POETRY.

ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent With the hush before the prayer. Only the solemn trembling Of the organ stirred the air. Without, the sweet, pale sunshine; Within, the holy calm,

Where the priest and people waited For the swelling of the psalm. Slowly the door swung open,

And a little baby girl, Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling In many a wavy curl, With soft cheeks flushing hotly, Shy glances downward thrown, And small hands clasped before her,

Stood in the aisle alone. Stood half-abashed, half frightened. Unknowing where to go, While, like a wind-rocked flower, Her form swayed to and fro: And the changing color fluttered In the little troubled face, As from side to side she wavered

With a mute, imploring grace. It was but for a moment: What wonder that we smiled. By such a strange, sweet picture From holy thoughts beguiled? Up, then, rose someone softly, And many an eye grew dim, As through the tender silence

He bore the child with him. And long I wondered, losing The sermon and the prayer, If when some time I enter The many mansions fair. And stand abashed and drooping In the portal's golden glow, Our Lord will send an angel

To show me where to go?

SELECT STORY.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

A TALE OF THE ROCKIES.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER XIV. "My squaw come meet me," he laughed. and with one of the merry twinkles in his

The coy maid hung her head, and glanced from side to side as though anxious to escape. "My congratulations, Mose," said Jack.

with a smile. "You can have a holiday in honor of the event." As Mose and his sweetheart moved

away, Grace and Angus strolled up and seated themselves on the vacant bear-skin. "Has Elsie been telling you the reason for the very unexpected visit, Jack?" Angus queried.

"I never thought of asking," replied "And you shall never hear it until you have introduced Gracie and me to your commissary department!" exclaimed

Elsie, with playful vehemence. "You make me remember my hunger,' "Angus is chief of the camp," said Jack. "Give your orders to him."

Angus was up in a second and was bustling off to the fire, when he turned abruptly to answer Gracie's call. "Go over to our packs, Angus," she commanded, "and you will find a few

"The Indians may refuse to give them to me," Angus suggested, with a look of

"They will not refuse me!" Grace exclaimed, rising and joining Angus on the

"Did you ever see too greater spoons?" Elsie heard Jack remark under his breath:

but she made no reply. It was a happy quartet that sat before Jack's tent, partaking heartily of the noon-day meal. Grace and Elsie exchanged their table knives for their clumsy attempts to handle them with ease. Angus purloined a few of Grace's dainties and was caught surreptitiously sandwiching them between his bacon and biscuit. Jack mischievously pulled one of the hounds by the ear and pointed to the bacon on Elsie's plate. The crisp meat disappeared like a flash, and the dog flew to the back of the tent with it. Amidst the merry jest and childish amusement, Angus put on an expression of solemnity

"Do our guests know what day of the week this is?" "Happy day!" exclaimed Grace, with

a fond look at her lover. "It is the Seventh day, Angus, or you would not be wasting so much time ove your dinner," replied Jack. "You deserve to be punished for intrud-

ing your knowledge of the almanac or this occasion," Elsie cried. "He wants to break us up into duets for his own selfish gain," Jack suggested.

"I wish to regain my dignity as chief of this camp before I dare go over to my tent Jack. for my field-glasses; and I had to do something to shake off my idiotical feeling of foolishness," Angus explained. "What do you intend doing with the

glasses?" asked Jack. "Take them with us to your beautiful retreat at the lake," Angus replied. "We will spend the afternoon there, listening to Grace and Elsie relate an account of their travels."

"Happy thought!" exclaimed Jack. "Hurry up with those dainties, and we

will away to the bower." The dinner was finished with more at tention to eating than conversation, and the young people were quickly on their way to the mossy banks. When they arrived there, Elsie and Grace deserted their escorts and stood together in silent devotion to the exquisite scenery. Grace was the first to turn away from the enchanting picture, and Elsie soon followed her to a seat on the soft, white carpet. "Begin at the beginning and end at the

ending," Jack said to Elsie. "And I shall act as prompter," laughed

Elsie repeated an account of her inter view with her uncle, and Angus savagely plucked the moss during the recital. Then she told of her reception at Grace's home, and Jack choked back a lump in his "Tell about the rector's defeat," Grace

"That is the duty of the prompter," replied Elsie.

