



ADELINE.

VOL. II.

UNIVERSITY
ILLINOIS
AT URBANA
BOOK.

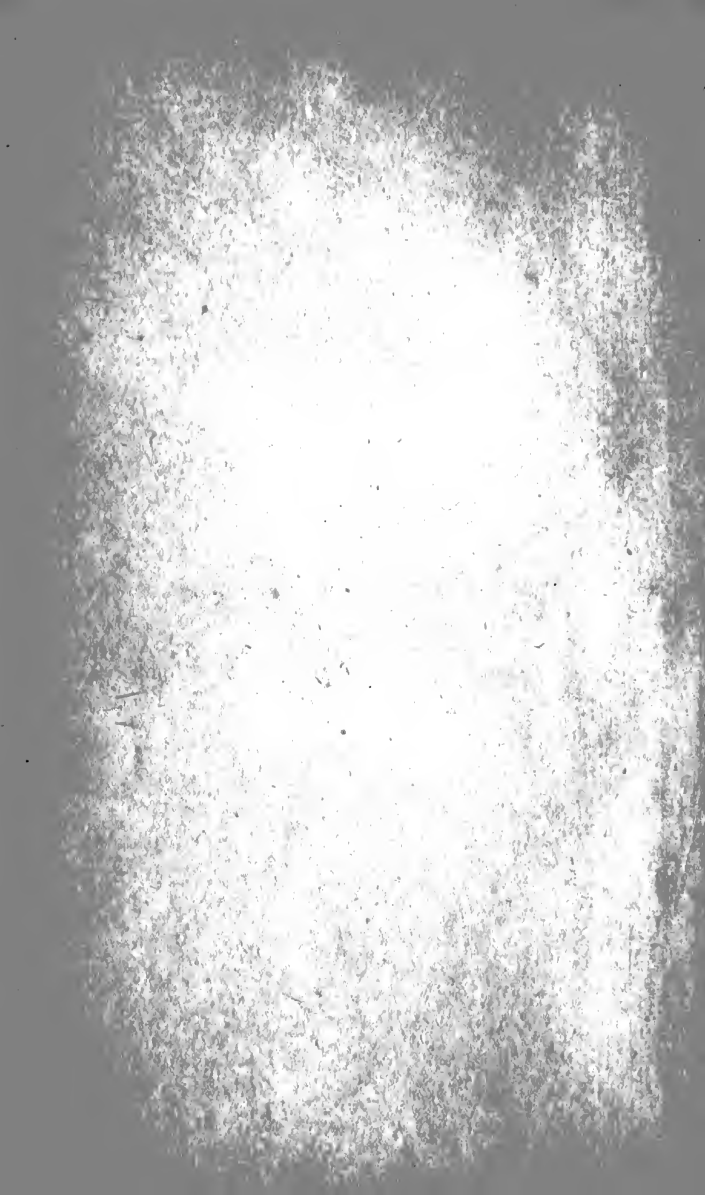
3N

UNIVERSITY
ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-C.
BOOKS

Y
AIGN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign









Oh! those angels, Mary—so beautiful they are!—and they do *love* us so!

ADELINE ;

OR,

Mysteries, Romance, and Realities

OF

JEWISH LIFE.

BY

OSBORN W. TRENERY HEIGHWAY,

AUTHOR OF "LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT,"

ETC.

"Sketches indeed from that most passionate page,
A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make
The atmosphere in which her spirit moves ;
But like all other earthly elements,
O'ercast with clouds, now dark, now touched with light,
With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars,
Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace
Its brightness and its blackness ; and these lines
Are consecrate to annals such as those
That count the pulses of the beating heart."

L. E. L.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

PARTRIDGE, OAKLEY, & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW ;

AND 70, EDGWARE ROAD.

1854.

PARTRIDGE, OAKLEY AND CO., PRINTERS, PADDINGTON.

823
H 363 a
v. 2

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAP.	PAGE
XXIII. Miss St. Maur's Story	1
XXIV. The Synagogue	30
XXV. The Beginning of Sorrows	44
XXVI. Adeline's Letter	58
XXVII. Isaac and Adeline	66
XXVIII. Mysteries of the Cabbala continued	85
XXIX. The Feast of the New Year	89
XXX. The Day of Atonement	98
XXXI. Earl Vernon's	107
XXXII. Heart Griefs	116
XXXIII. The Feast of Tabernacles	137
XXXIV. Heavenly Whisperings	149
XXXV. Benjamin's Experiences	160
XXXVI. The Feast of Lots	167
XXXVII. Immortal Hopes	179
XXXVIII. Drops from the Heart's Deep Sea	187
XXXIX. Voices of the Spirit	197
XL. Evanishings	207
XLI. The Infant Disciple	220

CHAP.	PAGE
XLII. The Session of Rabbis	21
XLIII. "We all do Fade as a Leaf."	24
XLIV. "O Death! Where is thy Sting? O Grave! where is thy Victory?"	253
XLV. "Whosoever Liveth and Believeth in Me shall never Die."	270
XLVI. Farewell	282
XLVII. Maria Theresa	298
XLVIII. Mingled Happiness	310
XLIX. Life at Last	328
I. Conclusion	340

ADELINE ;

OR,

Mysteries, Romance, and Realities

OF

JEWISH LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS ST. MAUR'S STORY.

ONE word on the father of Miss St. Maur will best explain her own present position in the world. He came from high lineage among the descendants of Abraham ; but though very proud of this distinction, he was to all intents and purposes a thorough man of the world, and a perfect liberal in religion. His Judaism, like a good deal of Christianity, consisted simply in the name. He was born to an ample estate ; and this he had increased by the profits derived from a very lucrative business. As he made no religious distinctions in his own mind, and felt confident that the efforts his people were making, would result in their being in all things placed on an equality

with English Gentiles—exalted to the senate, nay, even to the peerage—he had all his children educated in one of our large schools, in order that they might be fitted to hold any office, and move in the highest circles among the Gentiles. He early lost his wife. After her decease, he lived, for the most part, a roaming life upon the Continent; leaving his family—two sons and a daughter—to pursue their studies in England, and placing them under the care of Rabbi Eliel Sibbecai, a very learned doctor amongst the Jews.

Rather more than two years before the time of which we are now writing, he died suddenly, of fever, at the age of forty. Henry St. Maur was then twenty-two years of age, Adolphus twenty-one, and Eva scarcely seventeen. He divided his fortune equally amongst them; but in his will he expressed a desire that Eva would continue to be subject to the parental control of R. Sibbecai, until she had attained nineteen years of age. Nearly nineteen she was now; and therefore Adolphus had come to England with an intention to take her back with him to India, if he could get her consent. He went to the rabbi's, but he himself had gone abroad. Eva was sent to school in the meantime, no one at her proper residence knew where; so all his efforts to discover her had proved ineffectual, until providentially they met as we have before related. Nor had Eva had time to acquaint him with the change

while he was in India. The mail occupied four months going out — there was no overland route then — his voyage took another four; and when he left, the date of receiving his last from Eva was nearly two months old.

All the rest Eva will, in the course of events explain for herself.

It was the morning of the day following the circumstances described in our last chapter. Breakfast was over, and Adeline had placed her easel — for she never allowed a moment to pass idly — arranged the blinds, so that she might have a proper light, and spread her canvas. The subject was a mighty one; what scarcely any one but Adeline would have attempted — portraits of the most eminent persons in English history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar downwards — but her calm, quiet perseverance had nearly conquered it, and it was now drawing to a close. Eva stood by her side looking on — no sinecure, for Adeline kept her constantly employed in both analytically and synthetically criticising her performance, head by head.

“Why, what on earth are you doing now, Miss Steinberg?” said St. Maur, as with Isaac he entered the room. “Painting every body that has lived since the creation?”

“No! something more possible. Look again, and you will see.” And she pointed to the names

which were written on the ellipse surrounding each face.

“And are these portraits authentic ones?”

“They are all copies of portraits said to be authentic. Most of them — all of them that lived before the Conquest — I have taken from ancient coins which father has, at various times, had in his possession.”

So St. Maur thought it now his turn to pass judgment; and he plied the heads as destructively as a Sikh battery, or a Perkins' steam-gun. In less than a minute, he had passed a summary sentence upon the character expressed in every face of the lot.

“And whom do you intend to put here?” he said, pointing to an open space as he finished his running commentary.

“That is set apart to the women of the sixteenth century. I have only two more to add. Lady Jane Grey ——”

“Martyred.”

“And that very, very woman — the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.”

“Murdered.”

“Yes. I am glad you think so. Horribly cruel and unjust, indeed, was all Elizabeth's conduct towards her.”

“Are you one of those, Miss Steinberg, that bring her in innocent?” asked St. Maur.

“Oh, certainly, certainly,” replied Adeline. “And the more her correspondence and the other documents which relate to her troubled life are brought to light, the more irresistible does that conviction become. One feels a burning indignation, when one is convinced that her whole existence was tortured by a series of dark conspiracies against her character, her liberty, and life; and they were terribly successful.”

“Eva,” said St. Maur, turning to his sister, “I am going to take you to the Italian Opera to-night; and you will see Madame Rosine Stoltz and Madame Bignon. I suppose you are allowed to go there? I hope you don’t misunderstand me. I hate the Romish religion without reservation; but I am not reflecting upon you, and I never will.” And, as he concluded, he threw his arm upon her neck and kissed her on both cheeks, as it is good and worthy to do.

“I have no confidence in Judaism—I hate it,” replied Eva. “And I must have some religion, if it be only to keep my mind in some measure of peace.”

“Nonsense, dear. You needn’t gull yourself for such a purpose. Be like me—have no religion.”

“Oh, I am sure I never could. It seems I could not support my existence.”

“Well, as you please. But, however could you make yourself believe that the Messiah has come?”

“I think I told you that I never had much faith or knowledge about it—that could with any propriety be called so; and since last night, when I find that a priest of the Christian religion can do as Mr. Barrett has, I have ceased all opinion about it. Rabbi Sibbecai had made me glad to do anything to escape from Judaism. This was my feeling, when the Romish religion was set before me, and books upon it lent to me. They spoke to me most encouragingly and beautifully about it, and I rushed into it wildly; and in the same wild desire to escape completely — for I knew I *must* return to Rabbi Sibbecai’s house, when he came back — I had no friends to whom I could look for protection; and father’s will allows nothing but marriage to dissolve his control over me, until I am nineteen; it was from the same desire to escape, that I listened to Mr. Barrett’s proposals. Yet I still scarcely know how it was done—even now I can hardly realise it. It seems all like a waking dream. In truth what I had suffered, and what I should again suffer at the rabbi’s house, was so constantly present in my imagination, that I could not receive the proper and just impression of any other thing. My mind was always pre-occupied. I intend to do now, as Miss Steinberg has kindly occupied much of her time this morning to advise—read simply my Bible, endeavour to live by it all I can; and, confiding in the love of God for me, and His wisdom in the

direction of all the circumstances which surround me, leave all the rest to Him."

"But that is far from a satisfactory belief, Eva, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Both I and Miss Steinberg see it all. But I decide with her, that it is the only one I can adopt with any comfort at all."

"Well, anything rather than the Romish religion," said St. Maur. "Now we shall be glad if you can tell us about Rabbi Sibbecai; and what he made you go through, and his pretence that he is the Messiah, and so forth."

"You know that Dr. Sibbecai has ever been distinguished for his extraordinary acquaintance with the Talmud and the Cabbala—a thing which always made me sorry father gave him so much power over us, for I never liked Cabbalists. He was at all times very severe in the religious ceremonies he required me to perform; but, about ten months ago, he began to be much more so. He then, for the first time, disclosed to me that he was the Messiah,* the son of David; and that, therefore, I

* Under the name of Eliel Sibbecai, we shadow forth the imposture of Shabbathai Zevi, who lately founded a considerable sect amongst the Jews. We cling closely to our text within—rather than otherwise.

Shabbathai Zevi was twenty-four years of age when he began to disclose to a very select few of his friends that he was the Messiah. In his twentieth year he married a most beautiful young Jewess from Smyrna; lived with her a little while; saw another beauty; divorced the

must do everything he commanded without murmuring or failure. He himself fasted every day until sunset. He told me to do it. And I did so as long as my strength would allow; but when he found I could bear it no longer—for I became so weak and spiritless that I could scarcely move about—he allowed me one of our unleavened biscuits in the morning, and another—sometimes two—at noon. I have reason to believe, however, that he often took some himself. Else I don't think he could live and be so strong as he was; for the principal food we had, was boiled pease or beans, or things of the kind. Nor could I purchase any other; because I hardly ever went out except he was with me. And in these walks I always wore a close veil, to keep me, he said, from indulging my eyes. He wore an iron chain round his body. He told me to do so, for it was

first, and married the second. These proceedings he often repeated. The Session of Rabbis excommunicated him, and offered a reward for his apprehension; but he continued to gain disciples, and his discourses were listened to with rapture. He and his followers prophesied, extemporised poetry, and women had convulsions. At length, Rabbi Nehemiah, a Polish Jew, and fully as learned in the Cabbala as Rabbi Zevi, was appointed to test the validity of his pretensions. He disputed with him for three days, and then publicly declared him an impostor. The reaction was fearful; and Rabbi Zevi narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the people. But many still believed him, and do so yet.

good; and until I went to school I did it. In the severest weeks of last winter he usually bathed once a day, sometimes twice, in cold water; saying a prayer while in it. He told me to practise it too. I felt that I could not endure it, and I said so—that it would kill me. Generally three days every week he clothed me in coarse cloth—the coarsest kind of sackcloth I should think it was—indeed, I verily believe it *was* old sacks cut up, for it had such an appearance, I suppose he thought this a sign of greater humiliation—and kept me nearly all day praying with him. At other times he would keep me by his side listening to him reading and expounding the Talmud or the Cabbalistic philosophy, until he was weary, and that was not very soon. Else he read the Cabbala, which I could not understand; yet still he made me hearken to him, for he said it would add to my merits and do me good. I did not dare to positively refuse anything he commanded, or even desired; because father had given him power to control me, and I feared guilt in that matter—and besides all that, I could not decide whether these things were meritorious as he said, although our dear father never taught us to do them, neither did them himself. Then I always feared him, for he was a Cabbalist, and said he had intercourse with spiritual beings; and I have heard him talking to them—at least seeming to do so. He was very easily irritated, and I knew if pro-

voked he might curse me. Ever after he told me he was the Messiah I had morning and evening to kiss his feet. He would sit thinking and praying for many hours together, and then rising to his feet, prophesy, dance, have convulsions, and extemporise Hebrew poetry in the dialect of the Cabbala. He told me that Elijah the forerunner of the Messiah would soon appear, that I should be one of Messiah's prophetesses, and that when the spirit of prophecy descended upon me — which it would upon his return — he would marry me. He had married a beautiful young person just before, and afterwards divorced her — he said it was because he intended to marry me, as both my body and soul were more beautiful than hers. I begged him not to think of marrying me, for I should never be able to please him, because I could not feel happy as his wife: and therefore I feared I should not be dutiful. He said that his happiness was not dependent upon woman; that she was only given to man as a part of his moral discipline — as a temptation — a thing to draw his soul from contemplations of eternal excellence; that it was my sinfulness and pride which made me speak to him as I did, that he had often observed what a great deal of this spirit I possessed; and also how proud I was of my personal appearance — especially of my hair, because it was golden — and that had it not been for his intention to marry me as soon as he came

back, when I should of course have it cut off, he would have done it at once to humble me. As soon as he married me, he intended, he said, to go away for a little while, to meet Moses who had risen from the dead; then he should bring the ten tribes across the river Sambation; afterwards enter Jerusalem upon a lion, which for that purpose would descend to him from the skies; that having entered the city, God would also let down a temple made of gold and glorious gems — in this temple he, the Messiah, would offer sacrifices to expiate the sins of the people — the glory of the Lord would descend and fill the place — the resurrection of the dead would take place, &c. &c. Oh! Adolphus, so much of it made me ill — I was troubled till I knew not what to do — I felt I would die rather than marry him. — I was dreadfully hardened. — If God were such a being as to take delight in services like those that Rabbi Sibbecai made me do, and if *he* was the Messiah, I felt I did not want to go to heaven, for it seemed I should hate God, and hate to serve Him, and hate to be there, and I said so, and was tempted to curse my existence, and then I did it; for I was reckless of all, uncertain of all, and I longed to die that I might know the worst — and at last it made me act as I am ashamed to think.” She spoke impassionedly and with tearful utterance — here it failed — and throwing herself upon her brother’s neck she dissolved in

copious tears, murmuring, "Oh! Adolphus dear, can you ever again feel to me like you used?—I'm very sorry."

Now of all man's troubles — and their name is Legion — there is scarcely one that is greater than to see woman in tears for her own griefs. Against other sorrows his soul fortifies itself, and though he feels them down to its very foundations — but does not always get credit for it — he can meet them calm and composed as the eternal hills. But this — it is all over — he is done for — and just in proportion as he feels the necessity to sooth, is his mind bewildered, and he cannot find thoughts to say. Oh, woman! *you* who having contemplated man only in his worst aspect, have anathematized us all as an unfeeling, hardened set — just do this for us, and we will do as much for you another time, just believe that if you will throw aside all that chilliness and false feeling which conventional usage has taught you — but especially you must this moment cease applying to that lady cousin of yours, for advice upon every crisis of his disorder — trust *him* to vindicate your dignity — moral and social — jealously enough, if you will only follow our receipt, and treat him always as your free, unprejudiced, natural instincts dictate, you will find that though exceptions there have been and will be, the general rule has been and will be, that man is a most loveable and manageable animal indeed — not one in

creation more so — and your natures will mingle and fold up in each other calm and quiet, like a pair of kid gloves upon a lady's toilet table; and just like the gloves aforesaid, if one of you be lost, the other will be valueless.

Eva's display of sensibility had quite unmanned St. Maur. And he felt immeasurably worse because for the life of him he could not see what she had done to grieve about: so he was taken by surprise. At last he found utterance.

“Eva! don't give way like this. It hurts me more than I can bear. Come now! come! you'll be ill. You feel too deeply, and are ever far too ready to charge yourself. You have done just what I should have done, had I been situated like you; and indeed I am very glad that you felt such determination to do anything to escape from the bonds of that disgusting superstition. Now, dear, do be calm—do compose yourself—for your own and all our sakes,” he continued, as with his handkerchief he wiped her face; and then, kissing her, he drew her towards a seat.

Adeline, who had listened to Eva's recital with mingled emotions—tearful, pitiful, sorrowful—was immediately at her side—and she was eminently skilled in all diseases of the heart, and knew exactly the proper remedies. St. Maur knew this; so, full of confidence that Eva could not have been placed in better hands, he and Isaac

left the room, that for a short time they might be alone together.

“I dislike religion more than ever,” said St. Maur, when they returned. “Pshaw! the insanity of the whole thing. I wonder—Why that fellow, Isaac—that Rabbi Sibbecai is for all the world like that self-righteous old fool that I studied Hebrew under. *He* used to fast tremendously; and there he moved about, wan and weak as a ghost. I do believe that, like that young Jew we heard of lately, he will die some day of exhaustion. And he too was a perfect flamer at the bath—cold and hot—his hot bath was as hot as nature could possibly endure it; and I had always to stand by him, so that if he fainted he might be saved from drowning. This Rabbinism—*isn't* it all just this?—an ejection of God from His throne—that is, if there be a God—and making man sole arbiter of life and death. That's the common sense of the thing. All this praying about mercy, and so on, is merely an opiate to keep conscience quiet. If they haven't merit enough to balance demerit, God can't save them, and to perdition they go—there's the end of it. Of course my poor dear father, the good soul, has gone there, for he always had four good meals a day—if he could get them; so, you see, there wasn't much merit then in his fast—and I don't think he ever did more than read prayers night

and morning. And then these false Messiahs—so much of it. Eugh! the whole thing sickens me.”

And as St. Maur uttered the last words he started from his seat, and, passing his hand over his forehead, commenced rapidly walking the room. St. Maur might have thrown off Judaism, but there was yet one thing he could not get rid of—the warm, enthusiastic Jewish heart. His face was fervent with feeling, and his large dark eyes flashed with a spiritual fire that seemed to burn all against which he directed them. It was a beautiful contrast—Isaac seated opposite, with his noble countenance of Grecian outline, every line in it expressive of tremendous intellectual energy, and showing that he could speak in a voice to shake the world, if he liked; but, at the present, calm as the waveless summer sea.

“Isaac,” said St. Maur, stopping shortly, “if I speak in language which you, and perhaps Miss Steinberg especially, don’t like, I ask forgiveness. I’m in——”

“But it seems to me that it would be wiser to change this course of feeling. All is well now. I should think you might find cause for much joy to day in the acquisition of your sister. What is it you make so *great* as to give you disturbance just now?”

“Oh, a thing or two. You know very well I’ve got a sort of habit of saying what I mean,

and meaning what I say ; and, just now, I'm in trim to do it pretty plainly. Here's my vexation—my private opinion upon the cause will follow, if I think it worth while to kick such a—no matter. Supposing that Eva, driven to desperation through Rabbinism, had been ruined through that Barrett—I don't allude to the £. s. d., but the marriage ; for I have plenty for us both—supposing that, with a constitution naturally of the most fragile and delicate kind, and after her excessively tender and careful rearing, all this starvation, and washing, and messing had brought on decline, or something like it—a thing in every way to be expected in her case—haven't I enough to vex me, I say ? God ! if he had !—Messiah or no Messiah—I'd have—well—it is well as it is.”

“For which you should be thankful,” said Isaac, in a kind and soothing voice.

“Isaac, here's a bit of your own creed ; and I quote it because it has the sanctity of truth. You tell me that the only absolute thing in the universe is life—life moral and intellectual—because it is an emanation from the Deity, and eternal—the only thing that understands, appreciates, and reflects His attributes—all other things were created in subservience to this life, and to minister either to its necessities or delights—for man the earth was created ; and, when he is done with it, it is to be made a bonfire of. Very good—I have no objection. That on earth, as in heaven, this

life is all, since the body is a thing only moved and animated by it. That the truth of this life is a pure, refined, exalted moral being; leading, guiding, swaying the workings of a pure, refined, exalted intellectual being. That this is true in the experience of earth, true in reason, true in revelation, true in heaven, because true in God. That the curse of this being—in fact, the eternal perdition of it—is the moral being entirely polluted; so the intellect having nothing to purify and direct it, every thought and act is blasphemy, as every feeling must be too. Thus, then, in our life the moral being takes precedence. Well—I believe it. And, holding such a doctrine, Isaac, tell me what you would feel if Sibbecai had dared to say to your sister, what he has to my pure, noble-souled, delicate-feeling sister Eva? Did you hear what she said? He—who, by your own precept, isn't of a thousandth part the value in the scale of being that she is—he could dare to disgust, insult her, by references most offensive to a woman's sensibilities—by saying she was part of his moral discipline—his temptation—making his contemplations earthly—whew! the drivelling humbug! Pity, poor fellow! he was so weak just in that point—so prone to fall into the temptation—and liked, pretty often too it seems, to change the tempter—like a few others amongst his people—but women are present, so I must be circumspect. But, Isaac, hear me while I say, that

from the very bottom of my heart and soul, and, if possible, lower, deeper than that—I hate, I DAMN Judaism, because it offends, insults, crucifies that most sacred of all sacred things—that most beautiful of all beauties—that holiest of all holies—a woman’s heart!”

“You know, Adolphus, I feel as strongly as you do about that—that I condemn Rabbinism as earnestly as you can. But it grieves me when I hear you speak doubtingly of religion. The religion of the rabbis is as opposed to God, the Bible, and to reason, as anything that can be imagined.”

“If Judaism—I can make none of those distinctions between Bible Judaism and rabbinical Judaism—there is no doubt a great difference; in truth, they must of necessity be antagonistic—but I know very little about the Bible; if it supports Judaism as we are situated *now*, why I must still be a sceptic—I say, if Judaism, as we see it exemplified now, could sink into oblivion this moment, I would rejoicingly sink with it. I am ashamed of it. I never own to it. If I must have a religion, I will have one to elevate me above human frailty, not one that sinks me below it.”

“What have you to say about the promise of a Messiah to rectify all these anomalies and give us a perfect covenant?”

“What—to come?”

“Ay.”

“Not a word. Such a weak belief as that, you had better wrap in flannel, for fear it should catch cold.”

“Yet the Bible, as you know, declares it positively.”

“Yes. But, you see, for the honour of the Bible, you had better say nothing about it; because, if He hasn't come already, He *can't* come now, as the Bible said he would. One ten minutes is quite enough to prove that. There's a way you gentle-hearted people have of smoothing over consummate ugliness, and whirling round and round a plain, albeit perhaps a rough truth, that isn't a part of my nature; and you don't believe what you say, after all. If a thing is wrong, and won't bear the light, why let us be honest and say so, even if we choose still to stick to it, and not exhibit ourselves to the world in such a position as the Jews do—believers in a plan of redemption, the whole support of which is reasoning that an infant, who had got far enough to see how one and one make two, might drive a coach and six through. You believe in God as a perfect Being, and yet ask Him to accept you on such terms as Judaism proposes. You inflate yourselves by contemplating the perfect changeless love of God, till you forget that He is also perfectly just, without being which, He must cease to be God; for if He can allow His justice to be offended, and yet pardon the offender, without any satisfaction

offered to it, then you don't want me to tell you that he is no God, but an imperfect Being. Nor does the Judaism of the Bible teach anything of the kind. The sacrifices for sin which we offered in the land of Canaan, were only symbols—things to keep us in remembrance—of the Messiah who was promised to us, and who, by one complete sacrifice, was to atone for the offences of all mankind. And then, as to merits balancing sin—the egregious stuff is too coarse to swallow, we might suppose—it is too true that by many it is taken most implicitly. It puts me in remembrance of the Irishman at the lecture last night, asking the judge to forgive him because he had always kept the law, and never murdered anybody before. If we owe to God a perfect allegiance—and reason and revelation teach that we do; and, besides that, infinite purity can only delight itself in a perfect purity—we only just fulfil the end of our being when we never, in the smallest degree, offend Him. Then, where is the extra merit that is to expiate failure? The truth is, the thought, if you come to its very basis, is a wickedness of the very first degree, so that one shrinks from it with trembling horror. It is just this: to please a perfect Being, it is quite clear that we ourselves must be sinless; but by this belief he is told that more than this can be done—that man can be holier than He requires, than the state in which he was created, the image of eternal holiness;

and, being so, he has a store of excellence laid up somewhere—I don't know where, unless a debtor and creditor account is kept down here, and it is sent up to Him in lumps as it's wanted; for if it is more holiness than He requires, He has no right to take it up, because it is a thing that doesn't belong to Him, but to the individual; and as a just Being, He *wouldn't* take it up either—and with this superabundant excellence it is proposed to buy up guilt. I tell you, Isaac, as you have often told me, the whole process of reasoning by which the conclusions of Judaism are arrived at, is insanity—a libel on common sense."

"The last article of faith you needn't fling at us. For you know, St. Maur, that I and Adeline and Eva hold no such belief."

"Yes, I did know it; but as it came in the way of my vexation I couldn't stop. You have had your talk at me for professing Infidelity, I have had my talk at you for professing Judaism, because we are both on a par. I don't believe in Atheism, you don't believe in Judaism. Everything around me keeps telling me there is a God and an eternity; and I feel that within me which echoes to it. Everything, Bible and all, tells you that Judaism isn't true; and your spirit echoes to it. You haven't one scruple of confidence in it, if you would only own to it. So now, you see—you try to quiet yourself one way; I try another;

and it's hard to say which is the sublimest stupid of the two."

"Can you propose anything more solid — more hopeful?"

"There lies the difficulty. A good, kind, loving God, as ours is—don't be surprised that I speak so piously; for I believe in Him, and love Him too—would never leave His creatures as we are. Some dreadful mistake is committed somewhere. Our Messiah — our expiation for sin — must have come. The period predicted in the Bible is past. I think of turning Christian, to see the grounds of their faith. And before I go to India I shall certainly call on the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Well, search for truth in all directions, Adolphus; and with all my heart I pray that you may be successful. Let me know if you find it. You were always matter-of-fact, I always dreamy—and the Bible suits me. I know that all our faith is surrounded by uncertainty; then I must let it rest, for I intend to be as happy as I can."

"Well, study your Bible, live by it all you can, that must be good; I wish I could do it. But do begin—for the sake of your character and self-respect begin—to everywhere express your disapprobation of the absurd, debasing, indecent Talmud. An opinion is very prevalent amongst Christians that we have intellectual powers of

only a middling order; and if one of them publishes what from intercourse amongst us he believes is the truth, that there is no nation on earth more highly endowed in this way, he is sure to find a great deal of dissent. But no one can wonder at it. Whatever powers the nation may naturally possess, their articles of faith and their religious studies ruin them. Could you devise a thing more eminently calculated than the Talmud to degrade the intellect, and bias the judgment, until it cannot correctly decide the simplest results? Isn't it a truth that, of people who have attained the same degree of learning and civilisation as the Jews, there are none who possess so few minds of a noble, expanded, first-rate kind? The cause of all this is clear enough. You cannot be a Talmudist and get a balanced mind. Compel yourself to a thorough and logical examination of every principle, and Judaism is blown sky-high; for its existence depends on illogisms. And the thing that enables us to attain so high a condition of morality, and so profound a sense of the sanctity of the affections— which the rational and cultivated amongst us undoubtedly have— would their numbers were increased— is our noble-souled, unequalled women. Thank God for the Jewish women; they have attained their purity and largeness of heart in face of a tremendous opposing force. They are a glorious set; and what would they be under more

favouring influences than those which are shed from Jewish skies?"

"And yet," said Adeline, turning her soft, serious eyes upon him, "you most earnestly labour to drive us to despair, by crushing any hope we have in a Deliverer here, and a heaven hereafter."

"You have a right to reprove me; it *was* very wrong to elaborate such a desperate theory in your hearing," he said; the old wicked twinkle returning to his eye. "Oh, yes! far be it from me to damp your hopes of deliverance, and of a new Temple."

He laid himself along on the carpet; his head resting on a cushion, and his eyes directed to the ceiling.

"See, Miss Steinberg; listen to me, I beseech you! My hopes shall revive to please you,

'In sudden brightness, like a man inspired.'

Yes! all difficulties have vanished from my imagination, if not from my reason, and I see the majestic temple—where standing I cannot precisely tell in my dream, but I feel as if it were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem—joyfully smiling through 'the long procession, calm and elegant,' of trees and thorny vines, where youth and old—all gigantic—mingle in life, growth, decay and death, until they expand into one green, wide, interminable savannah—un-

invaded regions of mighty nature — fragrant with perfumed roses and flowers of Paradise ensouled in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life, in which they breathe and smile before the eyes that ‘love all they look upon,’ cheerful with the hum of bees, the song of birds, and brightened with ground blossoms that soften ‘the severe solemn,’ with the presence of the beautiful. There is some sadness, but far more of joy, in the prospect of the various and boundless provisons, by which the perfect comfort and happiness of the species is secured, in a life where the free spirit of mankind at length throws all its clogs and fetters off, and, with comet-strides, marches the long untravelled path of light into the shades and depths of ages. Sitting undisturbed in the bowers Nature has delighted to build for them, with little help from their own hands, at the dim end of that alley green which extends from the pillared portico and stately olive trees in front, until it loses itself amongst lake music, fountain-murmur, and mountain-shadow, are a number of the inhabitants in groups larger and smaller; some of them musing on the few white thoughtful clouds, or admiring the beauteous tints that flush the blue curtaining skies spread over them in boundless glory; some soundly asleep,

‘With brightness and with splendour compassed round,’
others only nodding; some with pencils

‘Dipped in the orient hues of heaven,’

are sketching the caverns and sequestered nooks, where silence for ever keeps awake, love haunts, and flowers kiss, and the thousand quivering lights which arch and hover round the Graces, as they dance by the fountain in the wood, wreathing the waists of water-sylphs—sylphs such as lifted their pearly arms and took in the lovely Hylas—the painters these; others with silvery spades and water-cans coloured with unchanging blue, work easy and delicious amongst the beds waving with rainbow-tinted blossoms, refreshing them with dews, supporting them by strengthening sticks, and crushing any refractory lumps of earth—and lo! one amongst the amorous group, suddenly espying what appears to be a weed or a worm lying inoffensively in the path, tramples it recklessly beneath his feet: but ‘igneus est olli virtus et coelestis origo;’ what he thought a noisome weed, springs upwards unharmed from his heel ‘a sweet consummate flower’—what he thought a writhing worm—and supposing it were, why, oh, why! could he be so wicked as to tread on it?—is in truth a wing-folded bird, that up into the sunlight soars singing to heaven’s gate, and disappearing therein, mingles with the highest skies—the gardeners these; others with lofty brow draw and demonstrate problems in many thousand ways, and all unimaginable forms, in the fine white sand of the softly meandering walks, rolled at the rosy dawn into monotoned smoothness by wood

and garden-nymphs—the old ‘Court Beauties’ in the reign of Jupiter, or the beauties of Jupiter’s courting when earth was good enough for his footstep—the men of science these; others with heart intent, and eyes in ‘dim suffusion veiled’ bend over the pages eloquent, as they wander or repose in grateful bliss amidst the forests of cedar and branching palm, overshadowing the sunshine on each magnificent level, with a sense of something yet more sublime nearer the summit of the beauteous mount—the Talmudists these; some with the alembic full of dark deepening mystery, philosophise away the tranquil hours in wondrous experiments, and solving marvellous theories, that ever and anon break upon the stillness, else too profound, in explosions soft and musical, and dissolving as of yore in smoke that mingles with the few idle clouds reposing on the far-off deeps of the summer sky—the Cabbalists these. It is a glorious place. There intellect awakens to its various works. Science and art arise, and the more complicated condition of life itself becomes the subject of thought. The moral nature of the species is unfolded—his manifold affections arise and spread—all the loves of life assume a more exalted image—altars and temples raise their heads like freshened flowers—peace covers all the land—and the soul now undisturbed, expands all its loftiest affections. Yet even here, in this Utopian scene, there is a sense of some-

thing wanting. Alas! how is this? But, cheer up! oh! soul within me! for, I see rising from the dust, as if by magic spell, the Elysium of the greatest-happiness-people, surrounded by a beauty and magnificence of which all I had seen before seems only a faint reflection, to be enthroned in spiritual silence far above the smoke and stir of this waking earth—and into which are entering all dissatisfied with the other place, following each other like budding and falling leaves, through all generations.

‘Visions of glory spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!’

You must excuse me — I can proceed no further; the glory of my dream overpowers me,”* he said, and laid back faintly.

“I verily believe that is not so good as before,” said Adeline smilingly. “For if you had desired to please us as you said, you would have supposed something nearer to what we hope for; whereas you merely took the opportunity to turn the whole thing into a sort of serio-burlesque.”

“There,” said St. Maur, “that’s my thanks for the trouble, is it? Why, wasn’t I as serious as could be; and didn’t I recite the whole in a

* The reader will please to observe, that these are not our sentiments, but those of Mr. Adolphus St. Maur.

beautiful voice—‘most musical, most melancholy’
—like a nightingale singing to the stars?’”

“Well, there’s the bell,” said Isaac. “Its
loafing time. So this meeting will adjourn.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

THE next day rose calm and beautiful; and, directly breakfast was concluded, Isaac and Adeline got into an open carriage to drive to the synagogue in Berkshire. St. Maur was engaged with the affairs of Eva: so they were alone.

“If you are willing, Adeline,” said Isaac, “we will cross the river. And then I think that with little interval we shall be able to keep by its banks a long way.”

“I shall be glad. Rivers have always a special attraction — they are always poetical.”

“So I feel. And I often grieve when I see some of our youthful aspirants to poetical and painter’s fame ruining whatever abilities they may possess, by low, contracted, vulgar studies, because they don’t go forth and follow the course of some of our sweet streamlets, lakes, and waterfalls. Then, if such an one indeed have poetry in his soul, he will call up ideas suited to the character of picture which is vivid in his mind; he will be able to present everything in a new

and more fascinating dress, and thus will study with a purpose."

"But there is one thing respecting that class which affects me more than all," replied Adeline. "It is the injured, outraged intellect, the disgraceful inaction, we so often see amongst them, through a persuasion that Present Time is shamefully indifferent to the pretensions of its men of genius. And this, as well as being very cruel to themselves, is cruel to mankind. The world is not, at least it does not wish to be, an unkind, unjust, ungenerous world. It is especially in England, that genius may be sure of its reward both in gold and honour; and I fear those who complain that theirs is neglected, do not possess any of that character which an educated and thoughtful people, can recognise as worthy of their admiration. I know that many men of genius have pined away in obscurity and suffering: but this was either their own fault, or because they had not reached their fame. Some have lacked the determining power necessary to conquer admiration. Our powers are always greater or less by our own act, and by that mystery of mysteries our own free will. Others, conscious of the presence of the divine flame, and visited with mysterious stirrings that would not let them rest, have, like young vernal flowers, faded and withered in the first bud of leaf and blossom. Their life was one of sorrow; unpitied, because, borne in silence it was unsuspected;

and such things can scarcely cease to be, unless there should come a change in human life. But, Isaac, what have we to do with literary criticism just now? Let us banish it."

"I quite acquiesce. The charming author of that charming work, *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, says that the less a man has to talk about the better he talks. But this imaginative author was a Frenchman. He belonged to the land where three dinners can be made of the tail of one turbot, and where moonshine is a substantial part of everything. We English people are of quite a different style of thinking, and require something very solid to set our thoughts a-going. If that charming author were here, he might suggest us some topic from amongst these agglomerations of stone, brick, and mortar. Not even a row of flower-pots to give an inspiration."

"Be patient. It will make the suggestive solitude of the suburb gardens the more acceptable. Never commend me to the society of a garrulous Frenchman. Anything will afford a subject for the general hubbub of conversation. *You* are a sensible companion. You know when to be silent—yes, and *how* to be silent, too; or you can talk in those scanty, half-uttered sentences which endear silence, and increase its delight, without frightening the gentle goddess from our company."

"There, there, Adeline, is the Thames," said

Isaac, as they obtained a first view through a vista between the houses. "There annually for ages long before the Olympiads, the youths and maidens came to fling bouquets and garlands into the stream, and to inquire of the presiding genius, who, and when, they were to marry. Every wave is historical; and every era of its existence is marked by the mightiest changes of men, monarchs, and times. On its banks Ostorius Scapula landed; near them, Boadicea, the widow of Prasatagus, and queen of the Iceni, was barbarously whipped; and by them often stood that profound genius, who taught the wild rabble of Rome that there was a man who could subdue their warring spirits, and bend them to his will. He who filled the Channel with a fleet which would have astonished Tyre and Sidon, and manned it with a crew that might have sacked Persepolis."

"They are glorious dreams," said Adeline, "which vision to us the past. Time that has swept from the scene the works of the generations passed away, has still guarded the splendid shadows of their remembrances for instruction and delight to the successive ages. We can summon the memory of the world of old; we can look upon the cities as they mingle with the blank oblivion of the things that were; we can pass in review those wondrous ages when the world was like a magnificent theatre, when every act exhibited the fall of nations, when every catastrophe was the destruction of an empire! The glory of

kingdoms, the majesty of their might, rise up in brilliant, dream-like pomp from the misty past, and we live and act among men whom thousands of years have buried in the dust. Scenes and faces arise, and noble aspirations——; but enough; for, like all else, it is illusion. The colours soon pass away from our eyes.”

“Why, Adeline, did you close with such a melancholy note?”

“Who but must be melancholy, my dear friend, contemplating the lot of human glory! But it was not merely that, in a general sense, which made me melancholy then. I thought of our own nation—oh, how fallen!—and I wished I could fly back to those glorious ages, when our Temple lifted up its majestic front upon the hill of Zion. The exquisite Latin word *desiderium*, pre-eminently expresses this desire which the soul always has to the past—to the lost.”

“Is not that the feeling which, by withdrawing the soul from earth, raises it on soaring wings, and impels its upward flight until it breathes empyrean air?”

“Not exactly. That is Desire mingled with the highest Hope. The mind cannot rest in realities, for it was not made to do so. It lives upon Desire, Hope, and Faith, even more than it does upon enjoyment. Wordsworth has some fine allusions to this, if I understand him rightly.”

“You have thrown much ‘green light,’ as Ossian says, upon the uses which we make of the

remembrances of the past. What have you to say about Wordsworth? Do you like him?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Spite of his creed, sometimes so prominent."

"Certainly. I do indeed devoutly hope that I shall never be prejudiced because of any sentiments of that kind. If I ever am, I shall hate myself."

"And I will do what I can to help you in strengthening the hatred."

"Thank you. Some of his immortal lines are ever present to me. When I read him, I seem to have alighted in a far-off clime, and to be reposing on the banks of some pellucid stream, winding away from its source amongst landscapes, bright with unclouded sunshine and perfumed by flower-groves and forest woods; and losing not the persuasive music of tranquil deeps and murmuring shallows, even amongst the softened thunder of its waterfalls."

"Whish! there's an influence. Look, Adeline, look I beseech you at that little fountain," he pursued, pointing to one in front of a large mansion.

"It is a work quite after your own heart."

"It is indeed beautiful! All is so graceful! so soft! so calm!—and stillness is there! And that statue near, with its countenance in which deep mystery and perfect loveliness mingle so thrillingly. Oh, I like that! The drops which separate from the column in the centre, gleam like sapphires that the spirit of Love has breathed

upon. It falls like a mist of light. So should fountains always be. The water should be the principal loveliness. If statuary is added, it should be the smallest portion of them — like the golden chain adorning the neck of beauty — the last ornament, and the finest and least. But above all, I dislike those contrivances for spurting water from the mouths and nostrils of animals. It is a taste worthy only of semi-civilisation; and I wonder that, gross and revolting as it is to all our feelings of propriety, it finds so many supporters. There is a fountain somewhere — in a square I think in Lambeth — the device is a man holding a horn to his mouth, and he is blowing water through it with all his might. When I was at Rome, I could never feel anything but greatly offended with those lions — as I suppose they are intended for — in the Piazza del Popolo, which so lavishly supply the inhabitants with water by means of their mouths — as I passed them I often felt an instinctive longing to close their mouths, and gag them by main force.”*

“In spite of one’s vexation, one is obliged to smile,” said Isaac, “at the sight of these country donkey-carts, laden with greengrocery going to the market. By the aid of sacks, boards, and baskets piled mountain high, they are made to carry a quite indefinite quantity of provisions;

* Adeline should have seen the fountains in Trafalgar Square—so sweetly suggestive of a bed-room candlestick—with the water dribbling from dolphins’ throats.

but they are always drawn by one ragged little animal, who, by way of compensation for the work and abuse he gets, is dressed out as fine as brass nails and red and yellow ribbons can make him. But oh! Adeline, see there! is not that an exquisitely lovely spectacle?" he pursued, as he directed her attention to a woman advancing towards them with an infant in her arms. "I do protest," and his voice trembled, and a tear glistened on his long eyelash, "I do protest that of all the scenes on earth, I know not one which affects me more than that. It is so lovely—so calm—so unspeakably beautiful—so much like heaven. God has impressed upon the mother's face a wondrous loveliness; a loveliness which reminds me of angelic natures. The sweet infant with its robe of flowing dreamy white—typical of its innocence—to behold it feasting on its mother's beauty, or with cherub eyes claiming her kiss in silence and charming her even to tears. And then the mother—the ecstatic smile, the panting bosom, the grateful look, the eye melting with tenderness, the cheek changing with the impetuosity of the current which thrills through her generous veins, as she bends over her infant, half retaining her breath through intense delight and anxious solicitude—it is a subject, Adeline, which poetry cannot properly exalt, the pencil cannot touch, and to describe which the most burning thought is ineffectual."

Adeline—the beautiful and accomplished Adeline—turned upon him her deep mystic eyes. What was it she felt? We shall not attempt to divine. They were some of the holiest emotions which can agitate the heart of woman, and man has scarcely a right to analyse them, even if he could. One thing we might say—she thought how worthy he was of the most lavish love which her rich heart could give—how completely he had it—how deeply, dearly, mightily, she loved him—and then she thought on the peaceful harmonious bliss which would be their's after those two weeks—already commenced—had closed, and he was her husband!

And in such gentle and engaging converse they continued to beguile the way.

Now they stand in the little hall just within the synagogue door, while Isaac covers himself with his Talith. Then he led Adeline to the foot of the gallery stairs.

“So here, Adeline, we must part as usual. I do believe that after our marriage I will turn Christian, if you will only consent to be one too; just because in their places of worship they don't cruelly separate husband and wife.”

Adeline smiled as she shook his hand, saying, “Not to be separated in such an exercise would be far more grateful to the heart. But we will quietly let it pass, as a rule that it is useless to feel vexed with. Adieu.”

No one can look upon the ceremonies of Jewish worship with merely idle curiosity; they exquisitely touch the heart. To the keeping of the Jews were committed the oracles of God. Their's is the most ancient form of worship in existence. It is the manner in which Moses, and David, and Solomon, and the ancient Jewish worthies worshipped Jehovah. Can it be uninteresting? Yet the inside of a synagogue, with its sweet and sad reminiscences, is less known to Christians than the interior of the Mosque of St. Sophia. This ignorance has appeared to us very strange. Perhaps this neglect of the most touching relic of antiquity of worship, is chiefly caused by a supposition that everything is conducted upon a plan, entirely different from that pursued when our Lord and His apostles were wont to join, as consistent Jews, in the synagogue service. This is an opinion which requires much qualification. To be sure the reading of the Talmud has almost entirely superseded that of the Scriptures, and many of the ceremonies are ordered by it. But there is no doubt that, the general services agree in their main features, with those of the days of our Redeemer.

Nor can such a belief be admitted as excuse. In Burton Crescent is a synagogue, where the service is, in all things, conformed as nearly as possible to what it was in ancient times. The Jews worshipping there reject the Talmud. They use

only Moses and the Prophets. "For us," they say, "there is but *one* immutable law, that which was given by God for the unerring guidance of His people to the end of time." If any of our readers will go there on a Saturday, we may assure them they will be received with an attention and politeness, too seldom witnessed in Christian churches; and if they are conversant with the language in which the service is presented, they will generally be supplied with books. And they will indeed feel it to be no ordinary privilege, and be under the influence of no ordinary emotion, while they chant the psalms or recite the prayers, which even still are offered in the very same language and the very same words, in which once the Lord of Glory joined.

There are many who confound the Temple with the Synagogue of old; and to those who commit this error it, of course, seems a wretched substitute for that splendid edifice. But it is not so. Synagogues were built both within and without Jerusalem; and in them the people met to hear the law and to worship God. The following was the arrangement in these places: An ark—doubtless made according to the pattern of the ark of the covenant—was placed at the end of the building which pointed towards the holy of holies, if within Jerusalem; if the building were without the city, it was placed at the end nearest Jerusalem. In this ark the sacred rolls or oracles of

God were kept. They were composed always of the Pentateuch, to which were added such other scriptures as the congregation possessed ; and the whole was written upon parchment. Near the centre of the synagogue, and opposite the ark, was the enclosed space called Moses' chair. This was occupied by the ׀׀׀, or Reader, with the rolls of the Law, or some other Scripture, open before him. From these he read and expounded to the congregation.

