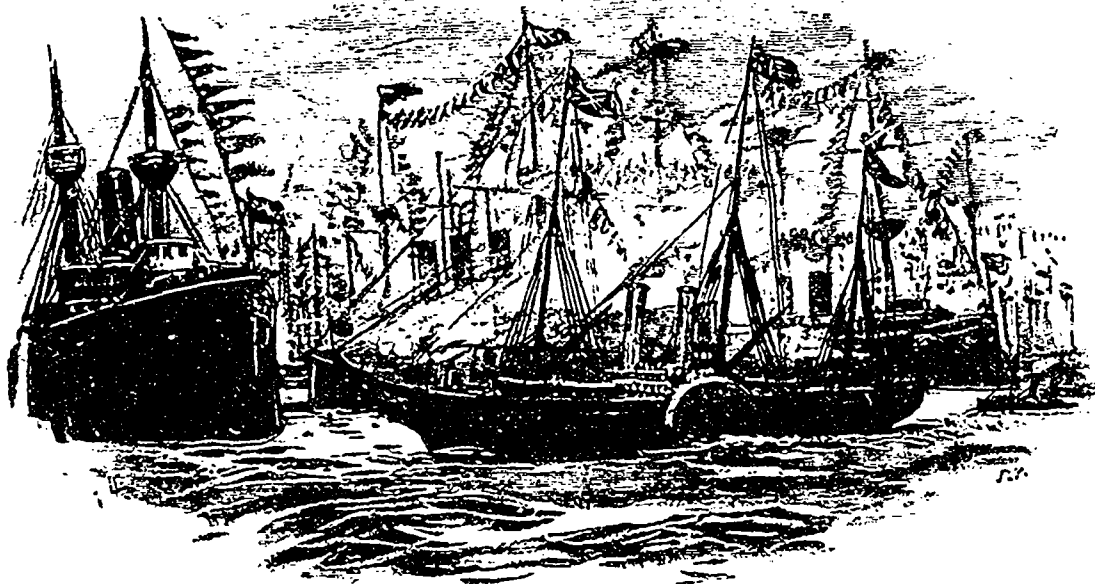


crowd of other craft dispersed to all quarters. Before long, Martin and his parents had transferred themselves to the steamer which was to take them across to Ryde; but before quitting the boat from which they had seen the review, the smith remarked to the clergyman, who still chatted to Martin,—

"I think I've seen your face before, sir. I fancy you must have preached at some time or other at Langbourne."

"I have done so more than once," was the reply. "Your Vicar is an old friend of mine, and we at times exchange duty; as you live near there we may probably meet again soon, as I hope to be at Langbourne

heartily breakfast was quite ready to accompany his father for a walk round the town. Accustomed as he was to the sparser growth of the Hampshire chalk uplands, the luxuriance of every kind of vegetation and the abundance of flowers filled him with delight; the houses embowered in masses of myrtle and fuchsia, the overhanging trees, the wayside well, all made up a picture of such beauty as he had never before dreamed of. The great, grey stone wall of the Undercliff, with the gnarled and knotted hawthorns rooted among the rocks, filled him with awe, but beautiful and wonderful as it all was, nothing gave the boy so much pleasure as to walk beside the sea. It threw a spell over him which he



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

for a few weeks before long, and then I shall hope to see this little man again,"—smiling at Martin—"and also this wonderful friend of his, who seems quite a naturalist; so I hope I am only saying good-bye for the present. We will have another talk about England's heroes before long, if all be well."

The crossing to Ryde seemed a very tame affair to Martin after the excitement of the day, and it was a very weary boy who stepped out of the train when they reached Ventnor, and walked down the hill to his aunt's house; he was scarcely able to rouse himself to receive her hearty kiss of welcome, or to partake of the plentiful meal she had provided for her visitors, and before daylight had fled Martin was sound asleep.

But "Nature's sweet restorer" did her work effectually. Martin ran downstairs the next morning once more full of excitement and energy, and after a

seemed unable to resist, and he would stand by the hour gazing out upon the expanse of blue, sparkling water.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed, "fancy having this all round you always."

"So you have when you're at home, Marty; we live on an island, though not quite such a small one as the Isle of Wight."

"Yes, I know we do, but I never understood it before," answered the boy; "but now I know what an island means, and I'm proud that I live in one."

"And proud of being an Englishman, too, I hope. Remember what Mr. Jessop said to you yesterday. I'm glad he's coming to Langbourne again; he's the sort of man that makes the word Englishman respected, and he's the sort of man, too, that it does you good to talk to. I'm glad we met him: I'd like to see you just such another man, my son."