Grace fought the battle between the rector and Elsie over again, to the intense amusement of Angus and her brother, and leyville, and here we are, safe and sound." adding that the clergyman was at the depot the next morning to present them each with a bouquet from his garden, and to wish them a safe journey.

"When we left M-," said Elsie, continning her narrative, "we went by train to Bismarck. Then we took passage on the Rosebud, and for fifteen days we stemmed the current of the Missouri River ere reaching Forte Benton. The accommodations of the boat were very satisfactory and comfortable, but we travelled slowly, and the ride became wearisome long before it ended."

" Notwithstanding the vigorous love the captain made to you," Grace slyly com-

time?" Elsie retorted with a smile.

Grace looked confusedly at Angus, and Jack urged Elsie to continue the tale.

"The first event of interest occurred after passing Ford Buford," Elsie continued. "The buffalo were on the banks in thousands. Many of them were wading and swimming in the river, and they would not permit a passage for the boat. The male passangers fired at them with rifles and revolvers and wounded a big brute. It charged at the front part of the boat until it broke one of its horns. The mate, a tall, lank Easterner, who was always cursing at the deck hands, threw a noose over the head of the wounded animal and hauled it on deck by putting the rope around the windlass. It was choked to death when the rope was removed. We had buffalo meat several times after

that, but it was too tough to eat. When we did push a road through, three of the herd had passed under the boat and received a final kick from the great paddlewheel behind as they floated to the surface with broken necks." "Will I tell about the buffalo calf.

Grace?" Elsie stopped to ask. Grace assented with a nod and a sly glance at Angus; and Elsie continued: "When the buffalo barred our way the boat was tied up to the bank. The purser went ashore with his rifle and shot a young calf as it followed its mother out of the water. The deck hands brought the carcase on board, and in a week Grace was presented with a small, silky buffalo robe. It is now in our pack."

"It was very kind of him, indeed," Grace remarked, to kill the silence which Elsie mischievously allowed to follow the

"What did the captain shoot?" asked Jack, dryly. "He was too busy shooting love glances

at Elsie to care for other sport," cried Grace, in delight. "Keep on with the narrative, Elsie,"

Angus said, grinning; "it grows exceedingly interesting." Every day we stopped two or three

times to take on wood," Elsie continued "It was enlivening to watch the deck hands form as an endless chain and trot down the plank with several sticks on their shoulders. And the way in which the mate would swear at them was shocking. I remember one jolly-looking, coloured deck hand who insisted on walking while the others trotted. The mate cursed him again and again but without effect. Finally the mate calmed down and cried to him as he came round in the circle. Come a-runnin', now! Come a-runnin'! The white eyes shone bright against the dark skin as the negro replied, 'Can't run, boss; but I'll give you a good, squar' walk. We all laughed and enjoyed the amiable

"Don,t forget the hare hunt." Grace cautioned, with a laugh.

now be introduced," Jack interrogated, man than the captain." Elsie soberly re-

plied. "It was nicessary to tie up the boat for the night when the river became shallow. The channels in mud rivers are ever changing, and the experienced wheelman can follow the deep water from the colour of the current. But on a dark night it is impossible to keep off the bars tinually forming. One evening at the tea table the captain told us of a simple method of catching hares, in vogue in that part of the country. The hunter arms imself with a lantern and a grain bag, and enters the underwood on the bank of the river at night. He has only to hold the bag open near the ground and place the lighted lantern before him, and in five minutes the bag will be filled with hares attracted by light. The captain covered the absurdity of the information by keeping a sober visage. He was fish-

