

and ate and drank their fill, and from every field there came the song:

“Hold up yo hands,
Hold up yo hands,
Bress de Lord for de milk and honey!
De big bees is a singin’,
My heart is held up and de bells is a ringin’;
Hold up yo hands,
Hold up yo hands!”

And sweetly solitary the two lived their lives, till one day, three months later, there came to the plantation the governor and his suite.

When they had dismounted, Lord Mallow said: “I bring you the pay of the British Government for something of what you have suffered, sir, and what will give your lady pleasure too, I hope. I come with a baronetcy given by the King. News of it came to me only this morning.”

Calhoun smiled. “Your honour, I can take no title, receive no honour. I have ended my life under the British flag. I go to live under the Stars and Stripes.”

The governor was astounded. “Your lady, sir, do you forget your lady?”

But Sheila answered: “The life of the new world has honours which have naught to do with titles.”

“I sail for Virginia by the first ship that goes,” said Calhoun. “It is good here, but I shall go to a place where things are better, and where I shall have work to do. I must decline the baronetcy, your honour. I go to a land where the field of life is larger, where Britain shall remake herself.”

“It will take some time,” said the governor tartly. “They’ll be long apart.”