ourselves behind a gigantic tree, whence we could see all that was passing. The islanders came up towards the tree where the serpent was. They were eight in number, and their faces were ferocious. They had no clothing but a piece of coarse stuff wrapped round their waists, and reaching to their knees; and each of them had three or four large feathers on their heads, whilst rings of copper were suspended from the ears and the arms of some of them. All of them were furnished with bows and arrows. When they saw the serpent, they again uttered shrill cries, and shot several arrows which killed the monster. Then they again began to vociferate in their barbarous language.

"At the same moment, I imprudently allowed my head to be seen, and one of the islanders having perceived me, immediately cried out and advanced towards me. He was at once followed by his companions, and, in a moment, we were so surrounded that it was impossible for us to defend ourselves.

"My father made a sign to me not to look frightened, but I was struggling in the hands of the savages. For his part, he searched his pockets for a few glass beads that he had taken the precaution to take with him. For you know, dear children, that the savages of these islands have a great liking for this kind of ornaments, and that sailors take care to offer this to them when they wish to please them. Two of the savages took the beads which my father offered them, and they laughed with savage joy. The others, who

had with them cords made of the palm-tree, which they carried with them, fastened our hands in such a way that we could not move our arms.

“They then seized our firearms, which they examined, uttering shrill cries, and making gestures of surprise. It is possible that these islanders had never before seen anything of the kind. Fortunately for us, they did not search our pockets. We thus retained all which we had of powder and shot. But of what use was this to us without our guns? I lamented this misfortune to my father; whilst the savages, who had deprived us of our weapons, were quietly seated on the turf, where they were examining my pistols, of which apparently they did not know the use.

“These men were really hideous to look at; and what made them still more frightful was, that their teeth were blackened. One of them spat on the ground, and I thought that his mouth was full of blood, for his tongue and his lips were bright red, which contrasted with his black teeth, so that he was truly horrible to look upon. I afterwards learned that several tribes in the South Sea are accustomed to chew an herb like the betel-nut, a kind of plant which grows in the South Sea Islands, and in other tropical lands. The inhabitants of these countries take the fruit of a kind of palm-tree, they cut it into pieces, they roll it in lime, and in certain aromatic herbs, they wrap it up in an aromatic leaf, and chew it with the greatest pleasure. In Eastern countries, which are somewhat civilised, it is usual for people to offer this when they salute each other in the streets.

“It is said that the taste of the betel-nut is very agreeable, that it increases the flow of the saliva, and tinges it with a blood-red colour.

“While some of the savages guarded us, the others completed the destruction of the serpent. One of them, having made a rope of a strong kind of creeping plant, fastened it to a stick, threw it round the neck of the reptile, and, aided by two of his companions, placed it upon his shoulders, fastening it round his body like a trophy, while all uttered exclamations of joy. This serpent might be about three yards in length. It was about the thickness of a man’s arm, and seemed to us to belong to the species of boas.

“The islanders made a sign to us to follow them, and we set off without knowing whether we were going. What they were going to do with us, we were utterly ignorant; but we began to be tormented by burning thirst, and also by hunger, for we had had no fruit for many hours.

“We made a sign to them that we wished to eat, and we thought that we understood by their gestures that they would soon give us some food, but that we must still walk on a little longer. Indeed, at the end of half an hour, we reached the bank of a small river, which was bordered by shrubs and tall grass. A canoe was there fastened to the trunk of a tree. Our captors made a sign for us to sit down, and one of them having collected a quantity of brushwood, rubbed two pieces of wood so quickly against each other that they took fire, and we soon had a good blaze. Another threw into the fire several branches of odoriferous wood, which filled the air with a delicious perfume.

“The other savages were not inactive. They cut the serpent into pieces and broiled it on the fire, and then gave us several morsels to eat.”

“Eat broiled serpent!” exclaimed Emily. “Oh uncle, how horrible!”

“Well, my dear child, this food, horrible as it was, did not cause us so much disgust as you may imagine, we were so tortured by hunger and so overwhelmed with fatigue.

“They had set free our hands that we might eat, and when I tasted the flesh of the reptile I was surprised to find it very good. It was as tender as chicken, and my father was not less surprised than I was. The islanders quenched their thirst in the running stream, and made signs to us to do the same. As they did not understand our language, I said to my father that we might take advantage of this moment to escape through the forest; but he replied that we must not attempt to do so, for we should certainly be killed by their poisoned arrows. He added that we ought to put our trust in God, and wait for a more favourable moment, when we might take to flight without the risk of being pursued.

“Our repast being finished, they caused us to enter the boat to cross the river. When we reached the opposite bank we recommenced our fatiguing march through the thorns and briars which impeded our way, and the thick brushwood and creeping plants. During all this time Nero had never lost sight of us, and whether the islanders were too much occupied with their own affairs, or for whatever other reason, they paid but little attention to his barking. One of them had even been kind enough to give him a morsel of the the broiled serpent, so that the faithful animal continued to keep near us, resolved, apparently, not to be parted from us if he could help it.

“When we had walked on for about an hour, we found ourselves at the foot of very steep hills, so steep as to appear almost inaccessible. All along the declivity several long trunks of trees had been fastened

on which a few steps had been rudely cut to serve as a staircase. They made signs to us to ascend, which was a work of some difficulty, for many of the steps were so far apart, that we could scarcely scramble up; but our companions climbed them nimbly, and with apparent ease. Some parts of the hill were steep and rocky; but sometimes we crossed natural terraces covered with fresh verdure.

“It was almost night when we at length reached a narrow plateau, on which were several huts covered with the large leaves of the banana tree. Before each of the huts there was a piece of soft green turf.

“The islanders caused us to enter the largest of these huts, which we afterwards learned belonged to the chief of the tribe. There was no furniture, but a few benches roughly made and placed along the walls; the floor was covered with matting made of reeds, and suspended from the ceiling against the walls there was a kind of drum, and several of the large hunting-knives used by these savages. At the end of the hut the chief was seated on a rude throne, made of the trunks of trees, and I do not think that I ever saw a more horrible figure. Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a very tall man, with an athletic form, and of a brown copper colour, wearing only a broad piece of cloth from his waist to his knees. His eyes were small, his nose large and flat, his mouth immensely large, with very thick lips, and teeth dyed black, like the other islanders; on each of his cheeks a serpent was tattooed, which increased still more the frightful ugliness of his face.”

