

"Not of that sort," Elsie answered; "but I will now try to tell you about a weird scene that kept us on deck until nearly morning one night. We saw it first from the distance, and the captain said it was white clay formations. Through the dusk of the evening it was scarcely distinguishable, but when the moon burst forth in her full beauty she flooded with her silvery light an almost illimitable picture, all fantastical and wonderful. Castles, sentries, groups of sculpture, churches, pillars, were portrayed with a reality that shortened our breathing. Through all ran lines of dark, iron croppings, forming walls around the varied objects. I have not the words to give fuller description; but the scene will never fade from my memory."

"It was perfectly magnificent," said Grace, excitedly.

"Nothing further worth relating happened until we arrived at Fort Benton," Elsie continued. "There we engaged a four horse team, a light, spring wagon, and a driver who promised to leave us as close to the mountains as a wagon could be taken. The long ride was tedious, but we rested at Fort Macleod and Fort Calgary on the way. At Morleyville the missionary took charge of us and told us where to find you. He sent the wagon back and arranged our transport to your camp. We came on horseback from Morleyville, and here we are, safe and sound."

"But how did you manage to cross the torrents?" Angus asked, curiously.

"The guide swam with his hand on the neck of the