

deceiving herself, and she felt more than sad, she felt guilty and miserable, when she saw how "Collars," though he bore himself like a man, drooped and shrank at the news.

But her extremity of distress was reached when he took the opportunity of speaking a few words to her, in a chance encounter, in the course of Flora and Mary's last walk, and of "Collars'" return from the station sooner than usual. Mary had run on in advance with "Dodger," and left the couple together for a few minutes.

"Flora," he said desperately, in one of those crises in life when ceremony is cast to the winds—"I should like to thank you for these last few happy weeks. I have had a glimpse of what a home and a friend—a friend? no, the love of a man's life—may be like; and though I should never realise their meaning again—I don't suppose I ever shall—I owe you a debt of gratitude for one look into Paradise."

She could not speak; she hung her head. She had great doubt now whether he owed her a grain of gratitude, and not rather blame and condemnation.

"I can say no more," resumed "Collars," in increased agitation. "I do not for a moment imagine you would listen to me if I did; but I should be worse than

selfish, it would be nothing short of dishonourable, for me to say another word. My tongue is tied and my feet are fettered."

Still Flora said not a word. Her conscience was reproaching her bitterly. It was she who, in her thoughtfulness and self-conceit, had brought him into this strait. Oh, why did he not assert himself, and demand his rights! But that was nonsense. How could he make people comprehend who would not comprehend? How could he shatter the poor dreams which were the dreamers' only consolation? How could he destroy the harmony which was the one good thing left to his family?

"Sometimes I have thought," said "Collars" hoarsely, "that if I were to emigrate with any chance of success, and send home and provide for them, it would be better for us all, and I should be free to go my own course and live my own life. But I dare not run the risk for them, poor souls! poor things! What would become of them if I failed? Yet it may be true what they say"—he finished with a joyless laugh—"that I have no enterprise or daring, otherwise I might find a way to redeem us all."

"It is not that," said Flora, in a passionate undertone; "it is just because you are 'tender and true.'"

He caught her hand and wrung it.

"He turned and kissed her where she stood."

It was the single concession to that love which had sprung up between them, the fulfilment of which was such a remote and forlorn prospect that they dared not give it words.

Flora departed next day with a pang in her young heart which would rankle there for many a day—a pang which was even greater than that which laid a burden of desolation on "Collars." For was it not to a great extent her own fault? Had she not been so much of a child in her girlhood, she who had thought herself a woman years ago, that she had failed lamentably in dawning womanly foresight and discretion, and thus she had brought on both—on him, above all—the misery of this hopeless longing and sick yearning. But was it all misery? Was there not a little compensation of exquisite bliss in the midst of the pain? Nevertheless, she wished with all her heart that for the sake of him whose path was thorny enough already with self-denial and mortification, that she had refrained from her advocacy of his cause.

(To be continued.)

ANTIPHON.

DAYLIGHT FADES AWAY.

Words by GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

Allegro tranquillo e grazioso, non lento.

Composed by C. A. MACIRONE.

VOICE.

MM. ♩ = 94.

PIANO.

p

Day - light fades a - way,

Is the Lord at hand, . . . In the sha-dows grey, Steal - ing o'er . . . the land?

pp

pp

Gent-ly from . . . the east Come the

pp

sha - dows grey, But our low - ly Priest near - er is than - they. Is it

p

cres.

p

dark - ness quite? Is the Lord . . . at hand, . . . In the cloak . . . of night, Stol'n up -

p

- on . . . the land? But I

know not night, For my Lord is . . here, With Him dark is light, . . With

Him is no fear. . . Day - light fades a - way, Is the Lord at hand, . . In the

sha-dows grey, Steal - ing o'er . . the land?

rall. *f* *p*