“What do you mean by ‘tattooed,’” said Eugene.

“Tattooing,” replied Uncle William, “is an operation generally practised in many of the islands of



Oceanica. It consists in making an incision in the skin, for which purpose a small bit of tortoise-shell is often used. This bit of shell is formed like a saw, with five or six straight, sharp teeth; they dip these teeth in a black dye, and then pierce the skin with them till they reach the living flesh. This operation occasions a slight degree of inflammation and swelling, which, although not very painful, continues for some days. By means of this the savages mark upon their bodies figures which can never be effaced. They sometimes paint these figures with bright colours, so as to make them appear to greater advantage.

“The head-dress of the chief was a kind of diadem made of red feathers, among which three long tail feathers of a cock served to distinguish him from his companions. Besides the rings on his arms, and suspended from his ears, he had also another ring in his nostrils.”

“Oh, what a horrible figure, dear uncle!” exclaimed Emily.

“Indeed, dear child, the man was hideous, and I shuddered when I looked at him, but my father remained perfectly calm.

“Scarcely had we entered the hut, when the savages who accompanied us threw themselves on the ground, and kissed the mat under the feet of their chief, doubtless to testify their respect and submission. The chief having beckoned to them to rise, spoke to them in his barbarous language, at the same time pointing to us with his finger, as if asking who we were. The islanders replied in the same tongue, but we thought we could understand by their gestures, that they were relating to their chief in what manner they had made us prisoners.

“The chief laughed with a ferocious scowl, and

examined us curiously ; then he gave some orders to his attendants, who made signs to us to follow them, and we went out of the hut.

“ It was quite dark. One of the savages seized me by the arm, and dragged me after him, separating me at the same time from my father. But before they forced him to leave me, he said, in a loud, firm voice— ‘ William, my dear child, remember that we are in God’s hands. Put your trust in Him. He will not forsake us. Farewell, my dear son ! ’ I was so miserable that I could not restrain my tears and sobs. Our situation appeared very terrible, and I was inconsolable at being parted from my father.

“ I prayed earnestly in my heart. I fervently entreated the Lord to give me strength to bear such severe trials, and I felt myself soothed and comforted in some degree.

“ After walking for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, in narrow rocky paths, we stopped before a very long hut, which seemed to me to be divided into several compartments. On one side there was a kind of verandah running all along the hut. Near this there was a blazing fire burning, which several of the savages were employed in feeding with fuel, and which shed a bright light all around. Through this verandah they caused me to enter a large room, the floor of which was covered with mats, and they made signs to me to lie down, and that they would bring me something to eat. Overcome with fatigue, I gladly stretched myself on the floor, and tried to sleep, but I was so much agitated that I scarcely knew where I was. Strange figures seemed hovering round me, and I cannot give a distinct account of what I felt.

“ After a short time, the islanders who had brought

me there returned, bringing two cups made of coconut shells. One of these contained boiled rice, and the other cold water. I ate the rice and drank the water eagerly, for I was both hungry and thirsty. After this repast I lay down on the mat, my eyelids closed, and for some hours I forgot my troubles in refreshing sleep.

“When I awoke it was daylight. I sat up and looked at the various objects which surrounded me. I saw that the fire was still burning before the hut, and was blazing as it had done the night before. But what a horrible spectacle I saw in the hut. Imagine, dear children, about thirty men’s heads cut off from their bodies, and arranged together in a long line, almost above my head! Some of them appeared to have been very recently cut off. A horrid shivering seized me, but in a few minutes the thought of my lost friends brought back my courage, and I began to examine all the heads to see if I knew any of them. The flesh was still in a state of preservation on many of them, but they appeared blackened with smoke; others were completely dried. In the hollows, where eyes should have been, white shells had been placed, and the jaws were often open, which gave a terrific aspect to the dead faces. The excessive stench also, caused me inexpressible disgust.

“My attention was soon carried away from this horrid sight by the vociferations of the savages, who had gathered round the fire. They were chanting a kind of war-song; and you can easily believe that I was not much inclined to sleep. I learned, afterwards, that these islanders had returned, a few days before, from an expedition against a chief of a hostile tribe, and that they had brought back several heads with them. Among these savages, human heads are

considered the most glorious trophies of their victories.

“Oh! uncle,” exclaimed Emily, “how is it possible that you did not die of fright?”

Uncle William smiled.

“Indeed,” said he, “it would have been little wonder if I had died of terror; but God guarded and strengthened me during that terrible night. I must tell you also, that I was not nervous or timid by nature, and that my school-fellows had often complimented me on my courage. I have often thought since, how wisely God bestows upon us all that we need, to bear the trials which He sends to us; how, as it were, He prepares us for them. He had given me a courageous mind, and a robust frame, and had thus rendered me capable of bearing fatigue and dangers under which I should certainly have sunk, if my kind heavenly Father had not thus made me able to bear them.

“I was imprisoned for three weeks in this dreary place, where I should certainly have died, if I had not been permitted, from time to time, to breathe the fresh air in the verandah. The savages brought me food regularly three times a day; but I could scarcely ever eat what they placed before me; for the continual sight of the human heads disgusted me so much, that I loathed my food. I was getting daily thinner, and was becoming much weaker.

“Besides these trials, whenever I thought of my father, my mother, my sister, and little Pamela, my heart was so full that I often wept for hours. I prayed earnestly to God that He would deliver us, and would cause us to meet again; and it was only in prayer that I recovered courage. I had tried, by means of signs, to question the islanders about the fate of my father, but they did not appear to understand me.

Their only reply was to laugh in a wild, mocking way, which made me shudder, and increased my agony.

“We are late this evening, dear children,” said Uncle William, pausing in his narrative, “we must postpone the rest of the story to a future opportunity.”





