

His resemblance to his father was so striking that it gave her a thrill of pain, at times, by sharply reminding her of her loss. Nor was the likeness of form and feature only. So far as might be judged at an early age, he was in mind and heart a miniature Captain Newton. Indeed one of his uncles, who had known his father well, and was greatly tickled at the way the boy "took after him," dubbed him the "little captain," and prophesied that, as sure as he lived to manhood, he too would tread the quarter-deck.

Mrs. Newton was much perturbed by the prophecy, and begged her brother not to repeat it in Ralph's hearing. "It would break my heart, Roger," said she, with trembling lip and tear-filled eyes, "if Ralph should go to sea. I want him to be a landsman, so long as I live, at any rate; so please put no notion of the kind into his head."

Uncle Roger answered with a smile of assurance and sympathy: "Certainly, Hester, since you so wish it. The boy is your own, and you have the right to make of him what you can. But, at the same time, a good seaman is something far better than a poor landsman; and if the little captain has the love of the sea in his heart, it might spoil his whole life to keep him ashore."

Mrs. Newton threw up her hands in earnest protest against this kind of argument. "Oh! don't