Now all this may be seen in any British synagogue at the present day. The men occupy the base of the building ; a gallery is set apart for the occupation of the women. The oriental costume is of course seldom seen, except it be on visitors from the East. The men, and boys too, wear their hats or caps, as the case may be ; for it is considered reverential to keep the head covered in the Divine presence. They are all covered, too, with that sweet memento of the past—the Talith or Vail. The Scripture which commands this, we adverted to while describing the feast of the Pass-over. All the officers are clad according to the prescribed forms.

The ark is enclosed within folding doors, and over these a rich curtain is drawn. At the proper period in the services the curtain is removed, the doors are thrown open, and the roll is taken out wrapped in elegant white satin, with a crown of silver pomegranates and several other

chaste and beautiful ornaments at the top of the roller. With a veneration and a tenderness, which one cannot behold without tears, it is slowly borne to the chair of Moses. The portion for the day is read; and it is then, slowly and tenderly as before, carried back and deposited in the ark—the congregation in the meantime chanting a Psalm. This is the usual mode; but, on extraordinary occasions, there are many additions, and great ceremony is used.

We believe it is not often that strangers are allowed to read and expound the Law, in English synagogues; but they are in many places abroad—especially the East. And they were allowed to do this while our Lord sojourned on earth, for “He taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.” (St. Luke iv. 15.)

The ark, in the present synagogue, is a poor representative of that holy thing in the Tabernacle and Temple, the Ark of the Covenant. There is no gold overlaying it; no cherubim overshadowing it with their wings; no tables of stone written by the finger of Jehovah Himself; no budding rod; no pot of manna. But it still contains one precious treasure—the Word of God. And though, while joining in the service, one may have a soul fraught with tearful melancholy, as a thought of the glory that is departed passes through the mind; yet those tears are tinged by the halo of that glory which is again to rest upon the beloved

Israel. Magnificent indeed is the language of the prophet, figuring forth in imagery inspired by God Himself, the future joys of the children of Abraham :—

“Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken ; neither shall thy land be called Desolate ; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah ; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.”

Sweet it is to dwell upon such thoughts. With a ray of blessed sunshine, they pierce the dense cold gloom which surrounds and invests Israel's present. To think upon the gathering together of both Jew and Gentile into one kingdom, over which the Beloved, the Redeemer, and King of Israel, the God of all the earth, shall reign for evermore.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.

“Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all
And nought beyond—O Earth!”

MRS. HEMANS.

“Alas! for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down, even in their holiest hour!
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove
Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower!
O, woe, deep woe, to earthly love's fond trust!”

MRS. EMBURY.

ON the afternoon of the next day, Adeline returned home to conclude all preparations previous to her marriage with Isaac. It had long been decided that, like his brother David's, it should be held at Mr. Cohen's; and on the fourth day from the one of which we have spoken, the usual feasting was to commence.

Adeline had little to do; her dress was all made up; so she went on with the common routine of home employments. When even was come, and her father had done business, she, as usual, warmed his slippers for him, washed his bald head in warm water and brushed his hair, whilst he

quietly meditated in his chair, placed before him some jelly and the leg and wing of a chicken, poured out his champagne, and then played to him while he drunk it — for, like higher people than he, Steinberg loved music at his meals.

There was a lull in the music. Adeline was busily tossing the leaves of her book in search of another piece that she knew he liked. Steinberg sipped away at his wine with tremendous rapidity.

“You mont shing muzig wit me many times now, Ada.”

“No, dear papa; not at present. But I shall often see you still; and then you must fancy I am your little girl again. For I shall claim to do all my old offices for you, by way of an extra pleasure, you know.”

Steinberg grunted a little.

“Don't you mish your *marito* wazh eine greater man mit you?”

“Indeed, papa, it is with much fear and trembling that I shall enter on my engagements with Mr. Cohen. To think that a man so noble, so excellent in all things, has selected such an one as myself to be the keeper of his life-long happiness, overwhelms me; for I feel almost incapable of rightly discharging so great a trust. My help is laid on God; that is my confidence. Though I incline to suppose, dear father, that perhaps I do not quite understand what you meant by great-Isaac may have numberless equals; but in my

opinion he cannot have superiors in loveliness of character. To *me*," and she smiled gaily upon her father, "he seems nearer to perfection than anybody I ever saw."

"No, no; dat eesh vot I meansh not," said Steinberg, screwing up his nose till it took a *siderial* aspect. "Mouldn't you likesh to be a lady — a *contessa*?"

Adeline thought his question, and the tone and manner in which it was put, a very strange one; especially at such a time as that. And she had to wait a little, while she thought on his probable intention, and what she must reply.

"No, papa; plain Mrs. Cohen is best. I am not quite sure that it would be well to see our people invested with titles; it might, I fear, render them less thoughtful of their duty as Hebrews."

"Well, my dear child," said Steinberg, in a very slow, tender voice, and while saying it he pulled off one of his slippers and then put it on again, "I'm gotch a better huzhbant to live mit you. He'sh an earl, too, he ish; one of them two gentlemensh you shee ven you come for the ten shillings — him wit a short boty and red hair."

"O, papa!" exclaimed Adeline, in breathless terror. Her large blue eyes dilated, her features were fixed with a metallic sharpness, her knees shook, and she clenched her disengaged left hand until the nails almost penetrated her palm.

“Now don't shet yourself againsht him before you knowsh,” he said, hastily. “He'sh eine ber nice man — ber nice; be sur of dat. A heart-goot man, too, he ish; and eine of the greatesht in the plache.”

Adeline's breath came quick and short. Her heart beat against her bosom audibly; she could hear it. Steinberg heard it. She drew out her handkerchief and passed it vacantly across her face. She was stupified. The last sentence had fallen lifeless on her ear.

Steinberg waited long. She did not speak to him. She sat with her eyes fixed straight upon the floor before her; her fingers wildly trifling with the gold Venetian chain which drooped from her neck.

“He wash here on Montag,” he said. “I gave him the shimplest direct I could — to come on Fritag to shee you. He wantsh to marry you mit him als fast als he can.”

Adeline felt cold. For a few moments she thought she was sinking into death. She threw her arm along the lower keys of the piano to support herself; they rung with deep bass thunder, that for an instant startled old Steinberg from his propriety. What she would have given for power to weep, but her soul's tearful springs seemed all dried up.

“O, papa,” she said, very slowly and faintly, after this solemn stillness had continued some

time. "O, papa, please do be kind enough to ask mother to come here directly. I want attention. Do, do be quick," she pursued, placing her left hand upon her heart.

"Vot eesh it you vantsh mit your mother?" asked old Steinberg, petulantly.

"O, don't, don't, dear papa, hesitate. Do, dear, go. I'm suf—fo—I—I want to be helped to my bed-room," she said, in a weak and dying voice.

Steinberg shook his sides in the manner of a great sulky school-boy, and twisted in his chair.

Adeline raised herself to her feet. She tried to walk steadily towards the door; and for a few steps she succeeded. Then the spirit which had sustained her was exhausted, her head whirled, and she reeled against the table. Steinberg got up and met her.

"Vot ish it you vantsh to go mit?" he asked passionately.

Weaving her arms around his neck, Adeline buried her face in his bosom, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

"Bonesh of Abraham!" he cried, "is thish the short of dolors you'm intendin' to do wit? A pretty ting, *cospetto!* Here, when a lord of the land and a gute man, plentish of monese and shervants, offersh to take you mit him for eine wife—you oughtersh to be heart-glad."

"My dear father, I have always loved you

—oh! immeasurably—and I do now; more than ever.”

“And for dis reason I vantsh to shee you shettled well off.”

“Mr. Cohen, my dear father, will place me in a station far higher than I desire. O, don’t be so cruel—I won’t believe you can—don’t take me from my dearest friend—my *husband*, papa!” she sobbed passionately. “For he loves me; and you promised me to him; and God heard you as well as man. O, you fear Him, papa; He will not look on the crushing of two hearts with cold indifference.”

“Perdizione! and I breaksh for your gute. You will be great—wife mit an earl—have a title and be powerfulsh, mit plenty of monete—*Ciò vi farà rispettare da ognuno*—that will make you respected by all the world.”

“O, father,” she said, imprinting on his lips a convulsive kiss, “am I dear to you?”

“Dearsh!—*La pupilla dell’ occhio!*—the apple of my eye!”

“I am not able to stand; good night, dear papa,” kissing him again, and she looked into his eyes through her tears; but there was no softness, no relenting there. She dropped his hand and staggered from the room.

She succeeded in dragging her trembling frame up the stairs. Then her strength failed utterly, and she fell against a door, as she was in the act

of grasping the handle to sustain herself. It was that of her mother's room. Mrs. Steinberg always retired to rest at half-past nine, punctual as the clock. Adeline's light fell from her hand, and she hardly saved it from extinguishing.

The sound roused Mrs. Steinberg from sleep. But all was peaceful; and she persuaded herself that it was nothing more than a portion of an unsatisfactory dream. She was already again midway between the lands of life and death, when the same noise, but not so loud as before—it was made by Adeline as she got upon her feet—roused her almost like a cannon-shot from her couch, and caused her seriously to inquire whether she was sleeping or waking, dreaming or acting. She immediately left her bed and opened the door. Adeline was just disappearing into her own room.

All a mother's ready fears were awakened on the instant. She leaped to her side. "Adeline, my love! what is this?"

For a moment Adeline's thoughts seemed to collect; and as she placed her hand upon her mother's neck, she smiled a melancholy smile of pleasure. But it was gone. She said nothing; she had neither tears nor words now. Her features relapsed into the same fixed and stony sharpness, and her eyes were lit with the same fearful fiery brilliancy as before.

Common griefs allow the heart to sigh, and the tears to flow, and the tongue to communicate its

sorrow to a sympathising friend ; but great ones, terrible and fatal, stupify the soul, paralyse the heart, make the lips mute, and suspend all the bodily senses. And so a great philosopher has said, "*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*"

Her mother placed the desolated girl in a chair, and took up her long white hand ; it felt like the grave. Repeated quarrels with her husband, had given Mrs. Steinberg's nerves an irremediable shake ; so, under any circumstances calculated to excite, she had little control over herself. She rushed to the door, screaming hysterically, "Sherah ! Maacah !" — (two female servants) — "Help, here ! Solomon ! Go for somebody instantly ! Adeline is dying !"

The sight of her mother's terror caused a partial revulsion of feeling ; and Adeline rose, saying, "No, no ! dear mamma, I only want you. Shut the door ; let no one else come — fasten it."

"O, mamma !" she said, throwing herself upon her mother's bosom, when she returned, "I'm very glad to speak to you. Father is going to separate me from — from —, will make me marry another — man — and a hateful one — and a Gentile."

"The old wretch !" cried Mrs. Steinberg, in a spasm of rage. "That's it, is it ! O well, we'll see about that. I say, Adeline, you *shall* marry Mr. Cohen, and nobody else. There now, make yourself quiet, my dear," she said, hastily. "I'll

get you some wine; it will help to bring you round again."

Mrs. Steinberg quickly came back, rattling the bottle and glass with desperate energy. She trembled with passion. The cork was ejected from the bottle with lightning-like rapidity, and she filled a large glass; too full—it ran over in streams. "Never mind; there, Adeline, my sweet child, drink that — undress directly — drink it up, now—it will revive you. Go to bed. Here, turn round a bit; let me unfasten your dress. Mind and try to get to sleep as quick as you can; don't think, but make yourself quite happy. I'm going; pour out another glass."

"Mamma," said Adeline, looking in her face earnestly, "now do let me intreat you to have no words with father. You will make yourself very ill, and add greatly to my pain; and you know no one but God can move him from any purpose. O mamma, if you will pray for me, you may do me good; you may save me. Do—do stay here with me. I don't like you to go away, dear. Put on this shawl. There, sit down, now, by me."

"*Save* you, Adeline! Why — why — you are not, — are you — going to leave Mr. Cohen, just because of him, then?"

"O, mother, I dare do nothing else. O, it is worse than death! The Lord give me much strength, or I shall sin greatly. I am tempted to murmur bitterly; it is so cruel, wicked, it is dis-

honouring me. O how terrible! And, my dear Mr. Cohen, and his sufferings. O mother! mother! help me to bear it! O!" and the heart-stricken Adeline fell lifeless upon her mother's neck; her eyelids closed, she knew and felt no more.

The midnight had passed. During the whole of this time, the only sign of life which Adeline exhibited, was a slight movement of the chest, and a faint soft breathing, if the ear were applied close over her lips. She moved a little now; and Maacah, who sat watching over her with trembling solicitude — for she loved her, who could help it? — observed it directly. She poured some wine into a glass, and with a teaspoon administered it very gently.

"Thank you, always kind and thoughtful," Adeline murmured, "Anxious! but, my dear friend, you should not be anxious at so small a thing. . . . Now, Isaac, I must rest. I am a sore hindrance to you, I fear; but I am wearied, for the ascent has been steep and toilsome. Sit by me here. How thrillingly beautiful are those views opposite us, on both sides of the lake. I cannot tell you when I have seen anything that affected me so deeply. And all is so tranquil: my mind accords with it. My peaceful happy spirit reflects these lovely scenes, as calmly as the blue waters those beautiful islands

within them. I shall carry the feeling of this soft time in my heart, long after I return to the busy, fermenting world. I think we must often visit this spot. . . . Yes, I quite think as you do about that. Do you observe those fine hills on yonder coast? They have an appearance of vanishing in the very light. O, I think that excessively beautiful! The extreme loveliness of the views as we ascended, the desolate look of that forest of black pines immediately beneath us, and the grand spectacle which we have before us here, so varies and sustains the interest, that every emotion which nature is capable of producing seems to have been crowded into one spot and one hour. And you feel so too? I am glad of that. But I can always assure myself what your feeling is, because a perfect union certainly subsists between us on every subject. . . .

“Isaac; Isaac! Don’t run down that steep — it frightens me. O dear! he can’t stop!——”

Whilst Adeline’s wanderings were expressive of calmness and peace, Maacah stood over her determined not to interrupt. But now that her ideas had taken a condition of alarm, she thought it well to try to disperse them and to inspire more quiet ones: so she said, “Don’t terrify yourself; he has got down quite safe.”

“Are you sure of that? I cannot see him. Where is he, then? Why doesn’t he come to me? he knows where he left me.”

“But I believe he is very tired, and waits to recover himself. You know he ran a long way.”

“Why are you here, Maacah? It is not so. O, you should not fear to tell me the worst; it would be kinder, and I can bear it. I remember; yes, I know it all now. O, how he prayed, and fell on his knees to me: and O, Maacah, I tried, but I couldn't help him. His loving, imploring eyes! I see them yet; and father was by him—he wouldn't save him for me — and he kept me back. But the time is short. Soon, mingling with the loveliness of a happier land, I shall be united to his sweet spirit for ever.”

Maacah leaned over the bedside, weeping; the sound reached Adeline's ear. She opened her beautifully blue eyes. Oh! how full of deep anguish they looked! and turned them upon her, at the same time holding out her hand. “O Miss Steinberg!” said Maacah, “I wish I knew how to comfort you.” The words and the sight of the bed and the fire, with all the accompaniments upon her table, seemed gradually to restore her to a proper sensibility; and she drew a long, deep sigh.

“Thank you, thank you, good Maacah; very much I thank you. But don't trouble yourself; I cannot bear to see you unhappy too. Where is dear mamma?”

“She is in bed now.”

“Something has happened?”

“She is not well.”

“O, how dreadful! When all should have been peace. I must go to her,” she continued; and she attempted to rise.

“Miss Steinberg, you ought to keep in bed—at least till morning. You must feel how much you want rest.”

“But I cannot take it till I have seen my mother,” said Adeline. “Why do you wish to stay me, Maacah?” she pursued, as the maid held up her hands intreatingly.

Waiting for no reply, Adeline glided from the room. On trying her mother’s door, she found it fastened; but a servant immediately opened to her, and Adeline walked up to the bed.

“What is the matter?” she asked in a low voice, for Mrs. Steinberg was in a light sleep. “A blow! Oh, my precious parent! what you have suffered, what you *will* suffer, for me. How long has she slept?”

“Not long; three quarters of an hour, perhaps.”

“When she awakes, call me, Sherah, even if I should be sleeping.”

“Now, Maacah,” said Adeline, when she returned to her own room, “you will oblige me much by going to your rest directly. I am very grateful indeed for your attention; and as a further favour, Maacah, I beg a remembrance in your prayers.”

“The Lord bless you and keep you, Miss.

You need His support now, and you will surely have it,” sobbed Maacah; who, be it told, was a very consistent, affectionate, pious-hearted young Jewess.

“I do, indeed, require more than human strength,” replied Adeline tearfully; and she pressed Maacah’s hand warmly while she said it.

“Well, I shall have your sympathies and your prayers. Now go, there’s a good girl. And mind, I shall be well enough; don’t you think of rising till you have had sufficient repose. Good night.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADELINE'S LETTER.

“Love's words are writ on rose-leaves, but with tears!”

L. E. L.

As soon as Maacah was gone, Adeline spread her desk open before her, to write a letter for Isaac. She took up her pen tremulously, and rapidly traced a few sentences. Then she as hastily seized the sheet, and, crumpling it in her hand, tossed it into the fire. She placed another sheet; but before she began afresh, she leaned her head over her desk, and though she uttered scarcely a sound, the convulsive throes which quivered through the whole length of her frame, and the large tears which forced themselves between her long taper fingers and rested upon her hand, sufficiently attested the mighty agony of her spirit. In a little while she suddenly drew herself up, and, dashing away the tears with her handkerchief, took her pen and quickly wrote off the letter. We shall give it in just her own words.

“ MY DEAREST FRIEND,

“ I desire to see you—here—at the very earliest you can permit. ”

“ I wish you to come to me with a mind fortified against sorrow, for I have painful tidings to communicate—tidings which I incline to believe you will feel very severely. I shall not tell you what they are now, because I want to have you by me when I do it. You know how greatly I suffer when anything occurs to grieve you ; then, for my sake, too, I beseech you to preserve your feelings in strict command. Keep your mind in perfect tranquillity. Do not weaken it by alarm, neither by attempting to guess the import of my knowledge ; rely upon it, there is scarcely one probability that you can imagine it. I tell you so much, my beloved friend, from a double cause—in some measure to prevent those fears which, through your intention to come for me so soon as to-morrow, you else would have had ; but, most of all, because the information should not be given you with unkind abruptness. Yet, mark, if you do not come to me exhibiting the same calm grace of mental serenity, which you usually display in seasons of sorrow—and I shall take much notice—I shall perhaps think it my duty to allow you to depart without even a hint of what I have to make known.

“ You have kindly said to me, that ever since

our happy engagement commenced, I have always succeeded in so relieving you of trouble that, you ever recur to me as a sort of refuge. Well, my dearest friend—though perhaps this influence which I have been able to exercise for you, is principally owing to your deep feeling of affection—come to me again; and while pillowing your head upon Adeline's bosom, there pour out your griefs. And if it affect you so much, I will bathe your throbbing temples with the tears of fervent soul-deep sympathy. In everything which concerns you I have an equal concern; so I feel this sorrow as powerfully—more powerfully, oh, much more powerfully! than if it were all my own.

“Now speed you hither. If you cannot come directly, come at any other hour you can; I shall certainly be at home the whole day.

“Till I see you, farewell, my dearest friend. To the God of love I commend you.

“Assure yourself that you possess the undiminished esteem and affection of

“ADELINE.”

At about nine o'clock on the same morning, a messenger was despatched with the letter. Whilst it was on its progress towards Mr. Cohen's, Adeline sought her father. Not because she had a hope of softening him; but she felt it a duty which she owed to Isaac, to leave no means unused that might, by any possibility, induce him to relent.

So she went down into the breakfast-parlour, where old Steinberg was guzzling away at his fifth solitary cup, and mumbling his sixth muffin.

"Good morning, dear papa. Are you quite well?" said Adeline. And she threw her arms upon his neck and kissed him, still continuing to hang over him, with her deep, loving eyes looking into his, as she waited for his reply.

"*Ja! ja!*" jerked out Steinberg, "I'se ber nice, sur."

"Allow me, my dear father," said Adeline, as he put down the cup, the contents of which he had continued to absorb with tremendous suspirations, and vortex-like fury, ever since she came into the room, and began to prepare it for the sixth fill.

Steinberg grumbled out a concession that she might do it for him.

"I am pained inexpressibly, when I think you were last evening angry with mamma on my account," said Adeline, when Steinberg had again composed himself for meditation over his coffee.

"Don't be so any longer, papa, will you?"

"*COSPETTO!* Let her attendsh wit her own beesnesse den. She has gotch too much strepitusness of voice. *Ella parla incessabilmente* — her tongue runs perpetually."

"But, my dear father, you remember how excessively sensitive she always was; the smallest thing jars upon her nerves dreadfully. And I

have remarked that lately this extreme sensibility has much increased. Papa, I know how much she loves you; and these things are grieving her to death. Love is the grand element of her existence; she can live in no other. Oh, my dear father, if you would go up to her, and kiss her, and speak kindly to her. She is very, very ill indeed, and it would help to recover her."

"Na, na," growled Steinberg. "Ven she vantsh me nexht time, she'll have to come aftersh me. If I'm troubleshd mit much more of her dolors wit me, I'll divorce her—vat do you tink mit dat now?"

"Father! you must not speak of my beloved mother in that way!" said Adeline passionately. "She is too excellent to have that disgrace thrown upon her, or even to have the thought held against her. But I'm sure you can't intend anything of the kind. I will not allow myself to believe you could separate from her. Oh, papa, she has doubtless many failings, but she is a lovely woman, a lovely wife. Do, dear, try to understand her better; bear with her weaknesses; love her for and applaud her excellences, and she would spend her life in trying to make you very happy; she couldn't help it."

"Ya, ya! for dis reason I hates not your mother; let her keep to her own beesnesse."

"Papa, you must expect her to be concerned on my account, because she loves me very dearly

indeed; and think how suddenly I told her your desires about me."

"Ver well; she loves you not als I dosh. If sho, she mouldn't mis-advise you for your gute."

Adeline made no reply.

"I tink, my lovesh," old Steinberg began again, and he plunged both his hands quite out of sight into the pockets of his under garment, laid himself back comfortably in his chair, and, with gingerly carefulness, stretched his legs out before the fire—"I tink de Lord als bin ber gute to you to bless you so nice in such a manner. Now, you shee, you mill be ein great person, and ablesh to do much for your pipplesh in monete and influence, and so following. You are not ein halb tenkful sufficient als you should. De Earl Vernon is a ber true and fair man in all tings—wen you acquaints wit him you mill tell me so—and you oughtsh to much love him and be ver kind, tantamount as to say 'dis is de leastest preis I can pay you for als your gootness for me.' Den you will make him better, because de woman he lives mit at dis present is not wife mit him, and you will preventsh him from sin; for vich ting de Lord mill bless you."

"Father, is it your final command that I see this gentleman to-morrow?"

"Ya, ya. Shertinly it is."

"And that, if he request it from me, I give him my consent for marriage?"

“Ya. Ber nice — ber gute. And als well mind, I musht have you to be ver proper and fair to him—als you say to him be ver kind and affection, and gute,” said Steinberg, bustling up. Adeline had asked the questions in a tone of profound calmness—her anguish was too mighty, too engrossing, to be expressed by passion, or even to allow strength for it; and Steinberg persuaded himself it was because she had become more reconciled to his will.

“I expect Mr. Cohen here this morning, my dear father — then I am to say to him, that, although the day for my marriage with him had been fixed, and is now so near, you permit me to receive his affection no longer.”

“Ja, ja—that’s easy donesh—*senza molta fatica*—with little trouble.”

Adeline leaned her hot forehead upon her hand, and big tears rolled down her cheek fast—oh! those fearful tears!—so calm!—so quiet!—and her soul was in them! Life sheds such tears but once.

“You mushn’t drow yourself in irritations ein behalb of Mr. Cohen, Adeline. In eine wick or two he’ll gitsh another *amante*—sweetheart;” and Steinberg laughed. “He’sh only had ein *imbriactura*—fuddling-bout;” and Steinberg laughed again.

“I shall obey you, my dear father,” said Adeline, rising. She kissed him as she passed out of the

room, leaving Steinberg to chuckle and snigger with himself, over the delightful ease of mind with which she now consented to the change. “*Questo pare ragionevole*—that seems reasonable,” he ventriloquised; and he took an enormous fist-full of snuff and let fall a deal of it about his waistcoat flaps, quit embrowning his rusty old coat-collar and shirt-frill. And then he went to his strong box and took out several bundles of bills, a drawerful of loose cash, and his dirty, shabby account-book, and began, for the dozenth time that week, “to *become* how his shavins and losseshes shtood mit him.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

ISAAC AND ADELINE.

“ You would say something that is sad—Speak !”

SHAKSPERE.

“ And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart ?”

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Bear on, bear nobly on !
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

IDEM.

“ It is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee ; to feel the world,
The beautiful, the bright, joy-giving world,
A blank without thee.”

L. E. L.

It was about two hours after this conversation when Isaac drove up to the door. He was, as usual, shown in without ceremony. Adeline was lying at full length upon a lounge, absorbed in thought, as he stepped into the room.

“ This is kind, to come so quickly,” she said, as she rose and presented him her hand.

“On the contrary,” he replied, “I was glad of the opportunity of seeing you to-day. You know it is quite an axiom, that the nearer such relations as ours approach completion, the more jealous one becomes of separation, and the more impatient to shorten it.”

“You observed, Isaac, what I told you?” she inquired, with her usual perfect serenity.

“O yes; and I am come quite prepared and desirous to know what it is. But, first, I must tell you, that I have come with a hope that you would kindly consent to accompany me home to-day. It is only a difference of a few hours; and you said you had no particular engagements to fulfil, you remember. Then, if you will come, you can tell me as we are riding home. Moreover, let me say to you, I don’t in this express my own wishes merely. Father, Mary, Miss St. Maur—indeed everybody at home, urged me to make the same request. Now do, dearest Adeline, grant it; will you?”

“I fear, my dear friend, you have not properly thought on what I said,” replied Adeline. “If you had—if you had come as I would have had you, with a mind expecting sorrow, I think you would have asked me to make it known to you without delay.”

“Is it so very dreadful, then, really?” inquired Isaac. “You are so exceedingly kind to me always, Adeline, and feel so deeply about anything

that affects me, that I, perhaps, have not attached such weight as I ought to what you said. You look very serious; what *has* happened?"

"I told you it was a severe sorrow," she said steadily. "It is one, Isaac, which you will feel profoundly. Now, nerve yourself—keep calm—come and sit down by me while I tell you," she pursued, in a delicately modulated voice, and there was a slight tremor in it. "And, after so much as I have hinted, it would be a cruel kindness to keep the knowledge of the worst from you any longer." She rose and hung over his bosom, and her long glossy tresses fell shadowingly around his face and neck—there was a soft silence. "Your—poor—Adeline will be cruelly—torn from you," she said in a gentle, lute-like voice.

Isaac answered nothing.

"But," continued Adeline, in the same angelic tone, and she laid a kiss upon his forehead, "thy gracious Father will not forsake thee, my sweet friend, will not forsake thee, if thou dost not forsake Him. Look up to God, and find there the compensation for that happiness which man has denied thee. Though thy cup of sorrow overflows—though anguish presses heavily upon thee, poor sufferer—though thy hopes are blighted—thy heart lacerated—thy affections thrown back a bitter load upon thy soul—though life has called thee to its trials, the evil days are on the wing when 'thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in

them;’ yea, have already descended. Yet fix thy thoughts upon objects of higher value—objects of immortal hope—objects that will ennoble thy mind, raise it above the vain dreams of earthly happiness, and cause it to constantly tend towards that precious being, where thy felicity will be perfect and everlasting. Give thyself entirely to thy King; repose on His care and wisdom in directing thee. In these days of trial and of awe ‘His Spirit shall be with thee;’ thou shalt fear no ill, for amidst all the suffering that surrounds thee ‘He shall restore thy soul—His goodness and mercy shall follow thee.’ Strengthen thine heart, then, my beloved friend; ‘the Lord Himself is thy Shepherd, thou shalt not want; amid the green pastures and by the still waters’ He will make thy spirit to repose. His hand afflicts that thou mayest know the true value of the attractions of this transitory life, and not suffer thy wishes mainly to centre in them—using only the best and purest of them as aids in thy progress towards the skies; as things given to cheer thee, fainting pilgrim, on thy road to the abodes where all is love, for all is God.”

Honour to thy noble woman’s heart! Forgetting its own anguish in the care for its cherished one. Every fibre in Adeline’s soul was crushed, and it was with a mighty effort that she raised even her weeping eyes to heaven; but she spoke brave and strong.

“ ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth,’ was the exclamation with which Job animated his trust in God, when groaning beneath an overwhelming weight of woe. And in this must we be confident, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’ He only can give us a satisfying portion in this life and open to us at last the portals of the skies, and introduce us to the eternal joys in His presence—joys, Isaac, which no man can take from us. No suffering enters there—no uncertainty—no disappointment can be felt there. Raise, sad mourner, then, thy streaming eyes from the ground. Has the object of thy most tender affection been rudely snatched from thee?—hast thou, like Job, lost all thy possessions?—still thy loss is but dust—merely dust. God remains with thee, and shall remain with thee for ever; and He is all and in all. He would sooner break His covenant of day and night, so that there should not be light in its season, than allow anything to harm thee, for thou art one of His children. Your Adeline loves you, my precious friend, and she will continue to love you and honour your memory while her being continues; but what is my love, compared with God’s for you? He loves you in a manner of which you and I can form no conception, and which archangels can never tell us. The storms of life may rage with fearful violence—we may look in vain for some prospect of their abating—no starry gleam may be present to guide the pen-

sive traveller on his way—no ray of heavenly light be seen to brighten the dreary wilderness we are crossing—but we shall not be lost—God will sustain us, even when the world is vanishing from our dim and fading eyes, and the outspread wings of Death overshadow us. And when life and its conflicts shall have at last ended, all will be rewarded with love, eternal, immortal, immeasurable, unsearchable. In that blissful being, my dear friend, ‘the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended;’ and thine Adeline, joined to thee for ever, shall love thee with a love brighter, purer, deeper, than any she now has to bestow; and our feet, sandalled with immortality, shall, in company with the holy angels and happy spirits, wander upon the soft margin of the waters of eternal life. All, all is peaceful there—all is loving there—all is happy there! Oh! it is beautiful! Isaac,” she said, again bending to kiss him, “let us forget time! Let us think of eternity! assured of this, that our most vivid conceptions of the happiness, the joy, the peace we shall there have in reversion for our sorrows here, fall as infinitely short of the reality, as our dim and dark conceptions of the Deity fall infinitely short of the Being that He is—and God is Heaven.”

“O, my lovely friend!” said Isaac, with a gush of passionate feeling, “how can I give thee up? It’s impossible! O God! is this the end of all

our happy hours, and sweet communings of soul, Adeline? Love is the same feeling in Deity and humanity; an earthly parent thinks life itself is of far less consequence than the happiness of his children; but I have no wish that your father should have the punishment of this anguish inflicted upon him. No. I pray fervently — and I will believe we are God's children, since He has declared he will not despise the offering of a broken and a contrite heart — I pray fervently that He will forgive our wrong-doer. Well, life to me has ended now. I have done with all. What are you taken from me for?"

"To be married, Isaac, to another man; and, oh! such an one! I strive to view no human being with contempt, but though I have only seen him once — and that but for a moment — I believe he is one of the lowest, most grovelling natures to be easily found; and he is a Gentile; and I am to be sold to him for money and a position. Isaac, don't say what you think; let me honour my parent with all my heart if I can."

"O, Adeline, do have mercy upon me!" exclaimed Isaac, clasping her hand and falling upon his knees before her, while noble manly tears flowed down his cheeks. "Don't kill me, Adeline. Do not send me forth unblessed and blighted, to wander on the cold bleak wilderness of life!"

"My dearest friend!" said Adeline, stooping to embrace him, "for my sake rise. Tempt me

not to the commission of such a sin, lest I prove too weak to withstand the deep yearnings of my own heart and your anguish. Rise, I beg you. Come and repose yourself on my bosom, and I will kiss your crushed spirit into peace, if I have power left me. Come."

"Is it not commanded that you shall not marry strangers?" said Isaac, passionately.

"Yes. But Isaac, my father commands! You know as well as I do, that this overrules that prohibition. Marriage with strangers is, by the law, only to be punished by putting the offender out of the synagogue; disobedience to parents, by stoning to death. My father has taken the responsibility of compelling me; I dare not refuse him. I feel I am sinless in the matter. Now do let me prevail upon you to come and recline upon the sofa; I will sit by you. First I will get you some wine; it will refresh your prostrate body, at any rate."

"Oh, Adeline, God help me now!" he said, when she returned. "All is taken from me, at one fell stroke. You were my sun, Adeline. Already had its beams gleamed upon me with messages from heaven; and in its genial influences I received freshness and fragrance. It has gone down now then, for ever—before it had fully risen upon me; and left me in all, all blackness, all darkness visible. O, my heart! It will feel nothing again."

“You feel as if you would not, in these bitter first moments,” replied Adeline. “But you will find—for I know you well, my dear friend—that, on the contrary, your spirit will be more merciful, more kind, more tender than ever, when the first woe is past. It will make you feel that there is a value in affection—make you attach a mighty fearfulness to its being outraged, which you had never half supposed before.”

“See here, my beloved Adeline,” he said, in the serene, mournful tone which is the language of the soul’s utter anguish, as he took out a small, delicate, purple enamel watch, attached to a very slight, exquisitely-fashioned chain. “See here, I bought this for you as I was going home yesterday,—bought it to give you to-morrow as I thought—when—when—” Ah! relieve thy heart-break! let thy tears flow, poor crushed one! We pause in honouring silence—thy sorrows wring a sympathising tear from all young and gentle hearts.

“And here,” and he touched the spring mechanically, and took out a white leaf, “here is the dried leaf of one of those water-lilies, which you planted by the little fountain in our garden—Mary dried it for me so beautifully—and on it, you see, in small rose-coloured letters, I have painted your name, and the date I intended to give it you. Will you still accept it as my—last—gift to you, sweet Adeline?”

“O, yes, that I will! and cherish it more fondly than all the rest,” said Adeline, her face bedewed with tears. “Place it, Isaac, around my neck with your own hands; and it shall never, never, be taken off again, until it is removed by those who perform the last offices for my lifeless dust—and if I have timely intimation of my death, I shall request that it be left to accompany me to the tomb.”

“Thank you, thank you, for that precious expression of your affection,” said Isaac. “I will wind it up for you, and set it to right time, by my own watch first. There,” he said again, as he kissed it and hung it on her bosom, “more blest than I—that bosom I expected would—but let me cease! it is all over now.”

“Poor Mary will feel this most cuttingly—I dread to make it known to her,” he said, a little time afterwards. “It was but this morning, as I was coming away, that she congratulated me upon how soon she would be able to lay aside the distant style of friend, in addressing you, for the more loving one of sister. I am concerned about her more than any one else at home—they will all feel it, especially father—but it will make Mary ill.”

“The Lord bless her and be with her!” said Adeline earnestly. “Assure her of my most fervent love—tell her I shall never cease to love her, and pray for her; and desire her to do the

same for me. But don't you think, Isaac, she could come here to see me?—to-morrow afternoon, perhaps, she could come, and then she could stay through the sabbath with me."

"I'll ask her," said Isaac, in a dry, sad voice. "But do you mean to say, Adeline," he added almost directly, "that after to-day you are not going to allow me to see you any more?"

"O no, Isaac. It is what I wanted. I should not have liked, perhaps, to ask it of you. I am glad you have offered it. You shall see me whenever you choose to come—if—"

"I know!" exclaimed Isaac, pressing her hand with a bitter spasm of agony. "But there is no great hope of that, if he discovers who I am."

"Let us leave it to God, with all the rest," said Adeline.

Hours flew rapidly by, and Isaac had to depart at last. They rose together from the lounge, and her soft loving eyes, blue as the clear summer heavens they gazed at, were turned full upon him, pouring their pure spirit into his inmost soul, as looking right into them he took both her hands in his. "O, Adeline," he said at last, "how I love you!—how I have loved you from that happy moment when I first saw you! Remote from the common haunts of life, you rose before me with the strange beauty of a visionary phantom; yet with a human loveliness that touched with a

mingled charm my fancy and my heart, and blessed my whole being with delight. I saw 'how divine a thing a woman may be made.' The beauty of your soul seemed idealised—floating before me as between the heaven and earth: and I felt in its purest form and brightest reality, that chaste love which sanctifies and supports the heart amidst all the duties and sorrows of life, and beautifies and blesses our travel to the skies.

"I loved you, Adeline—you knew it not—my friends knew it not—it was my first love—one feeling that will never die! The green leaf was almost hidden in blossoms, and the tree put forth beautiful promise. Cold winds blew, and clouds intercepted the sunshine; but it felt the dews of heaven, and kept flourishing fair even in the moonlight, drawing sweet sustenance from the stars. You seemed so much beyond me; one of those brilliant beings—framed of light and love and happiness—that 'all eyes that looked on loved' you; and my love's mild bright spring-dream, 'sweet but mournful' to the soul, though still soft and flowery, was becoming one of the beautiful evanishings of my mortal life, to live only among my half-fancied memories. Then, Adeline, it was, I found that the divine flame which I had supposed to magnanimously keep hidden, revealed itself to the fine perceptions of the woman. You blessed me by your own gentle

inspirations—by speaking to my heart in a silent language, which was not meant even to express the feeling it betrayed.

“And then I was happy—it seemed, perfectly happy. I lived in an ideal world, my mind was recalled to its state of original blessedness. I had the flowing, calmy repose—the happy retirement—there was no painful retrospection—no gloomy expectation—no sense of decay—that all things are passing away; all was of the freshness and spring time of life. In my vanity, I hugged my happiness with the flattering belief that your beauty was created solely for me—spell-bound to others, and only surrendered up for my own possession, the enchantment being taken off as my peculiar blessing. When absent, I seemed in every sound to hear the rustling of your footsteps, coming to rejoice me by your presence. And then, our walks together—in which I felt jealous of the fragrant airs that breathed around you, and wooed kisses from your lips—the murmured converse in bowers beneath the many-coloured shade—or, amongst the soft low sunlight, on the banks of that little lake, where scarce ever the summer wind has strength to break the image of the sky—when we spoke of all fair and youthful things—of childhood’s purity and grace, and the joyous hopes of early days mingling with the tender thoughtfulness of graver years—and when our

souls took wing above the cold gray sky of earth, to the seats of innocence and rest—and, oh! when in these scenes of grateful bliss, my sight was met by your soft blue eye and noble brow, and I felt a joy I could not speak!—dew, thus thrice blessed, can never descend twice on such an earth as this; my head sinks like a chance-flower in some dank shade, left to wither among weeds.

“Adeline, you are far better, purer, holier than I—you have blessed me, by praying with me often—I feel sick of this hollow life—bless me, by praying with me once again—I need help to sustain my spirit now—my thoughts are terrible—I fear them!”

Isaac bowed his head, and Adeline, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, prayed—

“Mighty Jehovah, from Thy high throne deign, O Thou! who art love, to strengthen and elevate our minds, that we may stedfastly adhere to Thee, and evermore stand firm in our faith. Let Thy word encourage and console; and Thy light guide us through the darkness of our path. That Thou art mindful of our welfare, that Thou carest for Thy children, we will never doubt. Forgive us, if in the surprise of our sorrow, we have failed to have confidence in Thy loving-kindness, O God. Thy humble worshippers, devoutly fixing all their hopes in Thee, feel that only those trials

which it is Thy good will they shall know, can fall upon them; and also feel that by Thy wisdom, all will eventually be ordered for their good. By Thee our tears are numbered, our sighs are heard; Thou seest the designs which man has formed against us; but Thou wilt not suffer Thy children to be too sorely oppressed. Thou wilt not suffer them to fall into any fatal snare; but Thou wilt preserve their souls. Our spirits soothed by this delightful persuasion, while happy at ordinary seasons, shall be patient under tribulation, and still retain their confidence in Thee.

“We are filled with grateful amazement, O God! when we reflect what, through Thy bounty, we have become. The homage of our lasting thankfulness is due to Thee, O Father! for Thy unbounded goodness. Ever may we recal it, and may our hearts be eager to adore Thy holy name. Yet, what are we, that Thou shouldst put upon us such honour as to accept the poor tribute of our praise, while holy and immortal angels are eternally hymning Thy glory above the sky! Infinite Jehovah! Eternal I Am! for the glorious gift, for the mighty privilege of prayer, accept our thanks. Thus engaged we feel ourselves lifted above sublunary cares, and momentarily taste, by anticipation, of celestial happiness. King of all kings! how vastly does Thy might

and Thy benevolence surpass that of the great of this earth! They frequently refuse the supplications of their subjects. Impotent to relieve, the petition is rejected. Not such Thy course. Of all those who solicit Thy care and Thine assistance, not one remains unheard and unanswered. Exalted as Thou art above all—even above the highest seraphim who sing Thy praise—still Thy loving protection is extended to the meanest of Thy creatures—to the insect in the dust, as to the angel that stands next Thy throne. Oh, Thou! whose finger points to revolving suns the points at which they are to shine, be eternal honour Thine, for also guiding mankind in the path which they should follow.

“But, oh! difficulties lie in the way of our duty, and our spirits faint and ask, ‘How is it possible we ever can conquer?’ Deign then, O God, to calm our souls. Tell them to be still; and cause them to remember that, all the sufferings which we are capable of knowing in this state of existence, are not worth a moment’s thought, when compared with the undying glory which will one day be the rich reward of virtue. A day will come, and it may be very soon, when our yearnings for peace and happiness shall be gratified; when all that has been mysterious in the dispensations of Thy providence shall be unveiled, and that which is now obscure fully revealed to our eye. The

arduous toil, the thorny path that leads to heaven, will soon be looked upon only as among the things that were! The days of our grief will close; and we may reach our sweet joys and rest, sooner than we have permitted ourselves to imagine.

“O yes! ye blessed ones, who are seen on the earth no more, ye heavenly spirits who now from the scene of bliss look down upon us with delight—perchance are now at our side, whispering words of peace and holy consolation—we shall soon join you. From us the earth must pass away, but heaven is opening to receive us. To gain such a consummation, is worthy of a steady, persevering struggle. We will bravely and unflinchingly go through it. No sorrow, no suffering, shall induce us to forsake Thee, Eternal Father! Living, we will live to Thee—dying, we shall die to Thee. Then death will be only like sinking into a peaceful slumber, for we shall go to our repose on the bosom of our Lord.

“Animating hopes! may they ever be ours. Let our hearts henceforth be filled with a perfect love of God and man. In Thee, O Lord, we will place unlimited trust; for we remember what Thou art, and we think of Thy goodness. All our life has been cheered by blessings dispensed by Thy hand. May they be answered this day, and in every other which we may be permitted to see, by dutiful obedience to Thy laws. Then shall

we prove celestial happiness whilst here below. But, O! when that precious—that joyous day arrives, in which we find ourselves lifted into the higher sanctuary, among blessed spirits and the patriarchs of the world, how great will be our bliss—how extatic our joy; for mingling with the unimagined music of the skies, we shall perfectly love Thee and enjoy Thee for ever and ever!”

“Thank you, my sweet Adeline,” said Isaac, when she had finished. “It has done me good—it has made me feel better—less bitter I mean—but, oh! not one iota more willing to part myself from you—that never can be—it is rending soul from soul.

“You will come down stairs with me, my lovely friend; but, before we leave here—don’t refuse me—give me upon your lips the first and—last kiss!

“Now,” he said, with thick, choking utterance, when he had taken it, “rely upon it, Adeline, that henceforth you shall find nothing in my conduct and language but what is quite—”

“Spare yourself, I pray,” replied Adeline, interrupting him. “Do you believe I could love you as I do, if I had not as much confidence as that in your character?”

And then, there was the last moment, and the last pressure of the hand, and the last blessing, and the last adieu from faltering lips, and the last loving look from streaming eyes; and then,

two of the noblest and most loving hearts that ever beat in human bosoms were parted.*

* A gentleman, in whose opinion I have much confidence, said to me on reading this chapter, "How quietly he gives her up!"

Perhaps he does. Had it been myself, I should certainly have said, "Let's run for it."

Seriously, however, Isaac knew that Adeline's reason for refusing, could never be overthrown in such a mind as she possessed. To show the length of obedience which Jewish parents can exact, is my great reason for introducing this scene. It is not an extreme illustration. I could have given one much more painful; but a respectful tenderness, which every Christian should feel for his Jewish brethren, precludes even a hint in the direction supposed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA CONTINUED.

It wants a very little to midnight—an hour which cabbalists deem most favourable to the mysteries of their art.

Aben Baruch and Ben Megas are standing together over the mystic vase: the rabbi is earnestly engaged in mingling various preparations.

“As yet, Ben Megas, we have spoken only of the physical in matter. Away now! 'Tis low, gross, sensual. Would we forgot it more!

“Every part of the universe, my son, teems with psychological beings. Every portion of matter has its own separate spirit; every element has its own presiding genii. The air is filled with sylphs, the water with undines, the fire with salamanders, the earth with gnomes. To become conversant with any of these divisions of matter, we must resolve them into their highest elements; we must enter into strict and equal relations with the spirit that reigns within it. All these beings, like the spirit of man, are immortal. They are made of the same essence. As there is no life nor

intellect in matter, it is these who keep it from resolving into darkness. And, therefore, if matter were dissolved into its Primeval Æther, these, being liberated, must rise to their proper sphere, *i.e.* the Eternal Concentrated Elements."

He fixed the smaller vase, in which he prepared the mystic fire. Having established a connection between it and the vase with which he was going to perform the rites, he put various ingredients into it, and then poured upon them a quantity of spirit from a jar at his side. The effect was instantaneous. A stream of fire encircled the alembic—fire, white, dazzling, shadowless—shedding around a pale mysterious lustre, and completely eclipsing the small lamp used for illuminating the apartment.

"Look you! Ben Megas," said the rabbi, flinging open the doors of a small cabinet, and displaying a number of vials. Each one had a label setting forth the contents. The writing was hieroglyphical, and no one but the cabbalist could decipher it.

"There," he said, as he laid one before him. "Those are tears of the dying."

"Good God!" exclaimed Ben Megas, shrinking back with alarm.

"Ha! ha! ha! frightened? Ah, well; compose yourself. A mere name; a concentration made by ourselves. We call it so, because in the proper condition of our researches, and accompa-

nied with certain rites, if the eyes be washed in it, it for a time dissolves the veil of sensible things, and enables them to see into futurity. It is especially useful to those who are about to die—enabling them to look beyond the present and ascertain their condition for eternity.

“Here, now, that bottle contains misery. Drink a small quantity of it, and you would be unbearably wretched; a large quantity, and your misery would be complete, even to despair. It is a distillation of air; air resolved to within a degree of original darkness. That bottle contains madness; that drunkenness; that sensual passions.” And so he kept on describing.

