

Francis knew the voice; and these are the words of the verse he heard:

"Time is old and life is brief —
Then 'tis shame to prate of sorrow.
If to-day holds naught of grief,
Let the good God mind to-morrow.
Time is old, but Youth is strong;
Life is brief, but Love is long."

Francis drew rein, smiling. The singing had ceased, the sweet voice dropping to silence as suddenly as it had sprung upon the drowsy air. He reflected for a moment and then struck up the last verse of the familiar song.

"Ride ye south and ride ye north —
You'll be riding home to-morrow
Back from whence ye cantered forth
With your scars and weary sorrow.
Time is old and Death is strong;
Life is brief, but Love is long."

A moment's silence followed the conclusion of the young man's effort; then came a short, glad cry — stifled almost as soon as uttered — from somewhere down the woodland path. The tanned cheeks of the campaigner flushed at the sound. He waited, tense in the saddle. The horse began to fidget, knowing that