

A fence lay between the wood and meadow, and over the fence there was quite a stretch of moss that, although it looked very bewitching—its beautifully shaded tints beaming up from the shallow pools of water about it—looked also very treacherous. Frank settled all intruding doubts by assisting her to the central rail of the fence, and commanding her to stay there; then he sprang over, and taking her from the fence in his arms, carried her across the yielding moss and placed her upon solid ground.

Lena hardly knew if she were provoked or not, but a sense of the ludicrous situation overcame the little feeling of mortified vanity, and she laughed.

Frank had placed her upon solid ground, but one hand was held detainingly upon her shoulder, and as he hurriedly spoke it was evident some of his characteristic indifference had fled.

"Lena, won't you let me make you happy?—won't you try to love me?—won't you—"

The girl had a vague idea that her position was even more uncomfortable than it had been on the other side of the fence, but she checked the words upon his lips with one look of her speaking eyes. The lad comprehended the girl's unspoken thoughts, and stopped suddenly, and led the way across the meadow to his home, where Lena rested and partook of an inviting lunch, ere returning to Deacon Hammond's.

That evening, Lena wrapped herself in one of the inviting hammocks, and lay there a long time, looking into the calm blue above in thoughtful silence.

A strange, undefined restlessness filled her unawakened heart as she recalled the look in the frank blue eyes of her summer friend. She questioned if the lad really loved her, but the question seemed absurd when she recollected that he was but nineteen, and no older than herself. The girl held an ideal hero in the shrine of shrines within her untouched heart,