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

DEENA
A Tale of the
Mysteries, Romance, and Realities
of
JEWISH LIFE.



By the Author of 'Hina' Rda.'

London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

ADELINE:

OR, THE

MYSTERIES, ROMANCE, AND REALITIES

OF

JEWISH LIFE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT,'

ETC.

LONDON.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

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PREFACE.

It has always been my conviction that, if Christianity shall ever occupy its proper exalted position—if its glorious ideality shall ever have its full influence on mankind—it will be done by works of imagination. I still think that in the ministry of the pulpit, its wondrous beauty, its lofty poetry, and its sublime philosophy, should not be so lost sight of as they are—things of which the Bible is so full. And yet more to be deplored is it, when it is exhibited, as so often it is, in hardly any other character than a dry, wearying, and, it may be, stern sort of thing. Very opposite is God's own picture of His service. Well would it be if we did not receive our notions of our Maker from men, rather than Himself. Habit holds over us a more than despotic power. Passing the undisturbed crystal in the fountain, we are content to drink from the dirty, tumultuous brook. If we would allow to human authorities only their proper influence; and, taking up the Bible, make what God says about us and

Himself chiefly our study, we should no longer stand as in a low confined valley, but as on a mighty mountain-top, where the whole wide unmeasured future would be constantly unfolding to our adoring eyes.

Were the feelings of Him through whom we live, but properly understood—were we not so accustomed to the cold, unattractive views of his nature presented by preachers, who, being sinners like ourselves, see everything in earth and heaven, only in the cloudy, misty light of their own feeling, haply injured still by the bitterness produced by blighted hopes, forsaken hearts, and unkind persons, so that their faith in any perfect goodness becomes a thing to be imagined rather than felt; were it not for this, instead of Christian life being turned from as a condition full of hard restraints and unpleasing feeling, we should understand it as it is—the truth, the poetry of life; full of brightness, and smiles, and rejoicing; breathing only love, and peace, and happiness; possessing all things, ‘life, death, things present, things to come—all are yours,’ saith the Gospel. So far from declining it as an added weight, the wish would be to begin the life of God as earnestly as was in us. Our life is a very beautiful one, if we will only accept it. But if we will come into the world with one destiny; the soft low calm of piety, and, refusing it, take up one of harshness and sorrow; let not God be charged foolishly.

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I do not, I cannot, think with the brilliant L. E. L., that to expect mankind to improve is vain. I must continue to indulge the most exalted hopes of the human race—hopes not the result of an objectless enthusiasm, but peacefully based upon what I find in the word of God, and upon the relations which man sustains with the Deity. God never could mean, he never did mean, that man's mighty energies should sink beneath the task of his mortal servitude, else it implies an imperfection in the plan of his redemption, and makes some of the brightest passages in the Bible mystical and meaningless. Man came out from God—his existence is sustained by God—to God he will return. Sin erased the Divine image from his soul, and spoiled his powers; but by the suffering of the Lord Jesus the whole may be again attained. This is the simple truth of our life. Let men understand it—let them act upon it; and, filled with bright exulting life, they will start in an eager loving race along the vast untravelled path of light, which stretches into the endless ages of the future, and we shall take up a position in the scale of moral and intellectual being, which, only to think of now, would be deemed the wildest dream.

I have said so much in defence of the religious feeling which, in some parts of the book, I have somewhat freely used. Not so freely, I think as to make it intrusive. While I wished to amuse, I wished also to elevate and sooth; and there are no

means of doing this save those which flow, either directly, or indirectly, from the Eternal Source of Good.

That in modern Judaism there are numerous things and ceremonies which, from their strangeness to Christianity, may have a ludicrous appearance, is what most people know; but those who come to this book expecting to find them pictured in it, or any of their serious peculiarities turned into a jest, will be disappointed. One of my great objects was to exhibit the liberality and tenderness of feeling, and the cultivated intellect—even in matters of general taste—which our Jewish brethren possess; in opposition to a very prevalent belief—*vide* the ‘Morning Herald’—which holds it ‘impossible to elevate a Jew to an Englishman’—that they are in this way sadly deficient. And also—may I hazard the expression?—that I trusted to awaken some practical interest on behalf of the high-feeling women, who constitute so great a hope in Judaism.

Amidst that sympathy which is now extended to all classes and conditions of men, the Jews are almost entirely overlooked. Yet no nation upon earth is gifted with so much of that profound feeling that is the element of the gospel; and which, rightly directed, shall advance human nature to its perfection. Constancy, which nothing can overcome, disinterestedness, imagination, high intellect, enthusiasm, and a love which ‘no waters can quench, nor floods

rown,' are eminently the characteristics of this noble race.

That often they are immoral in their lives, and that their disposition is generally a money-getting one—though this is afterwards dispensed almost as liberally—is true. But what has made them so? Money has, for seventeen hundred years, been their only means of purchasing repose. And the 'nation which through so many centuries could receive such abject treatment as the Jewish one, and yet maintain an intellectual and moral character so high, must be a great one.

But ere long their captivity shall be turned; and the church of the Lord Jesus, exulting in the union of both Jew and Gentile, under the peaceful, holy reign of the King of all the earth and heaven, shall take up the lofty strain—

'Break forth into joy,
Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem.
For the Lord hath redeemed his people,
He hath redeemed Jerusalem.
The Lord hath made bare his holy arm
In the eyes of all the nations,
And all the ends of the earth
Shall see the salvation of our God.'

ADELINÉ;

OR,

MYSTERIES, ROMANCE, AND REALITIES

OF

JEWISH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a mild, genial day—the thirteenth of *Nisan*. The sun shone brightly; and the whole atmosphere, in spite of the slight haze that faintly silvered the broad stream of the Thames, and the distant hills in the environs of London, was endued with that exhilarating freshness, which sheds a poetic charm of animation, vividness, and youth, over an English spring, unknown in other European countries.

The parks and fashionable promenades were thronged by persons, whom the loveliness of the day had called forth. And highly picturesque and varied was the scene composed by the multifarious parties pushing and thrusting along, or gathered in groups discussing the momentous events of the times. Among the mass of persons that thus swarmed like ants upon the chief passage to an ant hill, in the great winding carriage road that enters the city from the west—or rather going along that part of it called Piccadilly—was a young man, whose personal appearance proclaimed him beyond doubt to be a member of the house of Israel. He was

scarcely more than twenty years of age; and this might be seen by the fresh bloom which glowed in his rich olive-tinted cheek. His figure was light and graceful, but yet his carriage had all the bold and masculine ease of a thoroughly English youth. His features were regularly fashioned, and bespoke intellectual powers of the highest order, joined to a frank, open-hearted disposition; and they were lit up with a fitful, happy brilliance, by the bright light which beamed out of his fine dark eyes. Whatever his purpose was, as he pushed stoutly and thoughtfully through the opposing throngs, he was not to be diverted from it by the objurgations of some, whom he was compelled to rather roughly elbow on his way. At last, having passed along Fleet-street, and entered Cheapside, he paused in front of an antique-looking house, through the door of which he entered.

The aspect of the apartment, into which he had thus introduced himself, was exceedingly strange. It was a thorough curiosity-shop. It presented a perfect study for those skilled in 'storied urns and animated busts.' On the shelves and the counter were numerous boxes and cases with glass tops, in which were carefully arranged engraved stones, ancient coins, and other articles of *vertu* in wondrous variety. The passage through was encumbered by broken busts, bronze statues, and bas-reliefs piled tier on tier. In a huge dark recess at the end stood a quantity of jars and phials of different shapes mixed with glass vessels, containing strange serpents and lizards, and horrible deformities of various kinds preserved in spirits. On the opposite side, and quite invisible to anyone unacquainted with the place, stood a ponderous iron safe, which seemed to tell a tale of well-stored deeds and papers, and of other modes of business, besides selling bronzes, jewellery, and medallions.

And the impression thus conveyed was correct. A more knowing man than Solomon Steinberg was, in his way, it would be difficult to find. He had not gone

through the world without studying, if not the most approved, at any rate the most successful, methods of raising the wind : and he acted accordingly. It would be hard to say, indeed, what all his avocations were. He had well studied practical archæology. Was a dealer in coins, medals, gems, marbles, bronzes, terracotta, and glass; in busts, and rings, and jewellery, and gold and silver bullion. He was a money-changer and money-lender. He advanced money upon mortgage, and discounted the post-obit notes of profligate heirs in expectancy. In short, there were few financial operations which old Solomon Steinberg's enterprising genius did not embrace.

By birth he was a German Jew, but early placed himself under the efficient tutelage of Rome, where he soon became perfect in his art; *i. e.* the art of purchasing 'uncertain commodities' at the lowest, and selling them at the highest possible price. When you knew your man, it was really diverting to have dealings with him; if you did not, it was likely to turn out rather an expensive amusement. His passion for jewellery knew no bounds :

'Tight girt with gems in massive mountings set,
Beneath their weight his tumid fingers sweat ;'

and few persons had shown greater enterprise in the collecting of these and other curiosities than himself. In his youth he possessed very little money; but he did not, like other German young men, squander it away in beer and cigars. He undertook an expedition into Greece; completely sacked Attica, Acarnania, and Ætolia; went on through Turkey, and from thence into Egypt; but did not buy Pompey's Pillar, nor Cleopatra's Needle, nor the Pyramids; they were all a little too large for his carpet-bag. However, he found plenty of other things amongst the mummy pits of Cairo, and the lamp-teeming earth of Syenè, Memphis, and Abu Simbel. He came back; sold his curiosities at a very satisfactory per-centage; took a wife; planted a vineyard; eat the

fruit, and drank the wine thereof; went abroad again; and came to England. Finding his dealings paid him better here than they did in Italy, he, after proper consideration, consented to take up his abode amongst us.

Our acquaintance with him commences when he was a little over fifty years of age. He was still as deeply steeped in business, and as plausible in recommending his wares, as ever; though all his sales were effected in a language singularly compounded of German, French, Italian, and Hebraised-English. Go to his house at any hour of the day, and there the snuffy, gruffy old fellow was sure to be, either standing at the door, blinking away through his great goggle-glasses, or seated at a little shabby old table, fumbling over his curiosities; or else slowly creeping over, snuff-box in hand, to the restaurant opposite to toddle back again, after treating himself to sundry drops of the comforter.

At the moment that the young man before-mentioned entered his shop, he was, as usual, seated at his little old table re-arranging his treasures. His upper person was engulfed in a great black coat and widely-lapped waistcoat—both a good deal more than too much of a fit for his spare form; whilst his nether man disported at ease in a pair of trousers, full and flowing, and hanging flappily about his thin shanks like the loose sails of a frigate in a dead calm. Though by no means a logician, Solomon Steinberg was rich in proverbs, and one, which he always exemplified in his costume, was, 'Familiarity breeds contempt'; for which reason there was always a species of Scotch divorce subsisting between the waistcoat and trousers aforesaid, and again between his wrist and the cuffs of his coat, from the wide sleeves of which were thrust a pair of dirty hands;—one or other of them was ever and anon raised to re-adjust the short pipe from which he was puffing volcano-like clouds of smoke that issued in regular but uneasy jerks from beneath his thin upper lip. At intervals he nodded his head impatiently; and, without interrupting his employment, muttered between his teeth words that

accompanied his intermittent puffs like the sullen rumbling which follows the smoke of the cannon on the afar-off battle-field.

The shadow of the young man darkening his door startled him from his occupation; he thought it was some one coming to bargain.

'Ha! Isaac,' he said, as his eyes dropped on the new arrival. 'Peace be mit thee, my shon. I didn't tink you'd be here so shoon.'

