

good-tempered dog Wise, who allowed himself to be pulled about and teased in the most patient manner. I cured the child's eyes after some days' attention, and my wife had it washed, and made it decent clothes. This little unusual care, with a few kind words in a strange language only interpreted by a smile, attracted the poor thing to the tent, where it would sit for hours, until it at length found solace in the child's great refuge, sleep. It would always follow Lady Baker to and fro along the only level walk we had, from the tent to the running spring, and would sit down by her side directly she arrived at our favourite seat—a large flat rock looking down upon a precipitous descent to the ravine some 500 feet below, and commanding a view of the low country and the distant sea. It was an obstinate and perverse little creature, and it insisted upon climbing upon rocks and standing upon the extreme edge overhanging a precipice. If it had been the loved and only offspring of fond parents, heiress to a large estate, it would of course have tumbled over, in the absence of nurses and a throng of careful attendants, but never having been cared for since its birth, it possessed an instinctive knowledge of self-preservation, and declined to relieve its mother of an extra anxiety. It was an agreeable change to lose the sound of a child's constant wailing, and I suggested to the monks that its presence was hardly in accordance with the severe aspect of the establishment. There was some mystery connected with it of which I am still ignorant, as I never ask questions; but it is at the least ill-judged and thoughtless on the part of "maids of all work" to engage themselves to any situation where the kissing