

Sister Lily, is the highest and noblest of all," he answered.

"True," she replied; "still do not you think that it is only one whose heart God has touched, who will, from choice, turn his back on the gay world to follow in the Master's footsteps, seeking the lost?"

Joseph Walrave eyed her gloomily as her blue eyes took a darker hue with earnestness, her cheek flushing rosy red, the spring wind blowing back the long locks of silky gold from her bright, serious face. Lily was beautiful with a beauty befitting her name. She was beautiful also with a soul loveliness that belongs only to the pure in heart, to those who shall see God. But Lily was getting too beautiful; the inner brightness, like light through fine porcelain, served to show not her beauty only but also its frailty. Joseph Walrave might have noticed this and taken warning, but he was driven onward by one idea, the wish to end the uncertainty that was so hard for him to bear. Her words did not comfort him. He thought, "If he is her hero, what hope is there for me?"

He went on: "What you have said is just and true, I acknowledge; yet Brother Walsingham has caused me great trouble of mind, and caused me to doubt one rule of the Church—the lot."

"What has Brother Walsingham and the lot to do with you, Brother Walrave? I thought the question pertained to the sisters," said Lily, looking at him in smiling surprise. The gloomy earnestness that had paled his face, that looked at her with a longing, hungry look out of troubled eyes, startled her, and made her tremble. "Lily," he said, taking her hand, "if the lot were to fall on you, and you were to accept it, what good would my life do me? It is only lately since he came that I have known what it would be to lose you; the possibility of separation was then forced on my mind."

"It is very unlikely that the lot will fall on me," said Lily.

"I know of a certainty," he returned, "that your name is among those from whom the lot will be taken; and—and so I came after you to-day. I must speak—Lily, I love you as my own soul. It is not

wrong to love. I cannot help loving what is the best and highest when I see it. I, for myself, dare not now submit to the lot. There is but one woman in the world for me." No answer from the slight figure with downcast head, whose hand trembled slightly in his grasp. "If I lose you," he went on, "I will live alone—I will go out as a teacher—in any capacity in which I may go by myself; for my heart has singled you out, and not another. Lily, if this lot falls on you, will you refuse?—on any plea only refuse!"

What Lily might have answered cannot be said, for just then they were both startled by a loud whistle close by, and looking round saw John Seymour, the herd-boy, lying in the grass, leaning on his elbow, and Sister Gates, small, bright-eyed brunette, coming over the hill towards them. Lily's hand slipped from his grasp, and she vanished. The door of his paradise shut in his face just when he had begun to hope that it would open wide. He took his way home, an expression of Brother Benade's ringing in his ears: "You must submit to the inexorable logic of circumstances." He did not stop to speak to John Seymour (who attended his evening class, and loved him nearly as well as a dog loves his master), but he felt a good deal humiliated by the knowledge that John knew his secret, and that the whistle was a warning one. There was more bitterness than politeness in his feelings towards Miss Gates when he raised his hat to her as he passed. Inquisitive Miss Gates, who must question John Seymour, the mischievous lad, who could not be prevailed upon to give a direct reply, but would persist in branching off into matters affecting himself, as: "Willie Moffat said that the academy boys had nicknamed her 'Simon's Orange,' and the 'Yellow dwarf;' but it was just as likely that Willie Moffat, who made songs, could make stories also. He has made a song about you, Miss Gates, all about William Macaulay going to ask your father to give you to him, and how he threw a pitchfork at him, and—" Sister Gates became conscious that she was losing in dignity, if she was gaining information, so she retired suddenly, feeling discomfited, and deter-