'But Adeline did. And it's not so very early either. We are not going to walk fast, I assure you; so we shall not get home much before sunset.'

'Eccola! confound be these long feasts!' muttered old Steinberg, in a parenthesis to himself. 'None the bettersh mit dem all as I shce.' And then he began again aloud—'I ixhpect, Mishter Cohen, the lovesh mit woman more than of her shoul or Jehovah hash brought thee hither. Vell, vell, all natural too; I undershtand it; though I've almosht done at dis present. Yesh, sir, ber sur, old age ish fasht preparing me to give up beesnisse and my life mit it.' And at this concession he grunted a little, like a tame seal in a water-tub. 'Vell, I knowsh Adeline ish quite in *eine dolors* to see mit you,' he pursued hastily, as his glittering eye fixed on a well-known customer entering the door.

Adeline Steinberg was born in England. She presented to the imagination the most fascinating combination of qualities which it would be possible to put together. She had reached her nineteenth year, and was in the full glory of her womanhood. Of middle height, yet exquisitely moulded, her appearance left nothing for the heart to desire, or the fancy to create. Her clear and heavenly eye sparkled with living joy, and her pure countenance was illumined by its light. It is not often that one beholds a creature so richly endowed with natural gifts—one uniting in her own person so much grace, sculpture, and expression. She was a perfect specimen of that spirituelle, majestic

loveliness which, in many instances, makes the Jewish woman the most beautiful of any nation upon earth. Her manners were the most simple and unaffected. Her temper was always cheerful, always tranquil; some said provokingly so, for she was not ruffled when she ought to be. This opinion was only the result of their more confined intellect being quite unable to understand her character. Her repose was neither stagnation nor want of feeling, for hers was deep and powerful, but simply that of true mental dignity. Her mind was of the very first order, and cultivated with the strictest care. Her head, and the way in which it was placed on her shoulders, was supremely classical; but then the contour was more that of Juno than of Psyche. Her large, dream-like eyes were 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue'; and the long, heavy fringes that hung over them so shadowily gave a Murillo-like softness to her cheek, especially when she looked down. Her features were perfect, rather too piquant to be quite Grecian. Her complexion would have been too bright and clear, had not the coming and going of each feeling and thought changed it almost as often as the rose-clouds shadowing an Italian sky; while her smile was joyful as the first zephyr of summer—a thing of music—

'As any fair lake that the breeze is upon
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun'

There was a nobleness, a queen-like dignity in her air; yet there was nothing of the 'precieuse' about her—no enthusiasm after effect. She had indeed no arena for display, and the wish for it was never excited in her mind. To the greatest strength of character, she united a thoroughly feminine sweetness of disposition. She had grappled with all sorts of books—of history and poetry, of philosophy and science—and was familiar with courses of deep reflection. But her cheerful calmness of disposition quite concealed these more strenuous efforts of her mind. The top of her father's house was occupied by a very large room, which had

grown old with the Tower itself. It never could have been built with the house. It must have formed part of some venerable Norman mansion, which, while trying to escape from the Great Fire, had lost its way, and so had taken up its position there. It was sedulously avoided by old Steinberg, who considered its dark and mouldy-looking panels as decidedly testifying that the ghosts had built it there for their own private meetings, and therefore any human intruder might reasonably expect that his temerity would be visited by no very equivocal signs of their displeasure. In the middle of the room there was a great oaken table, contemporary with the place itself, and near it a massive chair of the same material. The window looked out on a lovely savannah of house-tops and chimney-pots, until at last the view was bounded by the range of hills that stretch from Holloway and Highgate to Harrow.

The only person who had, perhaps for many scores of years, frequented this room, was Adeline. It was her delight to bring her books with her up to this solitary chamber, and there, surrounded by the deep loneliness and peace, ponder over their contents, or plunge into the profundities of reverie. Had she been requested to tell all her reasons for preferring this musty apartment to her own warm and comfortable parlor, she might have found the answer a very difficult one to make. One thing she would have said, the charm of being quite alone. Youth feels a strange yearning after solitude. When the world's breath first passes over the heart, and fades some of life's fresh bloom from the spirit—an inevitable consequence, and a wise one, perhaps, though sad for us all—it inspires a soft and tender pensiveness, the existence of which is cherished in the soul with a sweet but mournful delight. No wonder that she loved to spend so much time in that deserted chamber—it so exactly suited her restful; placid spirit. In our own memory we never knew even a barrel-organ, or a hurdy-gurdy and famborine, commit a trespass upon its quiet; the aspect of the house,

colder than the proverbial coldness of charity, was quite sufficient. No peripatetic music ever wasted its charms on old Steinberg.

What Adeline read and thought she revolved in herself and was content. She loved her father devotedly, and mourned his low, grovelling nature, and she wondered how he could be so. What was money valuable for, beyond being the means of obtaining the comforts, and, if you like, the elegancies of life? Her father had already more than thrice what would suffice for this; yet he was not content. She had never experienced such a feeling; neither could she understand it. Her mother was of a higher and intellectual nature; but the noble tone of her feelings had been dreadfully depreciated by contact with the sordid mind of her husband. Still she was a woman of a superior class; and to much loftiness of spirit she united great moral and religious sensibility. But the necessity she again and again felt herself under of recording her protest against Steinberg's practices, had induced an excitability of feeling, and a sourness of temper, which her daughter could not always feel called upon to receive; and, therefore, she was fain to steal away into the neglected room oftener, perhaps, than else she would have done.

Her profoundly tranquil disposition made her seem quite incapable of being impassioned. And so thought several of those who had solicited her hand in marriage, but who had been graciously refused. Their summary of her character was, that she was a lovely girl; very amiable, though much too reserved and retiring; too fond of her books to be capable of much sentiment; of a temper vexatiously placid; sang and played beautifully, and excelled in every feminine adornment; in short, was a perfect lady, but absolutely unable to feel the meaning of the word love. They did not know the world of affection that was pent up in Adeline's loving heart, ready to lavish forth its blessedness the moment a proper object presented itself. She was generous and

uncalculating; pleased with the attentions of gentlemen, and was ambitious to deserve them; but it did so happen, that, until the offer of marriage made to her by Isaac Cohen, she had not received one from a person of a character sufficiently elevated and refined to produce a perfect sympathy between her and himself. And, in her intellectual view of the married state, there was nothing in it that could compensate for this.

When Isaac came, as we have before described, Adeline was enjoying her solitude in the forsaken room. He bounded up the stairs, leaving three steps behind him at every leap, and the next moment she had returned his chaste embrace. As he entered she had dropped her book upon the table. He picked up the elegantly bound volume, and opened the title-page. 'An Alfieri, indeed!' he exclaimed. 'I am not at all surprised to find such a book-loving lady devouring whole volumes of Italian; but really I should have expected to find ~~not~~ not an Alfieri, in your hand.'

'And why not?' she inquired gaily. 'I have read Tasso; but I cannot prefer him. To my mind, Alfieri is altogether congenial. What think you of the Inamorato and Furioso? The Inamorato, if less poetic in execution, is perhaps more amusing than the continuation of the story by Ariosto. There is more of the fairy tale in it. It is less known than the Furioso, but certainly should be read before it. Ariosto is a love-devoted poet—it is one reason that I like him so: we may easily perceive it in reading his Satires; I allude to his affectionate regrets at absence from his endeared home. In the Furioso, too, there is great variety; gentleness, and majesty mingled with the most fascinating beauty. Then what a fine scene is that for the painter, where the war-horse, endowed with his "intelletto umano," is chased by a flying hippogriff.'

'I suppose, too,' said Isaac, looking round him, 'a damsel discovered reading in this old chamber ought to have a book of chivalry in her hand.'

'Yes, indeed! And that was, perhaps, part of my

feeling when I selected Alfieri—though not much I think. Alfieri presents me with a world quite as fresh and fascinating as Tasso, while it is far more real. As I read him I feel that my understanding is enlarged, and that I am become acquainted with the real feelings of mankind. It seems to me very strange that poets, painters, and sculptors, who should be of a kindred spirit with those enthusiastic panegyrists of love and chivalry, and of all that belongs to the pure, the gentle, and the beautiful, should read their works so little, or, at least, make so little use of them—works that abound in magnificent descriptions of scenery and incidents, so congenial to the true poet's soul.'

These observations were uttered in the most modest and unpretending manner. Adeline had not the most remote idea of talking criticism. She simply expressed the partialities which resulted from her own thinkings.

'Adeline, you are a poet,' said Isaac.

'Oh, pray,' she replied, laying a taper finger upon his lips, 'don't tell me that; for, if I am, to tell me of it would, I think, for ever banish the inspiration. To assure you, sir, that I cannot possess any poetry, let me prevail upon you to quit this quiet seclusion, and accompany me amongst the tumultuous matter-of-fact masses that now throng Cheapside.' And with a playful courtesy she placed her arm in his, and they proceeded together down the broad staircase.

Far from shrinking from the distinction of being a devoted Jewess, Adeline would have gloried in it as the most acceptable that could be applied to her. She attended to all the prescribed forms of her religion with scrupulous zeal. The dispersion of her people, their melancholy degradation, occupied her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. A careful student of prophecy, she fixed her enraptured eye on the future glory promised to Israel when the Messiah came unto Zion as she expected, until the outbursts of her higher feeling could not sometimes be restrained. But she was only smiled at as a pretty enthusiast, for few of those whom

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she visited could understand this loftier tone of spirit. The Talmud and all its foolish fripperies she looked upon with intense disgust, while her father as cordially relished its very palatable superstitions. But since she had engaged her affections to Isaac Cohen, she invariably accompanied him to his father's house to keep all the feasts and fasts appointed by the Judaic ritual. In the bosom of this family she found a feeling which accorded with her own. The only thing which gave her any cause for sorrow was, that all of them, except Isaac, gave more or less credit to the inanities of the Talmud.

CHAPTER II.

To one long accustomed to the quiet and monotony of a country life, it would be difficult to present a spectacle more novel or striking than that of Cheapside at mid-day. The impression which it makes is that of a street where noise, and turmoil, and commotion have reached their climax. Carried one step further, and 'chaos would come again.'

'It always makes me thoughtful,' said Adeline, 'when I enter these crowded streets. It seems to me like commerce bewildered in pursuit of gold. And as I look on the many anxious faces, I ask myself, where will all these busy hearts be a hundred years to come?'

'This is quite a relief,' she said again, as they stood in the shadow of the magnificent St. Paul's Cathedral. 'You wonder, perhaps—but this is one of my friendly spots. How soon does that which has yielded us the purest feelings of delight and admiration become a loving scene!'

'How majestic! how beautiful it is!' said Isaac. 'So grand, yet simple. Let us walk around it!'

'Its noble proportions often excite in me strangely

powerful emotions,' said Adeline. 'It reminds me so of our own glorious temple. And, at such times, my thoughts seem spell-bound, and I feel—oh! a wondrous rapture—beyond what I could express. After all, the Christians have no building for their worship equal to ours which the Roman levelled with the earth. I am inclined to wish they had—I should often visit it. I love the Christians, Isaac, very much indeed. I think them an exceedingly lovely people. I am only sorry that they mingle with their worship addresses to a man. Yet, who can wonder at it! Both we and they are in a position to excite pity. They are sweetly fervent—it is saddened by a mistake. We worship only God—but to worship Him as He describes is impossible. Out of the depths of His love may He pardon them and pardon us! forgive us all!—for oh! how dreadful is the cloud under which we all are living, the mistakes we all commit. I am sad when I think; and sometimes it makes me go desponding indeed.'

