

clouds. See, their shadow lives! They are floating nearer to darkness and dense shade; but ever as they near it they sway backward, instinctively reaching for the light; and ever as they recede the shadows thicken slowly in on youth and health. Ah! yes; there is only escape for a while, but make the most of the light shadows; toss back your golden locks in gleance, glance your footsteps to and fro on the daisy decked fragrant lawn. Warble your songs of youth and joy, and heed not the shades of trial. These shades are lined when they come with a royal purple of patience, endurance and resignation.

CHAPTER II.

"Twining a wreath I found one day,
Love, that among the roses lay;
Quick, by the wings, I caught him up,
And plunged him in the brimming cup.
Then urged by thirst's imperious call,
I drank the wine off, love and all,
And ever since, within my breast
His tickling wings destroy my rest.

The next day being bright and frosty, a sleigh ride was proposed, and gladly agreed to, by all. They purposed following the river course past the fall; on through the snow bound fast asleep little village twelve miles away. Then return in the clear frosty twilight, when their happy thought, chattering and laughter, would transform even the dim clouds, keeping glowering watch over the purely clothed world, while the bright twinkling eyes of the clouds beamed benignly on them.

Well, a pair of prancing horses were attached to a capacious sleigh, warm robes placed in it; and the party seated: Dr. Gregory and Belle in the back seat, Aggie and John McGrath next to them. But Lottie and Lady Nell persisted in wanting to sit in the front seat to drive; just as though they were all going to trust their lives to two such pairs of little hands. However, when girls insist, gentlemen must perforce submit, which Angus and Wilfrid accordingly did, much to their secret annoyance. Soon, however, the tiny grip on the hard leather lines relaxed, and Lady Nell was willingly helped to a seat beside Wilfrid, and Angus was free to follow his heart to Lottie's side. The beauties around them entrance their gaze. They are driving along the banks of the river on which the gleams of the sun are making delightful phantasies. The trees on the opposite bank are bending in frost laden humility, and crystallized reverence to their far sweeping enemy, now laid low in winter's grasp. Though the sun is trying to warm it into glittering life, and all seems sparkling and beautiful; yet is

the heart frozen beneath, and it is only seeming life.

Now they are passing a cave, where crystal pendants vie with each other in extending their lengths to the river, whose icy touch is sure death. What frozen possibilities within that cavern mouth. Those dark, suggestively cold shadows made more deeply dark by their icy sentinels.

Lottie being of a sensitive, imaginative nature, not only sees the magnificent scenes before her, but feels them to the depths of her beauty loving nature.

"How beautiful the world is!" she exclaims.

"Oh, Angus! Such scenes charm and sadden one at the same time.

Why do not people harmonize with their surroundings?"

In her excitement she extended her hand towards him, and he quietly took it, remarking in an undertone:

"I know one person who is pure and noble and lovely."

"Do you?" she says, looking quickly up, for she had been so absorbed in thinking of humanity at large, that she had no thought of self. One look into Angus' earnest eyes fixed affectionately on her, sent the truth home, and they sat in silence; she looking down at her imprisoned hand, which yet she did not try to free. He, gazing at her down cast face, thinking not altogether unsatisfactory thoughts. Such perfect communion cannot last forever. If it did, perhaps happiness would cloy. Their happiness had no chance to cloy, for Angus having almost forgotten the horses in his intense love for Lottie, held a very lax rein; and just then one of those miserable, torturing animals called boys, went like a whirlwind of noise past the spirited horses, blowing his sleighing horn with all the power of his bellows of lungs. Instantly the horses started forward, swerved to one side, and pranced madly on to the frozen river, carrying the sleigh like a toy behind them. Away they went at a frantic gallop! On, on, ever nearer the dreadful fall that in its frozen beauty seemed laughing at its on coming, pale victims. Silent they were, for they were all brave hearts, each one recognizing the deadly prospect before him. What different thoughts passed through the mind of each.

Lottie, in her newly found happiness, was awed by the proximity of death, yet felt a strange comfort in the thought that Angus shared her danger, and that she would not leave him on earth to mourn her loss, and in time give to another her precious place in his heart. They would begin eternity together in their love.

As quickly as the flash of her thoughts the horses reached the very edge of the fall, and every one felt that his intercourse with mortals was drawing to a close. Angus and Wilfrid strained at the reins, with foreheads beaded with agony and muscles like whipcords. By sheer force of their love and care for their precious companions they made yet another desperate effort, and joyfully, thankfully, they felt the horses shrink as though even they with their frenzied blood and mad impulses could not destroy so much beauty and learning. Yes, truly they were turning, and just as madly as they came, they dashed back towards the cave, when striking the sleigh full force against a fallen tree imprisoned in the river, they sent the terrified girls, boys, buffalo robes and sleigh furniture in a medley across the ice. Lottie and Belle realizing almost before they came in contact with the icy floor that they were more fortunate to receive even a cold reception from mother earth than to form a plying from madly galloping horses, sprang to their feet, rejoicing in their safety. But Lady Nell, who felt responsible for the well being of the party to a certain extent, had received a shock which her sensitive nature could not parry, and lay cold and pulseless on the glassy floor.

Instantly they gathered around her in pained alarm. She must not lie on the cold ice! Is she dead, their darling Nellie? No, No! Oh, no! "Dr. Gregory, surely you will be able to bring her back to us, when we love her so. She must not die."

Hastily Dr. Gregory issues his commands. "Wilfrid, carry robes and cushions to the cave and arrange them into a couch."

Wilfrid, with agony written in drops on his cheeks, arranged the robes warmly and effectively on the dry earth, and Nellie was carried hither in Dr. Gregory's capable arms. Silently they knelt around, almost stifling their own heart-beats in their loving anxiety to see dear Nellie breathe again. Oh, the direful suspense of those few minutes, comprising the misery of a lifetime.

But where are John McGrath and Aggie? As they think of them their troubled glances stray to the glistening surface, stretching in grim hospitality before them.

"Ah," they cry, all in a breath. "There they are sitting on the tree trunk, which has caused all this trouble."

"Are they utterly heartless that they sit thus, not thinking or coming to inquire for darling Nellie?"