

As he spoke she felt his little arms round her neck, and never had she experienced such pure rapturous delight. Though with the incipient pride of boyhood he endeavoured to conceal his emotion, the delight of Frank was scarcely less. He told her that he had followed a chipmunk into the bush farther than he had ever been before, and that when he paused in his unsuccessful chase, he found that he had lost his way. In his efforts to return he had plunged deeper into the wood, and as it soon became dark, he was unable to proceed any farther and sat down on the ground quite tired out.

"I never was frightened till then," he said, "but when I saw how dark it was, I began to cry a little, for though I knew you would come and look for me, I was afraid you would never find me. Then I shouted as loud as ever I could. That you might know where I was, if you were searching for me, and at last I thought I heard somebody answer me, but when I called again I knew it was the echo. I wished very much that Jason was with me, and I thought I would call him, but he did not come, and then I began to cry. Soon after I heard something coming very fast and I thought may be it was a wolf, but when it jumped on me, I knew it was my good old dog, and I was very glad, I never cried again after he came, though I was sure I would have to stay here all night; but I thought Papa would come in the morning, so I put my arms about Jason to keep me warm and lay down to sleep, and I was going to sleep when he began to bark and cry, I thought of the wolves again, but I wasn't afraid because my dog was with me—then I heard you call my name, and Jason jumped for joy, and we were both very glad."

"And now, Frank, how are we to get home," said Helen, "for unless Jason can show us the way we'll never find it." Then turning to the dog she caressed him, exclaiming: "Home, Jason; good old fellow, bring us home!"

The dog uttered a short joyous bark as if in answer to her words, and wagging his tail moved forwards, but suddenly he darted back and laid himself down before them in the path; from this station neither entreaties nor reproaches could move him: to the former he answered by a plaintive cry, to the latter by a deep growl.

"I dare say he knows what he is doing, Helen," said Frank at last; "do you think there are wolves or panthers in the wood?"

"Oh! no, not so near a settlement," replied Helen, unwilling to excite the child's fears, though the same idea had occurred to her already.

While she was yet speaking she heard a slight rustling among the branches at a little distance; so indistinct, that if the acuteness of her senses had not been so nervously heightened, it might not have reached them. At the same time the growls of the dog became repeated and even fierce, and he made a movement as if preparing for a spring, while Helen drew Frank close to her side, when suddenly the moon, which had now attained a height which enabled her beams to pierce the leaf screen, rendered the surrounding objects visible.

At a few paces distance, leaning against the silver tinted shaft of a birch tree, stood a slight graceful youth, fancifully attired with a bow and a couple of arrows hanging carelessly from his hand. Helen, from her sister's description, recognized him as the same young Indian, whom Alice had seen a few days before, even before Frank's whisper confirmed her conjecture.

"If you will trust a stranger and one whose blood is darker than your own, I will guide you out of this labyrinth," said the young Indian, in accents soft and musical, yet haughty, "but you must first quiet your dog."

"I thank you very much," replied Helen, believing that whether he were friend or foe it was the wiser plan to exhibit no distrust. "Jason," she added, patting the dog, who since he had been able to see the object that had excited his fear had become perfectly calm, "it is a friend."

"We have met before," said the stranger, who perceiving there was no longer any danger from the dog, had approached the wanderers.

"No—it was my sister."

"Your sister?" he said, gazing more attentively in her face, "yes—it was the resemblance between your voices which misled me. And yet yours has a haughtier tone, and you look of a bolder spirit. But come, let us go on." Holding her brother's hand, and followed by the dog, Helen obeyed his directions, but after they had thus proceeded a few yards, during which he had cast one or two scrutinizing glances at his companion, he said to Frank. "Are you not tired, my little fellow? Shall I carry you? Will you trust him with me?" he asked, looking full at Helen as she spoke. Frank eagerly consented, and Helen who could hardly support her own wearied frame, was compelled, however unwillingly, to relinquish him to their guide.

"Perhaps you will be alarmed when you find that I am not taking you to your home," said the young Indian to Helen, as she walked silently by his side.