

"Poor things!" he grieved. "They were merely lonesome. I will hold them. And your eyes," he continued. "Have I ever told you what gorgeous—"

"You have," said the girl, hastily. "It was last Friday—no, Thursday night. We must go home," she said presently. "It's late."

Rutherford drew the two small hands together at his breast and bent his head to look into the eyes.

"Ah, no, no," cried the girl in a panic. "Not—not yet! Ah, let me go, please!"

They walked back the quarter-mile to the house silently.

"You may now," she said, under the syringas by the drive.

It was the 14th of July, and of course the whole party was going to the review at Longchamps in the drag and such victorias, traps, and the like as the stables afforded. Rutherford had the joy of driving Lady Jim in her phaeton behind the new pony. Miss Cartwright went on the coach.

The review was exactly like every other 14th of July review, and had its little train of accidents during the crush that always follows the President's departure.

Miss Cartwright and three or four of the party who had gone over on the coach were on foot near the cascade. The crowd was becoming more closely packed, made up mostly of rough men.

Then, with a liberal accompaniment of screams and cries from the crowd, a pair of big grays attached to a landau threw their driver and footman from the box and began to run.

There was one great deep-voiced roar, and the girl was lifted from her feet and tossed half dazed as if by an angry surf. Then there were arms about her waist, arms that never let a blow reach her, big strong shoulders above that couldn't be beaten down, and a voice—*his* voice—steady and calm and cheerful as years before:

"Easy, dear! Keep quiet!"

It came to her with no shock, no sense of surprise. She had been waiting for it.

The crowd surged and crushed and fought about them.

"I knew you would come," the girl murmured. Her face lay on his breast, homing there. She smiled with closed, happy eyes. "Ah, I knew you'd come. You always came when I needed you."

The man bent his head over her.

"Come!" he said, as years before—"come! I'd come from the world's end to do you a service. Why, I've loved you—didn't you know?—for five years!"

But there was something in the voice, a something new. Oh, it was *his* voice beyond question, but still there was a something, a force, a decision, a ring, as of a voice used to command men. It was more like— She swung about quickly in the circle of his arms and looked up into Rutherford's face.

The crowd about them was melting away.

"You!" cried the girl. "You! You!"

Rutherford contritely stroked an imaginary beard and mustache. "I've loved you," said he, looking into the girl's eyes, "for five years—five long years."

Then all at once she understood.

My Task

BY MAUDE LOUISE RAY

TO love some one more dearly ev'ry day,
To help a wand'ring child to find his way.
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray,
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
And answer when He calls.

What a School-Girl saw of John Brown's Raid

BY JENNIE CHAMBERS

I WAS a mile on my way to the Young Ladies' Seminary in Harpers Ferry, on a Monday morning that I shall never forget, when, coming in sight of town, my heart stopped beating and I dropped my books. As I looked over the edge of the hill, I saw, riding up and down the streets, shouting and brandishing their guns, a crowd of men. It seemed to me they were all yelling; and some of them were firing in the air. There has never been for me a day like that of October 17, 1859, when I saw what I afterwards knew was to go down in history as the John Brown Raid.

My home was a mile back through the woods, in Bolivar Heights, and my heart sank as I thought of the distance to safety. I wanted to cry out, and, even at that distance, to warn those I loved of the horrible, strange peril in the air. Others might have thought it war; I had never seen a soldier. The last war I knew anything about was in 1812.

Just then I thought of a schoolmate who lived near by on the road-side, and that gave me courage.

"It's the Abolitionists," she said, running out as I came up to her doorway; "they're down there arresting all our people." I didn't wait to hear more, but my strength had come back to me, and I ran along through the woods like a deer. I didn't know what minute an Abolitionist might jump out at me from behind a tree—and eat me. They were cannibals, for all I knew, from some far-off country, like the Hessians, of whom I had been reading in history.

The oaks and the chestnuts and the maples arched overhead, in all October's glory, but I thought of nothing as I ran, except to warn my mother. There was a strange silence on the road; I met nobody.

"Oh," said I, when I got breath enough

to speak, in our door-yard, "mother, it's the Abolitionists!" Then she told me that a rumor had come of trouble in town, and that father had gone down to the Ferry. Some dreadful thing was happening, but nobody knew what. A team came rattling down the Charlestown Pike, towards the Ferry. "They've got Colonel Washington and John Allstadt," the driver called out as he went by, "and they've got their niggers, and—" He was gone before we could hear the rest of it.

Colonel Lewis Washington and Mr. Allstadt lived back of us up the Pike, four miles from the Ferry. Mother and I felt that if Colonel Washington had been taken, nobody was safe. One of Mr. Allstadt's folks happened along not long after this and told us all their family had been waked up the night before by a noise on the big road. Mr. Allstadt went to the door. Who should he see there but John E. Cook and Charles Plummer Tidd, and other men that we knew, with guns and torches. There was a wagon, and when Mr. Allstadt looked there were Colonel Washington and three of his slaves in it, and two men on the seat with guns in their hands. They didn't make any explanation to Mr. Allstadt, but they made him call out his negroes, and he and two of the slaves were bundled into the wagon, without time for a good-by even, and driven away down the Pike.

All of them must have come right near our house in Bolivar, but none of us heard any of it. "Thank God, they didn't get your father," said my mother.

"Yes," said I, "but he's down there with them, isn't he?" and then I began to cry.

There was something in the air that morning which nobody had ever known of before. Mrs. Sarah Kirby, whose husband worked in the Arsenal, lived at the