

And spreads like a banner unfurled up on high,
 A sign and a terror against the dark sky !
 But hark to the clatter, than music more sweet
 Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet !

‘Out of the way—out of the way !
 They come to save—now clear the way !’

A sea of faces upward turned,
 One fear by every heart inurned ;
 By ruddy light is clearly read
 On every brow the anxious dread.
 A mother 'mid the bright light stands,
 Her neck tight clasped by baby hands,
 And through roar and hiss,
 Not quite they miss
 Her piteous frenzied cry ;
 But mounting quick on high
 A hero springs,
 His helm a star
 Of hope, that flings
 A halo far
 'Mid the lurid light,
 For a moment lost, then dimly seen
 As it gleams on the sight,
 The curling wreaths of smoke between !
 Up the ladder *one* rushed, but *three* come down,
 And the shining helm is a hero's crown !
 Yet heeds not he what people say,
 He only bids them ‘clear the way !’

IF I WERE YOU.—G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

‘Why did he look so grave?’ she asked.

‘What might the trouble be?’

‘My little maid,’ he sighing said,

‘Suppose that you were me,