

They sailed proudly up the mighty Thames, and before the tall spires and gilded domes of the greatest city in the world, dipped their colours in the water, in token of their victories.

And, on the deck of the proudest ship in that noble fleet, a handsome young soldier stood, gazing with delight on the dear old familiar scenes that became more and more distinct as the ships drew nearer to them. In the impressive memorials of a long and terrible war a name is now conspicuous—the name of a brave and generous soldier, whom England's king, in commemoration of his gallant conduct, is about to create a knight. And yet, Walter, you consider a glance at *her* sweet face superior to that high honor about to be bestowed on you by England's mighty ruler! In haste you travel the long, busy streets, and as at the door of a little cottage you knock, with a heart swiftly beating, and a face all glowing, it is she who falls into your strong arms, with a glad cry of welcome.

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Upon that night, when the bright stars looked down from their beds of glory, far up above the azure clouds, and the old spectacular moon shed her silvery light over a world of sin and sorrow—in a cosy little sitting-room of that cosy little cottage, Walter told her the story of his exploits

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