“But, really I cannot understand this,” said Ben Megas. “These are results of various feelings, and therefore entirely spiritual, I should have thought.”

“No. Misery, trouble, sorrow, and sensuous feelings are all things. They belong to various dispositions of the secret nature in matter. The spirit feels none of them, until it comes in contact with the sensible and material. They are not spiritual.

“That bottle contains light,” he said, placing another before him.

“Yet it seems quite dark and empty.”

“It does. But light is a thing of which the constituents may be found. This will prove it.”

He introduced a chemical preparation. The

bottle filled with lustre that, passing the neck, mingled with the surrounding atmosphere.

“Are you convinced?”

“After such an evidence, I must be.”

“Nothing is impossible, Ben Megas; nothing is impossible to man, if he will leave the sensible and strive after the ideal. Then the whole secrets, both of this life and the next, lie open before him.”

He began to mingle ingredients in the vase.

“To-night, Ben Megas, we seek to enter into relations with the spirits of air.”

And then he began the mystic invocation in the dialect of the cabbala.

This invocation is insanity run wild. It is a medley of unintelligible cant about spirits living in elements here and everywhere, praises of their beauty, of “all their motions being light,” &c., &c. and no one sentence is ever connected with the next. The spirits are addressed by name—the cabbalist each moment gets more impassioned—at last he invokes them with a perfect frenzy—fancies he hears them speak—he answers, begging them to appear—and in this way proceeds, till often he falls in convulsions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FEAST OF THE NEW YEAR.

THREE months have passed away, and it is sunset on the thirteenth of September by the Christian calendar, the last day of *אלול*, *Elul*, amongst the Jews : consequently the utmost verge of the Jewish year is reached.

Mr. Cohen's family are all collecting in the drawing-room, preparing to offer the evening prayers. In a remote part of it sits Isaac, the lovely little Eulalia fondling around his neck ; but no longer the brilliant, happy being we have hitherto seen him. His fine oval face is lined by deep melancholy, and ravaged by weary sorrow ; so that one can scarcely imagine in him the handsome looking Isaac Cohen of a few weeks ago. He exhibits a spiritless indifference to all that is going on ; except when the innocent prattle of Eulalia calls forth a kiss, or awakes a mournful smile. And now Mary enters ; and stooping to kiss his pale lips, weaves her arm in his, and sits down by his side. Then came David and his wife ; and lastly the servants. St. Maur, accom-

panied by Eva—married too, to Miss Hallevi—had left for India almost a month before.

And then followed the prayers. It is hardly to be supposed that these would interest many readers, so we pass them over.

Between New Year's Day and the Great Day of Atonement, the religious duties of the Jews become very severe; for "the memorial of every action done the whole year is this day recited. O Thou! who hast formed them, reject not their hope, by the remembrance of their sins. If the decree for the chastisement of our sins is gone forth in wrath, may He who supports all grant a pardon for His own sake, and remember the merits of our ancestors."

During these ten days, God sits in judgment upon the world. He divides them into three classes. The first class consists of those whose merits exceed their sins;—these are sealed for life. If they live on earth, they will be blessed abundantly: if they die, they will be received into the mansions of eternal rest.

The second class is the intermediate one—merits and demerits nearly equal. These are to be tried a little longer. If they die whilst they belong to this number, they will be admitted into the intermediate state beyond the grave—the purgatory—for it can be called nothing else—and it is for none but these, that the Kaddish and almsgiving after death avail. In this division are included,

until the Day of Atonement, a number of those who are verging on reprobation—if they repent in the intervening time, they will be sealed for life: if they do not—for death.

The third class, is the hopelessly wicked. These are given up for death. On the Great Day of Atonement, the separation is finally made, and sentence pronounced.

But in the service for the Day of Atonement, after declaring that on the New Year Feast it is written, and on the Atonement Fast it is sealed who shall die, it is said—

“But PENITENCE, PRAYER, and CHARITY, avert the evil decree.”

Hence it is, that between the New Year's Day and the Day of Atonement, the Jew manifests such diligence in prayer and almsgiving. Now money is dispensed in large sums. The poor—Jews first, but also Gentiles—are searched after indefatigably; and they are clothed and fed. Reconciliation for offences committed within the year is made. Love abounds. Everything that can be imagined is done, so that on the Day of Atonement, the preponderance may be in favour of the sinner.

Mary was usually the chief dispenser of her father's bounty; and this was to her a most trying occasion. The purity of her soul, and the genuine goodness of her heart, were powerful supports: while her enlightened mind enabled her—with

all maidenly modesty— to address words of advice, sometimes of admonition, to persons whom she visited.

One of these excursions was made on the second of Tishri. Eulalia accompanied her. In one house to which her father's list directed her, she found a Jew rapidly reading the Gobar. He had been thus engaged, ever since sunset on the last of Elul; and he had determined to continue it till sunset on that afternoon. He was so weak through want of rest, aided by mental anxiety, that he could scarcely give a sane reply to Mary's observations. In another, she found the head of a family—believing his trials were inflicted as punishment for sins he had committed, and this was the way to end them—who had vowed that for three days he would neither eat food nor drink water. After that, he would eat bread and drink water twice a day; and then fast again; and so on to the Day of Atonement, when he would again have to fast the whole day. To this man in especial, Mary addressed herself earnestly: but it was useless.

As they were slowly returning home, the thoughts of both full of the scenes they had witnessed, they passed a church just lighting up for evening worship. A person was entering the door, and Eulalia caught a glimpse of the beautiful interior; so much prettier, she thought, than their own synagogue, where she could see nothing,

because of the heavy screen placed before the women. It seemed more like the one she loved so—that of her father.

“Mary, dear,” she said stopping her sister, “let us go in there. I want to see the inside. Besides, I like to hear about God, and we shall there.”

“But, my love, you must not ask me to take you there to hear of Him. You know those who go there believe that Jesus was God.”

“Well, Mary, but I have heard you say they believe in God, and speak about *Him* just as we do.”

“Yes, dear, they do. But I also told you that they pray to two other persons as God — Jesus and God’s Holy Spirit; for that they call God too. Now I think you wouldn’t like to hear that.”

“But they *love God*, Mary,” persisted Eulalia; “love Him as much as we do. So then, they will tell us about Him, and that’s what I want; for I love Him and could listen always.”

“Well, as you desire it so much, Eulalia,” replied Mary, “I can see no sufficient objection. I think though, we ought to have spoken to father first.”

“Papa would not have objected, if I had asked him; I know he wouldn’t. Do take me, dear.” And she turned her bright, joyous eyes on Mary so entreatingly, that resistance was impossible.

They went inside, and were immediately led to a pew. And—what transmitted a feeling of quiet pleasure through Mary's heart—she observed the congregation was mingled; there was no distinction of sex made.

The organ poured forth its dulcet strain. Eulalia felt lovelily; a heavenly calm diffused through her spirit; for she fancied she could hear blent with it the music of angels. Then the minister ascended the desk; she bent on him her large bright eyes, so full of a sleepless thought. The first words that met her ear were those of invitation and trust—“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

There is a fine, a more than human emotion in the very language of the Gospel, which always awakes an answering throb in the spirit filled with purity and innocence; and the words passed over Eulalia's little heart like a low thrill of harp-strings.

Then, the hymn floated in richly swelling waves above her head.

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a cloudy veil, divides
That heavenly land from ours.”

Each one of the sublime truths of revelation has its echoes in childhood's expectant nature. The human heart is formed for the religion of Jesus. In that it finds the object of its longing—a perfect happiness—a life made up of love and peace.

The hymn was finished; but Eulalia's spirit still lingered over the words. They were so very beautiful! Never had she heard such before. For the heaven promised by Judaism is a very dim uncertain thing—a remote object, only known through misty speculations. It was night; and turning her face toward the window she bent the searching gaze of her unfading eyes upon the quiet sky; as if her soul sought some silent path amidst its kindred stars, that lay afar in their lonely brightness, to the gates of that lovely land of which she had just heard.

And then, the text.

“And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour unto it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.”

From the beginning of the sermon, Eulalia's

soft, serious eyes were immovably fixed upon the preacher. She listened to the wondrous love of her Redeemer, and gazed joyously on the pictures of His beautiful home, and she felt a still small whisper within her soul — she knew not whence it came—but it was answered by a sweet impulsive throb, hastening her happy spirit upwards to Him who loves the little child. She imaged Him, as she remembered her mother with her deep saint-like eyes, whom she had so early lost; she laid her bright young head upon His bosom, and her little heart was filled with love and peace. It was a vague and shadowy form her spirit drew, that affection filled up with its own lines and hues, imperfect it may be and most unlike, but still bright and warm with reality — with more than reality, for it was an everlasting creation; not an image transmitted by memory, with the light and shade of all earthly things, but a glorious personification of all that is beautiful, and true, and holy in the relationship, safe from cloud or change, by season or by time. Eulalia knew that He was God, for she felt Him around and within her, an all-pervading presence and reality.

Oh, happy childhood! Fain would we keep thee ever in remembrance—thy angelic innocence!—thy sympathy with all that is beautiful and good and holy!—thy confiding earnest trust!—thy unquestioning love! If ever a seraph

leaves its heaven to live for a season amongst mortals, that it may enchain in love the erring human spirit, and wing it upwards till it mingles with the disappearing skies; if there is one expression more like God than all other things on earth, one blessing in a house more choice than all the rest—that seraph and that blessing will be found in thee!

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

IT is six o'clock; and the יום הכּפּוּרִים—one of the most solemn and important days in the Jewish year—is just commencing.

All of Mr. Cohen's family who felt able, had fasted the whole day: and now they began to assemble in the upper room. Every one entered the room with the hands crossed upon the breast, the head bowed; and the females wore the robe, the males some other part of the dress, in which each respectively was to be buried.

"On this day," said Mr. Cohen, in a voice pathetically solemn, "it is sealed, who shall live and who shall die, and our condition for eternity is announced. May He that has formed us reject not the hope of our remembrance on account of our sins!"

Turning to the servants. "If any of you have lost parents or other relatives, you are to make mention of them on this day; and to offer for the repose of their souls; and to repeat the Kaddish. The Kaddish should be repeated for

them eleven months, but not more, 'lest reproach should be cast upon the character of the departed father or mother, as if they were wicked; for twelve months are the term appointed for the wicked'—as it is said, 'Israelites who sin with their body descend into hell, and are judged there twelve months. After the twelve months, their body is consumed, and their soul is burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous.' ”

Then all prostrated themselves, their hands outspread, their foreheads touching the ground. Mr. Cohen recited the prayers.

“And now, at this time, it is manifest and known in Thy presence, before Thy glorious throne, that we have no guide, as in the days of old; no High Priest to offer an offering; nor any altar upon which to offer a whole burnt-offering; no Aaron and his sons blessing the people, and none of the others who served in Thy temple.

“And because of our abundant iniquities:—

“We have no burnt-offering nor trespass-offering; no staves (of the ark), nor mingled meat-offerings; no lot (of the scape-goat); no sacrifice, nor sprinkling of blood; no sin-offering, nor fat burnt upon the altar; no oblation, nor purification; no Jerusalem, nor forest of Lebanon (Temple); no laver, nor its stand; no frankin-

cense, nor shewbread ; no altar, nor meat-offering ; no perfume, nor offering of sweet-smelling savour ; no libations ; no burnt-offering ; no vail, nor mercy-seat ; no Zion, nor golden plate ; no present, nor peace-offerings ; no thanksgiving-offering, nor continual burnt-offering !

“ And from the time that we have been deprived of all these ;—

“ Troubles have come hastily upon us ; grief hath overwhelmed us ; we sought for salvation, but there was none ; for peace, but lo ! vexation.

. “ From the time that our holy Temple hath been destroyed, we are not able to recount the troubles and sorrow that daily overtake us ; dread hath seized upon us ; our power is brought down to the earth. We have nether prophet nor vision, we grope and feel our way as the blind. We daily enquire what will be our end, and say our death is better than our life. Our life hangeth in doubt before us ; strangers are become the head, and we are become the tail. And what shall we do ? for our sins have caused all this. We are poor, few, and despised, abhorred, reproached, and defamed.

“ We are as those who stray, and whom no one seeketh to recover ; as those who are captive, and whom no one quieteth ; as those who are hungry, and whom no one feedeth ; as those who are to be sold, and whom no one will purchase ; as orphans who have no father. As

strangers whom no one will receive; as those who are despised, and whom no one will honour; as mourners, whom no one will comfort; as those who are compelled to fly, and have no place of refuge.

“We looked for good, but it fled from us; a sorrowing heart entered our storehouses; grief in what we put our hands to; joy is changed from the earth. The land is delivered into the hands of the wicked, and those whose right it is are deprived of all substance.”

“But, notwithstanding the heaviness of our condition,” said Mr. Cohen, “man is a child of love and mercy. In love and mercy he is placed and sustained upon the earth, in love and mercy he is saved eternally. Therefore, it is plain that to recommend ourselves to the Eternal, we must be loving and merciful like Himself.”

He took up the Talmud, and read the following very sweet allegory:—

“‘Let us make man,’ said the Creator; and myriads of angelic beings listened to his voice: ‘Do not create him,’ spoke the angel of justice, ‘he will wrong his brethren; injure and oppress the weak, and cruelly ill-treat the feeble!’ ‘Do not create him,’ spoke the angel of peace, ‘he will manure the earth with human blood; the first-born of his race will be an assassin, and murder his own brother!’”

“‘He will desecrate Thy sanctuary with his lies,’ said the angel of truth, ‘and though thou stamp-est on his countenance Thine own image, the seal of truth, yet will falsehood and deceit prevail in his voice.’ ‘Create him not; he will rebel against Thee, and abuse the freedom which Thou bestow-est on him,’ exclaimed the chorus of assembled angels.

“Still they spoke, when charity, the youngest and best beloved of the Eternal’s creation, approached His throne, and knelt before Him, ‘Create him, Father,’ she prayed, ‘in Thine own image; let him be the beloved of Thy goodness. When all Thy servants forsake him, I will seek, and lovingly assist him. His very errors will I turn to his good. I will fill the heart of the weak with benevolence, and render him merciful towards those who are weaker than he. If he depart from peace and truth, if he offend justice and equity, I will still be with him; and the consequences of his own errors shall chasten his heart, and purify him in penitence and love!’

“The Universal Father listened to her voice, and created man a weak and erring being; but even in his errors, a pupil of the Divine goodness, a child of mercy, love, and charity which never forsakes him, and still strives to amend him.

“Remember thy origin, O man, when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the Divine attributes, charity alone stood forth to plead that existence

be granted to thee. Mercy and love have fostered thee. Then, remember, be just, be merciful."

Then, Mr. Cohen began to make the atonements. First for himself—because the High Priest first atoned for himself.

He took the cock in his hand, and repeated;—

"Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron.

"He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

"Fools, because of their transgressions, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

"Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

"If there be a messenger with Him, an interpreter, one among a thousand to show unto man His uprightness.

"Every one of the children of men has merits and sins. If his merits exceed his sins, he is righteous. If his sins exceed his merits, he is wicked. If they be equal, he is a middling or intermediate person."

Then slowly waving the atonement round his head, he said, "This is my substitute. This is my commutation. This cock goeth to death, but may I be gathered and enter into a long and happy life, and into peace."

Still holding the atonement in his hand, he began again the words, "Every one of the chil-

dren of men has merits and sins." This he did three times; following each time, by waving the atonement round his head and repeating, "This is my substitute," &c.

He then laid his hands on the head of the atonement, as the hands used to be laid on the sacrifices; and immediately gave it to be slaughtered; which part of the service Benjamin, the servant, performed.

Then he began to make atonement for his family, singly, and according to their seniority; and going through the exact order which we have related for himself.

The third was Mary. For a woman, a hen is sacrificed; and various alterations are made in the service. But we have seen that Mr. Cohen opposed, without reservation, the views with which Judaism regards woman. So, taking up the hen, he recited, with the necessary change of the personal pronoun, the very same order he had used for his sons.

Then for David's wife. For her he sacrificed a hen; and, as the Jewish ritual appoints, he offered also a cock, on account of her infant yet unborn.

In the fulness of his heart, Mr. Cohen made an atonement for Adeline; because he knew she would have no one else to do it for her now. Isaac buried his pale and haggard face in his hands; all his family looked on him through the

mist of tears; Mr. Cohen was scarcely able to audibly utter the service.

Oh! were it possible for woman to penetrate into the hidden fountain-urns that lie buried far in man's heart; to pierce, with unsealed eye, the mists spread over his life's deep meanings; to see his burning hopes, his yearning spirit, his bitter anxiety, his aching desire, his unselfishness, his profound love, her tender sensibility would surely sometimes make her tear herself away from that reserve which is not of the heart, to mitigate the silent sufferer's anguish, and snatch him from a premature but lingering death!

It may seem merely idealising to speak thus of the continuance of a passion; but, oh! it is so in life. Loving hearts there are—especially if unacquainted with that higher happiness and calm, produced by pouring out their sorrows into the bosom of the God of love—from whom, though the object of affection may be removed out of sight, the melancholy remembrances in which it is consecrated can never be effaced. Looking around and above in vain for help, they feel that there is no succour for them but in their own strength. And those mighty powers, that capacious intelligence, that burning spirit of love, that soul which was framed for the joy and peace of heaven, they bow down to the task of their mortal servitude. The effect has fallen upon them in the bright morning of life, like a scathing

tempest passing over the first delicate blossoms of spring; and the tree that was just putting forth its buds full of life and love and beauty, in hope and gladness, is blighted: the soul is contracted within the bitter dominion of despair. Then, if no kind and sympathising hand be stretched out to its aid, it becomes fettered with heavy chains that cannot be broken, and weighed down beneath a load that no after kindness can remove. And who shall tell the essential bitterness in the fate of him, who has no bright hope of renovated gladness to light him on his way; no gleam of "redeeming happiness" to cheer his pensive spirit; no promise of another spring to fill his heart with love and beauty—to whom is left nothing but the dark, desolating winter of the soul!

Having offered for Adeline, Mr. Cohen sacrificed for each of his servants, and then for all Israel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EARL VERNON'S.

A FEW evenings afterwards, a carriage drew up with a muffled roll, at the hall door of a large mansion in Park Lane. The gaunt trees in Hyde Park waving heavily before it in the thick night air, gave the whole a gloomy, secluded appearance. The watchful porter replied to the thundering of the ample knocker, as if by magic.

"Is the Countess of Vernon at home?" asked a gentleman who had descended from the carriage.

"Yes, sir," replied the footman.

"Take in that card," said his interrogator, entering the hall.

The servant looked upon it—a plain and unknown name—hesitatingly.

"Beg pardon, sir,—hope no offence; but this is a late hour, and her ladyship is not well, and receives very few visitors."

"Now, go," said the stranger, motioning with his hand impatiently.

The man bowed and went away. In a few

moments he returned, saying, "Will you please walk this way, sir?"

The stranger followed him up the noble staircase; vases and statues, with elegant lamps, glistening in soft radiance at every landing; and on through the noble saloon. Earl Vernon had that qualification which constitutes greatness in the eyes of the larger half of the world—an inexhaustible supply of the ever needful — and the magnificent and splendid air of all within his house, was in keeping with this immensity of riches. The tread of every foot was hushed in beautiful Persian or Brussels carpet; and gracefully carved chairs, and luxurious couches invited, on every hand, to voluptuous repose.

In an elegantly furnished boudoir, surrounded by all the luxuries that money could furnish, sat Adeline, when the stranger was introduced to her presence. She sat behind an open screen, through which she spoke to him. At the moment of his announcement she was engaged in writing, and she still kept the materials spread out before her. Though somewhat excited by an unknown person desiring an interview at such an hour, her countenance betrayed little sign of her emotion. A great and visible change had taken place in her. She was much thinner than during the time she was affianced to Isaac; her eyes were sunken, and her cheek was very pale. She was evidently suffering severely from the shock

which her separation from him had occasioned her; and in her struggle to subdue the flutter of spirit into which the momentary surprise had thrown her, her thin lips were pressed tightly together, and quivering at the corners.

“Pray, sir, be seated,” she said, with her eyes bent to the table, on which her arms rested.

The stranger complied with her request.

Adeline turned upon him her large mournful eyes, with an expressive look that signified she wished him to proceed in laying before her what his business was.

“I present myself before your ladyship,” said the stranger, in a calm measured tone, “as the friend of Mr. Isaac Cohen.”

Adeline’s face flushed; the whole surface of her body became dry and heated; her pulse trembled and thrilled, like a tense harp-string after it has been swept by the finger. She attempted to speak once—twice—thrice; her lips quivered with a convulsive movement; she could not; a flood of tears saved her from choking.

“He is well?” she asked at length.

“Well, madam, but for his griefs, which are severe indeed.

“My poor friend!” said Adeline, again weeping, and burying her face in her handkerchief.

After a while she took up the card which, upon reading it at first, she had thrown down by her side.

“Have you known Mr. Cohen long, Mr. Heman? I do not recollect that I have ever heard him mention your name.”

“Till within these last two months, our acquaintance amounted to little more than an occasional exchange of cards. Once he had dined with a gentleman whom I knew; and the two or three who had met him there, were considerably surprised at the easy gracefulness of his manners, and his information upon many subjects, usually far beyond the range of a person of one-and-twenty. Neither at the table nor afterwards did he affect any reserve; although, perhaps from the consciousness of having virtually declined any intimacy with his companions, he seldom originated any conversation. Rather more than three months ago, I noticed an abstraction and settled gloominess, that contrasted strangely with the cheerful disposition I knew he previously possessed, and which proved to me he was suffering some latent and unwonted sorrow. I was deeply interested, and used means to obtain an introduction to him, on terms of social intercourse. They were quite successful; and I found him, as I had expected, a most agreeable and gentlemanlike companion, excellent in ability, and possessing an intellect carefully cultivated; and with a higher and more settled tone of principle than is common to his age: and also, as I had supposed, that he stood greatly in need of that sympathy and support

which, at times, the strongest mind requires, as much as the weakest. He had, at least, chosen to disclose his sufferings to one, who was not a careless listener. I was moved to tears at his story; but stronger than all other feelings was my admiration of his profound delicacy and sensibility, joined to the utmost nobleness of principle and character. I found that after being separated, he could not even receive the most distant communication from your ladyship——”

“Pray, sir, address me in more simple style,” said Adeline, interrupting him.

Mr. Heman bowed, and proceeded. “He is fixed in a determination to leave England; says he cannot stop here; but he would do anything to obtain an interview from you, ere he left. And hearing that to-morrow you are going to have a large evening party, I offered myself to him to wait on you, and ask if you could not number him amongst your guests. Many who are even strangers to you there will certainly be present; the earl does not know Mr. Cohen. Pardon me, madam,” said Mr. Heman, suddenly catching himself, “I feel as if I am urging beyond the bounds of propriety; but my friend——” He said no more. He felt that he had now touched a delicate chord in the heart of Adeline; and that whatever was the result, there was no more he ought to say.

“You have been somewhat tardy, methinks,

Mr. Heman, in coming to me," said Adeline, mournfully. "My husband commanded me to see neither Isaac nor any of his family, and to have no epistolary intercourse with them. I have not disobeyed him. But before this, it has occurred to me, that Isaac might have thought of such means as he has now taken, to let me know something of him. Here have I been, for nearly four months, unable to gain the very least information respecting his welfare. Yet I am wrong, perhaps, in murmuring thus," she said quickly. "Yes, I *know* I am, for Isaac would have done anything he could think of, however hard, to lessen my affliction. Mr. Heman, tell him, if you please, that I am well, that he is dear to me as ever—more so:—I have not married of my own consent, and therefore do not outrage my modesty by the declaration; and assure him of my constant remembrance."

"Will you not see him to-morrow, madam?" said Mr. Heman.

"Do not ask it; it is impossible!" replied Adeline, with impassioned sadness.

"May I take the liberty of asking why?"

"As I have said, my husband's commands."

"Are there no ways by which, in such an instance, they might be innocently evaded?"

"None. If I cannot give my heart to my husband, I am determined that, in my external conduct, I will fail in not one of my duties as a wife.

To tell you what it costs me to make such a decision, would indeed be impossible—and with Isaac I should not need to attempt it, for he will imagine it for me. There is no language capable of conveying an idea of a bitterness, which can be understood only by the heart that has felt it.”

“Then,” said Mr. Heman, following out his own train of thought, rather than replying to Adeline, “then must he leave England like a withered, blighted thing—blighted hopelessly, helplessly—left without one last frail gleam of sunshine to cheer him on his way.”

“Mr. Heman!” exclaimed Adeline, “do you remember what I have said? Do you remember the relation in which I have stood to Mr. Cohen? Oh! show it, and spare my heart! pity us both!”

“I beg forgiveness,” replied Mr. Heman. “I have said what I ought not to say. In my anxiety, I have forgotten in whose presence I spoke. Will you, madam, express your refusal in a note? that would be no transgression. I feel hardly equal to doing your request.”

“You must allow me to prevail upon you to take it for me,” replied Adeline. “If I begin to write, I shall perhaps be unable to stay my pen; and therefore say more than I am permitted. Tell him I cannot, dare not, give him leave to see me; to do it is at the peril of my soul. I must not say to you all I feel,” she said, rising from her seat. Then turning upon Mr. Heman her

large loving blue eyes, full of tears and soul-anguish, she proceeded with impassioned earnestness. "Isaac knows my woman's heart! remind him of that. Say, too, that I hope he will stay at home. Although I cannot see him, it gives me a mournful pleasure to know that he is near me." She paused a moment. "If—if," she continued tremulously, "if he could plan to see me—No! no! I must not say it. The will of our Father be done!" and sinking into a chair, she bowed her burning head in her hands.

"Mr. Heman," she said again, at length, "you can never fully estimate the value of the treasure you possess in such a friend as Mr. Cohen. To me he has unlocked the deepest recesses of his loving heart. Oh! be very kind to him—for my sake and for his. Comfort him all you can. His feelings are gifted with an exquisite tenderness; meet him then, if you please, with all the tenderness of which you are capable. Sooth his torn and lacerated spirit. Direct his faith to his loving Father in heaven—to the Hope and Guardian of Israel; and to the time when, attaining everlasting rest, we shall mingle our strains of joy with those of angels and the blessed, and our unclouded eye will look down upon this dark and cruel earth, as a place that will be our residence no more. Such a home is worth contending for; it will unutterably more than repay all the suffering we have endured in labouring to reach it.

“Finally, remind him of the strength and encouragement we should derive from the reflection, that both he and I are suffering for righteousness' sake. We severed our hearts, rather than offend God ; so we may confidently expect His blessing here and for ever.”

Mr. Heman rose. Adeline gave him her hand, and, with true old English courtesy, accompanied him to the door.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HEART GRIEFS.

“Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound that makes us linger; yet farewell!”

CHILDE HAROLD.

PARK LANE began to fill with equipages. On a yielding lounge of delicate pink silk in one of Earl Vernon's saloons sat Isaac. His head rested listlessly on the tips of his thin fingers; and wan and heavy-hearted, he neither noticed nor cared for the various comments passed upon him by some of the assembling guests.

Amongst them, a middle-aged lord came bowing and scraping on, nose turned up in orthodox fashion, head prepared for a consequential toss, glass stuck elegantly in his sinister orbit. An elderly spinster, with neck straight and erect like a superannuated swan, hung upon his arm as he sauntered towards the place where Isaac was sitting. The two seemed almost as much folded up in each other as the affectionate couple who, after getting married at St. Martin's, turned down Regent Street to look at the picture-shops! at

last the rapt but hungry husband tenderly inquired, "My dear,

Could you eat a penny bun?
Or would you like a Sally Lunn?"

"Positively—a—a—your ladyship's taste—a—is so—a—" and his lordship, quite hung up in his eloquence, expressed the rest of his meaning in a smirk and a bend.

"So ill-bred and ungraceful he sits; no air at all. I wonder much that the countess collects such peopel around hor. Really—er—if the Orl does not interfeor, he'll soon have—er—stall-keepers and oystor-women brought to his house, —er—er. I think, my lord."

"My—a—hopinyon exactly," replied his lordship

But a short time afterwards he was roused from his abstraction, by a gentleman in a group near him calling out to another—

"Jack, my dear fellow! Here comes our pre-siding genius — Vernon's infidel."

As these arrived Adeline was deeply engaged in receiving a bevy of youthful beauties.

"Good heavens, Ned! that such angelic loveliness should have been thrown away upon a Jewess."

"No trouble on that head," replied the first speaker. "The pity is that it should be thrown away on such a person as Vernon."

“She must have had a sort of taste to marry such an one.”

“Well, I believe she wasn't consulted to any great length in the matter. It's whispered that it was a forced marriage, and that she hates him; and all the kindness you see her bestow upon him proceeds from principle, because he is her husband.”

“So I should think,” said the other. “To such a woman as she is, it must be very nearly as delightful as being tied up to his Satanic Majesty.”

Pale and sick at heart, Isaac staggered to his feet. His head whirled a moment, and then a heavy mist gathered before his eyes and he could not see. He drew his hand across his face, as if to sweep it away.

Yes; there was his Adeline! noble, self-possessed, queen-like as she always was. There was something in her whole appearance so incomparably magnificent, that wherever she went, all eyes were directed towards her, and all hearts were hushed in admiration.

They say parties are very delightful. Adeline doubted it; so do I. Not one in a hundred of those who attend them is ever really amused. The young ladies are too busy to laugh. The pattern of one ball is the pattern of all. A note arrives, written in a hand of usually elegant unintelligible expansiveness, on pale sea-green paper, sealed with gold or lilac wax, and expressing the

exact number of fears, honours, and pleasures which usually accompany such invitations. You reply that you will be very happy to accept it. The evening comes. Your *coiffeur* either curls or braids your hair; you put on a starry tiara of pearls or diamonds—the latter preferred. You dress in a very pretty room papered with pink paper, and with a square glass before you, and a long glass behind you. With a proper confidence in the genius of your milliner, you allow her to suggest the mode of your attire, using your own taste in making a selection. You put on a dress of delicate white satin, over this an aërial *crêpe*, either white, blue, pink, or yellow; or, it may be, you crucify taste by a dingy sea-green. You look in the glass—probably a bunch of flowers will be an improvement. You unfold a lace handkerchief, and pour upon it a perfect Niagara of musk or *esprit des violettes*, till the whole atmosphere around you is a perfume. You hang your shawl upon your shoulders, as though you were merely a peg in a passage, then throw your boa around your neck, as if it were the rope with which you were going to commit suicide. Your carriage is waiting at the door; you go down stairs and step into it; you stop at some large house in some large place or square. Your footman raps till he is out of breath. There is a great delay on the stairs, and you are ten minutes in getting in. You hear either your own name or that of the

Great Mogul—you try to distinguish which—preparing the way before you. At last you arrive at the room. There is a brilliant crowd of pinks and blues and greens and yellows, from which the hostess emerges. She tells you she is very glad to see you; you bow, of course. You get to a sofa or lounge as well as you can. Two old ladies sit one on each side of you, their nodding plumes closing over you like a hearse. You see the waltzes going round, like stars with whose motions you have nothing to do. At length, a bilious-looking, elderly gentleman comes up and asks you to dance with him. Nobody else offers, so you declare you will be very happy indeed. He presents you his arm, which you accept, and walk to the quadrille. You join hands, &c., and twist in and out amongst the couples, your arms swinging about like a clock pendulum, and your face as solemn as a coffin. You feel faint, take out your *aqua d'oro*, then dance again. Then you go to supper. No young lady would plead guilty to an appetite; but you find fastidiousness by no means necessary. You get a thin slice of ham, or a leg of a fowl; or you may be fortunate enough to get a moderate piece of Bologna sausage, some jelly, and a few grapes; a glass of wine, a cavalier to lead you down stairs, assist with your shawl, and help you to your carriage, a low “many thanks,” and a delightful ball is concluded.

Adeline gazed around a few moments upon the

groups with her old, quiet tenderness; but her white eyelids were weighed down with a hidden sadness, her cheek was pale, and her small, fragile figure drooped like a willow bough. And then she threw herself upon a lounge, with a mournful lassitude; and, raising her arm, the profuse lace on her muslin sleeve floating around it like a gossamer, she pressed a hand white as snow upon her throbbing temples, as if to stay their burning pulse. Few who had beheld the sparkling beauty of Adeline a few months before, could have looked upon that pale, languid, large-eyed young creature, that lay so shadow-like amongst the soft cushions, without tears. Her beautiful person had become the grave of a dead hope, which chilled the very life within her veins by its dull, leaden weight. A fiery fever, a wild unrest, burned in the depths of her sleepless eyes; the brilliance and happiness was fading from her cheeks; a night frost had fallen on her. The pure beauty of her face was rapidly softening down into the shades of a sadness, fascinating from her very mournfulness. There was no light in her soul now to bring out the rich colour; but one could fancy the golden lustre that was striving to break through the shadows; and sometimes when a fair, young brow was bent over her in love, flashing with happiness like a summer's sunbeam, the soft kindness in the voice flushing the blood warmly into her cheek, and causing her long

lashes to droop dreamily, seemed for a moment to bring back the loveliness of her former self—a beauty so delicate, so bright and spring-like, that her resemblance to one of the heads in Guido's Aurora, was the constant remark of those who had seen those glorious frescoes. And even the gayest heart present, vouchsafed a pitying sigh that one of Earth's purest, brightest creatures, should have had her young affections thrown back upon her, a bitter load like the grave.

The evening proceeded. Isaac looked in vain for a fitting time to make his presence there known to her. Sometimes, at the request of some one or other of her guests, she went to the piano, and played and sung some fashionable piece; and then she sat down again. Never since her marriage had she felt so little able to throw off her own feelings, and adapt herself to those of the circle collected round her. She had seen Mr. Heman the evening before: and she had then had a vision—a vision of him she loved—and a strange weight lay upon her—it seemed as if her heart was breaking.

Poor Adeline! she could hardly have persuaded herself, even if some kind spirit had whispered it to her, how long and heavy is a woman's heart-break. Had she been told it then, it would have crushed her to know how many silent tears she had yet to weep, how many hopes to lift when hope was vain.

“What troubles you so to-night, dearest?” asked the only *friend* that Adeline had got in all that vast assemblage. And as she asked it, she bent over her face, kissed her, and pressed her lifeless hand.

“Memories, my love—shadows haunt me—shadows of the terrible past, and dreary hopeless present. Oh! Lady Alicia, where can the weary-hearted find a home?” And Adeline laid her long soft hand upon her white bosom.

“Never, my beloved creature, until, at the sweet moment of dying, Jesus draws aside the veil which separates this prison-house from His beautiful home, and folds you on His loving bosom, never to separate again for ever. Oh! if I could only persuade you, Adeline, to believe upon your blessed Redeemer, and to allow Him to fill you with peace and joy out of the riches of His love—if I could at this moment chase away the clouds from your mortal sight, and show Him to you, yearning over you, stretching out His arms to take you to Himself—then how blest I should feel.”

Adeline smiled a grateful smile, a tear trembled on her heavy eyelashes, and, stretching out her hand, she said softly, “My sweet friend!”

A rich strain of music swelled upon the air in gushing waves. It was an old song—bright and bounding like a summer zephyr—that Adeline had often played to Isaac in their sunny days. Adeline buried her head amongst the cushions,

and hot tears fell down her sweet face. Oh! what was it she had ever done that God should have permitted man to make her so unhappy?—that all her schemes of earthly bliss should have been thwarted at one sad stroke? Gentle Adeline! she could hardly help desponding then; for it seemed blackness everywhere. But if her eyes could have pierced the shadowy veil of mortality, she would have seen an angel carefully collecting all her tears in a golden cup, and counting all her sighs, and laying them before the great white throne in the midst of the hymning spirits, that she might obtain for them her full, everlasting reward from the Eternal; and another hovering over her in tender care, whispering of a better land and brighter skies, and uninterrupted joy and repose, and with his soft wings fanning her wayworn spirit with the blissful airs of heaven.

Isaac felt like fainting; and leaving the heated rooms, he opened the door of a verandah at the back of the house. Attached to the mansion was a spacious pleasure garden, and upon the occasion of this fête it was studded with a number of small softly radiant lamps, which cast a picturesque and oriental gleam in parts, leaving the remaining portion in deeper shade. The night was lovely. The day had been hot and sultry, more like July than September; but now the whole scene was softened down by the cool rays of the gently-rising moon. A delicious haze flooded the statues

and the trees and the still water in the little central lake, like a shower of sifted silver. Here, the shadow of a statue fell like the presence of a thing of life across the monotoned smoothness of the garden walks; now the slender columns of some sweet sylvan temple, lovely mimic of the lovelier climes of Italy or Greece, gleamed out from the drapery of rich vines which floated over and around it. Never was there an hour or place fuller of all that made the glory of Paradise. Never, since Eve saw her own pure beauty reflected in the crystalline fountains of Eden, had the moon lighted up a more heavenly face than that of Adeline; for, feeling oppressed she had excused herself a few minutes from the circle that had collected round her, and had come out on the verandah; but a circular bend in the architecture, prevented each from being aware of the presence of the other. And she felt that, with so much loveliness above and around her, and so many proofs of her Father's tender care over all she saw, even to the smallest things, she — His very likeness — and however humbly she might think of herself, she was a being without which His creation would be incomplete, for He created nothing without a purpose for it—she, then, He would not overlook, but always give her what He saw would be most blessed for time and eternity; and her little heart ceased to palpitate with so much agony.

There were few persons in the walks, and those

few glided quietly amidst the trees, and avoiding the strangers that were in sight. Some were conversing of love. Not a doubt of it; for there was an under-current of tenderness in their voice that could not be mistaken. And sometimes, when stopping to inhale the mingling breath of the waving flowers, the young men gathered moss-rose buds, heliotropes, crimson tea-roses, violets, pansies, mignonette, forget-me-nots, and other choice blossoms that had a love language blended with their fragrance. Isaac sighed.

Three young girls, full of life and light and joy, suddenly emerged from the dim shadow of a statue of the dying gladiator, the noble original of which is in the Capitoline museum. Isaac observed them directly; for he was just looking at the dying agony, looking so cold and icy in the moonlight, that it seemed to freeze the very marble into renewed coldness. They seated themselves upon a marble bench, beneath a thick clump of acacias, and near the pale, snow-white fountain, which was filling the air with the cool, bell-like tinkle of its rain.

“Adela received a note to-day, Edda,” said one of these wild, happy, young creatures. “I’m quite sure it’s a proposal,” she pursued, with a merry laugh, “and not from that handsome artist that she allowed to accompany her home, just to give her his protection! His love-notes would never make her turn so white.”

“ Really this is hardly just,” said Adela, striving with all her might to appear unembarrassed ; and a blush mantled her cheeks like the glow of a ripe peach.

“ Why, how the blood is rushing crimson into your neck and face !” resumed the other, with the same roguish playfulness. “ But you need not be embarrassed, sister dear ; we were quite sure you would accept him. Of course you will reply to-morrow ; and that reply will be full of all sorts of delightful stuff—else, you know, it won’t be a genuine love-letter after all. It must be a long one too—half a quire of note paper at least. You must permit me to help you, Adela, indeed. It would be so delightful to practise a little ; and then the ecstasy of accepting a man at once, and putting an end to his misery !”

“ I can answer my letters myself,” said Adela, with a laugh that sounded much like forced.

“ O, how cruel !” replied her sister, with mimic sorrow. “ How shall I ever obtain that dear, delightful knowledge, how a lover proposes ? Dear me ; how pale you are !—promised to come here this evening, I dare say. And now he has disappointed you—well, that’s too bad.”

“ Promised ?—who promised ? I am at a loss. What do you mean ?” asked Adela.

“ Now, my dear, whom do you suppose I mean, but Merivale ? You dear, enchanting, beautiful

sister!—it will kill us all—a marchioness—a wedding—dresses, company, presents, and decorations—O dear!”

And, starting to her feet, the gay young thing threw her arms about the waist of her sister, and began whirling round the basin of the fountain in a lively waltz.

“I’m afraid it will be a failure without music,” said Adela, as she willingly yielded to the graceful impulse.

Music! What need had those bright, young creatures of music, when their own hearts were full of melody, unsubdued by any of those harsher chords touched by the rude finger of the world. It was beautiful to see them throwing off the tender exuberance of their feelings, in a thousand graceful deviations from the regular step.

They danced till they were out of breath, and then sat down again, and weaved their bright and airy plans, in syllables more unsubstantial than the gossamer.

“Oh! I love blue sky and freedom,” said the one who had not yet spoken—Edda.

“Yes, and happy people,” replied Adela’s sister. “Men and women who are not mere slaves to form and fashion! who breathe free air, and imbibe a sense of freedom; and who dare to act what they think. Oh, Venice! dear Venice! I should like to go again to Venice. It is the land

of enchantment and adventure, dearest Edda. There is nothing like it in the world,—the land of love and romance.”

“Yes, but it seems to me,” said Edda, “that it is a place you can’t half enjoy, unless you are in love. It must lose most of its enchantment, if some Italian noble doesn’t fix himself beneath your window in the moonlight, to give you lessons on the guitar and in piano singing.”

“Well, then, you must be in love, miss.”

“So I am — hopelessly, helplessly in love.”

“You in love? What a capital thing! Come, you must take me into confidence, and tell me one little tiny fact, Edda—who is it?”

“Oh, an ideal, manufactured after the following receipt — equal quantities of William Wallace, General Washington, President Edwards, Lafayette, and Sir Walter Scott, with an ounce and a half of Byron, and an immense quantity of imaginary virtues supplied by myself. And yet this constellation of virtues will not be sufficient: my unknown idol must in addition possess a claim on my sympathy. I feel I cannot live with one who is in possession of all his faculties and powers like the common herd we meet every day; he must be unfortunate — of delicate health — just sufficiently ill, perhaps, to require some one to bathe his forehead with eau-de-cologne, and sit and hold his hand, and kiss his throbbing temples now and then, and read to him. And add to all

this, he must not be wealthy, so that I may have full scope in every way to exhibit self-denying, disinterested, love."

"Happy dreamers!" soliloquised Isaac aloud. "Pity the cruel world should ever wake you. You will never have another sleep."

Adeline's quick ear caught the old tones. "Isaac, dear Isaac!" she exclaimed, and with a bound she fell fainting in his arms. Isaac spoke not—he could not—his breast seemed bursting with excessive emotion. There came no sound on the deep stillness, but her soft breath's rise and fall.

Adeline drew a long breath, soft, and broken by that voluptuous interruption which entire happiness gives to a sigh. The past was gone: there was no room in her little heart for anything but the sweet and holy feelings that flooded it, as light fills a crystal vase. The intensity of her emotions, the delirious rush of unforgotten feelings, enervated her as a full gush of perfume from the orange groves of her own beloved land might have done. Her eyes were lifted to his face; her mouth was warm with smiles; the gentle evening wind breathed among her long curls with shadow-like wantonness.

"Isaac," she said at last, "how did you get in here?"

"I was determined. And locks and dungeon-bolts cannot keep love out then. But we must

not stop here. We shall be seen; and it would be a pity to spoil *his* happiness even in a small degree," and a slight sneer flitted across his lip.

He led Adeline — who had not yet recovered to a proper sense of what had happened — quickly along to a door which opened into a lady's drawing-room.

"I have come to see you once more, Adeline," he said in a bitter tone, placing a chair and taking her hand, "and it is the last time, and for ever! I say I have come to *see* you," he pursued hastily, "for I know that it is nearly all you will allow, because my wronger — for aught I know my murderer — let him answer for it — Mister Vernon, doesn't choose it. But look you, Adeline, I love you — love you with such a love as a being like yourself deserves, and that is a love surpassing that of most men — and am I to go away thinking, knowing, I have left you — a nature almost akin to angels — left you for that man I saw to-night to delight himself with? See here," he said, drawing forth a genuine Italian stiletto, "what should make me hesitate to take my own — the treasure he has robbed from me? — or, if it must be so, I say, why should I not destroy it, Adeline, so that it could be used by neither of us — do you hear me?"

"Yes, Isaac," replied Adeline, with her usual profound calmness.

“And are you not afraid then, to stand here alone with one who is mad enough to bury this dagger in your heart, and who has more than half the will to do it?”

“*Afraid*, Isaac — and of *you*? No.”

“Why not?” he resumed, with the same excited utterance. “I bought this as a curiosity. It has sometimes accompanied me in my solitary rambles, and of late in my moods of despair I have contemplated it, thinking the while that it might be useful to some other purpose than that of striking down a foe. They are dangerous moments, you know, Adeline, when goaded by desperation we meditate on the mere possibility of some fatal act. The imagination becomes familiarised with the deed. When the fiery and ungovernable passion falls upon us, it finds the train already laid — the demon of evil sees everything fitting to his hand. Suppose that time has come. You *his* I say, Adeline — why then it has — How now?”

“I lay my head upon your loving bosom in perfect repose,” replied Adeline tranquilly. “Do you believe I could ever have loved you so profoundly, so unalterably, as I do, if I had not known you better than you know yourself? *Your* loving, affectionate, tender hand? — there, dear Isaac, put it away — do not deceive yourself — do not attempt to check your high nature in its course. You could not kill me if I were to fall upon my

knees and beg you to do it, and if Vernon were more ignoble than he is."

"You were always my good angel, Adeline," he said in a mournful voice, as the gleaming instrument fell from his hand. "And often, when I have been tempted, a thought of you has saved me. But, oh! how can I bear to think on what a life you lead."

"Yet, Isaac, though I cannot know anything about you — and that fate is terrible indeed — why will you seek to heighten it, by leaving me alone in England altogether? It will be severe then to live, with no one near me that I love."

"I cannot stop. I am no longer what I once was, Adeline. I don't want to be near you — and know what I do — and go where we have often been together — and so happy — and can't see you. I can't live out of excitement. Thought kills me. I want to die; but that is torture, and isn't quick enough."

"Where will you go then from me?" said Adeline tearfully.

"To Hungary—there is another injured woman there — Maria Theresa. I go to adopt her cause — if need be seal it with my blood — Heaven grant I may — I shall rest then."

Adeline shuddered. She had a sort of superstitious apprehension — she knew not why.

"If you think you shall be happier, Isaac, I

will not be so selfish as to try to stop you. But I'm very sorry — and not on my own account alone. Your slender frame and loving heart, is suited for anything rather than a fighting-man."

"Oh, I think I am hardened now, to what I was. Adeline, you will remember me still?"

Her tears replied. She suddenly went to a small cabinet, one drawer of which she unlocked, and took out of it a small paper parcel.

"Here, Isaac," she said, "I purchased these for you, before I knew I should never be allowed to speak to you again — you remember the watch you gave me the last time I saw you — but till now I could not give them to you. Will you please accept the humble offering?" She removed the wool and took up in her delicate hand a ring and a gold chain, to which a miniature of herself, painted on ivory, was attached.

"The miniature I thought would please you better than the one you have, because I painted it later; and undoubtedly it is more like me than that is, as I have certainly changed much since the first was painted — even before this sorrow marked my countenance."

