

and intense, which would exercise a sovereign influence upon their future lot, and identify them with each other. It woke a thrill of rapture, not unmixed with a sense deep and solemn, beyond words, which their hearts could not define. Yet so pure and guileless were their thoughts, that they looked into each other's eyes, as into a translucent well, where the spirit watched from its profound, to communicate a genial lore, and flash back sympathy for sympathy.

Their very being seemed to meet and blend in that look, without scruple or shame.

"Dear friend, how fareth it with thee?" asked Ellen, almost in a whisper, as she withdrew her eyes from that speechless, but intelligible commune.

"Very happily, Ellen, for you are saved."

"And were it not for thee, that had not been," rejoined the maiden, with strong emotion, covering her face with her hands; "thou wast my support in that dreadful hour, and next to God, I owe my life unto thee, dear friend. Ah, Conrad! what misery was mine, when I awoke from that awful dream, and they could not reply to my questionings concerning thee! My heart was breaking, when a gracious-looking Indian came and told me, in my own tongue, that thou wert alive, but very feeble, and only a few steps from where I lay; then I could not rest, so the women gave me raiment, and I have