

"Then, my young friend," said Paul Müller, taking his hand kindly, "you have only learnt from what I said, how hard a task you will have to fulfil the expectations that Wingenund has led us to entertain."

"I can promise nothing," replied Reginald, glancing towards the maiden, "but a true tongue, a ready hand, and an honest heart; if these can serve my friend's sister, methinks she may expect them without being disappointed."

The words in themselves were nothing remarkable, but there was an earnest feeling in the tone in which they were spoken that made Prairie-bird's heart beat quicker; she answered him by a look, but said nothing. Wonderful is the expression, the magic eloquence of the human eye, and yet how is its power tenfold increased when the rays of its glance pass through the atmosphere even of dawning love. Reginald longed to know whence and who she could be, this child of the wilderness, who had so suddenly, so irresistibly, engaged his feelings; above all he longed to learn whether her heart and affections were free, and that single look, translated by the sanguine self-partiality of love, made him internally exclaim, "Her heart is not another's!" Whether his conjecture proved correct the after course of this tale will show, meanwhile we cannot forbear our admiration at the marvellous rapidity with which our