"You know how glad I am — how much I thank you," said Isaac, with a gush of feeling. He said no more. Words were useless now. But spirits have a communion more intimate than words — a language which waits not for them.

They stood absorbed in each other as ever two beings were upon earth. All Adeline's sense of obedience to her husband — and that was a profoundly exact one — was for the time scattered by one feeling, that Isaac was about to go away — most likely for ever on earth — and she could not pronounce the words that she must leave him. Was she wrong ?

Time, however, has lightning wings, and the moment of separation came at last.

They stood opposite each other ; he gazing with quiet tenderness into her face. The strength which had supported her was gone ; her white eyelids were half closed, her cheek pale and cold as marble, and her fragile figure drooped like a young quivering aspen in the first rude blast of the autumn.

“Farewell, my beautiful Adeline — my love — my life — my all of earth !” he exclaimed with whelming emotion, “I may never see thee more then now.”

“Farewell, my dearest friend,” answered Adeline through her fast flowing tears. “May Heaven bless you ! And, oh ! if it could, I would beg from it another Adeline for you to love ; but though there are so many better than her — worthier of your love than she is — I fear you are prejudiced on her behalf, and would not believe it ; therefore would not trust them. And now again farewell — once more farewell, dear

Isaac. To the God of love I commend you, for time and eternity." And waving her hand she motioned him to depart; and then, falling into a chair, she buried her face in the waving folds of her handkerchief.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

ON the fifteenth of Tishri is the חַג הַסֻּכּוֹת—Feast of Tabernacles—which commemorates the sojourning in tabernacles in the wilderness. It was originally kept eight days, but, like the rest of the Jewish feasts, an extra day has been added, and it now lasts nine. Of these nine days, there are only four upon which the children of Israel transact any business.

The fourteenth is a glorious time—a time of rejoicing—and immense preparation. The law commands them to take the “boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook.” This is obeyed to the very letter. The palm trees must be dispensed with in England; but the rest they can manage to get; and so they do.

Early in the morning—and it was a bright clear September one as ever dawned—David turned out of his comfortable bed, awoke Ben the servant, put the horse in a chaise, and, accom-

panied by a friend, drove off to a Jewish family who resided a considerable distance in the country, and from whose estate they were always supplied with the needful for keeping the feast.

“We shall breakfast at the ‘Billy-roller,’ Reuben,” said David, as they swept along the road. “The food you get there is fine, compared with anywhere else in the way. We shall meet plenty of ladies and gentlemen in the breakfast-room, all devoutly intent on the active demolition of hot toast, potted larks, and muffins. The victuals is all cooked up on the broad-gauge principle—by a fat, blazing, red-faced cook. Tea and coffee flows in rivers—but not good, for the first has the flavour of the hedges, and the second reminds one villanously of horse-beans and roasted corn.”

“But,” replied Reuben, “there used to be a fine water-fall at an easy distance, with rocks, and turf, and wild flowers, and ducks and ducklings, and all that sort of thing: and, though the season is a little advanced, we might still make shift under the hazels and the hollies. Couldn’t we invite the ladies to accompany us, and extemporise a pic-nic?”

“My innocent friend! the ducks have been made into pies long ago; the hazels are all down, the hollies pounded into bird-lime, and the water-fall exists no longer. The whole concern was a mere useless waste—has been blown up with gun-

powder; and the sweet little glen below it turned into a reservoir to supply a monstrous factory—dingy and cheerless as a bastille—with a row of pert chimney-stalks, belching forth in the face of heaven columns of smoke and pollution, and stinking horribly in the morning air. It is called Twaddle's new process for making silk stockings out of pigs' ears; and a part of the building is Tunk's clothing mills, where you may see the wool, rough and raw from the sheep's back, put in at one end of the machinery, and issue from the other in the shape of ready-made breeches. Next door they've got a patent for making the boilers for the engines of passenger boats, upon a principle that, if the boiler should happen to burst, so rapidly condenses the liberated steam, that all danger of the passengers taking cold by inhaling it is effectually obviated; and the result is rendered triumphantly complete—the thing in fact doing them good—if, at the moment of the explosion, they will only recollect to keep their mouths shut."

"Well," said Reuben, "we can't grumble while they make such excellent use of the land as that."

"Certainly not," replied David. "What good is poetry or beauty? what's the difference between a man and a bunch of turnips, except for what money he'll fetch? Let the villages evaporate in smoke, and the land be divided into zaharas of Swedish turnips and little potatoe allotments.

Nothing idle now in England. I'm not without apprehension that the sparrows must die too, and the crows, and thrushes, and blackbirds, for they are useless things—and then the cost to keep them!—and the larks, and the rooks, and the pigeons. There would most likely be a little difficulty about the insects—but, no doubt, they could be got rid of in time; everything except the gulls, which live principally on fish; but, if there should be a scarcity of herring, it may be advisable to exterminate them also."

And thus they proceeded; until, in the set form among Englishmen, they concluded by anathematising the country, the climate, and the constitution; and yet, with a statute in that case made and provided, that it had not its equal under heaven. Having done which, they pulled up at their destination; quickly filled two great crates with various flowers and green things, and drove homewards, arriving at the house about twelve o'clock.

They directly set about building the booths. This, in such a cold climate as ours, is usually done within the house; but chiefly, perhaps, because it is the only convenient place to fix it, and where it will be free from public observation. Mr. Cohen, however, always had his built in the garden, if the weather were dry and sufficiently mild; and so he did on the present occasion.

No other work but that of building the booth

was to be done. It couldn't be expected. Mr. Cohen did manage to get a lunch spread for him—that was all. For, leaving the dinner to cook and take care of itself, out sallied Ruth to fill her part in the helping, laughing, joking, and wild hilarity of the scene—especially during the competition which should erect the first post. Shovels and hammers went to work with fearful determination. Ruth had artfully dug a hole a few days before, and then filled it again with the soft and loosened mould—taking care to smooth it over the top as though nothing had happened—and now she whirled the dirt out with her dust-pan as dexterously as the most expert “navvy” in a railway cutting. It did not do. Ben got his pole up first. And then—oh! the dancing, jumping, screaming with delight, and clapping of hands among the ladies, and the hooraying among the men.

“Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!” roared Ben, with ineffable gusto; and he swayed his body up and down, threw his head back on his shoulders, and opened his mouth to its fullest dimensions, to give himself fair play. “Whacked the lot on you clean out an' out! and, ha! ha! the wust—a—the wust shovel among them—ony half a one.” And Ben signalled his triumph by pitching on to the boughs in one of the crates, just opened, and, turning heels over head, alighted on the other side.

The framework completed, the weaving of the branches together proceeded rapidly. In the end farthest from the entrance, the שִׁמְעֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל — the great basis of Israel's faith — was written with flowers of varied hues, beautifully interlacing their leaves and tendrils. Then the necessary articles of furniture were carried into it; and all sat down to a cold collation, in which fruits and wine formed a considerable part.

“Well,” said Ben, who, after this was over, perched himself on the edge of one of the empty hampers, where, with hands clasped in each other, and elbows reclining on his knees, he pleased himself by taking an elaborate congratulatory survey of the tabernacle. “This is an extra sort of a time, and there's more than an hour yet to sunset, let's have a bit of a fiddle — eh, Joseph?” to a boy who acted somewhat in the character of a page.

“The very thing,” said David's friend — Mr. Eder — as at this moment he issued from the booth. “I'll play the flute.”

So Ben ran off to get his catgut and stretcher, upon which he was wont to scrape and groan at all hours: sometimes to the no small annoyance of the inhabitants of the kitchen, which was separated from his own room only by a passage. And Ben, thinking nothing common of his performances, always threw the door open in order that they might be heard.

He soon returned; spread his music-book on the hamper before him, scratched and screeched his fiddle into tune, and then signified that he was ready.

“I’m thinkin’,” he said pensively, “I’m thinkin’ we shall want a trifle more music — I don’t think we’re strong enough, don’t you see. Aunt Dinah ought to have a hand organ—he! he!—eh, Dinah?—a box o’ whistles.” And Ben laughed again to his infinite satisfaction.

“Oh, we shall do fine,” said Mr. Eder, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. “My flute has got a tremendous compass. I can imitate all sorts of things on it, from a cornet-a-piston down to a farthing-trumpet or a baby’s rattle. We’ll have a glorious concert. Joseph, you’ll sing to us, won’t you?”

“Like a thrush,” responded Joseph.

“Now,” said Ben, “we’ll strike up a country dance. Nothin’ like fiddlin’ an flutin’ for a country dance.”

“Oh nonsense,” replied Mr. Eder, “we haven’t got enough for a country dance. Stop a little till Miss Cohen and David come, and we’ll give them some of the most beautiful *sonatas and fantasias* that have been published this year. You know, Mr. Machir, we have a splendid time now for showing our powers. We play before a party of cognoscenti; therefore we shall be under no

necessity to make a sacrifice to vulgarity or bad taste. So now pick out a few pieces which combine brevity with excellence — contain in a small compass many beauties of melody, harmony, and modulation, and afford room for the display of brilliancy, taste, elegance, and expression on the part of us, the performers.”

So they began. Ben put on his best and most impressive fiddling air. He moved his head about in the same time as the tune, and twirled the fingers of the hand in which he held the stick with ineffable grace.

“I think we did that well,” said Mr. Eder, pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his face.

“Capital,” replied Ben, poking his finger down his neck, to rectify the set of his cravat, so that he might have greater ease and comfort.

“It was a little tough though—it’s put me in a bilious fever,” resumed Mr. Eder. “Ahem!” And he ran through the whole gamut on his flute with whirlwind-like rapidity. “Now again, Ben, another.”

But with this one, Mr. Eder either could not or would not play in time or tune. He was always either behind or before, too high or too low, to the no small discomfiture of Ben. He stamped his foot, and threw his head about, to signify the right time, with awful vehemence. No good.

“Well, you must take it all your own way, if

that's how you're a-goin' on," he said, at last, in a perfect fever.

"We want some one to beat time for us," said Mr. Eder, in a humble tone, and fidgeting about; excessively ashamed of his failure, no doubt.

"Time! I'd never want no one to beat time over a first-rate fiddle," replied Ben, with sublime disgust.

"Yes," said David, stepping up as mediator, "but Mr. Eder may not have your practised ear, Ben. I'm not much of a hand at the stick, but I'll try to keep time for him."

And, taking up the stick, David stood with his arm extended above his head and the stick crossing it at right angles—in exact imitation of a telegraph in action—waiting for the order to commence.

It was given. The time was quick: and David made the most superhuman exertions. His arms whirled in graceful and fantastic gyrations. Now, at a catch in the tune, he threw himself forward in the position of the lunge; anon, in indicating the finish of a sudden grand crash, he made so violent a motion downwards as nearly to upset hamper, music-book, himself and all. But he recovered his balance, and began again with renewed vigour. At last, unable to control his risibility any longer, Mr. Eder laid down his flute, and gave way to an immoderate peal of laughter.

"There now, that's spiled all," said Ben, with

severe disappointment. "If I don't think you aint tryin' to do nothin' but make fun."

"I think we can do without you now, David," said Mr. Eder. "Come on again, Ben: I'm sorry I stopped—at the grandest part too."

But Mr. Eder soon got wrong.

"Na, now," said Ben, pettishly. "Don't you see we didn't hang together. You must a know'd that stop was twice as long as that."

"We'll begin again," said Mr. Eder.

"When we come to it next time, I'll beat time with my fiddlestick."

They arrived at the critical point. "*One, two, three. One, two, three. One, two, three,*" said Ben, with solemn regularity. "Now!"

Mr. Eder tried again.

"Won't do, won't do." Then, knocking his stick on the edge of the hamper, "*One, two, three. One, two,—*" He struck too hard, and his bow broke short in the middle.

"Well, I never," he said contemplatively.

Everybody laughed; they couldn't help it.

"Yes, it jest suits you; got your ends, ain't you?" said Ben, folding his arms contemptuously.

"Confound your impudence! Cross at *this* time," said Mr. Eder. "Come on, David, let's put him under the pump."

"No, no! — murder! — don't do that," said Ben, as he felt his collar seized. "Consider now — it might—"

“ Well, I think myself it would be too bad,” said David, “ just for forgetting himself one moment; and he had provocation.”

It was near sunset. Mr. Cohen appeared at the door of the tabernacle, to call them in to join in the thanksgivings; that the seeds and fruits had been blessed and preserved for their sustenance and enjoyment throughout the year, and in remembrance of their sojourning in tabernacles in the wilderness.

“ That’s the wust on it, ain’t it, Dinah?” muttered Ben, as he lazily turned his steps towards the place. “ So much grace, and prayer, and holiness. If I was king, Dinah, I’d make a law that every farmer should say grace over all his corn-fields, or orchards, and what not, afore he cut or gathered anything; and so make one sayin’ do for the lot, instead of havin’ to say it at every meal, feasts and all.”

And the lovely little Eulalia was there. She could not understand the feast very well; but she loved it because it was commanded by God, and such beautiful, grateful, prayers were offered to Him. And yet to her little heart a strange mystery hovered about it all; because Jesus was unmentioned, and that troubled her.

She sat opposite an opening which had been left to serve as a window. It was towards the western sky, and her long curls were so lustrous with the beautiful golden gleam that they seemed

to be a part of the sunshine. Her loving eyes, lit up by the pure soul within, changed with her varying thought and emotion, till they could hardly be said to have any permanent colour; and you scarcely knew, when the long lashes drooped over them, what would be their hue and expression when the silken fringe was uplifted again. We have already said that her beauty did not consist in the regularity of her features—finely chiseled though they were—for it was very seldom they were in sufficient repose to allow such a judgment; but a glowing, transparent, complexion; a bright, happy look; a face in which that high celestial expression, produced by perfect purity and innocence, was everywhere diffused, were elements of an idealised beauty, sufficient to ensure an admiration amounting almost to worship.

Mary sat down with her arm interlacing Eulalia's waist; and the service proceeded. It is a very interesting one, full of tenderness and beauty. Even Ben, disposed as he was to grumble and think it a task, was touched. Mr. Eder noticed it.

"Come, Ben," he said, "no weakness now. You look as watery as a bad pumpkin."

"Well," replied Ben, wiping the corner of his eye with the tail of his handkerchief, "it's a fact I *was* carried away by my feelin's jest then."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HEAVENLY WHISPERINGS.

“Hark! they whisper. Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.”

POPE.

WHEN the service was concluded, Mary immediately assented to Eulalia's desire for a walk round the garden. Mary and Eulalia—always nearly inseparable—had lately been more together than ever. Isaac's grief Mary had taken deeply to heart. Thus they were a pair sure to excite considerable attention. The one so fair, so reserved, so thoughtful, with a shade of sadness—sometimes approaching to complete sorrow—on her fine face; the other a precious little being made up of daylight and sunshine, and brilliant and sparkling as a summer breeze.

They left the tabernacle and were soon lost amidst the green vistas of the garden. The soft rosy purple of a clear English twilight was gently stealing over all the trees, and the air was fragrant with the mingling breath of roses and jes-

samines, and violets from a thousand flower beds and blooming thickets in their own and the terraced gardens beyond. Blending with this was a full gush of perfume from the heliotropes, and white japonicas in Kensington Park. And all was so beautiful—pervaded by one deep-hushed calm serene, stilling the spirit into repose like the young blossoms amidst the dim folded leaves.

For the twilight had not yet deepened into those softly sad hours when tears always seem lingering about the heart, and the spirits of those we love, who have passed away, come to whisper to us words of encouragement and lofty consolation—of a brighter, holier dawning, and a lovelier love. And Eulalia, though peculiarly susceptible to the influence of everything sweet or grand in nature, kept up a most brilliant flow of spirits; now glancing at the crimson clouds with sparkling and eager eyes—now bounding from Mary's side into the bowers near the path—now gathering a favourite floweret—now exchanging a gay smile or waving her pretty hand to some other member of the family whom she met in the walks. Oh! how beautiful she looked. Precious childhood!

You should have seen the golden gleam of her curls as they swept wavily over her white sculpture-like neck, and the heavenly sparkle of her eyes as she floated through the rose-thickets with the *abandonnement* of a sylph, full of life and joyousness, and giving freedom to the sweet plen-

teousness of her happy heart in a thousand fanciful and graceful motions, and gliding hither and thither with a spirit-like step; and sometimes in humming a tune dreamily to herself, or a sudden question or remark to Mary, indicative of the intense and overflowing love she felt in her heart.

At last Eulalia said she wanted to rest, and they sat down on a bench beneath a silver-leaved willow, in a secluded part of the garden. Some of the violets that Eulalia had gathered from the flower-borders still lay within the muslin folds that covered her bosom.

“Mary,” said Eulalia, as she turned her large thoughtful eyes upon the sky, “look at that bright sky—how deep it looks—and still and quiet—and as if it longed to clasp us all in an embrace of love. That is heaven—don’t you wish you had wings to fly away? Mary, read to me about it.”

Eulalia’s repeated conversations with her sister about Jesus had resulted in Mary’s purchasing the New Testament, that she might know more of Him, and tell the child more too. And the consequence of her reading, and Eulalia’s fervent happiness, had led her to the same peaceful, generous, repose in His love. She could not help it. She found there the soul-hush and the first breathings of that heaven for which her spirit yearned so deeply. She calmly trusted, and was happy. And it was to this hallowed spot she often retired

with Eulalia, that they might talk together of the glorious hopes and realities unfolded in the Gospel.

Mary drew out her Testament and read some of Eulalia's favourite passages—

“In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

“They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. And He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. The throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.”

The precious words flowed over Eulalia's little heart like a full strain of melody from angelic harps. To her it was real; for she had already

begun to feel that blessed heaven. And to her expectant soul the future was no longer a dim uncertain thing — only a silvery, shadowy veil that hung between her sight and her Saviour; and which He would soon roll away, and admit her to His unclouded glory. Oh! how full of tender love and joy was her purified spirit — beloved child, we would be like thee!

She sprung upon the seat, and, entwining her arms around Mary's neck, said, while she hung upon her lips with an enraptured kiss—

“Oh, that beautiful land!—how I long to go. Mary, will you please to say to me those verses in your new book, ‘O, when shall we enter our rest.’” But Eulalia's thoughts wandered, and without waiting for Mary to comply, she proceeded for herself in a soft unconscious voice —

“Not all the archangels can tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of His heavenly face.
 That city of God, the Great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more;
 Where saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore.
 To pine for His coming is sweet,
 To mourn at His longer delay;
 But He whom we linger to meet,
 Shall chase all our sorrows away.
 The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
 When Him we behold in the cloud,
 And echo the joys of the skies,
 And live with the angels of God.”

“Oh! those angels! Mary,” said Eulalia, “you don’t know how lovely they are. And they do *love* us so—and like to talk to us—” And then a mystic light passed across her soft white face like a shadow from one of their wings, and her deep eyes filled with the light of other worlds, as she continued in a dim and misty voice—

“Mary, dear, I cannot tell you what delightful things I feel. My mind seems all *light*, Mary—and what beautiful thoughts I have, and what beautiful things I see and hear at night, when all is quiet. I suppose they are dreams, but yet they are true, for I *feel* them—and they keep with me, those beautiful beings, Mary, when I am awake, and speak to me of bright glorious lands where sin and sorrow can never come,—where all is calm, all is beauty, all is love—till I feel so glad and happy, that it seems I can hardly keep myself from flying away with them, up through those great arching skies, to their sweet home. A few nights ago, dear, I thought I was sleeping in a sunny garden, bright and unearth-like, with starry butterflies and rainbow-winged birds, singing and glittering around me, and beneath rich waving trees, and amongst brilliant flowers, smiling and whispering peacefully to each other, like happy spirits. Long grassy meadows sloped away down to the edges of a cluster of shining lakes, sparkling like glass as they trembled in the sunbeams. And I could hear dim voices,

dear, as of angels calling me, and shadowy music, and feel their wings fanning me as I slept. And then the blue skies faded away, and I saw a large white cloud with three angels sitting upon it, coming towards me. They came nearer and nearer; and I heard such beautiful music—oh! Mary, I can't tell you what it was like! it was full of all glorious things. They sat with their arms and wings embracing each other. Each one wore a radiant crown made of brilliant stones and soft stars, and their robes were white and bright like the sun. One of the angels had a Bible open in his hand; the other held a great star, soft and bright like the morning star. The middle one was dear mamma: I knew her directly, though I had never seen her till then. I held out my arms to meet her, and she smiled upon me with her face full of love and light, and took me up into her bosom and kissed me—oh! Mary, dear, she looked so delightful, so happy, so enraptured, so loving—and said she was sent by our Father to take me from earth to live with Him for ever. And then she kissed me again, and I felt myself dissolve in light it seemed, and the two angels took my hands, and spreading their wings, flew with me up, up, up, Mary, till we met a great shining host of happy spirits, all with a crown on their head, and a harp in their hand, and directly we met them they all struck their harps and sung — oh! such a glorious song,

I could tell it all then — and came up and kissed me, and looked so joyful, so beautiful, so innocent, Mary—oh! it *was* beautiful, beautiful, beautiful — it makes me feel so—so—I can't *say* it, Mary—and then we all entered a pair of great flashing gates—and then—oh! Mary, dear—I can't tell you what I saw, and what I felt — the place was all full of God, and glory, and love, and angels—and I saw Jesus on a great white throne, brighter than ten thousand suns, and He smiled upon me all love, and held out His arms to take me in — oh! how beautiful I felt—it woke me, dear Mary, and I cried with joy. And I have been so happy ever since. Mary, dear, I'm going there to live — with those angels — I can't stop here.”

Mary had listened to Eulalia's dream with a thrill of strange unworldly feeling. She felt what was coming. And now that Eulalia had uttered it, it fell on her heart with all the certainty of a prophecy. She did not answer immediately; and Eulalia resumed in the same shadowy voice—

“Yes, dear Mary, I'm going to God's beautiful home. Angels come to me every night, and whisper to me of those glorious lands and unfading love, and where I shall be loved as I want to be.” And a brighter beam of heavenly radiance lit up her pure face, and her eyes grew cloudier still as she pursued. “And mamma, too, often comes and bends over me, and calls me by

my name in such a low sweet voice, and says to me such beautiful things as I could never speak again, and tells me she is coming for me soon to be with her for ever. But I shall still be near you, Mary, and I will watch over you, and kiss you when I see you crying, and try to make you happy. And I am not going to leave you long. Soon I and mamma will come for you and papa, and all our family; and then we shall be united to separate no more for ever. Oh, it is beautiful, dear! Do you not pant to go?"

"But, my precious," said Mary, as she clasped the fragile form of Eulalia to her heart, "we all love you as dearly as it is possible for us to love."

"Yes, dear, I know you do, and I love you so very dearly for it; but God and pure spirits love me better than you possibly can. And that is why I want to go home. To be folded on the loving bosom of Jesus is better than stopping here. This isn't my home, dear Mary, and I can't be happy in it. I want to see God, and know more of Him, and love Him better. Oh, he is a beautiful God! I'm glad He ever created me to enjoy His love. And then, dear, though you love me so well, others don't, and I can't bear it. As I go along the streets, I could kiss everybody, for I do *love* them so; and yet sometimes people are unkind to me. And then so much trouble as they have, and crying, and sorrow, Mary—oh, it is dreadful to know of it—and

I can't stop it; and many of them won't come to God to be made happy; and I'd rather go away where there is no more trouble and sorrow, and where everything is full of love and peace, and where everyone loves me very dearly indeed."

"But, my sweet love," said Mary, "you may have to live here many years, perhaps; for you are quite in health, you know. And then you must not get out of heart with earth, because you don't find people to love you as you would like them to. You know they don't all feel as you do."

"Yes, Mary dear, and that's why I want to go. I want to leave this sinful place for my sweet home, where everybody feels alike. I shall *not* live here many years. I want to go where everyone loves God perfectly, and so loves all the things that He has made. And I *am* going there, Mary. I *feel* it. I cannot stay here, even if I should like to. I want more love than I can have here, and Jesus is going to give it me. He tells me so."

"And what, my beloved, are we to do, who are left behind? Does Eulalie think on what we shall suffer?"

"We should be parted only a little while, a very little while," replied Eulalia. "You would soon come to me."

Mary wept, and her hot tears fell upon Eulalia's cheek—for a heavy foreboding filled up her heart, and weighed down her spirit, though she tried to

think it might, after all, be only the enthusiasm of a happy child that had made Eulalia speak with such certainty of dying.

“Don’t grieve, dear,” said Eulalia, throwing her arms fondly round her sister’s neck, kissing her tenderly, and hanging on her lips like one of the pure angels of whom she had been speaking, “I shall still be with you, though you will not see me. And I shall love you better than ever I did on earth.”

“Well, dearest,” said Mary, rising, “we must not stop here any longer. It is getting cold, and you have no bonnet. Let us go in. I will carry you, for the dew is on the grass, and your light shoes may get damp.” And Mary took the child in her arms, and pressed her to her throbbing heart, as if she would defy death to rob her of the treasure. For how could she live without her?

CHAPTER XXXV.

BENJAMIN'S EXPERIENCES.

It is evening of the next day ; the prayers have been offered ; the candles are lit ; all the family, servants included, are collected in the booth ; the table is laden with cakes, and fruits, and wine ; it is a time of much innocent hilarity.

“I say, Ben,” inquired David, “how much of this money you’ve had left you do you mean to give away ? Be honest, now, and tell the truth.”

“Dun know. I shall do the thing that I thinks is about right and square, I reckon,” replied Ben, looking guilelessly across the table.

“And the area of the square will be in exact proportion to the sides of your interest, Ben, I’m afraid.”

“What money is this, then, that Ben has had given him ?” inquired Mr. Eder.

“Why, two hundred pounds that a relation has left him—so he heard to-day—with a hope that from time to time he will give portions of it in alms for his sake, until he has disposed of half.”

“Oh, that is the secret, then,” said Mr. Eder.

“I thought something had happened when I saw him to-day walking up and down the garden as stately as the dome of St. Paul’s.”

“And no wonder,” answered David. “Two hundred pounds carry along with them a sensation of ease as well as of dignity. After such a surfeit of Mammon, most men are unwilling to work. They unbutton their waistcoats, care for nothing and nobody, eat, drink, are merry, and become fat. My chief fear is lest Ben should evaporate.”

“Oh, I’m clear enough,” said Ben, lifting one leg over the other. “I shan’t get proud, never fear. Hopes I’m got too much good sense.”

“Well, I allow myself to hope so too,” replied David, in a voice of benignant consideration. “What do you intend to do, Ben, if I might take the liberty of asking?”

“Well, I’ve bin thinkin’—I ain’t quite made up my mind, you know—I’ve bin thinkin’ as how I shall get another suit of togs, and marry and settle; and so begin life in a proper, straight-forrut manner, don’t you see,” answered Ben, scratching his chin and smoothing the buds of his whiskers.

“But, you know, Ben,” suggested Mr. Eder, “you can’t get married without you can find some lady willing to have you. Some of us find that tremendous hard work—in fact, are, after all, obliged to be bachelors, whether we like it or not. Have you been lucky enough to make matters

right with anyone yet? Don't want to hurt your delicacy, mind. I'm very much interested about you, and should like you to have a good wife; but please yourself about telling."

"Well, I believe as how I'm suited as far as that bit of business goes," said Ben, trying to look direct in Mr. Eder's face. He made a mistake, however, and turned a very suspicious glance at the upper end of the table, where Ruth sat. And Ruth finished the publication. She blushed, and fussed, and fidgeted, and dropped her pocket-handkerchief, and picked it up again, and rectified the set of her silk-dress, so as to crumple it the least, and, as a final sedative, took out her smelling-bottle.

Of course, when David and Mr. Eder saw that the lady to whom Ben had affianced himself was present, no more was said upon the subject. And as Ruth did not immediately recover her equilibrium, a somewhat foolish silence ensued. It was broken by Mr. Elihu, turning the light of his fat, glorious face full on Ben and asking,

"May I—a—Mr. M—M—Machir, take the bold step to request—a—the reason of your dear relative's dying, so to speak."

"Well," said Ben, and he patronised his answer by a complacent chuckle, "I 'spose it was cos he couldn't live no longer."

"Ah! yes, yes," replied Mr. Elihu, "that, no doubt, was the first reason; the *primary* reason, as it were. Igzackly. Yes. But what

I—a—mean to say is, what were the causes that led to that being the result in the end, if I might use the expression—the chain of *events*, to speak in a flower?"

"Well, he was very old," said Ben. "Died wore out, as you may say."

"Dear me!" answered Mr. Elihu, "what an affecting thing. I wrote a piece of poetry on the death of a friend of mine once. I have reason to believe that there was a good deal of grand imagination, and—a—sympathising ideas in it, so to speak."

"Have you thought upon the serious character of the duties involved in the compact you are about to enter into, Benjamin?" inquired Mr. Eder.

"O, yes!" replied Ben. "I've studied upon the matter a little; and I think I'm about right. I know well enough as many husbands don't treat their wives up to the mark; but I hope I shan't do anything of that kind."

"I have certainly a very high opinion of you," resumed Mr. Eder. "But I may as well tell you, I don't agree with your sweeping remark upon husbands. My belief is that most men love their wives most languishingly, most dreadfully; only there are a sort of women to whom they dare not give much power, else there is no end to their goings on. Besides, you are, perhaps, misled by appearances. If in company you see a lady and

gentleman constantly crossing each other, even in the smallest trifles, correcting each other's remarks, and opposing each other's theories and opinions, at the same time prefacing every word with my angel, my love, my sweet Emily, my dearest William, you are not to suppose there is any hypocrisy or lack of affection in the case. They love each other excessively; and the lady artfully controverts him, to exhibit to those near the dazzling intellectual powers he possesses, while he contradicts her, to show what a flower-soft spirit he has in his wife."

"Well," said Ben, pensively, "there seems sense in all that there. Dessay you're about right, howsomever."

"A pointed conclusion, Mr. Eder," said David, oracularly.

Mr. Cohen spoke.

"Well, Benjamin," he said, "I am heartily glad that you are enabled to commence life in another character to that which you have hitherto sustained—though your leaving me so suddenly is a little inconvenience. I don't think so well of your determination to marry at once. I don't think it a wise one. It will bring upon you many cares which you would not have, if you would wait a little. But as none of us doubt who it is that you have chosen, we feel a special interest in you."

"Thank ye, sir," said Ben, interrupting him.

“I should be glad to have a little conversation with you about that, if you would be so kind as to oblige me.”

“Well, say on.”

“I’d rather see you alone, sir.”

“The truth is, Benjamin,” resumed Mr. Cohen, with a smile, “that you are in a greater hurry than we had supposed, and you want to take Ruth away to-morrow, too.”

“Well,” began Ben, stammeringly, “I thought I—I—don’t you see—if—it would—”

“But,” said Mr. Cohen, “I don’t know about encouraging this. ‘Marry in haste to repent at leisure,’ Ben. This is precipitation.”

“Oh! we shall be happy, Mr. Cohen,” said Ben.

“Well,” said Mr. Cohen, drawing a long breath, “I suppose it is no duty of mine to place any obstacle in your way. Ruth, do you really wish to leave me in this way?”

Poor Ruth! It was a sad fluster. She flashed and flushed and blushed, and nearly fainted; but she said nothing. He had no business to ask such a question.

“Very well,” began Mr. Cohen, in a measured tone. “Then, Ben, I think it shall be as follows: you go home to-morrow, as you have proposed. Return here on the day after the feast is concluded, and we will see you married; that will only make it about the second week in Marcheshvan—then you may take your wife from the house

directly. And as Ruth has been a most excellent and conscientious servant, and is, I believe, striving with all her heart to serve the God of her fathers, I will give her two hundred pounds as a marriage portion."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Ben. "Thank you, Mr. Cohen," said Ruth. "Excellent," said Rachel. "Capital," said Miss Gersom. "May you enjoy all possible connubial happiness," said David. "Amen," said Mr. Eder. And with renewed merriment, the evening proceeded and terminated.

Thus passed away the feast of tabernacles. The ninth day is very solemnly observed. It is a little day of atonement, and devout Jews humble themselves; they do not generally offer the sacrifices used on the great day of atonement; but they do sometimes, and repeat the prayers.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FEAST OF LOTS.

FIVE months of the Jewish civil year have passed away; and it is the middle of אָדָר—Adar. On the fourteenth and fifteenth of Adar, is the feast of פּוּרִים—Purim, or Lots. The history which this feast yearly commemorates is beautifully and affectingly narrated in the book of Esther. Haman, the second man in the kingdom of Ahasuerus, king of Persia and Media, was enraged, because, contrary to the command which the king had issued to his servants, Mordecai, uncle to queen Esther, refused either to bow to him or do him reverence. Having enquired concerning him, and found that he was a Jew, he conceived the hellish design of wreaking his vengeance, not only on Mordecai, but also by murdering all the Jews scattered throughout the hundred and twenty-seven provinces composing the kingdom. For twelve months, from Nison to Adar, he had פּוּר or the lot, daily cast before him. The result seems to have been highly satisfactory; for at the end of the year he presented

himself before king Ahasuerus, and telling a bitter lie—because he did it by keeping back the essential part of the truth—he procured the king's command that letters should be “sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day.” With a horrible refinement of cruelty, the sword was to be held suspended over the necks of the innocent victims a whole year; for the day of slaughter was fixed to be the thirteenth of Adar, twelve months hence. The decree was sent forth. There was great mourning and fasting and weeping and wailing among the Jews; and many clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes. Mordecai “went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and a bitter cry.” Esther's maids and chamberlains told her of it: she was “exceedingly grieved, and sent raiment to clothe Mordecai, and to take away his sackcloth from him; but he received it not.” Then the queen called Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains whom he had appointed to attend upon her, and empowered him to go to Mordecai and lay her commands upon him, to tell her “what it was, and why it was.” Hatach returned and told her all that had been devised against the Jews by Haman; also he showed her a copy of the decree which had gone forth, and charged her to go in before the king and make supplication for her

people. Esther commanded Hatach to answer Mordecai, that for thirty days she had not been called to come in unto the king, and that he knew—for it was known to all the king's servants—that whoever entered his presence who was not called, there was one law of his to put him to death. Mordecai warned her that though queen, she must not expect to escape the slaughter. Whereupon Esther commanded that all the Jews in Shushan should fast for her, "and neither eat nor drink three days, night and day." She and her maidens would fast likewise. Then she would break the law, and go in unto the king, and—with the nobleness of man, but the self-devotion and tenderness and grace of woman—"If I perish, I perish." Ahasuerus—whose conduct throughout leads one to the inevitable conclusion that he was an orthodox Oriental, voluptuous and lazy—received her very graciously. She procured the reversion of the decree. Haman was hanged upon the gallows he had erected for Mordecai. Mordecai was promoted to his place. And upon the twenty-third of סיון Sivan, the third month, letters were sent to all the rulers of the provinces, commanding the Jews on the thirteenth of Adar—the day appointed for their own destruction—to take vengeance upon their enemies. Great fear fell upon all the people of the land, and many of them became Jews.

The twelfth of Adar is a day of hard work to

the servants in a large Jewish household. They are almost incessantly engaged in cooking and packing and directing and sending out. Provisions are sent off to the poor Jewish families, not in baskets merely, but in great hampers; and each lot is very liberally interspersed with wines, in order that they may make merry and have a joyful time. Nor is money left out. Then among the rich Jews portions are exchanged—wines and fruits of the choicest quality, cakes, books, dresses, jewellery, &c., &c. Dinah and Rachel and the man-servant at Mr. Cohen's were completely worn out when they were called to prayers at sunset. But nothing connected with the feast is thought a task. No one complains. It is a labour of love; and all is performed amidst much merriment and rejoicing.

As soon as the prayers were said, and the fourteenth of Adar had commenced, Mr. Cohen called all his servants around him, and gave each a present, in remembrance of the deliverance of their people.

The next days are days of immense gladness. Open house is kept. The tables in the upper and lower rooms are constantly spread with viands of the most tempting description. Visitors are always going and coming. For nearly every one makes it a rule to go round to all his friends, although he stay in each house but a few minutes.

Mary received a great number of presents from her various friends.

In the afternoon a little parcel came by post; it was addressed to "Miss Eulalia Cohen." Eulalia was sleeping on a couch in Mary's boudoir, when it came; and Mary sat watching beside her, for she felt she was passing away. That unworldly thoughtfulness, that shadowy unearth-like light which beamed from the depths of her beautiful eyes, that angelic love and purity which constantly revealed itself in acts of blessing and benigance, spoke too surely to Mary's heart of the near approach of other worlds. And she was with her constantly.

A servant brought in the little packet, and placed it in Mary's hand. An unaccountable tremor seized her the moment her eye was directed to the writing. She looked again. Could it possibly be from Adeline? She could not doubt it; there were the well remembered letters. And she longed to know its contents. But she put it silently aside till Eulalia should awake.

The lovely little sleeper drew a long, sweet breath; and a smile between heaven and earth floated over her pure face, as though she were just bidding farewell to some beautiful vision of angelic beings, then she opened her soft and dreamlike eyes upon her sister.

"Here's a letter, my love," said Mary, kissing

her, and pushing aside the lace drapery that hung around her. "And I think it is from our dear Adeline."

"How kind she is," said Eulalia, taking it in her thin, white hand. "I do so want to see her; and I *do* see her sometimes," she continued, in a cloudy voice to herself.

She looked at the direction for a moment, and then said, "Open it for me, dear Mary, if you please."

The seal was broken immediately; and Mary took out a very small, delicate, sky-blue enamel watch, suspended to a fine gold chain. Beneath it a note was folded up.

"How very good to send me such a beautiful present, isn't it, dear?" said Eulalia, looking at the watch, the case of which Mary had opened. "But I shall not wear it long. I shall soon be dressed in more beautiful clothes, and brighter jewels than these; in unfading things, dear Mary."

"I don't like to hear you talk so, darling," said Mary, kissing her. "Here, let's put the chain round your neck, and see how it looks on your white dress."

"Thank you, dear," said Eulalia, when she had hung it upon her bosom. "Now, will you read the note to me? You can do it easier than I can."

Mary complied directly.

MY DEARLY-LOVED EULALIA,

How happy it will make you to receive these few lines from me; and how happy I feel while I write them. It brings memories crowding upon me; old thoughts of those seasons, my sweet child, when you and I used to sit and talk together of all beautiful things; of God and heaven, and the world and loving hearts. And how softly and happily the time used to glide at those seasons—

“How lightly falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!”

Do you remember them, and with them Adeline, still, my love? Do you remember when we used to pace up and down that silent secluded sidewalk, beneath the acacias in your garden at evening, and you used to pelt me with roses and jessamines, and all sorts of pretty blossoms, and fasten them in my hair? Do you remember when we used to sit on that old seat by the side of your little flower-bed, watching the deep heavens, and admiring the soft gentle stars that looked down upon us so lovingly, until we used to fancy they were inviting us away to the lands of heavenly happiness and rest? Or, when we sat down by the fountain, under that great weeping willow, and watched the tranquil moonbeams mingling with

the cool tinkling waters, and touching the edges of the little dashing waves with a brilliance that made them seem like frosted silver? Oh! those were happy, very happy seasons, my beloved Eulalie. Were they not? I hope you often think upon them, and upon what we used to say to each other at those times.

And when you think, do you pray for me? My Eulalia, I am sure, remembers to entreat a blessing from her heavenly Father for her Adeline, although she cannot see her now. Oh! I feel that denial most hardly, my precious child. If I could, I would fly to you just now. My big heart seems to swell, almost till it clasps you in my bosom. How delightful it would be to walk with you once more, to talk with you once more, to kiss you once more. But we must not murmur, dearest. God has seen fit to deny it to us. It may be that we shall never meet again on earth—at present, it seems most unlikely that we ever shall—but we SHALL SOON meet in heaven, my beloved girl; and there, no separation can ever be, for we all live in God; no sorrow can ever come, for we are all filled with God; no death can ever enter, for our life is hid in God. Happy country! Sweet home! Lovely land! Precious hopes! Is it near, my darling? I sometimes half feel so. At any rate, life, at its longest, is very short; a vapour showing itself in one dim wreath for a moment, and then vanishing away.

A few more days, and we shall pass away into our delightful home. How we shall love and enjoy each other there, my Eulalia; where the soul is free, the heart pure, the affections large as the bosom of our God from whom they spring. Is it not beautiful to think upon it? We should like to go away; shouldn't we? We should be glad to fly from this unkind, noisy, jarring world. But mark, my dearest, while we long to go to heaven, we must be willing and joyful to stop here just as long as God wants us to; and we must diligently employ ourselves in labours of love among our friends, and everybody else as far as we can.

How I could write away. I hope I don't tire you. But I don't fear.

The little gift I send you with this, I selected for you myself, and I worked your name in the little paper with my own hands. I hope the watch will please you, my love; and I allow myself to think it will. Moreover, I thought it was as suitable a thing as I could send for you.

Adieu, my beloved Eulalie. Continue to love me. I shall ever love you more dearly than I can tell you. Pray for me very often. Never forget me. Love God with all your heart. Give my deepest love to Mary and David, and Mrs. Cohen and your papa; and also to Jacob and Joseph.

I remain, my dearest girl, your very loving sister,

ADELINE.

Park Lane, Adar 12th, 5504.

“How beautiful!” said Eulalia, thoughtfully, as she kissed the paper on which Adeline’s affectionate breathings were traced. “How loving she is, Mary. I used to think she would never go away from us; and I used to feel so much about her. Never mind. Jesus rules everything. He took her away from us; and He loves us too dearly to do anything that would be unkind.”

“But, my dear,” said Mary, interrupting her, “while you are quite right in saying that all is governed by God, I like you to distinguish between what He *permits* wicked people to do to us, and what He clearly does of his own good pleasure. Yet, perhaps, your thought is sufficiently exact: I don’t know that I needed to speak; for He declares that *all* things shall work together for our good.”

“Yes, dear Mary, and it is that which I think upon. I know Adeline was taken away from us very unkindly—and then, poor dear Isaac! Oh, Mary! I do think about him so. Well, we shall soon meet in our dear Redeemer’s house, where unkindness and disappointments can never come. And, oh! one smile from Him is worth more than all we can suffer here. But it seems hard while

we are passing through it. I don't know what *I* could have done, Mary, without Him. I have felt Him support me so. I have felt a great spirit which made my troubles seem light—though when Adeline left us, and then Isaac went away, it seemed as if my heart would break."

"My dear Eulalie felt strong because of the hand she held—even that of Omnipotence, the Creator of herself and all things. That was it my love; wasn't it?"

"Yes!" and the young face grew radiant with light and joy.

"Mary, love," she said after a little while. "I must answer dear Adeline's letter directly, you know. But I can't write nicely enough, I think. Will you do it for me?"

"Yes, whenever you like, dear. Only you must tell me what to say."

"Well, you can tell her she knows how much I love her—and how much I thank her for the watch she has sent me. That I often think upon her, and pray for her; and desire her to do so, also, for me. And tell her too, how very happy I am, and of the great love I feel in my heart for God and everybody. And that I shall soon be a bright angel, Mary, for I am going to heaven to see Jesus and be with Him for ever."

"But, my love," said Mary, through her tears, and clasping her arms fondly around Eulalia's

neck, "Adeline does not believe—does not think Jesus is God you know."

"Oh dear! I forgot," said the child mournfully. "I know she doesn't. These are things, Mary, I can't understand. I cannot tell how people can help believing the truth. But dear Adeline has no one to tell her; else I'm sure she would believe in Him."

"And I'm sure of that too," said Mary.

"There's papa, too," said Eulalia abstractedly. "Well, Mary," she resumed, suddenly gathering herself up, "you must tell her about Jesus, and how happy He has made us. Can't you send her a New Testament? Why, yes—as *my* present in return. That would be excellent, wouldn't it?"

"I will, then," said Mary. "And now come with me, and we will show your present to papa; and then we'll go and write the letter."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IMMORTAL HOPES.

“Above the crowd
On upward wing could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.”

LATE in the evening of the following day, Mary was seated at her little reading table, in a retired room. But it was night now, and she gazed with fond affection upon the silvery moon, and the brilliant heavens set with hosts of silent stars. A quiet softness breathed over her fair countenance, and at length as she looked, her admiration was murmured forth in a low melody of words.

“At such a time as this, when all creation unites with joy and thanksgiving to offer grateful incense to its Creator, can man, ungrateful man, remain unmoved? We cannot look upon the earth we inhabit, smiling in gladness and beauty, without feeling how good is the Lord our God, and how greatly blessed are we in having such a Father, in being the objects of his tenderness and love. All the riches, all the beauties of nature

He has created, to minister to our happiness, and not for themselves. The glowing heavens, the trees, the fields, so superbly attired; the effulgence of the morning sun, the exultation of the brute creation; the hum of bees, and the songs of birds; the smiling flowers, all join to announce to man the goodness and bounty of his Maker and Preserver. To all these creatures reason has been denied, yet joy animates them all. But how much more happy ought we to be, who are so much more beloved by Him! for how highly has He exalted us above them all: even, perhaps, to a position more privileged and blessed, to a relation more holy, honourable, intimate, and endearing, than any other beings in the whole universe besides; for He has made us children to Himself by redeeming us with the blood of His own Son. It must be so; for His own word tells us that hereafter He will require us to sit in judgment over angels. Eternal Father! Thou art too sublime for our finite capacities to comprehend Thy majesty. We lament that our stammering earth-bound lips know not how to glorify Thee in language adequate to Thy due. Thou art all in all. May it be the hourly ambition of our existence, as Thou lovest us so immensely, so unspeakably, to preserve ourselves, by a pure and holy life, objects worthy of Thy love, and never grieve Thee by indifference to the demands Thou hast upon our hearts."

There was a faint rustle in a thicket of rose in front of the window, and a hushed footstep on the grass; and then Mr. Eder emerged from amongst the blossoms, and stood before her.

“Miss Cohen !” he exclaimed, with evident surprise, “ I heard a soft voice, but I imagined it came from a speaker in the garden.”

“ I thought I was more alone,” said Mary, blushing deeply, “ else I should have been more careful.”

“ I also have been abandoning myself to the luxury of this stillness—it makes one poetical.” He paused for a few moments, and then resumed—and there was a quiver in his voice—“ Miss Cohen, I have long watched for a convenient opportunity of speaking to you alone. Can you give me permission to do so now?”

“ Oh, certainly, sir,” replied Mary. “ Pray come inside and be seated,” she pursued, as she unfastened the glass door that opened from the room into the garden.

She placed a seat for Mr. Eder, and then took one herself; but he continued standing.

“ Miss Cohen,” he said slowly, at last, “ when I have revealed to you what occupies my heart, you will easily believe that, at this moment, my feeling must be imperfectly under command. But I will try to relieve you of all unpleasant suspense; and to waste no time in unnecessary circumlocution.

