

LIFE IN THE WHITE BEAR'S DEN

Written in 1897

By Charlotte Maria Tucker (A.L.O.E.)

Chapter 1 Coming of Age

“Oh! is not this glorious—delicious!” exclaimed Juliet Erle, as she came up to her fellow passenger, Maria Selden, who was seated on a bench by the bulwarks of the good ship “Quebec,” bound to Canada. “The blue above and the blue below—and—not exactly silence—but beauty wheresoe’er we go! How delightfully we are speeding over the waves of the broad Atlantic!” she added, as she seated herself by the side of her friend.

For friends they were already, though little more than a week before, neither had known of the other’s existence. They shared the same small cabin, with all its manifold discomforts, and always were seated next each other at the cuddy-table. But what had drawn the two most closely together was Maria’s sister-like care of her younger companion during the trials of storm and sickness, which had made the first three days and nights of the voyage as disagreeable as what remained of it promised to be pleasant.

Juliet had never seen before such sympathy and unselfishness as that shown to her by a perfect stranger. They had made a strong impression on her mind, counter-balancing the prejudice she might otherwise have entertained against one “dreadfully religious.”

The tossing and the miseries of sea-life appeared now to be over. Ladies no longer kept their cabins—and gentlemen, who had looked cadaverous, made bold onslaughts on the plentiful fare provided. Amusement became the order of the day. The gayer of the passengers even proposed getting us a scene from an English opera to beguile the tedium of the voyage. Juliet entered with eagerness into every scheme of diversion. She now looked the picture of health and happiness as she gazed on the placid ocean, on which remained hardly a trace of the tumultuous heaving and rolling which had sorely tried the passengers of the “Quebec.”

“It is very enjoyable,” said Miss Selden. “I have been long watching that lovely iceberg afar off, glittering like a jewel in the sun. How it has changed its shape since it first came in view! It was like a castle five minutes ago, with battlemented walls of crystal, now it has split into two—there—there—half of it has sunk under the waves with a splash!”

“You can watch it just as well if you ‘come and pace the deck with me.’ It is really too cold to sit still,” cried Juliet. The two maidens linked their arms together, rather for

warmth and companionship than because the motion of the vessel made their steps unsteady, for there was little roughness now. The north breeze was scarcely strong enough to wave the blue veil on Maria's simple straw hat, or to make the curling crimson feather tremble on Juliet's velvet-trimmed felt.

The same difference between the taste or the means of the ladies was apparent in the rest of their dress. Over Maria's dark blue serge dress was thrown a grey plaid shawl. Juliet's pretty figure was covered by a luxurious seal-skin jacket, many buttoned was the kid glove that rested on the arm of Maria, and the younger lady's boots were as dainty as any that Regent Street could supply.

Both of the girls were attractive in appearance, but of different types of beauty. Juliet's was that of the apple-blossom, the pink-tinged pride of the spring, full of the laughing hope of the future. Maria's was that of the pure, calm white lily, surrounded by the waters of trouble, yet ever rising above them. She looked, with her pale cheek and thoughtful brow, like one who had suffered, yet in suffering had found peace. Maria's smile was less merry than that of Juliet, but the joy which it expressed was deeper.

"I delight in the icebergs just as much as you do," said Juliet. "I am so glad that we have come across their track, for one did not expect it in July. The Captain says that they are unusually late this year. I asked him yesterday morning whether we were likely to see any icebergs today. 'Yes, more than enough,' he replied. I do not think that we can have more than enough of anything so lovely as that one yonder. I only wish that the Captain would take us closer to the beauties. We keep at such a respectful distance."

"The Captain has doubtless his own reasons for not being too intimate with the bergs," was Maria's playful reply.

"There might be some *coldness* between us on nearer acquaintance," laughed Juliet. "But now, Maria (you said I might call you Maria, Miss Selden sounds so stiff!), shall I tell you that I regard the sight of the icebergs as a kind of birthday treat, for—I don't care to tell anyone here but you—I am twenty-one years old today."

"I am sure that I wish you every best blessing!" said Miss Selden earnestly, looking affectionately at the bright face which was raised towards hers, for she was the taller of the two. "But are you really twenty-one? I should not have guessed you more than eighteen."

"Everyone says so," observed Juliet Erle. "You see I've not had many cares to cover my face with wrinkles. I've led an easy comfortable life. I've two sisters—half-sisters I mean—a great deal older than myself (one of my nieces was presented at Court this year). I divide my time between these sisters. Both of them of course spend the season in London (Sir Theodore is an M.P. [Member of Parliament]), but Mrs. Delany has a fine country seat in Suffolk, and my eldest sister, Lady Gathorne, is always for months either in Brighton or Paris, so between them I see a good deal of life.

"I am going now to Canada with the Bates—old friends—for a change, and to recruit after the season, which thoroughly exhausted me. I was always out six nights in the seven, and what with afternoon concerts, informal social parties, promenades, and

exhibitions, I lived in such a whirl of amusement that I was half dead at the end. I had quite lost my appetite and my spirits, so the doctor ordered a voyage, and now this delicious sea-breeze has set me all right again!"

Miss Selden was silent for a few moments. The two turned round on their quarter-deck walk. Then Maria gently asked, "Do you think this gay life a happy one, Miss Erle?"

"Oh! yes," was Juliet's hesitating reply, "at least as long as one is hearty and well."

"If you could remain hearty and well, would you wish to lead such a life for fifty—for a hundred years more?"

"A hundred!" repeated Juliet, laughing, "you are giving one a pretty long term! Well, one would certainly tire of balls, races, and routs long before a hundred years had run out."

"Then the very best that the world could give would pall before long," said Maria, "and you know that you and I have a whole eternity before us!"

"I don't think much, perhaps not enough, of these things," said Juliet a little more gravely. "I wonder how you, who are so terribly good, have anything to say to a foolish little creature like me." Then abruptly changing the conversation, she went on, "I'm not going to tell the Bates that this is my birthday. It's no great matter my coming of age, for I am not an heiress. I have only £5,000 of my own, scarcely enough for pin-money, less than £200 a year." Another pause of silence ensued, another turn on the deck, as the paddles turned round and round, churning the blue waves into cream, and the vessel sped joyously on, leaving a foaming track in its wake.

Juliet was the first of the ladies to speak. "I wonder what you had in your mind when you wished my every best blessing," she said.

"I wished you the best of hopes, the best of joys, the best of Friends," answered Maria.

"You had a serious meaning, I guessed that. I hope that you won't be dreadfully shocked if I own that I don't want all of your 'best blessings' just now. I should like, I confess, to enjoy myself a little longer. I know that I must become very good, and do a great deal, and give up a great deal before I can go to heaven, but"—Juliet made a very long pause indeed. In fact she did not know how to finish her sentence, so sat down again on the bench.

Miss Selden took her place beside her companion. "I think that you and I look at the same thing from different points of view," observed Maria, "religion seems to you all giving up, to me it appears all receiving."

Juliet looked at her friend with surprise. "You don't mean to say that you do not think it needful to give up a great deal for religion? Why I heard today that you are going to America as a sort of Missionary to the Red Indians!" This appeared to the younger lady to be the very *ne plus ultra* of self-sacrifice and devotion.

"Not exactly as a Missionary," replied Miss Selden. "My brother, who is one, has lost his wife, and needs someone to look after his five little children. As my dear parents have three other daughters at home, we all felt that I ought to go and help him. I fear that

I shall be too busy in the nursery to do more than a very little work amongst the heathen.”

“Have you ever seen these children?” asked Juliet.

“No, they were all born in Canada. I have not seen my brother since his marriage.”

“So you are crossing the Atlantic to play nursery governess to a pack of young children who are perfect strangers to you! Why, you don’t even know whether you will like them!”

“I mean to *love* them!” cried Maria with animation.

“I think it will be a dreadful life. I am quite sorry for you,” said Juliet. “Imagine being in a perpetual racket, with children of all ages romping, or howling, the only variety paying a visit now and then to some hideous squaw, with the chance of being scalped at the end! But then you are one of those very good people who would do anything to win heaven.”

“I have not the faintest idea of winning heaven in any such way,” said Maria. “I should as soon expect that if I threw my veil on those heaving waters I could use it as a vessel to bear me up and carry me in safety to the other side of the Atlantic.”

“I should be sorry to be your fellow-traveler on such a raft,” said Juliet, smiling. “But I really cannot understand what you mean. If a young lady like you leaves her country and home, and devotes her life to work intensely disagreeable, she must of course have some motive for doing so. She must expect to be paid in another world for sacrifices in this.”

“May I explain myself in parable fashion?” asked Maria. “Suppose that a nobleman should find a poor man languishing in prison, because unable to pay an enormous debt that he owes. The nobleman takes the man out of prison, cures him of a dangerous illness, gives to him all that he needs, in short treats him as if he were a son.

“The released debtor says, ‘I wish that I had some way of showing my gratitude to such a benefactor!’ The nobleman, just to gratify the poor fellow, says, ‘Will you look after and weed that little flower-plot in my garden?’ The man complies. Now do you think that however carefully the trifling work be performed, that the released debtor will say, or even think in his heart, ‘I was saved from prison on account of my labor in the garden—my friend is indebted to me for my services? I have given up some hours to weeding and watering, and there are really enough of flowers in my plot to make a tolerable nosegay!’”

“How absurd he would be!” said Juliet.

“And so, dear Miss Erle, should I be, if I thought that anything that I do, or give up, as you call it, would give me the slightest claim to heaven. Freedom and cleansing, pardon and peace, light and life, have all been freely bestowed upon me. It is just a pleasure to do any trifle to show how grateful and happy I am.”

“I should not be happy in your place,” said Juliet. “I hate looking after children. And as for having anything to do with Red Indians, I should rather have to do with bears. They are the savages that make head-dresses of feathers, paint, and tattoo their faces to add to their natural ugliness, dance round fires, torture their enemies, and I rather

think, actually eat them!”

“I never heard of that last part of the business,” said Maria, with a smile. “Are you not thinking of the savages in *Robinson Crusoe*?”

“Oh! all savages are pretty much alike,” said Juliet. “It is all well to read novels about them, but to live amongst them—horrible! Horrible!! Horrible!!!”

“Is not this cold horrible?” asked Maria.

Juliet was surprised at the sudden turn in the conversation, the subject of which she was not very sorry to change. “I think the weather just delightful,” she said, “so bright, invigorating, bracing! How I do enjoy pacing up and down on the deck!”

“Because you have buoyant health, vigorous life, and are well-protected from the cold,” observed Maria. “But suppose yourself to be brought here exhausted from your last ballroom, attired in the thinnest gauze, would you enjoy the cold then? Would not this breeze, which is now exhilarating, chill your frame through and through?”

“It would be dreadful!” said Juliet, shivering at the idea, “it is my nice soft seal-skin jacket that makes me defy, and even to enjoy, the cold!”

“And can you not imagine something in spiritual matters that can make one defy, even enjoy, what would otherwise be distressing? The vigorous life, the warm love which enables a Christian to meet the chill of trial with greater pleasure than can ever be found in a ballroom?”

“I own that I cannot imagine it,” said Juliet.

“Will you let me use a familiar illustration from Scripture? The Israelites, during their bondage in Egypt, had what products of the earth that fruitful land could supply—emblems of earthly pleasures, but in the barren desert they were more bountifully fed, they had a daily supply of sweet manna—they ate the bread of angels.”

“Don’t think me quite a heathen for saying it, but I think that one would need be an angel one’s self always to relish such food,” said Juliet, “I am afraid that I at least—”

The conversation was here interrupted by a stout elderly lady, who came towards the place where the two young ladies were sitting. Mrs. Bates was pressing her sable muff to her face, where the pink-tipped nose showed the effect of the weather.

“Juliet! I really cannot see you sitting there to catch your death of cold looking at icebergs. You know that you are under my care. If you wish to stay on deck you should walk. For my part, I’m going down into the saloon to prevent being turned into an iceberg myself.”

“It would be a marvelous transformation,” said Juliet to Maria in a mirthful whisper, as the companions arose and resumed their quick walk on the deck.

Chapter 2 Theatricals

“I must not stay very long on deck,” said Juliet, “for we are to have a rehearsal in the saloon for tomorrow’s theatricals. I hear Captain Fincham practicing his part. But I suppose that you, with your strict views, think theatricals wrong.”

"I am very glad, dear Miss Erle, that you have yourself introduced the subject. I have been thinking all the morning how I could venture to speak to you of the play. I do own that I am sorry that you are to take a part in the acting."

"Now, if any one but you—the dearest, kindest creature in the world—said that, I should call it dreadfully Puritanical! There's not a bit of harm in a little amusement that makes us all happy and draws us together. I've a delicious song to sing, 'Tis Tomorrow,'" and Juliet burst out with a few lines of the strain.

"And at the end of that song you have to kneel down and sing a prayer to the Virgin."

"Oh! the tiniest bit of prayer. There is nothing in it," laughed Juliet.

"To me there would be something—there would be sin," said Maria, in a low tone of voice. The companions intuitively slackened their pace.

"You are so dreadfully particular," observed Juliet.

"Let me propose a simple test by an appeal to your own feelings," said Maria. As if by mutual consent both ladies stood still and looked towards the wide ocean. "If you knew that we were to be shipwrecked—lost on this voyage—would you still care to prepare for theatricals, would you gaily sing 'Tis Tomorrow?'"

"What a shocking idea," said Juliet, and she withdrew her arm from Maria's, "to think of speaking of death to any girl on her birthday!"

"I always think when one of my birthdays comes—it may be my last," said Maria. "I am sorry if what I said vexed you. We look upon death in a different light."

"Light! What a word to use!" cried Juliet. "I associate death with heavy palls and nodding black plumes, the dreadful mutes, and the dismal tolling! It's like a great black curtain hung before one, not to be passed, one hopes, for many and many a year. Who can tell what lies beyond it?"

"To me death seems like a door—black, if you will, but it is the blackness of carved ebony chased with silver. One knows that the other side is of gold, shining gold, studded with jewels, and beyond—oh! the unutterable glory! Oh! the unspeakable joy!"

Maria spoke as from an irresistible impulse, with hands intuitively clasped, her large eyes filling with tears.

"That sounds beautiful," said Juliet, rather impressed by the emotion which she saw, but could not understand. "But oh! Miss Selden! Just look down at that water—so awfully deep—the bottom may be thousands of feet below! Do you not shudder at the bare thought of sinking down—down—under these terrible waves?"

"No," said Maria, simply. "I remember reading of a lady to whom it was said after a storm, 'What if you had been drowned!' Her reply was this, 'I should but have fallen into my Father's hand, for it is written *He holdeth the deep in the hollow of His hand.*'"

"I could never feel like that," said Juliet. "But the fact is, that you and I seem to have different natures. I wonder if you ever were gay and thoughtless as I am?"

"Not so outwardly gay perhaps, for I was brought up by parents who lead a different kind of life. But I was—many years ago—sadly thoughtless about religion, which was all the worse in me, because I had heard so much of the Gospel."

"Then I suppose that there came some wonderful time of conversion (I think that's

the word), such as one reads of sometimes in books,” said Juliet, with a little curiosity to know her companion’s antecedents. “Some one was struck dead by your side, or you had a dreadful illness, or you heard one of those exciting preachers who drive people into fits.”

“No, there was nothing wonderful in the circumstances attending my change of views,” said Maria, who felt drawn into speaking of what had hitherto been a secret between herself and her God. “I was sitting one Sabbath evening in the twilight. It was too dark to go on with my book. I heard nothing but the nightingale’s song far away. I repeated to myself a chant that I had been hearing in church. I had joined in it hundreds of times before, *My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior*. I paused at the little word *my*, such a little insignificant word, but it seemed to me, as I had never felt it before, the keynote of the whole sacred song. Could I appropriate to myself that little word *my*? Was Christ indeed my very own? Miss Erle, it was as if a gentle hand had been laid on my shoulder, and I turned and looked up, and saw a Face of unutterable love bent upon me, and I cried out in reverential joy, *my Savior! my Lord!*” The eyes, before moist, overflowed.

“And did that mere thought actually change the whole current of your views?” asked Juliet.

“Yes, I have ever since walked in the light of that happy, happy moment,” said Maria, hastily dashing away the drops. “Oh! dear Juliet—Miss Erle—I feel as if I must tell you once—this once—on your birthday, what happiness there is in that religion whose very essence is *love!*”

“I believe—I see that you are really happier than I am,” said Juliet slowly, “I know so little what it is to love. My parents died when I was little more than a baby. My half-sisters—well, we get on very well together generally, but I have never been needful to either. I have had foolish fancies, and fleeting friendships—but”——again Juliet made a pause so long, that Maria had to finish the sentence.

“You are like a harp whose deeper, richer chords have not yet been sounded. There has been a light running over the upper strings, but the instrument has not been struck by a master’s hand. The time may come when you will care no more for earth’s passing sons of pleasure. The time may come when all your heart’s music will be given to the Lord.”

“Miss Selden,” said Juliet, with a little vexation in her tone, “I wish that you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way, and not try to mar my harmless pleasures by making me think them wrong. I like to have you as a friend, but—but I’m too old to have a governess. I am quite able to judge for myself and intend to sing what songs I please. Ah! here comes Captain Fincham. I’m wanted for the rehearsal,” she cried, as a gentleman wearing an embroidered smoking-cap, with moustache on lip, and gold-rimmed glass on eye, and a roll of music in his hand, came up the companion ladder.

“Why, Miss Erle, we are all waiting for you, disconsolate at the absence of our fair soprano,” said Captain Fincham. “Carlisle has proposed a dress rehearsal. He’s made

such a capital bandit's hat with newspaper and bunches of borrowed ribbons. Could you manage to appear in costume?"

"Oh! I've everything ready!" cried Juliet, to whom it was a relief to escape to company more congenial. "In five minutes you'll see me re-appear as a veritable Italian peasant. 'Tis Tomorrow, 'Tis Tomorrow!" she sang, as she descended the companion ladder, without looking towards Maria Selden, who was left almost the sole occupant of the deck, except the man at the wheel.

"I see that I have offended her, and yet I am thankful that I have spoken," thought Maria, as she slowly pursued her now solitary walk. "I fear that I have lost a friend by so doing, but words uttered in love and with prayer *may*, at a future time, recur to the mind of this bright young being. Juliet is too sweet, too winsome, to be left unwarned, to give herself up to the world. She seems made to love and be loved. Were she a Christian, what a bright gem she would be! I feel sorrow at the thought of parting when we land, for our paths in life are scarcely likely to cross each other again. What a comfort it is that we can pray for those for whom we can do nothing else!"

Maria did not remain much longer on deck. The hour had come for her little Bible-reading amongst the emigrants. She descended to fetch her Bible from the cabin which she shared with Juliet. Maria found the latter in a red petticoat (which, with a black jacket, was to pass for an Italian costume), busy in plaiting her long hair. Juliet was a little annoyed at her fellow-passenger's unexpected entrance—and perhaps her face betrayed this, but she took no other notice of Maria. The two were going to pass the next hour in very different ways.

"Why is it so much more difficult to speak on the subject of religion to those of our own class than to the poor?" thought Maria. "It is now a pleasure to me to go amongst the emigrant women, they listen so readily, and greet one so kindly. One is not afraid of offending them. I am ashamed, however, to remember what an effort it cost me at first to go amongst the second-class passengers below."

The effort had been made far more painful to Maria by the sympathy she showed to suffering fellow-passengers in a steamer, being regarded as so much more strange than if shown to people in a village. It was a kind of matter-of-course thing, even in the eyes of the worldly, that a clergyman's daughter should have to do with Sunday schools and clothing clubs, and occasionally visit the poor. But actually to descend into the lower parts of a steamer, amidst the bad odors, "crowds of dirty people, squalling babies, and coarse sailors," this, as Captain Fincham had observed, when Maria was near enough to catch some of his words, "showed a low, vulgar taste."

Mrs. Bates had openly remonstrated with Miss Selden. "It is not *the thing* to go wandering after the low emigrants. No one does it," she had said.

"I am certain that my dear parents would allow me to do it."

Mrs. Bates slightly shrugged her shoulders. "I am particular," she said, "and would not for the world let Miss Erle, who is under my charge, go to the second-class rabble below!"

And yet the particular Mrs. Bates did *not* object to her charge, in fancy costume,

showing off her pretty person as an actress before the first-class passengers, some of whom chanced to be profligate young men.

Maria did not turn from her labor of love because it brought on her a little contempt. She loved the praise of God better than the praise of her gay companions. With her gentle heart wounded by Juliet's coldness, what refreshment Maria found in going amongst the poor! She was already received as a friend. Yet by what trifles she had won her way! A fretful baby soothed to sleep. Her own little private store of tea and soft biscuits given to the sick, who could not take the coarse ship fare, or the muddy compound called coffee. A few kind words to the sorrowful. A chapter read aloud to the ignorant, trifles indeed they might be deemed, but their motive gave them weight—they had been done as unto the Lord.

As Miss Selden sped on her way, the head and shoulders of a man, so begrimed that but for the white streaks on his face, where the heat-drops had rolled, he could hardly have been recognized as a European, rose from the deep place where the red roaring furnace is fed. It is the stoker, Ben. Has he come up for a few seconds to breathe the fresh upper air, after his imprisonment in the stifling den below? Rather he had come to have one minute's talk with the "young Miss," who, to his great astonishment, had had a kind word even for him.

"That ere little book as you gave me, Miss, is a blessed un," said Ben, "it shows us as there's a clean bright home even for a fellow like me."

"I hope we shall meet there, my friend," said Maria.

Ben paused for a moment to look after her when she had passed. "There's not another of 'em jaunty folk aboard as would have come near enough to have touched me with a pair of tongs," he muttered. "But it's the sunbeams, I take it, as ain't afeard of getting dirtied, let them go where they will."

While Maria, in her clear, sweet tones, was reading the Gospel to a listening group of emigrants, Juliet, in her ingeniously contrived costume, was laughing, singing, acting, and enjoying the applause which her performances won.

Chapter 3 Evening Pastime

We will take a glimpse of the saloon of the "Quebec" at about nine o'clock on the evening of Juliet's birthday. The last of the meals, which form principal events in ship life, has been concluded. The tables have been cleared for various games. The swinging lamps have been lighted and cast a yellow radiance on the various groups. Most of the passengers have come below, though a few, undeterred by cold, prefer the fresher air to be obtained on the deck, among such being Miss Selden.

Yonder Mr. and Mrs. Bates and two elderly companions are having a game of whist. Near them are gentlemen engaged in chess, as much absorbed in the knight's check as if the fate of a kingdom depended on the next move. Some ladies are reading—chiefly novels from the library of the "Quebec." An elderly dame in spectacles and mob cap is

assiduously plying her crochet needle in a very elaborate peacock pattern.

A party of younger passengers, Captain Fincham, with gold pencil-case in hand, Madame Lafitte, a lively French-Canadian lady, Juliet, and a tall youth of a good family, but not of particularly steady character, who is going out as a settler, from the party. They have been diverting themselves with “buried cities,” and are now enjoying the amusement of composing rough rhymes, of a somewhat satirical character, descriptive of their fellow passengers. Every now and then a burst of laughter is heard from this group, of which Juliet is the central figure. Very pretty and animated she looks in her pink silk dinner dress, “just brought to be worn out on board ship and at Canadian hotels,” as she had confidentially told Miss Selden, “because, being last year’s fashion, I could not possibly wear it in London.”

Juliet’s afternoon rehearsal has quite swept away from her mind any passing doubt of the desirability of ship theatricals. Her conversation on deck has only left a disagreeable impression. She is somewhat vexed with Maria and has inwardly resolved to give her fellow traveler no opportunity of lecturing her again.

“I’ll always be sleepy when we are together in our little cabin,” Juliet thinks to herself, “and I’ll take my walks on deck with Captain Fincham or Madame Lafitte.”

Captain Fincham, who considers himself a poet, takes the principal share of the rhyming, and with considerable self-satisfaction reads out his milk-and-water couplet—

***“And there comes the fairy, whose eyes are so bright,
We do not need lamps on this midsummer night.”***

Every eye in the circle glances at Juliet, who can hardly help appropriating to herself the plagiarized compliment, which brings a heightened color to her cheek.

The Captain lisps on—

***“But the grey owl, solemnly flapping her wing,
Said ’twas shocking to laugh, and most wicked to sing.”***

“Now, that’s too bad, Captain Fincham, too bad!” laughed Juliet, “everyone will know whom you mean!”

“If a lady set herself up for wiser and better than anyone else, who so worthy to have Minerva’s bird for her emblem?” said the Captain. “As for me, I always say”—

A gentleman, who had just left the deck, here came up to the group, and addressing himself to Juliet, said, “Miss Selden thinks that you would like to come on deck, Miss Erle, to see the balls of electric light and the floating ice that is round us.”

“Oh! I like to see everything!” cried Juliet eagerly. “I must just run and put on my hat and seal-skin jacket over my dress. Don’t you wait for me, Madame Lafitte, I will be on the deck in two minutes.”

Sea-life has such sameness in it, that a very small incident is hailed as a variety. Except the whist and chess-players, every occupant of the saloon hastened up the companion ladder, novel and crochet were deserted, and the Captain’s poetry was left

on the table.

Such a calm, clear, beautiful night it was, with the crescent moon shining on high and the blue vault studded with stars. Maria was leaning over the bulwark, watching with admiration the little globes of light which glimmered close to the keel.

“Why, we are surrounded with lumps of ice of all sizes and shapes!” cried Juliet. “I did not see one of them at sunset, and now there are hundreds—perhaps thousands,” she added, as her eyes wandered through the semi-darkness.

“Yes, we’re amongst the drift ice,” observed the second officer, who was watching with some interest the shattered fragments, perhaps, of some broken iceberg.

“How very, very slowly the steamer is going!” observed Juliet, “one hardly feels the motion at all.”

“We have been slackening speed very considerably,” said the officer.

“You don’t think there’s danger?” almost gasped Mrs. Daly, the lady who had quitted the crochet. She was of a nervous disposition.

“Danger! No!” was the off-hand reply, and the officer turned on his heel and walked quickly away, as if he did not care to be questioned by timorous old ladies.

“He may say there’s no danger,” observed a stout gentleman in a large red comforter, who had an oracular manner of delivering his opinion. “For my part, I don’t half like the look of affairs.” He was addressing the nervous dame, but had other attentive listeners. “You see our steamer is laden with iron—a very dangerous cargo, very. We’ve a thousand tons in the fore, and thousand in the aft of the ship. If one of these fragments of ice should knock a hole in the bottom of our vessel, why down it would go like lead! I should know something about these matters, Mrs. Daly. This is my twentieth voyage.”

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I must speak to the Captain about it! Where is he?” cried Mrs. Daly fussily, “I suppose in his cabin—he was not at dinner nor at tea!”

“No, the Captain is up there, on the look-out on the bridge. He’s been there for hours.”

“I hear that the Captain kept the deck all last night,” said Madame Lafitte. “I attempted to speak with him today. I merely asked him if it wouldn’t be awkward if we came across a big berg in the darkness, and he gave no answer but something like a growl, as if to say, ‘I can’t be bothered with your questions.’”