## IX.

### DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES.

“**Q**UONE morning,” continued Mr Danby, “as I was seated on a mat under the verandah, while a few of the natives were squatted round the fire, keeping me in sight, I remarked two savages, who approached the hut gesticulating fiercely, and beating a kind of drum fastened to their waists. When they came near us, they conversed for a few moments with their companions, after which one of them tied my hands, and made signs for me to follow him. All the others rose, at the same time brandishing their spears and uttering ferocious cries.

“I was seized with inexpressible terror, and I thought I was going to faint, for I was so weakened by the fasting I had undergone for some weeks, that I could not have defended myself even had I wished to do so. Until this time, the idea that the savages intended to kill me had not yet entered my mind; and, without speculating too exactly on what would become of me, I had a vague hope of profiting by a favourable moment to escape from my jailers.

“I followed my companions with tottering steps; and one of them, doubtless thinking that I was not

walking quickly enough, gave me a sharp blow with the handle of his spear. Assuredly, if any of my old school-fellows had seen me in the sad plight in which I was, he would have been sorry for me. My clothes were horribly dirty and much torn, my hair was long and dishevelled, and I was feeling weak and ill. I thought of the happy days that I had formerly passed under my kind parents' roof, and it seemed to me that I had not sufficiently prized the mercies I had then enjoyed. I thought of all my faults, and of the grief I had often caused to my father and mother, and I earnestly desired to ask pardon of them before my death, for the thought of death became vividly present to my mind.

“We walked on for about an hour and a half, continuing to descend the steep sides of the mountain under a burning sun, which, striking on my bare head, produced excessive fever. We reached a kind of valley, ending in a sandy plateau, upon which a few scattered huts were built. We were joined by a new troop of islanders, armed with long spears, and each carrying a drum. Many of them had likewise in their hands a small basket, containing the scalps and teeth of men, which increased my terror. When the party moved on again, some of the savages began to beat the drums, whilst others, blowing into large shells, made the air resound with sharp and disagreeable sounds. This discordant music tortured my ears, while I was trying in vain to guess where the natives were taking me, and what they were going to do with me.

“This painful march lasted for three hours, and at the end of this time I was so exhausted with fatigue that I could scarcely stand upright. At length we reached the sea-shore, and stopped in an open space

bordered on one side by a large wood, and on the other by the rocks of the sea-coast. What was my terror to see arranged round the trunk of a tree faggots and brushwood, as if prepared to be set on fire. I shuddered, cold perspiration poured over my face, my teeth chattered, and my whole body trembled. Was I condemned to be burned alive! Oh Lord, my God! exclaimed I in anguish, deliver me from the hands of these cruel men."

"How glad I am, dear uncle," interrupted Emily, clapping her hands, "that even after all this you were saved." Mrs Ormond and Eugene could scarcely restrain a smile at the little girl's remark. Mr Danby continued as follows :

"I remarked that, near the pile of faggots, there was the remains of a fire, nearly extinguished; and my agony increased when I observed also a few bones scattered on the sand. I thought of my father . . . . A dark cloud came over my eyes, everything seemed turning round me, and for a few minutes a fainting fit rendered me insensible to the horror of my position.

"When I came to my senses, I was fastened to the stake, and I saw the chief of the tribe advancing towards me, accompanied by a number of the natives playing their discordant music. They arranged themselves in a half circle opposite to me, and then imagine my surprise and emotion when I saw my father led forward by four of the islanders. He was looking pale and exhausted.

"I tried to rush towards him, but, alas! I was too firmly bound.

"'Father,' I exclaimed, 'dear father, how terrible to meet again thus!'

"'Try to calm yourself, my dear boy,' replied he in a grave voice; 'we may soon be parted again in



this world, but we shall meet again in a better, with your dear mother and sister and little Pamela, where there will be no more painful separations.'

" 'Yes, dear father,' replied I, sobbing, 'I have been a poor sinful boy, but I believe, with all my heart, that the Lord Jesus Christ has shed His blood for me, and that, through His precious blood, I will obtain the pardon of my sins.'

" 'Praise be to God!' said my father, lifting up his eyes to heaven, 'we have the same faith; and I hope our miseries will soon be at an end, and that we shall meet in heaven.'

" At the same moment I saw poor Nero rush out of the wood. He was covered with dust and blood; he ran towards us howling terribly. Two natives, seizing their bows, wounded him with their arrows, one of which struck him on the head and the other on his side. Bleeding and dying, he dragged himself to my feet; he licked them for the last time; then, uttering a long groan, he expired.

" The savages bound my father to a stake; the chief seated himself on the trunk of a tree opposite the pile of faggots. I thought the moment was come for our execution! I turned my head to take one last look of my father's face, and, on turning, I caught a glimpse of the sea. I started—I could scarcely believe my eyes—I thought it was an illusion. A shot was fired—a boat was rapidly approaching the shore. . . . and this boat was manned by white men, by Europeans!"

At this moment, when the children's eyes were fixed intently on Uncle William, and they were eagerly listening for the end of the story, a loud knock at the front door of the house made Eugene and Emily start,

Every one wondered who could be coming at so late an hour, especially as snow was falling in thick flakes. Mrs Ormond rose to go and inquire, when hasty steps were heard in the passage. The door opened, and a tall gentleman appeared, who seemed to be about fifty years of age.

“What, is it you, my dear Forrester?” exclaimed Uncle William, rising quickly, and cordially shaking hands with his friend. “I was far indeed from expecting such an agreeable surprise. I thought you were a hundred miles off.”

“You know,” replied Mr Forrester, “that you made me promise, that whenever I had an opportunity of coming to this neighbourhood, I would spend a few days with you. I was suddenly obliged to come to the nearest town on business, and I could not resist coming to see you. I was overtaken by the snow-storm, and had no little difficulty in finding the way to your parsonage, for the night is very dark, and the roads are very bad. You see how wet I am. I ought really to have gone to a hotel. I have to apologise for presenting myself in such a state. I hope Mrs Ormond will be so kind as to excuse me.”

“Most certainly, my dear friend,” said Uncle William, drawing a large arm-chair in front of the fire; “come and dry your wet clothes. I should never have forgiven you if you had gone to a hotel instead of coming to my house. Remember what old friends we are, although we have not met for ten years.”

