

presume to solace the young rebel. But when the old man and her sisters went to bed, Kezia made some excuse for staying up a few minutes. She had saved her sòp from supper, and got a couple of blankets off her own bed. She took down the key of the shed from the dresser-hook on which it hung, and started for the shed with her supplies. Sore, scared little Ephraim, sobbing in the dark and cold, was greatly cheered by the bedclothes and the bread and milk. Kezia stayed with him as long as she could—then tucked him in, and locked him up once more.

Old Ephraim was very wrathful when he went to the shed in the morning, and found the young criminal comfortably rolled up and snoring in the blankets. But Kezia was

too ill then to be scolded. The night before had been frosty—the first autumn frost—and Kezia had run out without putting anything on, and then had come back to a blanketless bed. For days her life was despaired of—for weeks, for months, for a year and a half, she was confined to her bed. I do not say that during that long time little Ephraim never did any mischief, but he was an altered boy, and would sit for hours in his sister's bedroom, watching her like a dog. I do not say that he never did any mischief when Kezia got about again; but it was only a very little more than the amount that is natural even in good boys—good boys outside book-covers. His sister's love for him and his love for his sister did him more good than all his father's lickings.



BUSH NEIGHBOURS.

CAPTAIN DAVENTRY was a military settler in Australia, in the old convict times. When Mrs. Daventry, and her son Walter, and her maid Phœbe, went out from England to join the captain on his grant, both mistress and maid thought they were never to know what comfort was again—that they were going, so to speak, to the world's back-yard, in which all kinds of dirty rubbish were shot. Walter would have preferred India or Canada; people teased him so when they learnt that he was going to "Botany Bay"—asking him when he was sentenced to transportation—how many years he had got—and a good many more such silly questions, which they thought a great deal wittier than Walter did. Still, any change was acceptable that would take him away from the dull little Norfolk town that never seemed thoroughly awake, and its dark, long, low-pitched grammar-school, in

which two masters, in cap and gown, nodded over their far-apart desks, and pretended to teach Walter and another small boy, and tried to fancy that they were preparing a lanky hobbydehoy for the University. Masters, and hobbydehoy, and small boy, all half-envied Walter, in a drowsy kind of way, when one morning he burst into that gloomy old schoolroom to say good-bye. An hour afterwards he was rattling out of the dreamy little town along the Ipswich road, *en route* for London. The coachman was making his leaders and the off-wheeler canter, the guard was tootle-tooing on his horn; the townspeople stood at their doors and the inn-gates, sleepily watching the coach that had come from great Norwich and was going to still greater London, and sleepily waving their hands to proud Walter, who had begged for an outside place instead of being shut up in the stuffy inside with Mamma and Phœbe,