

all, I can't stop here wasting the opportunity God has given me. I must go to sea again and do what good I can—there's room enough for it, heaven knows."

"Well," mused Williams, "if you're quite fit I don't know but you're right. I've been figuring on you being rather like a clock with its hair-spring damaged, able to go but unfit to be of any use. And I thought of you coiling up your ropes here for the rest of your life in peace, anyway."

There was a whole volume in the way that Dick straightened himself and with sparkling eyes cried--

"Never, dear friend, never! If ever I felt so or thought so I am very sorry. I could not have been responsible, anyhow. Now, however, nothing can be further from my thoughts or wishes than such a backing down, and I'm off to sea again at the earliest."

"Good man!" cried his friend, and he was echoed by Willie, who immediately put in a claim to go too. But, holding up his hand for silence, Williams went on--

"First of all you must go and pass for mate. That'll be easy for you. By that time I'll have a good ship for you. Because, although I know very well you're quite capable of paddling your own dugout, there's no harm in having a