“Yes, it is really as long as that since we met,” said Mr Forrester, “and we are both looking a little older, I think,” continued he gaily. Mrs Ormond had gone to give orders that supper should be brought for the guest, and Mr Forrester turned to speak to the children. “I do not know whether this young lady

can remember me," he said, drawing Emily towards him. "Can you remember as long a time as ten years, my dear?"

"It is impossible that I can remember ten years ago," said Emily, in a cross tone, "for I am only seven years old."

"Quite true," replied Mr Forrester, smiling; "but I think you do not look pleased, young lady. Perhaps my visit is ill-timed. Have I interrupted some family amusement?" continued he, looking at Uncle William.

Mr Danby evaded the question, and changed the conversation by presenting Eugene to his friend. Then Mrs Ormond, who had returned to the room and had heard the last remarks, desired Emily to say good night to Mr Forrester and her uncle, and led her out of the room.

"Do you intend me to go to my room already, mamma?" said Emily, in a cross tone, as they ascended the staircase together.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs Ormond.

"But it is not late, mamma; it is only half-past eight o'clock, and in general you do not send me upstairs before nine o'clock," added she, in a tone still more unamiable.

"My dear child," said Mrs Ormond, quietly, "you are in a bad temper this evening, and as few things are more disagreeable than the company of a cross child, I think it is better that you should go to bed."

"But, mamma, is it not very provoking that this gentleman should have arrived just at the most interesting part of the story? I am sure I wish he had gone to the hotel; I should have been very glad if he had not come here."

"Emily, Emily," said Mrs Ormond, gently, "your bad temper makes you selfish!"

“What do you mean by my being selfish?”

“To be selfish is to think only of one’s-self, dear child ; it is to wish whatever is agreeable to ourselves without thinking of what pleases others. It is to act as if we had taken as our motto, ‘Everything for me, and nothing for others.’”

“I do not understand how I have been selfish this evening, mamma,” replied Emily, weeping.

“I will try to explain it to you, my child. You were much interested in Uncle William’s story. I can sympathise with you, for I, too, was very much interested in it. It was a pleasure we were all enjoying together, when your uncle was interrupted by the unexpected visit of an old and dear friend whom he has not seen for ten years. You saw how delighted your uncle was to see him ; and can you be so selfish as to wish that your uncle should be deprived of this pleasure, that you might continue to enjoy yours ? Do you not think,” continued Mrs Ormond, “that a child who could get into such a bad temper and speak so crossly on account of the arrival of Mr Forrester, is indeed a selfish little girl who was then thinking only of her own gratification, and not caring at all for the pleasure of one who has been so full of kindness to her ?”

Emily blushed, and looked down.

“It is very difficult, mamma, not to be selfish,” said she, after a short pause.

“Doubtless, my dear, our hearts are naturally selfish, and God alone can enable us to love our neighbours as ourselves, and to sacrifice our own pleasures to theirs. Before you go to sleep, Emily, let us pray together that God would grant us this grace.”

They knelt down, and Mrs Ormond prayed for

Emily. When they rose from their knees there were tears on the child's cheeks. She confessed her fault, and seemed really sorry, and her mamma, kindly bidding her good night, left the room.

As Mr Danby and his friend often went out together and had much to talk of that did not interest the children, the story was postponed during all the rest of the week, to Emily's great regret, but she tried hard to keep from being selfish about it. She endured it most patiently and cheerfully during the rest of Mr Forrester's visit. This was the easier, because he had been very kind to her, and appeared to have quite forgotten the little fit of temper that Emily had shown on his arrival.





## X.

### DELIVERANCE, AND A HAPPY REUNION.

**W**HEN the family were once more assembled to hear the story, Uncle William thus continued :

“You doubtless remember, dear children, that I paused in my story at the moment when I told you that a boat was approaching the shore manned by Europeans, who announced their approach by firing a gun.

“I had scarcely had time to become aware of this when a cannon-shot resounded in the air, seeming to shake the very rocks, and multiplied by numerous echoes. Savage cries were then heard ; the frightened natives took to flight, and sought shelter in the wood, whilst the Europeans landed from their boat.

“All this had passed so rapidly that it was like a dream, and yet we were really saved ! It was not a dream ; it was not the result of the fever, or the terror that had overcome me ; it was a happy reality ! Our kind heavenly Father had heard our prayers, and had delivered us, even when all hope seemed gone.

“The sailors, accompanied by their officer, approached us, and we had the great joy of hearing a civilised language—nay, more, a language which was

dear and familiar to us, for our deliverers were British sailors.

“What words can express our gratitude and joy, dear children? My heart was so full that I will not attempt to describe what I felt. Our deliverers speedily freed us from our bonds, and we were able to converse with them freely on the very place where, a few minutes before, we expected to die. Doubtless, if we had suffered the terrible death by fire, our half-roasted flesh would have been devoured by these savages, for we learned from the sailors that the cannibals of this island are considered the most ferocious in the South Sea, and that several missionaries had perished in various attempts which had been made to teach Christianity to this degraded race.

“The officer in the command of the boat, Mr Wallace, gave orders that food should be given us to repair our exhausted strength. As soon as I was free, I threw my arms round my father’s neck, and was clinging to him in a transport of joy, whilst he clasped me to his breast convulsively, being scarcely able to speak, so great was his emotion.

“The brave sailors who witnessed our joy regarded us with the deepest interest, and we even saw a few tears on their rugged cheeks, browned by exposure to a tropical sun.

“Besides giving us food, they gave us each a glass of good wine, but the certainty of our deliverance did more than either food or wine to recover us. My father briefly related to Mr Wallace how we had been cast ashore on those islands; then he wished also to tell him of the suffering he had undergone from the loss of his wife and daughter, but words failed him on account of his deep emotion, and he could not continue his narration.

“ ‘There is no unmingled joy here below,’ said he, sadly. ‘I am grateful for our deliverance, but perhaps I shall never see my dear wife and child again.’

“Lieutenant Wallace exchanged a glance of mutual intelligence with one of the sailors.

“ ‘Do not despair, sir,’ said he ; ‘perhaps you may yet meet again those who are so dear to you.’

