

he was an infant; the blue, blue eyes, so very like the paternal eyes.

Mrs. Pilkington sighed. "He shall not be a soldier, my little Wilfrid," said she to the nurse. "I will not have him leaving me to go off with the troopers. He shall stay and take care of me, won't you, my sweetest?"

The baby, as if in answer, crowed up into her face with eyes of mischief, while the nurse demurely remarked:

"But, madam, if he does not go a-soldiering, he will go, perhaps, a-courting, and leave you either way."

A cloud passed over the mother's fair young face. She clasped the baby to her heart, crying:

"He shall not leave me, my baby, my baby! I am glad he is not big and strong, but only weak and helpless and can not go a-soldiering nor yet a-courting."

Then she fell into a happy reverie, wondering when her soldier should have finished with this tiresome business of war and come a-riding up the avenue again. If only peace would come! What cared she for grievances against Great Britain, though her liege lord had explained them to her at such length? She could only look forward to the time when Harry and she should sup together on the lawn, and she would let him talk as he liked about the rights of American citizens and the tyranny of impressing men for the British navy, and all the other complaints that were set forth by Congress or by Mr. Madison.

As she sat thus and crooned to her baby, she little guessed that before many hours should have passed Father Aubril would be advancing toward her with news that would darken her life forever, or that the threads of a double tragedy were already being woven about her.