

'Take her home, some of you,' said Elwyn to a group of women, who were assiduously endeavouring to restore her to her senses. 'It is better that she should not recover here.'

Then, turning to the old man, he inquired where his son-in-law was:

The father pointed, with a look of deepest agony, to the doorway.

'Gone for the little ones, sir,' he said, in a broken voice; 'but I be feared he's stifled he's been gone so long. Oh dear! oh dear! will nobody help my poor James?'

And the grey-headed man turned a piteous glance on the assembled people.

Two or three of them, more from shame than courage, moved towards the doorway, but ere they reached it, the son-in-law came rushing out, with a child of about two years old clinging to his neck, screaming with pain and fright.

Its little arms and legs were very much scorched, and its fair hair was singed completely off. The unfortunate father was also severely injured, but he appear-

'Father, he shall not imperil his life for me!' exclaimed the son-in-law, resolutely, and frantically endeavouring to restrain the brave-hearted man from his purpose; but the latter forced him back, and calling on some stout fellows to prevent him from following, darted through the smoke-enveloped doorway.

At this juncture a loud shriek burst from amid the crowd, and Eola rushed forward, and extending her hands towards the spot where he had disappeared, poured forth a frantic appeal to Heaven for his safety.

Her cap had fallen off, and her pale young face, and eyes upraised in earnest prayer, illuminated by the raging flames rendered her a picture worthy a painter's study.

Meanwhile the crowd held their breath with terror and suspense.

But now a loud shout from another portion of the spectators directed their attention to the house, and by the glare of the fire which was still blazing in a terrific manner in the rear, they perceived

crowd in one spontaneous sigh, and casting a despairing glance at the brave man, who, with the young child he had saved, apparently only to be immolated a few minutes later, clinging to his faithful bosom, stood pale but silent, awaiting the will of his Maker, without one twinge of remorse for any past crime to render the prospect of death more dreadful.

'He must not die—oh! he must not die!' cried the gipsy girl, wildly flinging up her slender arms towards the idol of her hidden love.

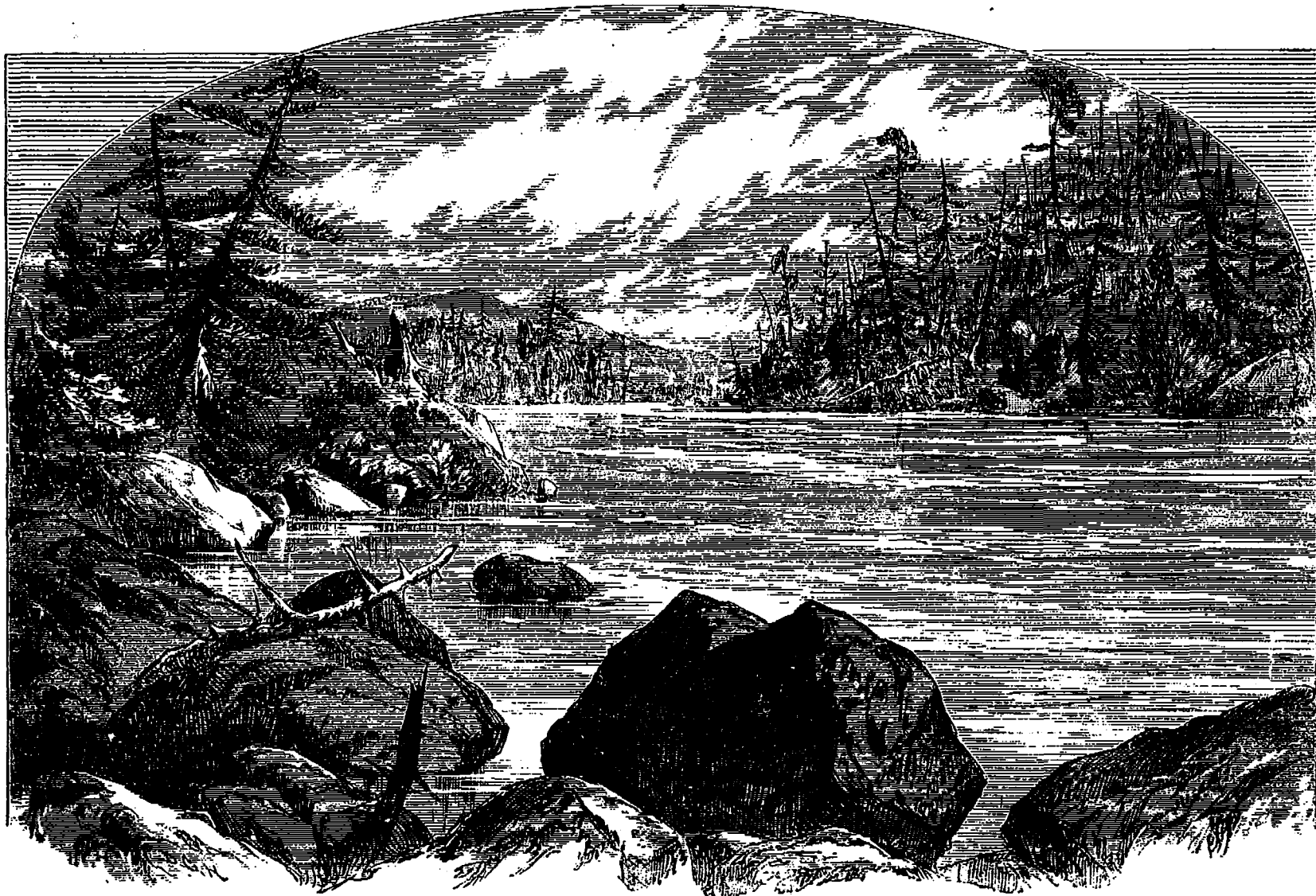
Poor child! It was a moment of the most painful excitement for her, to see the man whom she had loved for years perish in this awful manner; while she, who would gladly, willingly have died to save him from the slightest suffering, was compelled to stand by and witness his destruction.