Maria Selden stood slightly apart from the group. Like Juliet, she was watching the multitudinous fragments of ice through which the “Quebec” was slowly making her way. Maria now raised her eyes to where the two boats hung suspended by ropes. She was calculating in her mind how many passengers they would contain, should any emergency happen. The emigrants in the steerage she knew to be numerous, and there were about twenty first-class passengers. Maria doubted whether a third of the “Quebec’s” living freight could find a place in the boats.

“Why do you look at the boats, Miss Selden? You don’t think there’s the least danger?” said Juliet, a little anxiously, laying her hand on the arm of her companion.

“I am ignorant of sea matters.” Was the reply. “We seem to have a good and careful

Captain.”

“*You* are not frightened, are you?” said Juliet.

“No, not frightened,” was the quiet reply, but its tone did not quite satisfy the mind of the questioner. Juliet thought that to Maria the opening of the ebon door might not be the cause of such terror as it would be to herself. But Juliet was not naturally of a timid temperament, and the comparatively calm sea, and the slow movement of the vessel, were not as suggestive of alarm as the wild storm which, a few days before, the “Quebec” had gallantly weathered.

Juliet even felt amused at the fussy movements of poor Mrs. Daly, who wandered from one passenger to another with the question, “Are you *sure* there’s not the least danger?” When she came to Juliet herself, the young lady with malicious playfulness assumed as solemn a look as she could, and replied, “I suspect that there is.” The lively girl rather enjoyed the excitement caused by the possibility, the bare possibility, that there might be a little collision with floating ice, just enough to test the valor of her companions and show off her own. It would be a new sensation and something to tell of when she should return to old England.

“I wonder whether, if there were a collision, Captain Fincham would drop his eye-glass and flash out into a hero,” thought Juliet.

Chapter 4 The Shock

“Ha! What’s that!” exclaimed Juliet, as a sudden shock was felt, accompanied by a crashing sound below, near where the huge paddle was slowly revolving. The whole framework of the vessel seemed to shudder and tremble. Mrs. Daly shrieked aloud and her cry was echoed by Madame Lafitte. The Captain shouted out something to the helmsman (Juliet did not know the nautical term), then repeated the command at the top of his voice.

“She has struck!” cried the second officer. Juliet caught a glimpse of his face. It looked so white in the moonlight.

“Mercy on us!” cried Mrs. Daly, “what can have happened!”

There was a chorus of screams from the steerage. In almost less time than I can trace the words, there came a rush of emigrants from below, men, women, and children, terror depicted in every face. There were confused cries of “The water! The water!—it’s pouring in. We’re lost—we’re lost! Oh, Lord! have pity upon us!”

A tremendous cloud of steam arose, with a terrible hissing sound which told its own tale. The water from a huge leak was rushing into the engine-room and was extinguishing the fire in the furnace!

“Let down the boats!” roared the Captain, springing down from the bridge, instead of making use of the steps which led down to the deck.

“What does it mean—what does it all mean!” cried Madame Lafitte.

“It means that the ship is going down—fast—don’t you feel it?” exclaimed Captain

Fincham. "The boats! The boats!" he added, rushing towards the place where the excited shrieking throngs clustered around what they felt to be the last chance of safety.

For the ship was perceptibly lurching over! The sailors worked desperately to launch the boats, knocking aside with violence, rough words, and curses the passengers who in their terror closed around them and impeded their movements. The deck became more and more on a slope, as the weight of water on the side where the leak was overbalanced the other, till the farther paddle was lifted quite out of the sea. There it proved impossible to get the boat down, on the sunken side the sailor's frantic efforts met with better success.

Juliet could see nothing distinctly of what was going on round the boat on account of the dense mass of human beings clustering like bees by the bulwarks—each pushing—elbowing—making violent attempts to get into the center. She felt, all felt, the horrible sensation caused by the vessel beneath them descending nearer and nearer to the surface of the water. It would be but the work of a few minutes and the rippling moonlit waves would roll over the deck of the ship "Quebec."

Juliet had, like almost everyone else, fled towards the place where the boat was being let down, but it was utterly impossible for her to force her way through the crowd. In vain she called out to Captain Fincham—he did not hear her—no one noticed her—no one helped her—no one thought of her. The instinct of self-preservation was strong—though husbands were seen clasping their wives, and mothers wildly holding aloft the children for whose safety they cared more than their own. All had been so sudden—so fearfully sudden! There seemed scarcely time even for prayer. Though poor Ben the stoker's voice was heard calling on the Lord, whom he so lately had found.

Juliet in despair rushed back to the spot where she had left the only being in that ship who really cared whether she died or lived. Maria was kneeling on the deck, a posture not assumed for devotion, though an inarticulate prayer was rising from her heart. Her hands were engaged in rapidly lashing together with a rope three of the small perforated wooden frames commonly used in steamers to prevent the feet of passengers from resting on a wet deck.

"You are making a raft!" exclaimed Juliet.

"Help me—we've not a minute to lose," said Maria, but there was no agitation in her voice. The Christian, strengthened by faith, can be calm in imminent danger.

Eagerly—nervously—Juliet helped to twist the cords in and out. It was well that the friends were engaged in such a labor and were thus less fully alive to the horrors of the scene passing so near.

The boat had been safely lowered and was now floating on the dark waters.

"Women in first!" shouted the Captain, like a true Briton, resolved himself to be the last to quit the sinking vessel.

"Women in first!" echoed some of his gallant tars. "Back! Back! Give place to the women!" But they might as well have called to the waves to keep back! The crush of the crowd was tremendous. It overpowered all resistance. Such numbers, wild with fear, leapt into the boat from the ship whose deck was now terribly near to the surface of the sea,

that the overladen craft was almost instantly swamped! The terrible tale was told by shriller shrieks, more despairing cries. A minute afterwards the water which was filling the vessel completed its fatal work!

Down—down—hundreds of fathoms down sank the large Atlantic steamer with its living freight, creating a momentary whirlpool, which sucked down in its vortex floating fragments of ice and struggling human beings. Some sailors were clinging to the shrouds, but they too, but a few seconds later than the rest, were submerged in their briny grave! All were swept down—the worldly and the pious, Lazarus and Dives—the child and the bearded man! The last jest had been uttered, the last oath sworn by lips now silenced forever.

Juliet felt herself carried down in the whirl beneath the icy cold waves, but before she lost all consciousness, she came up again to the surface, partly buoyed up by a piece of ice which happened to be beneath her. Gasping, half-suffocated, she rose, and it would have been but to sink again had not help been near. Juliet caught sight of a loving face, as of an angel's, bent towards her, she saw a white hand stretched out to aid. The two deadly cold dripping hands met in a close tight grasp, Maria had clung to her little raft, and though borne down for a few seconds, the light wood had soon regained its natural place on the waves.

Maria, with all the strength which she could muster, drew up her half-drowned friend to her side, but alas! not out of the water, for the double weight was more than the tiny raft could sustain. Maria saw at once that to attempt to save two lives would be to sacrifice both. If the raft were not to sink, one of those clinging to it must perforce let go her hold. An awful choice was before her—life or death! One friend was ready, the other *not!* *Ye ought to lay down your lives for the brethren* flashed through the mind of the servant of Christ. Then came a thought of home and loving ones there never again to be met on earth!

Maria's cold fingers relaxed their hold on Juliet and also on the sinking raft. A thick black cloud at that moment passed over the moon and all was darkness! Juliet felt that the raft was floating now, and with a violent effort, she drew herself upon it. She doubted not that her friend was beside her, although she saw her no more, and felt nothing but the lap of the cold waters on the wet wood to which she clung. She was never again to see the angel-face of Maria—that loving, pitying look, which was never to pass from memory, was the last which Juliet was ever to see of her friend.

Where was Maria? Low under the pitiless waves? Oh! no, that sinking form is but the fair case that held the fairer jewel. The spirit is passing through the ebon gate to the radiance of the father side. For her there is no more sea. There remains for the Christian, to use her own words on her last day in the world, only the unutterable glory, only the unspeakable joy!

Chapter 5 The Castaway

It was well that the black cloud had shrouded the moon, that darkness hid from the gaze of the sole survivor amongst more than three hundred on whom the sun had set, sights which might have haunted her spirit to her dying day. Juliet saw not “the strong swimmer in his agony,” the struggling forms, and the ghastly faces of drowning men,

***“When in an instant, with a bubbling groan,
They sank into the deep, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”***

When the moon first silvered the border of her sable veil, then burst forth in radiant brightness, to shine again so serenely on the murderous waves, nothing remained to denote that so many, who not an hour before had been full of life and enjoyment, had passed to their last account.

Juliet, as soon as moonlight returned, looked on every side for Maria. She saw nothing but water below, studded with the fatal floating ice, nothing but the deep-spangled sky above, with the cold unfelling moon. She gazed around in bewilderment and terror, not a trace could she see of her who had saved her. Yes, one—only one, whether by accident or not, a grey plaid shawl had caught on one end of the raft—it was that which Maria had worn. Juliet snatched it up, dripping and heavy with seawater, and pressed it first to her heart, then to her lips, then her wild wail of anguish sounded over the deep, a wail which there was none to hear!

Juliet’s senses were so much bewildered by the shock which she had undergone that it was only by degrees that she realized the full extent of her loss. Miss Selden had died in saving her! And why—and for what was she saved? For a more terrible death by starvation and cold! Where were those who had flattered her, admired her, those with whom she had laughed so gaily? All gone—gone forever!

“And she with whom I was so angry, she from whom I turned so abruptly, she at whom I laughed with the mockers—she who warned, and I could not listen, *she* has given her life for mine! She grasped my hand—’twas her last farewell—I did not—could not even ask forgiveness.” Again, there burst from the poor girl’s lips that wail, the cry of an almost breaking heart!

A pitiable object would the fair girl have appeared, had there been one near to see her. Juliet’s curly auburn hair had escaped from its velvet band and fell in long dripping strands over the clotted fur of her seal-skin. Her hat had fallen back from her head, but was kept by the soaked ribbons, though her crimson feather had floated away. The expression of Juliet’s eyes was wild and despairing.

In her ears, as if in terrible mockery, some merciless spirit seemed to repeat over and over the strain, “’Tis Tomorrow!” that had been so often on her lips during that day. Tomorrow! What would it bring to the poor castaway? If she even survived the night to look again on the sun, what was before the unhappy girl? The lingering pangs of starvation! “No one,” thought Juliet, “will ever know my fate, unless a corpse or a skeleton one day be discovered, and perhaps identified by the clothes on the shrunken

form, the rings on the fleshless fingers!”

Of what might lie beyond death, Juliet dared not think. Physical suffering perhaps deadened the sense of what might otherwise have been too terrible for reason to sustain. Juliet’s drenched garments clung closely to her shivering form. The wind had risen a little and changing its course, blew from the warmer south. But though it was melting the ice, to Juliet it appeared to cut like the points of lancets. Oh! how she longed for the morning, which appeared as if it never would come. Even the moon deserted the castaway at last and sank in a bank of clouds. Juliet could see nothing but a few faint stars. Hope itself seemed frozen within her!

At length, the sky assumed a paler hue. The stars died out, the wide expanse of sea gradually became more distinct to the straining eyes of Juliet. Morn was breaking at last and hope—not quite dead—again revived.

Scarcely had the first bar of golden light streaked the eastern horizon, when across that bar a dark object was visible on the sea. Juliet sprang up to a standing position on her heaving raft. Yes, instead of the floating ice, which had almost disappeared during the night, Juliet saw more and more distinctly a sail, and a mast above it. Some vessel was on the sea and not very far off, but much too far for her voice to reach whoever might be on board.

Yet Juliet did call, shriek, implore! Raising herself as high as possible, she waved first her handkerchief, then her hat, hope and fear alternating, till suspense became actual torture. Could the men in the vessel see her? If they saw her, would they turn out of their course to help? Surely the craft, whatever it was, was coming nearer. Juliet could distinguish that it was of a different shape altogether from the passenger steamer in which she had been crossing the Atlantic. It marked the sky with no long line of smoke. It carried more sails and seemed to be of far more clumsier build than the ill-fated “Quebec.”

Yes, it was coming nearer. Little black objects that must be men, stood out distinct against the flushed sky. Juliet cried out till her voice became hoarse with calling, and then faintly said, half aloud, “Oh! why does the vessel come so slowly, I shall die before it reach me! Surely they are making preparations to launch a boat! The man on the prow is waving something! Yes, I am saved—I am saved!” a gush of tears came, and with tears something like a burst of thanksgiving.

The castaway had indeed been seen and the Norwegian fishing-vessel, for such it was, was slowly approaching the raft. The “Bergen” was an unsightly-looking craft, black in hull, with sails smoke-colored and pitched. In appearance it would not have gained much by comparison with any other kind of vessel, except perhaps a coal-barge, but even a coal-barge would have been welcomed then by the refined young lady, as a blessed ark of safety.

The sound of the oars of the boat put out and the rude shout sent across the water by voices anything but harmonious, were far pleasanter than any strain of music had ever been to the ear of Juliet Erle. Help came not an hour too early, for endurance had been strained to the utmost. A cold night spent on an open raft, in garments thoroughly

soaked, intense anxiety, overpowering anguish, had been almost more than even Juliet's young vigorous constitution could bear.

She was in a nearly fainting state when first taken into the boat and then from it lifted up the side of the vessel. There was some consciousness, indeed, that rough coarse-looking men were about her, with a good deal of hair on their faces, and some on their hard-sunburnt hands. She was sensible that the deck on which she was placed was so dirty that she would not, without necessity, have placed her foot upon it. Then deck, cordage, sails, men, all seemed to swim around her, and she fainted away.

Had Juliet retained her consciousness, she would have understood nothing of the remarks made by the Norwegian fishermen who had picked her up from the sea.

"I say, Karl, here's a strange haul! We was a-looking for grampus, and we've hooked a mermaid!" quoth the Captain, a big, bony, broad-shouldered man, with skin burnt almost to the color of mahogany, save the bit of forehead protected by his oil-skin cap. A broad grin was on his coarse features as he spoke.

"What are we to make of our haul? She's a dainty kind of fish, I take it, and not accustomed to a rough shell like this," observed Karl.

"She shall have my cabin to herself," quoth Captain Logbrog. "Poor child! She's wringing wet and all in a swooned. Karl, just put this grey shawl afore the fire and give it a warming. I must manage to get off this here jacket. Gently—gently"—he drew Juliet's arms from the fur sleeves and stared in surprise at what appeared to him the very extraordinary dress beneath the jacket—pink silk, with short sleeves, and trimmed with puffings and lace.

"To think of putting to sea in such fancy foolery as that!" he exclaimed. "If we warn't so far from land, I'd guess she'd escaped from some lunatic asylum."

"She's adying," said one of the sailors, "she won't trouble us long."

"Dying—not a bit of it. She's merely in a bit of a faint. Just you get a drop of warm grog, while I carry her down to my den, it will bring her round in a twinkling!" and lifting the poor girl in his strong arms, as if she had been a baby, Captain Logbrog carried Juliet down to the cabin which, with rude gallantry, he had given up to his most unexpected guest.

Jollof, the oldest sailor on board, with a face seamed with wrinkles, shook his face ominously as he observed, "It's unlucky, mighty unlucky—it happens too on a Friday, not a seal shall we catch."

"What dost mean, old salt?" asked one of the sailors.

"She's no canny," was the reply, "girls of flesh and blood don't go sailing alone over the salt seas like a nautilus. I don't like the look o' the thing."

"She looks harmless as a drowned lamb," said his messmate, "not a bit like a witch!"

"Dost think she wears for nothing all these gimcracks dangling from her chain—a pair of bellows and a fish amongst them! Just mark my words—while she stays aboard, not a narwhal or seal will we catch."

When Juliet revived from her swoon, she found herself in a small dark cabin, with a big Norwegian pouring something fiery into her mouth. The poor girl had been treated

with real though rough hospitality. The burly captain of the vessel, having given up his cabin, would have to share the yet narrower quarters of the men. He administered the warm grog to the fainting lady as what he himself considered the great specific for every ill. But it was not in poor Juliet's case so effectual as he had expected.

For days she lay prostrated by a violent attack of illness caught from exposure. For a few hours her senses were lost, and she surprised the sailors by wildly singing "Tis Tomorrow!" ending with hysterical cries. This seemed to old Jollof confirmatory of his suspicions. "She's a raising the wind," he muttered, and then would relate some of the wild legends of the north, where old superstitions still linger, till some of his more credulous shipmates were half convinced that they had better have left their strange mermaid to float on the sea. Captain Logbrog, however, only laughed at Jollof and his old wives' tales.

When Juliet's fever passed away, it left pain, weakness, and depression behind. Her sufferings may be best described in her own words. Juliet had found in the Captain's cabin writing materials of a rude kind. An oil-stained, ink-bespattered low shelf had served the honest seaman for a desk, and a dirty inkbottle had been screwed down into a hole in the wood beyond risk of upsetting by the vessel's rolling. A supply of coarse paper, unlike any that had hitherto been pressed by Juliet's pen, was to her now a real prize.

Leave to use these writing materials, asked by signs, was nodded with a good-natured smile, which made the Captain's unshaven lips almost extend from ear to ear. In the following chapter, extracts will be given from Juliet's journal.

Chapter 6

On Board a Fishing Vessel

I wonder how many days have passed since that fearful fearful night! I have lost all account of time. I think that I must have been very ill. I have still such weakness and pain that I cannot crawl up the ladder to the deck, though I am almost stifled in this hole. It is not much larger than a dog-kennel, and the thick bull's eye which alone admits the light, serves but to make "darkness visible." I can scarcely see to guide my pen.

I hear everything through the partition. The laughing, jesting, sometimes quarrelling, and the boisterous songs at night, but what I hear I cannot understand. Not a word of these men's language do I know, and they know not a word of mine. I have tried—oh! how desperately have I tried, to make the bull-headed Captain understand that I would give one—two—three hundred pounds, half my fortune, to be taken to some English or American port. I have spoken in English—French—Italian—in vain. He only answers by that broad grin which tries my patience, / feel so little disposed to smile. I think that the Captain regards me simply as a petulant child.

Oh! the smells and then the uneatable food! Salt junk and stale biscuits as hard as a rock, and water whose very scent makes me feel sick, with the nauseous fiery grog! I think that I shall die of starvation and thirst in this horrible den!

If that angel—whom I never shall cease to mourn—had been here, could she have been calm and contented? Would she have found even here the sweet manna of which she spoke, or would she have murmured as I murmur, despaired as I now despair?

Oh! Maria Selden would never have murmured, she would—through all—have felt the Father's hand and looked up, and said, "My Savior!" How utterly unlike her am I! Some say that trials bring us nearer to God. It is not the case with me. I feel a hundred times more wicked than ever I was before—indeed, I never before thought myself wicked at all. I had a better temper than either of my sisters—was not so fickle as Gertie, was a general favorite with my companions. I thought that I had no very serious faults.

But now there has arisen within me such a spirit of fierce rebellion that I am frightened at my own state of mind. I do not feel a gentle hand, but an iron grasp—I am simply crushed beneath it. I say in my rebellious heart, Why was Maria taken away, she so good, so pious, and gentle, a blessing to so many? Why was she drowned in the sea? And why am I bereft of everything, cast down to the very dust? I do not believe that a God who is really Love—O Lord! forgive the wicked thoughts that rise in my soul and have almost been put down by my pen! Shall I tear up this paper? No, no, the evil lies deeper, in the very roots of my heart. I am a sinful, miserable wretch! God have mercy upon me!

August 1—I put down my date by guesswork, I do not know the real time. I managed to climb up the ladder today. It was such a relief to breathe the fresh air again, to look at the sun! The sailors, after the first stare, and what I suppose were meant for inquiries after my health, take little notice of me, except one strange wrinkled old man, who watches my movements with suspicion, as if he thought that I might carry off some pulley or bolt. I am able to sit on a greasy coil of rope, the only seat, and look around, and inhale the cool sea-breeze. I wonder whither we are going. Northwards, to judge by the position of the sun, and the cold which increases, though the sun is hot in the middle of the day. Certainly we are not going towards England. More vain attempts to make myself understood. At night, greatly troubled by rats. I am sure that they swarm in the vessel.

August 2—I have managed to learn the names of a few things which I can point to, or touch, such as rope, harpoon, and whale. I think that I must be in a whaling-vessel, so eager were the seamen at the sight of a spouting in the distance. They were keen as sportsmen following the deer. I believe that we have changed our course, and that we are in pursuit of something. I should like to see a whale caught. It would make an exciting break in this intolerably monotonous and irksome life. Our fare today had been varied by some fresh fish, a pleasant change from the tough salt junk. The old man (I heard him called Jollof) looks a trifle more gracious.

August 3—I do wish that I had a Bible! Today there was hail, so I could not keep on deck. I was sorely in want of a book. I tried how many verses from Scripture I could remember. I can hardly repeat one correctly. That which comes most readily into my mind is *she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth*. I remember it, for it was the text of a sermon preached on my twentieth birthday. I thought it a very hard saying—and

so did Gertie. Her mother was quite angry with the preacher for his excessively uncharitable views. We were living in pleasure, for nothing but pleasure. Was I dead then? Am I dead now? Were I so, should I feel this gnawing pain at my heart? Oh! if I had but Maria beside me! She had the Bible in her memory, treasured up in her soul. What a help she would have been to me now!

One of my troubles, and not a light one, is the impossibility of changing my dress. I look with actual aversion on the stained faded finery which I am compelled to wear. It is only fit for a London May-queen! Can my feelings at all resemble those of some poor old votary of the world, grown grey in folly, forced to remain in a round of insipid amusements from sheer inability to change the habits of a life. Clinging to what disgusts her because *she has nothing besides!*

I think of my Maria's question, "Would you like to lead such a life for a hundred years?" Oh! how wearisome, how almost loathsome all my vanities would be then! I remember how eager I was for this very pink dress to come home from the mantua-maker's. How impatient I was, how angry lest it should not be ready for the grand Sunday dinner on my birthday. I sent message after message—and it came, just as I was returning from church, after hearing that terrible sermon. Heartless as I was, I remember the feeling of pain given me by the sight of the pale hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes of the young seamstress who brought the dress home. She said that she had sat up all night to finish the work, and I—even I—had a twinge of conscience. I had robbed the sick girl both of her night and her Sunday's rest, and sorely she needed them both. But other thoughts soon drove these regretful thoughts away. It is only now—in my solitude—that I remember my folly—my sin! Will memory thus awake in another world—and if so, what torment it will bring!

August 4—We have had an exciting day! Our sailors sighted a herd of walrus and with what eagerness they prepared for the attack! I had never seen these huge seahorses before, except in pictures, and watched preparations with curiosity and interest. A boat of peculiar form, bow-shaped at both ends, was rapidly let down into the water. Five strong fellows, the Captain amongst them, swung themselves down into her and then plied their oars with furious energy, rowing towards the herd. All the rest of the men, except the steersman, watched them from the deck or shrouds, like eager spectators at a boat race on the Thames. This was a more dangerous affair than any match between Oxford and Cambridge. I noticed in the boat four or five immense lances, such as are used in this war with the monsters of the deep.

I could see little but the heads of the walrus above the water, but what strange heads they were, almost like monstrous caricatures of the human face, with thick bristles above the mouth, and enormous tusks pointed downwards, formidable weapons they appeared!

When the herd was reached, oh! what a savage battle ensued! I shall never forget the spearing, thrusting, the apparent efforts of wounded and desperate animals to board the boat or swamp it—the splashing in the waves—the loud cries and shouts of the men on deck to encourage their comrades! I know now how spectators must feel who look on

at a bullfight. A sensation of horror mingled with excitement, as the waters around the boat grew reddened with blood!

The poor seahorses, strong and fierce as they were, had a bad chance in their struggle with man. Three walrus were killed, the others dived, and disappeared from my view. The short sharp battle was over and loud were the shouts of the sailors!

Another boat, but of different shape, was let down to help to bring in the prizes, while rapid preparations were made on deck to construct a sort of rough strong platform, the use of which I did not at first understand. I understood it too soon! The poor walrus has not only to be killed, but skinned, and the blubber removed. The creatures, dragged in by the boats, were hoisted up by a crane to the platform. Two men clad from head to foot in oilskin, appeared, armed with large knives. As soon as I saw what work was in hand, down I fled to my cabin, utterly sickened. The ship, which was in a sufficiently repulsive state before, has become a floating reservoir of blubber, such is the state of the deck that I dread to set foot upon it!

What a life these hardy fishermen lead! Yet to them it is not without its joys. The men are evidently in high spirits at their capture. To them blubber means gold. What a gulf separates one class of human beings from another! But Maria bridged it over with Christian love. She would have taken an interest even in these men. She would have spoken of them as she did of the emigrants on board the "Quebec," whom to my astonishment she visited in their gloomy quarters below. "They are my brethren and sisters," she said, "there is not one amongst them for whom a crown of life may not be prepared. Why should I shrink from the company below of those with whom I may spend eternity above?" I remember shrugging my shoulders, and inwardly wondering at a lady's *low* tastes. Oh! Maria, Maria! *You low*—you who were as much above me as the white cloud is above the tossing billow!

August 5—A large flight of white seabirds. I hope that we are not far from land. I had such a strange dream last night. I thought that I was again struggling in the dreadful, dreadful waves, and that a white lovely hand was held out. I knew it to be Maria's, but it was not cold or wet, but warm, warm with life and love. Maria drew me up out of the water, but not to the desolate raft. She spread out large white wings like the seabirds and up we soared together into the air! I shall never, never soar! She smiled so joyously in my dream. I never gave her cause to smile!

What misery it is to remember how I spent the few last hours that might have been passed by her side! Alone and sad on the deck, Maria must have heard the sound of our laughing and singing below, and have felt how useless her loving warning had been! I can never bring back these hours! My tears are dropping the paper—I *can* hardly see to write.

It will be evident from these few extracts, from a journal prolonged through several weeks, how constantly the thoughts of Juliet Erle recurred to the friend who had died for her sake. One of the most soothing thoughts to the poor girl was her intention, should she ever return to England, of raising a beautiful white marble monument to the memory

of Maria Selden. Miss Erle regarded her grey plaid shawl almost as a sacred relic.

Juliet's repentance for the past was not the repentance of life-giving faith. She mourned not for her sins as committed against God. While she half idolized the memory of the friend to whom she owed her preservation from death, Juliet thought little of the Friend who had done and suffered for her a thousand times more. The idea crossed not her mind that she herself, in a new and holier life, would be the noblest monument to Maria, and that she would best fulfil the last prayers of that friend by—in a spiritual sense—taking up the mantle which Maria had left behind her.

With one more extract, which closed the journal written on board the "Bergen," we will end this chapter.

September 5—Joy! Joy! Land in sight, land and buildings upon it! I am half wild with delight! The Captain roused me early this morning with a broader smile than usual on his face and made me come upon deck. Oh! the bliss of seeing something different from icebergs or waves upon the horizon, something even like a little simple church, with pine trees growing beside it! I could have shouted and danced for joy. We are sailing towards the land. Oh! for more speed, for lightning speed! I tried to ask the name of the tiny settlement. It does not look like a town. The Captain repeated "Nannock" two or three times, then pointed to the skin of a white bear which he wears as a jacket.