“My father looked at him with surprise mingled with anxiety.

“ ‘Can it be possible that you can tell me where my wife and the children are?’ said he, eagerly.

“ ‘They are all safe, sir,’ said the lieutenant, smiling.

“ ‘Oh! Lord, my God, I thank Thee!’ exclaimed my father, in a transport of joy, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven.

“When I heard the officer’s words my heart beat violently, and I could scarcely believe such unexpected tidings,

“ ‘Where are they, sir? Tell me, I implore you!’ exclaimed I, catching hold of Mr Wallace.

“ ‘Be calm, my boy ; let it be enough for you now to know that they are in perfect safety.’

“I began to clap my hands, and to jump for joy.

“ ‘We must now go back to the ship,’ said Lieutenant Wallace ; ‘when we get on board, Captain Barton will give you further information. Meantime, it is very important that you should reserve your strength to be able to bear the passage to the ship, and the great joy which awaits you there.’

“Whilst the sailors were filling some casks with fresh water, the purpose for which they had landed, Lieutenant Wallace desired us to rest under the shade of the trees. It was in vain that we questioned him,



as he said that we were too agitated to talk, and it was absolutely necessary that we should have a little repose.

“When the water-casks were filled, and the sailors were ready to return, we got into the boat to go on board the ‘Prince George,’ which was the name of Captain Barton’s ship. This brave officer received us in the kindest manner. He ordered that all that we required should be supplied to us, whether linen or clothes, and assigned to us a good cabin, where we might enjoy the rest of which we stood so much in need.

“Towards the evening, after we had washed, and changed our clothes, and had had a little rest, we were able to go on the quarter-deck to converse with the captain.

“The evening was magnificent, the sky was sparkling with stars, which shed over us a soft and silvery light. We had often admired the bright starry sky of these regions; but, on this evening especially, our hearts were lifted in gratitude to the throne of grace, whence proceeds every good and every perfect gift.

“I did not venture to question Captain Barton about the tidings which interested me so nearly, but he read in my eyes the secret of my heart. My father was perfectly calm, the fever had left us, and Captain Barton was so kind as to tell us what he had to relate.

“When he left Bombay three months before, he had orders to go to Batavia, and there to embark two missionary families, to take them to a mission station in the South Seas. These two missionaries, not having been able to land on the islands to which they were sent, Captain Barton had visited several of their stations, in order to examine what was the disposi-





tion of the inhabitants with respect to Christianity. During one of these latter visits to the islands, they had been favourably received by a young native queen, who had had an opportunity of hearing the doctrine of the missionaries, and was most anxious to know more of the Christian religion.

“The young queen understood a little English, and, to the captain’s great surprise, he found in her house a European lady and two little girls whom the natives had captured in some neighbouring island, and whom they had brought to their sovereign as slaves. I need scarcely add, that this lady and the two little girls were my mother and sisters. Captain Barton had been able to speak to them, and thus to learn their history ; but unfortunately they could not direct him where to find the islands on which we had been cast ; but they expected him to search for us before returning to Batavia.

“Captain Barton, who was himself the father of a family, sympathised with my mother’s extreme grief, and promised her to make the search which she requested. He had accordingly sailed with the fixed intention of visiting all the islands in the archipelago. One day, after he had cast anchor near one of them, he was examining the coast through his telescope, and he observed that something remarkable was taking place upon the shore, on which a great many natives were assembled. He immediately sent off his largest boat, manned by his best sailors, well armed, and gave the command to Lieutenant Wallace, telling him to search for us.

“‘Even through the telescope,’ said Captain Barton, ‘I was able to discover that two white men were fastened to a stake, and I signalled to Lieutenant Wallace to hasten as much as he could, and to fire

some shots, for I saw the Europeans were about to be massacred. You know the rest,' continued he; 'we are now steering towards the island of Taoué, where we shall find your wife and daughters.'

"We cordially pressed the hand of the brave captain, expressing at the same time our gratitude for his great kindness, and we entreated him to tell us when it was likely we could reach Taoué.

"'In two days,' replied he, 'if we have a favourable wind.'

"Our fervent prayers were heard by Him who rules the wind and the waves. In the middle of the night a strong breeze arose, swelled the sails of our ship, and sent us quickly on our way. On the morning of the second day, at eight o'clock, we cast anchor near the island of Taoué. Our hearts were filled with joy, and we were too deeply moved to speak much.

"I shall not stop to relate to you, my dear children, what we felt when we met again. Such feelings no words can describe.

"Although my mother had been well treated, we nevertheless found her much thinner and altered. Her fine hair, formerly jet black, was mixed with silvery threads; but Clementina and Pamela were perfectly well, and played and jumped around us like young fawns. They were dressed in the fashion of the country, that is to say, they wore a kind of tunic made of red stuff, which is manufactured by the islanders. They had each also a large hat made of bamboo, to shield them from the heat of the sun.

"My mother had preserved only a few vestiges of her European costume; and she thought it right to adapt herself to the custom of the country by wearing a tunic. The only difference was, that her tunic was

blue instead of red. Her skin was very much browned, and my sisters were very much sun-burnt. We could scarcely keep from laughing when we looked at each other. Clementina said that I looked like a civilised savage; and Pamela thought that her papa looked very yellow and wrinkled. But what did these outward changes signify to us? Our hearts had not grown old as our faces had done, but were still filled with sincere and fervent affection. All that had passed appeared to us a dream, and we could scarcely believe that it was a reality. When one has suffered much, one can scarcely venture to indulge in all the joy and happiness of a prosperous and a united family.

“The Queen had assigned to my mother, for her dwelling-place, a pretty hut made of bamboo, furnished with benches and mats, and surrounded by a small garden, in which we saw European vegetables. We were all impatient to know the details of my mother’s story, how she had been carried away by the savages, as well as the particulars of her stay in the island of Taoué. In the evening, we all seated ourselves on the green turf, not far from her hut, and she related her adventures to us.