'You will get melancholy, Adeline. But any one at all capable of feeling rightly, it is enough to make him blue. However we will, if you please, quit that subject for the present, and return to this church. If I could, I would sweep away all those dingy ranks of bricks, which surround the edifice, and produce so ridiculous an effect.'

'Who was it,' said Adeline, 'that, in his oracular criticism, pronounced this noble portico to be an addition injurious to the general effect of the building! He never could have formed such an opinion while looking at it. If he did, he must have been strangely destitute of all true sentiment and refined taste.'

'I should rather think his taste was too good by half,' remarked Isaac sententiously.

'Well, to return to this portico,' resumed Adeline. 'With so flat a façade—the only part of the building respecting which I am inclined to make a carping criticism—I am obliged to decide that the portico is

absolutely necessary. How the gates seem to invite the whole world to enter them.'

'And why should we not see the interior? I suppose Jews are admitted; shall we go?'

'I was about to propose the same question.'

They ascended the steps, and entered the building. 'Oh, Isaac,' said Adeline, in a subdued exclamation, and a tear gemmed her long lashes, 'does not this remind you of long past days? But I am sure I do right, when I allow the sight of this lovely temple to so depress me. Those days will come again. See there, where the golden light flows in so solemnly. I could almost fancy myself in the Temple of the Lord, looking in the direction of the Holy of Holies.'

'Now let us look at these tombs.' Don't you think their arrangement admirable?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Adeline. 'Let us take one loving look at this magnificent dome. It is the poetry of majesty, and the majesty of poetry. The decorations are superb, yet chaste and beautifully harmonious. And those columns which support it, how lofty they are! How exquisite, too, are those bas-reliefs next the circular mosaics. Mighty as are these pillars—and they are a feeling of the tremendous—they disturb nothing by their immense magnitude. It is a sublime whole!—it is perfection! The dove, in its golden atmosphere of glory, seems to be floating amongst them. Do you observe, also, that altar, as I think it is called, with its pilasters veined with gold in imitation of lapis lazuli. I wonder that any one can succeed in persuading himself that the taste which introduced such adornment in this position is puerile. Yet so some have said, I believe.'

'If you go into a church professing another form of Christianity, Adeline—the Roman Catholics, I mean—in front of that altar they place a semicircle of burning lamps, or else great wax candles, arranged in trinities, as they say. These throw a pale, unsteady light upon

an image of the cross and a man upon it. Just fancy it here, and away goes the poetry.'

'For the lamps I could offer no objection. I should prefer them,' replied Adeline. 'You remember the lamps which night and day were kept burning in our own temple. Lamps burning at midday night, on a first thought, be expected to produce an unnatural effect; but a little reflection would, I think, induce me to change that opinion. The light is a mystical and brilliant adornment. It is not placed there with the low intention of being useful. Like flowers, or the soft, ever-breathing music of the fountain, every feeling is absorbed in one—it is a thing that is beautiful.'

'But, my sweet young poet, how if they use them as helps to devotion? and I have some fear they do.'

'Oh, if they really use them as things to affect the imagination in religious exercises, sweep them away, for such an evil is an immense one. The eyes gaze in admiration, the heart glows with a solemn feeling of the beautiful, which we might be too apt to mistake for an emotion of love to Him who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto. Yet I never like to speculate on the superstitions which some among the Christians indulge. I think upon our Talmud and Cabbala, and my mouth is closed.'

'But you know, Adeline, that the Talmud is "the wall of defence to our holy law,"' said Isaac ironically.

'Would to God, then, that the wall were swept level with the dust.'

'Amen! And you would pray that prayer over again, if you knew as much of the Talmud as I do.'

'I am thankful that I do not. I know not what account I could give for such worse than wasted hours, nor what I could do to blot their fearful register from the records of eternity. Its impurities always disgusted me; its puerilities, its worse than childish follies, always offended me. I used to be a strenuous advocate for educating our people in the rabbinical writings. I imagined that many as were the evils which must

result from this instruction, it was the best means of elevating the cadence of their religion. I shall never support that cause again. To educate them in the opinions of our learned books—what is it but to seal their degradation?—to weave the chains of their bondage around them still tighter?—to sink them still lower in the depths of sorrow and uncertainty? It would perfect an instrument to be used only as a means of strengthening our rabbis in their usurpations; it would complete a superstitious dependence, which they could use as best it pleased them. A priesthood like ours, not teaching alone, but ruling—ruling with a rod of iron, and pursuing those who differ from them with an unrelenting, heartless bitterness—training the thinking part of the people to pitiable hypocrisy, and the unthinking to gross credulity—it is a spectacle which exasperates. No! Even if the very existence of our religion should require that the nation be instructed in the opinions of our rabbis, I still would oppose it to my latest breath.'

'I entirely agree with you, Adeline. But really this is heresy, and had better be spoken discreetly. Think now if the rabbis heard you say so.'

'Well, the consequence would most likely be rather serious. For it is quite to be supposed that they would believe my wickedness entitled me to be brought to trial before the session, and to become the subject of a special prayer in the synagogue: while at the same time, they might resolve that I was an unfit person to be allowed intercourse with orthodox Jews again. So, indeed, would all my personal friends, except a few tolerant ones.'

Their conversation was interrupted by a little girl who came running up to them with a bright smile upon her rosy mouth. Her large blue eyes peered into Adeline's with a dreamy earnestness of expression, and an air of bashful, timid uncertainty, 'as though inquiring if she might safely make overtures for acquaintance. Adeline's deep and affectionate nature,

ever yearning towards the pure and lovely, was immediately impressed; and she and the little one soon got on quite intimate terms. For the soft melody of gentleness in Adeline's voice had, like the low music of an Æolian harp, floated murmuringly and beautifully over the spirit of the child.

But the busy fleeting spirit of the little one could no more be confined in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze. In a short time she began to exhibit various signs of restlessness.

'Indeed, dear, you must kiss me then, before you go,' said Adeline as she folded her in her arms. Then putting her down, she said fervently: 'May heaven bless you, and make you happy here, and fit you to live in the enjoyment of God for ever!' And with an airy innocent playfulness, the interesting little being bounded nimbly away.

'Your blessing that sweet child, dear Adeline,' said Isaac, 'reminds me of a law, written in the Talmud, with which, I apprehend, you are at present unacquainted; because, I think that it is not likely you have ever read the part which it is in. If so, if you do not already know it, it will startle you, perhaps, although you may believe yourself quite prepared to hear the worst passage that can be quoted from that book. The command is that, instead of caressing that lovely babe and praying for a blessing upon her, you shall SEEK HER LIFE.'

'Isaac!'

'It is true. How do believers in that book get beside such things? They aver, most emphatically aver, that the Talmud is of EQUAL authority with the Bible. Indeed, we might as well say right out, that what God says in the Bible, is sixth-rate compared with what he says in the Talmud. It is from this feeling that they have prohibited the Bible—allowing only the rabbis to read it—and enforcing the study of the other.'

'Oh, it is surpassingly horrible! You have fright-

ened me. I cannot comprehend the thing. I have scarcely force of mind sufficient to realise that the command is there. And you are perfectly serious? Is it exactly as you have said? 'Tell me more.'

'I will show you the passage when we get home. It alone is enough to brand rabbinical Judaism with infamy and everlasting contempt. I know it so well that I am able to repeat the whole from memory—it is in the Hilchoth M'lakhim: "Moses, our master, did not give the law as an inheritance to any but Israel, as it is said 'the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob,' and to those among the nations who might wish to become proselytes. Moses, our master, has also commanded us, by Divine appointment, 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!*" You know perhaps, what people are meant by the children of Noah?'

'They are those amongst the Gentiles who are, according to Jewish judgment, perfectly clear from the charge of idolatry.'

'Exactly. In the Gemara mankind are divided into four classes—Israelites, Proselytes, Children of Noah, and Idolaters. The last class comprises all Christians; the third, those whom you described. But this division can only be entered during a jubilee; consequently, no one can be enrolled in it now. So then, to the believer in the Talmud, there is no going aside. There is God's Word—he must slay the child.'

'It is dreadful to think of. How fearful will be the account of him who dared to write such a command; and more terrible still, to impute such a devilish feeling to the God of love. There is one ray of brightness breaking through the cloud, which else would be blackness visible indeed—the most superstitious Jew amongst us would sooner kill the person who told him to do it than the child.'

'I know it.'

'Which proves that gross as are the powers of credulity possessed by some of our people, not one of them can in his heart and soul believe that the Talmud is divine, else they could never neglect its commands in this and a thousand instances besides. Let us go.'

CHAPTER III.

THE house of Isaac's father was situated in the suburbs of Kensington, overlooking the parks and Kensington Gardens. It was one of those sweet sequestered spots which are to be found nowhere in greater perfection than in the neighborhood of London. Around it meandered a walk paved with gravel, smooth as a marble tablet; and this again was encircled by a gently undulating lawn, plentifully interspersed with the choicest trees and flowers.

Mr. Cohen was now a widower. He was an earnest-hearted, even an enthusiastic Jew; but his views were held as free from a fiery bigotry on the one hand, as they were from an undue looseness on the other. He was a strict Talmudist; as, indeed, was each member of his family, except Isaac. These were, David Cohen, of the same age as Isaac, and who, at the time of which we are writing, was on the verge of marrying Hermon, the youngest daughter of Dr. Aben Baruch, and the only sister of Eloise; Mary Cohen, aged eighteen; Jacob and Joseph Cohen, aged fourteen and eleven years respectively; and Eulalie Cohen, aged six years. Besides these, there was a young French lady—Miss Hallevi—whom he had lately taken to reside with him; the death of her father, a near relative of his own, having left her an orphan and unprotected.

It was already past four o'clock when Adeline and Isaac drew up to the door, and consequently there was no longer any space to idle over their preparations for

eating the passover; for the usual duties connected with the offering of the evening sacrifice had to be performed, as well as those appointed for the feast.

'Oh, my dear Miss Adeline!' cried Eulalie, bounding into her arms immediately she entered the hall. 'I am so happy now you have come. But where is it you have been staying so long? Isaac promised me he would bring you early.'

'Well, you see, my love,' said Adeline, kissing her, 'I think you can pardon that, for I shall be with you a long time now.'

'Yes, dear, so you will. And you know how glad I am—how much I love you. Now, come upstairs with me, if you please; for I have some things I greatly wish to show you, and especially a sweet book that papa gave me yesterday, that I want to ask you about. But I suppose I must wait for you to undress first. I'll help you—do, dear, let me.'

'I must be alone for a little while, my darling,' said Adeline, as she lovingly pressed the child's forehead to her lips. And then she resumed, in a slow and gentle tone, 'I am going to worship our God, the King of Israel, and to ask Him to bless my dear Eulalie, and to restore us to our own beautiful country, where you so wish to go.'

'Oh, it is delightful to think about it!' said Eulalie, clasping her little hands rapturously. 'I dream about it often, and then I seem as if I am there. When shall we go there, Miss Adeline? When will Messiah Ben-David come to deliver us, and to be our King?' And in a thoughtful voice, and her large serious eyes fixed on Adeline's, she repeated that verse so dearly cherished by her people, 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.'

'The time is near, very near. We expect him soon; indeed, almost every day we look for his appearance.'

'Oh, I do *love* him so,' said Eulalie, in a soft, dreamy voice, and rather in communion with herself

than Adeline. 'I know he's coming. He often speaks to me—in the night—and tells me I shall see him soon.' And the young face was illumined with holy joy.

Adeline's eyes filled with tears, and kissing her fervently, she hurried away, with a promise that she should not be absent long.

