

their wild and varied melodies filled the deep arches of the forest, till they entered the clearing. When the first glimpse they caught of the northern sky hushed their voices at once. Floating across the heavens were long lines of light which changed their color and form every instant. Now they rose above the dark pines in pyramids of palest amber, and shot upwards among the myriad stars till they deepened to a brilliant flame color, and then gradually faded away into the blue ether. Again they floated about like veils of shining gauze, or shot through the sky, bright points like the arrows of light discharged by the good genii at the children of Eblis. The variety and beauty of the coruscations, and the quickness of their transitions, were perfectly dazzling to the children of earth, who were watching them, but nearer to the zenith, the Queen Moon, and her radiant stars walked through the blue fields of space in calm majesty, utterly unaffected by the wild phantasmagoria which the northern lights displayed. While Helen and her companions yet gazed in a silence only broken by exclamations of wonder and delight at some new form or tint which seemed each more lovely than the last, two figures issued from the trees at a little distance. One immediately vanished again into the wood, but not before Max had caught sight of a rifle, the barrel of which glistened in the moon beams. The other moved into the clearing, and as the shadows of the trees ceased to lend it obscurity, all who had ever seen Fauna in her Indian dress knew it to be her with a bow and bundle of arrows. Pausing at the gate, she leant against the bars, and gazed up at the splendid and changeful Aurora.

"How beautiful she is!" whispered Helen to Max. "Could a painter desire a more perfect model for the Indian Cynthia of Keats's *Endymion*?"

Max did not reply, but joining Fauna, they entered the house together.

"Your brother and Miss Fauna are certainly a very mysterious pair," said the young midshipman to Rhoda. "Do you know I feel a strange awe of them both! You Germans have often very intimate commerce with the invisible world, I know, and sometimes Fauna looks more like a supernatural being than any one I ever saw. Are you not a little afraid of them?" Rhoda laughed merrily.

"It is certain," she said "that Max is not like other people, but it is because he is so much wiser and better than they are."

"Confess though," persisted Harald, "that this

very superiority prevents you from feeling untrained affection for him."

"There too you are wrong. I love him better than any one in the whole world. Oh! you do not know him."

"I have half a mind to hate this Max," thought Harald, "though he is Ernest's best beloved friend. How does he contrive to win every one with his proud look and his cold manner! And Fauna?"—he said aloud.

"Oh! Fauna is of course occasionally whimsical and wild, but I love her dearly too, and so do we all."

"And you do not wonder at her wanderings in the wood or her mysterious visits to her Indian kin?"

"No, why should I? It has been so since I remember."

"And does she love your brother as much as you do?"

"Yes," answered Rhoda, with a serious look.

"He hath given the people medicines!" Harald internally exclaimed and pursued the conversation no farther.

CHAPTER XXI.

Perhaps he found me worthless;
But till he did so, in these ears of mine
(These credulous ears) he poured the sweetest words,
That art or love could frame.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

THE reader must now spread the wings of his fancy across the broad Atlantic and accompany me to one of the pleasant green lanes of England. The season was early summer, the time mid-day, but the heat was tempered by the gentle breeze which waved the green tresses of the branching boughs that often met each other with interlacing arms, and thereby shut out the too intense rays of the cloudless sun. The hedges were white with hawthorn blossoms, and in every little nook clustered the primrose and violet, while the thick short turf, which bordered the narrow path that wound through the lane, was studded with sun-eyed and silver-fringed daisies. In this cool and shadowy pathway, a young man appeared, whose tall, manly figure and thoughtful features were those of Ernest Tennyson. No spot more adapted to the solitary meditations of a lover could well be imagined, and it was besides one calculated to recal to him the image of Alice, for just a year before he had walked there with her and Helen. But though he once or twice paused for a moment, while a mingled expression of pleasure and sadness came over his face, it was evident from his