

he replied, "As soon as possible, for I am going to sea no more!" The dame gave a regular cackle of delight, and, as if gifted with sudden youth, bustled about to prepare a meal for her "boy," as she persisted in calling him. Then all sat down to the cheerful table, a happy, united household, with the delightful sense upon them that their many painful partings were at last all over. Martin told them that his pay and prize-money amounted to so substantial a sum that, added to what he had already saved, they were all provided for for life. But he said it was his intention to buy a farm he had long had his eye upon, a little to the eastward of the town, and overlooking the sea. There they could all happily pass the remainder of their lives, looking back with full satisfaction upon the part that each of them had played in their country's history, and looking forward with serene contentment to the pleasant years in store—years of rest and fulfilment of desire.

After supper Tom requested news of the last days of the admiral, but without sadness, for already rumours had reached his ears of the way in which the hero had died. And Martin told the beautiful story as only he could do, from his close attendance upon, and intimacy with, the great man: told of his heroic putting down of all his own painful disablements, and earnest prosecution of his duty in spite of all hindrances; how, as long as any energy of body remained to him, he kept at his post, and how, when his feeble frame could no longer respond to the calls his strong mind made upon it, he laid