

and Mary husband and wife before they set sail for that far shore, were urgent for an early marriage. There was no reason why their desire should not be fulfilled.

So one morning in the latter days of February, when the earth was awakening to the touch of spring, there was a quiet wedding in Sutton Church, which created a great deal of interest in the small and rather gossipy town. The busybodies concluded that the bride looked lovely though she *was* nobody, also that they did not know which was the handsomest pair, for it seemed to Richard and his wife that this was almost a second wedding-day to them.

They travelled north to receive the bride and bridegroom in their own home, and there abode a little while, rejoicing in the happiness which equalled their own. The promised week was spent at Ellesmere, and then during the last days of their English sojourn the Squire and his wife claimed them.

In the last week of March the same ship which had carried Richard across the seas and brought him back again numbered their names upon its list of passengers. Little Harry was highly delighted at the prospect of sailing away in the big ship with papa and mamma, but he cried lustily when the little boat with grandpapa and grandmamma and Uncle Harry and Aunt Mary was rowed away back to the shore. His were not the only tears. And though the husband and wife were sufficient now each to the other, there was room in their hearts for other loves. We can