

There is Aggie positively leaning on Angus' shoulder. Oh, is she too hurt?"

Frankly Lottie calls them to come to the cave. Angus' dreary tones respond:

"Aggie cannot walk, and will not allow me to carry her."

"Bring her here instantly out of the cold! How can she be so absurd when Nellie is lying here dead," wails Belle. At this awful news John caught Aggie up, and bore her with quick, long strides to the cave, where he seated her on a portion of the robe, beside prostrate Nellie.

Slowly and uncertainly the fitful pulse began to beat, and Nellie's eyelids wavered. Then the eyes reluctantly, feely opened; and the girls hurried their faces in the robes, and sobbed aloud for very joy. Wilfrid, man and stoic though he was, joined them with deep heart sobs of intense relief.

Faintly she smiled at the strange scene. She had no strength to wonder at the place. She felt only a peaceful, dreamy appreciation of their joy and its cause.

Strangely weird they looked, as they knelt, forming a bright border to her sombre resting place, with Aggie reclining at her feet, her tear stained face, raised in intense thanksgiving. The faint light, which the exhausted sun sent in wavering gleams, on their grateful heads, only made the surrounding shade more densely suggestive of black night.

Here they were miles from home, on a frosty cheerless night, shut out from light by the dark cavern walls; their loved companions lying helpless before them. Yet, their faces illumined the surrounding gloom; their grateful hearts served for creature comforts.

But, as the deepening shadows came dawningly towards them, they were recalled to the duty which lay before them.

The horses must long ere this have reached home and alarmed their friends—Reach home they must before black night prevented their exit from the cave.

Nellie gradually roused her flagged eagerness to relieve her mother's anxiety. But Aggie could not walk.

Dr. Gregory proposed putting Nellie and Aggie into the buffalo robe, and the gentlemen carrying them by holding the ends of the robe. No one suggesting anything wiser, they adopted the plan, and as anxiety carried to the extreme and relieved, is apt to result in a tendency to mirth, they laughingly started up the river, Nellie and Aggie comfortably lying on the improvised litter. They lay there in thoughtful

silence, gazing into the snowlit night, both of them feeling, in spite of their past dangers, that they were happier than they had been at any time in their cozy, firelit home. They were almost sorry, when their bearers with swift long strides, had borne them quite to the gate of their home. They were met by ten or twelve men bearing torches, who had just returned after a weary search for them.

Instantly a glad hurrah rent the congealed air, as they recognized them, Again anxiety overwhelmed them, when they saw only Lottie and Belle, and that the gentlemen were carrying a burden.

Mr. Campbell rushed forward to the robe, only to have his hand grasped, and the sparkling eyes of his beloved daughter looking into his, full of health and brightness.

What a comfort it was to sit at ease in that pleasant home, within sight of that fire, which seemed to sparkle out its rejoicing at their safe return.

Yet, one and all felt that gradually their party was being divided into parties, and wondered which pair would be the next to be separated from the whole.

One evening Wilfrid drew Nellie beneath the shade of a magnificent oleander tree, whose sensitive flowers would nod approval to all they said, and bury their secrets in their sweet hearts. And placing her on a low seat stood silently beside her, a perfect torrent of affection leaping from his eyes. Unable to bear his silence in that quivering atmosphere, Nellie turned towards him. Then springing up, with almost a desire to flee from him, she stood like a shy, sweet violet, trembling to its plucking, the dew of a great affection, bowing down her modest head.

Murmuring some almost inarticulated words of deep affection, he held his hands appealingly to her, and just as the violets are helpless in the hands of those who lovingly gather them to hold them their own, so Nellie's maidenly attempt at resistance was gently conquered, and she yielded herself to his—

"Indeed, I love thee. Come! Place thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Quietly so they stood, realizing in spite of the joyous tumult of their hearts, that they had assumed a sacred responsibility, as well as a joyful union.

While Wilfrid and Nellie were just coming to a knowledge of their feelings towards each. Angus and Lottie too are discussing their future.

Angus is earnestly talking and Lottie eagerly protesting.

"You see, dear Angus, even if I did

love you, I could not afford to throw away my literary hopes to become a housekeeper. And see the wealth I am apt to accumulate by such a life."

"Such mercenary thoughts, little girl, do not become such tender lips as yours."

"You really would not be so selfish as to deprive me of a chance of happiness for such hopes to be fulfilled? Surely, if you love me, you will glory in such a victory without my marrying you?"

"No, indeed! I cannot, you ridiculous girl! Neither can you be long content with such worship. Only tell me that if it were not for this Caesar-like ambition (God grant that it may not end so disastrously as his) you would be my wife? Tell me, Lottie; tell me dear one!"

"I would have told you, that after five or six or a dozen years, when I am tired of being a girl, then in the thirteenth year I might possibly begin to think that I could stand living with you for the few years of life which would be left to me; and I am sure your love will have enough to do to last for the rest of my life without starting now."

"Lottie, you are rude and wicked. You know that I love you. Or, maybe dear, you are tired. Forgive me, and say good-night, and I will seek a more favorable opportunity to ask for your precious love. You do not, you can not mean the wicked things you have said to-night. You could not be so cruel, you sweet midge. Good-night, my Lottie, for mine you shall be."

"Good night, you saucy knight, do not be too sure of me."

Three years afterwards Lottie was the proud possessor of five rejected stories and one published one, but still with tenacity worthy a better cause, she kept Angus waiting and wearing his heart out with impatience. Let us hope she did not altogether exhaust his bountiful supply.

The same years see John McGrath and Aggie laboring amongst the heathen, doing all that lies in their power for their spiritual and physical welfare.

Lady Nell and Wilfrid Winters shining with a refulgent light in the gayest of fashionable circles.

Dr. Gregory and Belle while skating on the same river where they so nearly met their death, concluded that for the rest of their lives they would be in less danger if they became one. Their own words on their wedding day will enable you to see whether they made a mistake or not.

"Mrs. Gregory, are you glad you have taken unto yourself a companion for life?"

"To-night I am! How long I shall remain so rests with that companion."

"You know well enough, darling wife, that you will only be happier every day. Tell me you know it."

So she told him, and they both believed it, and it was so.