But her love was stronger than the courage of the bravest man there; and what will not woman's love accomplish?

'Oh, no! I say he shall not die!' she repeated frantically. 'Here! a rope! I will save him, or perish with him!'

ted together, and at her request fastened about her waist, the intrepid girl prepared to commence her dangerous ascent. Pressing her cap tightly over her golden hair to ward off the large sparks which showered around her, she grasped the crumbling branches, and sprang like a cat to the aged stem. Up, up she went, now placing her tiny foot in what appeared scarcely footing for a gipsy, then springing with an almost supernatural lightness to an alarming height, and now hanging by the convulsive grasp of her delicate hands, while those beneath were livid with fright, and expected every moment to see her fall senseless at their feet.

Meanwhile Elwyn hung over the window-sill in an agony of fear. All thought for himself was absorbed in anxiety for the beautiful but fragile being who was thus so unselfishly, so enthusiastically willing to sacrifice his own life to save another's. But how much greater would have been his agony had he known that that delicate form, so like a thing of air, belonged to a female; that those small but beautiful limbs, hovering so fearfully near destruction, were those



RIVER DU LIEVRE, NEAR HIGH FALLS, TWENTY MILES ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF BUCKINGHAM, COUNTY OF OTTAWA, CANADA EAST.

ed oblivious of his own sufferings in the thought of a still greater calamity.

One of the children—the elder—had disappeared from its bed; it was supposed to have awoke, and on seeing the fire, to have arisen with a view of seeking safety, and to have lost its way, or become suffocated in the smoke, which now filled almost every corner of the dwelling; for though two engines were at work, the flames had gathered so much strength ere their aid arrived, that as yet but little progress was made towards extinguishing them.

'I must find my child! I must save her!' shrieked the poor father, rushing back to the doomed house, in spite of all the efforts on his parent's and the neighbours' part to restrain him.

'No, you have done enough,' said Elwyn, intercepting him. 'Think of your wife, and this other poor infant. I will see what can be done for the missing one.'

'God bless you, sir! God bless you!' cried the old man, clasping his hands, while large tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

Elwyn standing at a garret-window with the little girl hanging on his neck. But he was gesticulating violently, and pointing behind him as if some new danger had sprung up in that direction, and barred his return; and soon a deafening crash and a momentary cessation of the fire proclaimed its nature—the staircase had fallen in.

The room in which Elwyn stood had as yet escaped the conflagration, and was only filled with a dense smoke; but now the horrified spectators perceived that flames were bursting through the crevices of the door in his rear, and stretching out their fork-like tongues within a few yards of the devoted man. His death appeared inevitable. Before him lay the open casement at a hopeless height from the ground, and behind, one fearful abyss of fire and smoke.

'A ladder! a ladder!' shrieked Eola, in a voice half-stifled with emotion and sickening fear. But two had been destroyed in endeavouring to save some of the furniture at the back of the house, and there was no other within half a mile.

'God help him!' reverently breathed the

The crowd guessed her wild intention at once, and some flew in search of the requisite rope; but the majority appeared to look upon the attempt as sheer folly, and did not stir.

'It's useless,' said one; 'nothing but a cat could find footing there.'

'And it's as rotten as a piece of tinder,' exclaimed another.

The object of their remarks was an old ivy plant, partially covering the front wall of the dwelling, but which had suffered so materially from the heat and smoke, that the whole of the lower part was stripped of its leaves, and the slender stems lay bare, and scarcely discernible against the blackened wall. Yet Eola had conceived the idea of climbing this frail plant, in order to convey a rope to the high casement. It was a feat the boldest there would have deemed it madness to attempt; but Eola had not been reared in the gipsy's tent in vain; and the fairy feet which could dance upon a cord, would not scruple to venture on a yet more fragile support, when life and happiness were at stake.

Several ropes having been securely knot-

of a woman—a woman to whom his slightest wish was law, who virtually lived in the sunshine of his smile?

The door was now partially burnt, and the hot flames were beginning to pour into the little apartment with a hissing, roaring sound, while the dense smoke accompanying their entrance rolled in huge volumes from the casement, concealing both Elwyn and Eola from view, and from each other.

Suddenly the former felt a faint grasp on his shoulder, and, putting forth his arm, encircled the body of the almost exhausted girl, and drew her through the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRINCE ALFRED, of England, has passed his examination for seamanship on board the St. George, and has received an acting order as a lieutenant. He will not, however, be confirmed in the rank until he passes at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth.

MR. SALA has retired from the editorship of 'Temple Bar,' in compliance with the recommendation of his physician.