What is that sound which faintly reaches my ear? The tinkle of a church bell across the sea! I shall be amongst Christians and civilized people again! I almost fear that I am in a dream! I must rush up again on deck and have the witness of my eyes as well as my ears that this frightful voyage is ending at last.

Chapter 7 New Scenes

Yes, the voyage was ending at last! The boat was let down to convey the English girl to the shore and rocked on the heaving waves. There was no luggage to get ready. Poor Juliet had literally nothing but what she wore, and the roll of her journal stuck into her band, for her hands must be free to help her in descending the rough rope ladder, never intended for lady's feet. Juliet, eager as she was to escape from her floating prison, could not quit it without some expression of gratitude to the rough Norsemen whose hospitality she had experienced, but not enjoyed.

Standing on the deck in her dress, once so gay and now so faded, Juliet drew from her neck her gold chain with her pretty little watch and half a dozen fanciful charms suspended to it, and tried to place them in the broad hairy hand of Captain Logbrog. But the Norseman drew back, shook his shaggy head, and gave his characteristic grin. He would not rob the poor child of her baubles, he said. Juliet understood the gesture and broad smile, though not the words that were spoken.

The young lady glanced at the men who clustered round. Logbrog again shook his head and motioned to his guest to return watch and chain to their former places. Then

the Captain held out his strong hand. Juliet could not but place hers within it, though the grip which she had to sustain reminded her of that of a bear. Then over the vessel's side she went and down the rope ladder, the men below helping her in their rough kindly way, for the boat was tossing on the surf, and she had some difficulty in reaching her seat.

Then the sailors bent to their oars, the men above looking over the side to watch the departure of their little mermaid, for by that name Miss Erle was spoken of amongst them. They cheered her as the boat pushed off from the vessel.

"Right glad will the little mermaid be to stand on dry ground again!" said the Captain, as he waved his farewell. "She never took kindly to fishing or blubber and looked amongst us much as a coral necklace might look round the gullet of a porpoise."

"But e'en old Jollof can't say as she brought us bad luck," observed Karl.

With intense interest Juliet from the boat surveyed the shore to which each stroke of the oars brought her nearer. Beside the church she saw a neat, rather formal-looking little house, chiefly constructed of wood, from one of the chimneys of which a little column of smoke was rising.

A strange-looking group of people, unlike any whom she had ever seen before, were watching for her landing on the pebbly beach, on which the foamy billows were rolling. Short, squat, broad-shouldered people they were. Juliet could scarcely distinguish whether they were men or women, for not a skirt was to be seen amongst them. All were clad in thick trousers and thick clumsy seal-skin boots. But the long carefully braided black hair of the shorter members of the group, the strings of glass beads, of foxes' teeth twined round the waist as a girdle, and perhaps their smaller features, gave an impression that some of the party must belong to the sex called fair.

Fair here was hardly an appropriate word, as the complexions of all were brown. A few of the dames had lines tattooed on their broad, flat, good-natured faces. All doubt as to their being women was removed by a brown baby's little round head protruding from the large hood which its mother wore as an appendage to her jacket. Another woman had her tiny infant cradled in her huge down-lined boot.

But Juliet's eager gaze did not rest long on the Esquimaux, who were, in her eyes, simply a set of uncouth barbarians. From the deck of the "Bergen" she had with joy detected two Europeans amongst the group. These were simply clothed in garments unlike those of the people around them, with fur caps on their heads, for the season was not yet far enough advanced to make thick-flapped hoods indispensable articles of dress. Juliet saw that the shorter European looked elderly. In any costume he would have been recognized as a Pastor. The younger man, of very prepossessing appearance, seemed in the prime of manhood. He wore a well-trimmed beard and moustache of a light brown color.

"How astonished these good people will be to see an English lady dropping as it were from the skies!" thought Juliet, "not that I look much like a lady, in this dreadful costume." Her hat had been crushed out of shape, its ribbons were a faded wisp. Her dainty boots, never intended for immersion in saltwater, were threatening to part company with their soles. One of their wearer's feet was distressingly visible under the

kid. Nothing seemed uninjured save the plaid, which remained as a memorial of Maria.

“Oh! I do hope that these gentlemen, if gentlemen they be, will speak in some comprehensible tongue!” thought Juliet to herself. “They are certainly not French nor Italian. I should hardly think them English. They must be extraordinary persons to dwell amongst such people, such horrid savages, and in such a desolate place! I only see one house fit for Christians to live in. The other dwellings are low, round-shaped, and so funny, fit homes for these strange little dwarfs! Where on earth am I landing now!”

Juliet had not much time for speculation, for the boat’s keel was grating on the pebbles, and a wave that had been chasing after it overtook it at the moment of landing, and with a shower of salt spray, gave the sea’s goodbye to her who so long had been its unwilling guest. Juliet could not help laughing at her own wretched plight, as, drenched and dripping, she was helped to land by the two Europeans. Doubtless they *were* much surprised at the most unexpected apparition of a lady on that wild desolate coast, but they were too courteous to show such surprise. The younger man, Fritz Edelstein, handed Juliet out of the rude boat as he might have done out of an elegant carriage. And the elder, with both his hands, shook hers in kindly greeting, “Welcome, Sister,” he said, “welcome to Eshcol, in the name of the Lord!”

The sound of the English tongue and the delight of springing on shore, were too much for the overstrained nerves of Juliet. From laughing she burst into hysterical weeping, which made the Esquimaux entertain doubts whether this strange new specimen of humanity could be in her senses.

With intuitive delicacy, Fritz Edelstein said that he must give the good news of a guest’s arrival to Sister Anna, and hurried off to the house, first saying a few words in their own language to the staring Esquimaux, which had the effect of making them move off. Brother Wilhelm Stillstrom waited quietly till Juliet had regained her self-possession, and then offered to her his arm. They proceeded a few steps in silence, till the rough pebbles accomplished the work of taking off the sole of one of Juliet’s kid boots.

“I am so sorry—it is rough walking,” said the kindly stranger, “will you wait till I send to my wife for a pair of her shoes?”

It was such a comfort to Juliet to know that she should find one of her own sex at the station, that she made light of her little misfortune, and though at the cost of some pain, stumbled on slowly over the pebbles, glad that the younger European was not present to see her awkward gait. “Do tell me where I am,” she said to the Pastor, on whose arm she was leaning.

“At the Moravian settlement of Eshcol, on the Labrador coast,” was the reply.

“I thought that the Captain said something about Nannock, when he pointed towards this place.”

“Oh! that is the old Esquimaux name, ‘the White Bear’s House,’ or den, for the creatures make their home under the snow. But we, as the Lord’s servants, chose another name more suitable to remind us of His great love.”

“Is Eshcol suitable?” said Juliet, glancing at the gloomy pines, which seemed to be the only trees that would grow in the place. “Eshcol makes one think of vines—was it not

famed for some huge cluster of grapes?"

"And we have our grapes, rich and luscious to eat with our manna," said the grey-haired Moravian. "My child, the grapes which feasted the Israelites in the desert did not grow in the desert. They were brought from the Land of Promise, an earnest of the future inheritance in a country flowing with milk and honey. So we in our pilgrim life have rich promises to feed on, to rejoice in even in our desert, and in memory of what cheered God's people, we have called our settlement Eshcol."

The Moravian's tone was cheerful, nor was there the slightest trace of sadness in the glance which he gave to the little home which the two were slowly approaching.

"You must wonder to see me here," said Juliet Erle. "I am the sole survivor, alas! of the passengers who started from Liverpool in the large steamer 'Quebec,' which sank somewhere off the coast of Newfoundland. I was picked up by a fishing vessel and have been for weeks—I know not how many—cruising about these cold seas."

"Praised be God for so wonderful a preservation!" cried Wilhelm.

"And now—oh! tell me how I can get back to England again!" exclaimed Juliet.

"It seems to our short-sightedness very unfortunate that our missionary ship, the 'Harmony,' should have left this station but yesterday on her homeward voyage," said the sympathizing Moravian. "I grieve that you came not a little earlier. Your only chance of returning home before the visit of the 'Harmony' next summer, will be if some whaling vessel chance to touch here. I think that the 'Bergen' which brought you here, may be on her way back to Norway."

"Oh! I could not go in that or in any other fishing vessel again!" exclaimed Juliet, with almost a shudder.

"Then we shall have the pleasure of keeping you here as our guest," said the Moravian missionary kindly. "And here comes my good wife, to take her share in bidding you welcome."

And a cordial welcome it was from the gentle, pleasant-looking woman, who came forth from the little dwelling to meet them.

Sister Anna was some way past forty, yet scarcely a silver thread appeared in the hair, smooth as satin, braided over the broad placid brow on which not a wrinkle was seen. A spotless cap formed a suitable frame, as it were, to a face on which were seen kindness and calm common sense. So neat were the darns and the patches in the Moravian's slate-colored dress, that Juliet Erle, at first sight, did not notice that there were any.

What a delight it was to Juliet to enter through the porch, secured from cold by double doors, into a pretty little parlor, spotlessly clean, with framed pictures and illuminated texts hanging on the walls, and even small elegancies in china on carved brackets in the corners.

"It looks so bright—so pretty—so home-like!" she cried, fresh from the miseries of a voyage in the "Bergen."

"Fritz has a great taste for carving," observed Sister Anna, with a little innocent pride in her home, "and we are often sent pretty things by kind friends far away. But let me

show you your room.”

Juliet followed into a smaller apartment, also exceedingly neat. It was made bright by a gay coverlet hastily produced from Anna’s stores and placed on the bed prepared for the stranger. Juliet did not know that the younger missionary, like the Norwegian Captain, had given up his own room to the guest, for the little dwelling held but two sleeping apartments.

“What is to become of you, Brother Fritz?” asked Pastor Wilhelm, the two being alone in the parlor together.

“Oh! I can be stowed away anywhere!” was the cheerful reply. “I’ll roll myself up in a blanket, and if Sister Anna will grant me a corner in the kitchen, I’ll promise not to avail myself of the opportunity of making a foray on her cranberry stores.”

Juliet was wondering how she could ask for clothes, but the thoughtful kindness of Sister Anna anticipated the request. After leaving her guest for a few minutes, the good woman soon reappeared with an alpaca dress, surmounting a parcel of the whitest linen, and with a pair of boots in her hand.

“You will not mind putting this on,” said Sister Anna, with a smile, “it was my wedding dress many, many years ago, but I have only worn it on particular occasions, such as birthdays and feast days. Alpaca is too cold for this climate, but it will do till we can get your nice new brown rep ready.” Again disappearing for a time, while Juliet changed her garments, Anna returned to her own room, and extracting from the bottom of her box a heavy piece of the warmest woolen cloth, proceeded to carry it, through the parlor to the apartment of Juliet.

Wilhelm and Fritz were still in the parlor.

“What’s this?” cried the former. “What is my good wife going to do with the famous brown dress sent by our friends in England to keep her warm when the thermometer goes down to less than nothing?”

“That poor girl will want it,” said Anna.

“But my dear, can you spare it?” cried Wilhelm. “How we rejoiced over that piece of thick rep—and blessed the giver and measured it out—and were delighted to find that there is enough of the stuff for a hood as well as a dress.”

The good man thought of his partner’s liability to rheumatism, he thought of her rather threadbare gown, and the terrible winter before them, and he repeated in a somewhat regretful tone, with his hand on the rep, “Can you spare it?”

“We can spare whatever the Lord hath need of,” said Anna, cheerfully, “hath He not sent this poor desolate girl to our care?” And so the new dress and the new pair of boots from England, and a good many other things besides, were freely bestowed on a stranger whose only claim was her destitution. Anna never even thought that it was a sacrifice that she was making, it was such pleasure to make another happy.

“I must see whether I cannot manage to get Anna a fur-lined cape,” said the good Pastor, thinking aloud, as he not unfrequently did.

Fritz made no remark, but resolved that he would do his best to bring home the hide of a fox or of a bear.

Though delighted to cast off her hateful pink dress, the fashionable Miss Erle was not altogether pleased with her borrowed costume. Sister Anna's wedding dress was decidedly antiquated in style, did not touch the ground by nearly three inches, and was almost as much too wide in the band. Still, when Juliet had reduced her tangled tresses into order, using Sister Anna's brushes and comb, and glanced at herself in a mirror about four inches square, which she found in her neat little room, she was not dissatisfied with the reflection. "I shall not have to face such critics as Dora and Cecilia," she thought to herself, "Gertie is not here to laugh at my dressing. I shall look quite fashionable enough for the White Bear's Den."

In better spirits than she had known for many a wearisome day, Juliet passed into the parlor, where hot breakfast, served in by Sister Anna herself, was awaiting the guest's appearance.

After her fare in the "Bergen," everything on table was delicious to Juliet. The very sight of a white damask cloth was appetizing. Pretty stoneware after dirty pewter, hot rolls instead of stale biscuits, a tin of preserved butter and another of chocolate, opened to do honor to the guest, made the meal appear a luxurious feast. Juliet ate, and praised, and ate again, nor noticed that the chief delicacies were untouched by Sister Anna, who was silently calculating whether, with an extra hungry mouth introduced into the little circle, her husband would be able to enjoy his much-needed comforts through the long coming winter.

One thing Juliet did notice that her hostess seemed to do things as much by feeling as sight, and that whenever he could afford assistance, Fritz Edelstein helped her. He brought the hissing kettle and poured out the steaming water, stirred the fire, and threw on the log, and went to the press for more sugar. Juliet soon perceived that Sister Anna's sight was sadly failing and the gentle Moravian soon alluded to this, but in no repining tone.

"I think that the snow-glare has injured my eyes," she observed. "I have tried the strongest glasses sent me from England, but in vain. Perhaps, when Fritz is away, you will kindly thread my needles," she added, turning to Juliet.

"I shall be so glad to have something to do. I wish I could learn a new language. I used to be thought clever at languages, but I was stupid on board the 'Bergen.' I suspect that the sailors' vocabulary consisted of nothing but the names of fish and the weapons used in catching them. I don't believe that they had words to express any intellectual idea."

"What say you to attacking the Esquimaux tongue?" asked Brother Fritz, with a smile.

"If it match the appearance of those who speak it, I should say that it is singularly unpoetical," said Juliet, laughing at the remembrance of the baby's round head peeping out of the hood.

"I have heard beautiful thoughts expressed in the Esquimaux tongue," observed Fritz.

"And I delight in our Esquimaux hymns," said good Pastor Wilhelm, who thought more of their meaning than of their sound.

“Esquimaux would be a curious language to learn. It would make one quite *unique* as a linguist in London,” said Juliet gaily. “But who would teach me? did I see any learned professor in that graceful group on the shore?”

“I would gladly teach you,” said Sister Anna, “were it not for my eyes. But as the days shorten, I fear that I should not distinguish one letter from another.”

“Fritz is our best teacher,” said Pastor Wilhelm, “he speaks the tongue like a native.”

“Am I not a native?” said Fritz, “am I not a missionary’s son, born—though not brought up—in this northwest land?”

“That does not make you an Esquimaux,” observed Juliet, and the contrast which the fair tall Moravian exhibited to the squat denizens of the White Bear’s Den struck her as so ludicrous, that she burst into a silvery laugh.

“But—seriously—what say you to learning the language?” said Fritz, gently pressing his point. His anxiety arose from no wish to perfect Juliet’s education, but his desire to enlist some feminine helper for Sister Anna, whose failing health and increasing blindness would render it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for her to do missionary work in the terrible winter. In the bright intelligent girl, so very unexpectedly landed amongst them, Fritz hoped that he saw a heaven-sent assistant to his suffering friend.

“I suppose you could not spare time to teach me?” said Juliet.

“I will teach you with pleasure,” said Fritz, eagerly. Juliet felt a little gratified at the young man’s readiness. She would have been less so had she penetrated its cause.

It was arranged that, except when engaged in expeditions into the interior, Fritz was to give an hour’s instruction every day to Miss Erle. Juliet looked upon the lesson merely as a break in time that might otherwise be tedious. The language was to her as an ingenious puzzle to exercise her powers and show off her skill. She determined to work hard and she kept her resolve. The hour passed with Fritz by the fire in the little parlor, whilst Anna moved slowly about her household avocations, and the Pastor visited his Esquimaux flock, was to Juliet the most pleasant part of the day. Many hours were spent in preparation for the lesson, and both master and pupil were surprised and pleased at the rapid progress made.

We will extract from Juliet’s journal.

Chapter 8 The Journal

October 15—What a strange new chapter in my life! I have now been in the White Bear’s Den for a month. All is becoming so familiar. One day is so like every other! There is the morning service for the Esquimaux (I have only attended it once, the scent of rancid oil sickened me), and our own evening service in English, which the good old Pastor conducts. The meals are regular as clockwork. I know every picture on the walls and in the photo albums by heart. I have read every English book in the house. There is not a lively one amongst them.

I have had as yet a good deal of occupation, to prevent dying of ennui, but the long

dreary winter is before us! Already the snow-king has showered down his flaky treasures and the gloomy pines are rimmed with white. Icicles hang from our eaves. Every herb in the little garden has withered. We have nothing left but mosses and lichens, save that reminiscences of summer remain in the bilberries, cranberries, and bog-berries which skillful Sister Anna has preserved for our winter use.

The sun's daily visits are rapidly shortening, though happily we are not far enough north ever to lose his presence altogether. Flocks of birds have left for the south, would that I could fly away with them. How I envy them their wings! We have lost the black guillemot, with its silky hair-like feathers. We see no more the funny plump little puffins, or the elegant nuns in their black and white costumes. Fritz has taught me their names. Still the gulls sweep over the billows, but even they seem to me to be bending their course towards summer climes.

I have seen reindeer, with their branching antlers and huge divided hoofs, but only when some wandering Esquimaux passed through our settlement, bringing their animals with them. The people here keep none. Yet one is constantly reminded of this being the land of the reindeer. Much of the people's clothing here is made of its skin, which the Pastor says is impervious to cold. Sister Anna has quite a store of pemmican, which, she tells me, is made by pouring one-third of melted fat over pounded reindeer venison. It is not so distasteful as I expected.

I have performed a great feat—actually made a dress for myself. I never before in my life attempted to do such a thing. Sister Anna is so blind that she could have given but little assistance, and as she seemed to take it for granted that if I had the materials I could make up a dress, I was ashamed to confess my ignorance. I own that my garment would astonish Madame Legrand and make Gertie hold up her hands in horror. It has not much more shape than a sack and is of the dullest brown tint. Nevertheless, I am vastly proud of it and the warmth is delicious!

I fear that poor Sister Anna made no small sacrifice in giving me her new piece of rap. Her own dress is becoming quite thin, though neat, as is everything that she wears. I shall send her out the thickest, handsomest, warmest stuff to be found in London when I get back. But it will not reach her, alas! till two of these cruel long winters are passed.

My principal occupation—amusement—is learning the language. Fritz is surprised at my memory, and the quickness with which I catch the accent of the not altogether unmusical tongue. He said to me today (looking quite pleased), “You will soon be able, Miss Erle, to take a Sunday class.” The idea of *my* teaching Esquimaux urchins is really too absurd. “There is something else that I will take before a Sunday class,” quoth I. “What may that something be?” asked Fritz. “My leave of the White Bear's Den.” I like to tease Fritz a little. I should not have ventured on so saucy a speech to the saintly Wilhelm or his dear good sensible wife. None of the Moravians approve of the use of the old name for their Eshcol, so to Fritz I call it by no other.

October 20—The ground is all frozen over. Fritz has gone on an expedition in a dog-sledge. The Esquimaux here keep dogs, savage, horrible, wolf-like creatures, that are quite enough, had I no other reasons, to keep me from visiting the native huts. It

quite frightened me to see Fritz start today in a sledge. Talk of skill in driving a four-in-hand! I should like to see one of our fast young nobles, so proud of handling the ribbons, attempt to drive a dozen of these savage brutes, who tear up their food with wolfish voracity, and seem ready, with or without provocation, to fly at each other's throats! If one were thrown out of a sledge by accident, one would be afraid of being made a meal of at once! Fritz has a whip with a tremendously long lash, with which he can touch up even the leaders. He is evidently master of the situation, but I should almost as gladly be drawn by tigers as by these Esquimaux dogs.

October 22—Life in the White Bear's Den has become terribly dull. I am quite tired of the Pastor's endless Esquimaux stories, which he tells with such a placid expectation that they will be as interesting to others as to himself. Sister Anna complains—no, she never complains, but she suffers much from rheumatic pains. Yet day by day I see her starting for her school in the native quarters, and her brown basket containing physic, or salve, or nourishing soup for the sick. What a life of wonderful self-denial she leads! But to these good Moravians all seems to come as a matter of course.

October 30—Fritz has returned. He has had preaching amongst some scattered Esquimaux hunters in the interior. He has brought back a prize—two skins, lovely soft, silvery white skins of the Arctic fox. I do not know why I took it into my silly head that they were meant as a present for me, perhaps my wish was father to the thought. I was quickly undeceived, "Sister Anna, these are to line your winter cape," said Fritz, and was not the dear woman pleased! Fritz treats Sister Anna with such gentle respect, as if she were his own mother. I have offered to make up the skins. I only hope that I will not spoil the cape by my clumsy work.

November 1—Very hard at lessons again. I had made good progress in my tutor's absence. I wished to surprise him, and I succeeded.

"You have been most industrious," said Fritz. This was too much like encouragement given to some good little child. Praise not accorded to talent, but commonplace perseverance. "It was my only way of killing time," I said lightly, "one would rather blow bubbles than do nothing at all. If there were Italian books here, would you not take to learning Italian?"

"Hardly," was Fritz's reply, "I cannot afford to make paper boots of bank notes."

So he considers his time as bank notes, and mine only fit to be twisted into paper ships and thrown on the sea! I have never made any other use of it. Heigh ho! Sometimes I fancy that an aimless life is a kind of treadmill, only we paint and gild it, and deck it with flowers. We seem always mounting and mounting, and only succeed in turning round a wheel. Nothing comes of it all. I look from mine on these steady earnest Moravians, always pressing on, with a definite aim, at each step nearer to their goal. I have never had any aim but my own enjoyment and the perpetual treading of my mill has not brought it nearer.

"What a trial her blindness must be to Sister Anna," I observed to Fritz, when our friend had gone into the kitchen for some culinary work.

"She has had many trials," he said. "The graves of two of her children are in our little

'God's Acre,' and the other two are being educated in England. Unless they too adopt a missionary life, their mother is hardly likely to see them again in this world."

"How dreadful!" I exclaimed. "I cannot imagine how a woman, a loving woman, can endure such separations! Then this frightful climate, with the thousand and one privations which it entails! I do not know what can make Sister Anna face and so uncomplainingly, so serenely, the hardships of such a life!"

"Do you not know of *the love of Christ* that constraineth?" said Fritz, in a very low tone. It was the first time that *he* had addressed to me anything like a reproof, though I have had many a little sermon from the Pastor. This from Fritz brought the color to my cheeks and the tears to my eyes. I did not choose that he should see that he had touched me, so I said, in as indifferent a manner as I could, "I suppose that you have had to leave some one behind."

"A dear father," replied Fritz. "He was for a few years a missionary, but it was found that to remain in such a climate as this would for him be certain death. A superintendent was needed at home for a training school and to that post my father was appointed. He now prepares others for the work which he unwillingly quitted himself. He has sent his only son as his unworthy substitute here."

"And you can exchange letters only once in the year!" said I.

"We exchange books," replied Fritz, smiling. "Each keeps a kind of journal, so that everything that interests the one interests also the other."

I should like amazingly to have a sight of Fritz's journal. I wonder what description he has given of me. I fear one to mortify my vanity, could I see it. And yet I think that he takes a great interest in me. I should not like to think that it is exactly the same kind of interest that he would take in an unconverted Esquimaux! It was rather sadly that he asked that searching question, "Do you not know of the love of Christ that constraineth?" Perhaps I do *not* know it. If I did, life would hardly be such a weary blank.

10th—Sister Anna had a little accident today. Her foot caught in a slit in the coarse carpet, which is getting worn and old, and she has had a painful fall. Her first words as I helped her up were, "I am so thankful that it was I, and not my dear husband, who fell. If it had not been for my blindness, there would have been no hole in the carpet."

I supported Sister Anna into her room, made her lie down on her bed, and covered her up with her reindeer rug. I am afraid that her hurt will imprison poor Anna for awhile to the house, but that will save her from the cold, which is becoming sharper and sharper every day.

It came into my head that I would mend the slit in the carpet. I am beginning to feel myself like a drone in this busy hive—a mere burden on those who treat me with such unwearying kindness. I went to Sister Anna's japanned box, which contains every conceivable requisite for sewing, borrowed her thimble, and selected my needle and crewel. How my sisters, Gertie, my gay friends, would have stared could they have seen Juliet Erle down on her knees, tugging away at a hole in the carpet!

I was flushed with stooping so low. I raised my head just to shake back the locks which were falling over my face, when, looking up, I saw that Fritz had entered the room.

My eyes met his. What a pleasant expression was in them—bright, like sunbeams on the rippling water.

“I am ashamed to be so caught!” I exclaimed, rising hastily to my feet.

“Why ashamed, Sister—Miss Erle? Are you ashamed ‘to raise I reign into I serve,’ as the poet says? No Israelite could gather up the manna except on his knees,” added Fritz. There was something in the face of Fritz as he said this that reminded me so of Maria. She too spoke of the manna, and like one who had tasted its sweetness. I felt encouraged to ask a question which has more than once been in my mind, “What meaning has that manna for us?”

Fritz paused a moment before he replied. “Surely the manna and the water from the stricken rock represented a coming Christ to His people of old, as the bread and the wine at the Holy Supper now represent One who has come. Both are a heavenly parable, symbols best understood by those who most deeply realize what it is to feed on a Savior’s love.”

I have put down these words that I may not forget them, but I hardly yet comprehend them. I feel more and more how very ignorant I am of these things.

Later—I have looked out in the large Bible, which is always in the parlor, whatever relates to the manna. I know so little of the Scriptures, scarcely anything beyond the parts that are read in church, and I have not attended much even to them.

There is one passage which I read today, which seems so to describe my own state, that I shall copy it out in my journal. *The children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and melons and the leeks....and but now our soul is dried away, there is nothing at all but this manna before our eyes.*

Thus my soul is day and hungry, I am starving where others are feeding. I am longing for my past worldly pleasures, the cucumbers and the melons, my balls, my elaborate parties, my amusements. Yet I am beginning to see that there is something nobler and better. Oh! that I could speak as Maria spoke on that last day of her beautiful life—of freedom and hope, pardon and peace, light and love, all freely bestowed upon me!

I think that I will turn over a new leaf tomorrow. I will begin a different life. I will read the Bible daily in private, do good works, and try to gather up some of the heavenly manna. Then I shall see again that bright encouraging smile on the face of Fritz.

Chapter 9 Journal Continued

November 11—All a failure—an utter failure! Yet I thought that I made so good a beginning. As poor Sister Anna cannot rise today (we fear she has injured her back), I, with the help of Fritz, prepared the breakfast merrily, washed up the tea-things and all. (We do not allow the Esquimaux to do more than is absolutely needed—their oil garments leave such a sickening scent behind them and their boots such marks on the floor).

