

cidedly, "two voices that speak in my heart—the voice of love pleading for you; the voice of conscience, demanding of me, to act rightly. Which shall I obey?"

No answer was given to this appeal.

The speakers came forward to the stile; the young farmer with the fork over his shoulder, with which he had been making hay; his companion, a girl of seventeen, with the rake in her hand, her broad, coarse straw hat dangling from her arm, her raven ringlets thrown back from her fine sun-burnt face; which glowed with healthy exercise.

The lovers had been working together through the long June day. This was the first time that either had spoken upon a subject that was uppermost in their thoughts, which had lain like a heavy weight upon their hearts, and rendered them unusually reserved to each other. They had worked in silence and apart, expecting the explanation which they knew must come, which both wished, yet