“Since my introduction to you by David, a few months ago, I have lived in a blissful dream. Like the others whom it has pleased you to graciously refuse, the magic influence of your loveliness I have found resistless and invincible. Your innocence and beauty have created around me a world of enchantment. When you were present, my felicity was complete—if you were absent, my existence was aimless and an intolerable blank. But you were not mine! Would you ever be? What I suffered to make the venture!—yet little if successful. What right had I to hope to gain such a treasure?—a treasure of which I should be prouder than Alexander could have been of all his conquered worlds. I felt I could part with everything in life for you, who were to me—life, everything. I could have endured anything for leave to call you mine. Oh, that one comprehensive word! Mine while existence lasts—mine to cherish and uphold—mine for earth and heaven. The thought was a foretaste of celestial bliss. You answer to all this—that I dream. Be it so. That I must soon awake—I do not believe it. That my love is merely ideal—It is idealized reality. And at any rate the remembrance is mine—the undying memory of a vision unparalleled by all other dreams of life. Miss Cohen,”—and sinking on one knee before her, he respectfully took her hand, while his voice subsided from the energy of passion to the softness of

melting tenderness — “Do not withdraw your hand. Listen to me as, in three little words, I pour out before you my whole soul and heart— I love you!”

“In selecting me, Mr. Eder,” said Mary in a quiet voice, disengaging herself, and rising to her feet, “In selecting me as the person to whom you are willing so awfully to entrust your future all, I feel how great is the honour you have placed upon me; and I thank you very much for your kind intentions. But the events which have lately happened in our family, and the things and feelings with which I am surrounded, make it impossible I can be interested in such an engagement as you propose. Therefore, with an assurance of deep consideration for your feeling, I must decline any further conversation upon it.”

And as Mary concluded, she began to leave the room.

“Miss Cohen,” said Mr. Eder, “don’t leave me without one word. May I live upon the hope that some future time will find you more inclined to favourably listen to my suit?”

“I cannot allow you to think so, sir. The decision I have just uttered will be final.”

“I can be very patient. Ten—twenty years?”

“Were it possible I could describe to you the pain inflicted on my woman’s feelings, by dashing back your hopes in the way I am obliged to, you perhaps would scarcely believe me. Let that

pass. Listen to me," and Mary's bosom swelled with the huge effort required to make the revelation, "I have long felt condemned, because I have not before made this confession—I am glad I have power to do it now. You will feel, Mr. Eder, that you and I must be for ever separate, when I tell you that I believe—in Jesus of Nazareth."

"Good God!"

"Sir!"

"Pardon me. It was a surprise. I could not have expected it."

"Nor I. It is an unspeakable mercy, sir, that has led me, from the dreadful darkness and uncertainty of Judaism, into the broad and pure light of the gospel of Christ."

"Oh, Miss Cohen, I am very sorry. Do you think upon the consequences? You will be cited before the Session of rabbis."

"I know it. And I shall be excluded from the synagogue — perhaps also from my father's house. My name will be blotted from among my people. I shall have to pass through afflictions, to me strange and terrible. Yet, weak as I am, I feel unmoved. My Redeemer has made me acquainted with the weapons of victory, and shown me how they are to be used. He has done more—He has told me of the rewards and blessings which those who conquer shall in the end attain."

"Why, by the law of Moses, you are punish-

able with death. How, Miss Cohen, will you ever bear what will be done? No Jew will speak to you—sent amongst strangers—separated from your family—not even allowed to be buried with them.”

“I know all this. But God will save my body by the resurrection of Jesus, as He has my immortal spirit. A period of trial is coming—trial dreadful, unutterable, to nature. But God will hide me under the shadow of His wings; and if He see fit will frustrate every scheme which may be formed against my peace. It is to the animating influence of such assurances as these, that I owe the indomitable courage I feel—tranquil hope as I proceed, and beatific visions of immortal bliss.”

“This will grieve David sadly.”

“I have no doubt—I am quite willing he shall know it. I say so because my apprehension is, that you will think it proper to tell him, and perhaps my father also. I am prepared for it, I hope: and if that is your feeling, you must not consider me a moment, but discharge your duty.”

“I wish, Miss Cohen,” said Mr. Eder mournfully, “you had not made me your confidant. If I say nothing, I am liable to the same punishment as yourself. It is very hard. I am glad, however, that as I go away so early to-morrow, I shall not have any time to speak of anything of the kind.”

“As to making you my confidant, Mr. Eder,” said Mary, in a dignified voice, and she drew herself up as she spoke, “you know I did not seek your confidence. I told you what you requested was impossible—you seemed not to believe me. You must now excuse my staying here any longer.” And Mary left the room. She had spoken loftily and strong; but her little heart was full—for, oh! what would be the consequence of that evening’s confession? Separation from father, brothers, friends, swum dizzily before her eyes. “Thine is the kingdom, O Lord! and Thou art exalted head above all,” she exclaimed with her tearful eyes directed upwards, as she entered her own peaceful room. And throwing herself upon her knees, she sought the tranquillizing and hallowing influences of prayer. For a long time she continued there, holding precious communion with the Father of her spirit; and then she arose calm, strengthened, happy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DROPS FROM THE HEART'S DEEP SEA.

“OH! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away —
For hopes that like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.”

GEMS OF SACRED POETRY.

THE largest drawing-room in Earl Vernon's house was occupied by revellers, who, with himself, were freely indulging in the delicious wines that burdened the table.

Their uproarious voices were borne faintly in to a small but elegantly furnished room, in a retired part of the house. A single lamp threw around a flickering uncertain light, that dimly disclosed a woman's form, extended at full length upon a couch at the farthest end. Her bowed head was leaning upon her hand. Her brilliant robe of snowy satin fell in rich folds around her exqui-

sitely moulded person. The pearls that gleamed upon her arms were scarce whiter than the wrists they encircled, and the jewels that sparkled amidst the dark braids of her hair—like stars in a midnight sky—seemed hardly more bright than her large mournful eyes.

Suddenly she lifted her head—revealing the beautiful features of Adeline—and began to rapidly pace the room.

Days and weeks had passed away since Isaac had bidden her farewell, but each one bowed the spirit of that poor girl nearer and nearer to the earth. Everyone that looked upon her felt, that a great and fearful sorrow had blighted her heart in its spring-time. To some who knew what it was, and who loved her, it was worse than death to behold her anguish, and to see her thus fading away before their eyes; and they no power to assuage her grief, or to give new life to her drooping spirit.

In company she strove to please her husband, and to be to others “a thing of life and joy,” by appearing, as had been her wont in early years, happy and light-hearted, and by zealously promoting the delight of all around. But the consuming sickness of the soul was revealed in the dim and misty deeps of her eyes; and the smile with which she sought to wreath her trembling lips, was but a sad mockery of the thing that had formerly been so bright and joyous. Yet, in its

beam, there still lingered a charm that was irresistible. And that afternoon, when she had been called to play the Griselda in presence of her husband's mistresses, the crimson drapery cast a softened shadow over her delicate cheek, and lent a deeper hue to her beautiful eyes, that were raised so graciously to the countenance of that stern-browed, unprincipled man by her side, with an expression in which were mingled all the tenderness and devotion of woman's heart.

God had given her a sweet babe, a beauteous little cherub as ever was invested with the veil of mortality; and the mother worshipped it, and folded it in her heart, with feelings amounting almost to idolatry. Not so Vernon. It brought no softness into his low nature. He spurned it away when, with a sad smile, she first presented it to him. He called it a “Jew's cub,” and swore, with filthy oaths, that it was none of his, but belonged to some “greasy-bearded old-clothes'-man.” A pang of horrid agony cleft Adeline's heart almost in twain; and she bent over its sweet face, and kissed its pure lips, and hung over its beauties in longing love, and bathed it in thick-flowing tears: they saved her heart from completely breaking.

Hours glided away—heavily to Adeline—and she heard the sound of departures. Vernon's voice was amongst them; and she directly assured herself that he had gone, with companions as

debauched as himself, to conclude the night elsewhere. A darker shade of grief tinged the face of the stricken, suffering woman, and she sat down buried in weary thought.

Harsh tones sounded along the passages, and echoed upon her ear; and she heard the quiet reply of a favourite maid. She knew whence the loud language came: it was the voice of a low woman, who, with her sisters, had kept a boarding-school at a watering-place, but whom Vernon had lately picked up, and duly installed into her privileges as his mistress.

She drew the scarlet drapery, which lent something gorgeous to her appearance, more closely around her person, and, with compressed lips and an unfaltering step, she left the apartment, and descended the stairs to the room whence the noise proceeded.

“Miss Martin! I cannot allow this display. Emma, what is it?”

“Your ladyship told me to do nothing for anyone else, till I had finished the work you set me this afternoon; and Miss Martin has been ordering me to begin some for her the first thing to-morrow.”

“But you will still do exactly as I ordered you, Emma,” said Adeline.

“I meant to do so, my lady, and I told her so; and then she abused me, and threatened to get me discharged.”

“Impudence!” said Adeline, with quivering lips. But her profound calmness immediately returned. “Take no notice, Emma, but proceed as I desired you.”

“I will have you know, madam,” said Miss Martin, trembling with rage, “that I also have power to command, and that I also will be obeyed. I presume,” she pursued, with a bitter smile, “that the Earl has quite as much right to delegate his power, as he had reason to transfer his affections.”

“At least, you shall find that I am supreme mistress here in the absence of my husband,” said Adeline, as she touched a bell. A footman appeared in answer to the summons.

“Edwards, wait to open the door, and show that woman out.”

“As I don’t intend to go, his office will be a sinecure,” replied Miss Martin, with a sneer.

“Edwards,” said Adeline, at the same time passing out of the room, “you hear my commands. If they are resisted, you are to use all proper means to eject her from the house.”

“You shall see my power, you ——,” screamed Miss Martin; and she screamed something more abominably offensive still. “I’ll make you pay for this!” and, seizing a decanter from the table, she hurled it at Adeline. But, happily, she had passed out, and it broke in harmless splinters against the door. Had the woman been a little

earlier, the consequences to Adeline might have been serious; for it appeared to strike very nearly in the position of her head as she passed out of the room.

Adeline wearily ascended the steps to her bedroom. She opened the door very silently. There was no sound—nothing but the soft low breath of the precious little sleeper that lay, so white and angel-like, amongst the shadowy folds of the lace draperies of the bed. Adeline stooped over the little seraph with that thrill of glorious rapture which only a mother can feel, and showered down upon it the soft dew of her relieving tears. Thought after thought came stealing through her mind with a serene and heavenly power. Like the waves of the summer sea at sunset, so gently rose the waves of love in her heart, moved by new and most endearing sympathies.

The hour of midnight had long struck; still Adeline sat watching for her husband. All was still; for even the faithful porter had fallen asleep in the hall below. She went into an adjoining room, and, pulling aside the curtains of a muffled window, opened it and sat down, heedless of the chilling night-wind; for her brow was hot with longing thought, and the light breeze revived her. And then she raised herself to her feet, and began walking that solitary room. But her step now was

feeble and slow, her long hair had become loosened, and fell in negligent and unconfined masses about her neck and shoulders.

At last she heard the bolts of the door removed; and after a few more minutes of painful suspense Vernon, highly intoxicated—or, as the word goes for people in his position, highly “elated”—staggered into the room, to which he had been assisted by the servant. His coat was dabbled in dirt, and on his back one of his companions had gummed the label of a doctor’s bottle—“A third part to be taken, with a pill, every five hours.”

“Hodges, tell my valet,” he called out, as, led by Adeline, he tottered into a chair.

“No, no,” said Adeline, “don’t expose yourself to him. I’ll assist you to take your coat off. Lie on the bed a few hours, and you’ll be much better.”

“Well, Adeline, I believe you’re right,” he said pensively, and trying to look up in her face affectionately. Then, with an attack of that penitence which is quite an epidemic amongst gentlemen in a similar condition—at any rate, Vernon was invariably afflicted with it at such seasons—he resumed, “Adeline, I know it’s wicked, what I do—yes, I know it; but I don’t *love* anyone else but you—that’s one consolation to me. I’m a great sinner to you—ain’t I? I ought to be hung—hic—you’ll forgive me what’s past and gone, my love, though, won’t you?”

“You know I can and do forgive you,” replied Adeline. “I should think much better about you if I did not believe that all this sorrow will be forgotten, and you will continue to be unkind to me, and to keep abandoned women in my house.”

“You mean Polly Martin. I’ll pack her off to-morrow—see if I don’t. Oh, how pretty you do look, you darling creature,” he said, folding his arm tenderly about her waist, and pulling her to his side. “I love you. Let’s have a kiss.”

Adeline pressed her pure lips to his, on which the pollution of stranger touches still lingered, and then said,

“Come, you must allow me to place you on the bed—you want sleep.”

“I love you, Adeline,” he exclaimed fervently as he laid himself down.

“I know it,” she replied kindly.

“Adeline, I love you,” he pursued.

“Yes—try to sleep;” and she kissed him again. Then he began singing his favourite song—

“ ‘Two blue-bottles, two blue-bottles,
Two blue-bottles sat on a mile-stone —
One flew away, and then
‘One blue-bottle, one blue-bottle,
One blue-bottle sat on a mile-stone —
Two more came, and then,
‘Three blue-bottles, three blue-bottles,
Three blue-bottles sat on a mile-stone,’ &c. &c.

“Oh, dear! I believe I want tuning—let’s try again:

‘I am in love with twenty:
I could adore as many more—
There’s nothing like a plenty.’

“Well—hic—a—as you say—a—Lady Vernon, love is a beautiful feeling—isn’t it? I’ll love and make myself happy—happy as the day my dear, my tender wife—

I’ll be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Chris—!

“Eugh! that—wine of Marshall’s!—vinegar!—it—hic—gripes me devilishly.” And, with a lumbering effort he rolled himself over, and let fall his great arm upon the infant that lay sleeping on the other side of the bed. He hurt it; it began to cry. Adeline took it up in her arms and tried to hush it.

“There, take away that squalling thing. I’ll have it drowned, like a kitten, in a tub.”

Adeline hugged the little blessing to her heart more tightly, as she passed away into another room. And having succeeded in quieting it, she placed it to repose in the flower-cup, and amongst the filmy curtains of its own beautiful couch. And then she sat down by its side, gazing with calm deep joy. It was a beautiful feeling—so shadowy and dream-like, yet real with the holiest

sympathies of our mortal life. Her spirit mingled with that sleeping innocence, and a sweet low thrill of love swept like a soft strain from the eternal melodies across her soul. There are a thousand nameless thoughts—for they are things so shapeless and mysterious—that come flowing from the labyrinthine deeps within our being, with a blissful, exalting influence, even in the darkest sorrow; like the imperceptible zephyr that stirs the delicate leaf.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VOICES OF THE SPIRIT.

THAT morning, at breakfast, Vernon was unusually thoughtful. And there was a softness and quietness in his tones quite extraordinary—the more so, as his mental organisation was such an ill-conditioned one.

“Something seems to oppress you this morning, my dear husband,” said Adeline to him, in her delicate, musical voice. “What is it? Not well, are you?”

“O yes, yes; I’m well enough,” he replied. He was standing when she spoke to him; and he moved over to her and kissed her. It was a thing he never did. Such a display of tenderness surprised and overpowered Adeline. It seemed he really intended to be kinder. And tears filled her eyes.

“Come then,” she said, taking his hands in her’s, and fixing her beautiful eyes on his, “you must let me bear part of it, you know. What is it?”

“Fact is, I’m in an ugly case. Got into a bit of a row.”

“Well ?”

“It was with Lord Selford. I wish I'd stopped home with you.”

“I wish you had. But pray go on—let me know all.”

“I gave him a tap on the ear.”

“Well, never mind, dear Alfred. Don't let it harass you. I think we shall be able to smooth it over. Come, sit down with me, and I'll write out an apology—you can copy it into a letter and send it off directly. You may safely trust me to guard your honour most jealously—you shall see when I've done. But you must express becoming sorrow, you know.”

“It's too late, Adeline, now. It's my cursed pride, you see. His is such an inferior family. He'd have accepted one then, perhaps. But I wouldn't.”

“And why not now ?”

“I'm going to meet him — fight him.”

“But that will be avoided if you apologize.”

“Good God! Lady Vernon. Why, I should never be able to show my face in society again.”

“And what will it matter to you what a few weak, misguided, mortals think? You will have acted worthily, nobly, greatly. It is this pains to please, this measuring of ourselves by the ever-fluctuating one-sided thoughts of other people, that makes our existence so weary and so hopeless. To stand up and allow yourself to be fired at,

Alfred, is a false sense of courage — believe it. It does not require a thousandth part of the courage to face death, that it does to nobly and undauntedly struggle against the sorrows and cold realities of life. The duellist is a gigantic coward — and the men whose good opinion is worth trying to gain know it. And beyond all that, I should not like to be called upon to decide how much less than self-murder is the sin of that man who, without any call of duty, wilfully and knowingly places himself in the way of destruction, and is killed. I do beg of you most earnestly to grant my prayer—you will never have a hostile meeting with Lord Selford.”

“If I was strong-minded like you, Adeline, I mightn’t care, perhaps, what they said. ’Twon’t do. I should cut my throat.”

“That Lord Selford is always shooting. He lives with a gun or a pistol in his hand. And you—did you ever fire a pistol?”

“Hardly ever.”

“Alfred, bear with me. I cannot allow you to go. It is horrible. You’ll be brought home to me murdered.”

“Lord! I hope not, Adeline.”

“Promise me.”

“No use—no use.”

“I’ll send Selford a letter—let him publish it—I’ll ask him to do so. In it I will tell him that you are not afraid to die—that you have the

courage to meet him ten times repeated. But there is another to consult. I am not willing; and I will not give you up. And I will ask him if he thinks it will be a seal to your manliness, your honour, your courage, to exhibit how recklessly you can place yourself in danger of making your wife a widow, and your child an orphan."

"And then they'll call me a smock, won't they?—tied up to my wife's apron-string."

"No; you will be called a MAN—glorious title!—make it yours."

"Won't do—won't do."

"Well, I have no more power to plead with you," said Adeline, tearfully.

"I don't like it. As you say, I'm not afraid of death, though. I feel a little down-hearted about it—a sort of—of—what d'you call it?—fatalism. I shall make my will."

"Oh, it's very terrible. So much weariness and excitement kills me. Where is it to end?"

"Now just get pen and ink, will you, Adeline."

"When have you appointed, then?"

"One o'clock to-day. My friends will be here at twelve."

"Then I must send Hodges for a lawyer."

"Lawyer?—no. You'll do better than any lawyer as was ever invented. I'll tell you what to say; and when Harrington and Arnold come, they can witness it. You shall be sole executrix."

“Will you acknowledge little Alfred! He is indeed your child.”

“I know it—I know it. I’ve been very wicked, Adeline—and now I see your goodness—maybe it’s too late.” And Vernon was really and deeply affected.

“Come now, miladi,” he resumed, “it won’t do to waste time like this. It’s eleven now. Take out some paper and begin. I haven’t got much for you to say—only I should like it put into your fine English.”

“I am ready,” said Adeline, as she sat down and took the pen in her quivering hand.

“Well, this is what I want said. My banker has, I think, about £740,000; this, with all my other property, real and personal—this house and my two country-houses, with all the furniture and grounds belonging to them—but it’s all included in saying all my property, isn’t it?—no matter, you know how to say it. Well, all this I bequeath to you. And I appoint you sole guardian of my son Alfred Steinberg Harcourt Clifford, to receive for him, and, as far as necessary, apply to his use, all monies produced by the estates belonging to the earldom, until he is twenty-one years of age. And for the disposal of these monies you are to account to no one but him, and that not until he has reached the age I have said. And of this, my last will and testament, I appoint you sole executrix.”

“It is finished,” said Adeline in a low, sighing voice, which touched every chord of the soul. For a mighty weariness and oppression filled up her heart, that throbbed so with a mysterious mingling of love, and pity, and terror. And then she handed it over to her husband, with the same look of indescribable import.

“That’s it,” he said. “Now, when they come, I can sign it. Mercy upon us! Lady Vernon, don’t look on me like that—you’re as white as death. Makes me feel chilly.”

“Pray have patience with me—I can’t help it.”

“I’m not done for yet, you know. Lord, Adeline, it’s only foolishness—you see. Flash in the pan, I’ll be bound.”

Adeline sighed heavily.

Twelve hours afterwards a pale, motionless figure, was stretched upon a bed in a hushed chamber in Earl Vernon’s house. And, watching over him, like some holy spirit, was a gentle-looking stately being; her large blue eyes were brimful of tears, and her lips quivered slightly as she bent her gaze full on his face.

How beautiful! how angel-like! is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may laugh at it, the heartless treat it with contempt, the selfish affect to despise it, the debauchee sneer at it. Pity them. Yet let them be forgiven — their loss is punishment enough.

While the holy feeling is still from God, still finds its echoes in the bosom of eternity, and breaks into purer brightness because of the dark clouds that would shadow it.

Wearily and faintly that slender woman knelt beside the couch, and kissed his dull cold cheek that lay half-buried amid the snowy pillows, while she bathed his burning brow with her fast-flowing tears. What mattered it to Adeline that the man who lay there had withered her heart in its young spring-time—had caused her soul to writhe in intensest agony—had defrauded and disappointed her, and sent her love's weak vessel, her woman's heart, to drift and crash amongst the rocks and breakers of falsehood and cruelty, which to touch upon is inevitable destruction? He was her husband, and in suffering. Enough. The intense glow of her love soothed its very agonies. It still flourished delicate and beautiful, a flower made up of heavenly dews and stormless skies, bending beneath the slightest breath of summer air, yet not breaking in the most relentless blast of winter. No clouds could obscure its loveliness, no frosts blight it, no tempests chill its ardour, no shades dim its pure brilliance. It shone in her first hour, it shone then, as it will shine till it mingles with its source in eternity, in one unclouded blaze of living light—like the dazzling brightness of summer suns and shadowless skies.

Still she knelt there; her soft white arm drooping lovingly over him, while her eyes were fixed steadily on those still, collapsed, features, eagerly watching for some sign of returning life. Vernon was dying. Adeline knew it. Four physicians had consulted over him. There was no hope—none. The ball had entered his right side, torn away part of the lung, and passed out a few inches behind the spot at which it had entered.

A tap upon the chamber door aroused her, and she rose to answer it. She started back as her eye fell on her own image reflected in the mirror, for its almost deathly whiteness frightened her. She opened the door, and placed her finger on her lip to impose a hush on the servant, who entered, bearing a lotion and various other medical preparations, and then as silently left again.

Adeline took up the bottle, and, pouring some of its contents upon a sponge, began to bathe his temples. She had not long been thus engaged, when he slowly opened his dim heavy eyes and looked upon her face.

“Adeline,” he murmured.

“How do you feel, my love?” Adeline whispered softly.

“Not much pain—but burning with thirst. Give me some drink.”

Adeline gently poured some between his lips.

“Adeline,” he said again, slowly. His thoughts seemed to wander.

She took his hand in hers, and kissed his hot lips.

“It is all as—you—said. I’m going.”

“Do you feel your great Redeemer’s arms supporting you in this important hour?”

“Not like I want. No. It’s dark—doubt. Pray with me again, that, as you say, I may be able to quietly give myself up to Him.”

Adeline fell upon her knees, and with the earnestness of womanhood, but the simplicity and innocence of a child, poured out her full heart into the bosom of her God. Her faith so vividly apprehended that love, and that rest, and that heaven for which she pleaded, that she seemed almost entering it, bearing Vernon with her, too, in the mighty strength of her spirit.

The flame of life was flickering in the socket, and Adeline, still kneeling, and placing her lips close to his ear, continued to murmur softly the glorious assurances unfolded in the Gospel.

“‘If our heart condemn us,’” she said, “‘God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.’”

“‘Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God.’”

“‘He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself; because he believeth the record that God gave of His Son.’”

“‘If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us. And if we know that He hear

us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.'

“ ‘ O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!’ ”

A clear unbroken beam of celestial beauty floated over the face of the dying, as he pressed her hand and murmured tremulously,— “ ‘ Thanks be unto God — who giveth us — the victory — through — our Lord — Jesus — Christ!’ ” With the last word his spirit passed away.

CHAPTER XL.

EVANISHINGS.

“There’s a land where those who loved when here
Shall meet to love again.”

SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

THERE is something so profoundly affecting in the contemplation of purity and innocence, that the sensitive and generous heart can never indulge in it without intensely delightful emotions — even to a rich luxury of tears. And if so much loveliness is still left as to image God on earth, if so much celestial love and holiness can be exhibited by the creatures of time, with the heavy clouds of a sinful sky constantly lowering upon them, marring their brilliancy and light, how lovely must be that sweet land where all life is blended in one flood of purity and beauty, where every sight and air is God! Strange! that we feel thus content to linger here on this cold bleak desert, when such immortal hopes are ours.

To live on such an earth—the prison-house of soul—yearning in vain for rest—where life’s one truth seems but — we might have been.

Oh! for yon brighter world!—the land of calm repose!—the rest of hush and peace!—our native sky!—our spirit's home! Where the soul's chords—echoes of the voices of eternal melody—that here, amidst these poisonous airs and darkening mists, sound only one painful pleasing sigh-like note, lost often amidst the angry surges of grief and desolating anguish, may breathe forth their deepest, richest, purest music; where our feet shall untiringly wander amongst the pearl caves and perfumed bowers, on the soft green marge of the waters of eternal life.

A carriage drew up to the hall-door of Mr. Cohen's house, and a gentleman alighted. The porter had been ordered to anticipate all comers; so he was opened to immediately.

“Good morning, Miss Cohen,” he said to Mary, who at the moment happened to be passing through the passage. “Where shall I find your sister?”

“She is up stairs, sleeping, just now, sir,” replied Mary.

“Oh, well,” answered the physician—for one it was—“I shall not need to awake her, I think. Has there been an accession of more favourable symptoms?”

Mary's eyes were brimful of tears. Her lips quivered—she could not speak. They turned up the staircase together.

The room into which they entered was an elegant apartment, fitted up with the nicest adapta-

tion to all the refinement of female taste. Indeed, it was Mary's drawing-room; and where, in the society of Eulalia she occupied many precious hours. Everything in it was now thrown into strong relief by the mellow light of an afternoon sun, stealing through a trellis work of vine leaves and other plants, that hung rich and luxuriant about the walls of a greenhouse adjoining.

On a silken couch at the end lay a sweet child; sleeping so tranquil, so softly, that the beholder drew in his breath with an involuntary hush. For he felt he was looking on a being around whose pillow angels were watching, and whose happy spirit was wandering amidst the peace and loves, and inhaling the gentle airs of heaven.

She was a beautiful child! At that precious age when the eyes are fraught with the ever-brightening intellect within, and the mind begins to go forth in search of truth, and takes a deepening interest in what before gave delight, only because it was brilliant or impressed with the freshness and beauty of life.

She was a lovely child! and all over her face was diffused one of those cherub smiles which awaken the heaven-born feelings of humanity, even after they have long seemed wholly crushed within the breast.

Oh, it was the darling little Eulalie! and her countenance, in all its smiling beauty and soft

bloom, was revealed in the repose of her morning slumber. The golden hair lay in richly undulating waves about her fairy temples, and down upon her shoulders, and floating in exquisite relief over her snow-white dress.

The physician looked on her for a moment; and then he took up her tiny wrist, very gently, lest he might awake her. Her pulse thrilled like a tense harp-string after it has been touched.

"Do you think her better, sir?" asked Mary, in a trembling voice.

"Not better, not better," he said thoughtfully, and still looking on the fair sleeper. "At the same time, I think, as before, there is nothing to excite serious apprehension. My hopes that we shall save her, amount as nearly to conviction, as in such a contingent case they can be."

Mary sobbed, and shook her head slightly.

"Come now!" he said cheerfully. "It is not well to despond, when there really exists no reason for it."

"She will never be well again," said Mary in a mournful, sighing voice. "She knows it, and so do I. It is of no avail that we try to hold her back. She is not for earth."

"Such feelings are a mere superstitious dread, which often results from illness of a nature at all calculated to prove fatal. You should conquer them."

"They are not superstitious in this case. She

is already half away from earth. Her little heart lives in God; and so He is going to take her away into His bosom completely."

The physician reflected a little.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "you really must not express these things to her. You must always be cheerful in her presence. And until there is positive danger at least, assure her she is not going to die."

"And why?"

"Her weakness is excessive. Her spirits must always be kept from declining to a mournful train. Much depends on that—in truth, without it medicine will be valueless."

"Mournful!" said Mary. "Why, sir, she was never more truly calm and cheerful. She rejoices in the knowledge that she is going; she pants to be in heaven; and has, ever since she felt it foreshadowed—which was before any decline in her health manifested itself."

The doctor looked thoughtful—with a mingling of incredulity. Accustomed as he was to death and dying, there was something in such feelings as these, altogether past his comprehension, and quite out of his usual style of operation.

"Well," he said at last, and he proceeded towards the door as he was saying it, "she is not so ill yet as to give alarm. I shall send some strengthening medicine when I return home. Good morning."

“No! my sweet, my lovely sister!” said Mary, bending over that beautiful face, until her quickened breath mingled with the soft rise and fall of Eulalia’s—“We cannot keep your angel-spirit here—it belongs to heaven. I know you are going from us. Oh! if I might follow!—if I might yield my spirit up with thine! But life’s rough sea may not by Mary be crossed so swiftly. I see the white tops of surges that must burst upon me yet. Jesus, my Lord, help me to say, Thy will, and not mine own be done.”

And Mary sat down in her usual place, at the head of Eulalia’s couch.

There was a soft holy smile; and Eulalia moved. The sunbeams shed over her a mellow delicious lustre. She looked upon them with a calm, satisfying happiness; and mingling with that glorious light that surrounded her, and the heavenly beauty that filled her being, she could hear the mystic whisper, “Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away.” And in her little heart arose the sweet answering echo, tranquil as the evening sky, peaceful as the last smile of summer, “I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine: His desire is towards me. Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth: His banner over me is love.”

It might not have been in precisely this lan-

guage of Holy Scripture that her soul breathed forth its reply—most likely it was not—but the spirit was there. For Eulalia could remember that; she had read it so often, and felt its answering throb in her heart, and thought how precious, how beautiful, it was—she did not, perhaps, understand its perfect meaning, as a matured Christian would have thought necessary—nor was it required—she knew it spoke of love—of love, great and unearthlike, like what she felt for God in her heart, and of that higher love for which she so longed—and she enjoyed the sweet word in all its richness; in it her spirit found enraptured repose, it made her so lovely and so happy—its fruition she would know when she passed within the veil.

“What are you crying for, my dear Mary?” she said, when, for the first time, she became aware that her sister was standing near her. For seeing that Eulalia’s spirit was in a still, thoughtful, self-contained mood, Mary had not spoken.

“Do not mind, my love,” replied Mary, drying her eyes, “it is gone now; kiss me.”

“I cannot bear it when I see you unhappy—even if it is only a little,” said Eulalia, flinging her white arms around her sister’s neck.

“Neither am I, dearest. I am sad perhaps—but certainly not unhappy. You must be so kind as not to notice it. It is a warm, tranquil afternoon, shall we walk around the garden, and

look at your flowers? Are you strong enough? Or, shall I carry you if you would like to go? And I think the light air will refresh you."

"Thank you, dear—Oh! I shall be very glad—for I like to walk with you, Mary—you know so well how I feel, and talk to me of beautiful things—such as make me happier."

"Stay one moment then," said Mary, "while I put on your *negligée*."

"Adeline has not come, I suppose?" said Eulalia.

"No, my love. Nor do we expect her until dinner time, perhaps. That was the time she said, you remember."

"Yes, I recollect. But as I long to see her so much, I am hoping now every minute."

They walked into the fragrant garden, and sat down upon the accustomed seat before the fountain. They looked upon the pure waters rising and falling in the sunbeams, and murmuring with a sweet joyous eloquence—upon the flowers trembling with happiness, upon the stooping trees, the bright gladsome birds, the crystal skies—upon which Eulalia would so often gaze, and gazing lose herself in golden dreams—in dreams of bliss. The multitude might pass the same scene heedless—but oh! it was a perfect melody and joy to one, whose spirit lived in music, and breathed itself away in love!

"I feel a soft peace, Mary," said Eulalia,

when they had looked awhile. "But, I am quite sad to day—I have been most of the day. I could cry so, there is such a weight on my heart."

"And what is it makes you feel so, my precious?" said Mary.

"Why, dear, papa does not believe Jesus—no one but you does in the house. It is so dreadful. It hurts me so, and I cannot rejoice. You know I have long felt I must speak to papa about it; and this morning, when he came to me while I was in bed, to see if I was better, I did speak to him. And he seemed so grieved, that I have been troubled ever since."

That Eulalia had spoken to her father, Mary knew. For the child, in the simplicity of her heart, having told all that had led to her knowledge of the Saviour, he had called Mary to an interview about it. To the father and daughter this conference was a painful one. He was horror-stricken, and shed abundance of tears, at what he thought the evil that had befallen his house. Of his children—and it might be his two daughters, Mary and Eulalia, especially—he was fond beyond the love of fathers. But now, the stern law of Judaism required that, as Mary was of full age to be accountable for her actions, he must either name her "apostasy" to the Rabbis, or share in its results. The struggle which the Jew feels in such a position, is deep and

terrible—one which no Christian can tell, or even imagine.

“We will pray for him, my love,” replied Mary. “We will be more earnest in requesting that Jesus will guide our dear father; that He will direct him, and by the power of His Holy Spirit teach him how he may be reconciled to Him. And we shall be heard in what we ask, dear—we have always proved that, haven’t we?—and besides, we have the encouragement of His promise, that He will answer the lightest requests of his children, and fulfil their smallest desires.”

“Yes! oh, yes!” said Eulalia, and her pure face grew radiant with holy joy. “And that makes me happy. I have spoken to Him about many things that hurt me, or that I wished for, and He always gives me everything I want to make me happy. And He will this—I’m *sure* of it, Mary,” she pursued, looking steadily at her sister.

“Oh, my beloved!” said Mary, clasping Eulalia to her throbbing heart. “Do you indeed expect this blessing from our good Father?”

“Oh, yes, dear—not while I live, perhaps—though I hope for it before I die. But I know Jesus will show sweet papa that he must love Him, that He is God, as I have asked Him to, because it refers to His kingdom, and that is a request He has said positively He will accept; and I am sure He will keep His word to me.”

“Your confidence, my sweet love, infuses new strength into me,” said Mary, with a tremble of deep feeling in her voice. “I feel much about it: but I know God will fulfil all His promise to you.”

“I do love Jesus so, Mary, and I can’t understand how everybody doesn’t. Such a beautiful, kind, loving Being as He is—always smiling upon us—and making us so peaceful and lovely—I cannot think how anybody lives without Him. I am sure I couldn’t now—it would kill me to think of it.”

A light graceful figure, clad in the garments of widowhood, glided along the lawn, and entered the long avenue of trees that led to where Mary and Eulalia were sitting. Eulalia was the first to observe her.

“Oh, Mary, dear, there is Miss Steinberg!” And, running to meet her, she was the next moment, with many a hug and kiss, folded in Adeline’s arms.

And then there were fond greetings, and tender embraces, and endearing questions, and soft tears; and then Adeline seated herself beside Mary, with Eulalia on her knee.

“My precious Eulalia is not well,” said Adeline, drawing the child up more closely to her bosom. For Mary had just whispered of her declining health. Since no mere general observation would be likely at once to detect it: it only

revealed itself in that bright immortal light which lit up the deeps of her beautiful eyes; in an increase of paleness at one part of the day and of hectic at another, and a gradual prostration of strength, so that she could not play nor ride so long nor so often as she was wont.

“I am going home — home to my Jesus — that is all,” said the child, in an absent, wandering voice. “I shall soon be well for ever — for I shall be where I want to go — where I shall see Him who loves little children — who died that I might be with Him and love Him for ever. Oh, that goodness! It makes me almost die when I think upon it. Miss Steinberg, do you love Jesus?”

“Yes, my beloved, Adeline loves Jesus gratefully, deeply, with all her soul. And, if it were possible, she loves Eulalia more than ever for sending the New Testament, and directing her to those beautiful parts in it, which describe the Redeemer’s wondrous goodness so sweetly; and for writing that delightful letter telling me about Him, and what you enjoyed. Oh, I thank you, dearest — thank you inexpressibly. It has been my support, my hope, my peace. In reading of Him and trusting in His love, I have found the place of repose for which my spirit so long yearned. Eulalia, my precious Eulalia, has been the blessed means of leading me to the fountains of happiness and rest.”

“Oh, it is beautiful!” said Eulalia, weaving her hands fondly around Adeline’s neck, as Adeline hung over her to kiss her pale rose lips. “We shall all be in heaven soon. Oh, I like to think of that!”

“Yet, my dear, you are not going to die, perhaps; and I certainly cannot suffer myself to think you are.”

“But, I *am*, Miss Steinberg,” said the child in a still quiet voice.

“Why will my Eulalia think of leaving us then? None of us can part with you.”

“It will be only a little while. Everything tells me I am going away from here—I hear it whispered amongst the flowers when I walk—I hear it when I lie down on the lounge thinking, and when I am in bed of nights. And I *feel* it too. This place is so unkind, and so much sorrow and trouble, it makes me ill to know it—and I am not able to stop it—and my Father will take me to live in His own sweet paradise; where pain and unkindness and sorrow can never come, where there is nothing but love and joy. That lovely place!—doesn’t it make you happy to think of it, Miss Steinberg?—I am glad I am so near it—I long to be there.”

“There is the dinner bell,” said Mary, dashing away the big tear-drop from her long eyelashes. “We must go in, my dear, now.”

CHAPTER XLI.

THE INFANT DISCIPLE.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

LORD JESUS CHRIST.

“MARY,” said Mr. Cohen, as they passed in-doors, “I want you a moment.”

“Yes, father,” she replied, following him into a parlour.

“Oh, my dear child,” he said, in a voice made up of bitterness of soul and the yearnings of profound affection, “would to God I had died before this happened!”

Mary could make no reply; her spirit was dying within her. Exhausted already, by the conflict produced on witnessing the grief of her father whom she loved — oh! how tenderly, how devotedly, she loved! — she was able to endure no more.

“Well,” he said, collecting himself, “I did not come to upbraid you; I must give you up into the hands of Jehovah. What I wish to ask is, whether — as you know your family must not eat with you now — you would prefer to have your

dinner at a separate table from us, or in a different room?"

"I will go into my own drawing-room, my dear father," replied Mary. "But do not trouble to send me dinner, for I believe I cannot take anything."

"Mary!" he said, and this time there was fretfulness in his voice, "I think you might strive how little you could add to my sorrows. I shall send you your proper food, and I shall expect to know that it is eaten. Now, my dear," he pursued, taking up her hand and kissing her, "let me be made happy in this thing."

"Thank you, dear," replied Mary, faintly, "I will do anything I can, to lessen the pain I know you feel about me — and to show you how much — how much more than ever — I love you!"

Deep was the anguish which tore Mr. Cohen's bosom, as he turned from the room. Oh, hard Judaism! How dost thou rack the noblest, most beautiful affections, how dost thou crucify the loveliest sympathies of the human heart!

Now Mary and Eulalia always occupied a place at the table next to each other; and the numberless little endearing attentions which she paid the child, made her seat, if from some call of duty or pleasure she ever was absent, a void which nothing could fill up.

"I must go and see what keeps dear Mary so long — it's rather strange," said Eulalia, who

noticed that things were progressing towards a distribution of the edibles, and yet she did not come.

“Can’t my darling feel comfortable?” asked her father.

“O yes, papa : but I want to know about Mary. I don’t like her being away so long ; I want her here.”

“She is not coming here yet, my dear,” said Mr. Cohen.

“Why not, papa ? She left the garden to come.”

“Yes ; but there might be something which she did not think of then.”

“I can’t feel right without I see,” said Eulalia.

“Now, my dear, quiet yourself, and let me serve you,” said Mr. Cohen. “We think it better she should stay away ; and she thinks so too.”

“Then I must go where she is,” replied the child. “I’m so happy with her.”

“Sir,” said Adeline, rising to her feet, “I did not ask myself whether you would obey the letter of the law in that respect, and refuse to allow a Christian, however dear, to eat at the same table with you—or rather, perhaps, I had not given myself time to think about it. I know the reason of Mary’s absence, and I will not allow you to eat with me ignorantly—I, also, believe in Jesus of Nazareth.”

“Why ! what is this ?” exclaimed Mr. Cohen.

“Oh, dear, dear papa !” said Eulalia, throwing herself into his bosom, and inlacing her little arms about his neck, “if that is it, don’t take dear Mary away from us—do let me fetch her.”

“But my love will not ask me to disobey God, so that I may please her, will she?”

“How can you disobey God, papa? It must always please Him to do what is good and kind.”

“Yet He chooses that Mary shall not be with us.”

“But she always has been.”

“Yes; but you know, Eulalia—for you told me so—she has changed her religion: and God says we are to be separate from any one who does that.”

“I don’t know what you mean by changing her religion, papa,” said the child mournfully. “I always thought Mary was very religious; and now she is better than ever she was.”

“I mean, Eulalia, that she has left the right way of serving God, for a wrong one.”

Eulalia’s little mind was bewildered. To her simple, trusting heart, the way in which Judaism attained its full and perfect beauty by merging into Christianity, was so clear, that she could not comprehend her father at all. And she was not old enough to reason about it for herself. Nearly all her notions of the Jewish religion were confined to her father’s house, and Adeline, and a few other friends; for she had never generalized suffi-

ciently to understand her people as a nation all professing one belief. She had been told that God had given the Jews a perfect law, that was to be kept till Messiah Ben David came; and that then they would have a new Temple, in which He would offer sacrifices; and that she was to pray for the coming of this Messiah. This was, perhaps, as much as she rightly knew.

“I feel sure Mary is right,” she said thoughtfully. “I know she is, because she talks to me so beautifully, and it is just what I feel. She always loved God; and now she knows that Messiah, Ben David, whom He promised should fulfil the law, has come, she loves Him too.”

“Hush, my dear! you know nothing of what you are saying.”

“Dear papa, I *do* know what I am saying. Mary loves Jesus; and so do I, and so does Miss Steinberg; and He loves us in return, and makes us—oh! happier than we could ever tell you, papa. Doesn’t He, Miss Steinberg?”

“Yes, indeed, my precious.”

“Oh! He is a beautiful God, papa. I love Him more and more; why don’t you love Him, dear? Oh! how delightful it would be—all waiting till He comes for us, to receive us to Himself as He says in His book, and to take us to those sweet mansions He has gone to prepare for us—He is coming to fetch me soon. I am so happy.”

“And may your happiness be increased, my lovely child,” said Mr. Cohen, bedewing her pure face with his tears. “I know God loves you.”

“Do love Jesus,” said Eulalia, turning upon him her mild, imploring eyes.

“I must not, Eulalia.”

“Not love *God*, papa? Not love Jesus, who died for us, papa, and prayed for us so sweetly—oh! I like to read that beautiful prayer—just as He was going to give Himself up to the wicked men, that He might be led away to suffer. Oh, dear! I can’t understand these things. It is killing me; I wish I was in heaven.”

And Eulalia buried her little head in her father’s bosom, and sobbed piteously. But her weak fragile frame could not endure such a conflict of feeling longer than a few moments; and then wearied and oppressed she fell listlessly, like a tired dove, in her father’s arms.

“Now, now, my darling,” said Mr. Cohen, in a tender, soothing voice, “don’t give way so. I will do anything rather than see you grieved. Don’t excite yourself. I’ll go to Mary, and ask her to come to you directly.”

“Thank you, thank you, dear papa,” said Eulalia, kissing him joyously. “Oh, I do *love* you so! I’ll go, if you will let me.”

“Yes, you go—but not fast, mind, because you are tired. Present my love to her, and tell her

we shall be glad if she will be so kind as to come to dinner with us."

Eulalia was lost to sight immediately. "Will you kindly stay, too, Lady Vernon?" he said in a quivering tone, for the struggle within was very great—law on the one hand, affection on the other. "I am dreadfully straitened; you and Mary, Christians! I can't realize it. I should have supposed anything rather than this. No matter—I must not think of that. The outrage to you, and Mary, and Eulalia, would be far more sinful than mingling with you in all things. Therefore take no notice, let me beg you—be to us exactly as you were in those—those—well," he pursued, with choking utterance, "let the sunshine pass unheeded—it seems given only to consume and torment us—life is made up of sorrows, we shall find peace in the grave."

For a moment, Adeline could not answer, for his words brought a world of delightful memories to her soul. "Then, sir, you must call me Adeline," she said, when she had collected herself,

"Why," he said, smilingly, "you are Countess of Vernon, you know."

"Nevertheless, I will dispense with the title, if you please," replied Adeline.

Mr. Cohen spoke of his beloved child's defection from Judaism, as he felt himself obliged to

do. But he accompanied it with an earnest request that—if he might urge nothing else—out of tenderness to the numerous family to which she belonged, she might be dealt with very gently. He could scarcely doubt that Mary would be constant to her profession; for she had told him so; and knew, therefore, it must result in her being severed from her people.

If, on looking round, he saw the glimmering of a hope, it was produced by a thought that, in Mary's examination by the chief rabbi, there was a possibility of the arguments used being sufficiently forcible to cause a renunciation of her faith. That was all.

Various ecclesiastical officers of the synagogue came to converse with her. She seldom refused them her presence; though sometimes, quite worn out by the fruitless, wearying, never-ending toil, she did so. Their instructions were of no avail. She modestly, but unshrinkingly, maintained her position; and as often compelled her discomfited questioners to beat a speedy and inglorious retreat. Nothing was left but to cite her before the chief rabbi.

The evening assigned for her to meet him came. Mary thoughtfully and devoutly prepared to encounter the fiery trial. At the dinner-table she, for the first time, met the rabbis and elders, who had come to finally examine her. They were kind—beyond mere politeness—and made no

reference to the thing which had convened them together. Mr. Cohen was ill of over-anxiety, and had not left his room through the day, with one exception of a few minutes.

Dinner being ended, the guests adjourned to another room. It was intimated that Mary was to follow.

“I shall do so in a very little while,” she said, as she passed out into the gallery to find Adeline.

In her own parlour she found her, with her arms interweaving the waist of Eulalia, who sat by her side.

“What will my sweet Eulalia do?” said Mary. “I have come to take Adeline away.”

“For long?” asked Eulalia.

“I cannot tell you, my love. It may be that you will see her no more this evening.”

“Well, I, of course, had rather she were not going; but I won’t be selfish, dear. Go; I shall not be alone—I never am, Mary. Those beautiful beings, all light and smiles, will talk to me—oh, those soft low voices!—like the sweet music that seems to hush the young roses to sleep, as we have watched them of an evening folding themselves quietly beneath the green leaves. Yes; go, Mary. I shall be quite happy.”

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SESSION OF RABBIS.

“Resigned, not bowed—
In sorrow, yet sublime; her very tears
Bespoke an infelt dignity: the grief
Softened the virtue, but could not subdue.
Exalted rather! as the humid haze
That dims the lustre of some radiant star,
Gives it apparent magnitude, and proves
The virtue of that pure, ethereal ray,
The envious exhalation could not blench.”

LINKED in each other's arm, Mary and Adeline entered the apartment in which the Inquisition were assembled. There were eight in all. Aben Baruch presided. Next him sat a favoured one—a Prussian proselyte—Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo Czatskigliuthklungblomerang, or some other equally learned name.

