The Moravian Bride.

Love and Duty Beautifully Contrasted!

It was the 1st of August, that brightest, sunniest month of all the year when the bleak northern coast of Labrador takes on a fleeting grab of emerald green; when the boisterous winds subside to zeyhrs, and the tumultous ocean, seemingly entranced, rests upon its labors and lovely laps the shore.

In one of the broad channels between the thousand rocky isles which girdes the main a large brig lay becalmed. Her sails hung idly from the yellow yards, and the helmsman no longer maintained a pretense of directing her.

In the vessel's waist the captain, a bachelor of 40 years, promenaded back and forth with a young woman, who lightly rested a gloved hand on his arm.

"So you have never seen his photograph?" he asked.

"No; not even that," she answered absently.

"You know no more of him than merely this: That he is yet in his novitiate, acting as keeper of the mission store; that he is 24 and wants a wife and is willing to accept the bishop's choice. Yet you come across the sea to share his lot; to sacrifice your inclinations and desires; to bury yourself for life in this wild land."

"A sacrifice it may be, sir," she said. "How great I did not feel when we set sail."

A wave of hope and passionate longing flooded the captain's heart. It shown from his clear brown eyes as he turned to face her.

"It is too great a sacrifice," he said, with warmth. "The pity of it, and there is one would give"—

She looked at him strangely and withdrew her hand.

"You forget, sir!" she interrupted. "It is the bishop's will. He holds my promise made before the church. I did not know then all it meant to me, but I had time for thought and was not urged. It is my duty and my work in life."

"The sense of such a duty is absurd"—

"No, no!" she broke in hurriedly. "You are a valued servant of our church. Your Christian duty is to help me."

"My duty as a man"—

But she disappeared within the companion way, and vexed, he turned impatiently to the lounging helmsman, severely recalling him to his neglected post.

* * * * * * *

In the solitude of her cabin she flung herself upon the cushioned rocker, the captain's words still ringing in her ears. He loved her! Of that she felt assured. And she—But, no! She must not, dare not think of that.

Could it be a mistaken sense of duty? She was the daughter of missionaries,-generation upon generation, and following in the very footsteps her mother traced a score of years before. Although she had lived at home but till the age of 7, she remembered as though it were but yesterday the story of her mother's early life, as she herself had told it, and narrowly the girl compared that life with what her own had been, seeking to find some jot of difference.

She knew the harmony of her parents' lives, each kind and thoughtful of the other's weal, their only sorrow the parting from their child, and this they both agreed was wise and the best. How else could children of the wilderness be fitted for useful lives? It was a rule dictated by the church, to which they owed obedience at salvation's price.

These mission born children were educated by the church in the belief that duty to it was paramount. The wishes of its clergy were commands, the bishop's will an edict from on high. The boys were trained to fill their fathers' places, the girls to make the missionaries' wives, the men to take what wives the church bestowed, the woman to marry without choice such husbands as the bishop might award.

And that the church had wisdom on its side was proved by the universal happiness to which those thus united testified.

And yet she could not reconcile herself. Her innate modesty revolted at the gross idea of surrendering to a perfect stranger's will. How could she fail to hate him, to despise this man, who, without one spark from the flaming altar of true love would willingly forfeit all noble sentiments of mind and heart and selfishly debase himself and her pure young womanhood?

And she herself would make this union possible!

An overpowering loathing of herself possessed her with the thought, a terror she strove vainly to control, and the pent up torrent of her dread burst forth, sweeping her away upon its turbulent waves in paroxysms of despairing tears.

* * * * * * *

An atmosphere of feverish expectancy pervaded the usually quiet surroundings of The Post. People were hastily gathering from all quarters upon the little mound beside the church. The oil depot and factory were deserted, and the wolfish dogs might pass the unguarded door and drink their fill from the uncovered vats of oil.

The missionary's tidy children jostled with the crowd of natives unnoticed by their nurse. The baker and brewer stood on the mission house porch, puffing vigorously at his long Dutch pipe while his little frau beside him conversed excitedly with the gardener's wife who leaned from an open lattice.

A rising hum of eager voices came from the hillock, where the throng of dusky Eskimos was steadily increasing and every eye was strained upon the entrance to the little bay.

