

shouldn't those who make it their home partake of its nature."

"Well, Master Harald, if you're as merry and wild as ever, you're far handsomer."

"Hush, my dear Grace, you don't know how vain I am. But where's Jason, poor fellow?"

"He's with the ladies, sir. But if you must go, hadn't you better take this boy to guide you through the bush?"

"I'll be proud to go with you, sir," cried Brian, with alacrity, "to the end of the world if you like it."

"But what'll the churning do if I take you away?" asked Harald, laughing and glancing at Lydia. "Why, Lydia," he added, "this Canadian air agrees with you; you look like a damask rose."

"The churning, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Grace, "what manner of compare is there between the churning and you—though to be sure," she added *sotto voce*, "if I don't get it done, there will be no fresh butter for his tea."

"Never mind, ma'am," cried Brian, "I'll not be while a cat 'uld lick her ear shewin' the young master the way to the ladies, and I'll come back again like a flash of lightnin' and churn it out of sight. Never trust me again if I don't." "But what's to be done wid that silent gintleman yonder?" he asked of Harald.

"Oh! my guide you mean," said Harald, turning towards the silent savage, and thereby drawing the attention of Grace towards him, for so totally engrossed by the young midshipman had she been, that she had not hitherto noticed him. "You must get some food for my friend yonder," Harald continued, "he is perfectly harmless, and you needn't fear him. Besides," he whispered, "there is a gentleman in the parlour whb is able to defend you against twenty savages."

"A friend of yours, Master Harald?" enquired the startled Grace.

"Yes, and one whom you know. My father's old friend Mr. Warrender. So now you are well protected. Besides the poor fellow is as quiet as a lamb, though he frightened one of your damsels out of the house, whose terror, at the time, I could not understand; therefore make him comfortable, like a good dear soul."

At such a moment of joy, the good woman would scarcely have refused to take care of a young panther if it had been given into her charge by Harald. In the mean time, Brian found an opportunity to whisper to Lydia not to fall in love with that *elegant* savage in the corner, and Lydia found words to assure him she didn't like

savages, whether Hiriish or Hindian, to which Brian retorted by a grin of defiance.

On their way into the open air, Harald paused to inform Mr. Warrender whither he was going, and to assure him that Grace would take all possible care of him during his own absence.

"What's your name, my lad," asked Harald, as he followed the rapid steps of Brian into the blaze which led round the knoll, in which direction the boy had seen the young ladies proceed.

"Brian O'Callaghan, plaze yer honor."

"You are Irish?"

"Throth, sir, you may swear that, thank God!—

"By Mac and O you always know

True Irishmen, they say:

But if they lack

Both O and Mac no Irishmen are they."

"You are the lad who so gallantly assisted Miss Blachford over the ice?" resumed Harald.

"Sure, sir," said Brian, "an officer like you, that has been at sae and seen all sorts of dangers, 'uld think nothin' of the like ov that. I don't nothin' to compare wid yer own big dog, poor fellow, let alone Mr. Max; though if it had cost me my life, a good right I'd have to give it for him that had been so kind to me and mine."

"You're a generous fellow," said Harald; "but who is this Mr. Max?"

"Good jewel! did you never hear tell of Mr. Max, sir? By gorra he ventured his life for Miss Helen ten times more nor I did."

"Oh! you mean Von Werfenstein," said Harald, in a dissatisfied tone. Brian had sufficient tact to say no more, and Harald walked along apparently in deep thought for a few seconds. But gravity never sat long on the animated features of the young midshipman, and asking Brian if he didn't think a good shout would reach his sister's ears, he put his hand to his mouth and gave a long and loud ahoy! which echoed for some minutes through the forest. The sound had not yet died away, when Jason rushed from the wood and threw himself on his master in a wild ecstasy of joy. Separated a hundred yards from Harald the faithful animal had recognised his voice through the mazes of the wood, and hailed it with a cry of delight which surprised and puzzled Helen. Kneeling on the ground with almost childish pleasure, the young sailor received and returned the caresses of his dog, while with a degree, of rapture which it was most touching to witness, the poor creature licked his face, his hands, his clothes, with cries of joy.

"Sure, sir," cried Brian, "hasn't he more feelin' nor many a Christian?"

Helen appeared in sight at this instant; the next moment she was in her brother's arms.