A striking characteristic of the Jewish people is their intense feeling of nationality. Their pride, their trust, their life is in the land of Palestine; and it is their glory to conform, as far as they can, in their houses, usages, and even clothing, to what they would be if they were restored to their inheritance. Consequently, many of those whose means enable them to keep two kinds of costume—the one Eastern, the other suited to the country in which they live—change themselves when the public business of the day is done.

The inner circle of a Jewish family is an intensely interesting—an exceedingly lovely scene. But it is a sacred one, too; for in their positively private apartments the Jews do not receive visitors, except they belong to their own nation. And very special, indeed, must be the friendship under which a Gentile obtains admission to the interior of their household. To the romantic this consideration would, doubtless, heighten the deep delight which all he sees is fitted to inspire.

Now, then, we must request the reader to accompany us into the drawing room in Mr. Cohen's house that was emphatically *his*, and therefore the room in which the passover was to be eaten—a large apartment, furnished and decorated with all the luxury which oriental taste could possibly require; and, except a piano and harp, almost buried amongst the folds of damask, there was little English about it. The walls were spanned by a gently-arched ceiling, encrusted with purple and gold, and flashing with little pale blue stars, which appeared to give fond intimations that an ethereal treasury of peace and repose was above. At the entrance, rich curtains of Damascus silk were

gathered in voluptuous folds between pilasters of polished cedar, and the windows were concealed by hangings of the same costly material. The floor was covered with a Persian carpet of great beauty, that yielded with luscious softness to the pressure of every foot. It was plentifully strewed with billowy cushions; and in the midst of it stood a stainless marble fountain, filled with water bright as crystal, and sparkling with little golden fishes. In one of the corners a large alabaster basin stood upon an exquisite carved mahogany pedestal: this was used for washing the hands before eating—a thing never omitted to be done.

Near this was the desk, with the volumes of the Talmud, and other works of the rabbins, by its side. It was made of one piece of solid cedar, and was about three feet in height, supported on a square dais, which raised it a few inches higher. On this dais the cushion was laid, seated upon which the various members of the family studied the law.

The wall at the end was adorned by a large painting, wrought by the hands of Adeline. It was executed in most masterly style. There was no paltry mannerism. All was modest and unassuming, like the work of a lady, and that lady a genius.

Of the subject of this picture we cannot expect to convey any adequate idea. In the centre the irrever-sible declaration of Jehovah, and the fond pass-word of the house of Israel, was written in Hebrew characters—‘Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is a Unity.’ The color of the letter was purple, suggested by the curtains of the tabernacle; and the whole sentence was surrounded by clouds and a golden glory—‘a bewilderment and mist of brightness.’ Amongst the upper folds of the clouds two seraphim reposed; their wings embracing and their faces looking towards each other. On the left and near the top, a dim and dreamy circle of pale white rays shone indistinctly through the solemn mists, immediately suggesting the bright and beautiful heaven beyond. While by a consummately

artistic blending of the light and shade, the light of the whole picture seemed to flow from thence.

Adeline had finished her devotions and her toilette rather earlier than any of the others. And there she lay, gracefully reclining upon one of the divans, while her fingers capriciously played with the golden chain on her bosom. Upon her beautifully rounded arms, jewels gleamed. Her long rich tresses hung wavily around her neck and waist, falling in a lustrous cataract amongst the silken cushions that were scattered around. The elegant white muslin turban embroidered with blue, and crimson, and golden flowers, forming the most poetical head-dress that the warmest imagination could create, imparted a soft, fascinating dreaminess to her large mystic eyes, illumined so brightly with the sunshine of intellect. A tunic of light silk was covered with a loose robe of pale blue crape floating airy as the rainbow about her statuesque form. A chain composed of six rows of pearls, jointed together with brilliants, encircled her waist, and from thence it depended to within a few inches of the ground. Round her loins a cashmere shawl, soft and unsubstantial as a film, was negligently tied. And a veil bright as her own crystal skies, and spiritual as the sunbeam, enwreathed her in shadowy folds from the languid forehead and throbbing bosom to the rosy-slipped little feet, that scarcely displayed themselves from amongst the folds in the large flowing trousers. The whole portrait bore a soft visionary hue, made up of love and peace harmoniously serene. It was the poetry of repose; so profoundly calm that you could almost hear the thrill of life which gushed through her palpitating veins, varying her cheek with every changing thought as often as the zephyr-clouds shading a summer sky.

Picture to yourself one of Eve's fairest daughters, bright in her beauty as in Eden's fresh land.

To the lover of that flower-soft calm which Eastern style always inspires, even into the coldest bosom, the

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effect of the whole scene was very beautiful. But to the Christian, who with an enlarged soul and refined heart feels this character of repose in its fullest degree, and is besides moved by higher thoughts and nobler sensibilities, it was touchingly, oppressively beautiful. The maid of Israel, in her exile, fondly surrounding herself with the costume and associations of that beloved land, about which her soul-deep memories had entwined themselves; and dreaming away the heaven-calm moments in bright visions of the glory which should again rest upon it; in strange yearnings, and strong dim emotions after the joy which she saw in the cloudy future; in the exuberance of tender thoughts and sacred shadowings, such as impassioned natures love to feel.

The next person that entered the room was Mr Cohen. He was stout and portly, clear-headed and warm-hearted; an average specimen of the strict, enlightened Jew. He was dressed in the light and flowing drapery of the East, wore his phylacteries between his eyes—'Thy law is ever before me'—and was covered with his *Talith* or Veil, the 'garment of fringes,' which was commanded to be worn in memory of the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. The smaller *Talith* the Jewish male wears constantly.

Adeline rose from the divan as he came in. She bowed herself slightly. Then erecting herself, she remained with her forehead lightly resting on the tips of the fingers of her right hand, while, with her eyes bent downwards, she gave the left to him. He took it, and as he did so, he kissed her, and then extending his hand over her head, he pronounced the blessing in Hebrew, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. The Lord bestow upon thee riches and honor, and may thine eyes behold the salvation of Judah and Israel.' Adeline sat down again.

It was now full sunset, and the rest of the family began to assemble. David Cohen was a young man of strong and vigorous mind, a noble spirit, and a generous heart. His age has been told. He was attached to the Talmud, and attended as closely to its study as the best young Talmudist among his people; and he was moderately strict in fulfilling the ceremonies which it enjoins.

Mary Cohen, after embracing Adeline, seated herself on a divan by her side. She was the beloved of her father, and of the whole family; indeed, who was it that knew her could avoid loving her? Her voice, slightly modulated by the accent of her nation's language, was rich in tenderness; steeped in beautiful pathos, like violets in dew, by 'the mossy stone half-hidden to the eye.' But every motion was itself music, ere her voice was heard. Every fibre—face, frame, limbs—was eloquent, and told tales of feeling and passion beyond the power of mere airy words. In the thought flashed into speech by every glance of the unclouded eye, in the movements communicated by the gladness of a heart untouched by sorrow, the motions, not merely quickened by the spirit, but seemingly themselves spiritualised, and that, too, into forms and outlines of nature's perfect loveliness, that needs no instructor but the soul-felt impulse from which it springs, and the 'innocent brightness of the new-born day' of bliss in which it lives its beautiful, and floating, and ethereal being—(oh! gentle and middle-aged reader, pardon this, perhaps, too poetic style; though ornate, yet unambitious)—in all this who could excel those two of Israel's loveliest daughters, now sitting there with inlacing arms and touching cheeks, the charm-and-spell-bearing Mary Cohen and Adeline Steinberg?

Then there was little Eulalie—she was no more to be kept still in one place than the light clouds in a summer sky, or the young leaves rejoicing in the first breathings of spring. She was tall of her age: of a

thin, but not lean figure : indeed, if we set aside the consideration of her height, we could scarcely convey an idea of her form better than by describing it as the perfection of epigrammatic beauty. Her face was lit up with all the witchery of innocence peculiar to childhood. A hue of tender pensiveness it might have—and its having it was an addition to its fascination—but there was not a single shade of sadness in its expression. She was doubtless a beautiful, even lovely, little being.

But pictured beauty is a fading flower—so fading, that we approach and delight ourselves in it with a trembling fear. We think not of the gracefulness of the stalk when it is crushed, flower and all; but feel only that there is an end or extinction of something we had loved, and that all our future delight must be drawn from the depths of memory. It was not so with Eulalie. Light came and went across her dream-like features with the coming and going of each feeling or thought; yet faint was the change of hue ever visible—and then it revealed itself only to kindred innocence. It was the lovely countenance of a seraph enshrined in mortal life—in the angelic-calm stillness of its idealised beauty instinct with all the emotions of the human heart, yet strangely full of a spiritual fire that seldom lives on earth, and never but in childhood. Idealised beauty! Yes—for that face, so full of purity, was overshadowed with a radiance for which the name must be withheld, only because it seemed more divine, inspiring a sacred love that overpowered while it lingered with delight—an expression from immortality. Surely that man's nature must be radically defective who does not feel his heart purified and exalted by such an image. Her hair excepted—which, not at all unusual amongst Jewish children, was of a light golden hue—she was exceedingly like her sister. There was the same whole-hearted laugh, the same sunny smile, the same loving eyes.

Many a thoughtful student, with book in hand,

slowly pacing his early morning walk on the flowery sods of Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, or in the shadow of their arching trees, cheating himself into the belief that he was taking a healthful exercise, has met the vision of those eyes, and that pure and guileless face, and spoilt his reading for the morning. In vain has he struggled to rid his mind of the heterodox notion which, with horrid pertinacity, would still creep in among his thoughts, that there might, after all, be things in the world better worth living and striving for, blessings far more valuable, than out of musty old tomes to get the reputation of a scholar, or the degree of LL.D.

Few require to be told that the Jews compute their years by lunar months—from new moon to new moon. Consequently, to make their time correspond with solar time, it becomes necessary, twice in five years, to add an extra month. This is called *Vau-Adar*, and is placed between *Adar*, the sixth month, and *Nison*, the seventh month. The Jewish civil year, reckoning from the creation of the world, commences with *Tishri*, which falls about the middle of September, or the beginning of October. But when commanding the observance of the passover, God changed also the beginning of the year; therefore the religious year commences with *Nison*.

The law enjoins that the feast of the passover shall be kept seven days; on the first and last no servile work may be done. It is to commence on the fourteenth of the first month at even, and end at the same time on the twenty-first. But the Jews in exile amongst us, set apart eight days to its observance, beginning on the thirteenth at even, and making the fourteenth a *Sabbath*, as well as the fifteenth and twenty-first.

All were assembled now. Every one's dress was exceedingly rich as well as beautiful. But there was no false display; all was sweetly harmonious and chaste. All the associations of the Jew—the gorgeous

ceremonial of the temple worship—the magnificence of his own beloved land—unite to foster the love he has for brilliant attire.

Mr. Cohen rose, and taking a book of Jewish prayers in his hand, recited several from it, at the same time walking slowly up and down the room. The reason for this is taken from the thirty-fifth Psalm: ‘All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee!’

The men stood; the women went upon their knees, their foreheads bent towards the earth, and resting upon a cushion. It was an exquisitely touching scene; one that no heart, rightly tuned, could witness without tears. With a voice, tenderly modulated to the various emotions excited, Mr. Cohen feelingly expressed the throbbings of Judah’s heart.

The exercise finished, a servant entered, bearing a large basin made of pure beaten gold. It was half filled with the blood of the lamb that had been slain for the passover. She placed it on the table, and a bunch of hyssop by its side.

‘Every one is in the house, Rachel?’ inquired Mr. Cohen.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Then bid them come to the Lord’s passover.’

The servants came, dressed in walking attire. His family being thus collected round him, Mr. Cohen read from the Law the precept commanding to make the *Mezuzah*, or signs upon the door-post; after which, accompanied by two of his sons, he proceeded to affix the marks upon the lintel and side-posts.