ing for a fool, and he caught an insufferable snob who was detested by all the passengers. That night was dark, and we gathered on the deck to see the snob get his deserts. He had no trouble in borrowbrothers' hunting dirks, and were making He walked up the gang-plank, carrying his trap, and went but a short distance in the bushes before preparing for action. We were engaged at a game of cards when we heard a terrible uproar and cheering. The captain told us the deck hands were welcoming the hunter's return, and our turn would come soon. The purser ran to the cabin door, let down a large bag from the ceiling, so that its opening commanded the entrance, and tied a stout cord across the bottom of the doorway. He had just time to retreat when we heard hurrying footsteps up the stairway. The next moment the door was jerked open, and the crestfallen snob pitched headlong

into the bag. The captain and purser dragged him in his shroud into his stateroom, closed the door as they came out, and again took up their cards as though well accustomed to interruptions of that kind. The captain atterwards assured me that they only applied the cabin bag to subjects who were excessively disagree-

"What became of the snob?" asked next day to a boat we met on the way down stream," was the reply.

"Did you have any more fun?" Jack again interrogated. 'Not of that sort," Elsie answered; but 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 sil-

very 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 waggon, 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 waggon back and arranged our transport to your camp. We came on horseback from Mor-

"But how did you manage to cross the torrents?" Angus asked, curiously. "The guide swam with his hand on the neck of the pony, and we had no fear

while he was with us," Elsie replied. "You are a couple of clever, courageous women!" Jack ejaculated, in admiration. "We expected you to meet us on the way, Jack," remarked Grace, remembering the death of their expectations at every stopping point after leaving Bismarck. "Father wrote you a long time

before we started." "I have the letter in my pocket now," laughed Jack; "it came in the mail bag your guide brought us." When they re-"Where was the purser most of his turned to camp they learned that the party of Indians had gone on the back

accompanied them.

After tea, Jack gave up his tent to Elsie and Grace and spread his blankets where Angus had kept his drawing board. And the night closed down on the encampment, and only the stars and the faithful hounds kept watch.

CHAPTER XV. The month of September was well advanced, and Angus was considering the advisability of breaking camp and leaving the mountains. The snow-falls were becoming more numerous, and he had no desire to be imprisoned all winter in some as the others. valley. In a conversation with Jack, the day of departure was settled for a week hence. The pack train had come shortly after the arrival of Elsie and Grace and had been gone three weeks. The supply of provisions was not sufficient to meet the demand for another month. And he

far down the slope as possible. Elsie and Grace had entered into the enjoyment of camp life in the mountains with all the ardour of happy youth. Under the protection of Jack, they had gathered the pink-bloomed heather, the exquisite fernmoss, and flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. At noon hours they preceded the cook to where the men were at work, and chatted with Angus while he eat the lunch they brought him. They had even fished foolhens out of the

hurried his men to extend the survey as

On the evening before the lake was to be bid adieu to the visitors to its shores, Jack's favorite retreat was again offering welcome to its discoverer. And he was not alone. On his arm hung fair Elsie Macdonald, happy and silent in helping Jack to take a farewell look at the charm-

Elsie," Jack said, with a new tenderness in his voice, "here in this lovely retreat I want to release the cry that has been sounding from my heart, it seems,

Elsie hung more heavily on his arm,

and dropped her head. "When your hands have been clasped in mine as I helped you over the rugged paths, I could not see you, for my eyes were blinded with joy."

He turned and faced her, encircling her with his arms and looking down at her head hidden on his breast. . "When your arm nestled confidingly within mine, I felt the power for protection steal sweetly over my being, and I longed to fold you in my arms"

Elsie quivered as a sigh escaped her. "When your voice spoke to me in tender tones, and I thought you were learning to love me, the cry rang through my heart strings and sounded a chord of melody that flew to my thoughts and gave me delightful confusion."