““The day after you departed, my dear husband and son, I passed in quietly attending to my domestic occupations, assisted by Clementina and Pamela. The dear little girls were most earnest in assisting me in every way in their power, and we succeeded in washing and drying some linen; for all appeared so tranquil around us that I did not think there was the least danger in remaining out of the cave, especially on the banks of the stream, where we were completely hidden by large trees from the view of any person who might have landed on the shore.

“The next morning, as I was seated near the entrance to the cave, busy with my needle-work, while the dear children were playing at a little distance off, I suddenly heard piercing cries. I rushed towards the cave, and what was my terror when I saw several half-naked savages carrying off my two little girls, who were uttering heart-rending shrieks. My first impulse was to implore pity from these men by holding out my hands in supplication; but as soon as they saw me, two approached me, and, lifting me by force, dragged me into the canoe in which Clementina and Pamela had already been placed. Notwithstanding all the horror of my situation, I felt deeply grateful to God that I had not been separated from my little girls, and I prayed to Him for protection, and implored Him to grant me strength to submit to His will, whatever it might be. I thought of you, my dear husband and son, and of all that you would feel when you did not find us on your return to the cave; and I bitterly reproached myself not to have followed more carefully the advice my husband had given me. But it was too late, and I had nothing now to do but to trust in God.

“I remember that I tried to strengthen and encourage my mind by thinking of some of God’s promises; and one in particular came into my thoughts. It was the following verse: “Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is” (Jer. xvii. 7). Soothed and strengthened by this precious assurance, I began to examine the men who surrounded me.

“They were six in number, and their countenances were less ferocious than I expected, although they were hideous and ugly. Their heads were adorned with parrots’ feathers, and they wore round their necks

strings of glass beads. Rings were suspended from their ears, and when they laughed, their mouths appeared so enormous that they were truly frightful to behold. Clementina and Pamela had thrown themselves into my arms, weeping and hiding their faces, whilst the men rowed the canoe out swiftly to the open sea. After a little time they made signs to us to eat, offering us a piece of roast pork, some bananas, and a little cocoa-nut milk in a kind of gourd. My heart was too full to take anything, but our two little girls eagerly drank the cocoa-nut milk, for the poor children were very thirsty.

“The men rowed on all the rest of the day. Towards evening, we landed on a small island, which appeared to us uninhabited, where the natives took in a supply of fresh water. Then they made us embark again in the canoe. The night was so fine and warm that we did not suffer from the sea breeze, which, on the contrary, refreshed us pleasantly. Our captors made signs to us that we might lie down on a mat in the bottom of the canoe. We were all so weary that we were glad to avail ourselves of this permission.

“The savages continued to row with extraordinary swiftness, and in two days we landed at Taoué, the finest and largest island of this archipelago. The place where we landed is situated on the south of the island, but you landed on the northern side. We were completely ignorant of the fate which was reserved for us; but as the men had behaved kindly to us, and appeared humane and gentle, my mind was a little tranquillised about the future, although grieving bitterly at being separated from you.

“At the first glance I remarked that the island of Taoué was not inhabited by people entirely savage, for I saw in the distance fields of rice and maize very



well cultivated ; and I also remarked a very tolerable road, which appeared to wind round the mountain. It was along this road that our captors led us. The road soon became hilly, and from time to time, as we ascended, we saw magnificent views of the country as well as of the sea. The finest prospect was from the highest point to which we reached. Thence I saw at my feet a large and fertile valley, bounded by high mountains. Here and there were wooded hills, groves, and beautiful fields of maize and rice. Villages of huts scattered here and there completed the picture. At a short distance we saw also a small but lovely lake, which was shining in the sun among the surrounding verdure like a drop of dew upon the green grass.

“ ‘ At length we reached the village inhabited by Queen Maouna, who governs this island. This village is principally composed of pretty huts formed of bamboos : they are covered with leaves of palm-trees, and are sometimes surrounded by gardens. The Queen’s hut is the largest of all, but what especially distinguishes it is a very beautiful garden, laid out in European fashion, thanks to the assistance of an English missionary who had lived for some months on this island. In this garden there were fruit-trees, as well as various shrubs, bearing spices. There were also numbers of beautiful flowers of graceful forms and bright colours.

“ ‘ Green and red parrots were hopping from branch to branch. At the end of this delicious garden I saw a charming cascade, the foaming water of which, falling over coloured pebbles, formed a clear stream, which divided the garden into nearly equal parts. All this clearly showed me that we were not in a country wholly savage. Thus I felt encouraged, and if I had

not been separated from you, I think I would have been quite calm and resigned.

“ ‘The natives made signs to us to enter the royal dwelling, and we were led into a kind of hall, the floor of which was covered with mats, very neatly made. A few chairs, of rude workmanship, were all the furniture. At this moment the young Queen was surrounded by her attendants, and was assisting at the toilet of her little daughter, a child of four or five years of age. The Queen wore a kind of yellow tunic, without sleeves, fastened round her waist by a silk sash. On her head was a diadem formed of feathers, and adorned with bright stones and shells. She wore long ear-rings, but had no shoes or stockings ; but her feet were adorned with silver rings. Her countenance, although dark brown, was rather pleasant and expressive. Her attendants were dressed nearly in the same manner, except that they had not the diadem of feathers.

“ ‘The attendants made signs to us to keep at a respectful distance from the Queen whilst they finished the toilet of the little princess. Her complexion was much darker than that of her mother, and one of the women was shaving her head with a large dolphin’s tooth fastened into a wooden handle. This singular operation did not take long. When it was over, they washed the head of the child with a blackish liquid, and then the attendants led her away.

“ ‘As soon as they were gone, the Queen made a sign to me to draw near, and speaking in very broken English, she asked me who I was, and whence I came. Her manner was gentle and kind, so that I replied without fear that I was English, that the vessel in which we were had been wrecked, and that I, with my husband and children, had been cast on a desert island ; that while my husband and son had gone to

explore the interior of the island, and my little daughters were playing on the shore, her subjects had seized us, notwithstanding our cries and resistance, and had forced us to accompany them to Taoué.

