

power him. As he went on, however, the spirit of the surroundings seized upon him; he raised his head, threw back his shoulders, and gave out the lines with such force and feeling that a murmur of approval ran round.

"A smart little chap," said the jolly man who had first asked for the recitation, "and he's done his task right down well. He shall have the brightest shilling I've got in my pocket."

Other hands dived into pockets in search of coins, but the smith protested:—

"No thank you, gentlemen; you're very kind, but my boy didn't do it for money. The words seemed to fit in just now, you see, and if he's pleased you he'll be very glad; but he doesn't want anything else."

There was a quiet dignity about the smith's manner that made those who had produced money drop it back into their pockets rather hurriedly, the jolly man among the rest; but he gave the boy's hand a hearty shake, saying,—

"If ever you come down Salisbury way you look me up; I only live three miles from the city; there's my name and address, and I'll drive in any day to meet you if you care to come and have a day or two with me. I'd like to see you again; you're the sort of lad that good Englishmen grow from."

"Don't you think," said a kindly-looking old clergyman, who was standing in the group, "that the best thanks we can give this little man for his recitation would be to raise a good cheer for Britannia's bulwarks?" and taking off his hat, he led a hearty "Hip, hip, hurrah!" which was taken up with such right goodwill that the blue-jackets on board the nearest ironclad looked over the side and smiled approval.

"I think we all feel proud of being Englishmen to-day," said the clergyman.

"Ay, ay! that we do," assented the jolly man from Salisbury. "One cheer more, lads. Hip, hip, hurrah."

"Now we all feel like patriots after that," said the old clergyman, as he sat down, somewhat breathless, and drew Martin towards him. "Where did you learn to recite, my boy?" he asked.

Martin told him, and his new friend soon drew from the boy all the little history, of his school and his love of his lessons, of his firm friend Ju, and of all that friend's wonderful acquirements and talents.

"And what do you mean to be when you leave school?"

Martin did not answer, he looked thoughtful; but the smith, who had been listening, replied,—

"Just at this minute I expect he feels he'd like to be a hero—it's in the air; we all feel we could do great things for old England to-day; but I'm hoping he'll settle down to be a smith like his father, and his father's father too, though to be sure *he* was a sailor before he took to forge work."

"Well, he may be a smith and a hero too," said the clergyman, looking into the boy's flushed face and



"HIP, HIP, HURRAH!"

patting him kindly on the shoulder. "It is not only soldiers and sailors who are heroes; we can all of us—thank God!—serve our country, though we are not called upon to fight her battles; and we may any of us be what the poet tells us is 'the noblest work of God'—that is, an honest man."

But now it was time to take up a place near the fleet in order to see the arrival of the royal visitor; already the signal had been given that he was near at hand, and soon his yacht, with her shining white sides glittering in the strong sunlight, was seen approaching. Like some huge white swan she came gliding between the line of floating leviathans, and as she came abreast of each pair a royal salute thundered forth from the guns, and hearty cheers went up from the well-packed craft which literally covered the face of the sparkling waters. But a surprise was in store for the sight-seers. Another yacht was now seen approaching, and the cry of "The Queen! the Queen!" was speedily passed round, and the shouts were redoubled when the *Victoria* and *Albert* slowly steamed down the line. Those who felt they had cheered their utmost when the stranger monarch passed, now called up every spark of energy they possessed to give a double welcome to Victoria the Queen, who could be plainly seen seated on the deck of her yacht, surrounded by a group of children and grandchildren.

"You can sing 'God save the Queen,'" said the Salisbury man, hoisting Martin up on his shoulders. "Let's have it now."

The boy's shrill treble voice led off, and the smith's deep bass chimed in. In a moment the notes of the National Anthem were pealing over the waters; the sound was wafted to other vessels, and was taken up all along the line—even the thunder of the cannon could not drown the people's welcome to their Queen.

All too soon for the onlookers the two yachts, now side by side, steamed away towards Cowes, and the