Said the Pastor, as he sipped his hot cocoa, "My wife specially grieves over not being able to visit our sick Lena, for we fear that she is not long for this world and is not yet prepared for another. I myself go daily to pray beside her," continued the dear old Pastor, "but the poor thing is silent and shy, and cannot open her heart to a man. Anna always knows what to say and what to do, and everyone in Eshcol loves her." The good man has unlimited confidence in and admiration for his wife.

"Shall I visit the sick woman?" I said, being in an unusually courageous mood and buoyed up by good resolutions. I did not glance at Fritz, but I fancied that I heard a little expression of satisfaction from his lips. I have noticed how eager he is to draw me into any good work. Why should I care for pleasing him? I suppose that I have had lately so little of the sugar of praise, that a very little goes a long way.

"I will take you with me an hour hence," said the Pastor. "I should not like you to go alone," he added kindly, "the dogs might be troublesome to you."

In high good humor with myself, I went to Sister Anna, whom I found placid as usual, though in evident pain. I offered to read the Bible to her, as another good work.

"I should be so thankful, dear," she said. "The days are growing so dark, or perhaps it is that my eyes are growing so dim, that I can hardly manage to read even the largest print."

I made up the fire with logs, then took the Bible and read, Sister Anna listening with folded hands and a look of placid peace.

When I had closed the book and returned it to its proper place (everything here has its proper place), I sat down again by Anna, and said, I am going with Pastor Wilhelm to visit sick Lena."

"That is well, my child," said Anna. "But can you already read to her in her own tongue?"

"Would you like to hear what advance I have made?" I asked. I was in truth proud of my rapid progress and with much self-satisfaction read a few verses aloud. Anna corrected me two or three times, but added the qualified praise, "I think that the people may understand you."

"I feel," she continued, "that what with my increasing blindness, my rheumatism, and my weakness, I am not equal to the charge of the girl's school and the readings with the women. Please God, I will do what I can, while the Lord keeps me on earth, but I shall be thankful when Fritz's bride comes next year to take the principal charge."

"Fritz's bride!" I exclaimed, in surprise, "I never knew that he was engaged!" the announcement was so sudden, it seemed to take away my breath. "How long has the attachment lasted?" I inquired.

"I hope that it will last forever," said Anna, "but the couple have not yet seen one another."

I dropped the log which I was about to place on the fire, I felt so surprised and so angry, I scarcely knew why. "Do you mean that Fritz lets others choose for him, dictate to him, and that in a matter which concerns all his happiness in life? I did not think him so low-spirited a man!"

Anna looked a little surprised at my indignation. "Dear Fritz lets the Lord choose for him," she said, "as He chose a partner for Isaac. Our happiness is safest when we leave it in the hands of the Lord. You see, my child," she added, "Brother Fritz could not go home without leaving his station for nearly a year, and letting all the winter work rest on the shoulders of my dear husband, who is not as strong as he was last summer."

Anna's explanation was, I suppose, satisfactory to herself, but not at all satisfactory to me. An ice sheet, such as is forming on our coast, seemed to be freezing in my heart. "Suppose that this—this bride—be ugly, disagreeable, low-minded—what then!" I exclaimed. I seem to have made up my mind that she will be something of the sort.

"Our friends at home act with discretion and always with prayer," said Anna. "Fritz's father is probably well-acquainted with the future bride of his son."

"Sister Juliet, are you ready?" cried the Pastor's voice at the door. "I have come to escort you to the *igloos*." This means a hut in the Esquimaux tongue.

I had lost all inclination to go and felt inclined to defer my visit, but did not like to shrink from my engagement, as no excuse rose to my mind. "I am perfectly ready," I said.

"Why, child, you are forgetting your shawl, your hood, your fur gloves. You will be frost-bitten if you have nothing warm besides that seal-skin jacket!" cried Anna.

I went to my room and fortified myself against the biting cold without, but not against a chilly feeling within.

I do not care to describe the *igloo*. Of course it was full of smoke, which made one see everything as through a dense fog. I knocked my head on entering against what I suppose was the winter supply of fish, dry and perhaps frozen. I made out that there was a bundle of what seemed like old clothes in a corner. This, I was told, was the sick person whom I had come to visit. The women gathered around me to stare, vulgar savages that they are! One put out her dirty hand to stroke my fur and a child wanted to finger my charms! I hate being touched by their unwashed paws! I did not attempt to speak and could scarcely endure waiting in that stifling atmosphere till the Pastor had finished his long prayer. Fritz's bride has no rose-strewn path before her!

"Now you will give her a word?" said Brother Wilhelm, turning towards me.

A word! I could not have spoken in Esquimaux at that moment to save my life. "I have nothing to say, I want to go home," I cried, and hurriedly made my way to the door, followed by the astonished Pastor.

When we came out, we found Fritz waiting at the low door.

"What did you think of your visit?" he asked, with his bright smile. It provoked me, I felt so thoroughly out of temper with myself and with myself and with all the world.

"A disgusting hovel!" I cried, "I could not bear the smoke and the smells!"

"You will kindly make allowance for people who necessarily can rarely change their skin-made garments and remember that ablutions become difficult in water from which you have to break a thick coating of ice. Did you notice my pretty little favorite Ruth?"

"I saw nothing pretty," I said.

"Oh! the place was dark. You must see the baby!" cried Fritz, and bending his tall

form, he managed, I do not know how, to get through the door which even the Esquimaux could hardly enter erect. Fritz quickly emerged again, with a little fur-clad baby, laughing and crowing in his arm. He is wonderfully fond of babies.

“What say you to my little brown cherub?” cried he.

“A bear’s cub, a little horror!” I said, and hurried away, but not so quickly that I did not see Fritz’s look of pained disappointment.

I hastened back to the house, entered my room, and flinging myself on the bed, gave way to a passionate burst of tears. I have not wept so bitterly since the dreadful night when I lost Maria.

I hardly know the cause of my utter misery. Perhaps it is partly my disappointment at finding that, however I may resolve to improve, I am as bad, nay, much worse than ever. It seems to me that I have not a friend in the world. If my sisters ever felt my supposed death, they will by this time be quite reconciled to my loss.

Here, I only give trouble and annoyance, and lessen the comforts of others. Fritz thinks me a selfish, heartless girl. I am certain that he is disappointed in me. He is hoping that his bride will be utterly unlike the proud London lady. Oh! this weary, weary world! And yet I dare not wish to quit it. I shrink from passing through the ebony door. To me there is no brightness beyond. Very true is that proverb which I met with somewhere, “*I like it makes a bad finger-post.*” I have always gone where it pointed, and whither has it brought me at last?

Chapter 10 A Great Change

While Juliet was sobbing in her little chamber, a cloud of very real trouble was overshadowing her Moravian friends. Pastor Wilhelm had found an Esquimaux messenger from another station awaiting his return, the bearer of tidings which fell on him with the force of an unexpected blow. He went at once to the partner of all his joys and sorrows, and before the Pastor uttered a word, she saw from his face that he had brought bad news.

“What has happened?” asked Anna.

Pastor Wilhelm sat down beside her and a deep sigh broke from his lips before he replied, “A messenger has just come from Bethabara. He brings us tidings almost as heavy as those which came to Job. The small pox is raging in the station, every day brings a death. Brother Johanan,” again he sighed, “has been called to his rest.”

Sister Anna’s placid face grew very pale. She saw that her husband paused, that not the whole tale of woe had been told, more sorrow, she felt sure, was behind. “Let me know all,” she said, faintly.

“Our poor Brother Hans has lost his dear wife.”

Then the eyes of Anna overflowed, for she had lost one who was to her as a sister, but all the words that she uttered were, “It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. She was ready for the blessed, blessed change.”

“Now you see, my dear wife,” said Wilhelm, “that both Fritz and I are needed, sorely needed. Brother Hans is in great grief. There are three funerals to be seen to and sick folk to be nursed.”

“I see, I see,” said poor Sister Anna. “Fritz can do much, but he cannot do all, and as poor Hans loves you as a brother, none on earth can comfort him like you.” Sister Anna was very much inclined to burst out crying, but she did not give way to the inclination.

“Will you part with me?” said the husband, tenderly laying his hand on that of his suffering wife.

“If the Lord calls you, I cannot say nay,” replied Anna, “He will guide you through the danger and guard you”—The poor wife could not finish this sentence, she was thinking of the terrible cold, frost-bites, wolves, bears, and infection.

“There is just one thing that troubles me and makes me hesitate,” said the Pastor, looking anxiously at his partner. “You are ill, you cannot so much as rise. How can I leave you here all alone?”

“You forget Juliet,” said Anna, trying to smile. Pastor Wilhelm looked graver than before.

“That young woman is a sorrow to me,” he said, “I fear that she has neither the fear of God nor the love of His saints. She is quite of the world.”

“We must not be hard on the child,” said Anna.

“I would be hard on no one,” said the Pastor, “but I cannot but entertain fears regarding her state. Here is Juliet Erle, rescued from the sea like Jonah, almost by a miracle as he was, and she thinks of nothing but her worldly goods. She despises our poor native brethren. She looks upon them as if they were vermin.” It was evident that Juliet’s conduct on that day had touched the Moravian Pastor on a very sensitive point.

“We must make all allowance for one brought up to a gay London life,” observed Anna. “I never despair of Juliet. I know that she has a kind heart.” Pastor Wilhelm shook his head with an expression of doubt. “She has done many a little act of kindness for me,” pursued Anna, “and perhaps the Lord will make use of my blindness and helplessness in your absence, dear Wilhelm, as a means of blessing to this poor dear child, whom I love from my heart.”

There was no time to say more on the subject, for dinner must be prepared and then eaten at once, for the journey would be tedious and the moon would set before midnight. Fritz was busy with arrangements about the dogs. It was no easy matter to collect and harness the savage beasts to the sledge, and the sledge itself required some repairs, which Fritz had himself to execute. Anna could not help lamenting in her heart the impossibility of her getting about to see to her good man’s traveling comforts, to pack up a little store of pemmican and other provisions, and prepare a hot meal ere he started. Deborah, the awkward Esquimaux, had to be called in to work, which she was willing enough to do, but she broke one of Anna’s best dishes, and let half the soup be overturned on the fire, which it nearly extinguished.

Pastor Wilhelm called Juliet to come to dinner, but the young lady, who knew nothing of what had happened, did not choose to show herself with eyes red and swollen by

weeping. Juliet merely opened the door about half an inch wide to say that she had a headache and wanted no dinner. The poor Pastor shook his head and exchanged glances with Fritz. Neither of the missionaries were at all easy at having to leave Sister Anna to the care of one in whose sense, thoughtfulness, and kindness they had so little confidence.

The hasty meal has been taken, the husband's farewell embrace has been given, both Wilhelm and Anna have hearts too full for speech. But when Fritz comes and grasps the hand of his suffering friend, the poor wife finds voice to say, "I commend him to your care, dear Fritz, and to the mercy of the Lord."

Another minute and Fritz, in bear-skin coat and fur-flapped cap, springs into the sledge, takes the long reins in one gloved hand and the whip in another, and is ready for a start over the snow. Pastor Wilhelm more slowly follows, and wistfully looks at the little dwelling in which he has left his best earthly treasure, with a feeling that he never may behold it again. His lips form a silent prayer. Then Fritz cracks the whip and his wild team starts.

Away, away, over the dreary waste, away over the trackless snow, the sun will soon set and the stars be their guide. The wind feels like the icy breath of the destroyers, freezing the very blood in the veins. There are heroic deeds which no historian describes, sacrifices unrecorded except in heaven. It needed no weak faith and no faltering courage to go forth as these two Moravians went forth, to perform an act of love and mercy at the peril of limb or life.

The sound of the departure brought Juliet out of her room, for the sledge never departed without considerable noise, the yelling of the dogs, the crack of the long whip, and the animating voice of the driver. Juliet emerged from her apartment just in time to see the sledge whirled along over the snow which covered the landscape. Deborah was sadly looking forth from the door. "They won't come back to Nannock Igloo!" she said in the Esquimaux tongue.

The words filled Juliet with undefined fear. She asked for an explanation which she did not understand. A practical care occupied the attention of Deborah. She exerted all her strength to close the heavy door, and so shut out the wind from without, which made the house feel like an ice-pit, the cold was freezing the water left in the cups, the soup which remained in the tureens.

"Fritz braves all weather, but what can take the Pastor out in an open sledge on such a day as this!" thought Juliet. She hurried to Anna's room for an explanation, and found her engaged in earnest prayer, with her face buried in her hands, and the drops trickling from between her fingers.

Juliet waited in anxious suspense till the prayer was ended and Sister Anna raised her head. Juliet then asked the reason of the hurried departure, of which no notice whatever had been given at breakfast.

"Sickness—small-pox—at Bethabara," said Anna, sadly, "two Moravians and an Esquimaux have died. My husband and Fritz have gone to bury the dead and to help the survivors."

“Small-pox! So many deaths! Oh, how terrible!” exclaimed Juliet. “What if they too should take the infection!”

“They are going whither God calls them. They are trusting in Him,” answered the Moravian wife.

“But they may be long away. How dreadful for you, with your poor eyes, your bruises, your pain, and at this horrible season!”

“Juliet, you will help me,” said Anna.

“I should like to be eyes, hands, feet to you!” exclaimed Juliet, all her more generous feelings roused by the sight of such patient suffering, such forgetfulness of self.

“Then will you first read to me something from the blessed Book—just where my husband was reading. You will see his marker in the place.”

This was the easiest of all the duties which Juliet was volunteering to take on herself. The marker was at the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers. Juliet read of the murmurings of the Israelites in the desert and the fearful visitation which came upon them in the form of fiery serpents.

“It seemed a terrible punishment, merely for murmuring,” observed Juliet, looking very grave.

“My child, the sin of the people of Israel had sore aggravations,” said Anna, “it showed such ingratitude for past mercies, such want of faith in His power and love. Think of all that the Lord had done for His people. How He had fed them, protected, and guided. Think how He had rescued them from death and was leading them on to the land of promise.”

“God has done more than all this for me,” thought Juliet, “so I deserve His anger more than the Israelites did.” “It is a terrible story,” she said aloud, as she closed the sacred volume.

“To me it is a story so full of comfort,” said Anna. “Think of the simple means of cure which God Himself provided—just a *look* on an object raised on high.”

“I wish that our heart wounds could be as easily cured,” sighed Juliet.

“They are, dear child, they are! The brazen serpent was but a type, the reality is before us. One look of faith at the crucified Savior and the wounds made by sin are healed at once. We stand even in God’s sight perfectly whole.”

“Yes, perhaps after we have conquered our temper, got rid of our selfishness, given up our follies,” said Juliet.

“Do not mix up works with free grace,” cried Anna. “The one direction was *look and live*. The bitten Israelite did not set to work to build an altar, to hew wood, or to pile up stones. He may have done this when his strength was restored, but at first he had nothing to do but look.”

“How is one to look, what is one to look at? Oh, I know nothing, nothing of these things!” exclaimed Juliet.

“We must simply look to the Lord Jesus Christ, as a little child looks to its parent for all that it needs. We must look to Him for forgiveness and healing, joy and peace. He has bought them all for us with His blood.”

“Still I do not quite understand this looking,” said Juliet. “I want to know what I ought to do. I am such a silly, worldly girl, I can never be anything else.”

“Just go into your room, shut the door, kneel down, and say, ‘Lord, I am a silly, worldly girl, but I wish to give myself unto Thee. Take me just as I am, and make me what Thou wouldst have me to be.’”

“Must I not promise to give up all my sin?” asked Juliet, surprised at the extreme simplicity of this *looking unto Jesus*.

“Make no promises now, as you are you could not keep them. The Lord must take you into His own hands, to fashion you as He will. All your part now is to trust Him and to give yourself humbly to Him.”

Juliet was silent for a few moments, with her eyes bent on the floor. Then she arose and put the Bible into its place. “I should like to go back to my room and be alone for a little while,” she said.

“Go, and may the Lord meet you!” said Anna.

Maria Selden’s wakening to a new life had come on a sweet summer’s eve, while the nightingale warbled her lay and the fragrance of blossoms loaded the soft warm breeze. Juliet Erle’s came on a November night, when the piercing cold made even breathing painful and the wolf’s distant howl sounded across the earth’s white shroud of spotless snow.

The one maiden, nurtured in a pious home, familiar with Scripture, accustomed to prayer, early gave her heart’s affections to God, as it were offering the spring violets and primroses on which earth’s dust had never fallen. The other girl had but a broken and soiled flower, dropped from the world’s wreath-crowned chariot, a flower over which the crushing wheel had passed. Juliet thought it quite unworthy to lay at the Master’s feet. Yet who can say that the one offering was not as truly acceptable as the other?

Maria’s deep experience of religion had come with a thrill of joy. She had felt, as it were, the pressure of a loving hand, and had looked up to bask in the light of a smile. Juliet had been weary, disappointed, and sad, and to her the hand was as one stretched out to chastise. Juliet hardly yet felt the smile, scarcely realized ought of the joy, but on that, to her, memorable November night, old things had passed away, and she gave herself in conscious weakness and worthlessness to Him who breaketh not the bruised reed, nor despiseth a broken and contrite heart.

Chapter 11 The Aurora

Juliet awoke on the following morning with a calm and sober spirit. The first thought in her mind, as consciousness returned, was, “I am not my own.” The next resolved itself into a prayer, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”

Very commonplace work was before Juliet Erle. Deborah, in her noisy, clumsy way, had cleared some snow from the door, replenished with logs the fires which were never now suffered to die out and filled the kettle with lumps of ice. Juliet then dismissed the

Esquimaux woman. She knew that Anna would prefer her own gentle ministrations and noiseless step.

Juliet had learned much from watching Anna. She knew how to make things neat and prepare such food as Labrador afforded. Bread there was none, vegetables none. This was not the season for sea-birds' eggs. Preserved fruit or butter were dainties not to be lavishly expended. The luxury of cocoa, imported from England in the "Harmony's" annual cargo, must not be enjoyed every day. Of coffee, there was a larger supply. There was still an abundance of meal in the barrel, pemmican, and dried fish in the stores, and Juliet tried her hand, with fair success, at making some small unleavened rolls.

She carried to Anna the hot breakfast which her own hands had prepared and the two took their simple meal together. Much they thought and talked of the travelers. Anna had been awake half the night in prayer. Now she thanked God that the wind had gone down.

Then came the soothing Bible-reading, from the New Testament in the morning, as in the evening from the Old. Juliet attended to the little comforts of Sister Anna, remembering with pleasure the fine line quoted by Fritz, "And raise I reign into I serve." She had just been reading of the Lord of glory washing the disciples' feet on His knees.

The sun had now risen, even in Labrador he shed his enlivening rays for a few hours in the day, but they seemed to have no power to warm. No glistening teardrop hung at the end of the icicle, the white blocks at the side of the road were firm, as if made of marble.

Juliet had returned to the parlor, and now looked out from the little window so crusted with crystals, that it was only by a dull red glow that she could tell of the presence of the sun. A little struggle was going on in Juliet's mind, should she venture forth or not. She remembered Lena, deprived of the Pastor's daily care, probably dying, and yet not prepared to die. "Lord! what wouldst Thou have me to do?" was the question again silently asked. The answer was, "Take up the cross."

Juliet went to the little chamber and put on her hood and every wrap on which she could lay her hands. A thick veil covered her face, Anna's fur-lined gloves her hands, and resolutely opening the outer door, then carefully closing it behind her, the lady ventured forth into the cold. The air was perfectly still. The igloos scarce fifty yards distant. Juliet soon found herself at the low door of the sick woman's house.

Most unlike was the round rude hut to the pretty cottages of England, with the thatched roof, the honeysuckle-covered porch, the diamond-paned windows under the deep-browed eaves in which the swallows build and twitter. The place was almost painfully still, for the dogs had gone with the sledge, and not even Esquimaux children dared to play out of doors in the deadly cold of November.

Juliet knocked, but her knock was apparently unheard. She opened the unfastened door, which faced to the south, and then passed through a low oblique passage before she entered the smoky room, almost oppressively warm, both from the fire in the middle, and the breath of inmates, some of whom never left it day or night. Juliet had heard of

snow-huts, but had never seen one. The igloos at White Bear's Den were constructed of earth, stones, and driftwood, interstices rendered more impervious to air by layers of moss.

On Juliet's former visit she had seen but a motionless form stretched on a low bed, even the face covered up from view. But this was not the case now. Lena was half-sitting up, supported in the arms of another Esquimaux woman. The invalid was breathing with extreme difficulty, gasping and trembling, and fixed her eyes with a wistful entreating look on the stranger who entered.

Juliet sat on a log beside Lena's bed. How we learn in the presence of suffering and spiritual need to forget differences in rank and in race! It was the first time that Juliet had ever opened a Bible to read to one more ignorant than herself, and now she had to read in a strange and unfamiliar tongue.

Juliet felt the work to be a solemn one. Never had she in church or cathedral sat with such a sense of awe, as when by the dim firelight, rather than that which struggled in through a few panes, she tried to make out the letters before her. It was well that Fritz had made his pupil go over and over some passages in the Esquimaux language till she almost knew them by heart. This knowledge now stood her in good stead, for she had to trust to her memory as much as to her eyes.

Could it be that seed sown in such utter weakness ever could grow? When Juliet, slowly and hesitatingly, had read half a dozen verses, she looked up at her hearer. Lena's dark nervous eyes were fixed upon her with an earnest gaze. Could these be tears that were dropping from them? "Again, again!" gasped the Esquimaux woman.

Juliet forgot the dimness, the smokiness, the stifling scents of the hut. She forgot everything but that she, even she, was permitted to hold a life-giving cup to perhaps dying lips. The English lady laid her hand on that of Lena, who held it with a tight, tight grasp. Again were the passages read (Juliet did not venture on fresh ones), this time with less painful effort. How sweet are Christ's words of love even in the Esquimaux tongue!

The woman who had been supporting Lena gently placed the sufferer's head on a pillow. Lena appeared to breathe with more ease. Juliet saw that softened expression on the dark face which gives a spiritual beauty even to the plainest features. The English girl understood enough to know that the sufferer blessed her, to know that Lena faintly uttered the Savior's name. Juliet saw Lena look up and smile as one who had made her peace with God. The Moravian missionaries had sown for years with toil and care, but the gathering in of that one precious sheaf had been left to the English stranger.

"She is dead!" said the sister who had been nursing Lena, as her eyelids closed and her breathing was stilled.

"No, she sleeps," said Juliet, who noticed, dark as was the hut, that a feather which lay on the pillow was slightly stirred by the sick woman's breath.

Juliet was imprisoned, as it were, by the clasp of Lena's hand. She dared not withdraw her own, lest her doing so should break a slumber on which a life might depend. Notwithstanding personal discomfort, that hour was one to which Juliet ever

looked back as one of the most blessed which she had ever known. She had never before followed the track of the Lord's footsteps so closely, she had never approached so near to Himself. Juliet had gathered spiritual manna on the preceding night when she had given herself to the Savior, but it was first in that smoky Esquimaux hut that she tasted its exquisite sweetness.

Juliet was almost startled at the feeling of something soft and warm moving by her feet. It was only a little child, who had just awoke from afternoon sleep. Little chubby hands now grasped Juliet's dress, trying by means of it to pull their tiny owner up to her knees. Such a soft baby voice lisped the name of "Mother," often the first word spoken by infant lips in whatever tongue.

"Ah! little Ruth!" said Juliet softly, recognizing the innocent face looking confidingly up, "you are—yes, for an Esquimaux, you are a pretty baby. It was very naughty of me to call you a bear's cub, a little horror!"

Lena's sleep lasted for a good deal more than an hour, while Juliet patiently sat beside her, now amusing herself with the baby, now raising her thoughts towards Him who had sent her forth to do some work for Him even in that desolate place. At length the sick woman awoke, and as one refreshed and relieved, once more she listened with pleasure to the holy words from Juliet's lips, and then, her mission for the time ended, the English girl rose to depart. Her eyes indeed smarted from the smoke, her head ached from the closeness of the room, but she would not have exchanged the memory of that hour, for that of the gayest that she had ever spent in luxurious London.

And what a sight met the eyes of Juliet as she emerged from the igloo into the open air! The sun indeed had sunk, but the sky was full of inimitable glory. The vault of heaven seemed all a-blaze. Every color of the rainbow was seen in nature's magnificent fireworks, beside which how insignificant are those of man! Streamers of red, then of golden hue flashed before Juliet's delighted eyes. Then she clapped her hands with the joy of a child as sheaves of violet-tinted arrows seemed to fall through the orange glow.

The Aurora, the glorious northern light, was sweeping from horizon to zenith, lighting up the snow with fairer tints than those of summer, flushing the crystal icebergs that floated on the sea, then hanging over the gazer's head a canopy of radiance, a jeweled corona of light!

"Oh! it is like the last day, the splendor in which the Lord will come for His own!" exclaimed Juliet, overcome with delight. "And all His saints will be with Him. My precious friend will be with Him, and she will rejoice with me, and over me. Death will never part us again! Oh! glorious hope, that, like the Aurora, can give brightness even to a Labrador night and change desolation to beauty!"

Chapter 12 Sacrifices

The Aurora which had risen on the soul of Juliet was no evanescent brightness, no passing beauty. Anna instantly felt the change in her young companion's manner and

could hear it in the tone of her voice. And how would the suffering missionary have borne her own heavy burden of trial, had not a bright young sympathizing friend been sent to help her to support it. Anna, in addition to her physical infirmities and the trial of increasing darkness, was in anxious suspense regarding her husband and Fritz.

On the evening of the following day, the sledge returned from Bethabara, under the charge of an Esquimaux belonging to that place. If there had been a lingering hope in Anna's mind that her husband, not finding a prolonged stay needful, would return in the sledge, that hope vanished away, as Juliet, who watched from the window, announced that only one form was in the conveyance and that the form of a native.

But he may bring a letter. Oh! that I could rise!" cried Anna, making a fruitless attempt to get up.

"I will bring it!" cried Juliet, throwing her grey plaid over head and shoulders, as she hurried to open the door even before the sledge could reach it.

She soon returned to Anna with a letter in her hand, which smelt strongly of the disinfectant, of which the Pastor, at the suggestion of his thoughtful wife, had taken a supply.

Anna took the letter and hurriedly opened it, but the Pastor's epistle was long and crossed—her dim eyes could not easily read it.

"Read it to me, my child," said Anna, giving the letter to Juliet, "it will contain no secrets and your eyes are younger than mine."

Juliet read aloud what follows:

Bethabara, November 12, evening

My Dearest Wife,

The Lord brought us here in safety last night and very thankful am I to find myself where the help of friends is so much needed. Two more Esquimaux had died yesterday and several others have sickened. We buried our Brother Johanan and the dear Sister this morning, with the three members of their flock, side by side in one wide grave. Poor dear Hans, broken down with grief and nursing, was not able to be present. But I am comforted regarding him, his soul is stayed on his God. Hans thinks on the blessedness of her who has left Labrador for heaven, where there shall be no more ice and frost, no more sickness and sorrow, where the wintry darkness of earth shall be exchanged for the eternal light which flows from the throne of the Lamb.

