

"No, I don't think he could."

"Well, look ahere, there's one plice too many in that choir act; couldn't I wear a white flapper an' sit in it?"

"Too bad, boy;" there's a new chorister coming for Easter and the seat will be filled up. The boy sighed and said no more."

Easter morning dawned fair and clear. The great church was buried in flowers and the air was heavy with their perfume. The Bass felt a new reverence as he took his place among the white blossoms in the stalls. He wished that the boy had been there to see and hear, for the new chorister had not come and the seat was empty after all.

And now it was time for the Boy's Anthem, and the rest of the choir sat down.

"He is risen, He is risen?"

The Bass rubbed his eyes. Directly before him stood what had been the empty seat, empty no longer—for there, resplendent in a fresh, white "flapper," stood the boy singing his heart out.

"The night is gone, the dawn is here!"

Their eyes met, and the Bass leaned back with a sick feeling of unreality, his leaf fluttering from his hand. The lad nodded to him, his voice rose higher and higher—clearer and sweeter—up—up—quivered a moment against the very gate of heaven—and stopped. Again the Bass leaned forward, but the stall was empty."

"You were asleep all through the boy's anthem," said the Bass's chum as they went home together.

"Perhaps I was," replied the Bass gravely, for he said to himself,

"If the boy comes again, it must have been a dream; if not——?"

But the boy never came.

TORONTO, April, 1897.