‘This is the bread of poverty and affliction, which our fathers did eat in Egypt; whoso hungers, let him come, and eat; whoso needs, let him come, and eat the paschal lamb. This year we are here, the next (God willing) we shall be in the Land of Canaan; this year we are servants, the next, if God will, we shall be free children of the family.’

And then the lamb, seasoned with bitter and nauseous herbs, was distributed among those present,

together with biscuit, or 'unleavened bread.' When all had eaten what they required, the remainder was taken into another room, and there consumed by fire; for the Law allows none of it to be kept until the morning.

'Of what, sir, is this service designed to put us in remembrance?' said Isaac.

Mr. Cohen took a book, and read in Hebrew an account of the bondage in Egypt and deliverance therefrom; interspersed with comments, partly taken from the book before him, partly extemporaneous. This done, all burst forth in chanting, in their own majestic language, the 95th to the 100th Psalm, constantly used in the Sabbath service. Adeline accompanied with a vivid symphony upon the piano. The effect of the whole was of the true sublime. The fine bass tones of Mr. Cohen, rising in force and expression according as the tremendous imagery heightened in majesty, mingled in harmonious grandeur with the clear silvery notes of the women. All the family possessed, in an eminent degree, that general gift of their people, a rich melodious voice. But now, inspired by such a time and such a theme, voices and instruments gave forth their sounds as if gifted with a spirit of life, that, echoing to the soul's expectant nature, floated her above the darkling mists of time, and unfolded an uncertain trembling view of the eternity which is her home.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURN we now to the house of Mr. Cohen, and on the same evening.

As soon as the singing was done, the servants rose to leave the room, the family proceeded to arrange themselves for conversation.

No one is allowed to leave the house until the

morning, so Mr. Elihu of course remained amongst the family, Miss Halleve had not been in England long enough to know much of the language, and, being so young, she had not yet acquired proficiency in Hebrew; therefore she engaged herself in talking to Adeline, who spoke French with fluency. Mr. Cohen addressed himself especially to Isaac and Mary.

‘Have you heard, Isaac, what some of our brethren are suffering?’ asked he.

‘Anything fresh, then?’

‘Some of the accounts indeed are paralysing. Hundreds have been ejected from their homes — never allowed to remain in too much quiet—and left in the possession of nothing. Some of them are literally stripped of all. We had a letter here yesterday; it was sent to Rabbi Aben Baruch from a gentleman, who says that himself and his wife, after having been dreadfully ill used, were turned into the fields in a state of perfect nudity, and that this has occurred in many other instances. Their sufferings I cannot bear to think upon. The Roman Catholics are foremost in the persecution. The infatuated people, headed by their priests, paraded the streets of K—— with banners, on which a price was enumerated for various animals, concluding with such a sum for a hog, and, beneath this, such a sum for a Jew. Unhappy Israel! when will the Most High deliver him out of his afflictions!’

‘If I had been there I would have hurled a hog in their teeth, if I had died for it,’ said Isaac.

‘But, really, how cruelly Christians can act towards an inoffensive people!’ said David.

‘Hush! my son,’ said Mr. Cohen; ‘though we must feel our sufferings deeply, it is no part of a Jew’s religion to call any people hard names. And I always feel very warmly when such language is applied to Christians. My respect for the morality enforced by Christianity is unbounded. It is as perfect as that commanded by our Holy Law. I am sorry our people don’t understand the feelings of Christians better than

they do. Since I read the book they call the New Testament, I have known better how to think, for I there found that true ardent love to God and man is the summary of their religion.'

'I often think, dear father, that it would form a very interesting subject of conversation if you would tell us something about the New Testament,' said Mary.

'Well, perhaps I will. I shouldn't like you to read it, because I think your mind is not sufficiently fortified by fixed principles. The character of Jesus is a very lovely one, and his doctrine is very fascinating. He said so himself. I can't recollect the precise words, but it was substantially that whereas the law of Moses—blessed be he!—was heavy, his law was easy and light.'

'How did you feel, dear, when you had read it?'

'I was a Jew when I began; and when I finished, I was, if possible, more of a Jew than ever. Now for our poor afflicted brethren. Efforts on a large scale must be made. What can we do? And how can we do most?'

'I thought of a ball,' said David. 'We could easily get one up, and have it here.'

'The only thought that occurred to me was to go round personally, and solicit contributions. But I think what you say is best. A good sum might in that way be realised, and many would come to it who would otherwise give much less, perhaps nothing. It will do. Now when shall it be? Not before your marriage, David?'

'Oh, my dear father,' interposed Mary, 'I think that perhaps something better than a ball of that kind may be devised. I have got quite out of heart with such assemblies, where anybody can come in exchange for his few shillings. A very queer company is often collected; and contact with such people is not unpleasant merely, but dangerous. But I almost feel that I am doing wrong because I say so much to you. Yet it

seems to me that to think there is expediency in doing good by such means, goes against our common sense.'

'Well,' replied Mr. Cohen, 'if you think you ought not to consent to the thing, why, so be it. But with the conditions proposed, I am glad to avail myself of it. Our Holy Law imposes upon us to do all the good we can, you know. When you get a little older you won't think as you do now.'

'So, dear, you always tell me. But if you will allow me to say it, I notice that many of the persons who attend these unions are very deficient in moral principle—some of them we know to be openly wicked in no small degree. And yet there is no way to make the thing more select, for fear our people would talk of it as a scandal.'

'Still, Mary, you must think also of the good which will result from this. While we on this evening are peaceably collected in our home, our persons and property protected by the laws of the country of our adoption—the smile of Jehovah be upon it!—many of our brethren wander hungry, shelterless, and almost naked. I wish I could make you properly understand the principle that is the standard of our faith—the rule by which God judges us, and by which we examine ourselves. Here it is—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.'

'But what can you expect women to know about the law?' said Isaac, with a half-sneer upon his noble countenance.

'It is true that our women are distressingly ignorant in that respect,' replied Mr. Cohen. 'But I am much grieved about it. It is the cause of much of the hardness of heart amongst us; and will have to be removed before we shall make any good hand of our religion. I wish I could blot out the passages that bar them from knowing it, such as that accursed one in the Hilchoth

Talmud Torah, so often quoted, "Women, and slaves, and children are not to study the law." It disgusts me. What is good for our teachers to know, must be good for our women to know. Is not their soul as valuable?'

'I never,' said Isaac, 'can force even my lips to respond to any of those abominable sentences we so often hear; such as, "Blessed art Thou, O God! King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman!" "Blessed art Thou, O Eternal! who in mercy hast not made me a partaker of woman's nature, through whom sin entered the world." The first, you know, we regularly hear in the public worship. God forgive me if the feeling was sinful; but when it has been uttered in the synagogue, and I have tried to get a glimpse through the gallery-screen to observe the effect of it upon our pure-souled women present, and have seen it in the languid eye, and flushed and down-cast cheek, I have felt my heart good to knock the Hazan out of the chair: and I have despised—from the very depths of my spirit have I despised—the men and boys around me, for joining so devoutly in the response. I find nothing about this in the Bible—but the opposite. How dare any one affirm that, either on earth or for the eternity before us, a woman's position is far lower and more critical than a man's. It's abominable. It offends me, disgusts me, rouses my whole nature when I see the effect of such a doctrine upon our purest wives and daughters. To see them kneeling with their face on the earth, when the higher and safer position of us men, if you please, permits us to stand. Enough. My feeling chokes me.'

'Now collect your thoughts, Ike, and then start afresh,' said David, in a kind tone. 'I like to hear you.'

'And I know you feel with me too. Though what can one do? It's a part of our religion; so all one says must end in mere vexation and waste of words, after all. Well, to resume. If woman really occupies this lower position in the sight of God, He must have been

something worse than unfortunate in choosing her as the type of His beloved people all over the Bible. Solomon's Song is full of it; and expressions, too, suggestive of the highest typical purity and vital beauty: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." "As a lily among thorns is my love among the daughters." But, leaving these, there is one verse in the Psalms that blows the whole concern overboard: "That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace!" Now this, it seems to me, is quite a compliment to the ladies. The corner-stone occupies the same place in a building that the key-stone does in an arch; the whole edifice depends upon it. It binds the walls together. So then the daughters have a special place, and a *primary* place, assigned them in His spiritual temple; a place upon which the existence of the whole depends. Then, again, to what our rabbins say, woman herself presents a living lie. If woman is morally worse than man, how are we to account for the fact that she has a far more exquisite sensitiveness to moral beauty? And how is it that we instinctively look into woman's breast for purity; and there, if she is a woman, we are sure to find it? Men balance motives and actions, and by an exercise of deliberate judgment form an estimate of character; woman decides with an intuitive consciousness, whether she may approach and delight herself in it, or whether she must shrink from it. Now no metaphysician would desire more conclusive proof that she possesses a finer moral sensibility. In fact, it's clear to common sense.'

'Now, pull up a moment,' said his brother David, soothingly. 'You'll be able to go on again after you've taken a little rest.'

'I'm afraid I've nearly done; for I can't say what I want. You know well enough what mighty ideal views I've got of the sanctity and amount of woman's moral influence. Let any one try to describe it; let him endeavor to bring into light all those elements of good which to us, at present, lie more

than half buried in her character; let him attempt to paint the little world which woman creates around her, making it all one paradise, herself the deity of the place, and to apply to his picture all those syren touches—endless as fancy!—which woman gives to the heart, and he will find the task he has undertaken to be one far beyond his power, and he will fain content himself with that emotion of admiration with which the mere conception of excellence is formed, and that transport of sympathy and love which attends it.'

'I say, Ike,' said David, 'I'm not given to compliments, as you know; but, truly, it seems to me that this homily on woman is fit to print. It won't do to think of sending such heresy to the "Voice of Jacob!" Any more to say?'

'More, indeed! I've only been making a few preliminary rhetorical flourishes. You know how eager I always feel to get at truth. Truth must be sought for with anxiety—in all matters, however trivial; in all directions, however distant.—Without this honest and good temper of mind we can know nothing rightly. No pure passion, no combination of noble, self-sufficient delights can be understood, except by purity of heart. The base, sin-stained feeling sees itself in everything, and sets down blasphemies. It writes down the holiest passion to an unholy cause; it sees Lucifer in the humblest aspiration to the Deity; it finds its treasure of stinking flies in every box of precious ointment; it knows God himself only as a lying, shuffling, unprincipled being. And the disposition of mind which is required, in order to accurate conclusions respecting truth, is simply an earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impressions of it, by which those that are hollow, false, whitewashed, or imbibed from ignorant judges, may be distinguished from those that are eternal. Yet this will not come up to what I wish to express, unless it be accompanied by a full perception of its being an emanation from and

a manifestation of God ; since only when we thus feel is its nature comprehended.'

'Well,' said David, 'all this is very excellent, and carries conviction with it. But what has it to do with what we were talking about—the moral status of woman?'

