

With officers and shipmates alike he was a great favourite: the former found him always alert and active; while the latter could always turn to him for any good office of which they stood in need; and they held what appeared to them to be his deep learning in high respect.

Ju, too, in other ways was quite as popular: he was bright and amusing, always ready with song or dance to beguile the time when it hung heavily on their hands, and he was looked on as a very promising member of his profession.

The *Niobe* had been out for over three years. The two friends had grown out of boyhood and were nearing their nineteenth birthdays when she was paid off and they started together on their homeward journey to Langbourne. A warm welcome awaited them from the whole village, who all felt a certain pride in the manly, well-set-up forms of the two who had been born and bred among them. Mrs. Dove was glad to relieve Ju of some of the pay he brought home with him, and told the neighbours, with a smile, that for the first time she knew the benefit of having a son.

At the baker's shop high festival was held to do honour to Martin. Bartholomew Fleet divested himself of his ordinary coat and apron, and arrayed his diminutive person in broad-cloth, that he might do honour to this fine young fellow, whom he looked upon as his own son, and whose hand it seemed he would never be tired of shaking, when he could get its owner away from his mother's embraces. Mrs. Fleet had never thought to be so proud of her firstborn as she now was; and then there was Etty—little Etty still, though no longer an invalid lying on a couch, but a sweet-looking girl who accepted Martin into the old place



"BROTHER AND SISTER."

of brother. Two more members had been added to the family during his absence, and a curious sensation ran through Martin's veins as his mother proudly brought forward a tiny toddling girl and boy, telling him these were his brother and sister, and that now he was come home they would be quite a nice family of four. Martin took the two little creatures in his arms, looked at them consideringly, kissed them gravely, and then putting them down, said, "They make me feel a stranger here; this—"; taking Etty's hand—"seems my real sister; but how she's grown! She's a woman now."

"Of course she is," responded his mother. "You didn't expect Etty to stop a child always, did you? She's quite the young lady now: has been to a boarding school, and can play the piano and sing. Just come into the parlour, Martin, and see the piano her father gave her when she came home for good. That was a surpris., wasn't it, Etty? I think your Aunt Morey was a bit surprised, too, when she came to stay with us and saw what a nice room we've got, and Mr. Fleet so genteel and well-to-do; she just looked over my head a bit in old days, but she