Dear wife, as we should ever be mindful of the goodness of God, I will call you to join with me in giving thanks for traveling mercies. Our journey was not without its perils. The night came on. We got entangled in block ice. The sledge stuck in a hole. How we got out again I can scarcely imagine. In the midst of our trouble, some of the traces broke and the dogs got loose. I thought that Bethabara would never be reached and tried to resign myself to being frozen to death on the way.

The spirit of Fritz never failed. He seemed to have the strength of three men and the courage of ten. By his great exertions and skillful management, the dogs were again lashed to the sledge, slipping and sliding, tumbling and falling, still they pulled, while Fritz pushed and lifted, and we found ourselves, after long delay, again on good firm snow. Never did I feel more thankful, for I could not help thinking of you.

Our adventures were not quite over. We presently heard howling behind. Said Fritz, "There are wolves on our track." Our dogs heard the sound too, and rushed on as if they were mad, at some risk of upsetting the sledge. We were now guided only by the stars, for our delay when we stuck in the hole had deprived us of the moon, which sets early. One had need for the gift of strong faith at a moment like that.

I prayed aloud, while Fritz cheered on the dogs and plied his whip. We were not far from Bethabara then, but we could not judge of the distance on account of the darkness. Presently, as I looked back, I could just see, like a shadow, a great wolf behind us. He had outstripped the rest. I told Fritz, who was of course looking on ahead, as a driver must do, especially the driver of a team of Esquimaux dogs.

The wolf had made no noise. If it looked like a shadow, it was still as a shadow, no sound of pattering feet on the snow. Fritz said nothing, he half rose on his seat and turned round—the wolf was close to the sledge. Fritz dealt the brute such a blow with the butt of the whip (it was too near for use of the lash), that it gave a howl and lay sprawling. Whether the wolf was killed or not, I know not. We saw nothing of it again and in another minute we sighted the lights in Bethabara. Never were lights more welcome!

"God be praised for the wonderful deliverance!" cried Anna, clasping her hands. "Go on, my child, go on!" Juliet resumed her reading.

Now I must tell you of our present arrangements. Fritz says truly that it is absolutely necessary to separate the small-pox patients from the rest of the people, otherwise the plague will never be stayed till the station becomes a desolation. The crowding in the hot igloos is sure to spread contagion. There is no building suited for a hospital but the church, which is roomy, well-built, and has a large stove. I doubted whether it were lawful thus to use a house devoted to God, but Fritz reminded me of the words, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," and Brother Hans thought also that the case being one of necessity, our Divine Master would sanction the act.

Fritz insists on having the whole charge of the hospital and will not leave it night nor day. I have to take care of the station, give instruction to those not yet visited by sickness, and do what I can for poor Brother Hans. His share of the work is to arrange about food, fuel, and water being regularly brought to the porch of the church for Fritz to take in. He allows no one uninfected to enter. The Lord preserve him from taking the malady. He himself has no fear.

Fritz prays you to collect anything in the shape of warm clothing or blankets for those whom God may please to restore to health, as their infected garments must be burnt. Remind our people that what they give with self-denial is given to the Lord. It is He that hath need in the persons of His poor afflicted servants.

Give my love and blessing to our dear flock and ask for their constant prayers for us all. Remember me to our young friend. I pray that she may be led to seek the Lord while He may be found.

Juliet colored as she read aloud the sentence never intended for her eyes.

I think anxiously of our poor Lena. May God send His angels to watch by her bedside and speak comfort to her soul! I cannot write often, as we have no hands to spare, and the journey is too dangerous to send messengers without urgent need. But when the clothes and more medicine come in the sledge, I will take the opportunity of sending back a later account of our state. Fritz desires his Christian love. The Lord be with you, my best beloved! You are always in the thoughts and prayers of your faithful husband.

That letter was read over and over again. Not a few tears were dropped on its pages, but Sister Anna was not one to give way to mere emotion, her affection ever took a practical form. She threw her whole mind into the work of supplying the needed garments. Anna sent for the leading Esquimaux in the little station, who promptly obeyed her call.

Samson was a broad-shouldered, strongly built man, whose appearance gave the impression of determined courage and great physical power, though his height was less than Juliet's. Anna, in Esquimaux, gave him an account of much that was contained in her husband's letter, and asked Samson to convey the Pastor's messages to his people.

"We'll have a hunt for skins," said Samson promptly, "there's nothing man makes like the clothing that God gives to the beasts. It will make the road safer if we clear off a few of the wolves, and may be, as the need is so great, the Lord will send us a bear."

"And see if our people cannot spare a few clothes," said Anna, "though I know that they are but poor. I will overlook our own little stores. We must manage to load the sledge."

"We'll try," said honest Samson so earnestly, that Juliet's heart warmed towards the Esquimaux, rough and shaggy as he was. A more true and generous heart beat under his wolf-skin jacket than beneath many a broadcloth coat.

"Oh! that I had something to give," exclaimed Juliet, as Samson quitted the dwelling. "Would that I had a fairy's wand to change my watch and chain into furs and flannels! I have my seal-skin jacket," she added in a hesitating tone.

"I would never suffer you to part with that," said Sister Anna with decision, "it would be simply sacrificing your life. You, delicately nurtured and venturing forth in the cold as you do, would be frozen to death in weather which the hardy Esquimaux can easily

endure.

Juliet thought of her precious grey plaid, but her whole soul shrank from the idea of parting with that, the sole relic of her Maria. Yet might it not be pleasing to the Lord if she laid this—the one precious thing which she possessed—at His feet! Juliet could not make up her mind to the sacrifice then. She could hardly endure to think of her precious relic being wrapped round an Esquimaux form.

She was aroused from her reflections by Anna's voice. "I think that the rug before the fireplace could be made into a famous warm coat. The work is so coarse that even I might manage it, if you thread my needle, dear Juliet. And—let's see—we might take the cloth table-cover for a dress."

"What! the ornament of the parlor," exclaimed Juliet, "with the pretty border of flowers worked by your own hands."

"We might cut off the border and keep it for the next table-cover," said Anna, "perhaps material will come in the 'Harmony.'"

A busy time followed. Anna searched through her little possessions and Juliet had often to remonstrate. It was difficult to prevent the invalid from giving away what she herself absolutely needed. To transform the rug and the table-cover into clothes gave plenty of occupation to industrious fingers, Juliet taking her share in the work.

Curious contributions came in from the Esquimaux huts. Some gifts might be classed with the widow's mite, the givers possessed so little. Samson brought back two wolves' skins from his hunting, vexed that he had no encounter with a bear, though a terrible scar on his face showed that his gift, such as it was, had been bought with peril and blood.

And yet the all collected in nine days was not much. Juliet's spirit was heavy, for except some labor, she as yet had contributed nothing. She saw Samson loading the sledge which he undertook to drive, a service—as we have seen—of some risk. Juliet ran back to her own room. With passionate sorrow, as if parting with a cherished friend, she kissed the grey plaid again and again, then with a murmured "given to the Lord," she placed it in the keeping of Samson to be taken to the afflicted station.

What a golden stream would flow into the Lord's treasury, if England's daughters opened their jewel-cases, and had the courage, for the Savior's sake, to part with ornaments hoarded with jealous care though perhaps never worn!

After the departure of the sledge, life at the White Bear's Den fell back into its ordinary routine. Contrary to all expectation, Lena was actually recovering, to the very great pleasure of Juliet, both because she regarded the Esquimaux as a kind of spiritual child of her own, and because she attributed Lena's restoration as being partly owing to the hot broth which the young English lady had learned herself to prepare.

"How my sisters would laugh to see me playing the cook!" cried Juliet one day, as she put on one of Anna's white aprons to guard her precious brown rep from a stain.

Sister Anna also was making progress towards recovery, sure though slow. Juliet's converse had been to Anna almost of more value than even her active help. The levity of the former worlding had softened into a gentle playfulness that was exceedingly

refreshing to the weary spirit of Anna.

If it was amusing to Juliet herself to describe her own visits to the natives' huts, her blunders in the language, her attempts to teach, after a fashion of her own, the staring girls of the Esquimaux school, it was a real treat to Anna to listen. The wholesome luxury of a laugh was even better than that of a cup of hot coffee.

After the sledge returned with a letter, the last received from Bethabara, though the Pastor's absence was yet to last for weeks. Brother Wilhelm wrote that only one more death had occurred, that of an Esquimaux child. It was hoped that with care all the rest of the stricken ones might recover and no new case was reported.

"What troubles me most," wrote the Pastor, "is that Fritz is unwell. I trust and pray that he is not sickening for smallpox. He does not himself think that he has taken the infection, but says that he is merely tired and wants a good sleep, and a little exercise and air. Well may he be tired with the night and day work, which he has had since we came to this place."

Though this account of the younger missionary caused anxiety to his friends, yet, on the whole, the report from Bethabara was good, and fervent thanksgivings were offered in Eshcol.

One of Juliet's favorite amusements was to consult her companion about the "heaps of things" which she intended to send from England to astonish the Labrador fold.

"Eighteen months hence, little Ruth will be able to enjoy a doll's house," said Juliet one day, when the fast falling snow prevented her being able to sally forth. "I should like to see her delight. But how she will pity the wax babies for being clothed in nothing better than white muslin and how short a time the muslin will remain white in those chubby, oily little hands! Oh!" continued Juliet with a mirthful laugh, "I must see Ruth for once clean, perfectly clean! I believe that she would be shades whiter, and her mother would hardly know her again. I have set my heart on giving my little Puffin a thorough good washing."

"It must be in warm water then," said the practical Anna.

"Trust me for that!" cried Juliet, "I would not run the risk of losing a finger or impairing my little Puffin's beauty by a frost-bitten nose! But oh! what will be the use of washing the baby if I have to put on it again that horrid seal-skin! I wish that I had something for a warm little dress."

"Everything has gone to Bethabara," said Anna, "except indeed some sheets of cotton wadding with which you might quilt some lighter material, were any at hand."

"I have it!" exclaimed Juliet, suddenly, "I will turn my wretched pink dress and make a quilted garment out of the skirt! The Esquimaux baby shall come out as a Labrador rose and walk—or crawl—in silk attire!" The idea of Ruth so dressed in an igloo brought a smile to the lips of Anna. Juliet ran for her despised, discarded dress—could even *that* be turned into something useful! It would be, Juliet thought, a type of its former wearer.

The maiden set to work with childish glee. A little pink hood to the quilted dress was not forgotten. It was trimmed with some scraps of white fox-skin, which the careful Anna had preserved, but had not thought worth sending to the convalescent patients.

Whether the little garment made by Juliet Erle would have been admired in the fashionable circles in which she had formerly moved, might be more than doubted, but not her most elaborate piece of German-work had ever looked so well in her eyes. She completed her task on the shortest day of the year, chiefly, of course, by lamplight, and it made the day seem short indeed.

The next thing was to sally forth for the baby. The cold had been so intense that the snow which had fallen on the preceding day had been frozen quite hard. There was no need to walk in snowshoes, of which a pair, of huge dimensions, was hung up in the porch.

Juliet ventured out and soon returned with a warm little bundle in her arms completely covered up, head and all, with a blanket. She disappeared with it into her room, where a kettle was steaming. Juliet had at first to coax the obstreperous and recusant baby, who was of a conservative disposition, and counted the power to remain dirty as amongst an infant's rights. But Juliet overcame opposition, and was too busy in her occupation, close to the fire, to notice any noise from without, nor do a reindeer's broad hoofs make much sound on the snow.

Anna, who had now quite recovered from the effects of her fall, had been left engaged in knitting a Christmas comforter for her husband, in the little parlor, into which Juliet's apartment opened.

Presently the reformer emerged from her room in a triumphant spirit, holding the pink-coated and hooded baby aloft in her arms. As Juliet exclaimed, "Is she not a beauty?" to her astonishment she confronted Fritz.

"A beauty indeed!" was his joyful reply, and then Juliet perceived that Anna was embracing her husband.

Yes, the travelers had returned safely, in a borrowed reindeer sledge which had brought them at speed over the waste. Except that Fritz looked thin, neither were the worse for their errand of mercy, and both were in joyous spirits. Almost the first thing that struck the eye of Juliet was that Fritz's shoulders and chest were swathed in her own grey plaid.

"You think me a robber!" cried Fritz, playfully, as he observed her look of pleased surprise. "The fact is, that as head physician, nurse, and hospital inspector, I had to burn my upper garments as well as other people's, were it but for the sake of example. Now, had I driven a sledge hither with no better protection than such clothes as Brother Hans kindly supplied, I might have turned to an icicle on the way. I thought it therefore lawful for a time to take a loan of your plaid, which I will honestly return to you as soon as I have an opportunity of supplying my wants by the chase."

"I never wish it back," exclaimed Juliet, and she thought, as she turned away with tearful eyes, "Fritz is far more worthy than I am to wear my Maria's plaid."

The mission house now seemed quite gay. The Pastor was delighted to be in his own home again, and to see his wife, except as regarded defective sight, able to resume her household duties. Anna was perfectly happy with her good man beside her once more.

Warmly and gratefully Anna spoke of the ministrations of Juliet, filling the hearts of her hearers with wondering joy. Then what a pleasure it was that the absentees were back in time for Christmas, whose festivities would have been so saddened had they remained away!

The simple-hearted Moravians much enjoyed making preparations for the annual treat. Without Fritz's help how could the Christmas tree have been prepared, with its glittering tapers and pretty trifles, conspicuous amongst which were pink silk bags made by Juliet out of the remnants of her dress, which furnished with needles, thread, and tape by Anna, made splendid school prizes for girls.

Juliet learnt the art of making paper flowers, as not a vestige of a real one was to be found. A text executed in moss on white cotton which looked like snow, was an object of great admiration, *Glory to God and goodwill towards men*, the angel's message to a fallen world, cheering the Labrador wilds.

Then there was practicing of carols by an Esquimaux choir, tutored by Anna and Fritz, to hail the glad morn with songs of praise.

After divine service in church, the mission house was thrown open to Esquimaux guests, and Juliet was surprised to see with what scanty materials an entertainment could be made that afforded so much delight. There was an ingenious card-board model of the Bethlehem stable, kept carefully from year to year for the grand occasion. There were a few mechanical toys which delighted the men as much as the children, and pictures of the brightest colors to amuse and instruct, and show the natives of the north the strange animals, lions, tigers, and elephants of the south.

Home-manufactured cake, thickly iced, with steaming coffee, was handed round. Juliet served, and smiled, and enjoyed herself as if the sky were bright and the earth clothed with verdure. She had never known a happier Christmas than that passed in the White Bear's Den.

Chapter 13 Journal Resumed

New Year's Day, before sunrise—The year has closed. To me what a marvelous year! How darkened with trials! How gemmed with mercies—a golden pattern on a sable background! It is strange to recall how I began it!

I *danced* in the New Year, light of heart, thankless for mercies past, all unconscious of dangers near. I recollect pausing in the whirl of the dance, partly to take breath, partly to rearrange my wreath which had been a little displaced by the rapid motion. I was by the mirror which was over the mantelpiece, under which a profusion of costly exotics belied the winter season, and the ormulu clock at that moment chimed out the hour of Twelve. I intuitively counted the tinkling strokes.

"The Old Year's knell and the New Year's welcome," said Dermot Denis, my lively partner. "He comes like a carrier with a sealed parcel for every one of us. Don't you wish that you could break the seal and peep in?"

“What should I see?” said I, lightly. “A huge bundle of invitations to dinner parties and balls, varied with concert tickets and opera tickets, and railway tickets when the season is over. Life is so same, one can always guess beforehand what is coming.”

“I hope that my packet contains an elephant and half a dozen tigers,” said Denis, laughing, “for I am off to India next month.”

“In search of adventures,” I observed.

“I once read an absurd poem,” said my partner, “about a fellow possessed of second sight, who at a party like this given to dance in the New Year, saw a shroud mysteriously enfolding every guest who was to die within the twelvemonth.”

“What a horrid idea!” cried I.

“And after the poor seer had noticed this and that person laughing or dancing, all unconsciously swathed in the snow-white shroud, he chanced to glance downwards and—luckless chap!—what should he see but the cold white misty mantle wrapped around his own breast!”

“The writer of such an odious story should be condemned to walk round Hyde Park dressed in a shroud for a penance,” laughed I. “Shall we go on with the dance?”

Oh! surely I was then a dead soul myself, wrapped in a shroud of vanity! *She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.* I now believe that word to be true. Could I have opened my sealed parcel in that ballroom, how fearfully startled I should have been! How the lights would have faded before me, the loud, lively exciting music have sunk to a wail! And yet I can thank God even for the miseries—the horrors that were then before me. They were links in a chain to draw me out of my living tomb!

And now another sealed packet lies before me. Would I open it if I could? No, but I am certain that it contains blessings. *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.* No Christian need fear the future.

In all probability I shall leave these shores in the course of the year. It seems strange that the thought does not bring one unmingled pleasure. I shall part with pain from those whom I have learned to reverence and love—pious, simple-hearted Pastor Wilhelm, Sister Anna the wise and true, and Fritz. Even Lena and Ruth, and other brown-skinned Esquimaux, it is a sorrow to think that I shall never look on their faces again.

I do not think that I ever made a true friendship till last year and my friendships seem only made to be broken. I had scarcely time to know my angel Maria before I lost her, and now Sister Anna—and the rest—oh! thank God! there is a meeting-place above! My tears are dropping on the page.

I shall have difficulties before me, I foresee, on my return to England. I cannot lead the same giddy life that I did before I knew the love of Christ. I could not bear to lead it, so unsatisfying, so insipid. But if I adopt any other, what opposition I shall meet with from all my friends and relations!

I see before me Cecilia’s stare of surprise when I tell her that I do not care for balls any more—that I will not go to the opera. Dora will be dreadfully angry. The Maddens—Aycotts—Lady Belinda—all will count me no better than a fool. I shall be the butt of Gertie’s endless jests—harder to bear than her mother’s anger. The thought is a

burden on my soul. Yet why should it be such a burden? To be counted a fool for Christ's sake—should I not deem it an honor? Is there not a special “blessed” which could never be applied to me if I always lived with those dear good Moravians?

I must find some work at home to do for God—that, as it seems to me, is a necessity for every Christian. But oh! how I need someone to advise me and teach me how to begin! If Maria had only been living! I shall have no one on earth to consult, but that will make me more earnestly seek the help of my Lord. He has given to my soul its hunger and He will supply the manna.

Night—We exchanged kindly greetings this morning, good wishes for the opening year. The dear old Pastor was in an unusually playful mood. “I wish you,” he said to me, “a joyful return to your native land, and plenty of little English puffins to clothe, though not perhaps in garments of rose-tinted silk. And to you,” he continued, turning to Fritz with a meaning smile, “I wish—what I know to be one of heaven's choicest gifts—a good wife, the best wife in the world except *one*,” and his loving glance rested on Anna.

Fritz flushed to the roots of his hair. This is the first time that I have heard his coming marriage alluded to in his presence. I am sure that he felt embarrassed, and I noticed that dear considerate Sister Anna instantly changed the conversation.

January 2—Fritz has not resumed giving me lessons in the Esquimaux language. This is to me a little disappointment, for I enjoyed them so much. The Pastor asked Fritz today if I continued to be a good pupil. “Miss Erle learned a great deal during my absence,” was Fritz's reply, “her lessons are taken now in Esquimaux huts.” I took this as a hint that I need not regard him any longer as my teacher.

When the bride comes—I must go. There is no room here for us both. I must embark in the “Harmony” at once, and visit the other stations at which the vessel will touch, ere she steers her course towards England. How foolish it is to feel a little disheartened at writing down these words “no room.” I have perhaps been beginning to feel myself necessary, and all the time I have been putting Fritz to great inconvenience. I have not only deprived him of a room, but I have quietly taken possession of all his little treasures, bookcase, pictures, thermometer, table and chair—he has no place in which to put them. He has actually to sleep in the kitchen!

I felt gratified today by Anna's saying, “I never looked forward with so little delight to the arrival of the ‘Harmony,’ as I do this year. For it will take my dear daughter Juliet from me.”

“You will have another daughter—I hope a better one,” said I.

“Ah! new friends will never make me forget the old!” said dear kind Anna. “How often I shall think of you in your English homes! I ought not to regret your going, for you will have more to make you happy there.”

“I am not sure of that,” I replied, and I meant what I said. Yet I spoke in the depth of a Labrador winter, fed and clothed by charity, with nothing that could be called amusement, and not a relative near! What a mystery happiness is! I think that it is like the rainbow in this, that it does not rest upon earth.

February 1—I have been ill and have suffered much. I returned one day from the

Esquimaux huts, not aware that I had sustained any harm from going out in the cold, though I had forgotten to lower my veil. On entering the house, I was instinctively hurrying towards the fire. Fritz caught me by the arm. I was startled by the distressed, alarmed expression on his face.

“Miss Erle, do not go near the fire—you are frost-bitten!” he exclaimed. He darted out, without waiting to put on cap or thick gloves, and returned with his hands full of snow. This was to rub on my frost-bitten face. But for the prompt measures taken I might have returned to England a disfigured, pitiable object indeed, if I had returned at all. As it was—much inflammation and consequent fever ensued. Now, thank God! I am perfectly well. No trace remains of the frostbite.

I have been thinking of the parallel between Fritz’s warning and that given to me by Maria. She saw—what I felt not at the time—the effect of the deadly atmosphere of selfishness, worldliness, utter forgetfulness of God, which I was then breathing. She spoke to me tenderly, guardedly, not abruptly like Fritz. And her words, though all too little heeded at the time, have sunk deeply—oh! how deeply into my heart!

Would it not have been cruel in Fritz, if from a mere shrinking from giving me pain or seeming discourteous, he had not almost thrust me back from the fire which would have inflamed the frostbite? Oh! our selfishness—our cruelty—in seeing the peril of souls and giving no warning! Yet how I would shrink from speaking to Dora, Cecilia, or even Gertie! God give me courage to be faithful, I have no courage of my own.

March 1—Fritz called me out today to see a pretty sight, such as perhaps never before met the eye of an English girl.

“You must see a family party,” he cried, “a spectacle worth beholding. Labrador has its exhibitions as well as London.”

Certainly a curious exhibition it was! Five families of seals, fathers, mothers, fat oily little babies, most sociably basking together on the shore, yet not exactly together, for each family was a little apart. Fritz told me that the juvenile seals had never yet tried the water.

“It would be rare fun to see them all take their first swimming lesson!” I cried.

“I suspect that not all will ever enjoy their icy plunge,” observed Fritz, “the helpless creatures have too watchful enemies in the wolf and the bear.”

“I have never seen Bruin yet,” I observed. “How odd to live all these months in the White Bear’s Den, without once catching a glimpse of my host!”

“I have no wish that you should see him,” said Fritz, “unless it were at safe distance, he sailing on a raft of drift ice, with a mile of water between you and him.”

Chapter 14 Spring Returns

Spring, delicious Spring, has returned. The icy fetters are breaking, the world is rejoicing. Birds, beasts, flowers all revive! The sun has melted the snow, and where a dead shroud wrapped nature, waters sing their murmuring song as they glance in the

sunlight. "The larch hangs its tassels forth," the willow-bush is "gosling clad." How green are the mosses, how bright the flowers. I never thought that Labrador could look so gay.

Each day I carry to Anna some new floral treasure, though she now can seek them herself. There is the scarlet poppy, gay as in the fields of old England, potentillas, and gentians. I am delighted to welcome even dandelions and chickweed, familiar to us from childhood, but the richest vegetable treasures here are the endless varieties of mosses, lichens, and grasses.

But oh! the birds—the birds! What multitudes are arriving from the south! The air seems full of the whirring of countless wings. Welcome to the dovebies, welcome to the auks! I have seen a regular stream of these, hundreds—thousands—skimming a little way above the green earth. One cannot help laughing at the puffins that burrow under earth, for at the entrance of each hole stands a plump little sentinel on guard, whilst one can hear the funny voices of the family rising from the subterranean nursery under one's feet. The sea is swarming both with birds and with fish. I shall never remember the names of them all.

Our Esquimaux friends have been having a regular harvest-time lately. Sometime ago, the women put out in their *oomiak*, a boat for fishing, belted and booted, with close-fitting dresses, more suited for convenience than grace. I saw Lena plying her oar with as much vigor as any. She left here little puffin under my charge. The men go fishing in *kayaks*, boats very long and light. Each fisher goes alone, with no companion in the boat but his harpoon and spear. The Esquimaux pushes on in his light craft where the shoal of dolphins tumble and leap, where the porpoise shows its back above the briny waves, and the seals bask on floes of unmelted ice. The sea-harvest has been uncommonly good this year. Plenty prevails. A good store of oil and abundance of skins are laid up, some for winter consumption, and some for barter.

May 11—I am afraid that I let out a secret today, yet it could not long have remained a secret, as the missionary ship is expected to arrive in July. The Esquimaux women have lately had a way of looking at me and smiling at each other, which, I scarcely know why, gives me a little feeling of embarrassment. Lena this morning, caressing my hand, said half playfully and half shyly, "And when is the wedding to be?" "Do you mean the Missionary Fritz's?" I said. The women around glanced at each other and began to laugh. So I said quickly, "The wedding will be when his bride arrives in the ship." The laughter instantly ceased, and an expression of blank surprise was on every face. Somehow I felt uncomfortable and left the igloo at once.

Juliet's news had indeed been like a touch to a house built of cards, destroying an edifice of pleasant speculations which the good people in the igloos had been amusing themselves by raising during the winter. The kindly, pretty young English lady had become highly popular with the natives, and when they thought that she would remain amongst them as the wife of their much-loved and honored missionary, their wish had been father to the thought. Public opinion (such public opinion as existed at Eshcol) had settled that the two favorites of the little population were exactly suited for each other. Fritz's unknown, and therefore unwelcomed bride, would come at some disadvantage

amongst a people who had been for months calculating on an arrangement which in their eyes was most satisfactory. But let us now return to Juliet's journal.

The people bring in quantities of feathers of various kinds, and we have more eggs than we can possibly eat. Of the feathers, Sister Anna is beginning to construct two *couvre-pieds*, which are to be wonderful specimens of Labrador art. I believe that they are destined as wedding presents for Fritz's bride. The making of these is to the dear Moravian a very important affair, and will, I believe, occupy all her leisure hours, for every individual feather must be carefully fastened down. The sewing Anna can almost do by feeling, but for the selecting of shades and colors my eyes and taste are in requisition.

One piece of work is to have a border of diamonds of silvery down, the other one of stars of variegated hue. The work is very amusing and the *couvre-pieds* will be deliciously soft and warm. Moss baskets are also to be made to hold our flowers. The house will look quite gay. We can do but little mission-work when the majority of our people are afloat on the sunny waters, but still we keep up our little school. We often sing hymns of praise as we work. Fritz has prepared a tiny garden, but only the seeds of such plants can be sown as will rapidly spring up, for the Labrador summer, though bright and warm is very short. We hope to have the rare treat of cabbages for the wedding.

May 12—Today Anna and I were amongst our feathers and Fritz on the floor, a little behind us, dividing packets of seeds, for the Esquimaux are to have some. Good Pastor Wilhelm came in and sat down, with that twinkling expression in his grey eyes which, with him, always precedes some harmless jest.