'Give me time and you will see what I am driving at. There is need, bitter need, to bring back to the minds of men—but I do believe of the Jews especially—that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him through whom we live : and that he is not to be known by a selfish vain-glory, in the foulness of wicked thoughts, or an ungrateful self-dependence. Nor by marring his fairest works, and denying the evidence of his influence upon his creatures. If man would view all things in their heavenly, God-ward tendency ; if he would reverently observe how they might lead his own spirit, and the spirits of every one else, to those immortal objects which diverge from the throne of God for ever ; there would no longer be only a few stunted, distorted objects visible to the eyes of his understanding. He would live as on a mountain-top, where the impressions that flowed in upon him from all surrounding things would cause him vividly to feel man is a being full of rejoicing life, placed in the midst of a system ordained by divine wisdom and goodness, inhabiting a world full of wonder and beauty, moving amongst creatures, in which every part is a manifestation to human understanding of the wisdom and love in which it was made. We should thus start in an eager, loving race. Not the jarring competition of selfish interests, but the aspirations of noble hearts—hearts lifted above the region of unholy passion—hearts filled with bright realisations of the good to be attained in the ever-enlarging and unmeasured future—hearts of whom each one is striving to accomplish most in the service of its God, yet each rejoicing in what the other has achieved. It is when the mind is thus glorified that the admiration of beauty, and love, and

wisdom attains to its utmost grandeur; the intelligence is exalted; science, poetry, piety, and life become one, and we feel our connection with our native skies. This is the source from which the highest delight of knowledge springs—a loving admiration blending in an unpolluted holy mind with the impressions received from outward things, and the workings of the ever-brightening intellect within—a spirit which, may it exist vivid and unalloyed in my bosom, until I turn my weary eyes upon the last setting sun!’

‘Amen,’ said David. ‘I thought of begging permission to attempt a slight sentiment myself: but I shall wait till you have done. Go on.’

‘What I have said, you may sing as my own requiem. For my soul is dead. I long for a stronger arm than my own to rest upon—Judaism supplies it not. I strive, and strive again; but I can no more gain a footing than if I were climbing the ashes in the crater of Mount Etna. My spirit remains unsoothed still, unholy still. There, the murder is out—let it pass—for if I think, I shall get melancholy. Now please to notice me while in some sense I sum up. Man’s office is to glorify God by a loving obedience, and by the happiness to himself which results from that obedience. The essence of moral beauty in all created beings is the Divine stamp upon them. God has made all things to lead to himself. From which it is evident that the source of moral beauty is the immediate operation of the Mind Supreme. That where it exists in any measure it implies a condition of the whole moral being in some degree right and healthy: and that to the entire exhibition of it there is necessary the perfection of the whole God-like character. Out of which perception, then, we esteem those creatures most beautiful whose functions are most loving, pure, and noble. This is the standard of moral perfection by which we test ourselves.’

‘You have proved your point, Isaac,’ said David. You have shown, and well too, that, compared with

man, woman possesses in a superior degree the sympathetic faculty which leads to the perception of moral beauty; and, therefore, it proves that her moral being—or, in other words, her intuitive affection for the good, the pure, and the beautiful—is naturally higher than his.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Then the expressions concerning her in our service are irrational, cruel, and wicked.'

'Certainly.'

'I believe it. Ladies! what have you to say to this?'

'Indeed, we are more thankful than can be expressed to be so kindly vindicated,' said Mary, blushing deeply; 'but it seems so serious to decide against the opinions of the rabbins. Don't you think that perhaps, through the transgression of Eve, women labor under religious disadvantages which men do not?'

'Pshaw!' said Isaac, with a movement of impatience; 'it sickens me. It is not true, dear, and I won't have you believe it. If it had suited my fancy to prove the lie which our rabbins perpetrate, by such short and simple means, I should at once have gone up to Eve, and, taking the Bible as my faith, have said that she was created pure and holy as man himself—like him a mirror of the Deity. So then I should have blown the whole scheme to the evil one—to whom it belongs—in a few words. God gave to woman a depth, a supremacy of feeling, which man had not, in order that by her softer, more yielding, trusting nature, still conquering all outward assaults and "to the end persisting, safe arrive," he might be more glorified than he could be by the victory of his other and stronger creature. And so he ever has been. Where is the sweet and quenchless love which religion inculcates exhibited as it is in woman's heart? Piety seems there in her native home. And more than this, you know very well you feel the reverse of what the rabbis say. And it is true of women everywhere.

Woman in every nation exhibits greater instinctive purity of heart than man. Truth cannot be self-contradictory: then I wish you to tell me how you will reconcile the two voices. If women are so bad, I wonder in these days of reform, they don't try to get a bill into Parliament for the suppression of the female sex altogether—as a thing not only quite useless and a great trouble, but the cause of nearly all the sin in the world.'

'It is, indeed, very kind of you, dear Isaac,' replied Mary, smiling, and she turned upon her brother a look of grateful, trusting love, which to attempt to describe would be almost sacrilege. 'One thing at least, is very cruel—the introduction of those expressions into parts of the service at which we are present. If they knew how keenly we feel it—always. For time can never reconcile us to them. And then the hearty response, and the boys looking up upon us—in blank wonder, I suppose, as to what the words mean. It is very hard, and quite unnecessary.'

'It is a piece of insolent wickedness, my dear sister,' said Isaac warmly; 'but it is like the whole of Talmudic Judaism—all a glorious self-righteousness from beginning to end. Everybody thanks God that he is better than his neighbor; and when he thinks he has done an extra good thing, crows over him like a turkey-cock upon a barn-door. I hate it. The sacrifices of the Mosaic law were commanded by God himself; but when abused by self-righteousness they became so odious to him, that he exclaimed: "Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me."'

'Isaac, my son,' said Mr. Cohen in a kind and earnest tone, 'I told you it was my opinion you had better have nothing to do with the Bible. You cannot understand it. Its hidden meanings can only be unsealed by our rabbins. Besides, you should have a care. What you are saying, if carried to the chief rabbi, would compel him either to cite you before him,

to answer for your language, or to cut you off as an apostate.'

'I am sorry, my dear father, if what I said grieved you, and I ask your forgiveness. But will you not say that the degrading estimate which our service teaches women to form of themselves has a fearful effect upon the morals of our nation?'

'I entirely agree with you; and I wished to have said so at the first.'

'What would our almost worshipped Rabbi Ben Israel say to that, I wonder?' said Isaac.

'Poor Rabbi Ben Israel,' said David, laughing. 'Which is he like?—Balaam, or Balaam's donkey.'

'I think, David, you should not speak so irreverently,' said Mr. Cohen.

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day, Mary was confirmed in the Jewish faith, by the chief rabbi.

The whole of the day, until evening, she spent in fasting and prayer, mingled with many tears in consequence of the solemnity of the service in which she was about to engage. At evening she took a light meal of unleavened bread, with fruits and tea; and then retired with Adeline to dress herself for the ceremony.

Her attire was very elegant, but all of light colors. Her frock was of white silk; over which she wore a robe of rich pink barège.

As the clock struck six, Adeline led her into the drawing-room, and placed her to sit on a divan. The Talmud and catechisms were open upon the table. The room was lit by numerous wax candles, burning in exquisitely-fashioned candelabra. Adeline sat by her side, until, the family having assembled, Rabbi Aben Baruch came to begin the service. Then, taking

Mary's hand, she raised her to her feet, and conducted her to the opposite end of the room, where Mr. Cohen and the rabbi were seated. When they stood before Mr. Cohen, she pulled Mary's veil over her face. The rest of the family placed themselves in a circle round, and chanted a hymn selected from the Psalms—

'The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of isles be glad thereof.

'And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her.

'For the Lord is our defence, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

'Then thou spakest in a vision to thy Holy One and saidst, I have laid hold upon One that is mighty. I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

'I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.

'Zion heard and was glad. Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.'

Mary removed her veil, and presented her hand to her father. He rose and kissed her.

'My dear child,' he said, in a voice brimming with tenderness, 'in the distinguishing mercy of the Almighty, he has made you a descendant of Abraham, and constituted you, therefore, one of his peculiar people. You have, moreover, increased cause for gratitude to him, because, though our genealogies are lost, we can have no doubt that the family of the Cohanim, to which you belong, is lineally descended from Aaron. Are you thankful to him that you were born a Jew and of the family of the priesthood?'

Mary replied in Hebrew, 'My dear father, I am indeed thankful.'

'But, my dear child, your nation is scattered to all corners of the earth; your country is given to strangers; your brethren are everywhere spoken

against; often made to endure much suffering for their religion's sake. This may be your lot. In the wisdom of the Most High you may be called to those countries where oppression, poverty, and misery are the results of your being a Jew; where one of your people is of less consideration than the humblest animal in a Gentile household; where his name is but another term for the vilest of the human race; where to insult him, rob him, imprison him, even kill him, is thought a service to Jehovah.'

'My dear father, I would still be thankful.'

'Will you never shrink from a full avowal of your religion? Or will you try to hide it, if worldly occasion should offer an inducement?'

'My dear father, strengthened by my Almighty Father, I never will.'

'Will you love your brethren, wherever they live? Will you, according to your ability, help their necessities—yea, beyond your ability, if need so occur? Will you feel interested in all their trials, and be diligent in distributing alms amongst those of them who want it, whether at home or abroad?'

'My dear father, to do this is my fixed purpose.'

'But, while you give to them first, will you also be merciful to any amongst the Gentiles whom you find need your help? Will you love the whole human race? Will you feel that you are bound to be kind to them as younger brethren? Will you pray for them earnestly, that the Messiah may come to dispel the gloom with which we and they are surrounded?'

'My dear father, all this it shall be my delight to do.'

'But, at the same time, you will keep yourself separate from them in your house, your food, and your clothing, as the Lord has commanded you?'

'My dear father, I will.'

'Will you love the land which God gave to your fathers? Wherever you may go, will your heart turn towards it?'

'My dear father, I do love it; and I will continue to love it above all others.'

'Let this ring be the token of the pledge you have made.' He gave her a ring with the word 'Jerusalem' engraved upon it; that word which is written so deeply in Israel's heart. 'Wherever you are, that shall be your remembrance.'

'The Lord has given to us a perfect law. This law we are to obey, or be no longer his people. Will you keep it in every particular? And will you honor and reverence the holy rabbis who teach it to us?'

'My dear father, I will.'

'In so doing, you shall be blessed.'

'Yea, she shall be blessed for evermore,' said Rabbi Aben Baruch, rising and opening the Book of the Law to read.

'These, Mary, are the commandments given to us by our Law-giver and our King.' He read selections from the six hundred and thirteen precepts, and then asked—

'Do you, in heart and soul, assent to the excellence, and goodness, and wisdom of this law?'

Mary replied, 'Sir, I do.'

'The daughters of Judah rejoice because of Thy judgments, O Lord,' said Rabbi Aben Baruch.

Mr. Cohen handed him a girdle in which was a piece of parchment, with the 'Shemo Israel' written upon it. It was surrounded by a crown of silver leaves and pomegranates.

'And now, my beloved child,' said Mr. Cohen, 'you are going to make a solemn sacrifice of yourself to Jehovah. Let it be done with joy.'

'I will bind Thy law upon my heart,' said Dr. Aben Baruch, as he passed the girdle to Adeline, who immediately fastened it upon Mary's bosom.

The rabbi took a glass of water, and putting it in Mary's hand, said, 'As in water face answereth to face, so let thine heart be pure, that God looking into it may

see his own image reflected with uninjured brightness. Then thou shalt never be moved, but find love, and rest, and peace for ever and ever.'

While Mary drank a portion of the water, Dr. Aben Baruch and Mr. Cohen each held a hand over her head, and the doctor blessed her; which concluded the interesting service.

'Will Miss Steinberg oblige us by singing—

"The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's stately maids are gone"

said Mr. Cohen.

With an intonation clear, pure, and brilliant, Adeline sang the piece desired; which, though written by a man who possessed a head without a heart, has some touches full of pathos; and any one who stood near Adeline, as she sang with mournful tenderness the following verses, might have seen the large tears tremble on her long silken lashes.

'More blest each pine that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race,
For taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace
It will not leave its place of birth,
It cannot live in other earth.

'But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die,
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own can never lie.
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.'