Do spare us a two minutes' description of the Baron. He was tall, of middle age—the *beau idéal* of slouched hat and cloud of feathers, bandit's cloak and silver-mounted pistols, sublime and sallow, mingled in equal proportions; and black

hair, falling like a London thunder-shower around the roll of a dark blue doublet and faded lace fall-collar, black whiskers and mustaches—*fac simile* of a pine forest—and black beard, wagging and courtseying with the motion of the jaw to which it was suspended, and falling over his knees in tempestuous waves, like an inky Velino, gave an exquisite finish to the effect.

Estimating himself according to his own opinion, and having a justly profound contempt for that of everybody else, no marvel that he entertained very superior views of his talents. In his own country he had been a patriot—discoursed eloquently upon the waste of public money—offered to be Prime Minister for only a third of the usual salary—subscribed one silver groschen, *i.e.* five farthings sterling, every week to the reform fund—took the chair at convivial parties, and talked the most touching things about the misery of man all over the world—that meeting in particular—and showed how much better everything might be done—gave dinners to great authors, and called it feeding and encouraging genius—and might have died, affectingly paragraphed in every patriotic newspaper, innocent of leaving any member of our unhappy race either better or worse than he found him.

But, like most talking geniuses, he was always a long way in advance of his understanding, and said a great deal more than he meant; and as his

capital consisted in great words rather than great ideas, what he said generally permitted the most exaggerated constructions, each one as likely to be true as another. So his eloquence produced his arrest.

If to be an imprisoned patriot will not confer happiness, what earthly thing will? Iron-shod tyranny, execrable meanness, manacled freedom, groans of the oppressed, staunch to his principles, glorious triumph of patriotism, inspiring spectacle, martyr to liberty—(and so exquisite as they look on a sheet of Snobson's super-royal)—must be enough to content any man. But just as Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo Czatskigliuthklung-blomerang began to get tired of his newly acquired dignity, and to think that the wet blanket which had been thrown on the "immortal fire" of his genius was a shocking waste of active, albeit the acme of passive glory, he formed a plan of escape.

He did escape. Gave his green cloak to an old woman, in exchange for her white apron, brown serge frock, black silk bonnet, and swallow-tailed cap—folded his slouched hat and plume of feathers under his arm—girded his sword beneath the petticoat of the gown aforesaid, and poked his pistols into the string—cut off his ringlets and his whiskers, and thought of doing so by his mustaches and beard—that would have been "the unkindest cut of all"—but his tears fell on the

shears, and he could not ; so he tucked it into the bosom of his frock, regulated the set of his cap-frills so as to hide as much as possible of his face, took a pot of rouge and arranged his complexion to his liking, and walked away, presenting an appearance half feminine, half centaur—he lacked the hoofs.

He arrived in England in perfect safety. “*L’absence diminue les médiocres passions, et augmente les grandes ; comme le vent éteint les bougies, et allume le feu,*” says Rochefoucauld. We make no comment — we merely observe that, once here, the baron quickly forgot his affection for Prussia and his concern for its people, became enamoured of the Jewish faith, was admitted into the synagogue, and thenceforth solely applied himself to rectifying all abuses amongst the people whose religion he had selected.

To return to the Session. Adeline and Mary seated themselves at a part of the table which was vacant, and farthest from the doctor. He looked at them a little, and then began to open some books very busily.

The whole course of events was conducted in the Hebrew language.

“This is a sorrowful duty, young ladies,” said the Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo, etc. etc., discharging a diamond arrow from his eyes, and speaking in a low, gentle voice, so that Adeline and Mary could hardly taste the treble-distilled

vinegar contained in his speech — it was cream of tartar.

“Slowly, slowly, brother,” interjected Aben Baruch, mounting his spectacles—or rather, discharging them from their sinecure office on his forehead, and placing them over his eyes. “Let our sister have no cause to complain — we will be orderly.”

“Humph !” ejaculated the baron — very much in the style of the swine’s reply to the lady in love with him; and they quietly proceeded to business.

Rabbi Aben Baruch commenced by measuring out several yards of sermon. It was divided into three sections. The first, setting forth their love for her, and her father, and her family; the second, their intense carefulness about her soul; the third, her breach of the Holy Law, by disobeying her parent and relatives. Having established these, he concluded with the following promises: —“Nothing but a paternal feeling of earnestness for your eternal welfare calls us together this evening. By dispensing to you our better light and higher knowledge, we wish to free you from that fatal delusion and snare which is thrown around you. To gain this end we proceed quietly and orderly. We shall be very patient with you; listen to all your answers to our questions, and to any remark you may see fitting to make.

“But much sooner would we hear you now,

without any word of ours, renounce that damnable infatuation that has seized upon you ; much sooner would we, this moment, receive you again within the bonds of our holy religion, with assurances that it and we shall love you better than before.

“ Is there anything you wish to say ? ”

“ Nothing, sir,” replied Mary. “ Except I might request you, in much mercy, to pronounce your anathema without delay. It is suspended over me ; and I know it. I cannot disguise from you that these proceedings fill me with terror ; do not protract them, I beseech you. Judgment there can be none — you have come here with only one idea ; which is, that I am given up to perdition. You are determined that nothing I can say, shall prove to you that the Messiah has come — if, indeed, you allow me to speak in His behalf at all. Oh, then ! Dr. Aben Baruch, spare me — shall I I say, for my own sake ? — a weak and trembling woman ! — Oh ; if not, if not, for the sake of my sister Hermon, your own daughter—for the sake of my father, and your relationship to him and to me — save me ! Do save me ! I shall never change — believe it ! ”

“ *Never ?* ”

“ Never ! ”

“ The devil ! ” was Aben Baruch’s qualifying remark.

“ I beseech you allow me to go,” said Mary.

“You have heard my declaration — what else you do can be done without me.”

“I have had a good deal of experience amongst the wicked, brethren, as you all can bear me witness,” said Aben Baruch, “and this is just the cursed obstinacy of all that adopt that Nazarene doctrine.”

“It is not obstinacy, sir, but my deep and solemn conviction,” answered Mary.

“Well, this is exceedingly depressing—very,” said Baron N. S. D. C. (excuse the ellipsis — his name is so long it makes our wrist ache) — “a young lady just beginning life — dear me. Why you mistake. Conviction — consistency of action — attention to results — mingled with good taste, should be our religion. You must see how ridiculous you are — we should always be true to ourselves — that is to the Divine mind — and then we see the rights of everything. For myself, what I want in money I make up in content — What I want in reality I make up in hope — and it’s the only way to be happy. I forget that I must die; and I look upon the fading leaves of my flowers. I quarrel with my wife; and I sooth my spirit amongst my tranquil roses. I get disgusted with the wickedness of the world; and I step into the sunshine, rejoicing that there is yet a bright side to it. My people cover me with slander; and, going into the garden, I shake upon myself a shower of golden blossoms from my

laburnum. I wonder what I am; and I look on the clouds, links between myself and the skies. I find my religion in everything."

He took off his slouched hat, and laid it on the table—the white feathers nearly swept the ceiling. He coughed a little—nervously; for he thought he had said something very fine: and so he had. Like a little friend of ours whom we once heard say to her mother, "Oh, mamma dear! I'm certain Mrs. Harland thinks a good bit of me, for I do talk to her in such dictionary words!" Her mamma was delighted! and interrupted her abstractions upon the materials requisite to produce two courses of culinary triumph, to kiss her.

"Miss Cohen will think of these things," said Dr. Aben Baruch.

"I think so," said the Baron, stroking his beard.

"It is a critical time, Miss Cohen," remarked the other rabbi. "Beware of what you are doing. God is willing to seek you now—mind lest He cast you off for ever."

"It is that, sir, of which I am careful; and I have a precious confidence that my care is not in vain. For sooner would he allow the stars to fall from their courses and crumble into nothingness, than forsake me, or permit any harm to befall me."

"Yes, if you do not apostatise."

"Nor have I. I believe Him; and for that He loves me."

“Have done with this,” said Aben Baruch. “Miss Cohen, I fear the devil has irretrievably taken possession of thee. Wretched girl! do you dare to commit apostasy? Do you dare take the speediest road to Gehenna? Do you dare fling from you the unutterable privilege of being one of the holy race? Dare you, I ask, dare you trample the religion of your father Abraham beneath your feet?”

“No. God forbid! Abraham’s Saviour is mine. The Law of Moses was the bud, of which Christianity is the flower and fruit. Yours is not the religion of Abraham—mine is. Oh! gentlemen, if I could only persuade you to be happy. Every part of Judaism contains within itself the evidence that it is a lie—how can you help seeing this?”

“Recreant! we must finish our work—it were adding sin to sin to talk with thee.”

“Yet, sir, what I have said is true; and in numberless instances I could prove it. You would not listen. Sir, again and again do you make God a liar, for, according to you, He denies Himself.”

“I will not—” screamed Aben Baruch, hammering the table.

“Sir,” interrupted Mary, “allow me one moment—I will be quick. The oral law, you say, is of equal authority with the written law, for God gave both.” She opened a book which she had brought with her. “Thus saith the Talmud,

‘By Divine appointment we are to *compel* all that come into the world to embrace the commandments given to the children of Noah. And whosoever will not embrace them is to be *put to death*.’ Thus saith the Lord, ‘Thou shalt do no murder; and he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death.’

“On the methods of evading the explicit command, ‘Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,’ the Talmud thus declares:—

“ ‘Whoever carries (that is a burden on the Sabbath), either with his right hand or with his left, or in his lap, or on his shoulder, is guilty; the last being the manner in which the sons of Kohath carried their load. But if he carries on the back of his hand, or drags, or pushes with his foot, or carries in his mouth, or shoves with his elbow, or carries in his ear, or tied to his hair, or in the purse of his girdle, with the opening downwards . . . or in his shoe, or in his sandal, he is absolved, *because he carries not in the usual way*.’

“ ‘If one person carry out a loaf into the public place (on the Sabbath), he is guilty; if *two carry it, they are not guilty*. When one alone is unable to carry it out, and two carry it, they are guilty, though Rabbi Simeon declares them to be free.’

“Now, to any one willing to believe his reason, it must be apparent on a moment’s inspection, that if God’s laws are to be thus frustrated, by

merely doing things in an uncommon manner, it would have been just as wise if He had given no commandment at all. There can, indeed, be no such thing as right and wrong.

“ ‘He who plucks a leaf,’ it goes on, ‘a flower, or a blossom, on the Sabbath, out of a perforated flower-pot, is guilty; but if the flower-pot be not perforated, he is absolved.’ The plain terms of that are—the common rule of making flower-pots is, that they shall have a hole in the bottom; therefore, to pluck a blossom from such common pots is sin. But a flower-pot without a hole in the bottom is an extraordinary thing; therefore, to gather a blossom from such a pot is no sin. But Rabbi Simeon absolves them in either case.

“ ‘If a person intend to carry out something behind him, on the Sabbath-day, and it should happen to get before him; or if he should intend to carry it before him, and it get behind him, he is guilty. The sages decide, indeed, that a woman who carries out something in her girdle is guilty, for it is liable to be moved.’

“ ‘In reference to the law of restitution, it is said thus:—

“ ‘If a beast eat a peck of dates, the property of another man, *dates not being its usual food, and not being supposed to nourish more than an equal quantity of barley*, the owner of the beast shall pay, not the value of a peck of dates, but only the value of a peck of barley.’

“ But the written law—the Law of Moses—says :—

“ ‘ He that killeth a beast shall make it good ; beast for beast ; breach for breach ; as he hath caused, so shall it be done to him again.’ ”

“ What follows is more wicked still. ‘ If a beast belonging to an Israelite, trespass and feed in the field of one who is not an Israelite, the owner of the beast is exempted from all obligation to make restitution. And in all cases of damage, *none but Israelites are allowed to be witnesses.*’ ”

“ I set aside the outrage which this is to the commonest sense of common justice, even as admitted amongst mortals, and come to the law and testimony given to Moses, your master.

“ ‘ *Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country ; for I am the LORD your God.*’ ”

“ Blasphemy ! blasphemy ! I have no more to say with thee, dog ! ” shouted Aben Baruch. “ Oh ! woman and wickedness, always together.”

Then he invoked upon her, and upon the infidel and idolatrous Goim* all the curses of the law, with such loudness of voice and extravagance of gesture, that his voice rung through the house. Hebrew, Cabbala, Arabic, Italian, were all put in requisition ; and finally, he broke forth, quite refreshed, in English, while uttering the most ter-

* “ Goim ”—Gentiles.

rible blasphemies against the Lord of Glory. The noise reached the ears of Eulalia; it frightened her, for she knew not what to make of it; and, gliding in through the door, she looked around upon the men, with trembling apprehension, for a moment; and then, throwing herself into Mary's arms, buried her little face in her neck.

The blasphemer, with distorted countenance and bursting veins, redoubled his invectives. Sin hates the presence of purity, as it hates God; and the sight of the holy child, seemed to arouse all the bitterest feelings in Aben Baruch's perverted nature. He cursed till his fevered tongue lost the power to articulate.

"Oh, how very wicked!" sobbed Eulalia, with a shudder, her head still bowed in her sister's bosom. "Lord Jesus, do, *do* forgive him, and make him a good man. Oh, He offers His love to you now; but if you do not be sorry for what you are doing, He will one day cease to be your loving Saviour, and become your Judge."

"Little serpent of hell!" hissed the Jew, between his clenched teeth. "I could fling thee into the sea, and send thee to Gehenna before thou doest more mischief."

"I would let you—I would be glad to die for you, if it could make you better," said Eulalia, through her tears:

"Incarnation of the devil!" said Aben Baruch bitterly, advancing towards Mary's seat. "On

God's behalf I smite thee!" and he struck the child upon the cheek.

"Wretched man!" cried Adeline, and the deep colour mantled her neck and face. "Abuse an infant! and that infant dying! Mary, come directly!—this is no place for us."

"No, no; she must stay yet," said the other rabbi.

"Hush, my precious!" said Mary, kissing Eulalia fervently; and their tears mingled. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. Great will be your reward in heaven." Turning to Adeline. "It seems they will have me stay. I will not do so long. But it will be best for you to take Eulalia away."

"No. I will not leave you here alone. Who knows what will be perpetrated next? At the examination of Rabbi Solomon Deutsch, for becoming a Christian, they drew knives, and declared they would murder him. It was with great difficulty that he escaped; and as that happened to be a secret meeting, they might have done so, perhaps, without it being known who committed it. I like not the appearance of some here tonight. I will not leave you."

"Do be quick, gentlemen," said Mary, "or I shall go. Why should I stay? I will not," and she moved towards the door.

"But you will, though," said an elder, fastening it.

“Unfasten that door instantly, sir,” said Adeline, drawing herself up in an attitude of queenly command. “If you do not, I will make myself hoarse in screaming for help. And, happily, here I shall be heard in the street as well as the house.”

“I may unfasten it,” replied the other. “But she will hear the finish.”

“Miss Cohen,” said the younger rabbi, “I ask you once more, and it is the last time, will you still believe in Jesus of Nazareth as your Messiah?”

“I do—I will—I ever shall: and very soon I shall be in heaven with Him.”

“Ha!” sneered an elder; and as he said it he spat in her face. Mary buried it in her handkerchief.

“Then hath God done with thee,” said the rabbi. “He hath spoken to thee, blaspheming apostate, by the mouth of us, His servants, for the last time. I pronounce that your name is cut off from your nation; that it is blotted from under heaven. Thou hast wilfully forsaken God, and would not hearken to His reproof, and now He hath forsaken thee; thou art an offence in His sight. I pronounce thee excommunicated; and every Jew who shall hereafter keep thy company, I pronounce against him the anathema of Jehovah, our Lawgiver and our King.

“Hear the curses of the Lord upon all those

who break the commands which He gave to us, His chosen people ; and against all those who are disobedient to His law, as promulgated by our lawgivers and prophets.

“ ‘Cursed shall be all thy substance.

“ ‘Cursed shall be thy dwelling-place.

“ ‘Cursed shall be thy going out, and thy coming in.

“ ‘Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body.

“ ‘The Lord shall smite thee with drought, and fever, and consumption. Thine enemies shall reign over thee. Thy food shall not satisfy.’

“ Finally, we pronounce our anathema against thy father, or any of our nation, who shall come near thee, or have aught to do with thee whatever. To us thou art as though thou wert never born among us.”

“ Now, sir, we will go,” said Adeline.

“ Yes. You are permitted, Miss Cohen, to remain with your father three days longer. That time being expired, no Jew may receive you into his house. You must be prevented all opportunity of preaching your views among us : therefore, we cut you off from the people of God. If we were in Judea, and able to fulfil our law, you would be stoned to death, as a warning to others.”

Adeline and Mary escaped from the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

“WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.”

“The images of things
Were dimly struggling into life.”

BYRON.

“Full many shapes that shadows were.”

COLERIDGE.

“She shrank away from earth
To the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain,
Life had no ties—she turned her unto heaven.”

L. E. L.

BUT Mr. Cohen, when he heard of the disgusting treatment which Mary and Eulalia received at the hands of the session, was filled with intense indignation. For their curses he expressed the utmost contempt. He immediately avowed to them that he should not put his child away; that in the insults which she and Eulalia had endured, he felt himself to be more deeply dishonoured than the children; and in a tone of bitter sarcasm, expressed a wish that they would pronounce the same anathema against himself, for he would

never enter a synagogue, nor have a Jew, excepting his own family, in his house again.

Time continued his rapid flight: and it was midsummer. The red shoots of the honeysuckle twined along the lattice, and from a thousand graceful pendants hung a profusion of its fragrant tubes, like fairy trumpets. The windows were clustered by clematis; and towering above all was the ash, its flexile branches stooping with those picturesque bunches, called "locks and keys."

It was night—midnight—and oppressively hot; or, if not, Mary thought so—perhaps it was the heavy foreboding in her heart that increased the oppression. She had retired to her own chamber; but she felt no disposition to sleep. She opened the window, and looked out amongst the purple night-heaven, made dimly distinct by here and there a silent star watching its trembling image in the depths of the fountain, and looking lovingly down upon earth, as if it fain would woo the weary, toil-worn spirit away from this scene of jars and contest, to the abodes of innocence and calm. The dark outline of the trees was a thing to be fancied rather than seen, and the wind just stirred their leaves with a soft sound, like the falling of summer rain.

There is a tender melancholy in the voice of nature—the dropping of the waters—the whispering of the flowers—the murmurs of the stream—the sighing of the winds—that is congenial to

the human spirit, and converses with the heart. We live in an age when Imagination—man's most precious, most ennobling gift, the thing that foreshadows his future heaven—is almost banished from his life. We are yielding up our heart's best worship to the real and earthly. Else, amidst the sorrows and melancholy of this stormy life, how calming, how exalting, should we find the sounds of nature. For our own part, we never can sit amongst the trailing grass, listening to the soft murmurings of the leaves, without fancying that it is the voice of some beloved friend who has passed away, encouraging us to trust on a little longer, and whispering that we shall soon be joined in undying boundless love, for ever.

Mary looked out upon the dim distance—the heavy silence—the monumental repose—the quiet shadowy flowers—the great guardian cypresses—it was a scene which her melancholy could fill with airy shapes and sad remembrances. The fragrance of the flowers, whose odour was exhaling in the now falling dew—the languor of weariness—the sense of past trials, and others yet to come—and that deep yearning for our higher state, which we hourly feel within us, but which, in such circumstances as Mary's, acquires tenfold strength—added to the influences working in her spirit. All that was indefinable in her danger—all that was soothing in her hopes—all that was endearing to her memory—all that

was beautiful in her faith, rose in their endless fancies. Her face drooped into her hands; slowly the large drops fell through her slender fingers—the passionate rush of long-suppressed tears is enjoyment, from the strange relief it gives to the pent-up heart.

Suddenly a rich strain of music floated calmly upon the midnight wind; at first faint, as if the gross air had not yet attuned itself to the soft notes, but soon fine and distinct in its heavenly swell. Mary hushed her breath, as she listened to the fairy sounds of that mystical midnight hymn: it was a young sweet voice, and yet, strange and unearthlike in its deep softness. A beautiful feeling seemed spread over her—a sensation of other worlds, as it sang—

“ There is a happy land ;
 Far, far away.
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Hark ! how they sweetly sing—
 Blessed be our Saviour king !
 Loud let his praises ring !
 Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land ;
 Come, come away.
 Why will ye doubting stand ?
 Why still delay ?
 Oh ! we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free :
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye.
Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
Oh! then to glory come,
Be our crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
 We shine for aye."

The hymn died away. Mary closed the window, and went into the room whence she knew the sounds came; where Adeline was keeping watch by the bedside of Eulalia. It was a first impulse to look on the face of her sister, and ascertain if she slept. The glance became a long and earnest gaze, for it was a sight of the loveliest on earth. The waving hair hung in golden, clustering ringlets, parted on a forehead

“Beaming a truth and beauty
More beautiful than day.”

The marble paleness of the skin was warmed by a rich crimson flush; the lips were like a delicate coral, and were wreathed in a sweet, holy smile, as if her thoughts were very happy. The long, undulating eyelash rested softly upon her cheek; and around her white neck was a slight gold chain, to which was suspended the watch that Adeline had given her. One very white arm and hand rested on her gently throbbing bosom—the other little hand still retained its light clasp on the Bible, which lay amongst

the folds of the drapery that surrounded her. Poised in the dim radiance above her, a seraph let fall a shower of snowy film, like an angel's robe, about her couch, and you at once felt that all within that saintly curtain was something sacred.

It was very beautiful. And whoever had looked on that sweet sleeper, and read in her pure face a promise of her future, would have said in the language of Scripture, "Thy ways shall be ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths peace."

She opened her eyes, full of poetry and light, and turned them upon the soft lamp, that seemed mirrored in their depths, with that earnest thoughtful expression, so touching in childhood—that dreaminess of look, only seen before human love and human sorrow—

"Have written every leaf with thoughtful tears."

And then, without noticing that any one was gazing upon her, or even present, she smiled a sweet soft smile, and turned to gentle slumbers again.

"Why are you not asleep, dear Mary?" whispered Adeline.

"I feel so sad, I scarcely can; yet I must, because of relieving you. The closing scene on earth is near, dear Adeline; the airs of heaven already breathe around her; the smiles of angels

are reflected on her cheek. How solemn! how sacred is this chamber! I feel it. We are not alone here. Loving spirits stand around us, watching over this couch, eager to bear her pure soul away."

"That hymn!—how it thrilled me; did you hear it? She appeared quite asleep."

"Yes, my love, I heard it, and thought it was the music of another world—and so it was; it was that which brought me to you. 'I love them that love Me.' How we see it, feel it here. 'Thus He giveth His beloved sleep.' Blessed, thrice blessed, are those who die in Him."

For they rest on the bosom of our God.

And that young saint was passing away—passing away from her beautiful home, where all eyes that looked on loved her. But she knew—the feeling was an all-pervading reality—that she was going to a happier home, where every love and beauty is enjoyed in perfection, and for ever—where life and everything is God. And she longed to fly away and be there.

Even so, beloved Eulalie! Golden star of our memory! We feel that thou art going. Thou art too fair, too lovely, for this unkind and fading earth. Thy soul seeks the silent path amidst the suns far away, to join its kindred natures in lands more bright than ours. The shadowy veil of time which hangs between thy sight and thy Saviour is fast dissolving; and even now thy

thoughtful eyes are lit up with immortal fire. The messenger is on the wing, and the shining gates of eternity are opening to receive thee.

Let us accompany thee as far as the heavenly portals, and watch thee entering in. It may be that we shall catch a glimpse of thy glory ere they close behind thee for ever!

CHAPTER XLIV.

“O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING? O GRAVE! WHERE IS
THY VICTORY?”

“Her silent face is saintly pale.
A consecrated nun she seems,
Whose waking thoughts are deep as dreams.”

WILSON.

“And Faith, that comes a solemn comforter,
Even hand and hand with Death.”

IDEM.

“The faith which looks through death.”

WORDSWORTH.

“Home at last; how I have pined for my home!”

L. E. L.

“Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom
prepared for you from the foundation of the world!”

LORD JESUS CHRIST.

“Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.” 1 Cor. xv. 57.

THE moments, the hours, were flying quickly
away. A sad and solemn stillness reigned every-
where within the house, and mute sorrow was

depicted on every countenance. For Eulalia was declining rapidly. There was no pain, no disease—nothing but a sweet soft fading away.

Her heart yearned towards her kindred with a sad and earnest tenderness. Most of all was she concerned for her father; and as she felt the film of life grow thinner and thinner, the deep workings of her spirit became more and more powerful still. Her little heart had always overflowed with affection, but a strange loveliness surrounded everything she said and did now. Often when seated on the knee of her parent, her head resting on his bosom, and her arms entwining his neck, would she whisper to him of the happiness she felt in the love of Jesus, and the sweet home to which she was going.

“Papa, dear!” and, laying her little hand in his, she held up her lips for a kiss, “I do love you so—oh, more than I could tell you! I think about you a great deal; for you are always in my heart. God is going to take me to heaven; oh! I wish I could take you with me. But you must not grieve when I am gone. When you look upon my little white coffin, you must think of me not as being there, but as a happy angel above the sky. And you will soon follow me. Yes, dear papa, and I will come to meet you! Perhaps—perhaps, papa—Jesus will allow me to wait by your bedside as you are dying. He may; and I will kiss you, and love you, and comfort you, and be so careful

of you, papa, and ——” Eulalia’s voice grew misty; her thoughts had fled far from earth, and joined the hymning circles of bright spirits in heaven.

“My precious Eulalia will think of me still,” said Mr. Cohen, hugging her up to his heart.

“Oh, yes, dear papa! I shall be near you often, —when you will not be thinking of me. It is delightful to think of. Papa, do love Jesus and come to heaven. All is so loving, peaceful, beautiful, in heaven. I long to be there. There it will all be joy; no sorrow can ever enter there; there we shall never, never, dear papa, be separated again. Oh, it is beautiful!” And Eulalia spoke in a calm low voice—a voice which she often used—as though the veil which separates the frail present from eternity were drawn aside, and her eyes were looking upon its glory.

“My dearest very much wishes to hear me say that I love Jesus,” he said sadly.

“More sweet papa than ever I could say to you. I could lay down my life—die the most cruel death—if by it I could only obtain that word from you. Why don’t you, dear? Oh, if you would! It seems I should be too happy.”

“Never mind, my love, don’t think of me so much.”

“But, papa, I must. It is the only trouble I have, because you and the rest don’t believe in Him who died for us. I can hardly tell what to

think about it; for you are so noble, so loving, so excellent in everything, papa, that it seems to me you must love Him, because it is right."

"Perhaps I may soon."

"But you should now, because He is so kind; and, of course, it grieves Him to see us careless of His kindness. Oh, my dear papa, come to Jesus — will you? I shall not be here to talk to you of Him much longer. He is God — indeed, indeed He is; I feel it every moment. Will you pray to Him, papa?"

"But suppose, my dear, I cannot believe upon Him?"

"Well, sweet papa, but if you come to Him, He will help you, and reveal Himself to you. Oh, He is so good, so lovely, so kind. Will you?"

"Yes, Eulalia, I will try, if you wish it."

"Thank you, dear papa! thank you for that!" said the child, and a bright, glorious smile passed across her face. "It has made me very happy. I wish I was strong enough to read to you from the New Testament — but Mary knows such beautiful parts, and she will."

Her strength continued to fade away — slowly and beautifully as the last rose of summer droops amid the softened breathings of autumn. Hours on hours would she lie upon her couch with her face directed to the window, her eyes looking into the cerulean skies. But her thoughts were

not amongst them. They had taken wing far above the earth prison house, and were wandering on the peaceful marge of the waters of eternal life, and holding converse with the inhabitants of the paradise of God. Happy smiles passed across her face, like a summer sunbeam glancing amidst the emerald leaves—and sometimes on that countenance there rested an expression so unearthly, as if it had caught a shadow of the eternal glories—the dawning of immortal light.

O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ?

For Eulalia's fading away was so calm and very beautiful. If this were death, why was he ever dreaded by the child of God ? Eulalia rejoiced to see him. She smiled on him lovingly, and hailed him as a friend for whose coming she had long yearned.

Nor was it death. It was merely “the shadow of death.” The substance had been endured for Eulalia by her Saviour. She knew it ; and her heart rejoiced in Him, and her soul blessed Him for the victory.

It was a calm, cloudless day—one of those which put us most in mind of heaven ; when the whole beauty of summer seems crowded into one hour ; when the clear sunshine wraps the earth as with a garment of loveliness, and the perfumed air brings out all objects in bright outline, yet soft and enchanting as a poet's dream.

The water rose and fell in the fountain—each drop like a cut diamond; and the garden formed one broad sweep of waving foliage and unbroken blossom; for as yet not a hue was paling, nor a leaf fallen.

Amidst so much life, how hard it sometimes is to realise death.

Eulalia was getting very near the immortal rest now, and was reclining beneath the cherub, and amongst the snow-white curtains of her couch—her little Bible open in her hand at the closing chapters of the Revelation. The thick golden ringlets fell like a shower of sunshine about her neck and shoulders; for the little lace cap was too fragile to contain the long hair, that seemed determined to break free.

“I can read no more—I’m not strong enough to hold my Bible,” said the child. “Mary, dear, will you read to me? Where I have opened, if you please. There—it is so beautiful.”

“But, my beloved,” said Mary, taking the Bible, “this weak body will soon put on immortality—it shall be raised like Christ’s glorious body. ‘Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.’”

“Yes!” and her happy face grew triumphant with joy.

Mary began to read, at the place which Eulalia had desired.

“‘ And I saw no temple therein ; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it ; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it ; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour unto it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day ; for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie ; but they which are written in the Lamb’s Book of Life.

“‘ And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruits every month ; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse ; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun : for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.’ ”

“Oh, Mary I shall soon see all that glory, and have that name—the Lord’s name—in my forehead.”

“Yes, my love, in a little while that beautiful place will be your home for ever; and you will be named by the great, unutterable name of the Lamb, and will attain to the pearl of great price—even the holiness of heaven—‘that white stone, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.’”

“Mary, dear,” laying her little, thin hand in her sister’s, “it is such a joy to me to think that you will soon be in heaven.”

“I hope so, dearest—for I shall find it very hard to live without you.”

“Well, we shall not be parted long; and you must think of me still—and that I love you better than I can now. And I shall *speak* to you too, Mary,” she pursued steadily, “only you will not see me. But the time will soon pass away. You *will* think of me, Mary?”

“Oh, yes, my love!—forget you whom I love so!—Why should you think it? And it will indeed be a sweet comfort to me to know that you are near me, and that the same feeling still unites us. We who live in God are all one on earth and in heaven—‘Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named’ says St. Paul: and you remember that lovely verse you have so often said with me—

“ One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.’

My Eulalia will still be mine, and feel with me, and for me, and like me—for our feelings will all flow from the bosom of our Redeemer; but yours will be higher, holier, purer than mine. Christ, my precious, is heaven!—for He is our life—our love—our eternity—our all in all. So our separation will only be a separation of the body—not of the spirit. One golden chain of love links us to God and to each other, for ever.”

“ How kind it was of God to create us, Mary—I have often thought so. It shows how loving, how unselfish He must be. He was perfectly happy Himself and needed nothing; and yet He formed us that we might be happy with Him too, and live in the enjoyment of His love, and increasing in knowledge of Him for ever. And so much trouble as we have given Him, and do give Him, and seem to care so little about Him; and yet He still loves us and bears with us—and then to die for us. Mary, that is a great love, which I can’t understand, and I don’t think I ever shall—perfectly I mean—even in heaven; for *God* to die to purchase back man’s happiness—it makes

me quite sink when I think of that goodness. I feel the first thing I shall want to do when I get to heaven, will be to kiss Him and thank Him—oh! so dearly—for it.”

“Had not you better rest a little?—don’t you find the exertion of speaking too much?”

“Thank you, dear,” answered the child brightly, “you are very kind to think so much about me. But I never feel tired when we talk of Jesus; indeed, it seems to help me. Mary,” she pursued after a pause, and there was a shadowy softness in her voice, “such beautiful beings come and talk to me—I cannot tell you how bright and glorious they are—such long white robes they wear—and their eyes are so beautiful and loving—and their faces so smiling as they bend to kiss me, Mary—and, Oh! they make me feel so!—and their heads are crowned with soft light stars. They are here nearly always—and then I feel soft airs and things like heaven, and I hear sweet music full of all lovely things, that makes me feel so soft—so—it is like dissolving into *love*, Mary. And they feel so about you, dear—when you stood by me last evening so sorrowing, one of them folded his wings around you, and wiped your brow in his white robe, Mary—I saw him—and then—oh! how beautiful he looked on us both. Mamma comes too—often—she will come again soon—and then, Mary dear, *I am going with them—they will take me away.*”

Mary spoke not. What could she say? Her heart gave one great leap, and then stood still.

“I wish, dear, you would call Anna and Dinah, and the rest. I want to speak to them before I go.”

Mary touched a bell; and on making the request known, the whole of the servants were speedily gathered round the bed. The silence that followed was unbroken by a breath.

“I wanted to see you for the last time,” said Eulalia, looking around upon them all, “to give you my dying love, and to thank you for all your kindnesses to me. You have all been very good to me, and I love you very much; and now I am going to heaven; I shall soon be an angel like you read of in the Bible, and I want you to come there and be one too—will you?”

“Oh, yes! Miss Eulalia, we will try,” burst from the lips of all.

“I hope you will; it would, indeed, be more dreadful than I could bear, if I thought I was about to leave you for ever. But you cannot be admitted into heaven except you love Jesus. God cannot pardon you, if you don't believe in the Son whom He gave to redeem you. I think you must feel in your heart that He is God—I don't know how you can help it.”

She lay wearily back upon the pillows, and waited a little. But there was no reply—except many tears—given.

"Oh, dear!" said the child, "you don't believe upon Him. It is dreadful—it does hurt me so. You see how happy I am—and it is all because I feel that Jesus loves me. I am happy—very, very happy. It is *sweet* to die, when we know that we are loved and supported by Jesus. God is going to take me home to that beautiful world in which there is nothing, nothing—oh! nothing but Love. I shall very soon be in that sweet place, for ever and ever. My Redeemer tells me every moment that He loves me; that I am completely His, and that He is going to take me to Himself."

"Oh, Miss Eulalia, if we could only feel happy like you."

"Well," she said, smiling sweetly, "you may be. It is Jesus makes me happy, and He will do the same for you, if you will allow Him. He helps me as He promised, and fills me with such a sweet soft love and peace—oh! do pray to Him, and then He will make you feel so too; and soon He will come for you, and we shall all be together in heaven."

Eulalia's voice trembled—the damp stood on her brow in large drops with the exertion—her strength was utterly exhausted—and, gasping for breath, she fell back faint upon her pillows. A few drops of blood rose in her throat, and stood upon her quivering lips. Mary motioned the servants away.

“HE shed a thousand drops for me,
A thousand drops of richer blood,”

said Eulalia, as Mary wiped her crimson lips. “Kiss me, dear; thank you. We shall both be in heaven soon—oh! that joy!”

A few more hours passed away. How lightly we think of these brief spaces, as we watch the slender clock hands slowly measuring their inexorable flight. And yet, O God of heaven! how full, how pregnant, is every segment of that circle! With what importance is every minute invested, when we reflect that in it are contained the hopes, the joys, the anguish, the heart-break of a world!—that it is another shadow from our great eternity, and must leave an influence for good or evil, that shall last for ever!

It was evening; and the light of the cloudless west, shining now like an unbroken lake of amber, revealed every object in the room, in a soft, delicious lustre. It seemed as if the day was unwilling to withdraw its glory from that dying chamber, and lingered with its last peaceful beams around that head of radiant beauty, which lay so bright and angel-like, amongst the folds of the white drapery that half concealed the pillow.

Eulalia looked out upon that light fondly—as though she thought how soon, with her, it would

be evening no more. The expression of her face was wholly changed. Beautiful and bright as it had always been, it now wore a look of glorious, even triumphant beauty—a sweet but tremulous smile parted her delicate lips—and her eyes, instead of that immortal light that heretofore had shone so soul-like in their depths, had that misty, dreaming look, which tells that the veil of time is dissolving, and they gaze on other worlds.

It was a holy calm—a lovely stillness—a sweet hush—like that which always fills the room where a spirit is passing from death unto life.

The rosy shadows deepened; and Mary rose to draw the blinds and light the lamp. She was alone; for the nurse was taking some necessary repose, previous to commencing her watch for the night.

A sound rose on the stillness, of soft and quickened breathing. Mary turned instantly; and, with a movement as rapid, was at the side of Eulalia. The child noticed not, and smiled, as if in recognition of some person in the room.

“Mamma! dear mamma!” she said, throwing up her little white arms, in an attitude of embracing. “Oh, beautiful! beautiful!”

A stifled shriek rose in Mary’s throat, as she fled from the room to summon the family; for she saw that Eulalia was dying. In a moment the bed was surrounded by faces fraught with tears and anguish. The sound of sobs broke upon the solemn silence.

“Hush!” said Mr. Cohen, thickly; “you will disturb her as she is passing!”

The child lay with her large bright eyes looking dreamily upwards, and her features fixed in a smile of rapt, triumphant happiness.

“Eulalia, my precious!” said Mr. Cohen, softly.

She heaved one low gentle sigh—and then gasped for breath. A bright crimson flooded her face and neck, and even her hand, which, as she again extended it, fell helpless across her bosom—a slight convulsion passed over her features; and then—the pain was passed—death was swallowed up in victory!

Her lips parted a little—a smile, more angelic, more triumphant, hovered over her face—her eyelids closed—she breathed soft and low.

“Peace—heaven—light!” she murmured, tremulously.

“Eulalia, dear!” whispered Mary, taking her little hand. But she had finished with earth.

“Eulalia, my precious sister! do speak to me once more!” sobbed Mary, in a suppressed passion of grief.

Her beautiful eyes unclosed. “Glory—love—calm—rest—God—for ever!” she said slowly; breathed one long breath, and ascended to the arms of her Redeemer!

Farewell, sweet Eulalia! farewell, precious child! We have seen thee, and loved thee—we have followed thee, as our morning star, always

alluring to the skies—we have felt the holy calm of thy love and peace encircle our spirit—but oh ! thou hast passed away from earth for ever !—we shall hear thy loving voice no more ! Thine was a beautiful fading away. Thy eyes fraught with triumphant brightness—glimpses of the angel beings who eagerly waited to bear thy pure spirit to its native skies—closed in clear and cloudless glory, too bright for us to look on. Thou didst not die. Death had no power to touch thee. To such as love like thee, dear Eulalie, there is no dark valley, no chilling stream, no cold shadowings ! Thy soul dissolved in a glorious radiance, like the golden star of the morning,

“ Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides among the tempests of the sky ;
But melts away into the light of heaven ! ”

Then, farewell, beloved Eulalie !—but, oh ! our spirit lingers with thee. Canst thou hush thy sweet song—canst thou silence thy golden lute, to speak to us once more ? Oh, how we loved thee !—but thou hast gone. Then, farewell !—once more, farewell, blessed child ! We must weep, because thou hast left us, and we see thee no more—but our tears are tinged with a halo of heavenly glory. Thou hast quickly found thy rest. Thy feet early sandaled with immortality, thou hast gone where the Lamb Himself shall lead thee to living fountains of waters, and wipe

away all tears, and fill thee with unutterable rapture and repose, while we are left to sorrow on beneath the tempest-bearing clouds of earth. Oh! that, like thee, it were given to our sight to pierce the dim veil that shrouds from us the future, and hear the soft whisper, that soon the heavenly gates would close on us, and we should be with thee for ever!

little heads sadly in the shadowy stillness, and exhaling a delicious perfume through the dim atmosphere, so well suited to the reverie of the bereaved. There were no white roses; there is too much of pride and life about them to sympathise with death.

A delicate feeling painter had covered the walls with an Italian landscape. It looked like reality, so perfect were the distances, so actual the stoop of the orange trees, so green the ivy which clustered round the broken columns. Beneath it, and thrown into rich relief by the more sober colouring of the landscape, was a small piece of sculpture—a “delicate Ionian,” yearning for her own free village amongst the mountains. A lovelier conception of the young Greek girl, pining for the home of her childhood and her affections, could not be. It was one of those exalted inspirations which the sculptor may execute, and then die—conscious of his immortality.

With ourselves sculpture is a feeling of the ennobling and the holy. Its forms—pale, pure, and cold—have that deep, mysterious calm for which our spirits hourly yearn, a calm that makes them seem beings of a higher life. Tremendous is the might of that spirit, which, in a troubled, feverish world like this, can give expression to such profound quiet and repose. The materials, too, which it has to work upon—the dust and the clay, the meanest elements of nature

—these are the clogs which hang upon the genius of the artist, and keep him down to a gross and tangible world, where it catches but dim, uncertain glimpses of those mighty revelations and wondrous somethings for which it perpetually thirsts and pines, when he would fain soar into an existence, in which form and proportion and colour mingle in one ocean of spirit and beauty, where his soul could drink its fill of love and purity and peace for ever. Genius may be honoured, but it can never be estimated at its proper value amidst so much of selfish interest as is felt on earth. The passion which concentrates the whole of its strength and beauty upon one feeling is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death—the living light of existence is burnt out in an hour—and what remains?—Dust and darkness—an humbling sense of the littleness of what it has achieved, compared with what still lies hidden in the great, unmeasured future; haply mingled with the corroding bitterness of disappointed hopes.

Three pictures hung on the wall. The first was a beautiful English girl; her aristocratic loveliness was of the most pure and lofty kind—the hair was gathered up beneath a sort of emerald glory—her hand rested on a marble stand—flowers stood beside in an alabaster vase—there was much of lightness in the portrait, but the face of the lady bore an expression of deep and touching sorrow. The second was a dark and passionate

little heads sadly in the shadowy stillness, and exhaling a delicious perfume through the dim atmosphere, so well suited to the reverie of the bereaved. There were no white roses; there is too much of pride and life about them to sympathise with death.

A delicate feeling painter had covered the walls with an Italian landscape. It looked like reality, so perfect were the distances, so actual the stoop of the orange trees, so green the ivy which clustered round the broken columns. Beneath it, and thrown into rich relief by the more sober colouring of the landscape, was a small piece of sculpture—a “delicate Ionian,” yearning for her own free village amongst the mountains. A lovelier conception of the young Greek girl, pining for the home of her childhood and her affections, could not be. It was one of those exalted inspirations which the sculptor may execute, and then die—conscious of his immortality.

With ourselves sculpture is a feeling of the ennobling and the holy. Its forms—pale, pure, and cold—have that deep, mysterious calm for which our spirits hourly yearn, a calm that makes them seem beings of a higher life. Tremendous is the might of that spirit, which, in a troubled, feverish world like this, can give expression to such profound quiet and repose. The materials, too, which it has to work upon—the dust and the clay, the meanest elements of nature

—these are the clogs which hang upon the genius of the artist, and keep him down to a gross and tangible world, where it catches but dim, uncertain glimpses of those mighty revelations and wondrous somethings for which it perpetually thirsts and pines, when he would fain soar into an existence, in which form and proportion and colour mingle in one ocean of spirit and beauty, where his soul could drink its fill of love and purity and peace for ever. Genius may be honoured, but it can never be estimated at its proper value amidst so much of selfish interest as is felt on earth. The passion which concentrates the whole of its strength and beauty upon one feeling is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death—the living light of existence is burnt out in an hour—and what remains?—Dust and darkness—an humbling sense of the littleness of what it has achieved, compared with what still lies hidden in the great, unmeasured future; haply mingled with the corroding bitterness of disappointed hopes.

Three pictures hung on the wall. The first was a beautiful English girl; her aristocratic loveliness was of the most pure and lofty kind—the hair was gathered up beneath a sort of emerald glory—her hand rested on a marble stand—flowers stood beside in an alabaster vase—there was much of lightness in the portrait, but the face of the lady bore an expression of deep and touching sorrow. The second was a dark and passionate

young creature of the East—the hair, unbound, fell in a profusion of flowing luxuriant black ringlets—large dark eyes, that turned all they touched into poetry, and wore the dreaming, downcast look of passionate thoughts that feed upon themselves—a crimson turban imparted a secret softness to her cheek; and over the rose-tints glowing there, fell the dark shadow of her long eyelashes, and the darker folds of her richly-flowing hair. The pensive face—the thoughtful eyes—the finely curved mouth, curled with unshed tears, and wearing

“The sweetness of a smile,
But not its gaiety,”

—the subdued and drooping attitude—beautifully expressed the lonely Jewish maiden pining after her own beloved land. The third was “a lovely female face of seventeen”—a large white veil, bound with orange blossoms, all white, delicate, and lovely, passed over her head, and fell in misty folds around her recumbent figure—the long lash rested on her cheek with the inward look of its dreaming, secret mood. Beneath was written, “MARY ADA COHEN—taken on the day of her marriage and—death.”

Portraits look singularly beautiful by lamp-light—the softness gives them an air almost of living and breathing; and, as one stands gazing upon them, one may see the smile of pleasant

thoughts, and the shadow of saddened feelings passing dreamily over their cheek.

On the bed lay a figure of radiant beauty—she was asleep; and to look on her was a feeling of all that is beautiful and loving and exalted and holy. It was a sweet sleep, for she smiled as if her dreams were happy—it was a loveliness not of earth.

Even so. For it was the long, peaceful slumber which the body sleeps in Jesus till, on the glorious resurrection morn, the last trumpet shall give the joyful signal, and sound in a voice that shall pierce the deep silence of their tranquil rest, “Arise, shine, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you.”

Yes; it was the precious little Eulalia. She had on a long loose robe of soft white satin, closed around the throat with a narrow band of gold, and gathered around the waist by another band of gold, broader than the first, and mildly radiant like a rainbow. The borders were worked in flowers and leaves of gold. A scarf, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, fell over her shoulders in well-arranged drapery. Her fine throat and neck were bare. One very white arm laid on the pillow and encircled round her head, a superb bracelet gleaming on the slender wrist; the other lay peacefully by her side, and almost hidden amongst the soft folds of her robe. Her hair was simply parted on the high, clear forehead, and confined

with a delicate bandeau of diamonds. Her beautiful lips were separated a little, in the same triumphant smile with which she had passed away. It would have been hard to believe that she lived and breathed not, except that over her features floated a soft and shadowy glory—such a mingling of clear unclouded brightness, “the new-born day of bliss,” with that deep and dream-like repose—that one felt the holy sleep could not belong to earth.

It was beautiful.

The feeling inspired by that death-chamber and that lovely little sleeper. It was one of other worlds; and while there, one could hear the music of the angelic hosts, and mingle in their rejoicings over the spirit that had just escaped from the land of sorrow to their own sweet shores, and the soul breathed airs of heaven.

Mary felt it as she sat in that holy chamber, and by that silent figure. But she was not one to whom such a vision would be

“Sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a moment.”