"Samson offered me a grand present today," he said, addressing himself to me, "you know Samson, Sister Juliet, the strong big fellow with broad shoulders and a scar across his nose. That man is a Labrador hero. His harpoon was the death of a whale, and had Samson not been a Christian, this feat would have procured for him the doubtful privilege of taking a second wife."

"What was his present?" I asked.

"Why, the horn of a narwhal, a most splendid bit of sea-ivory, nearly six feet long, spirally striated from base to point, an ornament for a museum. I really could not accept a thing of such value. Samson looked disappointed, poor fellow, at my not taking his gift. 'Well,' said I, 'you know we're going to be having a wedding when the 'Harmony' comes, suppose that you present your ivory walking-stick to the bride.' Samson looked at me with a satirical expression in his slits of eyes. 'Is she lame or so old that she needs a stick?' said he." Pastor Wilhelm leant back on his chair and laughed, but Fritz, whose presence he had not noticed, rose abruptly and left the house. I had to gather up a good many of the seeds which he had dropped on the floor.

"Wilhelm," said Sister Anna to her good man, "I wish that you would not repeat such things when Fritz is in the room."

"I never saw him," said the kind-hearted Pastor.

"It must be rather an anxious matter to him this marriage," observed Sister Anna, "as

he knows nothing of his future partner.”

“I am certain that God will give Fritz a good wife!” I exclaimed. I was on my knees, picking up the seeds.

Yes, I do believe it—I must believe it—so good, so noble as he is, thinking of everyone but himself. But why is there a secret misgiving in my heart. Why do I almost dread the first sight of her in whose hands will lie the earthly happiness of one who is to me as a brother? If Fritz Edelstein were indeed my brother, I could not take a keener interest in his welfare. His wife will not be worldly, no, for she is a Moravian. Brave she must be, and strong in faith, or she would hardly venture here. But she may be unattractive—vulgar. But why should I feel a care? I can make the matter a subject of prayer—prayer how constant, how earnest!

The Pastor will not hear of my going away before the wedding. “The ‘Harmony,’” he says, “will assuredly anchor for twenty-four hours off Eshcol. She has to land stores, and make barter, and we always expect a visit from the captain. Fritz will sleep in her cabin, and his betrothed will share Sister Juliet’s room. The wedding will be on the following day, when the captain and crew will be present. We’ll have a right joyful wedding.” Heaven grant that it may be joyful, even though the day to be me one of parting.

Sister Anna and I are to deck the chapel with flowers and moss, the Esquimaux women helping. I must have some present for the bride. I have rings and chains, but of what use would they be to a Moravian! Fritz has a talent for mechanics and has put my little gold watch to rights. It is not much the worse for its plunge into the sea. Yes, his wife shall wear it.

Time seems now to speed so fast! Perhaps in two months the ‘Harmony’ will be here. She has to call at other places on the way. The Esquimaux can hardly talk or think of anything but their fisheries and the expected arrival of the missionary ship. Even the children begin to scan the horizon and mistake distant icebergs for sails. Fritz is the only person who never alludes to the expected arrival. Perhaps he thinks of it all the more.

Chapter 15

Terrors

Juliet Erle awoke on the morning after the day on which the last entry was written, peaceful and cheerful. She threw open her little window to let in the beams of the sun. There was sunshine too in her heart. Quite unconscious of what sufferings lay before her ere night should close, she began her round of daily duties, which were more and more becoming pleasures. How sweet sounded Juliet’s voice in the morning service in the little chapel! How well she played the tiny harmonium! How gentle and kindly was her manner to the children who pressed around her, eager to attract her attention!

Sister Anna had resumed her place at the head of the breakfast table, but it was Juliet who filled the cups. Conversation flowed more pleasantly than usual. The Pastor had a fund of anecdotes, and if he did not always produce fresh ones, no one gave the good man a hint that his story had been heard before. A few little household duties

followed, in which Juliet bore her part. Then came school teaching, followed by reading and working at home. The dinner hour was early and left a wide margin for a nice saunter before the sun should set.

To Juliet, the afternoon hour or two spent in the open air was the most delightful part of the day. She watched the growth of the plants in the little garden, or strolled along the beach, looking at the birds in the air and the fish in the sea, thinking over the past, or making little plans for the future, and with Juliet this was now a time for special communion with God.

The shore was her wide oratory, the beauties of nature around her, raised her heart towards the Source of all beauty and blessing. Sometimes the maiden sang aloud, more often she prayed in silence. She now never felt less alone than when she realized in solitude an invisible Presence.

Oh! how altered was the once thoughtless child of the world! Greater the change than that of the creeping thing which cannot rise from the perishing plant on which it feeds, when—receiving a new nature—it spreads its wings to the sun and soars aloft.

New flowers seemed to spring up beneath the feet of Juliet. Curious to collect specimens of Labrador flora to dry in a book, she unconsciously wandered farther than usual from her home. The sun was sinking towards the horizon behind her, the shadows were growing long. Juliet had stooped to gather a curious moss, singing as she did so, when she was startled by seeing a broader shadow moving forwards beside her own, as if some large object were coming up behind.

In an instant Juliet's song was stopped. She glanced backwards and beheld with horror the form of a huge white bear! It was so close that she could hear its snuffling breath, see the savage gleam of its pinkish eyes. In another minute, she would have had its stifling paws around her! Juliet darted forward almost with the speed of a bird. She dared not attempt to retrace her way, she flew for her life!

But Juliet felt that the terrible race could not last, the enemy was behind her, his snorting was audible, the strength of the Arctic bear would far outlast her own. Juliet was going farther and farther away from the settlement, farther and farther from possible aid. The terrible beast was on her track and she could not hope long to outstrip him!

Straight before Juliet was a little inlet of the sea, such as every here and there indented the coast, where a stream from inland mountains mixed its fresh waters with the salt. A month before, the mouth of this stream had been almost entirely blocked up with heaps of ice, rising almost to the height of a berg. This ice was now partially melted. Some water trickled down from the height, some forced its way between broken blocks, but enough remained to form a crystalline irregular mound, which must either be climbed over or gone round. Juliet, afraid to climb the slippery glassy ascent, where a false step might make her slide back into the very jaws of the bear, took the longer but safer course.

Springing from block to block, she circumvented the obstacle which she could not hope to climb. But the bear, well accustomed to scramble on bergs, went straight at the irregular mount and began its ascent. When the fugitive had gained the farther side of

the icy pile, she paused to take breath, and glanced back, hoping that she had outstripped her pursuer, for she did not see him on the track which she had taken. Raising her eyes, however, to her unspeakable terror, she beheld his uncouth unwieldy mass of shaggy white fur, shuffling down straight upon her!

On such slippery ground as that over which Juliet had been speeding, it was perilous for one instant to neglect looking to her footing, that backward upward look had not only almost paralyzed her with terror, but was the cause of a slip. Juliet fell on the ice and gave herself up as lost, escape from a frightful death she felt to be hopeless.

Then again, she looked up and saw the bear, but not the bear alone. Close behind it, on the berg above her, was Fritz, pale and gasping from the speed at which he had pursued the pursuer, with stern resolution expressed on his face, as though he would have said, had he had breath to speak, "I will die instead of her—or with her!"

Fritz had a large clasp-knife open in his hand, with which he had been lopping some boughs, when he had seen from some distance the terrible chase, and without giving one thought to personal peril had followed in pursuit.

To a strong man, armed even with a hatchet, the Arctic bear is a formidable foe, with which it were rashness to close in single combat, but in Juliet's danger, the Moravian had entirely lost sight of his own. They came half rolling down the slippery mount together, the man and the bear, the latter uttering fearful growls, both of fury and pain, for the knife had descended again and again—and dripping with blood, is flashing no more.

Ha! It has been struck from the hand that wielded it so well—Fritz is down and utterly defenseless! The weapon, streaming with gore, has fallen close to Juliet! In her agony of terror, she has enough presence of mind to grasp it, spring to her feet, and replace the handle in Fritz's outstretched quivering hand. He is just able to asp out, "Fly for help!" and in that word expresses but care for Juliet's safety, for he feels his own strength outmatched in the awful struggle between manly courage and brute force, and is assured that help for him will come too late. Juliet obeys. Once more agonizing terror—but not for herself—lends her wings. She retraces her steps, springs—bounds over the broken ice, then runs along the more level mossy ground. She dare not—she will not stop! Oh! the fearful sounds—the frightful scene which she has left behind her!

It seems as if Juliet's heart would burst from the prolonged effort of running. Weights of lead appear to be fastened to her feet, but repeating to herself, "Fly for help!" she speeds on—on—on! The mission house is before her—but she will not be able to reach it. Happily, assistance is nearer. A party of Esquimaux, Samson amongst them, are returning from fishing—could she but overtake them—or call out! Oh! for but three minutes' more of power to run or strength to utter one word! Happily, Samson looks back and sees Juliet feebly running and waving her arms.

"Something is the matter!" cried the fisherman, turning and hastening towards the lady. Ere he reached her, Juliet had sunk on the ground utterly exhausted. She gasps forth the word "*Nannook—bear!*" motions in the direction where the struggle took place, then her senses fail her, her brain turns round, she sees nothing, hears nothing, knows

nothing, but lies like a lifeless corpse on the sod!

Chapter 16 A Struggle

It was long before Juliet recovered her senses. For weeks it seemed doubtful whether she would ever recover from the terrible shock to her nerves and the overstrain of her powers. Night and day the faithful Anna watched beside her, praying with tears that, if it were the Lord's will, life and reason might be spared.

How thankful was Anna that the trial had not come in the winter, when she herself had been helpless! Lena was permitted to take her turn of watching when the Moravian friend's strength gave way, and lovingly did the grateful Esquimaux fulfil her charge and prove her love. Lena's faith was as strong, her prayers as fervent, as those of Anna herself.

It was a painful watch, for Juliet had fits of delirium. She would start up in bed—an expression of insanity in her blue eyes, her voice in its anguish ringing through the house. The horrible struggle with the bear seemed to be still before her. Juliet, clenching her hands and tearing her hair, would shriek out aloud, "Oh! save him—save him!—Fritz! My Fritz! See—he struggles. See—he is down! Oh! am I to cause the deaths of all those whom I love?" Then her cries would soften down into a piteous wail, like that from a broken heart.

But Juliet was young, and she struggled through that terrible illness, though it was not till the beginning of June that reason returned. It was at the still hour of dawn, very early indeed, for the days had become very long, that as Anna sat mournfully watching the form so wasted, the face so ghastly pale, Juliet's large eyes slowly opened and she gazed around.

"You have been ill, dear Juliet," said Anna, deeply thankful to see that her sense was restored, yet dreading her questions.

But memory revived, and with memory, anguish.

"Where is Fritz?" asked Juliet abruptly, fixing on Anna a look which went to her heart.

"Not here," was the trembling reply.

"I know—he is in heaven. God's will be done!" faltered Juliet.

"No, dear one, no!" cried Anna, eagerly, "God preserved His servant. Fritz was hurt, but he killed the bear."

"You would not deceive me!" cried Juliet, her white lips quivering with intense emotion.

"I never deceive," said the Moravian.

"You said he is not here—where is he? Tell all, I can bear to hear all."

"The Esquimaux found Fritz and the bear lying close to each other. The creature was dying and Fritz very sorely hurt. Samson and the others carried him here. Whilst I nursed you in this room, my dear husband and the men took care of Fritz in the next

one. He never, except for the first half-hour, lost his senses. He was quite aware of everything passing around. Fritz's state was not so alarming as your own, though his flesh had been sadly torn. Most of his clothes were clawed to strips. As soon as Fritz could possibly be moved, that was three days ago, he insisted on being taken away in a sledge to Bethabara. Happily, we were able to borrow reindeer."

"Was Brother Fritz well enough to travel?" asked Juliet, with a little sigh of relief and a silent thanksgiving.

"Hardly well enough," was the truthful reply, "but he was determined to go, so we bandaged him, and wrapt him up in his plaid, and propped him with cushions. Samson drove the reindeer and on his return, told us that they had reached Bethabara safely. Our missionary brother there will watch over Fritz as tenderly as he last winter watched over the sick."

The tidings did more to effect Juliet's restoration than any medicine could have done, though for some days longer she was too weak to quit the room. Anna would throw open the window and the invalid with pleasure breathed the soft air and looked forth on the verdant landscape. Juliet was specially pleased when the Esquimaux women came to the window to look on their friend. The little Puffin was admitted by special invitation and would climb on the bed for a kiss. Juliet was weak, but not unhappy.

"Is there not something written in the Bible about the Lord making our bed in our sickness?" she said to Anna, one day. "It seems just like that with me. I lie like a feeble child in a parent's arms, quite peaceful and happy. But I hope that I shall soon be able to rise and help you in preparations for the grand event—the wedding. Perhaps the 'Harmony' has before this started from England, as she was to call at other places on her way."

Juliet was happily unaware of anything that she had spoken in her delirium and was a little surprised at Anna's now never uttering a word about the expected arrival.

"Perhaps the ship has started," said Anna, briefly.

"How do you get on with your beautiful *couvre-pieds*? have you finished them?" inquired Juliet Erle.

"Finished them, my child! I have not had the heart to touch them or as much as look at them," was the reply.

"Oh! you lazy one!" exclaimed Juliet, playfully, for she wanted to chase away the sadness from the face of her friend. "They will not be ready for the wedding. You must finish at least one—the prettiest, that with the tinted stars. Do bring it here and let me help you. It would be an amusement to me. And now, please hand me my little watch—I see that you have kept it going. I hope that Fritz's bride will like it. I will tell here that I owe my life to her husband."

Ten days after this, Juliet had so far recovered as to be able, leaning on the Pastor's arm, to attend morning service in church. A simple, earnest thanksgiving for her and Fritz's preservation from imminent danger was uttered by Brother Wilhelm, with a trembling voice, and Juliet's were by no means the only eyes that were wet with grateful tears.

As Juliet was quitting the chapel, the squat powerful form of Samson was seen approaching her. He had the splendid narwhal's horn in his hand. That spiral horn which Pastor Wilhelm had recommended him to give to Fritz's bride.

Samson was a bold and skillful harpooner, but not much of an orator, and the following speech, the first which the honest Esquimaux had ever made to a lady, was uttered with some stammering and hesitation.

"We all bless God for sending you amongst us again. We were afraid you were shipped right for heaven. You be weak, and you want a helping stick a deal more than she" (Samson pointed with his thick thumb towards the ocean to indicate the expected bride), "and maybe we'll not like her just as well—and—and you're going to a poor sort of a country where, as I've heard, there ain't so much as a whale, or a walrus, or even a seal to be seen from the shore, and the folk might starve in darkness if we did not send them some blubber! Maybe as you'll like to show 'em what like fish we have in our seas, and—and"—(Samson almost thrust the horn into the hand of his smiling auditor, who only understood part of the speech) "maybe it will mind you to think of your Esquimaux and put up a bit of a prayer for the folk in the igloos when you be far, far away."

Juliet could not refuse what was so affectionately proffered. "I should like you also to have a remembrance of me, Samson," she said, in the best Esquimaux at her command. "Shall I send you from England cloth for a jacket?"

"No—thin stuff that tears," said Samson, who was no courtier, "I like a good stout bear-skin—and may be there's none in England. Do you send me a hatchet—a strong one, that's always handy whether with wolf or walrus—I broke mine over the head of one o' the last." Juliet, smiling, promised that a hatchet should not be forgotten.

Samson's parting present was followed by many others. Seal-skin boots, sewn with sinews and trimmed with red, bracelets of horn and strings of teeth, odd constructions of moss and beads, the use of which it would need an Esquimaux brain to divine. The smaller children gathered shells, even Ruth, crawling on the sea-beach, had contrived to pick up a feather, which she brought in her chubby little hand.

Juliet was much touched by these tokens of affection. She remembered with remorse the disgust and contempt with which she had once regarded the Esquimaux race. Now she recognized in these simple people her brothers and sisters in Christ. None of the poor in England had ever loved Juliet so well. And why? because the selfish, frivolous young lady of fashion had never even thought of loving them.

And what had become of Fritz?

He too had been recovering some measure of health, but not so rapidly as Juliet did now, for his mind was far less at ease. A struggle, unseen, unguessed by his friend at Bethabara, was going on in the heart of the young Moravian, a struggle more painful than the wounds inflicted by the bear. What Fritz had endured in seeing Juliet in danger, had made him feel what she was to him. Her words uttered in delirium, and overheard in the adjoining room, had showed that he was something to her. "A brother—yes, a brother!" Fritz would often say to himself, but he was no adept at self-deception.

The mere idea of the possibility that had he not been already betrothed he might

have been something more than a brother, raised a tempest in his soul. The conscience of Fritz was tender, his sense of honor chivalrous, and had he committed some crime, Edelstein could hardly have reproached himself more bitterly than he did for a disloyal thought towards a woman whom he had never seen.

“She trusts herself to the guidance of the Lord in simple faith in His wisdom and my honor. She is leaving family and home, encountering the perils of the sea, the regions of an unknown clime. She comes, as Rebekah came to Isaac, with the truthfulness of a child, willing to give me that loyal affection which of course she expects in return! I shame me that I let a thought wander when the path of duty is so plain. I must never think of Juliet but as a sister. I dare not—I cannot pray to forget her, but the less we meet before she sails for England the better for my peace of conscience. I must avoid her presence. The more intensely I long to be near her, the more resolutely I must keep away.”

It was this struggle with himself that kept Fritz’s cheek so pale, and took all the joyous light from his eyes, even when his wounds pained him no more. Fritz determined not to return to the White Bear’s Den until close on the time when the ‘Harmony’ might be expected. So firmly did Edelstein adhere to his conscientious resolution, that the party at Eshcol were beginning to fear that the bridegroom would not be in time to welcome the bride, when Fritz made his long-looked for appearance.

His face and hands, marked with scars, bore tokens of his fearful encounter with the Artic bear, but the wounds were perfectly healed. Fritz had the self-command to betray no embarrassment on meeting with Juliet and replied to her anxious inquiries with a smile.

“I am not quite strong enough for a hunting expedition or a wrestling match with Samson, but I am up to some work. I am so thankful to see you again looking so well, Miss Erle.”

“She looks like an English rose,” said Pastor Wilhelm, “if so many years spent in Labrador have not made me forget what the flower is like. Well, Fritz, you’re an acknowledged hero amongst our Labrador folk. They made a banquet off your bear, but they’ve kept and preserved the skin for you. It will make a magnificent rug for”—The good man hesitated and stopped short at a warning glance from his wife.

“For your bride,” said Juliet Erle. “Oh! Brother Fritz, I shall better express to her than I can to yourself how very, very grateful I feel to you for preserving my life.”

“Grateful to the Lord, not to me,” said Fritz, “I did nothing but my duty.”

Chapter 17 The Arrival

JOURNAL: It is the anniversary of my birthday. The last one—can I ever forget it! At this hour, I was standing on the deck of the “Quebec” with my beloved Maria, and she was warning me, oh! so tenderly, so gently, against the follies, the sins, into which I was madly”—

Here the journal came to an abrupt conclusion. The pen—all unwiped—was flung down, the chair on which Juliet had been seated was well-nigh overturned, so hastily had she started up at the sudden cry, “The ‘Harmony!’ the ‘Harmony’ is in sight!”

Juliet’s heart beat very fast as she ran out of her room, then through the parlor and porch, and joined the Pastor and his wife, who were hurrying down to the beach. Amongst the Esquimaux all was excitement. Every hut was left empty. The people gathered on the shore laughing, shouting, dancing, and clapping their hands, thinking what the good vessel would bring them. And many a merry look was turned towards Fritz and some jests made in the Esquimaux tongue, for everyone knew that the ship was to bring out a bride.

The Pastor was more excited than his wife. Anna was usually calm and possessed, and her present pleasure was by no means unmixed with pain, for was not Juliet to leave her on the morrow?

“When do you think the travelers will land?” asked Anna of her husband, “I can see nothing but the waves.”

“She can’t anchor for the next hour and a half at the earliest,” was the reply, “you see the wind’s against her.”

“Then had we not better have the bell sounded as usual for morning prayer and after service take a little breakfast.” Anna was always a practical woman and punctual almost to a fault.

“Prayer if you will—and thanksgiving!” cried the enthusiastic Pastor, “but breakfast with the ‘Harmony’ in sight! Nay, nay, we must have a grand—a superlative breakfast. You must use up everything left of your stores and let the Esquimaux bring in whatever Labrador affords. We shall have guests—guests!”

The good man rubbed his hands in unrestrainable excitement. “Go, Samson, let the church bell be sounded. Let the ringer pull with a will, that our brethren may hear it over the sea, and then, after service, let everyone gather branches, and mosses, and flowers to deck the place for tomorrow’s wedding.”

Very loudly the bell rung.

“Fritz, why you’re the calmest of us all!” cried the Pastor. “I do believe that you’re more fit to take the service than I am.”

“I am quite ready to take it,” said Fritz. By earnest prayer, young Edelstein had gained the victory over himself. He was calm and resigned, though he could not feel joyous on the occasion. Fritz avoided even looking at Juliet.

After the service, there was a general scattering in all directions to seek for grasses and flowers, or for materials for a banquet. The ‘Harmony,’ battling against the land breeze, took a good deal more time than the Pastor had calculated on before she could reach the anchoring place. At last she came near enough for figures on deck to be seen. Flags waving, signals flying, she bore on her way towards the White Bear’s Den.

Pastor Wilhelm, his wife, with Fritz and Juliet, stood on the shore watching the vessel’s approach.

“Of course she has stopped a day or two at White Havens,” said the Pastor, “she

was to leave a missionary couple there and part of her cargo.”

“Perhaps when the Captain hears of the sad losses last winter at Bethabara, he may take on the pair there, instead of dropping them at White Havens,” observed Anna, “in that case we shall have a large party of guests. Let’s see—we’ll sit down four—six—seven—eight, and the sailors on the bit of lawn, all as hungry as grampus. Oh, Juliet, my child, we must hurry off at once to see to the cooking. Lena! Lena! We shall want two—three—four dozen of eggs. And see if you can’t get someone to bring us in a pair of wild geese!”

Pastor Wilhelm seemed the only one at leisure to watch the movements of the vessel. He was to give a signal as soon as the ‘Harmony’ should be able to anchor and put out a boat. That signal, very loudly given, at once brought everyone again in haste to the beach. They could hear the “Yo-he-yoo” of the sailors at their work. Then saw the boat lowered over the side.

“There’s the Captain—our old friend—bless him!” cried the Pastor, gleeful as a boy, “He’s weathered many a voyage. Two passengers—one in a bonnet and veil. Fritz, here comes your bride!”

Juliet felt greatly excited and pressed to the side of Anna. Fritz went forward, ready to plunge into the surf, to help to pull in the boat.

“My dear child—Juliet—what is she like!” whispered Anna, with irrepressible curiosity. “Oh! if I had eyes—just for one minute!”

“Not what I expected,” said Juliet, softly. Anna’s quick ear detected disappointment in her tone.

“Anna, my dear!” exclaimed the Pastor, as Fritz dashed into the surf, “she’s plump as a porpoise and old enough to be Fritz’s mother. I never saw such a bride in my life!”

“Oh! dear! Oh! dear!” exclaimed Sister Anna, in real distress, “how could our brethren make such a blunder!”

Juliet did not speak, she was ready to burst into tears.

“Fritz does not seem to mind,” said the Pastor, laughing, “he’s shaking her hand with both his own, as if he were the happiest bridegroom in the world!”

The boat’s keel grated on the pebbles. Fritz handed out the stout lady, as he had handed out Juliet before on her first arrival at Eshcol.

The Captain jumped out of the boat, made his way to where his old friends were standing, and shook hands most heartily with the Moravian Pastor and Anna. He did not at first notice Juliet, who had shrunk behind them.

“There is just one bit of bad news which you have to break to our poor Fritz,” said the Captain.

“What—his father has”—

“No, no, his father is all right,” said the Captain. “But Sister Bessy, who was quite prepared to come—outfit ready—friends agreed—took a bad cold. Doctor called in—he said her chest was weak—she must not attempt a winter in Labrador, so she is to be sent to the Mauritius instead.”

“And that—that is her substitute?” said poor Pastor Wilhelm, glancing at the newly

arrived, who was, with Fritz's assistance, getting a bag and sundry wraps and nondescript articles out of the boat.

The Captain burst into a laugh, a loud hearty explosive laugh, which for some moments made him unable to speak. "What!" he exclaimed, brimming over with mirth, "you actually mistook Brother Smidt's good wife, the mother of five children, for a bride sent out to Eshcol! No, no, things are not so managed or mismanaged at home! Sister Louisa—she's the best creature in the world, a true missionary's wife, but she has been in the field these fifteen years, and a rare good worker she has been. She and her husband go on with me to Bethabara, to labor there till directions come from England."

Brother Wilhelm and Anna could not restrain their mirth, though they made great efforts to do so, as they met and welcomed the Smidts. Then there was no need to "break the news" to Fritz, as might be seen by his happy face. He had recognized and most joyfully greeted the Smidts, whom he had known when he was a boy in England, and had heard from them of the altered destination of his betrothed. Fritz felt as if a heavy weight were removed from his heart.

"Brother Wilhelm, Sister Anna—these have been like parents to me!" was Fritz's introduction of his friends to the missionary of Eshcol.

"And what sister have we here?" asked Brother Smidt, a tall man with bald head, broad brow, and calm penetrating gaze, as to his surprise he saw Juliet Erle. His surprise was shared by his wife and the Captain, to whom the apparition of an English lady in Labrador was most unexpected.

"She is a dear shipwrecked child," said Pastor Wilhelm, who had quite changed his earlier impressions of Juliet's character, "a pearl cast on our shore, we may say, by the waves, or rather brought here by the Lord, to be a blessing to us all."

Juliet had her share of kindly greetings and hand-shakings, and then the cheerful party all turned towards the Missionary Home, well prepared to do justice to an abundant meal.

Anna could hardly find leisure to whisper to her husband, "Is it not possible after all that our dear Juliet may not leave us?"

"Get Fritz to persuade her to stay," said Brother Wilhelm, with hardly suppressed mirth. And never had the Pastor's kindly eyes brightened with a merrier twinkle than when he added, "You have made two feather quilts—one for the parting, the other for the expected guest—I should not be much surprised should our Juliet come in for them both."

Chapter 18 In Solemn Conclave

It may be expected that my little story has come to a natural close. The church being decked, the gifts prepared, the wedding guests arrived, and two hearts drawn together in

mutual affection, it may be thought that nothing remains to be told, but of a declaration, acceptance, and the happy union of the pair.

This was simple Pastor Wilhelm's view of the matter at first and very gleeful it made him. He could hardly give his mind to the landing of such part of the cargo as was destined for Eschol. He had never before been so indifferent as to the contents of casks rolled on the beach or parcels tossed out from the boat.

But when the good man was able at last to impart his plans to the newly arrived Moravians, he found rather, to his dismay, that the idea of a marriage which he represented as a providential arrangement, was not received by them with perfect satisfaction. Pastor Smidt looked very grave and shook his head. The Captain observed with a good-humored smile, "Yon pretty maiden does not look just like a Moravian missionary's wife. To start her for Labrador work would be something like my hoisting a white satin sail on the little 'Harmony.' It would look mighty fine for awhile, but I doubt how it would stand a Nor'wester."

