

kind, good-hearted, and generous captain, and to a first lieutenant whose better is not to be found in her Majesty's service.

After this, the ship was "paid off," and we, who had been together within the small space of a vessel for six years and a half, were now all scattered—perhaps never to meet again! Such is a sailor's life.

The morning before the pendant was hauled down, the postman arrived, as usual, with his letters. Among them was an official one for me, which I lost no time in opening, and read as follows:—

Admiralty, &c.

SIR,—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having been pleased to promote you to the rank of Lieutenant, I have to inform you that your commission is with the Chief Clerk of this office.

(Signed) THE SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.

This is the last notation in my Midshipman's Journal, and here must conclude, also, my "Tales of the Sea." I fear I have trespassed on the patience of my kind young readers, and hardly know what excuse to offer in my defence. If I have been the cause of inducing *only one* to begin and to keep a journal, I have nothing to fear, for then *one* of my great objects is gained; but I hope I shall have induced MANY. If they had but the shadow of an idea what real pleasure it affords in turning back the leaves of an old journal of events long forgotten, there would be no hesitation; but no person can expect that pleasure but those who have journals. Begin, then, and keep a journal; do not say you have nothing to record—that is the everlasting excuse. Time you have