Endued by nature with an ardent affection for the pure and the beautiful, and a quick poetic fancy, the solitude in which much of her life had been passed, had given full scope for her imagination to spiritualise and exalt. Seldom witnessing strong bursts of feeling in others, she never thought

of giving outward expression to her own; thus hers, undiffused and unrelieved, acquired depth and strength from concealment.

Throwing herself upon her knees by the bed, she hung upon the lips of her sister—lips that could no longer return the affectionate pressure—and bedewed her sweet face with tears mingled of sadness, love, and joy. The calm still voice of prayer ascended on the thoughtful silence—prayer that the feeling which Eulalia exhibited in life might descend upon her. And then, as with a holy familiarity, she conversed with the departed spirit; and felt that, if separated in body they were yet united in soul, and in a little while would be joined to each other for ever.

If there is one happiness in life over which the curse uttered in Eden has passed and harmed not, it is the early and inextinguishable affection of blood and kindred.

Oh! LOVE—the sacred, the pure, and the beautiful!—Thank God who has made it the one true feeling of our existence.

But, oh! that the holy, unselfish emotion should ever be so violated, so debased by things of earth. Let the faithless or the worldly never pretend to it. No sin against love is so vile as that of inconstancy—it unidealises it, unspiritualises it—makes it sensual and brutish. The crime of sacrilege is not the theft that takes the holy things, but applying them to base and sinful uses.

The afternoon, and with it the funereal ceremonies came. It was soft and golden; both air and sunshine seemed to have passed over Paradise, and caught its early beauty.

The room was painted with southern landscape—a river quiet as that fairy hour when

“ The sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity,”

wound through one panel—the cypresses bent like things of life—a gum cistus hung its trellised wreath as it does in pictures—a vineyard and a white marble temple with its graceful arch and half-broken columns, occupied the distance; a scroll of leaves gleaming in purple and gold, marked the divisions.

It was furnished with all that makes elegance forgotten in loveliness and taste: the ottoman with the ebony lute, inlaid with pearl flowers—the carpet in which the foot sank as in a meadow—the beautiful annuals, so richly tinted and gilt, and opened at some lovely poem or still lovelier face—the exquisite little French clock, where a golden cherub, sitting swinging in a wreath of roses, was reflected in the clear fountain which played beneath him, and the lapse of time is told only in music—the alabaster vases carved as in condensed summer clouds—the marble stand, white, cold, passionless, as if chiseled out of snow—the cut-crystal glass, which gleamed

as if it had imprisoned the sunbeams, with one rose bending over the side—the fan, whose soft rose feathers cast a more delicate shadow on the face reflected in the pretty little mirror set in their centre—china and porcelain stained with hues stolen from the flowers, and small enough to have been Oberon's offering to Titania, his fairy queen—a large India shawl with a border of embroidered roses, thrown carelessly across the pink cushion of a most fairy-tale-like lounge:—all bespoke a lady's room.

In the middle of the table stood a pure white coffin;—it contained a lovely child. One dared not breathe in presence of that sleep, so calm and beautiful, and that hush so fraught with heaven.

On one side, motionless and veiled, stood a dark-robed group, the friends themselves—so still, and each individual so shrouded in black drapery, that it seemed more like a painting of life than life itself. And then came the latest moment, and the weeping friends took their last kiss, and shed their last tears around Eulalia's lovely face; and then the lid was put on, and she was seen by them no more!

The solemn procession was formed, and the coffin was borne away to the grave, which had been made in the end of the garden. On one side was a large weeping willow, on the other a weeping ash—trees whose pliant branches moved with

the slightest breeze, but through whose dense foliage the sunbeams never pierced. The little coffin was lowered down, and as it touched the bottom tears were showered on it; and then sweet prayers were lifted to the skies, and rich influences of heaven descended upon those heart-broken mourners; and the beautiful words, announcing the utter destruction of Death's curse, and opening to the eye of faith a sight of the archangel, appointed to take charge of the sleeping dust until the morning of the resurrection, with his flaming sword and expanded wings spread over the grave, were said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours." And then all was over—it was "the last of earth."

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints!

Rest there, beloved Eulalie! till He who is the Resurrection and the Life shall awake thee to immortal health. Thou hast early found thy rest—early been taken to eternity—earlier than has been permitted to us. But if we live like thee, soon we shall come to thee. Soon we shall follow thee into the blessed presence of our Redeemer.

Safe art thou now, enfolded on the bosom of our God. No gloomy shadows now arise to hide from thee the God of thy supreme affection. No

earthly mists now cloud thy sight, or hide from thee the smile of thy Beloved. Thy illumined spirit, reflecting the beauty of the Saviour, is all light, all love, all felicity, for thy life is the Infinite, even He that is unsearchable—Jehovah. Often do we think of thee.

“ It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head,
Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

FAREWELL.

“ Hope has made
The blossom expand, it but opens to fade

.

What may restore
The gentle happiness known before?”

L. E. L.

“ Though nothing can bring back the hour.
We will grieve not—rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be—
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering—
In the faith that looks through death.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ And what were earth and stars,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?”

SHELLEY.

AMIDST the many voices from the bosom of eternity of which our nature is so conscious, there is none which proclaims the certainty, which gives

the conviction of our immortality, like affection. We feel that that love, which nothing on earth—not even the enjoyment we may derive from God while here—can satisfy, was made to outlast it, and to find its sufficient objects in some higher and purer existence. Our spirit came from God, so every one of the sublime truths of His religion finds its echo in our yearning and expectant nature—it is acknowledged and answered from our heart. We stand beside the tomb, but while memory of the lost and dear gives us mute evidence of a power over the grave, we feel love always carrying us onward into the bright world beyond it, and sorrow for the absent ones seems but as the earth-mist which veils from us their heaven.

And it is well. For, if our Father had given us only such a limited revelation of His love, that the dim and faint images of Himself which we have on earth would be found completely satisfying, while He reserved the fuller revelation till He called us to His home, we should, most likely, have forgotten Him entirely, and said, “Soul, take thine ease.” But now, He gives us flowers and sunshine and beauty—we admire them; He gives us a wife and sweet children, and our earnest heart enclasps itself around them; we see in them images of Himself, reflections of the purity and innocence of heaven, and our soul loves them. But it does not suffice; they are not beautiful,

loving, perfect enough : and then we turn our longing spirit unto heaven.

It was noon. Thrown upon a sofa, like a crimson cloud for colour and softness, with just enough of air from the profusion of blossoming shrubs and the clumps of acacias in the garden, to gently agitate the blinds and softly fan his feverish cheek, was Mr. Cohen. While delicious scents passed over him from a conservatory, rainbow-touched with roses, jonquils, jessamines, and the thousand-flowered geranium ; and through the rooms floated that soft and dreamy twilight, which curtains can make, even at mid-day.

Mary was seated at her harp, trying some new songs ; so there was just music enough to haunt the ear with sweet sounds—to preserve an under-current of reflection, flowing in beauty through the soul—without disturbing the thoughts which most engaged his attention. At last, the sounds ceased for a moment ; and then the low soft tones of Mary's sweet voice floated in a rich swell through that silent room, as they warbled one of the most exquisitely touching melodies. The words were Italian, and the accompaniment sad and affecting in the extreme. Mr. Cohen drew his hand across his eyes, as he murmured, half unconsciously, " Eulalia liked it—it was her mother's song."

He said no more until the melody was finished, but continued to shade his eyes with his hand, as he leaned his head amongst the cushions.

“Mary,” he said, “I intend to travel—my spirits are broken—I shall try change of scene. You will go with me.”

“And when, dear father?”

“In a week. It shall be where you please. I have no choice—indeed I have not strength of mind left me to choose. I must leave all the plans for you.”

Mary’s maid cried, and Dinah was all of a ferment, when she heard that her “young mistress” was going away. About Mr. Cohen, she did not care so much. However, the necessity she felt herself under, of making up numberless parcels of “little comforting things” for Mary, occasioned a diversion for the present. Added to which, she gave her many injunctions about taking care of her health, and bathing in the sea, and ingenious hints how the custom-house officers might be evaded; and concluded by advising her to eat a raw egg every morning before breakfast; for, as Dinah justly observed, “she wanted strengthening quite as much as any of them.” But Mary, turning with a sick loathing from the thought of the yellow slippery liquid, assured her she could not touch it; so this little plan for her benefit was of no avail.

The week, like the others that had gone before it, passed away. It was the last evening; and Mary devoted it to her most lingering, her saddest farewell—to her home, her flowers, and the grave

of Eulalia. She stepped out on to the lawn;
her curls, parted on a brow

“So like the moonlight, fair and melancholy,”

were just enough relaxed to droop their gracefulest. The soft, sunny ringlet, just dropping into light rings, is perhaps the prettiest style of beauty imaginable in hair—at any rate, it is always very becoming. She retraced the walks of her childhood, where she and Eulalia had so often played and wandered together; the fruit-garden, where every tree and shrub had more than one precious memory. She sat in their accustomed seat by the marble fountain, showering its musical and diamond rain over the rich cactuses around; she gazed, as had been their wont, on its border of daisies,

“A little Cyclops with one eye,”

as Wordsworth calls it, in one of his singular conceits; and on the high pale-browed lily,

“A fairy thing,
Like daylight in its opening.”

Or,

“The naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale.”

Or,

“The lady lily, fairer than the moon,”

Or,

“The lily, a delicate lady,
Who sat under her green parasol.”

The wind sighed lonelily amongst the branches of the great willow which drooped over her; and ever and anon the flowering shrubs wept a shower of fragrant leaves upon her head. Her mind was just in that mood when we love to connect ourselves with outward nature; hopes, thoughts, feelings, clasp themselves, vine-like, around external objects; and we fondly imagine the wind murmurs in sympathy with our murmurs, the flowers look sad with our sadness, and the fountains complain sorrowfully with our sorrows.

The last purple and golden cloud mirrored in the fountain at her feet disappeared—the shadowy softness of twilight began to deepen; that one English hour, whose dim images of beauty possess a charm far more exquisite than all the blazing glory to be found in brighter climes. A single star looked smilingly upon her; the distant trees looked like great fantastic semblances of humanity, that seemed to move about as she gazed; the fountain grew indistinct, and the water reflected the dull purple that was spreading over the sky—when she turned into the cypress-walk which led to the grave of Eulalia.

The gardener had planted it with heaven-touched flowers: gently-blushing roses—“spring’s sweetest book”—japonicas, lily of the valley, and the

pretty-flowered geranium; they moved slowly in the evening wind. The ground around the tomb seemed bright and warm compared with the shade beyond; and Mary fancied that the soft blue eye of one little floweret, looked upon her through the dimness of sympathising tears.

There was one—the only thing which she herself had planted—one of

“Those early flowers, o'er which the Spring has leant,
Till they have caught their colour from her eyes,
Their sweetness from her breath”—

a violet—Mary's favourite flower. It bent with weakness; she saw that its frail stem hourly drooped nearer and nearer to the earth, and it seemed that soon it would fade entirely away. She was not superstitious—except in that measure which affection always is; but one of those feelings which will link themselves with outward things, passed through her heart. “It pines away,” she said to herself. “I have cherished it—it will not live. If it dies, so shall I.”

We often smile—and, it may be, wisely—at the folly of presentiments. But let the heart speak out, and say if we ourselves have never felt them. Our spirit is a great mystery; time is inseparably linked with eternity. The heavy-breathing atmosphere presages the thunder-storm, the fear and silence of the brute creation heralds the tempest; and if the physical world thus have its

portents, are we to believe that the higher one—the moral world—shall be without its? Who shall say what influences may work within the spirit, or what voices it may hear, when the garment of mortality begins to unwind itself, and the veil which separates it from eternity begins to dissolve?

Mary turned to the small marble tablet, and, through the mist of tears, read again the brief inscription—

EULALIA COHEN,

FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,

AGED 7 YEARS.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:

But the word of our God shall stand for ever.”

Isaiah xl. 8.

The grass and mosses were soft and dry; she knelt down, and lifted up her soul to Him whose presence the weak and trusting never seek in vain. Her spirit filled with peace, like that quiet sky to which her eyes were turned. The starry silence of the summer night—the mystery of the large and bright planets—filled the young heart, that was exalted by their beauty, with deep and solemn thoughts. Hope arose strong within, until—

“Her fulgent head star-bright appeared,”

and faith became that clear and steady light

which life's dread storms may strive to quench in vain. The gentle and lovely promises, and the words of encouragement of the holy page, passed one after another through her mind with all their power:—

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee. I have called thee by name: thou art Mine.

“The redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

“If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

The precious promises still lingered in her heart as she pondered their import; until, from bodiless words, they took a being and a shape, and she felt them in all their fulness and richness. Gradually, as she mused, the dim sky with its host of silent stars faded from her sight; a soft strain of music accompanied by heavenly voices floated around her; the waveless air was fraught with a softened glory; and, as she looked up, Eulalia, with her loving blue eyes fixed upon her, and her face wreathed in a smile of high triumphant beauty, appeared in the entrance formed by the two drooping trees. A robe, white like the light, flowed around her in shining folds; a

band made of soft bright stars encircled her neck and waist; her long ringlets fell about her shoulders, like a cloud of golden radiance; and a crown of gold, flashing with glorious gems, rested upon her temples. One hand held a diamond cup, in which was water, clear like crystal; the other was filled with beautiful, unearthlike flowers. Still approaching her sister, she presented the cup to her lips; and, as Mary drank, a thrill of triumphant love and joy and holy calm was diffused through her spirit; a feeling like none she had ever known, or ever imagined, before—a foretaste of eternal life. And then Eulalia's smile became more sublime in its rapture, and, bending over Mary, she folded her beautiful white arms lovingly around her neck, and impressed a long soft kiss upon her lips. Slowly as Eulalia rose from kissing her, the brilliance which surrounded her grew yet more beautiful and celestial; music, such as had no semblance in earthly sounds, filled the place—there appeared with her a multitude of the heavenly hosts, and gradually she rose from the ground, her beautiful eyes still bent upon her sister, and her lips separating in lovely smiles.

“Eulalia! my beloved sister! oh, may you speak to me?” said Mary.

“Weep not, dear Mary,” she said, in a soft, loving voice, “you know not how I love you—and how much I am with you. Jesus loves you, and is preparing a place for you on His own throne.

Weep not; glorious joys which have no likeness in earthly things, are making ready for you. Why are you sad, my love, when you will soon come to me in our Father's sweet home?"

"I long, my beloved, to be with you."

"And so do I, dear Mary, and the angels who attend you—and they are so careful of you—we shall rejoice to hear you called. Love on, my sweet sister. Yet a little while and you shall see me again. But now I go to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God. When I come to you again, you will be with me for ever."

A deep, broad stream of light, that overpowered Mary by its glorious brightness, descended from the skies, zephyrs and perfumes not of earth filled the place; and, gently ascending amongst that divine music, and with that shining host, Eulalia scattered the flowers which she held upon Mary's head and bosom, waved her hand lovingly, her smiles increased in their wondrous loveliness, and, mingling with that triumphant light, she disappeared amongst the music and the skies.

Did the strength of Mary's feelings give a form and colouring to her imaginings? or was the vision real? We think it was. Is it not very reasonable to suppose, that departed friends often accompany the angels—those "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation"—on their messages of love to us? And if so, is it not likely that, when by in-

tercourse with the Saviour's love, the human spirit is so hallowed and etherealised that it becomes almost akin to heavenly natures, they may be permitted sometimes to throw aside the veil which conceals their loveliness from the creatures of time, and strengthen the faith of the sorrowing ones by revealing themselves to mortal eye?

“Well, now! Lord have mercy on this wicked world!—the lies people do tell—and no manner of reason whatsoever,” exclaimed Dinah, as Mary entered the house. “Only to think, that they should have been down stairs for to say, that Miss Cohen was in her bedroom ill, and the door locked.”

“I am as well as I can expect to be, Dinah, thank you. But I do wish you would caution yourself against using the name of God in vain; it grieves me to hear it—it's wicked.”

“Well, laws-a-me, miss, don't take on about that, for you've got enough to bear—Lord knows. I don't mean anything you know. Come and see if you like what I've put together for you.”

Dinah was a *professeur des variétés*, and her collection for Mary's benefit was a magnificent defence of her profession. When Mary had duly expressed her thankfulness, for her thoughtfulness and care, Dinah—like many a mouth made only for boiled mutton and mashed turnips—and save us from being present, when such an one sits down

to champ away at celery like horses at a bit, or flourishes his knife and fork over a leg of lamb basted with devil's tears!—enlarged eloquently upon the merits of certain French dishes that were latest invented, and thought Mary might do well to try them when she got to Paris.

“And here's a leg of a turkey I've deviled for your supper,” said Dinah, taking breath, and a violet lozenge. “For you never thinks of ordering anything for yourself now.”

“Thank you, Dinah; it is very kind of you to think so much about me. But I really cannot eat that—you know I never do.”

“Well, but I thought it would be relishin' for you—create an appetite, and help you to eat.”

“Never mind. I'll wait till father returns home—no matter how late; and what he wishes I shall have.”

So Dinah was obliged to eat the deviled turkey-leg herself.

“Of all things I love travelling. It enlarges the mind, strengthens the intellectual and digestive powers, makes one good-tempered, invigorates one's kindly feelings, and regulates the whole physical and moral constitution,” says a friend, while writing to us about a journey he made from Highgate to Chiswick.

On these and similar things much meditating—so Cicero and Brougham love to write—we conceived it would be very proper to try travelling ourselves

—for we thought there must be something in it. One great reason, why people believe so devotedly in the immensely fascinating powers of other countries, over our own glorious land is, because they know them chiefly from pictures and story books. The article that is the staple enjoyment in visiting foreign places, is the cookery—depend upon it, it is almost the only thing in travelling that goes down. Who, for instance, could do anything but write a magnificent description of the scenery, houses, people, and every earthly thing and animal else, after making one in the spacious saloon of the *Hotel des Princes*, or the dazzling apartments of the *Maison Dorée*, at the following—

DINNER PARTY.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

1 SOUP.

Potage à la Marcus Hill.

2 FISHES.

Three Slices of Salmon en mantelote,
John Dorée à l'Orléannaise.

2 REMOVES.

Braised Fowls with spring vegetables.
Neck of mutton à la Charte.

2 ENTREES.

Cotelettes d'Agneau à la réforme en surprise
aux Champignons,
Salmi of Plovers.

Green Peas. Asparagus.

New Potatoes.

2 ROASTS.

Two Ducklings,
Four Pigeons barded with vine leaves.

6 ENTREMETS.

Apricot Jelly,	Omelette with fine herbs,
Salade à la Français,	Gooseberry Tart with cream.
Green Peas,	Fromage de brie Neufchatel.

1 REMOVE.

Iced Cake with fruits.

The coffee and dessert left entirely to the good taste of the guests. Only light wine should be drunk at the first course, but at the second, wines of any other kind; intercepting them with several hors-d'œuvres—as slices of Bologna sausage, filets de bécasses à la Talleyrand, pickled olives and sardines, &c.

The next morning was one of unnecessary bustle and confusion amongst the servants, as such mornings always are. The ceremonious footman popped about like a needle through a seam. At last all was ready, and, accompanied by her maid and a faithful Scottish servant, who had lately been installed amongst the household, Mary and her father got into the waiting carriage and drove off.

We shall here take leave of them for the present, and allow them to encounter their trials alone. The troubles of the French and Italian

coaches—looking so alarmingly like caravans full of wild beasts—or even the more comfortable couriers; respecting which we might say as Rochefoucault said of marriages, “They may be convenient, but never agreeable.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

MARIA THERESA.

“ Oh ! those are tears of bitterness
Wrung from the breaking heart,
When two blest in their tenderness
Must learn to live—apart.”

“ Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch !”

SHAKSPERE.

HITHERTO we have been unwilling to break the narrative of events, by noticing any of Isaac's experiences after leaving England. For some time he had written regularly, and then the correspondence was suddenly interrupted.

Immense was the crowd and clamour in the principal streets and suburbs of Presburg, produced by the gathering together of all the nobility of the kingdom, to be present at the approaching opening of the Diet; which Maria Theresa had convened, in order to obtain that assistance which might enable her to change her desperate fortunes. The numerous tables at the hotels and coffee-houses were surrounded by the officers of her army, flushed with their recent victories, and eager to enjoy,

with all their heart, a season of repose which the next day would bring to a close. Merry and long were the peals of laughter that rung through the rooms; unceasing was the clattering of glasses, and the consumption of ices and *refrescos*—rendered especially acceptable by the intense heat of the weather, which, although it was evening, still continued to be extreme; and dense were the clouds of tobacco-smoke that, floating in fantastic wreaths above the heads of the jovial assembly, escaped through the open doors and windows. The balconies were thronged by ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and nodded gaily, to those whom they recognised as friends, amongst the nobility and military that pranced past upon their richly caparisoned steeds.

Among the crowd of horsemen, that thus thronged the streets, was a young man in a military costume. His horse was clad in sparkling harness, after the style of a superior officer in the Hungarian army. His small mustache was quite in contrast to the huge beards worn by many of those who passed him. The richly embroidered attila, or long frock coat, was clasped with glittering ornaments from the waist to the throat; the low fur cap was mounted with an egret of brilliant feathers, that dashed from side to side with the motion of his steed; the gold-braided pantaloons were full and loose, and fastened by a silver band and silver buckles; at his belt hung a light

sword. He was riding at perfect ease, and, like the rest, seemed to have no other object in view but to make the best use of his short period of relaxation. As he passed along, many a soft star-like eye from the windows and balconies, was turned upon the handsome young soldier with trembling rapture.

At a little distance behind him followed a soldier, in the close hussar dress of the Hungarian military servant. As he continued slowly ambling along, he was met by a horseman, in the uniform of a staff-officer, riding up at full speed. Perceiving that he desired to speak, the young soldier reined in his horse, and the staff-officer, bending over, spoke in a low, quiet tone.

“I would gladly do anything to oblige Ypernas,” said the other, when he had finished: “but this—it’s too much.”

“Very good,” replied the staff-officer. “Then I shall say you refuse the orders.”

“Even so. Let the men rest while they can. They have had some roughing of it—most likely will have plenty more.”

Without further comment, Isaac—for he was the younger horseman—spurred his horse, and, passing through the gateway and over the draw-bridge, he entered the succession of richly ornamented gardens that, varied by villas and mansions of beautiful architecture, stretch away until they reach the picturesque ridge of mountains

that give so fine a charm to the noble old city of Presburg.

The sun had disappeared, leaving a golden glow in the western sky. The lingering beams assumed that rich variety of tint, so impressive to the beholder, varying from bright green to a superb yellow, from red to deep blue, from purple to orange, as the rays passed between the leaves of the myrtle, the palma-christi, or some other kind of the surrounding foliage. Not a cloud was in the heavens; the air was peace itself, and every breath was a perfume; the soft evening stillness was only now and then broken by some babbling bird. Isaac continued his pensive walk; until at last a few stars, brighter than the rest, began to shine out from the transparent blue heavens. White curling vapours, the result of the day's heat, rose from the hollows and low grounds, making the surrounding objects assume the most fantastic shapes. The sound of falling water was audible; and as Isaac skirted the valley, the cause revealed itself in a little cascade that splashed down the hill side; a rocky basin received the foaming element, and from it wandered a small clear stream that soon disappeared amongst the woods. Beyond this could be faintly seen a hazy landscape of calm vine-covered hills, with snowy white cottages nestling amidst them. The scene and stillness was very likely to produce a sober, pensive train

of reflection; and dismounting, to drink at the fountain, Isaac sat on its edge and thought—thought of home and Adeline.

The gathering shadows warned him that it was time to return; for though his name at the gates would at once secure him a passage into the city, he knew how desirable it was, that the orders to keep them shut after night-fall, should be strictly maintained. As he placed his foot in the stirrup, a clattering of horses' hoofs disturbed the solitude; and in a very little time a lady, accompanied by a middle-aged nobleman—both seated on horseback—emerged from a long avenue opposite. Even in the gloom produced by the mists and thick foliage, she might be seen to be young and singularly beautiful. She sat in an attitude of enchanting, unstudied grace. Her large dark eyes, shaded by their long glossy lashes, alternately reposed their glances upon her relative and companion at her side, or gazed out into the distance with a pensive, mournful look. The gently swelling breast, the cheeks overspread with the most delicate tint of the rose, the airy and elastic figure, might have belonged to the goddess of love herself, in the days of her freshest youth. While, on the other hand, the look of even child-like innocence, the nobly arched forehead, the coral mouth, of which the rosy lips were rather indicated than displayed, and an indescribable highness in her whole expression,

gave her an air of queenly dignity, and at the same time, of purity and delicate modesty, that made up the most spiritualised *beau idéal* of a woman. Her hair was of a dark colour, and fell in long tresses around a snow-white neck; and over these again a heavy veil was flung. A braided gown surrounded her person; and from the loose hanging sleeves, and beneath the folds of the veil which fell about her arms, a pair of small, white-gloved hands were just visible.

As she emerged from the long walk of trees she came full upon Isaac, who bowed with the profound respect due to her character and station—namely, with all his heart.

“Baron Schermstoff! my noble servitor! my friend!” said the lady with brightened eyes, and stretching out her ungloved hand to Isaac, who took it and pressed it to his lips, according to the etiquette of the court. “The accounts of your glorious deeds have reached me, and I have earnestly longed to see you, that I might thank you in person—for believe me, dear sir, Maria Theresa cannot feel ungrateful, although her cruel position may often make her seem so. And now I do see you, I find no words that can express my sense of your devotion to my cause.”

“Madam,” said Isaac, in his rich, feeling voice, “you owe me no thanks—I beg you will therefore spare them. I have done no more than the duty of a gentleman. I saw you—a lady—that

lady, too, a queen—in distress; in danger of falling a victim to treacherous counsels, and cruel and ambitious men. I resolved to adopt your fortunes; and it was this I told you, when first you summoned me to your private counsels. Then, at your own solicitation, I expressed my wish that, if necessary, I might aid you with the last florin of my fortune, and die fighting for my queen. And so I feel.”

“Thank you, thank you, noble sir!” replied Maria Theresa, a woman’s ready tear gemming her long lashes. “Be assured you have your queen’s inmost thanks. I know not what to do, you lay me under so great a weight of gratitude. Tomorrow, sir, I will advance you to the highest dignity in the gift of the crown; you shall be made a magnate of the realm.”

“I cannot feel that I have deserved such liberality from my queen,” replied Isaac. “If I have been able to serve you in any measure, your kind words more than repay me.”

“Yes, yes, my noble knight,” said the young queen hurriedly. “I know you have the true dignity of heart; and to that, the mere dignity of rank is a poor recompense. But what else is there I can do? I would prove my gratitude by acts; you will not refuse that permission to a lady who begs it. Pity me!”

Before Isaac could return an answer, a troop of three horsemen were seen advancing in a vista

between the trees, at a furious gallop. The eyes of himself and the queen were instantly turned in that direction.

“They mean not well,” said the queen, in intense alarm. “See! they are masked!”

“Ruffians!” muttered Isaac between his teeth, and he drew his sword quickly. “Draw back, madam, to the embankment. Be not alarmed—we shall do.”

“*Santa Vergine!* I was right!” exclaimed the leader. “It is she, men! your lives pay if she escapes!”

The two foremost ruffians rushed upon Isaac and the Palatin. A shrill shriek arose from Maria Theresa, as the other, seizing her hand, plunged his sword into the breast of her horse to the hilt. The poor animal fell dead upon the spot; the young Queen, entangled in the stirrup, was partially under him. In the twinkling of an eye, the arm of the fellow was flung round her waist, and she was rudely dragged away; when the descent of Isaac’s sword upon his shoulder disabled him, and, with a bitter imprecation, he let her fall to the ground, where she lay as if insensible. For some minutes, the combat raged fiercely; till, having received numerous wounds, two of the marauders made off.

“*Diavoli tutti!*” exclaimed the leader bitterly. “The cowards! The game’s up, then.”

“Even so, Putowski,” said Isaac. “Villain!”

—traitor!—these then are the friendly alliances of your master with our King. I thought I read you rightly.”

“Hell and flames! Betrayed! Have at thee then, boy! for one final skull shatterer, at any rate,” and he whirled his sabre with tremendous might. A quick movement on the part of Isaac scarcely saved his head, and he received instead, a wound in the arm. With an imprecation, expressive of his disappointment, Putowski followed the example of his confederates, and took to flight.

In falling, the back of the Queen's head had come in violent contact with the ground, and the unconsciousness produced by the blow, still continued. With the assistance of the Palatin, she was carried to the basin at the bottom of the waterfall, and her temples bathed with the cool element. In a short time, she once more opened her eyes, and was able to stand, weakly, on her feet.

“Thank God, my persecuted queen is safe!” exclaimed Isaac, with an involuntary rush of joy. “Louis,” he pursued, turning to his servant, “I must have your horse: you can walk to the city.”

Isaac went to his own horse and soon made the necessary alterations in the trappings, to enable Maria Theresa to keep her seat in the saddle.

“My deliverer! my friend!” said the young queen, tremulously, as she rested her hand on Isaac's arm for support; for the fright and the con-

cussion had so weakened her, that she could hardly sustain herself.

“Are you hurt, Baron Schermstoff?” she said again, with a sweet and grateful smile—that smile which belonged so peculiarly to Maria Theresa.

“Hardly more than a scratch,” replied Isaac, binding a handkerchief round his arm. “And in no other service, could I have felt so honoured in receiving it, as in protecting the person of my queen.”

“Dear! dear!” said Maria Theresa anxiously. “Pray allow me to bind it for you;” and taking the handkerchief from his hand, she folded it around his arm tightly, and fastened it in a smooth knot.

They rode on slowly; and, as the queen recovered, their pace was gradually quickened, until they dashed into the court-yard of the noble old castle of Presburg. Isaac immediately threw himself off his horse, and assisted her to dismount. As she looked upon him—his handsome face, his noble air, his eyes expressive of the unfeigned delight he felt in her escape—her feeling as a woman conquered her feeling as a queen, and, with a bright smile, rendered yet lovelier because it shone through tears, she hurriedly took from her bosom a chain of diamonds, and passed them over his neck.

“Accept this, dear sir, as an unaffected token

of a woman's gratitude for your generous devotion to her interests, and your sympathies with her distresses. Your noble heart will appreciate my feeling better than I can speak it; for no thanks can meet the debt now added to what I owed before—my liberty, and, haply, life. And now, my friend, good night; I shall see you again tomorrow. Once more, good night, my friend," she pursued, waving her hand to him gracefully, as she disappeared within the ponderous castle gates.

It is well known to the readers of history, that at the Diet composed of the four orders of the kingdom, with the provincial deputies, which assembled next day, the reception of Maria Theresa was most enthusiastic. Loud and long protracted were the shouts of applause, with which her Hungarian subjects greeted the simple, womanly appeal of their young and persecuted queen. And as the echoes rung through the vast dome of the grand Hall of Audience at the castle, again and again were they caught up in wild and frenzied cries, amidst the waving of swords and the flashing of sabres, until the old walls of the castle shook to their very foundations, with the concussions produced by that tremendous shout. Never did devotion to a sovereign express itself more eloquently or more forcibly; and the cries only ceased when Maria Theresa, unable longer to control her emotions at this enthusiastic reception, fell back

on her throne, and burst into tears. Silence being thus obtained, the young Queen again rose. She told them of the demand of the King of Prussia, that she should cede to him those territories which, with the Austrian states, were hers by triple right—that of blood, the law passed by her grandfather, Charles VI., and the sureties of the European powers; that, having dismissed his emissary, he had, on the previous evening, outraged her person and endangered her life; and concluded by requesting them to deliberate upon the means necessary to be used, that she might be secured in peaceful possession of her realm. Tears flowed down many a stern and energetic cheek, as, laying aside all form in the trouble of the moment, Maria Theresa, or, as the Hungarians said, their King, delivered her address; but they were tears of admiration, affection, and fury; and, with a simultaneous impulse, each man, drawing his sabre, vowed that it and his fortune, to the last kreutzer, should be laid at her feet.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MINGLED HAPPINESS.

"Hark to the ring of the cimetar!
 It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
 Down from the mountains the warriors come:
 Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum!—
 To the startling voice of the trumpet's call!—
 To the cymbal's clash!—to the atabal!
 The banners of crimson float in the sun,
 The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
 The mother hath taken the child from her breast,
 And raised it to look on its father's crest.
 The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
 With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song."

L. E. L.

"Sad and deep
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast."

MRS. HEMANS.

"Look you, friend; it matters nothing whether you
 believe it or not; but what I say is true."

LOVE FOR LOVE.

IMMEDIATELY the great winding carriage-road
 that enters Vienna on the east passes through St.
 Stephen's Gate, it is formed into a broad and

commodious street, with large, elegant, detached mansions upon each side; and the views obtained from the belvedere on the top of these, being among the best in Vienna, it is here that many of the travellers visiting the city take up their abode. Beneath them flows the Danube, deep and clear; and from its left bank stretches a succession of gardens, finely varied with trees and shrubberies, till they are lost among the blue hills in the distance.

The boudoir was as pretty a boudoir as one ever meets with in "*Yermany*,"—the window-curtains were of a glorious sea-green—the paper a flaring red that set the whole room on fire—the mirror large, with some pretensions to elegance—the gold-mouldings were better, life-like leaves and flowers running through them—and in the cup of a white lily, Mary's maid, Anna, was busily employing herself—to puzzle the Germans—in writing her name in old English letters, with a black-lead pencil. So true it is that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Her feat was hardly accomplished, when Mary came into the room, and seating herself at a table that stood on bandy legs, began to write a letter.

At the request of his child, Mr. Cohen had turned his steps first to Presburg, then to Vienna, in the hope that he might obtain some

knowledge of Isaac—whether he yet lived, or was killed. To his inexpressible grief he was obliged to admit to himself that Mary's health was visibly declining; and, after he had discovered Isaac's condition, he had concluded he must return with her to England; for even now she could ill bear the fatigue and turmoil of travelling. But Mary—though she felt herself sinking—was not of a disposition to complain; and always struggled to appear her best when he was present.

The great victory of Hanau had just been gained by Maria Theresa and her noble allies—the victory which concluded the young queen's struggle, and wrung peace from her enemies; and the officers and men of the main army were that day expected to enter the capital. The royal standard floated above the palace and the fort; the streets and terraces were lined with spectators, all anxious to greet the return of the victors. With another couple—an English gentleman and his wife—Mary and her father ascended to the belvedere, having great hope that they might see Isaac.

The firing of cannon at the castle, and on the fort which faced the Danube, announced that the army was entering the city. The sound was immediately caught up and echoed from station to station, by the sharp rattle of the sentinels' drums, and all eyes were at once turned in the direction of the St. Stephen's gate. And highly picturesque and brilliant was the scene produced by

the motley multitude, their profusely ornamented dresses glittering in all the semi-oriental splendour and pride, which, even yet, is a striking characteristic of the country. Amidst the deep hum of the many voices, the loud laughter of some of the squeezing throng, the salutation of friends, the congratulations of the populace, the shouts of the horsemen, there still arose one sharp, metallic sound—the clanking of armour, the rattling of swords, and the clashing of sabres. Mary looked earnestly upon the mounted crowd as, to the sound of martial music, they passed her and defiled before the royal palace. But she saw no Isaac. There was one young officer who, at first, had awakened some interest in her mind; but he directed his eyes upon her with such an earnest, undisguised gaze, that she was obliged to turn away.

“I have not seen him, dearest,” said Mary, mournfully, turning to her father. “Did you?”

“No, but I don’t make any importance of that, my love,” replied Mr. Cohen.

“Well, dear, you know best, I am sure. But I wish I knew about him—I wish he had never left us.”

“And so do I; but I must not have you apprehensive, there is no reason for it.”

“I will try, dear father. And now will you take your walk alone to-day? I really feel too faint to join you, I think. You will allow me to feel severely disappointed?”

“My beloved child!” said Mr. Cohen, clasping her waist fondly, as she hung over his lips to kiss him. “Don’t harass yourself; we shall certainly find him. Do leave me one daughter to solace my last years—they will be few,” he continued, with tears. “It is adding sorrow more than I can bear, to see you pine away, day by day.”

“Dear papa,” she said, kissing him lovingly again, “I pray very fervently for you, that my declining health may not be too great a trial. Do not grieve any more for me. Jesus is sorry to see you so pained at the thought of losing me; but I am His, papa, and if He wishes it, He must take me. I have often found, dear, on examining my heart, when it seemed to me I might excuse myself for being sorrowful, that the true evil was my being weakly, perhaps sinfully disposed, and therefore I had no just cause to repine. If God sees it best that I should leave you a little while, will you not try to console yourself by thinking that I, whom you love so, am made so unspeakably happier than I ever could be on earth? It would add so to my calmness, if I could hear you say so, my beloved father.”

“Mary, you seem to want to die,” he said, somewhat peevishly.

“Dear papa, do not misinterpret my feeling. For myself, you might expect me to be very glad to be taken away from these troubled, sinful scenes, to the love and rest and peace of heaven;

but, for your sake, I not only am willing to live, but I pray that, if God saw it would be well, He would spare me to you. What I want you to think upon, to comfort yourself with is, that, if I die, I am immeasurably blessed in being so early called to the enjoyment of my sweet home in heaven. And your summons, my love, will come very soon. You know, dear, how much I love you—more than any language I could think upon could express to you. But God loves us better than we can ever love each other, either on earth or in heaven, as much as His nature is infinite, and He is the source of love; while ours is only a reflection of Him. Then it is perfect wisdom to receive whatever He does with mute, unquestioning faith.”

“An excellent theory, and a true one; but who’s to act it?”

“We must, if we love Him. If such poor, weak things as we are must expect to see the reason and result of everything, if we will be out of humour because we cannot have events all as we please, it is clear enough that we deceive ourselves somewhere—we do not believe in God’s love, and in His infinite wisdom, as we think we do. Else, though the weakness of earth might sometimes make us sad, we should quietly rest satisfied that ‘all things shall work together for good, to them that love God,’ and we would not change His directions, even if He gave us the

power. Trust Him, dear papa, with me and with yourself; He knows what is best, for He sees from beginning to end, and it is impossible He can do any thing unkind."

Few more words passed; and Mr. Cohen went out to take his customary walk on the banks of the Danube. "It is not far to the office," thought Mary, when he had left; "I really must go and see if I can get any knowledge if he lives; why should I wait till to-morrow? It is, certainly, a singular hour to call on business; but a sister's love will excuse me." And she turned into her room to dress.

At the same time, a person in military costume, riding a horse splashed with foam, and galloping at a rate

"As if the speed of thought were in his limbs,"

turned into St. Stephen's-street. "Have you not English travellers staying here?" he asked of the bowing and scraping Italian porter, who filled the office of a sort of general interpreter at the establishment.

"Yes, there was two Inglesi—Senhor Sir Frederic Myrtle, Esquire, and his lady, and Milor and Miladi Conin."

"Conin?" said Isaac absently—for we scarcely need say it was he. "Well," he thought, "if I am mistaken—which I don't believe—I may claim pardon under the circumstances. "Show me to

the rooms occupied by Mr. Cohen," and he threw himself off his horse.

"Very good," said the porter. "This way, senhor."

Isaac followed up the broad stone stairs, and along a commodious passage in which there were several doors. Pushing one ajar, the man said tersely—

"In there, senhor."

Isaac walked in. The first person that met his eye was Anna, sewing away for life. She looked up wonderingly as Isaac marched to a chair, and seated himself with a quiet grace, as if he were monarch of the place. They continued to stare at each other; Anna knit her brows and looked cross.

"Why don't you speak, Anna?" he said, at length, rising; and, taking her lifeless hand, he shook it in the true, hearty English fashion.

"Where's your mistress?"

Anna was white with fright.

"Tell Miss Cohen her brother Isaac waits to see her."

"Mr. Isaac!" gasped Anna. "Well!" she resumed, with a long breath, as if relieved of a weight of terror. "Miss Cohen desired to be left alone for a few minutes; but she will certainly be here directly, because she is going out before dinner, and it is near that time."

Isaac was going to ask a hundred hasty ques-

tions about home and old things, but Margaret, the Scottish servant, entering with a lighted candle in one hand, and a bottle of wine, with other things that she had just taken from the closet for the dinner, in the other, put an end to the dialogue. Margaret had, in various ways, constituted herself quite a favourite with Mr. Cohen—he felt weak and spiritless, Mary was delicate, and often very unwell. Margaret was shrewd and blunt, and Mr. Cohen gave her the supervision of all their travelling affairs, which could by any possibility be committed to her arrangement. Consequently, Madge thought herself entitled to take no inconsiderable liberty, and to exercise no small share of authority in the household. She caught sight of Anna instantly, talking to Isaac, with her face quite glorious in smiles.

“Ye ne'er-do-weel hizzie! ye unmodest jaud! Hae ye tint yeer wut? Gang ye ahint me noo! are na yese ashamed o' siccan conduct, as to sit doon an' lit a soger qu'etly maul ye, kissin' an' huggin'?” Turning to Isaac, “An' as for you, ye blawin' gawpus, I ken ye; an' I'm no afeard on ye, nor mony a better mon, for a' yeer fine shouthers, an' yeer soord an' mustashers. Daur ye come here to be freesome wi' ma master's lassie? Daur ye hae the impurence to hantle her unleddy-like? Ye shanna hae her, sae gang along the wa' ye comit as hard as ye can whang noo.”

Isaac was delighted with the old woman's rage; and continued smiling with all his might, to the great aggravation of her fury. Anna spoke.

"Well, Madge, now you've done, I may find time to answer. The gentleman whom you've rated in such chosen terms is no lover of mine, but Miss Cohen's brother Isaac, who left England some months ago."

"It's a lee! it's a lee! Ye ken him nane—ye ken him nane. D'ye think I no see he winkit? Wha are ye? I ax—wha are ye? wha are ye?" she pursued, with breathless energy, and poking the candle in Isaac's face, although it was bright daylight.

"Why," said Isaac, trying to look serious, "I'm what Anna has said—Mr. Cohen's son."

"*Ye a brother to ma master's dochter!*—there's ne'er a ane o' Miss Cohen's family wi' siccan a dress as that!—there's ne'er a ane o' her kith amangst tha sogers creeshy clan!—there's ne'er a ane o' her brothers wha's face is covered wi' hair like a hair trunk!—there's ne'er a ane o' her name wad pit on a wabsters sornin' clause!—I ken what ye are—some French foreigner come owre here for na guid. Daur ye deny it?—ye ill-faured tyke! Ye kenned the Square was frae hame, an' ye kenned that ony his bonnie wean was lift to tak caur o' th' hoose, an' ye thocht I shudna fin' ye—ye fashious scunner!—ye can-

kered rush! Guid Providence haud a grup an me, gin I can keep ma knieves aff ye! I'll wallop yeer ugly mazzard till I mak't as red as a belly-rasher. Yeer a rogue, I'm positive sure. I ken ye by yeer red breeks!—I ken ye by yeer unner coats!—I ken ye by yeer gowden buttons!—I ken ye by yeer sark frill!—I ken ye by yeer nastie leuks!—I ken ye fine. Yeere a rogue a' owre—a bluid-seller, gin ye like it better. De'il tak me, gin ye laugh at me a that un I'll clatter yeer yedd wi' the poker. Wa' wi' ye noo, or I'll hit ye a dad in the haffits!"

"It's all very fine, Madge, you making yourself so grand, and taking so much upon you, as you do," said Anna; "but if you happen to think, you've found out something as glorious as if you'd found a plan for paying the National Debt, why, you are simply mistaken. Mr. Cohen is what he and I have said, and you had better be careful."

"Oh, never mind," said Isaac. "Fidelity in servants is a virtue too valuable to be vexed with, even if sometimes it should take a form that is unpleasant. Now go, and see if your mistress can come to me."

Anna went accordingly.

"Guid faith!" said Madge, in a very small tone, "are yese the Square's son, an' me leddy's brother, sure eneugh?"

"Certainly."

"Save us, ye wadna, surely yeer honour wadna,

haud agin me what I'm just bin a sayin! Ye maun ken I thocht ye was naething but some Frenchman an' meant na guid to Anna, whilk frichtened me. Sure enough, yer honour will pit in a guid word for me to me leddy, an' forgie me?"

"Forgive you? To be sure," said Isaac.

"Thank yer honour. Sall I rin an' get ye a posset?—or a drap cordial, gin ye like it better?"

"Isaac!—my sweet brother!" said Mary, skipping across the room: and the next moment, overcome by that excess of joy, she fell, half fainting, in his arms.

"Why didn't you write? Oh! what I have felt!"

"But I did write, dearest," replied Isaac, kissing her. "The mails were intercepted—the couriers murdered."

"Come! you are with me now; and I am happy. How good my Father is to me! my cup of love and joy is full, and I am at rest, whether it be to live or die."

A few hours afterwards, a horseman flung himself from his steed at the door, enquiring for Baron Schermstoff. He was directed to the person answering the description he gave.

"The King sends for you, master," he said to Isaac.

“I hear,” replied Isaac. Turning to his sister, “Now, Mary, if you will come, I will present you to my queen before you go home.”

They entered the great gates of the palace; and, on Isaac announcing his name, an officer of the household conducted them through several galleries and passages, until, reaching a large oaken door, he opened it, and walked into the room. An elderly lady was seated in the deep recess of an open window, working upon the rose-leaf border of a muslin robe.

“Baron Schermstoff?” she enquired, looking up.

“Yes,” replied the attendant.

“And this lady?”

“Is my sister,” said Isaac.

The lady nodded in reply. And saying, “You will come with me, if you please,” she led the way to an inner door, at which she knocked gently. Having received a reply, she opened it, and bade them enter.

The room into which they were thus introduced was a very elegant one, but small, and fitted up with the purest taste; there was no attempt at display; and few might have thought it likely to be the private drawing-room of a powerful queen. In a large chair, with cushions like a cloud in crimson and softness, sat Maria Theresa, her long hair falling in luxuriant ringlets about her neck and shoulders, and looking “every inch” a queen. She was engaged in reading the despatches that

she had just received, and extracting notes from them by which to dictate her replies, with the ceaseless, self-denying industry that she always displayed, when occasion made it necessary. As Isaac and Mary entered the room, she laid down her pen, and, rising from her chair, advanced to meet them. "Glad, very glad, am I to see you, sir!" said the Queen. "And yet, withal, I must express my sorrow, for breaking in upon your first few hours of rest from the toils you have undergone for me and mine. Assure yourself, dear sir, it should not have been so, except that I greatly needed help again; and I know I have not a more able, faithful friend than you." And she offered him her hand, which Isaac immediately knelt down to kiss.

"Nay, sir!" said the young queen, "I cannot have it so. Here we waive all ceremony, and you are to Maria Theresa, her brother and her friend. Now, sir, first we will advance you to the dignity which ere now was promised; and sorry am I that you were called away so hastily as to prevent my conferring it then." She took up the cimetar of the Hungarian Kings, and the mantle which belonged to the rank she spoke of; both of which she had placed by her side in readiness. Drawing the cimetar from its bejewelled sheath, she touched him on the right shoulder, saying with a smile—that smile, so fascinating in its innocence, which it was her wont to display, and which, joined to

her friendly disposition and her dislike of ceremony and court etiquette, gave a handle to the many unjust calumnies of her traducers—" Rise, my noble sir! we create you Magnate of this realm of the order of St. Josepha." Then, taking the mantle, she passed it over his neck, and fastened it on his right shoulder with the diamond brooch which was the insignia of the magnate's rank, with her own hands. " But really, good sir," she pursued, with another smile, " I have somewhat reversed the order which I had laid down. I desired to welcome you home to peace and quiet; and once more, from my inmost heart, to give you thanks."

