

"Do you think so ill of me as to imagine I should care for you less when you was unhappy?" said Mary softly.

He drew her into his arms as he said,—

"Then if I come back, Mary, will it be to you? May I count on that?"

"One would think, to hear you," says Mary, "I was the greatest flirt in the world."

Noel contrived at last to get a more satisfactory reply than this, and with it he went away next day.

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The fate of Major André made a profound sensation in England—though as little as possible was said about it publicly. The King made such poor amends as he could; he conferred a baronetcy on André's brother, and erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription in which the nature of the service in which André perished, and the fate which befell him, are alike concealed beneath a decent veil of words. It was many a long year before the question of whether or no he came under the description of a spy could be approached with even the appearance of calmness; and many more before his death ceased to be called "the only blot on Washington's fame." His enemies had wept for him; his friends might be excused if they found it hard to be just. Many of us have stood before his monument in the Abbey. As one stands there, and thinks of André's story, those great words, Duty, Glory, and Honour, take a more solemn meaning, and treachery and infidelity are seen in all their hideous nakedness. It is said that Benedict Arnold was once seen standing there

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John André died on the gallows—the most honourable man who ever went on a dishonourable errand; and Benedict Arnold, escaping Sergeant Champe and the Marquess La Fayette, lived to waste Virginia and burn New London. We may be sure the Devil never showed him *that* picture in his magic-lantern! It is now admitted that Arnold was not voluntarily guilty of the most frightful parts of it, but it is fit that he should disappear from his country's story amidst the flames of Fort Griswold.

We have forgotten him. But on the books of the Bank of England there is an entry in which the name of Benedict Arnold is set down over against part of the price for which he sold his soul; it will help witness against him, when all the