The cause of this unusual agitation had been a signal gunboat from the hill, fired by the sentry stationed there to keep a lookout for the long expected ship. It was to bring them news from o'er the sea, the history of the great world's doings for a year—letters from relatives and friends, presents and messages, supplies and stores their first intelligence for a long 15 months. What wonder, then, that they looked forward, anxiously counting the months and weeks and days and hours, until the time the vessel might arrive.

And one there was to whom it brought a bride. He was the youngest white man at the post. He had her picture, brought through winter and stormy twilight by the native messenger, who journeyed over the frozen channels with his sledge to the lower missioms, where he met the factor of the great company buying furs, and who brought a few precious letters for the Post, forwarded by winter courier from Quebec.

The thousand miles the print had come by sledge, and every day the young man studied it, noting the charms of youthful eyes and mouth, and rounded cheek and wavy hair, speculating upon her character and longing for yet dreading that momentous time when they should meet to either love or hate.

Which would it be and could he gain her love? How should he greet her? He, a gawky youth, who guarded in his school, ascetically, trained, had no experience with the other sex, regarding them as quite beyond his ken, knew nothing of the pangs of boyish love, and only had a crude abstract idea of the happiness, duties, sacrifice and pain involved in the mysteries of married life.

The elder of the post had said the time was ripe for him to take a wife. Obedient to the mandate of the church, he had written, at dictation, his request. And now the signal shot had let them know the vessel bringing her was drawing near.

He left the store with speed, fled to his room, bathed, combed and dressed himself in his best, looked at the photograph and put it back within its velvet cover next his heart, laughed and half cried and paced the polished floor, and through the open window watched and waited for the coming ship.

The murmur of the voices now increased and swelling into shouts of "Gleanera-koot-a-k-o-o-t!" and round the precipitous point, with white sails set and pennants flying, swept the noble brig. The bay was dotted now with bright kayaks, and volley on volley rang from a hundred guns, the church bell pealed, the dogs set up a howl and sang their weird chorus lustily, flags fluttered bravely from the mission roofs, and presently the brig's signaling cannon boomed.

The novice hid his face within his hands, with fluttering heart of mingled joy and fear, and wished himself 10,000 miles away.

* * * * * * *

A week passed. The brig still lay at anchor in the bay.

Within his study the mission elder sat, his long gray beard falling in tangled waves upon his breast.

His keen gray eyes were bent upon the novice and the girl, who stood respectfully waiting till he should speak.

For 40 years he had lived his mission life, and his thoughts were busy with that long passed when he had been just such another youth and had obeyed just such a call to wed. His helpmate's silvery hair was auburn then. Her dear old wrinkled face was smooth and fair.

The children of their love were scattered wide. One had been sent to Asia's infidel land, another lived beneath the scorching rays that bleached the sands of Africa, and a third had labored for the church among the hordes of one of those far islands in the sea, and the news had come that he, the most beloved, had been rewarded with a martyr's crown.

"Fraulein," he said at last, "the time is short; the brig must sail to-morrow. I must urge that you should give your answer definitely.

"It is a thing most serious to you both, but you have been together seven days. Not long in which to fix upon a wife or learn to judge a lover's moods and whims.

"But I can speak myself for this young man. I pledge you he is upright, virtuous, kind.

"And as for you, my son, she is far more. Mere features would be ample passport without this commendation from the church. That you already love her I can see. What do you answer!"

The young man looked to her, then dropped his gaze. "You speak but truth, sir. She is dear to me I would not have her leave me, but still less would I enjoy the thought that she was forced by sense of duty only to share my lot.

"I pray let her decide for both of us and give her till the morrow to reply. If she should wish for more delay, it is not necessary we should wed at once, and meanwhile I may try to win her love."

"What says the madchen?"

The girl was touched by the generous thoughtfulness the youth had shown and by the kindness of the aged man. She cast one swift, wistful glance through the open window at the anchored brig, where the captain's stalwart figure paced the quarter, and blushed and bowed her head and tried to speak. Then, with returning courage and resolve she approached and knelt beside the old man's chair.

"Father," she said, her sweet voice tremulous, "I have had thoughts, unworthy of my faith, rebellious thoughts and fears and wicked moods. If either is unworthy, it is I.

"Give me some few days more before we wed—and let the brig sail. I will stay with you."