"The young lady looks delicate," observed Mrs. Smidt.

"Merely from recent illness—from a terrible fright," said Pastor Wilhelm, in his eager manner. "Juliet went through the winter bravely, with only a touch of frost-bite."

"But I understand from you that the damsel is of a worldly family and has herself been given to a worldly life," said Earnest Smidt. "It would be grievous indeed if our Fritz were to be married to one whose influence would naturally tend to draw him down towards earth. Can you give me assurance, Brother Wilhelm, that a maid who may be likened to one of the mixed multitude, who followed the Israelites out of Egypt, would never wish to return to the melons and cucumbers, the onions and leeks of a wealthier land, that she would be content with the desert and the manna?"

"I will answer for her!" cried Pastor Wilhelm, with the enthusiasm of a boy.

"Could you answer for her?" asked Ernest Smidt, turning his searching eyes upon Sister Anna.

Anna was intensely desirous for a marriage between her two cherished friends, but in her simple truthfulness replied, "I cannot answer for it that Juliet would never in Labrador regret the comforts of England. She has been accustomed to such an utterly different life."

"That's it, that's it," said Brother Smidt. "It is a very great risk for a Labrador missionary to wed a girl who is not a Moravian by birth, nor by habits, nor education. She can hardly be expected to submit to the drudgery or the hardships of a life like your own."

"If we find that she is willing to face them, it will be a proof that she can and will bear them," said Pastor Wilhelm, with a little impatience.

"Calmly, calmly, my good brother," said Smidt. "There are times when a woman is ready, for one whom she loves, to face anything, dare anything, endure anything in the world. But this is no guarantee of a life-long devotion—not to the worker, *but the work*. The rocket speeds upwards with intense energy, as if it would take heaven by storm, but it continues not in a steady course like the planets that, upheld by divine power, proceed

in their circling course from one year's end to another."

"I think that Fritz's excellent father should be consulted before Fritz takes so important a step as that of marriage," observed Sister Louisa.

"Certainly, certainly," said her husband, "and our other Elder brethren who bear the interests of the Mission constantly on their hearts."

Pastor Wilhelm gave a little sigh of disappointment, then, brightening up, he said, "I see, I see there can be no wedding here till next summer. Fritz's father and the brethren at home must be first consulted. In the meantime, our Juliet will stay with my wife. Anna would be quite lost without her young friend, and we'll all draw up and sign a letter of recommendation, which will remove every difficulty at home."

"I am sorry to say one word to wound you, brothers," said Ernest Smidt, "but I fear that I, for one, could sign no such paper, unless much more convinced than I am now, that the union with this pleasing young maiden would be indeed for the happiness of Fritz or the good of our Labrador Mission."

"It seems to me," observed his worthy partner, "that we are a little hasty in discussing the matter at all, since we know not exactly the wishes either of Fritz or the lady."

Fritz entered the room at the moment. He had heard nothing of what had been said, but he saw that he had broken on a solemn conclave, whose conversation ceased abruptly on his entrance. The young man was about hastily to retire, when Brother Smidt rising said in a tone of parental kindness, "Fritz, can we pass a half hour alone together on the shore?"

"I was just seeking you to ask for a little private conversation," replied Fritz. "I greatly wish to consult you on a matter of great importance—at least to myself."

Anna and her husband exchanged glances, as the two friends went out together.

"You have not seen our schools yet, Sister Louisa," said Anna, "shall we visit them and the Esquimaux huts? I think that we shall find Juliet there. She spends much of her time with the people."

The proposal was gladly accepted.

"I must look after my tars," said the Captain, "and see there's no mistake made with the cargo."

"I do heartily hope that my husband will see his way to signing the recommendation," said Louisa Smidt, as she accompanied Anna towards the igloos. "The sweet looks of that maiden have won my heart already and I should so rejoice to see dear Fritz happily married. But my husband has so much experience, and is so prayerful a spirit, that I never would venture to set up my opinion in opposition to his. But are you sure that the maiden would consent to stay in Eshcol? Would her relations not object to her doing so?"

"Her nearest relations are two step-sisters, who live much in the world," replied Anna, "I do not think that Juliet, as she is of age, is bound to ask their consent. As for her own, her words, spoken in delirium, makes me feel little fear of its being withheld."

"Your heart is very much set on her staying?" asked Sister Louisa.

"So much so," said poor Anna, "that I dread taking any active part in the matter, lest I

should be acting from selfish motives. And it does seem selfish to wish to transplant such a rose to a terrible climate like this—only, the natives love her, and Fritz is just the man to make a wife happy.”

Chapter 19 Pride Awakes

“Certainly, I would never take such a step as marriage without consulting my dear father,” said Fritz, after—to him—a very agitating conversation with his old friend, to whom he had opened his heart. “But I will tell him, as I have told you, that I do not believe that there is a more true-hearted Christian on earth than she who was so wonderfully—it seems almost miraculously brought to this land. It was her kindness, her humility, her goodness, that first won my heart.”

“But you yourself own that the young lady’s conversion only took place last year. Since then she has had no companionship but that of missionaries. She has been as completely sheltered from worldly temptations as a hurricane-lamp from the wind.”

“Miss Erle has visited the poor, taught in the school, helped Sister Anna in every way,” said Fritz.

“Forgive me for suggesting that the maiden had no other occupation, no other amusement. Is it not possible to take to labors like these as a resource against the weariness caused by so lonely a life?”

Here the two missionaries met Sister Anna and Mrs. Smidt returning from their visit to the schools. The parties joined, and all went together to the house, where they found Brother Wilhelm and the Captain. Another sitting of the little council ensued, at which Fritz, deeply, painfully interested, was present. He sat silent, with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the floor, feeling that all his earthly happiness was at stake, but that earthly happiness must be counted as nothing, when compared with his duty to his father, his Mission, and his God.

After a brief discussion, it was decided that Anna should break the subject to Juliet before retiring to rest, when the Smidts should have returned to their cabin in the ship, to pass the night in the ‘Harmony.’ They would not sleep at Eshcol, though pressed to do so, being unwilling to put their hospitable brethren to such inconvenience as the crowding of the house would occasion. If Anna, in execution of her delicate mission, should find Juliet willing to join the ancient church of the Moravians, formally acknowledged, as it has been, as a sister church by the highest dignitary in that of England, she was then to be invited to a private conversation with Pastor Smidt and his wife.

“Without such an opportunity of examining her as to her religious convictions,” said the conscientious Moravian, “I could not—we could not possibly sign our names to a recommendation that our young sister here should become a missionary’s wife.”

It is not to be wondered at, if, with so difficult a mission before her, Sister Anna could not perform with her usual ease the office of hostess. She all but forgot that eggs require to be boiled. Pastor Wilhelm, though he made many inquiries about friends in England, and mission news from various Moravian settlements, did not contribute one of his stories to the general conversation, nay, betrayed that his attention was wandering, by repeating over and over some of his questions. His thoughts were evidently engaged on other matters.

Pastor Smidt had an anxious, prepossessed expression on his face. Fritz was unusually silent and never before had Juliet seen him so awkward at carving. His hand actually trembled! Juliet herself felt in a singularly strange position, one of the Moravian circle, and yet hardly belonging to it, uncertain whether she was to return in the 'Harmony' to old England, or whether she would be invited to remain where she could not but feel that her presence was urgently needed.

No one was perfectly at ease but the Captain, and gentle, kindly Sister Louisa, who talked much to Juliet, and tried as much as she could to remove her natural shyness. Juliet wondered how she herself had at first sight done injustice to such a pleasant, benevolent-looking being as the wife of Pastor Smidt. When, after evening worship, the little party broke up, and the Pastor Wilhelm and Fritz escorted their guests back to the boat, Juliet felt that she had made a new friend in Sister Louisa. Nor was the impression a false one.

"Now for my dreaded explanation," thought poor Anna, as soon as she and Juliet were alone together. "How shall I possibly begin it?" A thought occurred to her. She arose, went to her room, and returned with the star-bordered feather quilt.

"The excitement of the arrival and other things had almost made me forget that this is my sweet child's birthday. She will accept and keep this for the sake of a friend who loves her."

Juliet embraced her friend and thanked her warmly. Then in a hesitating voice observed, "It will be so much admired in England."

"Oh! my child, I had hoped that you would have used it here. But—but—perhaps you wish to return to your home." Anna felt the little hand which she held in her own grew suddenly cold.

"You have not asked me to stay," murmured Juliet.

"Would you—would you be willing, if—if circumstances made it possible for you to do so?"

Juliet could not keep her hand from trembling. What could be coming next? It was some time before she could break the awkward silence by saying, in a nervous tone, "I would be willing to stay with you, but—but"—Again a most awkward pause ensued.

"You could only stay as the betrothed of Fritz Edelstein," said Anna, breaking the ice of reserve with a bound.

Juliet hastily withdrew her hand from Anna's. "Has Fritz asked you to say this?" she inquired, with unuttered thoughts in her mind, "why did he not speak for himself?"

"Fritz knows that I am saying this," replied Anna, as it were floundering in the midst of

the broken ice, unable to extricate herself from the unpleasant position. "Oh! dear Juliet, I am so perplexed, I don't know how to tell you of the difficulties in our way."

"What difficulties?" asked Juliet, feeling bewildered.

"You see, dear, we don't just know whether a missionary life would suit you all your days. Brother Smidt fears that you might shrink back from the hardships, and—and—he knows that you have been brought up so differently from us. Unless he is allowed to examine you as to your principles and views, he could not—indeed, I don't see that he could—conscientiously recommend you for a Labrador station to the brethren at home."

"Recommend *me* to the brethren at home!" repeated Juliet, drawing herself up to her full height, with a flush on her cheek, and pride on her lip.

"There is Fritz's father, you know, a very pious man. He would be afraid of his son's union with one who has been so long in the pleasure-seeking world. But if you would have a conversation with Brother Smidt, I think—I feel sure—almost sure—that all would come right."

Juliet was astonished at what she had heard. Conscious that she would be considered to be of higher social position than Fritz, and that she was possessed of independent means, she had been quite prepared for surprise and displeasure on the part of her own relations should she unite her fortunes with his. She knew that Dora and Cecilia would regard her marriage as a very low one, and that her contracting it would be a subject of mirth amongst her fashionable acquaintance. Juliet, after consultation with her own heart, had made up her mind to encounter this.

But to be examined like a charity child, to be regarded as not quite good enough to be permitted to work in an obscure settlement in a dreary land, Juliet Erle's spirit resented the idea as insulting! With more haughtiness than she had believed to be left in her nature, the young lady rose from her seat.

"I will never stoop to be questioned on religious subjects by an utter stranger," said Juliet. "Where I give my labor, or my affections, I give them freely. I will not consent to be bound by Puritanical chains. I shall certainly return to my home in England."

Sister Anna was greatly distressed. The thought passed through her mind, "Brother Smidt is only too right. He read her character better than we did." But the affectionate Moravian could not bear that her friend should leave her thus. She threw her arms lovingly round Juliet, as if to detain her, and exclaimed, "Oh! do not be angry because a good man has fears and doubts where the welfare of the Mission is concerned. You know that only a year ago you were a very different being from what you are now!"

A year ago! Anna's words were to Juliet like a flash of lightning over the past. Just one year ago—yes, on that very day, at that very hour, how had she been engaged? There rose before Juliet, with startling distinctness, the lighted saloon of the lost "Quebec," and the gay little party at the table—poor Captain Fincham with his gold pencil-case in his hand. She remembered her own joining in the laugh at the jest uttered by mocking lips now cold under the salt waves, at the pious scruples of Maria. "And I—the worldling," she thought, "am offended at a missionary who has devoted his life to spreading the Gospel—one who has left five children and home behind to live and die in

a land such as this—because he doubts my fitness to be the wife of the noblest of men!”

Yes, Juliet saw, as by lightning glare, her own presumption and pride. She threw herself, sobbing like a penitent child, on the bosom of Anna.

“Oh! forgive me! Forgive me!” she cried. “I am not fit to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water to such a Mission as this!”

“And you will not refuse to let our brother and sister satisfy their minds as to your earnest love for souls, your devotion to the work?” cried Anna, pressing the weeping girl closer and closer to her heart.

“I will submit to whatever you think right,” said Juliet, humbly, “but questioning will only show that I am not—never could be—a worthy partner for Fritz.”

“Hist! I hear steps without!” exclaimed Anna, “my husband and Fritz have come back from the boat.”

Juliet hurried into her own apartment to hide her agitated face from those who now re-entered the missionary dwelling, full of eagerness to hear the result of the conversation with Juliet.

“Is all right?” cried the elder missionary, the younger asked the same question with his anxious eyes.

“Juliet consents to be examined by our friends, and if they find that she is indeed what we know her to be, then”—

“Dare I hope?” exclaimed Fritz, eagerly.

“Ah! Fritz, you will have a treasure indeed!”

No sleep was there on that night for Juliet. She felt that her earthly fate depended on the result of one momentous interview. She resolved in her mind all the probable questions that the Moravians might put and could not satisfy herself with her answers. Juliet arose at midnight to search the Scriptures, but her brain was so dizzy and confused that she could not take in what she read. There was to her no resource but prayer, and she knew that Fritz also would be praying. If they could meet nowhere else, they would meet at the throne of grace. Juliet dared not compare herself with Anna or Louisa, she felt so utterly humbled when she remembered the past. So many years lost—thrown away, so much folly and self-seeking.

It was not till dawn that the weary girl sank to repose. She awoke with a heavy weight on her heart and could hardly dress in time to obey the summons of the church bell for morning prayer. The party from the ship had already landed. Juliet felt very shy at meeting them and dared not raise her eyes when she exchanged her morning greeting with Fritz. At breakfast, Juliet hardly heard a word of the conversation going on around her. It seemed a confused murmur to her ear. Her manner was very subdued and humble. Sister Louisa said to herself, “The maiden looks more like a Moravian missionary today.”

Juliet found her dreaded interview with the Smidts by no means so painful as she had expected. Sister Louisa, quietly knitting a sock, sat almost perfectly silent, whilst her husband talked on religious subjects in such a parental manner, that it seemed as if he was rather imparting instruction than sifting, as he was very carefully doing, the spiritual knowledge possessed by his less experienced sister. Juliet would have almost enjoyed the first part of the interview, had she not felt anxiety regarding its result.

“Your views are very clear, my daughter. You have been well instructed,” said the Moravian Pastor at length. “Where did you receive these views, for I understood that in earlier youth you had not many spiritual advantages?”

“I came here dreadfully ignorant of everything religious,” said Juliet, hurriedly, “any little knowledge that I have, has been almost entirely received from the friends under this roof.”

“You have had a higher Teacher, my daughter. One whose lessons are often given through trial, sickness, and danger. Is it true that you formerly mixed much with the world?”

“Juliet bowed her head in assent.

“Did you go to theatres and balls?”

“Sometimes—*often*,” said Juliet, frankly, though she felt that the avowal must shock her hearers, brought up as they were, in disapproval of all such worldly amusements.

“Would you wish to return to such pleasures?” asked the Pastor.

“I do not think that they would be pleasures now. I never wish to enter such scenes again.”

“Yet would you not think it well to return in our vessel to England, to avoid the winter, to consult your friends, to test the sincerity of your own desire to give up the world? Our Lord Himself bade His followers count the cost. Have you fully done so? Could you not better do so when in the midst of your former surroundings? Remember the suffering involved in wintering here. Contrast the piercing cold, the deprivations, the darkness, the manifold trials of life in a Labrador Mission, with the comfort, the cheerfulness, the amusements of a pleasant English home?”

“I have done so—I have counted the cost. I have gone through a winter here, and though tried, I was not unhappy.”

“But—till this matter be decided—if Fritz Edelstein was removed to some other station, would not this make you wish to return to London?”

“No,” said Juliet, after a minute’s consideration. “I have reasons against going back, both as regards myself and others.”

“May I ask these reasons?” said the Pastor.

“Sister Anna is almost blind, and she suffers so much from rheumatic pains, that she ought never to venture to the schools or the huts during the winter. She really needs some help.”

“Good—good,” murmured Sister Louisa.

“But do *you* intend to venture?” said Ernest Smidt, looking with interest at the fair

slight girl before him. "I heard that you suffered from frost-bite last winter."

"I will be more careful. I will put down my veil."

"You have given me one reason, a most excellent reason, for not returning to winter in England, but you alluded to more than one. You would wish to stay here for the sake of others, but—supposing the absence of Fritz—scarcely, I should think for your own."

"Yes," said Juliet, simply, "the truth is, that I hardly dare to go back."

"You feel that you could not stand the world's temptations?"

"Not exactly that, for God would help me to bear them."

"You shrink from the tears—the entreaties of loving relatives?"

Juliet had no very loving relatives. She caught sight of Sister Louisa's sympathizing look and felt that she might be given undue credit for sacrificing earthly affection to duty. Juliet was quite ashamed to tell the simple truth, but she did it, "I am afraid of being so laughed at," she said.

"Laughed at—yes, no doubt you would be laughed at," said Earnest Smidt, in a tone that set Juliet quite at her ease. "No doubt Daniel was laughed at when he chose to live on pulse, instead of Babylonish dainties. No doubt Moses was laughed at, when he esteemed the reproach of Christ a greater treasure than all the riches of Egypt. But would not your faith bear you up against this formidable laughter?"

"I hope so, if it were my duty to meet it, but I think that I had better stay here, if it be but—until—till someone else is sent to help Sister Anna."

"I don't think that anyone else is required," said the Pastor kindly, "I feel now no doubt that the arrangement, which everyone here so desires, will be sanctioned at home. You must forgive me, if I have caused you any distress by my doubts, they have been all removed by your unselfishness and frankness. But I have seen, not so much in our own Moravian Mission, as in others with which I have come in contact, so much injury done by workers marrying rather to please themselves, than to promote the good of the cause, that I have become, perhaps, over-cautious. If a missionary's wife be not a helper, she is of necessity a hinderer to the Lord's work."

"A hinderer! May the Lord preserve me from being that!" murmured Juliet.

"One hears it observed," said Sister Louisa, "such a missionary is not the same worker that he was before he took unto himself a wife."

"There are the *worldly* women," pursued Pastor Smidt, "we have their type in Lot's wife, who was doubtless at the bottom of that good man's ever residing in Sodom. These like to be in what they call 'good society.'" They must not be different from the world. They must dress well, entertain well, make advantageous connections for their sons and daughters.

"Then there are the *touchy* wives, who are like pieces of a dissected map, all angles and corners, or odd pieces that never fit into the proper place. These cannot get on with other missionaries. They take offence at a word—they tend to separate their husbands from their old friends. Zipporah may have been of such a spirit, for we never hear of her helping or encouraging Moses, and she does not appear to have got on well with his sister.

“Then there are the *exacting* wives, who must always take the first place in their husband’s thoughts and attention. If one of them ails, her spouse must give up his time to nursing. If she needs a change of air, he must leave his work, however important, to be her companion in travel. Souls may be perishing, but she must be petted. She is to her husband’s career of usefulness not a wheel but a clog.”

“Oh! spare the poor wives!” laughed Sister Louisa.

“I wish but to speak of one other,” said Ernest Smidt, looking kindly at his wife. “I would tell of the woman who loves her husband much, but her Savior more. She thinks of herself last and the glory of God first. If her husband be perplexed, kneeling with his partner, they together seek counsel from God. If the missionary be weary and perplexed, she has always ready a word of hope. This wife is like oil on the troubled waters or balm on a bleeding wound. Her very presence brings calm, her influence piety and peace. And if her husband fall in the struggle,” continued Ernest, “she is ready to take the banner from his dying hand, fill his post as best she may, and show her love to the departed, not so much by wailing and tears, as by following bravely in his footsteps so far as he followed the Lord!” A moisture rose to the missionary’s eyes as he concluded and Juliet felt that he was drawing a portrait from life.

There was now nothing to mar the cheerfulness of the party at the White Bear’s Den, but that the circle must be so soon broken up, the ‘Harmony,’ with the Smidt’s on board, departing for a more northern station. On its return, the missionary ship was to anchor again off Eshcol, bearing the all-important dispatch to the Brethren in England, drawn up by Pastor Smidt, to be signed by Sister Anna and her husband. This the Captain was to take charge of.

“I’ll add my scratch,” said the seaman gaily, “and give a bit of my mind at home. And mind you, Fritz,” he continued (Juliet was not present), “I’ll not keep you and your sweetheart longer in suspense than is needful. If all be favorable, as I doubt not, I’ll hoist up a big white flag on the mast. When you see it, you’ll lose no time in decking the church for a wedding.”

While the ‘Harmony’ proceeded northwards, Juliet gave much time to letter-writing, as after the missionary ship should sail for England, she would probably for a year have no opportunity of corresponding with friends at home, and she had much—oh! how much to tell!

Juliet’s first epistle was not written without tears. It was addressed to the parents of Maria Selden, whose place of residence she chanced to remember, and gave a long and touching account of her relationship with her friend on board the ‘Quebec,’ and of its sudden termination. Juliet knew that her letter would be read and re-read, pondered over—wept over—and she dwelt on every detail which would soothe and interest a loving family. Juliet expressed her life-long gratitude to Maria for her own preservation and begged that a trifling tribute which she was sending an order for, might be employed in helping any charitable object in their area that would have interested her loved and lamented friend.

This letter being closed and sealed, Juliet wrote two others, addressed conjointly to

her sisters. The Captain could take charge of both, but was only to post the second should the decision of the Moravian Brethren be favorable, as it contained the announcement of her engagement.

“The Captain *may* have to burn this,” said Juliet thoughtfully, “the uncertainty is so trying—so strange!”

“I am not at all afraid that your letter will have to go into the fire,” observed Anna, cheerfully. “No, it will arrive in your great house.”

“And what astonishment it will create if it does!” exclaimed Juliet, as she stamped her little seal on the envelope of that very important dispatch. “I wish that I could be present—invisible—at the opening and reading of this letter!”

Chapter 21

The Announcement

Juliet could not be present on the occasion, but my readers may easily be so. And it may be for them a pleasant change from the contemplation of the homely dwelling at Eshcol, to find themselves in a very elegantly furnished mansion in a fashionable quarter of London, where Lady Gathorne is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Delany, and a few other relations and intimate friends.

How came they all to be in London at the most unfashionable of seasons, in September, when all the world is shooting on the moors, yachting in the Channel, crowding seaside resorts, or flying over the Continent on the wings of steam? Are not the shutters of all the other houses in the “Gardens” scrupulously shut? Are not painters sedulously at work at the front of mansions? Are not carriages few in Belgravia and the parks well-nigh deserted save by those whom Lady Gathorne would call the rabble?

It is a wedding that has recalled the family to their mansion in London. The *Morning Post* has already informed the fashionable world that “A marriage has been arranged between The Honorable Fitzwilliam Spendfast, fifth son of the Earl of ———, and Gertrude Cecilia, only daughter of Sir Theodore and Lady Gathorne,” and the ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is to be solemnized in St. George’s Church, Hanover Square, on the morrow, with the due accompaniment of eight bridesmaids attired in dresses of rose color.

A casual visitor, on entering the drawing room, would see at once that a wedding is at hand. On an ottoman is a box of bridal favors, white satin and leaves, with about as much depth of silver upon them as there is of real affection in the hearts of those about to vow, before heaven, love to each other “till death us do part.” Two large tables are adorned with wedding presents, bracelets, and envelope-cases, silver candelabra, carved card-cases, and elegant trifles. But the eyes of half a dozen ladies present are all directed towards the bride, or rather to the dress which she has been trying on, and has come downstairs to display. The readers may imagine it, with its train of ivory satin, and flounces of real Brussels lace, as it will be described a few days later in a fashionable

lady's paper.

"Perfection, simply perfection!" cried Mrs. Delany, as the bride, by no means dissatisfied with the reflection, glanced at herself in a large mirror which was one of the ornaments of the room. "And how well poor Juliet's diamonds and pearls become you. They are just the thing for a bride!"

Yes, that was Juliet's necklace, inherited from her grandmother, which adorned the white neck of the bride. Juliet's diamond spray brooch that rested on the rich ivory satin. Juliet's bracelets that sparkled on Gertrude's wrists. And Juliet's five thousand pounds, divided between her step-sisters, had much to do with the elegancies of the coming wedding.

Sir Theodore always lived up to his income, or a little beyond it, and the expenses of milliner confectioner, and other tradesmen employed on the grand occasion, would not have been easily met, but for the windfall which, Lady Gathorne pathetically observed, had come in such a very sad way! Juliet's money is to pay for the costly trousseau, the carriage and pair spoken of as a magnificent gift from Gertrude's father, and the grand piano which is a wedding present from her aunt Mrs. Delany.

The door opens and a powdered footman, in livery of scarlet and green, brings in two letters on a silver salver.

"I declare, the letters give me quite a turn!" cries Lady Gathorne, "the handwriting is so like that of poor Juliet!"

"Exactly, one could have sworn to it!" cried Mrs. Delany, looking over her sister's shoulder, "and the postmark is London!"

Lady Gathorne broke the seal of the first letter, and gave such a start as she read the beginning, that the second epistle dropped from her hand and lay unnoticed at her feet. She rather screamed than read aloud, "*My dear Sisters,*" it is from Juliet indeed!"

Everyone in the room gathered around in eager curiosity on hearing the exclamation. Even the bride forgot her train and crushed her flounces, pressing between two cousins who had stood between herself and her mother.

"Where is it dated from—where is it dated from?" she breathlessly cried out.

"*The White Bear's Den, Labrador.*"

"It must be some heartless joke!" exclaimed one of the cousins.

"No joke at all," said Lady Gathorne, and she read aloud, to an interested audience, Juliet's account of her shipwreck, journey on the raft, voyage in the fishing vessel, and landing on the Labrador coast. The lady was often interrupted by exclamations of "wonderful!" "thrilling!" "most romantic!" but not once by an earnest "Thank God!"

"But where is she now—where is she now? The postmark is 'London,'" cried the bride. "Is there not a word of her return—of her plans? How could she send the letter? Why has she not come herself?"

"I can't see anything about it," said Lady Gathorne, "there is a long, mercilessly long, list of commissions."

"Perhaps this will tell us something," said Mrs. Delany, picking up the second letter from the ground. "How well one knows Juliet's seal—the impression of that seal which

she always wore on her chain!"

Lady Gathorne eagerly took the second letter (the commissions might wait), and opening it, read aloud the following note—

"My dear Sisters—My first letter will have informed you of my merciful preservation from a terrible death, for which I was totally unprepared. This, if it ever reach you, will tell you of more blessings poured into my cup. I have met here, in Labrador, with one with whom I have consented to share the rest of my life."

"In Labrador! A bear's den! What a place for a wedding!" exclaimed Gertie Gathorne. The other ladies exchanged looks of surprise.

"Read on—read on!" burst from several lips, as the astonished reader paused. Lady Gathorne went on—

"I cannot expect that you, dear Sisters, will approve of, or understand, my entering on a course of life so very very different from what you—or I myself—ever expected. I am to remain as a missionary here."

"A *what?*" exclaimed every voice in amazement, as if no one could credit her own ears.