Elsie's face was upturned. She gazing into his eyes, and her drinking in his loving words. "When your warm breath fell on my cheek, as you tried to make me hear you speak at the waterfall, the spring-time of

radiant bliss played over my heart." Elsie's arms crept around his neck and her fingers fastened in a love knot. "When I thought of you leaving me forever, my anguish deadened my heart, the cry bounded to my lips and escapes now to tell you that I love you with all

love was in my veins, and a fountain of

power of my manhood, with all the wealth of my affection." As he ceased speaking he bent his head and kissed the lips of the lovely woman who he knew had given him her heart when she dropped her head at his first

For awhile they remained locked in each other's arms, their hearts feasting in Toronto, Canada. communion on the love that filled them. Then they strolled slowly back to the en-

Angus and Grace were seated before a fire, for the nights were chilly. They had been discussing the probability of Elsie and Jack soon declaring their love for each other, and were quite prepared to hear the confession made by the happy couple as they joined them.

Two weeks later, Mr. and Miss Macdonald and Mr. and Miss Lester were the guests of the hospitable missionary at Morleyville. One morning at Breakfast the clergyman announced that he would perform the marriage ceremony between two natives on the following day, and invited his guests to accompany him. They immediately accepted the invitation.

"Come for a walk, Angus; I have a proposal to make," Jack said, after breakfast. The young men strolled down to the river and along the beautiful banks. "Angus," said Jack, "suppose we increase the number of marriages to-mor-

"You would propose that Elsie and you and Grace and I get married at once?" asked Angus, receiving the idea favour-"That is my desire," Jack replied. But your father and mother? How

will they take it?" demanded Angus, be "I will vouch for their willingness," urged Jack.

"If the girls offer no objection, it shall be as you wish, Jack," said Angus. "We will go to them at once," exclaim-

Elsie and Grace at first gave a most decisive negative to the proposal; but before noon they had yielded to the entreaties of their lovers and the missionary had agreed stipation, headache and bad blood. Don't to tie three knots instead of one.

The next morning the white chapel was filled with the inhabitants of the settlement. The missionary entered, followed by his young guests. The other pair were before the altar.

"Mose, as sure as I'm alive!" Jack ejac ulated, as he caught sight of the third Mose looked over when he heard his name uttered, and the merry twinkle was

again in his eyes. The ceremony was brief, the one service uniting the three couples. As they left the neat church, Elsie look-

ed fondly into her husband's face and ask-"Jack, do you know when I first learned to love you?"

"Tell me, Elsie," answered Jack. "It was when Angus gave me his copy until he gets rich, and then he grumbles of your beautiful chant to read," said Elsie. because his taxes are heavy. ed to be with you forever." Jack gave his bride one proud, fond look | memory of the doer than of the recipient

trail early in the afternoon, and that Mose and pressed her arm more tightly to his

Mr. and Mrs. Lester were again on the steps welcoming the wanderers.

"A nice way to treat the old folks," laughed Mr. Lester, as they all stood in side by side on the dock. the hallway removing wraps. young girls with two handsome young constructed by means of those cannons, men," cried Elsie, as Jack helped her off

"I shall not do so again," Mr. Lester retorted, laughing over his speech as much "If I have lost Gracie." Mrs. Lester ob-

served, "I have found another daughter to fill her place." "And one who will try to love you as auch as Gracie does," Elsie added, as she kissed the loving mother.

Angus and Grace are visitors at the ester home. The household are seated in a circle before the fire-place. "Jack," Angus asks, "do you re my presentation about this Christmas?" "That I do," Jack replies; but I never freamt our union would be so complete in

"If I had felt the courage to tell you my presentiment in full," laughs Angus, " you would have commenced dreaming long before we reached the summit." "What is all this about dreaming?" Elsie asks.

"A hint to tumble into slumberland."

Mr. Lester replies, rising and moving to

He is followed up the stairway by his children. Mrs. Lester waits in the hallway to attend to her last duties for the vening, and smiles as she hears from over the balustrade the chorused "Good night!"

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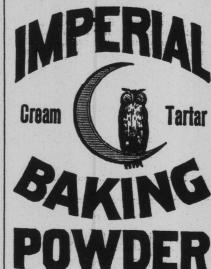
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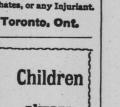
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