ever quicker when a sharp, energetic footstep sounded on the greensward before her father's door. Patience Winship was not surprised when George Weymouth told her he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. Youth and beauty are ever drawn together by a force as silent and powerful as that which binds the stars in their courses.

They were soon married, and Weymouth took the blushing Patience to the little house on the hill, made ready by his skill and industry. Young Mistress Weymouth lived but a few short months. On one cold December morning, as the winter sun was touching the stiff, green tops of the fir-trees with a softness not their own, George Weymouth stood at the bedside of his young wife, and watched the last flickerings of her faint spirit. The babe who had taken its mother's life in coming into the world lived for but a few days longer, and its light too went out, leaving Weymouth alone in utter blackness and agony of soul.

Thoughts came to him, in those first terrible moments, of his early life on the broad, open sea, and for an instant he wildly wished to bury his life in that mad waste of tossing waters. But even that perturbed spirit revolted at a thought so foreign to his Anglo-Saxon ideas of manhood. Weymouth turned again to his plough and axe, and the brief stay of Patience became to him as a beacon, arousing to nobler deeds and thoughts.

The years rolled by on chariots of flame, each swifter and more glorious than the last. George Weymouth became a man of public affairs,—a Selectman, looked up to and honored by all his neighbors. Respect and courtesy greeted him on every side. The school-children vied with one another in bringing him the first spring flowers, and were sure to be rewarded for their pains by some exquisite little story of flowers and the sprites that watch over them.

But there is ever a snake in the garden. Into the village of Exton, as into the other country towns of that time, came a vague feeling of unquiet. From the outside world, which after all was not so far away, were heard rumors of attempted oppression, by the king of a distant island. Foreign hirelings were already on the way, it was said, to enforce unjust demands. New England was to be terrified into submission to what nearly every man believed to be unlawful decrees. One by one the ties of love for the old mother country snapped under the strain. The feeling of humble petitioners for right, changed to bitter resisters to wrong.

In Exton the change was manifest. Neighbors met to talk over the situation, after the day's work was done and the cattle had been foddered and stalled. It was in these days that it began to be whispered about the village that George Weymouth had strange ideas on this subject of kings and princes. He believed, it was said, in the divine rights of kings, and of all those constituted in authority over the people. At first the story was received with mingled surprise and incredulity. But soon Weymouth himself, in conversation with a friend, openly expressed his opinion that the people were being borne away by their passions into doing a grievous wrong. It was their duty, he said, to ask their sovereign for justice, but it was equally their duty not to resist injustice if done by one who was accountable only to a higher power.

Some of the older men were influenced by Weymouth's ideas to a great extent, but it was impossible not to notice that many of the younger generation displayed a marked coldness toward the old man who had been hitherto the guiding spirit in the affairs of the village. At the next town-meeting candidates were actually nominated in opposition to the old board, but were defeated by a large majority. Still the fact was significant.

The feeling of hostility in the Colonies deepened day by day. Day by day George Weymouth met old friends who would not stop for a hearty word, but passed on the other side with a hasty nod. There were few men who were strong to resist the moulding influences of their age. One by one faces long familiar to Weymouth ceased to light up with a smile as they met his clear, pleasant gaze. The change, too, was not without its effect on Wey-