" Your Majesty accepts my services at a far higher rate than they deserve," said Isaac. " I had rather—"

" You would not cross me in the expression of my thoughts," continued the Queen. " Let me get what relief I can by speaking out my feeling, pray, good sir; it is a poor resource for gratitude like mine. Then, as I have already said, I had sent for you on business—business in which you have taken part; and I wished to recur to you for advice; but the presence of this lady, to whom, even yet, you do not introduce me, will change my intentions."

" The lady, madam, is my sister. In a few hours she will depart for England; I wished to present her to my Queen."

“Welcome, madam,” said Maria Theresa, taking her hand, and kissing her affectionately. “Welcome to my court, and to my most private friendship.”

“Moreover, she has come to fetch me home, if you, my Queen, will give me leave,” said Isaac.

“Home!” returned the Queen. “But you will not quit me, sir?”

“Nay,” replied Isaac, “I will come back, and live and die in the service of your Majesty.”

“And you, sweet lady,” turning to Mary with a graceful smile, “will you be Maria Theresa’s companion—her sister—her adviser? Believe me, dear, she needs such an one indeed. She has few such friends; her women are too much occupied with jealousy, envy, and ill-will amongst themselves, to spare much feeling in love for her; and such is the life of courts.”

“This is surpassing kindness; and it bewilders me rather, because, I cannot expect that your Majesty will ever see me after this time,” replied Mary. “My health is declining; I have very dear ties to England. But my dear brother will bring a lady—a wife—who would be far more worthy of her sovereign’s notice than myself, if you would accept her.”

“If that is it,” said Maria Theresa, and a faint blush passed across her features, “I would speed you away to England, sir; though I was fain to ask your help in answering these matters

now before me. Yes, go, sir; and take with you your Queen's good wishes, and her prayers. But soon return, if you still will love me, noble sir; for I greatly need you."

"Your Majesty will not appoint him as a fighting-man?" said Mary, with trembling solicitude. "We have suffered so much about him. It may be selfishness, perhaps, but we cannot give him up to be killed."

"Killed! God forbid!" said Maria Theresa, a tear glittering on her heavy eyelash. "It was not my will that sent him to the wars, he asked it. I would have kept him about my person, to advise me here at home. No: as you request it, dear madam, I will promise you he shall never fight again, with my permission. Heaven grant a reason to refuse may never happen! The thought of bloodshed, fills me with agony—oh! it is miserable to be a queen." And Maria Theresa bowed her noble head in heavy thought. "Well, I must bethink me," she resumed quickly. "I shall keep him here as my confidential minister—by his leave."

"Does your Majesty wish to fix a limit to my absence?" asked Isaac.

"No, no, dear sir. Your promise to return is all I want. I know that, as I need you, you will not stay away without sufficient cause. Well, go then. You have served me so well, that it were ill indeed if I detained you longer.

Farewell, good sir. And you, sweet madam," she added, kissing Mary again, "you, I shall hope to see once more." And she walked with them to the door of the room.

CHAPTER XLIX.

LIFE AT LAST.

“I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days
Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters, undisturbed and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose.”

WILSON.

“Shake off the 'cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount!—your way
Is through eternity!”

MRS. HEMANS.

UNTERRIFIED by a miraculous escape from sudden death by the upsetting of a coach, and unexcited even by a romantic shipwreck, when within speaking distance of their own shores, our travellers were deposited in inglorious safety in front of the knocker of their own door. We have no adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, no gallant knights with bright swords, golden armour, and clouds of plumes, running away with young ladies, now-a-days. Everything of the kind went out of fashion with the old novels—romance and money are alike realised.

It was evening when they reached home; and after the wondering, congratulations, and dinner were over, Mary softly ascended the stairs to her bedroom. "Home, home! my own sweet home, once more!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into a chair. And her excessive pleasure relieved itself in a passionate flood of tears.

Stirring the fire, and throwing a large shawl over her shoulders, she drew her chair towards a little table, and began writing. Again and again, before her task was completed, she laid the pen aside and leaned her throbbing head in her weak hand. "I hope I may be able to finish it—for his sake as well as my own." At length it was ready for folding, and, with a trembling hand, she tried to affix the seal. It fell from her fingers—her breath quickened—heavy damps stood upon her forehead—and she sunk back upon the cushions of the chair. "I can do no more—it should go early; but my strength is done—then I must wait till the morning."

"MY DEAREST ADELINE,

"This evening I have reached home; accompanied by my father and—Isaac. More particulars I shall tell you when we meet; the effort of writing is too severe to permit me to do it here.

"Need I say to you how much I long to see you? You know this. Will you come to me

to-morrow? Do, if you can: for Death, my sweet friend, is approaching—so smiling, so lovely, that I scarce could believe it to be him, were it not for that beautiful weakness, which, increasing day by day, assures me that my earthly house is decaying.

The goodly land I see;
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of holy liberty,
And endless rest.

The mists of time are dissolving from before me—the world is fading from my eyes—and I see the great eternal gates of my Father's house opening to receive me for ever. But I am *passing* into them:—very gently—very softly—very beautifully. I am not dying; it is a calm sinking of my mortal life; a sweet freeing of my spirit. My soul dissolves in radiance, like a silvery cloud. There is no death to the Christian; the suffering and resurrection of the Lord of Glory has conquered. He is our all in all. I know and feel it; and my heart is glad in Him, and my soul blesses Him for the victory.

“You weep, my love, when you read this—because I am going from you, and you will miss me for a little; I know it, though I cannot see you. But I must not have you grieve. Come to me; and while I kiss you, and twine my arms about your neck, in the holy love I feel for you, I will tell you how happy I am; we will talk of

that 'better land' to which I am hastening—of its unsullied skies, its soft calm airs, its fadeless flowers, its gentle streams, its exhaustless joys, its affectionate inhabitants, its loving King. We will think of that rapturous moment when our spirits will there meet each other for ever; we will present our petitions for mutual happiness to the God of love together; and, in anticipation of the endless REST we soon shall have in Him, our spirits, even here, shall feel the beginnings of their heaven.

“ You have already had evidences in this way—and I too. ‘Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you,’ was our Saviour’s dying bequest. I have asked Him for it, and He has fulfilled the promise. I have a still soft calm; a holy, blissful repose. High above all principalities and powers, sits my everlasting Redeemer; looking upon me with smiles and approbation; holding the crown with which He himself will, in a little while, encircle my temples; every moment filling me with love, and giving me the sweet assurance that He loves me; that from His love nothing shall separate me, and that as soon as the last band which confines me to mortality is unclasped, He will receive me into His own bosom, and place me to sit by Him on His own throne, for ever. Oh! my sweet love, how sacred, how beautiful is life! What a lovely God is God! I pant—most ardently I pant—to see Him. I lan-

guish to be in His own sweet home, where I shall be perfectly freed from sin and its consequences—pain, languor, doubtings, loss of peace—and be full of the Lord of all the worlds for ever.

“Angels are about me; watching around my steps, ministering to my wants, and whispering of lovelier lands and purer skies. I know this, though I cannot see them. The feeling is an unspeakably precious one—nothing fanciful—but a conscious reality. Do you ever feel it, dearest? They walk with me and surround me in love, anticipating my thoughts and desires; and I can feel their rejoicings because I am so near the entrance to their quiet land.

“Thus, amidst how much of peace and joy I am passing away. The transition from time to eternity has, ever since I knew the blessedness of calling God my Father, been a favourite subject of my contemplation; one which always gave me immeasurable delight; yet I never supposed it was so beautiful, so soft, so blissful as it is—in truth it is a feeling which could not be imagined. I never enjoyed so much of the presence of God. I am quite as happy as I can bear and live. The closing hours are by far the loveliest part of the Christian's mortal life. It is true I have seasons of bodily pain; but this is softening more and more; and when it comes, I find God so kind, so evidently imparting to me special solace and support, that I cannot give attention to it,

I have so much of the love and peace that is in heaven.

“ I have looked upon my tomb. I have often sat upon it, and prayed by it, and thought how much nearer it was to heaven than any other spot of earth. I shall be buried in the same grave with my lovely Eulalia — underneath her; her coffin will rest upon my bosom. Where she often slept in life, she will sleep in death. Precious child! How my spirit yearns towards her; how it exalts my heart when I think I am going to her; how she rejoices to see me coming; how is the melody of her song increased — that sweet song — the new song; which no man can utter — taught by her Redeemer — and her soft, gentle voice — I fancy I hear her — oh! my beloved! I pine, I faint, with desire to embrace you again!

“ My watch strikes — it is midnight. Silent hour! when the beings of eternity are most intimate with the creatures of time. The quiet air is fraught with still, small sounds that call me away. My hand trembles. I greatly need repose; I must hasten to conclude.

“ You know my beloved friend, how I have yearned for your marriage with Isaac; what I have suffered on account of your separation; I write to beg you will allow me to witness it before I go hence. Isaac is writing to you; he knows nothing of this request; he does not even imagine it. I make it for myself. I see no

reason why I should not have the delight I ask for. I think you have honoured the remembrance of your late husband as much as is necessary—take whatever ground you choose; propriety, delicacy, womanly feeling—for the circumstances under which you were married to him. At any rate, I long to see the union I have hoped for, and that I used to look forward to with so much joy, consummated. Now, my love, do permit me. It is likely you may find some difficulty in doing me this kindness, because it comes so suddenly upon you; but if you will try as earnestly as I would have you, you will be able to make me happy in the request I make. Yet you must waste no time dearest—a little more will number me with the inhabitants of the kingdom of eternal blessing.

“Once more I request you to think of nothing but the fulfilment of this desire—the last great one I shall make you: and if I did not allow myself to believe you would, I might feel rather saddened, for I have set my heart on seeing you and my beloved brother happy in each other, before my departure.

“Fervently do I ask of our mutual Redeemer, that you may attain to more of the felicity which is inseparable from a knowledge of Himself; and am, my dearest Adeline, yours, with increased love,
“MARY COHEN.”

The letter reached Adeline, just as she was

preparing for her morning ride. "My dear Mary! and is it so, that I must separate from you too?" and large tears flowed afresh. "I would fly to her on wings of love, were it possible." Hastily she rang, to know if the carriage was ready. "Then, bid them be as quick as possible," she added. And in a few minutes she was on the way to Mary—her heart filled with love and sadness.

She was scarcely prepared to see the change that had taken place. Earnestly she gazed in Mary's face. All over it was diffused that high celestial beauty, which tells that the eyes have caught the unsullied light of angel worlds. Mary smiled happily with her own delight; the pretty little mouth, all unconsciously, had broken into dimples and music; the glow of her cheek heightened to a lovely crimson, like that of the young rose blushing with the first kisses of the morning.

"You see the dull clay is dissolving, my love? The veil of earth is fading from my eyes," said Mary, and she pressed Adeline's hand affectionately.

"Yes, dearest," said Adeline, sadly.

"Well, now, sit down by me a few minutes; I want,"—she resumed. Isaac's step was distinguishable upon the stairs—Adeline heard and knew it too. She did not, however, attempt to speak—her cheek flushed, and then grew pale—

her heart seemed to cease its pulsations—the door opened—they all met—and—

But we must copy the mode of disposing of such a scene usual amongst novelists—“The conversation of two lovers has been so often described that it is unnecessary to write it here.”

The result is everything.

The next month came, and with it the day appointed for the marriage. It was finally arranged that it should be a private one. A dress of white silk, of the most delicate, cloud-like texture, made open in front, so as to display the collerette beneath—the fragile ruff, so favourable to the expression of her exquisitely turned neck—her long, light ringlets, beautifully restrained in their graceful fall by three bands of costly diamonds in front, and a starry tiara of brilliants and orange-blossoms behind—and the blonde veil that fell shadowily down to her feet, combined to make Adeline look her loveliest.

How beautiful, how fairy-like is life, when affection makes it holy!

The glass doors which led from the drawing-room to the balcony of the fountain were open, and through them floated calm, flower-scented airs, and that soft bright light, which the shade of vine-leaves and creeping plants makes even at noon-day. The spray flung from the little fountain danced and glittered in the glorious sunshine, and then fell, like a shower of pearls and

diamonds, on the leaves and blossom around. The sky was pale and clear, with just enough of cloud to prevent a feeling of monotony. A green basket-stand, filled with blooming roses, stood between the windows. On a sofa, beneath a full-length portrait of herself, taken two years before, sat Mary. One very white arm hung over a pillow of the sofa, and round it; the other little hand clasped a chain of gems, which she had just released from her neck. They had been placed there in expectation that she would be present at the marriage ceremony; but weakness, and a sense of atmospheric oppression, had caused her to forego this joy, and seek the quiet and freedom of that airy apartment. A fairy slippered little foot, just revealed itself from beneath the folds of her rich dress; while the light flowing in through a stained window of the room, flung a most exquisite roscate tint over her reclining figure.

The sound of gentle footsteps fell upon her ear; and looking through a large gallery, she saw that they were just leaving the chapel.

“My work is finished!” she said, with a sublime expression of joy, as Adeline, leaning on Isaac’s arm, came through a door at the end, and approached her. She rose, and advanced a few steps towards them.

“My sister!” she exclaimed, holding out her hand to Adeline. “Kiss me!”

With a sad smile of happiness, rendered all the

more lovely by her tears, Adeline embraced her. All was still for a moment—and then, that high and mystic change passed over Mary’s face, which indicates that the spirit is passing into the glory of heavenly worlds.

Adeline, assisted by Isaac, placed her on the sofa. And turning to reach an essence, Adeline saw, as she came back, that her face was set in the pale hues of death.

“‘What shall separate us from the love of Christ?’” she said slowly. “‘Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.’”

“Mary!” Adeline whispered.

“Adeline!—my beloved!—my—!—” A faint spasm passed over her face—her fingers closed in a slight convulsion—her lips quivered—she gasped for air—and then the struggle with earth was finished—mortality was swallowed up of life!

Her face shone dazzlingly with that bright and glorious smile. “Eulalia!” she said mistily, and fixing her eyes on something in the space before her. “My precious sister!—joined in eternal life!”

“Is it Eulalia and heaven that you see, dearest?” said Adeline.

“ Eulalia !—mother !—angels !—God ! Oh ! what—what—glory ! A crown of light—it is too much—oh ! love unspeakable !”

A strain of divine, unutterable music descended, and filled the room. Earth was past. Mary was fluttering upon the wing.

“ Rise ! rise, blessed spirit ! ‘ Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, ’ ” said Adeline, taking both her hands in hers.

A glorious smile floated over her face ; Adeline released one hand—it fell gently by her side ; her eyelids closed ; she breathed softly and slowly ; and then—the stillness of the body’s last mild sleep ! Rising with the music of that spirit band, Mary was an angel above the skies.

The sweet, soft swell died away, while Adeline still stood gazing on the beautiful face. Falling on her knees by the side of that lovely figure—Mary’s hand still clasped in hers—she prayed—

“ Lord, Jesus ! let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers !”

CHAPTER L.

CONCLUSION.

“I began ;
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.”
 SHAKSPERE.

“They sleep in beauty, side by side.”
Slightly altered from MRS. HEMANS.

THE conclusion of a novel is like the conclusion of a courtship, or the drawing of a little poodle dog in Berlin wool—all the promises must be realised, all the curls and ends be trimmed off neatly at last. Very fortunately for the writer, a little language, nicely managed, may be made to go a great way, and the various characters be marched off the stage, with as much shortness and simplicity of explanation as is given by the lecturer of Wombwell's menagerie:—“Now, here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the great he-bear, just arrived from the North Pole; in the next den, and in the furthest corner, is the young Bengal tigress—she killed three dogs and nearly one man, before she could be taken;” &c., &c., &c.

Eloïse Aben Baruch kept her word to Ben Megas. She answered him behind the draperies—she dabbled in the Cabbala—at last she made her final stroke—and revealed herself to the two Cabbalists. Her father was furious, when he found that the beautiful spirit, whom he hourly expected to see, was simply the flesh-and-blood Eloïse—his own daughter!—he threatened to slay her.

“Stop!” said Eloïse; and she held over the alembic a chemical preparation which, by its explosion, would have reduced the place to atoms. “Move but an inch from this spot, and I will bring destruction on us all. And, Dr. Aben Baruch, you know I will keep my word!” Turning to Ben Megas—“Ben Megas, I have tried softer means. I have shown you the uselessness of your black arts. Your spirit, you see, is poor, matter-of-fact Eloïse—she whom you flung from you, as a thing too vile to speak to. I now say, as then I told you I one day would—Victory, Ben Megas! victory or destruction! In plain prose, I am going to be married to you now, or we die together. Do you hear me?” And she shook the composition over the fire and heated metals.

“For heaven’s sake, Eloïse!” said Ben Megas, “take that stuff away from the flame. As to marrying you, I am quite willing if you wish it; and more, I will try to render back your love un-

tainted. I have done wrong to you; I may atone for it. I am sick of this life, however."

"Fool!" muttered Aben Baruch between his teeth bitterly.

"Father;" said Eloïse calmly. "You will marry us—now."

"Never!"

"But you shall!"

"I swear by ——"

"Hush!—" she said, producing her watch. "I give you three minutes to think—not one tick longer, mark! You wronged me—I will have that wrong restored—or I will avenge it."

"I have no book, Eloïse."

"But I have," she said, drawing one from the folds of her robe. "And here's a ring, too. As to the water and the sugar—I can do without them. I know what purity and sweets I may expect—not much, Heaven knows!—I hope I may be disappointed."

There was no escape. So the rabbi married them. It was surprising how that wayward, high-spirited woman became softened, by a few weeks of affectionate intercourse with her husband. All her old and better feelings returned to her bosom. Ben Megas she loved, even to idolatry: and if not quite suited in him, believed she was; and in such a case, belief is almost as good as reality, and, nine times out of ten, has to do instead of it.

Aben Baruch went on to a good old age in the possession of health and strength, and all his faculties; and still trying to—

“Call up spirits from the vasty deep;
But will they come, when you do call to them?”

Aben Baruch must answer.

Benjamin and his wife Ruth agreed together quite as well as could be expected. Their olive and laurel branches multiplied almost as rapidly as compound interest. Ben said they were all like their mother—Ruth persisted they were most like their father. Probably the truth lay in that happy rule, “*in medio tutissimus ibis.*”

Eva St. Maur had scarcely been two months in India, when she married an English gentleman then resident there; but who, shortly after their marriage, returned to England. The union was a most judicious one. And Eva was happy in a husband worthy of her highest worship, and able to draw forth the excellences which before had laid buried within her character, and to appreciate in their full value her womanly delicacy and nobility of feeling.

Adolphus St. Maur got sick of India, and came home in the same ship with his sister. He built himself a beautiful mansion in the country—lived independent—formed a fairy-like park, and stocked it with deer—had a large library and picture gallery—refused to take any part in county proceedings—spent the winters in town—loved his wife

very dearly indeed—romped with the children and danced the baby—and was in all respects a very satisfactory husband. When he heard of the change in the religious views of Isaac and Adeline, he promised that he would “become a Christian himself, if he found they made it answer”—as he did a few years later.

Mr. Elihu continued his grand abstractions upon the nature of the human mind. And, at last, when he believed he had discovered the true theory, he wrote a book in which he amply set forth his peculiar views. Not being able to find a bookseller willing to have anything to do with it, he was obliged to publish it on his own account. Its success was anything but commensurate with Mr. Elihu’s expectations.

Mr. Cohen survived his children but a very little while. Their death was a shock from which he never recovered. He died very peacefully; and with still, calm reliance upon the love of his everlasting Redeemer.

Isaac’s career was a brilliant one; and Adeline became the bosom friend of Maria Theresa, and one of the principal ornaments of her court, where she was the most lovely and beautiful. They had a considerable family, all of whom were educated in England—her first child amongst the rest. The last-mentioned presented no trace of his father’s character. To the boldness and force of manhood, he united much of the sweetness and

grace and noble intellect of his mother. On coming of age, he took possession of his property, according to the tenor of his father's will, became a distinguished member of the Government, and died the last Earl of Vernon.

David Cohen still retained possession of his father's house. That the happy promise of his marriage was fulfilled, has already appeared, and we need not repeat it here. In the picture-gallery there were two portraits, before which the spectator paused to look long and thoughtfully.

In both the painter had done his loveliest. The first was that of a young child—her large blue eyes, full of love and light, gazed pensively on a star, that seemed imaged in their silent depths with that inward dreaming look so fascinating in childhood. Her fairy fingers capriciously played with the slight gold chain which hung about her neck. The long golden ringlets fell like a summer shower—each drop filled with every ray of sunshine it had caught in its descent—around her exquisitely sculptured neck and shoulders. The whole attitude was the poetry of repose—yet fraught with that delicate feeling of bright rejoicing life so peculiar to childhood, and whose expression is hardly ever attained in a picture.

The next was a beautiful girl of seventeen—her delicate loveliness was of the most pure and lofty kind—her face, melancholy and intellectual, was of the noblest order, and imparted something of

its own thoughtfulness to the beholder—the soft white satin robe was looped with jewels—the light flowing ringlets, in their rich luxuriance, were gently confined by a band of gems—a sweet but tremulous smile parted the coral lips—flowers stood beside in an alabaster vase—an ebony lute leaned against the marble stand.

To the question, “Who are these two girlish beauties?” the simple answer was—

“Those are Mr. Cohen’s only sisters, Eulalia and Mary—both died young.”

On the marble tablet at the head of Eulalia’s grave, another brief memorial is placed beneath the first.

MARY COHEN,

DIED THREE MONTHS AFTER HER SISTER,

AGED 19.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

THE END.

By the same Author.

LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT.

An Authentic Memoir. Fourth Thousand. Royal
18mo., with Portrait, cloth, 4s. 6d.

“One of the most interesting books of its class to be found
in English literature.”—*Christian Witness*.

Just published,

SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY, COR-
RESPONDENCE, ETC. OF LEILA ADA.

Royal 18mo.. cloth, 3s. 6d.



Works published by

PARTRIDGE, OAKLEY, AND CO.,

34, PATERNOSTER ROW, & 70, EDGWARE ROAD,

PUBLISHERS TO THE BRITISH ORGANISATION OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Just published, royal 18mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.,

SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY, CORRESPONDENCE, &c., OF LEILA ADA. By OSBORN W. TRENER, HEIGHWAY. Author of "Leila Ada," &c. &c.

Just published, demy 8vo.,

SIX MONTHS AT MARTABAN, DURING THE BURMESE WAR; and an Essay on the Political Causes which led to the Establishment of British Power in India. By an OFFICER, in active service on the spot.

In fcap. 8vo., neat cloth, 2s. 6d.,

THE CENTENARY SERVICES OF BRISTOL TABERNACLE, held November 25, 1853. Consisting of a Sermon by the Rev. J. A. James:—"One thing I do." "The Times and Character of Whitefield," by the Rev. George Smith, of Poplar. "The Results of Whitefield's Labours, especially in relation to the present state of Religion," by the Rev. H. Quick, of Taunton. "Historical Sketch and Ministerial Memorials of Bristol Tabernacle," by the Rev. John Glanville, of Kingswood. "The Wants of the Church at the Present Day," by the Rev. Dr. Beaumont

Crown 8vo., 1s.,

DOCTORS' COMMONS UNVEILED; its Secrets and Abuses Disclosed. With Suggestions for the Reform of Ecclesiastical Courts. By CUTHBERT CONYNGHAM, LL.D. Dedicated to Statesmen, Lawyers, Proctors, and the General British Public.

Post 8vo., gilt, with Illustrations, 3s.,

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF THE BIBLE. By AMICUS. Elegant Gift Book.

Post 8vo., 3s.,

AN OFFERING FROM ST. NICHOLAS; or, Letters from Abroad. Edited by ST. NICHOLAS. Present Book for Young People.

Third Edition, royal 8vo., oblong, 1s.,

FIRESIDE HARMONY; or, Domestic Recreation in Part Singing. A Selection of favourite old Glees, Rounds, and Canons, arranged to words suitable for Families or Schools. By the late HELEN S. HERSCHELL.

"The sale of Two Editions of this Useful and Interesting Work may be taken as the best criterion of its merits"

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.,

CLOTEL; or, The President's Daughter. A Narrative of Slave Life in the United States. By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, a Fugitive Slave. Author of "Three Years in Europe." With a Sketch of the Author's Life.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 5s.,

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-CAPUCHIN; or, Scenes of Modern Monastic Life. By G. VOLPE.

"Exposes to public view the inner and real working of monasteries in more graphic and startling colours than the world ever saw before"—*Advertiser*.

Price 1s., with upwards of One Hundred Engravings,

THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, for 1853 (Yearly Part). Dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

PATERNOSTER ROW, AND EDGWARE ROAD.

BOOTHROYD'S BIBLE. NEW EDITION.

Super-royal 8vo., cloth, 24s.,

THE HOLY BIBLE. Now Translated from corrected Texts of the Original Tongues, and with former Translations diligently compared; together with a General Introduction and short Explanatory Notes. By B. BOOTHROYD, D.D.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.,

VOICE OF THE BIBLE TO THE AGE: a Memorial of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By Rev. A. NEW.

Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.,

BIBLE TRIUMPHS: a Jubilee Memorial for the British and Foreign Bible Society. By the Rev. THOMAS TIMPSON, Author of the "Companion to the Bible," &c. Dedicated, with permission, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, President of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

6mo., cloth, gilt, 1s.,

THE CHRISTIAN'S CASKET; containing Scriptural Cautions for Seasons of Temptation, and Scriptural Comfort for Times of Trial.

Fcap. 8vo., 3s.,

OUTLINES OF LITERARY CULTURE, from the Christian Standpoint. By the Rev. B. FRANKLAND, B.A.

Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s.,

A MANUAL OF BUDHISM, in its Modern Development: translated from Singalese MSS. By R. SPENCE HARDY. Author of "Eastern Monachism," &c.

Demy 8vo., cloth, 6s.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE: an Argument for Inspiration, in Ten Lectures. By Rev. W. LEASK.

Royal 18mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.,

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ANTICHRIST. By A. BONAR, Esq.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—INFIDELITY PRIZE ESSAY.

Demy 8vo., 10s. 6d., cloth.

INFIDELITY: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies. By
the Rev. T. PEARSON, Eyemouth, N.B.

* * This Essay obtained the Prize of £100, recently offered by the Council of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance.

"One of the ablest productions which has issued from the press on Infidelity. The subject is thoroughly understood, and treated in all its parts with precision, and yet with copiousness; with learning and skill; with the authority that attends on successful argument, and the boldness which springs from truth."—*Evangelical Christendom.*

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s. 6d.,

MODERN ATHEISM; or, the Pretensions of Secularism examined, Four Lectures delivered in the Athenæum, Thornton, Bradford.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE HORÆ APOCALYPTICÆ.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, with map, 5s.,

CHURCH HISTORY THE KEY TO PROPHECY.

A Series of Lectures for Family, School Room, and General Use. Taken for the most part from the Rev. E. B. ELLIOTT'S "Horæ Apocalypticæ."

Post 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.,

ECCLESIOGRAPHY; or, the Biblical Church Analytically Delineated, comprehending the Nature of the Church; its Origin and its various Relations; Government in General; the Operation of the Head of the Church and of the Church itself; the Unity and Destiny of the Church; together with an Introduction and a copious Synopsis. By J. G. MANLY.

Royal 18mo., cloth, with Portrait, 3s. 6d.,

LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT. An Authentic Memoir. By O. W. T. HEIGHWAY. Third Edition, considerably enlarged.

"One of the most interesting books of its class in English literature."—*Christian Witness.*

Fifth Thousand, crown 8vo., cloth, with Portrait, 7s. 6d.,

THE FEMALE JESUIT; or, the Spy in the Family. A True Narrative of Recent Intrigues in a Protestant Household. By Mrs. S. LUKE.

Third Thousand, crown 8vo., cloth, with Engravings, 5s.,

A SEQUEL TO THE FEMALE JESUIT; containing her Previous History and Recent Discovery. By the same Author.

Crown 8vo., cloth, with Frontispiece, 7s. 6d.,

THE FEMALE JESUIT ABROAD: a True and Romantic Narrative of Real Life; including some Account, with Historical Reminiscences, of Bonn and the Middle Rhine. By CHARLES SEAGER, M.A.

Fcap. 8vo., 1s. 6d.,

MONEY: HOW TO GET, SAVE, SPEND, GIVE, AND BEQUEATH IT. By E. T. FREEDLEY. With an Original Chapter on Banks and Banking, by J. M'GREGOR, Esq., M.P.

WORKS BY REV. C. MOLYNEUX, B.A.

Just published, crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.,

THE WORLD TO COME. Lectures delivered in the Lock Chapel, Harrow Road, in Lent, 1853.

Second Thousand, crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.,

ISRAEL'S FUTURE. Lectures delivered in the Lock Chapel, in Lent, 1852.

Second Thousand, demy 8vo., 1s.; Cheap Edition, 4d.,

THE LATE EARL OF DUCIE: a Sermon occasioned by the Death of the late Earl of Ducie, preached on Sunday Morning, June 12, 1853, in the Lock Chapel.

Demy 12mo., price 2d.,

THE LIGHT OF LIFE. A Sermon preached in the Lock Chapel.

Demy 8vo., price 3d.,

IS IT EXPEDIENT? Or, the Sabbath Question.

Demy 12mo., price 2d. Sixth Thousand,

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION, Opposed both by the Word of God, and the Standards of the Church of England.

Demy 8vo., price 1s.,

**THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE CIVIL WAR
IN CHINA.** By the Rev. W. H. RULE.

Demy 8vo, price 1s.,

LIFE IN DEATH : a Sermon preached at Rodborough,
Gloucestershire, on occasion of the Death of the late Earl of
Ducie. By the Rev. S. THODEY.

Demy 8vo., price 6d.,

CONCILIATION THE TRUE POLICY.

Suggestions Designed to Promote Wesleyan Unity. By THOMAS
ENSOR.

Crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d.,

SERMONS ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER.

By H. F. KOHLBRUGGE, D.D., of Elberfeld, Germany. With an
Introductory Preface by the Rev. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

"I know not when I have perused a foreign work of theology with more-
unqualified approbation and unmingled delight than the present."—
Octavius Winslow.

Fcap. 8vo., price 1s.,

THE ESCAPED SLAVE : an Autobiography of Charles
Freeman. With a Preface by the Rev. J. WHITBY.

Just published, demy 8vo., price 2s. 6d.,

THE COMING ERA OF PRACTICAL REFORM.

(To be completed in eight monthly numbers.) No. I.—The New
Reform Bill. Defects in the present System of Representation—
Amendments proposed, with Reasons for each Change; and a
Plan for conducting Elections, by which Bribery and Corruption
would become Impracticable. By JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

Demy 8vo., 1s.

**PLAN FOR THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF
INDIA.** By the same Author.

WORKS BY MR. B. W. NEWTON.

Now ready, demy 8vo., cloth, 8s. 6d.,

THOUGHTS ON THE APOCALYPSE. Second Edition, revised.

12mo., 3s. 6d., cloth boards.

THE FIRST SERIES OF AIDS TO PROPHETIC ENQUIRY. Second Edition.

12mo., 3s. cloth boards,

THE SECOND SERIES OF AIDS TO PROPHETIC ENQUIRY: ON BABYLON AND ITS REVIVAL.

12mo. 4s., cloth boards,

THE THIRD SERIES OF AIDS TO PROPHETIC ENQUIRY: PROSPECTS OF THE TEN KINGDOMS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE CONSIDERED.

The following extracted from the preceding, may be had separately:—

Price 2d.,

THE NATURAL RELATIONS OF MEN AND GOVERNMENTS TO GOD.

Price 6d.,

ORDER OF EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE APPEARING OF CHRIST.

Price 4d.,

THE SEVEN PARABLES OF THE THIRTEENTH OF MATTHEW DISPENSATIONALLY CONSIDERED.

Price 8d.,

THE PROPHETIC SYSTEMS OF MR. ELLIOTT AND DR. CUMMING CONSIDERED.

THOUGHTS ON PARTS OF LEVITICUS.

No. I. THE BURNT OFFERING. Price 8d.

No. II. THE MEAT OFFERING. Price 6d.

No. III. THE PEACE SACRIFICE. Price 4d.

No. IV. THE SIN OFFERING. Price 8d.

No. V. THE TRESPASS OFFERING. Price 4d.

Or bound together, in cloth boards, 3s.

VOL. II.

No. I. THE CONSECRATION OF THE PRIESTS. Price 10d.

Works by Mr. W. B. Newton continued:—

12mo., cloth boards, 2s.,

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.

Demy 12mo., 22 pp., price 2d.,

JUSTIFICATION: being the substance of a Discourse recently delivered in London.

Demy 12mo., 22 pp., price 2d.,

ETERNAL RECONCILIATION: being the substance of a Discourse recently delivered in London.

ALSO,

Price 6d.,

JERUSALEM; its Future History.

Price 4d.,

REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND AGAINST ROMANISM.

Price 6d.,

WHAT IS THE EPHAH OF ZECHARIAH V.?
OR, THE EXHIBITION OF 1851 CONSIDERED.

Price 8d.,

DOCTRINES OF POPERY, AS DETERMINED BY THE COUNCIL OF TRENT, CONSIDERED.—No. I. On the HOLY SCRIPTURES and TRADITIONS.

Price 4d.,

ON ORIGINAL SIN: being No. II. OF DOCTRINES OF POPERY.

Price 2d.,

CATHOLICITY, THE SURE SIGN OF APOSTASY.

Price 2d.,

MOSES, THE CHILD OF FAITH.

PARTRIDGE, OAKEY, AND CO.'S PICTORIAL EDITIONS OF
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"

Price 10s. 6d.,

STANDARD ILLUSTRATED EDITION. Beautifully printed in Demy Octavo, with a large and new Type: illustrated with Sixteen Engravings by Anelay. In costly but substantial Binding, richly Gilt, and forming a handsome Library or Present Book.

This edition may also be had complete in Twenty Nos., price 6d. each.

Strong cloth, price 2s. 6d.,

PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION. Crown 8vo., printed upon Superior Paper, with 12 Engravings, by Anelay.

PEOPLE'S SHILLING EDITION. Crown 8vo., uniform with the People's Edition of Dickens' Works. In neat boards, with Frontispiece, and Illustrated Title and Cover, by Anelay.

. These Editions are Unabridged, and are printed Verbatim, from the latest American Edition.—Order Partridge, Oakey, & Co.'s complete Edition.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 1s.,

LANG'S EMIGRANT'S MANUAL; or a Guide to Australia and the Gold Regions of New South Wales and Port Phillip. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., recently one of the Members of the Legislative Council of New South Wales for the City of Sydney, and formerly a Member for Port Phillip.

Post 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.,

THE PERVERTER IN HIGH LIFE; a Tale of Jesuit Duplicity.

Demy 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.,

MRS. ADAM CLARKE: Her Character and Correspondence. By a Member of the Family.

Third edition, 18mo., cloth, 3s.,

INCENSE FOR THE CHRISTIAN ALTAR; consisting of Family, Missionary, Fellowship, and Individual Prayers
By JAMES THOMPSON, formerly Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in South America.

Third edition, with additions, 18mo., cloth, 3s.,

INCENSE FOR THE PRIVATE ALTAR; consisting of Individual Prayers, in Three Series of a Week each. By the same Author.

"There is a freshness, a raciness, and a peculiarity attaching to them, not to be found in any other like production."—*British Banner*.

Demy 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.; limp cloth, 2s.,

FOOTSTEPS TO GLORY; or, the Exalted Privilege and Responsibility of every Man under the Gospel. By Rev. F. CORNWALL.

Demy 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s.,

AN IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN. By S. W. PARTRIDGE.

"Pages of elaborate thought, clearly and nobly expressed. . . . The book is singularly fitted to promote profitable meditation."—*British Banner*.

Second Thousand, cloth gilt, 2s.; paper gilt, 1s.,

VOICES FROM THE GARDEN; or, the Christian Language of Flowers. By the same Author.

"We never read a poetical work, of the same size, richer in sentiment, more fraught with solid thinking, or better adapted to convey sound instruction to the heart."—*Methodist New Connexion Magazine*.

Third thousand, 18mo., 1s. 6d.; crimson gilt, 2s.,

IMPORTANT TRUTHS IN SIMPLE VERSE. By the same Author.

"Some of the compositions are, in our judgment, worthy to rank among the best that ever proceeded from the pen of either of those ingenious and useful writers, Dr. Watts or Jane Taylor."—*Baptist Magazine*.

Demy 12mo., cloth, 1s. Second Thousand,

FIFTY DAYS ON BOARD A SLAVE VESSEL in the Mozambique Channel. By the Rev. PASCOE GREENFELL HILL, Chaplain of H. M. S. "Cleopatra."

Thirtieth Thousand, 2s. per hundred.

HOW DO I KNOW THAT THE BIBLE IS TRUE ?

By W. BEAMSTON, Esq.

"As good an answer to this great question as can be given in a four-paged tract, and suited for general distribution, as a few plain words frequently do more with the working man than a long essay."—*Mr. Bickersteth's Weekly Visitor*.

Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.,

ORACLES INTERPRETED; or, Scripture Difficulties Explained. By Dr. HEWLETT, Author of "Thoughts upon Thought," &c.

Fourth thousand, fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.,

THOUGHTS UPON THOUGHT. By the same Author.

"A valuable present for any young person who would read it with the attention it deserves."—*Watchman*.

Medium 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.,

WOMAN'S TRIALS; or, Tales and Sketches from the Life around us. By T. S. ARTHUR.

Medium 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.,

MARRIED LIFE; its Shadows and Sunshine. By the same Author.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.,

BIBLE GLEANINGS. By Miss BASSETT.

Super-royal 32mo., gilt, 2s.,

GEMS FROM MATTHEW HENRY. Arranged under the following heads:—The Bible, Charity, Contentment, &c.

"As a suggestive book for closet use, or as a travelling friend, this little volume will be invaluable."—*Christian Times*.

Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s.,

EASTERN MONACHISM: an Account of the Origin, Laws, Discipline, Writings, Rites, and Ceremonies of the Order of Mendicants founded by Gotama Budha. By the Rev. R. SPENCE HARDY.

"The volume deserves a European circulation."—*Christian Times*.

WORKS ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

Thirty-seventh Thousand, with Five Illustrations, crimson gilt, 3s.,
THE PEARL OF DAYS; or, the Advantages of the
 Sabbath to the Working Classes. By a LABOURER'S DAUGHTER.
 PEOPLE'S EDITION. 17th thousand. 6d.
 WELSH, 1s. 6d. FRENCH, 1s. 6d.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 4s.,

SCRIPTURAL VIEWS OF THE SABBATH OF
 GOD. By the Rev. J. JORDAN, B.A., Enstone.

"One of the best books on the Sabbath question which the controversy
 has produced."—*Edinburgh Witness*.

Seventh Thousand, with Memoir, 3s. 6d. (First Sabbath
 Prize Essay, £25),

HEAVEN'S ANTIDOTE TO THE CURSE OF
 LABOUR. By J. A. QUINTON, Printer, Ipswich.

Third thousand, with Memoir, 3s. (Second Prize, £15),

THE LIGHT OF THE WEEK. By J. YOUNGER,
 Shoemaker, St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire.

Third thousand, with Memoir, 3s. (Third Prize, £10),

THE TORCH OF TIME. By D. FARQUHAR, Mechanic,
 Dundee.

Third thousand, royal 18mo., 2s.,

REAL RELIGION; or, the Practical Application of
 Holy Scripture to the Daily Walk of Life. By the Authoress of
 "THE PEARL OF DAYS."

Post 8vo. crimson gilt, with Portrait, 3s.,

FEMALE EDUCATION: its Importance, Design, and
 Nature considered. By the Authoress of "THE PEARL OF
 DAYS."

"This is, in many respects, the best book of the author of 'The Pearl of
 Days.' Every one may read this little work with pleasure, and few will find
 it unable to profit them."—*Nonconformist*.

AUTHOR'S COMPLETE EDITION.—Fcap. 8vo., 4s. 6d.,

THE AUTHORITY OF GOD; or, the True Barrier against Romish and Infidel Aggression: being Four Addresses by the Rev. J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D. With an Introduction written exclusively for this edition; which embraces also Sketch of the late Professor Neander.

"All his four discourses are able productions, worthy of his high reputation."—*Advertiser*.

Demy 18mo., gilt, 6d.,

DOMESTIC WORSHIP. By the same Author.

Royal 18mo., cloth, 3s.,

THE SHADOW OF DEATH AND THE CREED OF DESPAIR. By C. SMITH, Printer, and M. SPEARS, Iron-founder. With Preface by the Rev. J. Jordan, B.A., Enstone.

"The essays included in this volume are of high interest, as illustrating one of the most remarkable features of the remarkable era in which we live. Each bears the lineaments of hardy thought, close induction, and firm conviction. * * * * These essays, we again say, are an honour to the writers, and to the writers' class."—*Morning Advertiser*.

Demy 32mo. gilt, 1s. 6d.,

THE BIBLE THE GREAT EXHIBITION for all Nations. By the Rev. A. FLETCHER, D.D.

Fcap. 8vo. gilt, 2s. 6d.,

ADDRESSES TO THE YOUNG. By the same Author.

"We do not know of any terms that can adequately express the value of these addresses."—*British Mother's Magazine*.

Demy 8vo., cloth, 6s. 6d.,

RELIGION, THE WEAL OF THE CHURCH AND THE NEED OF THE TIMES. By the Rev. G. STEWARD.

Three volumes, crown 8vo., 21s.,

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By EDWARD ASH, M.D.

"A very solid and meritorious production, with the rare merit of saying much in the least possible compass. We decidedly prefer it to the volume of Barnes on the same important department of revelation."—*United Presb. Mag.*

Demy 18mo., gilt, 2s.,

BIBLE CHARACTERISTICS. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

“Eleven beautiful papers. — *Wesleyan Magazine*.

Third edition, royal 18mo., 3s. 6d.,

THE DESERTER. By the same Author.

“It abounds in weighty sentiments, wise directions, and faithful warnings.”—*Wesley Banner*.

Third thousand, 18mo., 1s. 6d. cloth; paper, 1s.,

FIVE YEARS A ROMAN CATHOLIC; with Incidents of Foreign Convent Life. By Miss E. SMITH.

Fcap. 8vo., with Map, gilt, 5s.,

NINEVEH: ITS RISE AND RUIN. As illustrated by Ancient Scriptures and Modern Discoveries. By Rev. J. BLACKBURN.

“A work of great merit, and of the deepest interest. — *Christian Witness*”

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 3s.,

PUSEYISM UNMASKED; or, The Jesuit Abroad. By ANTI-VATICAN.

Crown 16mo., 6d.; cloth gilt, 1s.,

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH. By Sir C. E. EARDLEY, Bart.

Demy 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.,

OUR LABOURING CLASSES: their Condition Considered, with Suggestions for their Improvement. By SAMUEL COULING.

In wrapper, 1s.; or 2s. 6d. on tinted paper,

THE BIBLE: ITS ELEVATING INFLUENCE ON MAN. Six large highly-finished Wood Engravings, arranged and engraved, from original designs, by GEORGE MEASOM.

Demy 12mo. roan, embossed, price 5s.,

THE BEST EDITION OF MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS.

PINNOCK'S NEW, IMPROVED, AMPLIFIED, AND ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF
**MANGNALL'S HISTORICAL AND MISCELLA-
 NEOUS QUESTIONS.** With Twenty-seven Maps, and Sixty-
 four Engravings.

* * This Edition, besides much other original matter, contains an
 entirely new outline of Ancient Geography, History, and
 Biography (*extending to 140 pages*), written expressly for it
 by Mr. PINNOCK.

New Editions, 18mo., cloth,

1. PINNOCK'S GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY, 1s. 6d.
2. PINNOCK'S ASTRONOMY MADE EASY, 1s. 6d.
3. PINNOCK'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND MADE EASY, 2s. 6d.
4. PINNOCK'S SCRIPTURE HISTORY MADE EASY, 1s. 6d.

Large 8vo., 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s.,

DAILY WORSHIP; a Guide to the Daily Reading of
 the Scriptures in their Proper Order, designed to promote Per-
 sonal and Family Religion. By the Rev. B. S. HOLLIS. A
 Chronological and Scripture Calendar, printed in Colours on
 Twenty-five Tablets.

18mo., cloth, 5s. 6d.; 48mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.,

THE ONE BOOK OF PSALMS AND HYMNS :
 comprising "Watts'" and its Supplements, a large Selection, with
 some Originals. Edited by the same Author.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.; crimson, 3s.,

THE SECOND REFORMATION; or, the Earth
 Helping the Woman. By the same Author.

Second edition, crown 8vo. gilt, 3s. 6d.,

BEATRICE; or, The Influence of Words. By S. S.
 JONES, Author of "Integrity."

PERIODICALS.

MONTHLY.

- TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.** Price 1s.
THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE. Price 6d.
EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM; Its State and Prospects. Conducted by Members of the British Organisation in connexion with the Evangelical Alliance. Price 6d., stamped or unstamped.
THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION MAGAZINE. Price 6d.
THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE. Price 4d.
THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE. Price 2d.; Stamped, 3d.
THE JEWISH HERALD. Price 2d.; Stamped, 3d.
THE YOUTH'S PENNY MISCELLANY. Price 1d.
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AND COMPANION. Price 1d.
THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, AND SUNDAY-SCHOLARS FRIEND. Illustrated. Price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
THE WESLEYAN METHODIST PENNY MAGAZINE. Price 1d.
THE CHINESE MISSIONARY GLEANER. Price 1d.
THE MISSIONARY REPORTER. Price 1d.
OUR CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE. Price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
THE CHILD'S HALFPENNY MAGAZINE. Price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
L'ECO DI SAVONAROLA. An Italian Journal, edited by Italian Christians. Price 6d.; stamped, 7d.
THE FAVOURITE. Price 2d.

QUARTERLY.

- THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.** Price 6s.
THE EDUCATIONAL RECORD. Containing the Proceedings at large of the British and Foreign School Society. Price 2d.; stamped 3d.
EL EXAMEN LIBRE. A Spanish Protestant Journal. Price 1s. 6d.

ANNUALLY.

- THE MAY-MEETING GUIDE; OR, EXETER HALL MANUAL.** Price 1d.
THE BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC. Price 1d.
THE MARYLEBONE ALMANAC. Containing a Complete Calendar of the Year; Interesting Historical and Antiquarian Notices; Lists of Local Benevolent and Public Institutions; Places of Public Worship, &c. Price 6d.

PATERNOSTER ROW, AND EDGWARE ROAD.









UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 046434004