"For he to whom I trust to be united next July, is one of the noble Moravian Brethren, who devote their lives to spreading the Gospel amongst the poor Esquimaux."

"She is crazed—perfectly crazed!" exclaimed Mrs. Delany. While Gertrude threw herself down on a chair, convulsed with laughter, which was so infectious that her aunt could not help joining in it with the rest of the ladies, except Lady Gathorne, who was too angry to laugh.

"To think of one of our family so degrading herself," cried the indignant woman of the world.

"Then the list of commissions is doubtless for the bride's outfit—one would be curious to see the items required for a Labrador trousseau," said the youngest lady present, possessing herself of the first letter.

"Read it *pro bono publico*," cried another of the bridesmaids.

"First item—'*Five hundred yards of thick red flannel.*'"

"Five hundred!" was echoed around, "surely it must be fifty!"

"*A small but fine-toned church organ formed to endure a climate where the thermometer sinks below zero.*"

"Poor Juliet!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Then here come directions about a double set of linens, plain and good, one to be marked Anna S. and the other J. E. But—but here is the oddest thing of all!" the reader paused, for her mirth made it difficult to bring out the words—"a *doll house.*"

"Juliet has gone mad!" exclaimed Mrs. Delany.

The reader went on rapidly with the list of boxes fitted with thread, needles, bobbins, and tape—knives, scissors, and many other articles more or less needful, till she stopped in amazement at "*A large strong axe.*"

"That will be for chopping up wood. I wonder if Juliet means to perform that duty herself," cried Gertrude, with a satirical laugh.

"I still think that the whole thing must be a hoax," said the incredulous cousin.

"It is no hoax at all!" cried Lady Gathorne, who had impatiently taken the letter out of the hand of the reader, and was now, with flushed face and knitted brow, perusing its contents. "It is a regular business affair, signed and counter-signed by witnesses too! '*I request that all my money be placed in the hands of the Managing Committee of the United Brethren, who will yearly forward to us according to our need.*'"

"The will must be disputed!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"Nor are the jewels forgotten!" exclaimed Lady Gathorne, biting her lip with vexation. "Look here! '*My jewels must all be sold, as they are valuable, the money which they will bring, will go far to cover the expense of my various commissions, including fifty pounds to be forwarded to the Rev. J. Selden, of Carey Vicarage, Devon.*'"

The bride petulantly unclasped the diamond necklace which she wore and threw it down on the ottoman near.

"Will you fulfill all these commissions?" asked a bridesmaid, "There seem a good many more on the list."

"I will never go bargaining about the sale of paltry jewels, or trouble myself with the purchase of tapes, flannel, and rep," exclaimed Lady Gathorne, haughtily. "Cecilia, I will make over the list to you!"

"I wash my hands of it!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"If these Brethren—whatever they call themselves—are to have charge of the money, they may have charge of the commissions too!" said Lady Gathorne. "Juliet has chosen to break away from all her early associations—she has cast in her lot with Esquimaux—I never wish to hear her name uttered again."

The lady had not recovered her temper or spirits even on her daughter's wedding day. And Sir Theodore certainly lost his, when long bills from milliner, coachmaker, etc., came in.

Juliet's commissions were far more carefully and economically executed by the Moravians than they would have been by her sisters. The warm-hearted Brethren exulted over the mighty roll of flannel and rejoiced in selecting the sweetest-toned organ for the little Labrador church. One thing that Juliet had sent for she was not allowed to pay for.

"She asks for a Bible," said Fritz's father, who had read with more than usual interest and pleasure this year, his son's annual journal dispatch. "The most beautiful copy that I can find in London, shall go to my new daughter, as a wedding gift from the most thankful of fathers."

Chapter 22 Happy Hours

Let us return to the White Bear's Den, the little mission home amongst the pines. There, even when the days were shortening, and the departure of the winged tribes gave notice that winter was at hand, Juliet had no cause to envy the lot of her relatives

in a milder clime. The fair Gertie, with expensive tastes but narrow means, trying vainly to forget her difficulties, and get rid of the ennui of a loveless life, in the pleasures of the world, was far less happy than Juliet, busy from morn till night in the Labrador home.

There was now no painful restraint in her relationship with Fritz. Young Edelstein, no longer constrained by honor and conscience to wrestle with his inclinations and shun the presence of her whom he loved, showed all the frank joyousness of a genial nature. The pendulum of his feelings had been so powerfully drawn in the direction of self-restraint, that it rebounded into exuberance of spirits. No task seemed difficult, no effort painful.

Juliet's lessons in the Esquimaux language were resumed, and many a pause was made in them, to talk over future plans, or to review with thankfulness, both the blessings and trials of the past. Fritz saw with admiration, which he could not conceal, the cheerful courage with which Juliet faced the numerous hardships of her lot, making the inconveniences inseparable from Labrador life of a subject of playful mirth.

"You are a good pupil," said Fritz to her one day, as they were busy over their little Labrador Grammar, "but there is one thing which I think that you never will learn."

"You think me so stupid then, when I have mastered all these verbs!" said Juliet, gaily. "What is it that I never will learn?"

"To grumble," was Fritz's smiling reply.

"Oh! but you have never tried to teach me! You have never mastered the art yourself."

"I have nothing on earth to grumble at!" exclaimed Fritz. "I had many blessings before, and now to all is added one of the richest, most precious gifts that man can receive, or a kind Providence bestow."

"I remember someone—but she had more romance in her than religion—observing, that where there is mutual love there is nothing else needed for happiness," said Juliet, "she affirmed that to wish to add ought to such perfect bliss, would be, as Shakespeare says, to gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

"She forgot that it is the sunshine that makes the lily grow and the gold glitter," observed Fritz.

"How unspeakably is our happiness enhanced by the knowledge that it is bestowed by Him who delights in making His people joyful."

"And that ours is a lily that will not wither—gold, that not even death can rob us of!" said Juliet, her eyes glistening with thankful tears.

In these happy days, when she realized what it is to have hearts united "in the Lord"—when she proved how different a Christian's deep pure love is to that of the worldling, Juliet despised herself for the folly which had once held possession of her light and frivolous heart. How could she ever have been pleased by the empty flattering of Captain Fincham or have felt gratified by the attentions of Dermot Denis! All her former bubbles had broken, but jewels lay in their place. With Juliet—

***"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."***

The good Pastor and Anna most heartily sympathized with, and shared in, the happiness of their young friends.

The wedding of Samson in the little Esquimaux hamlet was an object of interest and preparations for it gave pleasant occupation to Juliet and Fritz. They set on foot, and successfully carried out a plan, to give by subscription to the bridegroom a most coveted gift—a little sledge drawn by a swift reindeer. The honest Esquimaux was far more delighted with his equipage than Gertie had been with her carriage and pair.

“Many a long trudge this will save me, when I lay my traps or visit them again,” said Samson. “I shall outstrip the wolves when my Springer bears me swiftly along over the snow.” Springer was the name which the Esquimaux gave to his reindeer. And he was so fond of the creature, so proud of his swift limbs and branching horns, that it was matter of doubt which he valued most—his stag or his little brown bride.

Thus, even cold November days were passing pleasantly away, when suddenly in the horizon a dark cloud appeared, which was to overspread the sky with blackness. The storm which gathered over the peaceful dwellings of Eshcol, shall be described in the following chapter.

Chapter 23 Dark Days

“Samson must have returned from his hunting sooner than we expected,” said Fritz Edelstein one day, as he entered the parlor where Anna and Juliet were seated at work.

“I do not think that he can have returned,” observed Juliet, glancing up, “I saw no track of reindeer’s feet when I walked home from the igloos five minutes ago.”

“There are fresh tracks now,” said Fritz, “he must have just arrived. I will go to his hut and see why our brave hunter has returned three days sooner than he intended to do.”

“I will go with you!” cried Juliet. “Just wait a moment till I swathe myself in fur in the most approved Esquimaux fashion.”

Cheerfully the maiden tripped on her way at the side of her betrothed, but before they reached the huts, they were struck by a loud sound of wailing, such as was seldom heard save when a death had occurred.

“Something has happened!” exclaimed Fritz, quickening his steps. At the outside of Samson’s hut was the reindeer, unyoked from the sledge, feeding on some moss which had been thrown before it. The hut itself was so crowded with people, that some, unable to get in, were pressing around the door. There was evidently a good deal of excitement, a great contrast to the quietness which had prevailed when Juliet, shortly before, had passed that way.

Extreme alarm was painted on the faces of the women and even on those of the men. On seeing Fritz and Juliet, all began speaking at once, so that it was difficult to make out any distinct meaning from the words of any.

“What is it that they are saying about ‘Red-hand! Red-hand,’” asked Juliet, rather

anxiously of Fritz.

“It is the name of a tribe of Indians. Here, make way! Make way!” Fritz cried to the people, and at the wave of his hand the crowd sufficiently parted to let him and the lady enter through the low door, and pass through the narrow passage into the smoky Esquimaux hut.

The sight within was anything but reassuring. Close to the central fire, on a heap of blankets, lay Samson, feebly attempting to pull out a barbed arrow from his right arm. His skin and clothes were stained with blood. His sobbing wife and relatives clustered around him.

Fritz has some surgical skill. He knelt down by Samson and soon succeeded in extracting the arrow. Juliet dipped her handkerchief in warm water which was at hand and offered it for binding up of the wound. All the while the babel of voices went on, but Fritz, ere he proceeded to swathe the arm, ordered all but Samson’s family to quit the igloo at once.

“Let’s carry the news to Pastor Wilhelm!” cried one of the neighbors, and off rushed the larger part of the crowd, leaving, however, several men and women in the hut.

Fritz would not suffer Samson to speak, until the poor fellow, who was pale with excitement and faint with pain, had relieved his thirst by a copious draught. In the meantime, his mother, the most loquacious of the party, poured forth an incoherent jargon of words, which gave the Europeans some clue as to what had happened.

“The monsters, the wolves, to shoot my son, and he just married—and the arrows in the sledge—and they’ll be down on us like bears amongst the seals. Oh, ho! Oh, ho! They scalped my grandfather long afore I was born, that I should ever have lived to see such a day!”

“Hush, hush, my good woman,” said Edelstein, kindly. “If we only could have a little quiet, your son might be able to tell us what has occurred.”

Samson rolled his eyes wildly, clenched his left hand, and gnashed his teeth. He seemed for a few moments to be too much excited to speak. But there was something soothing and calming in the voice of Fritz, and the pressure of his kind hand, and Samson, with a few interruptions from mother and wife, was able to give the following account of his adventure—

“I drove a good way. I set my traps. I found on returning to my sledge that some sly beast had made off with my store of pemmican or maybe it had fallen out. Any ways, it was gone. I was hungry, for I can’t, like Springer, dig a moss dinner out of the snow. Just then I saw a red light some way off. It was a fire, so I knew that I could not be far from some sort of encampment. Says I to myself, ‘Whom have we here? There are no Indians about in these parts. Maybe some Esquimaux are setting traps like myself. Anyhow, I’ll go and have a warm at their fire and a bite at their food.’

“I was too cautious to drive up in my sledge. I tied Springer to a bit of a pine tree that was sticking out of the snow. I went on foot up to the fire, hoping to meet with brothers, but what should I light on but a set of Red-hands! I’d as life have met with a pack of wolves.”

Juliet glanced anxiously into Fritz's face, and its grave expression alarmed her as much as the groans and exclamations of the women.

"Go on—go on!" said Fritz to Samson, silencing the others by a gesture of his hand.

"They pounced upon me and dragged me into their midst," said Samson, assisting his description by expressive movements of his unwounded arm. "They asked me all about our station here. If we'd had a good season, and plenty of fish and oil, and how many guns we could muster amongst us. I'd a mind to have told them that we've a lot of fighting fellows at Nannook Igloo, each with a hatchet and gun, and that Brother Fritz here could shoot down Indians as easy as puffins.

"But you've taught us that the Great Father forbids His children to lie. So I told the truth, and the Red-hands looked ready to dance round their big fire with joy. I reckon they think they've Nannook Igloo, and all of us safe as fish in a net."

Samson's pause was filled up by a chorus of wailing.

"How many Red-hands were there?" asked Fritz, in a voice perfectly calm.

"More than I could count. I guess enough to eat us up," was the reply.

"Did you see the chief? I think that his name is Northwind."

"Northwind his name and Northwind his nature!" cried Samson. "He looks like a deadly blast, with his war-paint and feathers sticking up above his tattooed face!"

"He spared you, however," observed Fritz, "or how came you to be here?"

"No thanks to Northwind or his wolves," replied Samson, "but to my strong arms and quick wit, or maybe I should say, to the goodness of God. These fellows knew nothing of Springer and with their longer legs had no fear of my getting away. But I watched my time—I watched my time. With one good blow to my right, and one to my left, I sent two tall fellows sprawling, and then off I ran for my life. I knew where I had left my sledge, for I saw the top of the pine—an ice-mound hid all the rest. I got to the sledge, jumped in—was off. I shook my reins and shouted. Springer flew like the wind! The Red-hands could not overtake my reindeer, and they sent a flight of arrows after us. One stuck in my arm and three in my sledge, but I reached the igloos in safety!"

"How far off are these Indians?" inquired Fritz, with the calm manner of a judge questioning a witness.

"Near enough to be down upon us tonight."

Then from Juliet's white lips burst an exclamation of terror. "Oh, Fritz! Fritz! What are you going to do?" she cried in English.

"The only practicable thing which, with God's blessing, may avert a possible danger to the station," replied the Moravian in the same tongue. "I met Northwind a few years ago in one of my missionary expeditions. The chief was not unfriendly. I will seek him out now, and if the Lord prosper my efforts, there may be no attack—no trouble with those Red Indians."

"You will not venture alone!" gasped Juliet.

"Far better, dearest, that I should. The reindeer, already tired, would scarcely draw two men. I know the Indian language and a single unarmed missionary is more likely to prevail as an ambassador of peace, than if he had half a dozen guns and a party of

warriors to back him.”

“Oh, Fritz! I can never, never let you go!” exclaimed Juliet, her terror increased by the old mother’s repeated croning—“The Red-hands scalped my grandfather. They don’t spare man, woman, or child! Oh, ho! Oh, ho! They’ll be down on us tonight—they’ll murder us all!”

“Let us return to the mission house,” said Fritz. Then, in Esquimaux he continued, turning to Samson, “Let someone see that Springer is well fed and ready at our door in an hour.”

Fritz and Juliet quitted the hut. The latter could scarcely have walked, but for the support of a firm, strong arm.

“I will never let you go!” cried Juliet.

“Not if the Lord calls me?” said Fritz, very gently. “Oh! Juliet, my heart’s beloved, are you not a *missionary’s* promised bride and can you not trust him to the care of his Lord? He who preserved me from the bear, can He not give me favor with the Indians? To throw myself on the generosity of these children of the wilds is my best chance of winning them to listen to my words. Is the power of the Gospel to melt the hardest heart weakened? Is there not still a mighty force in the rod of God?”

They reached the mission house and found the Pastor and his wife surrounded by Esquimaux on their knees, engaged in prayer. Silently Fritz and Juliet knelt down beside them. There was a calming influence in the holy exercise. The poor maiden in her anguish felt that the Master was present, and that in her terror she could cling to His feet, and look up to Him for deliverance. It was a terrible sacrifice required of her, something worse than martyrdom, but the Lord whom she loved and trusted could give strength even for this.

The party arose from their knees. Then Fritz, in brief words, explained his intentions to the Pastor and Anna. Juliet saw that they were startled—alarmed, but that they could propose no better plan. Brother Wilhelm indeed offered to accompany Fritz, but to this proposal no one would listen.

Fritz’s preparations were quickly made. Juliet, with her trembling fingers, wrapt closely over his bear-skin garment the plaid of Maria.

“If you are long in hearing from me, beloved, do not conclude that I am lost,” said Edelstein, cheerfully, as the sledge appeared at the door. “Nothing will induce me to send an Indian here, and however safe and well and prosperous I may be, much may occur to prevent my being able to come myself. Do not slacken your Christmas preparations,” he added. “I hope to look on the white flag yet and God permitting, place the ring upon this dear little hand.”

Fritz’s parting word was of cheer, his parting look was a smile, but his parting thought was a prayer. Fritz was gone and Juliet sought her own chamber to pray and to weep.

During the terrible period of suspense which succeeded this day of terror, Juliet had full experience of what a missionary's wife may be called upon to endure. Often she recalled her conversation with Ernest Smidt.

In vain the maiden waited, with agonizing suspense, for the return of the sledge. Day after day passed and it came not, but neither did the Indians make their appearance. Whatever fate Edelstein might have met, his self-devotion seemed to have been crowned with success.

During the first week, there were constant alarms. Esquimaux took it in turns to watch. No night passed without a cry being raised of "The Red-hands! The Red-hands!" The inhabitants of the hamlet seemed to be unable to sleep.

Juliet could hardly close her eyes. She went mechanically about her usual avocations, neglecting no duty, forgetting no work, never complaining, but with a dull aching pain at her heart.

Grief is often selfish. Had Juliet encountered this terrible sorrow ere she had given herself to the Lord, she would have shut herself up in her misery. Sympathy would have been painful to her and she would have refused all comfort either from earth or heaven. But here spirit had been softened, elevated, purified by the influence of religion. Juliet could whisper to her almost breaking heart,

***"The very hand that dealt the blow
Was wounded once for me."***

Juliet knew that not even death could separate her beloved from the Lord and that for herself, even if widowed ere yet a wife, there would be a blissful reunion in that land of light which sorrow never can enter.

After the first week, excitement in the igloos fast subsided. Nothing was heard of the Indians, though some Esquimaux youth ventured forth to explore. There was a mournful idea prevailing that Brother Fritz had been murdered, and that the Red-hands, struck with fear that his death would be avenged, had fled into the interior.

Samson's wound healed well under the care of Juliet, but he grieved sorely over the loss both of his friend and his reindeer. The double loss was the constant subject of the poor fellow's thoughts and conversation, except in the presence of Juliet. With intuitive delicacy, the rough Esquimaux respected her grief and was silent before her.

The third week had nearly reached its close, when a special messenger arrived from Bethabara with letters from Pastor Smidt, who was not well enough to come himself. The news of Edelstein's disappearance had reached the Northern station, and all that the deepest sympathy could suggest, was written to the afflicted missionaries at Eshcol. Letters from both Smidt and Sister Louisa were enclosed for Juliet. She retired into her own little room to read them alone.

Pastor Wilhelm was greatly depressed. Submissive as the good Moravian ever was to the will of God, he bitterly sorrowed for his dear companion.

"I miss Fritz at every point," the Pastor said to his wife. "He was more than a right

hand. Fritz was ever ready to help, always prompt with resources—never at fault, never desponding.”

“And we must not despond now,” said Sister Anna, in her quiet practical way. “Does not Brother Smidt in his letter write about cherishing hope?”

“I have none, dearest wife, I have none. I feel no doubt of Fritz’s death. You do not know these Red-hands. They are a tribe in which Christianity has not made a single convert. Some sixty years ago, they utterly destroyed an Esquimaux settlement, plundering, burning, slaying. Only a few poor creatures escaped. I used to think, in my youth, that it would be a grand thing for a missionary to go amongst them, to carry the Gospel of peace even to these men of blood. But now all my energies seem gone. The loss of our Fritz has made me ten years older. I can scarcely struggle through necessary work.”

“When the ‘Harmony’ comes again,” said Anna, very sadly, “we must apply for other help, if dear Fritz do not return.”

The Pastor pressed his hand over his eyes. He could scarcely suppress a groan. “Yes, another missionary couple must come here,” he said, “to take the place of our lost Fritz and his Juliet.” Anna touched her husband suddenly on the arm, for Juliet, leaving her room, now stood in the doorway.

“Oh! my dear child, forgive!” cried the Pastor, aware that she must have heard his last words.

“There is nothing to forgive,” said Juliet gently, coming forward and seating herself at the Pastor’s feet. She spoke with effort, but in a voice distinct, though low.

“Other Moravians will be needed,” she continued, “if—if all that we fear be true. But my father and mother, why should not your Juliet stay too? May I not, at my own expense, have an additional little room built here? I wish never to leave Eshcol. I wish never to leave the place where *he* labored. I want to follow in his steps. Where I first met him, first worked with him—where he first helped to guide my wandering feet to Christ, there be my home, there be my grave! I too would be a missionary, and one *enlisted for life!*”

“Oh! brave and true”—began Pastor Wilhelm, but he could not finish his sentence, for Juliet suddenly sprang to her feet almost with a scream.

“Hark! Hark! A shout!” she cried, with quivering lips.

“I hear nothing,” said the Pastor and his wife in a breath.

“I hear—’tis *his* voice! Oh, heaven be praised!” exclaimed Juliet, and forth from the room and out of the house she rushed, heedless of all but the one hope which had dazzled her like a sudden flash of lightning.

That hope was no transient flash. The ear of love had not been deceived. Again comes the shout—the shout of triumph—and all now can hear it. See the sledge rapidly driven over the snow, with one form in it standing upright! Fritz is impelling Springer to utmost speed. A few minutes more and his betrothed is sobbing with delight in his arms!

The whole station was in an uproar of joy. Men shouted, women clapped their hands, and the children made more noise than all. There was such laughing, and crying, and

shaking of hands as never had been known in Eshcol before.

It was some time before Fritz, quiet in the missionary home, could give to his nearest and dearest friends an account of his past adventures.

Lightly he passed over his dangers, though they had been great. The expedition, bravely undertaken, had proved successful. Northwind had not only been restrained from his resolve to make a raid in Eshcol, but had, after a time, seemed impressed by the preaching of Fritz. Its effect had been greatly increased by the relief which the Moravian, by his medical skill, had been enabled to give to the chief's brother, suffering under a painful disease which the medicine-man of the tribe had attempted in vain to cure.

Edelstein had found it impossible to quit his patient at once and most undesirable not to follow up the spiritual work commenced. He had accompanied the tribe for some distance, thankful to see them going further from Eshcol. Fritz had not left the Indians till Northwind's brother had asked for baptism at his hands. The first Christian Red-hand was the fruit of the venture of faith, when a solitary missionary had gone forth alone to meet savages thirsting for blood, and like the prophet arresting the wild current of Jordan, had stayed their fierce course in the name of the Lord.

Chapter 25 The White Flag

Again came the welcome spring, all was sunshine and joy. Fritz and his betrothed looked forward with longing to the return of the 'Harmony.' It would bring them, as they both hoped and prayed, the favorable answer from Fritz's father and the other Moravian Brethren.

Again it was on a day of July, a bright, balmy, joyous day, that the missionary party, when seated at breakfast, were startled by Samson's stentorian cry, "The big ship! The big ship is in sight!"

All started up at the call. The Pastor and Fritz rushed eagerly out of the house. They would not have outstripped Juliet had she not stayed to aid the feebler steps of Sister Anna.

"You are too anxious, darling!" said Anna, who with her arm thrown fondly around Juliet, could feel how fast the maiden's heart was beating.

"No, I am not anxious," replied Juliet, softly, "I have put all into the hands of our heavenly Father. He knows"—She was interrupted by Fritz's loud exclamation of delight, "The white flag, the white flag is waving!" He had recognized it before it was visible to any eye but his own.

Anna, with thoughtful kindness, left Juliet and joined her own husband, leaving the happy ones to wander a little away from the crowd on the beach. At such a blissful moment, the betrothed pair would need to be a little alone together.

"Oh, Juliet! Mine own, are we not happy?" exclaimed Fritz.

"I feel as if the Lord's blessing were upon us," said Juliet. "He will be at our

wedding-feast and turn the water into wine.”

“He has done so already,” said Fritz. “Truly may I say, My cup runneth over!” Then, as a thought struck him, he cried, “I must send instant notice to Brother Smidt. You know that he and his wife promised to be present at our wedding.”

“They will return in the ‘Harmony,’” said Juliet, “you know that it must visit Bethabara and touch at Eshcol when it comes back.”

“Such a delay!” exclaimed the impatient bridegroom, “I had hoped to have had our marriage tomorrow.”

“Oh, no, that would never do!” cried Juliet.

“Not do! What can you mean?” exclaimed Fritz.

“Why, how could I cut up five hundred yards of red flannel? How could our good folk get their new bridal garments ready?” replied Juliet, laughing, “do you think that I could bid them to my feast in their dirty seal and bear skins?”

Fritz gleefully joined in her laugh. “So you are going to array all our guests in scarlet! What a gaudy display we shall have. Our Esquimaux will look like a bed of poppies.”

“No color so warm nor so picturesque with a background of snow,” said Juliet. “I hope that dear old Samson’s axe has not been forgotten, nor the present for my little Puffin. I have hardly been able to keep my secret from the child.”

“The white flag is plain enough now!” cried Fritz, turning to look at the ship.

“Oh! that I could lend the ‘Harmony’ wings!” cried Juliet, with a child’s gleeful impatience. “But still we have something to do while we wait. Fritz, will you and one or two of the men remove the poor little harmonium from the church to the house?”

“Will you teach me to say ‘No’ on such a day as this?” exclaimed Fritz. “The harmonium is small and feeble indeed, but we really need it in church for the hymns.”

“An organ will be better,” said Juliet, with a smile.

“An organ! You do not mean to say that there is one in the ship?” exclaimed Fritz, who was passionately fond of music.

“I want you, dear Fritz, as you carve so well, to cut a little inscription on the organ which I have ordered from England. I wish it to contain a dear name, a date, and a verse.”

Fritz noticed that his betrothed’s joyous manner had changed to one of deep feeling. Juliet’s eyes filled with tears as she went on.

“I have for long wished to raise some monument to her—my first friend, who died for me two years ago. I thought sometimes of a marble slab in our chapel. Then of a tall cross on yon mount to be the first thing which sailors should see when approaching Eshcol. But one night, it came into my mind that the best memorial of her, whose whole life was like a hymn of praise, would be an instrument for sacred music. When we sing to the praise and glory of God, we will remember Maria, whose voice now joins in the anthems of heaven.”

“It is well thought of,” said Fritz, gently pressing the hand of Juliet.

“I owe so much to Maria,” continued his betrothed. “Words from her, which I thought little of when they were uttered, often occur to my memory now. I remember her

saying—on that last day, ‘You are like a harp whose deeper chords have never yet been sounded. There has been a light running over the upper strings, but the instrument has not been struck by a master’s hand.’ Maria spoke too well of me, Fritz. I was more like a mere frame of a harp, with not a single string, the shell of an organ, through which no wind had ever sounded.”

“The Lord has strung the harp, His Spirit has breathed through the organ,” said Fritz, looking on his betrothed with fond admiration. “And you will try to bring out some music,” murmured Juliet, “music like Maria’s, which has left its echo on earth.”

“Will yours be joyful music, my Juliet? Will there never be a minor chord of regret for all which you have given up so bravely.”

The reply was conveyed in Juliet’s bright eyes raised to his own, before her lips softly replied, “What can you and I ever regret of the pleasures of the world, the dainties of Egypt, as we go hand in hand on our pilgrim way to the happy land, fed with manna, the bread of angels.”

And if earth held hearts supremely happy in that day, they were those that beat in

The White Bear’s Den.

Edited by Pam Takahashi

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