“ ‘As I thought that the Queen was touched by my story, I tried to arouse her compassion, and implored her to send us back to the island where I had left my husband and son, who were doubtless grieving bitterly on our account. The Queen replied kindly that it could not be done immediately, but that she would think of it, and would not decide until the arrival of two European missionaries whom she daily expected. When I heard the pleasant news that we might soon hope to see Europeans, my heart was filled with gratitude to God. But the great uneasiness that I felt about you diminished my joy at the good tidings.

“ ‘The Queen made a sign to her attendants to bring refreshments. One of them placed upon a small table a basket, ornamented with flowers and shells, and containing roots. The attendants began to chew these roots, and put them out of their mouths upon a dish ; then two women squeezed them between their fingers to extract the juice, which they carefully collected in a cocoa-nut, and presented to me to drink. You may easily imagine how disgusted I felt with such a beverage, and I said to the Queen that I hoped she would excuse me, but that this kind of drink was not used in my country, and that, as I was unaccustomed to it, I was afraid it would make me ill. Fortunately for me, the Queen did not insist on my taking it, and she made signs to her attendants to bring something else.

The table was soon covered with numerous small dishes, made of the shells and rinds of different kinds of fruit, containing cakes and pastry of various sorts, which looked nice. Clementina and Pamela whis-

pered to me that they were very hungry, and I also felt inclined to eat. The Queen told us to help ourselves, and we took several of the cakes. Almost all of them tasted of rancid cocoa-nut oil; nevertheless, we ate them without repugnance, so true is it that hunger is the best sauce.

““ The pastry and cakes were followed by tea, which was served without sugar or milk, in small China cups, which the Queen had doubtless received as a present from some of the Europeans who had visited the island. We thought the tea delicious, for we had not tasted any for so long a time. It did us a great deal of good, and took away the taste of the rancid oil.

““ Before dismissing us to the huts where we were to live, the Queen proposed that the heads of my two girls should be shaved by the same attendant who had operated on the little princess. At this proposal, Clementina clung to my dress, much frightened, beseeching me to refuse the honour. I therefore said to the Queen, that I entreated her to be so kind as not to insist on my girls having their heads shaved, because it was the custom in Europe that little girls should wear their hair long, and that it would annoy their father to see them without their curls. The Queen frowned, and looked displeased; but she did not insist, and allowed us to leave her dwelling with an attendant, who was to show me where to go. The hut which was assigned to me was constructed of bamboo, as were all the others.’”

“Dear uncle,” said Emily, suddenly interrupting his narrative, I do not know what you mean by bamboos.”

“The bamboo,” said Uncle William, “is a kind of cane; it grows in warm countries. It sometimes attains to the height of forty feet, and even more. It has a

hollow, round, straight, and shining stem, which is very hard, and is used for constructing houses. There are knots on the stem, at the distance of about ten or twelve inches from each other, and as between the knots the stems are hollow, they are sometimes used as pipes for conveying water. The masts of boats, boxes, baskets, and many other articles, are made of bamboo. The leaves are small and spear-shaped, and are often put round the tea in chests which are sent from China to Europe. The small and tender shoots of the bamboo, preserved in vinegar and pepper, are eaten by the Malays. But I shall now continue the story of my mother's adventures.

“‘The hut,’ said my mother, ‘to which we were conducted was very neat and clean, and was divided into several small apartments, one of which was to be our bedroom. We might have slept very comfortably in this place had it not been for the numberless mosquitoes which attacked us. The next morning the poor little girls awoke with their faces swollen and disfigured, and had also suffered much from these disagreeable insects. Notwithstanding this the day passed in a way sufficiently agreeable.

“‘After having sent us breakfast, the Queen accompanied us herself to the banks of a small lake I had remarked the evening before. The scenery around this lake is very beautiful. Clementina and Pamela were much amused by seeing numerous small red fishes which were swimming in its clear, limpid water. These little fish reminded us of the goldfish which we had seen in Europe, and had kept in a large crystal vase.

“‘A fortnight passed without bringing any great change in our situation. The Queen was always very kind to us; she made us presents of several articles of

dress, which were very useful to me, as our European dresses were now much worn. 'My thoughts were always with you, my dear husband and son ; and in our prayers morning and evening we entreated that the Lord would grant that we might meet again. Often with the permission of the Queen I went to the sea-shore with the hope of seeing the vessel whose arrival I longed for so impatiently, and which was to bring the two missionaries and their families to Taoué. At length one fine clear morning I saw a dark speck on the horizon that inspired me with hope. I was not deceived ; it was really the expected vessel, which reached the island a few hours afterwards. It was with extreme delight that I welcomed my own country people, and that I made acquaintance with Mrs Morton and Mrs Rigby, the wives of the two missionaries of whom I have spoken.

“ ‘ After having heard an account of my adventures, these ladies used all their influence with the Queen to induce her to set me at liberty. They succeeded without much difficulty, and it was agreed that the vessel in which the missionaries had arrived should go in search of my husband and my son, while at the same time they surveyed the neighbouring archipelago. The captain was to let us know the result of his search, when he returned to take me, before continuing his voyage. I described to Captain Barton, as well as I was able, the island where I had left you, without forgetting to mention also Captain Stewart and Mr Macdonald ; and the brave sailor promised me to do all in his power to find them, although it was no easy task ; for the ideas that I could give him as to the course we followed in coming to the island were necessarily very indistinct. Besides we could not get any information on the subject from the natives who had

captured us, as they had gone along with the savages of a neighbouring island on a warlike expedition.

“ ‘Now, my dear husband and son,’ continued my mother, ‘you know the whole of my story, except that, a contagious fever having broken out in the island, the Queen changed our place of residence, and gave us this little hut to live in during the time of the epidemic, as this situation was thought the most healthy. The wives of the missionaries remained in the interior of the island to visit and nurse the sick.’

“ ‘There is one little circumstance which you have not yet explained,’ said my father, ‘and which caused me no little misery. Why were there spots of blood on a neckerchief of Clementina’s which I found on the shore, which made me fear that she had been wounded? The thought of this made me very unhappy.’

“ ‘The cause was very simple,’ replied my mother. ‘When the savages lifted my poor girl to carry her to the cave, she was so terrified that her nose bled violently; it is not therefore surprising that her neckerchief was stained with blood.’

