

"We'll turn the leaf down, anyway," said the Colonel, wheeling around and looking out to sea. "Now, blow ye winds for Old England, where wife and children await with eagerness the old man's return."

"Oh, yes," assented Morris, "and I don't think my dear old mother has forgotten her soldier boy."

By night the shore was out of sight, for the wind was from the west and they were far out at sea.

The good town of Halifax was not by any means dull during those closing days of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and fifteen, for the double wedding was in everybody's mouth. Judge Maxwell's daughters were both to be married on the same day.

The bell of the little English church rang merrily out on that bridal morning, and for hours before the ceremony fair maids were decorating with spring flowers and evergreens the aisles and chancel; for never before had the marriage of two sisters been celebrated within its walls at the one time.

Major Morris, though now far out at sea, had not forgotten the brides, for that very morning was delivered to each a little package bearing his name. Eugenia's gift was a resplendent ornament of sapphire and gold, which enriched the beauty of her golden hair. But Maud's, though less brilliant in its setting,