

out if mortal man could do it. God send him safe across the broken ice, I pray. But millia murder! what am I sayin' to be sure he'll get safe. Cheer up, Miss Helen, mavourneen, never fear but he will, I'll go bail he does. Sure you're not goin' to give up now, and has held out so long."

Helen did, indeed, shew greater sighs of emotion now than she had displayed the whole time they were on the ice. She trembled so violently, that it was with difficulty she could remain upright; but Brian taking off his coat laid it on the ice, and making her sit down on it bade her keep a good heart, for it would be all right in no time. He then sprang forward to meet and, if possible assist Max. The young German had already descried them, and without a moment's hesitation, he plunged among the broken masses of ice which formed so perilous an approach to their frail place of refuge. Young, active, and brave, and accustomed in his native country to the dangers incident to frozen rivers and lakes, and above all impelled with a motive for exertion which would have rendered him almost capable of achieving miracles. Max reached the little peninsula of ice, which was all that separated the being dearest to him on the earth from death, and scarcely conscious of the presence of Brian, was in a moment at her side. Seizing her hands he pressed them for some moments convulsively before he could find a voice to assure her that she would speedily be in safety.

"And you, why did you come," exclaimed Helen, mastering her emotion, "do you think me so selfish that it would make my own danger lighter to see you exposed to the same peril?"

"Helen, is it now only that you know that to share your fate, be it what it might, is all I desire on earth. But my feelings were not altogether selfish—I believed I might be of some use to you, or at least bring you hope."

"Oh! Max!" cried Helen, "forgive me; it is I who am selfish; you can never be so."

"I'm afraid I can sometimes, Helen,—but now tell me what madness could have brought you here?"

Helen related the cause of her venturous expedition, while Brian, who probably believed that the meeting between his young lady and Max would be such as in his simple nature he deemed natural to lovers in such a scene of peril, the one having just escaped imminent danger, and the other having encountered nearly as much for her sake, remained at some distance, totally unconscious of the praises Helen bestowed on his courage and devotion. He was therefore the first

to descry the approach of Colonel Orrin Fisk and Fauna, bringing with them the bark canoe of the latter, and to rejoice his companion with the tidings.

"There's two min comin' Miss Helen," he cried, "and they've got a canoe, we'll get over the wather azy in that. Faix I b'lieve one of 'em's a boy. As I'm a livin' sinner it's the quare young lady that lives with Madame Werfenstein, an' that they say's an Indian. And the other's that Yankee man, Miss Helen—Mr. Iron—what's his name?"

"You are right," exclaimed Max; "it was well that he met with Fauna. Thank God they've come so soon, for were the wind to rise again, this speck of ice wouldn't hold together twenty minutes. As for you, Brian," he added, grasping the boy's hand warmly, "you have, this day, proved yourself a noble fellow, and while I live you shall have at least one steady friend."

"Arrah musha, Mr. Max, dont spake about it," cried the flattered Brian, "sure what did I do, only what the poorest-hearted crathur on airth would have done for sich a lady. Faix Jason did twice as much," he added, patting the poor animal, who, tired with his violent exertions, lay motionless and panting on the ice, "not to spake of yerself. But bydad, sir, Miss Helen was as composed as if she wor in her own dhravin' room, till she seen you goin' into the broken ice; she never sat down the blessed two hours we've been on that weary bit till then."

The new comers were welcomed by Brian, with a joyful shout, in which Max heartily joined, and which was readily responded to by Colonel Fisk, who, in his own dry way, felt really glad to find them in safety. Fauna launched her tiny bark into the water, and in a few strokes of her active and experienced, though light, arm, brought it to their peninsula, while Mr. Fisk remained on the main sheet of ice. Causing her canoe to approach as close as possible the broken edge of the ice, Fauna steadied it with her paddles while the rescued wanderers entered. Their return was comparatively slow, as the little vessel was heavily laden, and Max and Fauna had some difficulty in guiding it through the floating pieces of ice which encumbered the water, but which when the canoe was lighter were more easily avoided. The sun was now shining brilliantly on the receding town of Heliopolis, though, perhaps, wondering somewhat at the presumption of its nomenclators, and drawing comparisons between it and the ancient city after which this aspiring young republican was called—not much in favour of the child of the new world. Its buildings were plainly to be discerned, and Helen could not suppress a sigh as she