

"Throth, Lydy, jewel, I dunna. Sometimes I think I must have carried some of 'em out here unknown to myself, for there does be quare thricks played on me sometimes, and I dunna who else to lave 'em on. More be token, there does be quare feelins' creepin' into my heart now and thin, especially when I look into thim purty eyes of yours."

"Now have done with your nonsense, Brian," cried Lydia in a very lively tone, "and go to the churning. Mrs. Grace will be down stairs in a moment, and then see what she'll say."

"I don't care what she says, I'm not goin' to spile the milk, an' if you dont let me put in the salt, the deuse a bit of the dash I'll take in' my hand this blessed day."

"Then I'll go and complain to Mrs. Grace."

"Och, musha, my darlint. go as soon as you like, and I'll tell her the reason I was'n't churnin' was because you looked so handsome jist betune me and the churn, that I could'n't rache it without stoppin' by the way."

"You're enough to set any one mad," cried Lydia, half crying, half laughing, half indignantly.

"Well, will you give me the salt and come and tie this handkerchief on my neck in a beautiful true love knot, and thin I'll go to the churnin'."

"No, I won't, and you're very impident to ask such a thing."

"Am I very impident? then *you're* very conceited, and so we're even."

The apartment in which these wranglers were, was the dairy, and as the young traveller now managed to obtain a view into its interior, he saw the churn of cream, about which the dispute had arisen, lying neglected on the floor, the churn-dash rearing up its awkward head as if beseeching some one to set it in motion; leaning against a shelf stood Lydia, twisting her apron strings, her eyes stedfastly fastened on a cat, which with equal intentness was watching the abode of some mouse, in the wooden partition, while seated on a bench, and kicking his heels by way of accompaniment to the words he sung, Brian kept his roguish eyes bent on Lydia.

"Come all ye gentle muses, I pray you lend an ear, while I unfold the praises of this charming maid so dear. The flowing of her yellow hair has stole away my heart, And death, I'm sure, would be the cure were *her* and I to part."

Now this was the unkindest cut of all, for Lydia's hair was of a jetty black, while the Highland damsel's was of the favoured yellow hue, and it may have been this which caused the little maiden's lips to pout themselves with a very un-

equivocal expression of disdain. At this moment the Indian guide, perhaps attracted by the song, perhaps curious to discover what the young traveller had been watching, pushed the door wide open, much to the surprise of the youth, who till then had been unconscious of his presence. With a half-stifled scream Lydia covered her eyes with her hands and seemed determined to shrink into the smallest possible compass, but Brian springing from his seat, placed himself between the terrified girl and the unmoved savage.

"What may you be plazed to want, misther Indian?" he asked in a tone which perhaps the red warrior scarcely expected from one of so slight and boyish an appearance. With a scornful smile just gleaming across his swarthy face, the Indian guide pointed to his young travelling companion, and seating himself on a bench which chanced to be near, became a quiet observer of all that passed. Brian turned to the young stranger, who was about to speak, when he found himself clasped round the neck with many exclamations of surprise and delight by Mrs. Grace, who had that instant entered the dairy. Warmly returning her embrace, Harald Blachford could scarcely refrain from mingling his tears with those of his good old nurse.

"And how did you find us out in this barbarous place," she cried, "and didn't it make your heart sore to see it?"

"No, not a bit, Grace—it's a delightful spot—more delightful than any place in the world, except a first rate man-of-war. But where's my father? where are they all?"

"Master's gone to the saw-mill, and the ladies and Master Frank are gone to walk."

"And where's this saw-mill?"

"Five miles away—but you must have something to eat first, Master Harald."

"Not a mouthful, Grace, I must go look for them."

"Indeed, Master Harald, you shall do no' such thing: you would never find your way through these wild woods."

"You forget how many miles I have walked through them already, Grace."

"Is it not a dreadful country, Master Harald?"

"A splendid country, Grace—such woods, such lakes, such rivers—to say nothing of Niagara. I'm sure I should like a bush life next to a sailor's."

"Oh! you were always wild, Master Harald, and I see the sea hasn't tamed you."

"It's a bad school for that," said Harald.

"Itself the most untameable thing in nature, why