

plaster busts of Goethe and Shakspeare. Over the high black wooden mantel-piece was the portrait of a fine-looking man in a military uniform, and two or three maps and engravings hung round the room. In a rocking chair by the side of the hearth with a small Dutch clock above her head, and a table on which were a candle, a work-basket, a Bible and hymn book by her side, was a lady, who, though long past youth, still retained a great deal of dignified and intellectual beauty. She was busily knitting. At the opposite side of the fire-place sat an old man with a grave and placid countenance and thin silvery hair, playing at chess with a young girl. Her age could not have exceeded fifteen, and the form and expression of her features well assimilated with that joyous age; for she was fair and rosy with laughing hazel eyes, bright nut-brown hair hanging in curls to her waist, and a most bewitching mouth filled with teeth of ivory. Leaning against the mantle piece was a youth who, until the entrance of Helen, had been watching the chess players, but from that instant rivetted his gaze upon her face with the intense expression of one who had just beheld the embodiment of some beautiful vision which he feared would fade away, were he to withdraw his eyes but for a moment. On the hearth-rug lay two black spaniels with long pendant ears and coats of dazzling brightness.

Before Helen had time to remark any of these particulars, her guide, placing Frank by her side, advanced to the lady in the rocking-chair, and bending down said a few words in a low voice, upon which she rose and approached Helen, who still stood holding her brother's hand.

"You are welcome to my house, young lady," she said, "I am happy that you have escaped the dangers and annoyances of a night passed in the woods."

Her manner was courteous and polished, but at the same time so grave, so cold, and stately that Helen felt chilled and even embarrassed. She did not, however, forget to allude to the uneasiness which she believed her friends were now suffering on her account.

"They shall hear of your safety as speedily as possible," said the lady—"Rhoda," she added to the young girl at the chess table who had now risen from her seat, and stood hesitatingly watching her mother, "let Gottlieb Hetz take any message this young lady may choose to send to her friends."

Rhoda, who knew these words implied permission for her to act as her warm heart had been prompting her ever since the entrance of the wanderer, though her habitual awe of her mother had

hitherto restrained her, now eagerly approached Helen, and welcomed her with cordial and unaffected kindness, while the lady retired again to her seat. The old gentleman, though he spoke scarcely a word, saluted Helen with a benevolent smile and extended his hand to Frank kindly; she therefore began to feel more at ease and related the adventures which had led her to their house. Rhoda particularly listened to the recital with eager interest, and a meaning smile passed between her and the young Indian, when Helen hesitated for an appropriate epithet with which to designate her guide. At the same moment her eyes encountered a glance which, though but once seen, had been indelibly imprinted on her memory, and she saw before her the young stranger she had met at Quebec. As their eyes met, he colored deeply, and a blush equally vivid suffused the cheeks of Helen, but neither spoke. These signs of emotion were discerned by the penetrating eyes of the Indian youth, who stood at a little distance leaning over the back of a chair. As he witnessed the deep blush of Helen he fastened his piercing gaze intently on her face, while his countenance gradually assumed the expression of one from whose memory a cloud had cleared away. "It is the very same," he murmured, "only scarcely so spirit-like; something always told me that it was no creation of his fancy, but an image, stamped upon his heart. And it is I who have been fated to bring the reality before him!"

Rhoda now took Helen into another room to arrange her dress, which was somewhat disordered by her wild walk, and on her return she found Frank relating all the wonderful feats Jason had performed, to Rhoda's brother, who, smilingly listening, caressed the noble dog, and admired his grave and majestic beauty; at the same moment he caught the look of uncertainty with which Helen regarded her favorite, and at once interpreted its meaning.

"Trust him to me," he said, "I will take care of him."

"It is almost unpardonable," she said "to ask a place for so large an animal from those who do not know his attractive qualities."

"He shall have a wolf-skin in the corner," her new friend answered—"my mother loves dogs and don't care how many there are in the room."

With that natural grace and unbidden eloquence common to minds of a high and poetic order, he now entered into conversation with Helen, on the beauties and defects of American scenery and its differing features from that of Europe, from thence gliding into the regions of poetry and romance. It was evident that he possessed a deep and true