All her auditors possessed to the full the home-loving, patriotic, Jewish heart; and the vivid feeling which inspired her voice chained their faculties like a syren spell.

'Do, Miss Steinberg, have mercy upon us, and strike up something a little more lively,' said David, when she had finished. 'Here's Isaac crying like a waterspout in a thunder-storm.'

'Even if I were,' said Isaac, 'you had no business to notice it. If I chose to say it, I could tell them I noticed a very suspicious quivering about your own upper lip.'

'David likes, the "Com' è bello," dear,' said Mary. 'But I don't know if you would prefer it now.'

'Oh, that I think is too light,' replied Adeline. 'It has too much of the *aria di agilità* to concord with what we have been singing. The "Crudel Perché" will do better. And there is a lofty grandeur in Mozart's music which makes me always prefer it to Donizetti's. Will you take your harp?'

'Adeline,' said Isaac, 'I know you will forgive me what I am about to do—beg you to sing one of your own compositions. And I would choose the "Hebrew Maiden's Dying Hymn."'

'Is this just?' said Adeline, and for a moment the blood rushed a beautiful crimson into her face and neck.

'What?' inquired Isaac.

'To expose me.'

'Nonsense—expose! Didn't you know, David, and everybody else, that Miss Steinberg wrote poetry?'

'I myself certainly had no knowledge of it,' replied David.

'Then I'm sure you must have guessed she did; and that comes to nearly the same thing. More than that, she writes music also: she composed the music for this very piece which I have now asked her to sing.'

'Oh, do give it us,' said Mary entreatingly. 'We shall all feel it to be an inexpressible favor.'

'And you know, Adeline,' said Isaac, 'you needn't fear *our* powers of dissection. You know you possess the finest abilities of any one in the room.'

'Thank you. That is a thing upon which I have an opinion too,' she said smilingly. 'There is no need that I should tell you how much I dislike all false humility. I have no feeling of that kind. Had it been my choice to publish it, I should have cared

nothing if it had been the most despicable effort imaginable. But I do say that I have a right to demur, because I never, of my own free will, allowed even you to know that I made such attempts. You discovered it by accident. Having made that protest, I have the deepest pleasure in consenting to your desire, so kindly expressed.'

And, accompanied by Mary on the harp, Adeline

THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S DYING HYMN

My God, my father's God! I lift mine eye
 To the high forest shades, the mountains old;
 Where oft the lute's low thrill of melody,
 And the wild fountain's music uncontrolled,
 Hath hymned Thy majesty
 With Spirit utterance fraught. The tomb was riven;
 With the triumphant strains came blending thoughts of heaven.

But ye have kindled with a wilder voice, oh, hills!
 Ay, sounds of harsher, deeper, sterner tone,
 Have wakened the haunted solitude that fills
 Your echoing depths, this silvery sward hath known
 Other life streams than its own.
 Stout hearts have fell, the cold, thick shadow cast
 By Death's untiring wing hath o'er these valleys past.

'Tis gone—from the calm ether's pure expanse,
 No more we see Thine awful presence shine;
 Kindling our altar with a mystic glance
 Of light unfathomed, shadowless, divine;
 Thine unsealed mercy's shrine.
 No more thy conquering banner o'er us waves;
 The war-horse and the spearmen sleep in those urn-like caves.

Here Love, unsleeping Love, hath loosed its springs;
 The love of woman, struggling with its doom;
 Saddest, most tearful, of all earthly things,
 Girt, like the o'ersweeping Phantom of the tomb,
 In Death's mysterious gloom.
 Yet nerved by gushing faith, its woes have sown
 The hopes upspringing clear whence round men peace hath grown.

And many a blighted one ! whose yearning tear,
 Distilled like dew upon the violet's head,
 In its lone weeping o'er the unconscious bier,
 Where hushed in dark repose, its soul lay spread,
 Felt mystery, doubt, and dread
 Dissolve around the free heart's burial sod,
 For all was pure—a consecration unto God.

But that bright day is changed the mountain height,
 Whence Hope soared dove-like midst a crystal sky,
 Is veiled in haunting shadow—still too light—
 Making it all one death's gulf, the mingling cry
 Of love and agony
 Comes darkly gushing forth from grey rock and cave ;
 And heavy sighs o'ersweep the sounding torrent wave.

God hath looked on thee, Love ! Lift up thy head,
 Heart-stricken one ! thy Lord hath heard thy cry.
 Hope to the nations ! Life to the spirits dead !
 Joys from the fount of immortality !
 Heaven to the illumined eye !
 Calmly I lift my earth-song's fading breath,
 And then triumphal sink in love's rejoicing death !

CHAPTER VI.

ON such occasions as the feasts, when the requirements of their religion demand a complete cessation from all physical exertion, except that of the sternest necessity, it was very usual for Mr. Cohen's servants to assemble together in the same room, and occupy the time either in reading or conversation ; or sometimes they spent it in devotional exercises ; Benjamin, the man-servant, or Dinah, the cook, conducting the service. Very plentifully was it interspersed with singing various anthems ; Ben roaring out the words with all his might—then Mr. Cohen could hear him : for it was his high ambition to maintain that reputation for peculiar sanctity which he had succeeded in gaining from the family.

Dinah was the mainspring which regulated the movements of this little second circle at Mr. Cohen's.

She was a gentle, single-hearted person, with a motherly solicitude for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of all with whom she came in contact. And all her peaceful counsels were irresistibly seconded by the placid light which looked out from a pair of loving dark eyes.

Like many of the unlearned members of her nation, Dinah was excessively superstitious; and Judaism surrounded her with things and beliefs in every way calculated to strengthen her confidence in the supernatural. Dr. Faustus and the renowned Cornelius Agrippa were trifling taxes on her powers of credulity. In her opinion their exploits, and the beings whom they saw, were well enough in their way, but not sufficiently practical. Viewed in the light of her belief, the miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, as related by Philostratus, were the most common-place performances. She thought even the Arabian Nights probable. Nothing that might possibly be imagined as happening, either in the celestial or terrestrial world, could be so unlikely as to prevent Dinah from uttering the saving clause, 'You don't know—it might be true.' Most fervently did she believe in that miraculous unguent, which, when applied to the eye, has the virtue of disclosing the whole secrets of the Invisible World; and she thirsted for a knowledge of the Cabbala, that by becoming a practical magician, she might supply herself with a pot of it. Dinah had also been favored with an introduction to several ghosts. And highly interesting were her nervous delineations of their personal appearance, and of the remarks which followed their presentation to each other. Besides these, there were many others whom she had only seen: they wouldn't speak. Probably, these belong to the upper classes of spirits, and considered Dinah's position in society as placing her entirely beneath their notice.

And Dinah was a bit of a Cabbalist. A brother, younger than herself, used to come regularly to teach her. And truly awful were the mysterious things they

did, and the experiments they performed. And then the smell—to say nothing of the noise—they made sometimes, when the way was clear. Thames water was a perfume to it.

A small closet, formerly used as a receptacle for lumber, at the back of the kitchen, and joining the wine-cellar, Dinah had fitted up as the operating room. The servants looked upon it with a kind of holy awe. Not for worlds would they have ventured one step within the door. A rumor was current, that once, after a bottle or so of fortifying port, Ben had ventured to raise the handle, and cautiously poke his head just around the post; but what he heard, and what he saw, produced an extempore fainting fit, and a vitiated appetite, which could take nothing stronger than beef-steaks and Burgundy for a week. For just at the end, where the floor shot down precipitously into a deserted ice-well, with sides covered with phantom hair, floating and sighing amongst the gloomy winds, and to which no bottom had ever been found—there, we say, where the sides were broken, and the chasm was no one knows how deep, was a hideous cauldron pool, covered with patches of black and hissing foam that, whirling in slow and gurgling eddies, tumbled over the horrid crags into some infernal den below; and on the quivering marge of this spectre lake, a white female figure flitted backwards and forwards, wringing its hands in agony, and crying with piteous wail: when suddenly the headless fiend emerged from the depths of the seething waters, his wife at his side, all bejewelled and glittering with a thousand prismatic stalactites, her face black as night with shifting shadows, through which broke at times, struggling like drowned starlight, a few fitful gleams of her fiery eyes, ‘seen but by glimpses.’ Ben could look no more. For, lo! a thrill of horror pervaded his being, a film gathered upon his eyes, and the whole scene evaporated in a whirlwind of smoke and infernal mist.

No wonder that he took, to his bed that night

at half-past eleven punctually, in order that he might be drenched in slumber before the sonorous tolling of the midnight; at which mystic hour, all who are acquainted with the laws of demonland assure us, the infernal gates are thrown open wide, the princes of darkness sally forth in search of victims, and the miser returns to earth, to sigh and gibber over his treasure of burned gold.

Dinah had often laughed at their fears, and invited them to visit her *séance*; with an assurance that it should not involve them in unpleasant results at any future period of their being. They could trust her, but not her brother. They feared to commit themselves to the power of a man who might, after all, have connection with some wicked agency, and who might take advantage of their credulity by reporting them to the powers of evil. Dinah assured them he had nothing to do with supernatural arts, and even if he had, he was too much of a gentleman to exert any disagreeable influence on them. Wouldn't do.

But the room. There was no smell of sulphur about it—none of the approved apparatus of magic—none of those mysterious preparations which are terrifically depicted in the 'Wolf's Glen,' no owl beneath the blasted tree, with ominous flapping wings, hovering over the edge of a cauldron of lurid flame; no circle of skull and bone, not even the orthodox ring of pale blue light that should flicker round it. In the middle of the room there was a large table, on which were distributed a variety of bottles, vases, boxes, and other chemical apparatus. Along with these was a little text-book full of mystic rites. Such deep phrases as, outer and inner life, subtle spirits, ethereal essences, invisible fluids, connection of cause and effect—which connection in our ignorance we humbly presume must be the sea-serpent—we put it to brother Jonathan—mind and matter, hidden things, formed a pretty considerable item in the commodity: so much so, that one could hardly help suspecting a good deal of it to be imported

duty free from the stores of Ignazio Palazzio. Around the walls Dinah had hung a series of portraits, intended to represent the passions and emotions. For Vandyke to have seen them would have been inexorable madness. One head was supplied with a pewter face and goggle brass eyes, and a coronal of erected hair, like the gilded spikes which bristle on the top of the Monument on Fish Street Hill—this was Terror: it was enough to frighten the Wellington statue from its propriety. Resignation was the perfect incarnation of Despair. Amativeness seemed the embodiment of Hydrophobia. Destructiveness was shadowed forth by the countenance of a weak, irresolute ninny. Happiness was just what one would fancy a person being done to death by tickling. Self-esteem was a lackadaisical blockhead.

To return to the second evening of the feast.

‘Well, Dinah,’ said Benjamin, ‘there’s a-goin’ to be no more winter now! I hear as how they’ve bin and fun out a plan for stopping the earth from going away so far from the sun—always keep it in the same place as near as may be, don’t you see. And they’re going to take out a what-d’ye-call-’em; them things, Ruth, as they has to keep any one else from doing the same sort o’ work?’

‘A paytent,’ suggested Ruth.

‘That’s it—a paytent,’ resumed Ben. ‘The shpekification is now at Shomersit House.’

‘Lor’ ha mussey!’ exclaimed Dinah, putting up her hands, opening her eyes bigger than the glasses of her spectacles, and the great borders of her white linen cap quivered with fright. ‘Well, the world’s coming to an end, sure enough. I allus said they’d never stop these presumtshis inventions till they made the Lord come down and confound ’em, as he did at the Tower of Babel — goin’ up in the skies in balloons, and sich like. He’ll be down upon ’em yet afore they thinks on it.’

