

boys and she makes our tea. I never *could* make tea, but any one can wash a boy.' The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and understood his kindness—as well she might, for she had been covered every night with his great coat, while he had for his own bed the bare boards and a rug." "If a gleam of sun shone out of the dark sky," continues Dickens, "down Mark tumbled into the cabin, and presently up he came again with a woman in his arms, or half-a-dozen children, or a man, or a bed, or a saucepan, or a basket, or something animate or inanimate that he thought would be the better for the air.



NEW YORK BAY, LOOKING ACROSS TO STATEN ISLAND.

If an hour or two of fine weather in the middle of the day tempted those who seldom or never came on deck at other times to crawl into the long-boat, or lie down upon the spare spars and try to eat, there in the centre of the group was Mr. Tapley, handing about salt beef and biscuit, or dispensing tastes of grog, or cutting up the children's provisions with his pocket-knife for their greater ease and comfort, or reading aloud from a venerable newspaper, or singing some roaring old song to a select party, or writing the beginnings of letters to their friends at home for people who couldn't write, or cracking jokes with the crew, or nearly getting blown over the side, or emerging half-drowned from a shower of spray, or lending a hand somewhere or other: but always doing something for the general entertainment."