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Returning, leave Tolchester 10.15 o'clock a. m. and 6.00 p. m.
Excursion Tickets 50 cents. Russell's Stage makes connections from Chestertown with Tolchester Boat.
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On or about August 5th, a STEAMER WILL LEAVE CHESTERTOWN FOR PHILADELPHIA at 11 o'clock A. M., stopping at intermediate landings; freight of all kinds taken at reasonable rates; particular attention paid to handling of fruit. For further information apply to
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Beginning on Monday, June 18, STEAMER EMMA A. FORD will leave Chestertown at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 2.45 P. M., making the same landings.
The STEAMER GRATITUDE will on and after Monday, June 17, leave Rock Hall daily at 8 A. M. for Baltimore. Returning, leave Baltimore for Rock Hall at 4 P. M. daily, except Sunday.
STEAMER B. S. FORD, will leave Baltimore at 8 A. M., daily, except Sunday, stopping at Jackson Creek and landings on Corsica River and Centreville. Returning, will leave Centreville at 2.00 P. M., making the same landings, for Baltimore.
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CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
On and after Monday, April 22d, 1895, the STEAMER SASSAFRAS will leave Georgetown daily, at 6.30 A. M. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, (not making round trip on Friday), leaving Baltimore at 2 o'clock P. M. Saturday. Shallcross' Wharf, at 6.45, Cassidy's Wharf 7, Turner's Creek 7.15, Betterton 8, Buck Neck 9.15, Gale's Wharf 9.30.
Returning, will leave Baltimore daily, at 3 o'clock, (except Friday, lay over until 2 P. M. Saturday), stopping at Buck Neck and Gale's, and all the landings on Sassafras River, except Turner's Creek, trip up, stopping at Turner's Creek on Saturday if possible.
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TIME-TABLE,
TO TAKE EFFECT NOVEMBER 27th, 1893.

Going East. Pass. No. 1 Daily ex. Sunday.	STATIONS.	Going West Pass. No. 2 Daily ex. Sunday.
Leave. A. M.		Arrive. P. M.
6.50	CHESTERTOWN	12.05
		A. M.
7.05	WORTON	11.50
7.10	LYNCH'S	11.45
7.15	HEPBRON	11.40
7.28	KENNEDYVILLE	11.27
7.41	BLACK'S	11.14
7.54	LAMBSON'S	11.01
8.08	MASSEYS	10.47
8.22	DELANEY'S	10.32
8.30	BINGHAM'S	10.25
Arrive.		Leave.
8.40	CLAYTON	10.15

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CHOPTANK RIVER LINE—8 p. m. daily, except Sunday, for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge, and landings to Denton. Returning, leave Denton at 12.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday, Cambridge 6 p. m., Oxford 7.30 p. m., Easton 9.30 p. m., arriving in Baltimore 5 a. m.
WICOMICO RIVER LINE—5 p. m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Wingate's Point, Deal's Island and landings to Salisbury. Returning, leave Salisbury at 2.30 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving in Baltimore at 6 a. m.
NANTICOKE RIVER LINE—5 p. m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for Deal's Island, and landings to Seaford, Del. Returning, leave Seaford at 12 o'cleck noon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.
GREAT WICOMICO AND PIANKATANK RIVER LINE—5 p. m. every Tuesday and Friday for the Great Wicomico River, Dividing, Indian and Dymer's Creek's, Little Bay, Milford Haven and Piankatank River to Freeport. Returning, leave Freeport 6 p. m. every Monday and Thursday, arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.
ry Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Jackson's, Piankatank River and Milford Haven. Returning, leave Freeport at 12 o'clock noon every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.
STEAMERS FROM SOUTH STREET PIER:
POCOMOKE RIVER LINE—5.30 p. m. every Tuesday and Friday for Crisfield, Tangier Island, Onancock, and landings to Pocomoke City and Snow Hill. Returning, leave Snow Hill at 6 a. m., Crisfield 6 p. m. every Monday, and Thursday, arriving in Baltimore at 6 a. m.
MESSONGO RIVER LINE—5.30 p. m. every Monday and Thursday for Fords, Crisfield, Finnrys, Onancock, Chesconnessex, Hunting Creek and Messongo. Returning, leave Messongo every Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a. m. Crisfield 6 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.
OCCOHANNOCK RIVER LINE—5.30 p. m. every Wednesday and Sunday for Crisfield, Harborton, Evans, Boggs, Cedar View, Nandua, Concord, Read's, Davis', Shield's, Rues. Returning leave Rues every Tuesday and Friday at 8.30 a. m., Crisfield, 6 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 5 a. m.
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