

forth to battle." The trees were promising their new glory, and somehow May thought she had never seen the prairie so fair, nor felt the air so fresh; and no nosegays ever smelt so sweet as those which Phil Hart daily laid beside her plate.

It was one of those pretty posies which brought May's gay girlhood to an end. It was tea, the pleasantest meal in the day. The men had tidied themselves up a bit; the young men made themselves very smart now. There was something very good for tea, and May was glad that her cooking was relished. The lads were praising some new arrangements in their room—even Jim seemed excited about it; and they were inviting Mr. Dent and all his children to tea with them on the morrow. At this moment Annie happened to move something which had been accidentally laid over two bouquets, so that May had not yet seen them, though they were by her plate. One was of white flowers and one of blue. She liked blue best; Jim knew that: and so she took them up with an unmistakable look of delight, and Jim's face was radiant. But then, raising her eyes, she chanced to see Phil's glance resting sadly on the neglected white bunch; so boyish and simple were these young hearts, one could read them like