

appreciation of all that delights the eye and interests the imagination in nature, joined to a rich ideality which invested all of which he spoke with "A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,"

And beheld harmonious loveliness in all creation, "Undream't of by the sensual and the proud,"

Though ever existent there.

His words seemed to Helen the echoes of her own thoughts, to whose adequate expression she now listened for the first time. True, Lord Embsburg had often talked as eloquently, and in more impassioned and rapturous accents on the same topics, but the enthusiasm of the young noble would have seemed factitious, superficial and unreal, however fervid, when contrasted with the quiet and pure depth of feeling disclosed by the stranger, and Helen, though she drew no comparison between them, unconsciously felt the difference.

In the mean time, Rhoda, assisted by a stout young maid-servant, laid a supper table of such viands as could scarcely be met with any where but in an American farm house. Cold meats and pickles innumerable; cucumbers, tomatos and sweet potatoes; pancakes of buck-wheat flour and Indian meal, cranberry and apple tarts; peach sauce, and strawberry jam, pumpkin pies and preserved melons, appeared in the greatest profusion; and the most delicious cider and raspberry vinegar were added.

As they all gathered around the table, Helen looked round for her Indian guide, and her surprise was great when she beheld, instead, a young girl in the dress proper to her sex, whose dark glowing complexion and flashing eyes at once revealed her identity with the supposed Indian youth of the forest. Her luxuriant black hair was gathered into a species of coronet behind, and wreathed with the flowers of the wild white immortelle, and again and again Helen turned her gaze upon her, fascinated by the witchery of her gleaming eyes. The Indian girl evidently saw and understood her wondering looks, but instead of exhibiting amusement or any other emotion at her unconcealed astonishment, she met the glance of Helen with an expression of wild melancholy, as if her thoughts were occupied by some far more absorbing subject.

During supper, but little was said by any of the party, the sad gravity which dwelt on the features of the mistress of the house inspiring Helen with a feeling approaching to awe, which seemed shared almost equally by her own family. Finding that no one made any remark on the new form assumed by her mysterious guide, Helen was also silent, and Frank, who at another time would pro-

bably have been less discreet, was too sleepy and tired to notice the metamorphosis.

When they separated for the night, the young Indian girl and Rhoda's brother remained in the sitting room. The latter sat gazing into the decaying embers of the fire in dreamy mood, apparently unconscious that he was not alone, while the girl leant against the book-case; her eyes which had lost much of their wild fitfulness, and at that moment bore

"The steady aspect of a large clear star," rivetted immoveably on his face.

Thus they remained for many minutes, when a sigh, it seemed more of pleasure than pain, escaped from the youth, and he raised his kindling eyes, which met the dark glance of the Indian maiden. Hers was not the face on which his fancy had been feeding, and the wild melancholy visible in her large planet-like orbs cast a shadow over his brightened countenance.

"Fauna!" he said—"Why do you look so sad and why are you here alone?"

"Alone!" exclaimed the Indian girl, as if only his last word had reached her ear, "yes alone! Now and for ever alone!"

And without another word she left the room.

#### CHAPTER XII.

All they

Whose intellect is an o'er mastering power,  
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay  
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoever  
The form which their creations may essay,  
Are bards. The kindled marble's bust may wear  
More poesy upon its speaking brow  
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear,  
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,  
Or deity the canvass till it shine  
With beauty so surpassing all below,  
That they who kneel to idols so divine  
Break no commandment, for high Heaven is there  
Transfused, transfigured.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

"What a beautiful wreath of flowers!" cried Helen, the following morning, as she accompanied Rhoda from her chamber at an early hour and beheld the garland of roses twined round her door.

"I was up before sunrise this morning," replied Rhoda with a glad smile, "and gathered these, while the dew-drops were hanging on their leaves. But do you not know that to twine the door of the guest's chamber with flowers is the custom of my country?"

"Your country?" exclaimed Helen. "What then is your country?"

"Mine is the German Fatherland!"