

yet alive, and, if so, where. Then his mind would picture the sweet face of his beloved, waiting patiently for him, and he would wonder whether he was now going to be freed from his service in the fleet by the death of this dear friend, for whom he would most gladly have relinquished for years the fruition of his hopes, if only he might still keep him company on earth. Thankfully he assured himself of this—that though released from his wanderings to settle down quietly in that home which was ever beckoning him, he felt no eagerness to reach it, if it could only be gained by the loss of his master.

Then Blake would awake from his doze; and after his material wants had been attended to, and the news of how the squadron was progressing had been communicated to him by the officer of the watch, he would turn to Martin and discourse of old days spent together,—of the siege of Lynn, and the brave deeds done by the lumpish country folk, who rose to the height of their great opportunities in amazing fashion; of the beginnings of the fleet, and the way in which the crews of the ships were gradually taught that the Puritan temper and mode of life would answer, if possible, better at sea than ashore, and how well that great lesson had been learned; of the long, long cruises through summer and winter, when blockading Rupert's ships and at the same time learning how to handle his own of the fierce fights with the Dutchman, the smoke and flame and thunder of battle, when England's fate seemed to hang in the balance, and, humanly speaking, all depended on the fleet. And then the talk would