“ ‘Praise and thanks be to God that she was preserved from anything worse,’ said my father, with deep feeling. ‘Our heavenly Father has guided and preserved us in His infinite love and mercy. We may perceive His Almighty and Fatherly hand in all the details of our singular history.’

“ My father then related to my mother what had happened to us from the time that we had left her in the cave till our arrival at Taoué. His narrative, as you may easily imagine, was heard by my mother and sisters with the deepest interest.

“ The question now was, whether we should return to Europe or go on to China by the way of Batavia,

whither the vessel which brought the missionaries was bound. We did not hesitate long. My mother's health had suffered very much, and even my father felt so weakened by all which he had undergone, that he feared, he might not be able to undertake the duties which he would be called upon to discharge in China. He seemed to have grown many years older during the few weeks of suffering and anxiety, and he feared he could not now labour with sufficient energy in his important post. After so many adventures, we felt extremely anxious to return home, and it was therefore decided that we should embark for Batavia, and wait there for a vessel to take us to Europe, and that my father should write to my uncle in Canton, and inform him of all that had happened to us, and announce to him our determination to return to England, inviting him, at the same time, to join us there.







## XI.

### THE MISSIONARY STATION, AND THE RETURN HOME.

**T**HE two families of the missionaries who had arrived on the island loaded us with kindness. The ladies supplied my mother with sufficient clothing to enable her to present herself again among Europeans. Her health had suffered so much from what she had undergone that my father was most anxious to depart as soon as possible, that she might receive the care and nursing necessary for her in Batavia, where we expected to remain for some weeks. Thanks to a roll of bank-notes which my father had been so fortunate as to preserve in his pocket-book, he could meet the expenses of our voyage without aid from any one. On our return to England, he hoped to live as we formerly had done, for my father intended to resume his medical practice.

“As the vessel required some repairs, it was not till about three weeks after our arrival at Taoué that we could set sail for Batavia, where we arrived after a prosperous passage. But scarcely had my mother landed when she was seized with intermittent fever, and was so ill as to cause us the greatest anxiety. My father did not wish to trust entirely to his own

opinion, but called in a skilful doctor, who advised that she should be removed as soon as possible from that climate, and he believed she would recover better when on board ship.

“We had taken passages in a steamer, which was on the point of sailing for the Cape of Good Hope, when we learned, by a vessel which had arrived from Canton, that an insurrection had broken out in that city, that several European merchants had been murdered, after having seen their country houses burned. These tidings alarmed us much on my uncle’s account, but, fortunately, the captain who had brought the sad tidings was acquainted with my uncle, and was able to assure us that he was not among those who had suffered. My father at once wrote to him to entreat him to return to Europe, and make our house his home.

“All being ready for our departure, we embarked about the middle of December. We had a good passage to the Cape, where, after a short stay, we again embarked in another vessel bound for England. We landed at Liverpool on the 15th of April, and I cannot express to you, my dear children, the gratitude and joy we felt when we again set foot on our native soil. I picked up the first little stone that lay in my path, and have always kept it as a memorial of the pleasure I then felt. Here it is,” continued Uncle William, taking a little bit of white flint from his pocket, “I keep it to remind me of our merciful preservation. May I never forget the gratitude I owe to God for so preserving us.

“When we reached the town where we had formerly lived, we found our old home was vacant, and we established ourselves there once more. For many weeks the house was filled with people who came to

see us, and hear the story of our adventures. As these were repeated by one person to another, they were enlarged and exaggerated, so that at last some people affirmed that the savages had begun to devour us when the English sailors arrived to rescue us from their hands. The curiosity which was excited about us, caused my father to be frequently sent for, and he had soon a larger practice than he had had formerly.

“I had for a long time cherished a wish to become a clergyman. I had seen the hand of God so visible in our deliverance, that I earnestly desired to devote to His service the life which He had spared. I felt that the trials through which I had passed had been blessed to my soul, and I was anxious to lead others to trust in my gracious Saviour.

“When I opened my mind to my father, he asked me many questions, and when he was convinced that it was a real anxiety to be employed in the Lord’s work which induced me to enter the ministry, he approved of my proposal, and prepared to place me where I could carry on the necessary studies.

“With what ardour and diligence, my dear children, did I begin these studies! I often passed nearly a whole night in work, and time so spent never appeared long to me. If I were tempted at any time to neglect my duties, and to follow the bad example of some idle fellow-student, I recalled to mind at once all that God had done for me, and was thus shielded from many temptations to which the young are liable, especially during their college life. The Lord in His mercy permitted me to realise my long-cherished wish, and it was with a heart filled with gratitude, as well as with a deep feeling of my own weakness and unworthiness, that I was ordained at the age of twenty-four. It was not very long afterwards that I

came to this quiet parsonage, which I have never since quitted.

“While telling you about myself,” continued Mr Danby, “I have omitted some things that I wished to tell you about others. As I formerly mentioned, it was more than a year after our return to Europe that your dear mamma was born. She was so much younger than I, that when I returned home during my vacations, she called me always her little papa. I do not need to tell you, my dears, that our adopted sister Pamela, whom you have always called aunt, is married and settled at Bordeaux. You know her children, Julius and Henry, since they spent some weeks with us last summer. I ought to add, that your grandfather wrote several times to America to try to find out the family of the little orphan whom we had adopted; but all his efforts were fruitless; we have never been able to discover to whom she belonged.

“Your Aunt Clementina, who died some years ago, was happily married, and lived, as you know, in a town not far distant. You have often seen her husband and children.

“I ought not to conclude without mentioning our companions in misfortune, Captain Stewart and Mr Macdonald. We were never able to learn what had become of them. It has been the will of God that the circumstances of their disappearance should be hidden from us.

“Neither must I forget to tell that, a short time after our return to Europe, we had the pleasure of receiving your uncle Paul, who came from Canton on receiving my father’s invitation, and remained with us as long as he lived.

“If you reflect, dear children, on the various events

which I have related to you, you will doubtless see with what mercy and love our kind heavenly Father guided and preserved us throughout all that happened to us. I cannot conclude my story better than in the words of the Apostle Paul: 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to His purpose' (Rom. viii. 28)."



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