‘How much further, then, is the earth away from the sun in winter than in summer?’ asked Ruth.

'Oh, child, I don't know. P'raps Ben there can tell 'ee.'

'Eight or nine miles,' replied Ben.

'Lar!' exclaimed Ruth with modest surprise; 'well, I never; as much as that!'

'Oh! oh! oh!' cried Anna, bursting out a laughing. Anna was lady's maid to Miss Cohen, and was decidedly a girl of a high class compared with the rest of the servants; and she had received a good education.

'What pain has got into your temper, my lady?' inquired Ben. 'Now, Dinah, if you'll please to stand pudd'n, I can rise a glass o' wine a-piece,' and he deposited a bottle on the table. Dinah immediately started off to the pantry.

'Why, to hear your mistake made me laugh—and enough too,' said Anna.

'What mistake?'

'To say that the earth is further from the sun in winter than in summer.'

'Well, now, you certainly ain't a-goin to have the emperdince to say it isn't?' replied Ben, as he beat a contemplative tattoo with the tips of his fingers on the table.

'Impudence? It wasn't when I went to school.'

'Altered a-puppos, dessay. How was it then?'

'Three millions of miles *nearer* the sun in winter than in summer,' said Anna, with decision.

'Oh,' cried Ben, as he pensively cut a notch in the table to try the quality of the wood. 'See what it is now to be a scholar.'

'It's truth, however,' replied Anna, quietly.

'Oh, yes! coz you said it—sure to be.'

'If you have anything to say to me, Mr. Machir, I beg you will use becoming language; and also remember what evening it is.'

'Ye couldn't now do a poor undone sinner the kindness of puttin' up a prayer for the good of his soul? Your own lies are as much as ye can answer for—enough to do to keep them square, I reckon?'

'I believe I am much less addicted to lying than my accuser; and I certainly don't break the third commandment, nor the sabbath, nor yet get drunk on the Great Day of Atonement. I'm not such a reprobate as that.'

'Me break the shabbat?—me get drunk on the Great Day of Atonamint?'

'Yes; and swear too—most vilely.'

'Me swear?—I'll have you up before the rabbis.'

'Whew! You daren't, Mr. Machir.'

'Daren't?'

'Yes. They'd have to put you out of the synagogue. If Mr. Cohen knew your goings on, you wouldn't be here another week. But I don't want you to speak to me; so if you wouldn't compel me to insult you, you had better say no more. I am vexed with myself for ever having anything to do with you.'

'When is it I breaksh the shabbat?'

'Always. You generally cook and clean your boots—do anything you want, I think. And you never do without boiling water to make your tea and coffee. In the synagogue, though, I look down and always see you more sanctified than enough. As to that, so you are also to Mr. Cohen.'

'You've no judgment, nor yet sense, Miss Gersom. Phuph! I wonder I talk to you. *Women* a-comin' to teach the law now. We ought to be holy; time to be gathered home—Eugh.'

'I've too much principle to try to pass myself as a better Jew than I am,' said Anna.

'Do you know how often you go out in your lady's clothes?' inquired Ben.

'Do you keep account how many bottles of wine you steal from the cellar?'

* retorted Anna.

* 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,' is a principle obeyed to the letter in many Jewish households. The servants are allowed to take freely of any viands for their own use. Conscience and respect for character are their restraints. This is one of those thousand perverted interpretations of the Word of God which render modern Judaism a burden grievous and intolerable.

'Lor'!' said Ruth, soothingly, 'what a pity it is to hear you two quarrel. I'm *so* sorry. Come, make it up, and be comfortable. Dare say there's six o' one to half-a-dozen o' the other.'

'No, indeed, there isn't,' replied Anna. 'I'll never be friends with the fellow again. Let him keep his distance from me in future, else he'll get a lift in Miss Cohen's opinion that he little thinks on.' And, with this resolution, Miss Gersom left the kitchen, and went to her own room.

'What's the matter with Anna?' inquired Dinah, who had met her in the passage.

'Huffy,' said Ben concisely.

'Now, Ben,' said Rachel, drinking her wine, 'you know plenty of stories, so tell us one or two'

'Oh! and he tells them so soft, too,' said Ruth, 'so touching! Don't you think so?'

'Well, what shall I tell?' asked Ben.

'You know plenty, tell anything you like,' replied Rachel.

'Very good! I will,' said Ben.

And having arranged himself in the proper manner for story-telling, he told his wondering auditors the following Jewish legends.

CHAPTER VII.

BEN related that a certain animal named Oannes came up out of Yam Suph, or the Red Sea, near the confines of Babylonia. He had a human voice and two heads, one growing beneath the other. His body resembled a wonderful fish; and from the tail of this fish-body proceeded his feet, which were like those of a man. At sunset every evening this creature retired into the sea to spend the night. As well as conversing with mankind, and vocally instructing them how to build cities, make laws, and acquire the arts and sciences of civilised

life, he wrote concerning political economy. He told them of the colossal ship; which was so large that the captain had to be drawn about the deck in a carriage to give his orders. The masts were so high, and the sails so big, that the sailors who went aloft to rig them while youths, were gray-headed with age before they came down.

Once this ship was in great peril from a storm. The sailors were obliged to discharge some of the ballast, in order to lighten the vessel; when, to their surprise, first one island rose above the waters and then another and another until the land was formed. He told them how Abraham, whilst he lived in his native country, was put into an oven for worshipping the true God; and that he came out uninjured. He told them of the great raven that always flaps its wings in the windows of the dying.

He told them how the man in the moon causes the tides: his share in the matter is to pour water from an immense bucket. This man, being an excessively lazy fellow, often ceases work to indulge himself in a nap; and the water takes this opportunity to subside to its level.

He told them, moreover, of Zechariah Hildoth. How he apostatised, and tried to make proselytes to his false religion; how one day, while he was preaching, he suddenly died; and on undressing him, 'Keep yourselves from idolatry,' was found written on the tail of his shirt!

One or two of the traditions which he told we feel inclined to give; but, as we are not so foolishly sanguine as to imagine that we could repeat them with Ben's amplifications and embellishments, we must beg permission to write them in our own way.

One referred to the Garden of Eden and our first parents. The sacred garden was separated by a vast ocean from all other parts of the world. It was filled with luxuriant trees, and ever-blooming flowers, and

delicious fruits; and the climate was one perpetual heavenly spring. In the sixth day of the work of creating the universe, God made the first man, and placed him in the garden to cultivate and to keep it. He called him Adam, or *the man*. The name likewise signifies *red earth*, or *mould*; and also *beautiful, lovely, elegant*, descriptive of his perfect personal beauty. Before creating Adam, the Deity assumed a human body, after the frame and shape of which Adam was modelled, consisting of two bodies, the one male, the other female. These bodies were joined together by the shoulders; and Eve was formed by merely separating the one from the other. His stature was gigantic. He reached unto the heavens, and extended from one end of the world to the other; but, after his transgression, his height was reduced to one thousand ells, or nine hundred cubits. (Some of the rabbins say that his measure was lowered to one hundred ells.) This reduction was made, not of the arbitrary will of the Deity, but to appease the jealousy of the angels: for they were terrified on account of his enormous height and powers, and requested God to diminish them, lest, now that his innocence was lost, he and his posterity should make war upon heaven. His body was spiritual; yet tangible and to be seen—like an angel: but through taking the forbidden fruit it was transmuted into one earthy and material. Eve herself was the forbidden fruit. God created her as an intellectual companion for man; a being who, by converse with him, was to enlarge his views of the Deity; and they lived together in a state of virgin innocence. But beguiled by the serpent, she tempted Adam; who eagerly acquiesced in everything emanating from so dear a person, and they fell. The serpent afterwards produced Cain. Adam invented the Hebrew letters, and was the author of several inspired books—one was on the Creation, and another on the Deity. He also wrote the ninety-third psalm; this he did immediately after his creation.

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In the tradition respecting Og, king of Bashan, Ben was obliged to contradict himself at every turn. And it really is such a labyrinth, that we know not how to get through it except by deviating somewhat from the usual style of story-telling.

Og, king of Bashan, was the last of the Rephaim,* a race of giants in Canaan, of whom there were several families. The giant Og is a prodigious favorite with the rabbins, and figures alternately as the Orion and Hercules of the Talmud. They gave the wildest accounts respecting him and Sihon, who, they say, was his brother. In their wild, imaginative flights, and quite regardless of the sacred book they professed to illustrate, they have surpassed the exaggerations of all the oriental poetry, whether Persian, Arabian, or Indian. A principal subject of the rabbinical traditions is the fable of the Loves of Angels—that absurd perversion of Genesis vi, 2, which describes the apostacy of the children of Seth, and their taking wives from amongst the proscribed posterity of Cain. The variety of narratives based upon it are extravagant in the highest degree. By them we are told that Og was an offspring of this angelic intercourse with mankind; and—strangely enough—that he was the son, not of a good angel, but a bad. It is thus said that his father was the evil angel Schampiel, and that his mother was no less than the wife of Shem himself. Og was born before the deluge, but his brother Sihon was born in the ark. Their power, in itself past all human comprehension, was vastly increased by the connection which, through their father, they obtained with the Prince of Demons. In the *Jullut Schimoni*, Moses tells the Angel of Death that he ‘had been forth to war against Sihon and Og, two heroes of the heathens, who were of so vast a stature, that the waters of the deluge could not drown them, for they reached no higher than

* The word which, in Deut. iii. 11, is translated *giants*, should be rendered by this proper name Rephaim; for Og was not the last of the giants, but only of a particular race of them.

their ankles.' To exhibit the unconquerable prowess of Israel, it is said of Sihon, that 'he was harder than a wall, and taller than any tower, and no creature born of earth could withstand his strength.'

With the usual inconsistency that marks the traditions in the Talmud, we find that the latter rabbins began to entertain doubts about Og's being higher than the waters of the deluge. To any ordinary man this, after what Moses had being represented as saying, would have being an insurmountable difficulty; but to the rabbins it was not even a poser. In the *Sevaahir* they contradict the *Talkut Schimoni*, and declare that on the commencement of the deluge, Og, assisted by the power of the Prince of Demons, made an impudent attempt to thwart God and stop the flood by placing his hand over the windows of the firmament and his foot upon the fountains of the great deep; but God immediately made the waters boiling hot, scalding the giant so severely, that the flesh fell from his bones, and he was compelled to give way. Thus frustrated, he straddled his legs over the ark; and when by the swellings of the waters, it had reached high enough, he seated himself upon it, and so defied the storm. How he, outside the ark, and his brother Sihon, inside the ark, were supplied with food, we are not very satisfactorily told. If Og retained his appetite in healthy vigor, he required something substantial for his bill of fare. This, as given in the *Sopherim*, was 1,000 oxen and 1,000 head of game, washed down by 1,000 measures of wine.* But in the *Berachoth* we have the monster destroyed at last, after having lived nine hundred years.

Og heard of the approach of the triumphant Israel, and determined to meet them before they set foot on his territory. Tearing from the earth a sheet of rock, six miles in breadth, he lifted it on his head and sallied

* Called measures *par excellence*, because the largest in use amongst the Jews, i. e. the chomer or ten baths,—sixty-one gallons, three quarts, one pint, imperial measure.

forth ; intending to hurl it on the camp of the Israelites, and to crush them beneath it. But some ants were miraculously set to work on the stone as he was on his way ; and having eaten a hole quite through it, it fell over his head upon his shoulders, nearly strangling him by its weight. He was thus rendered powerless—a thing of which Moses courageously took advantage. But, even then, the office of dispatching him was no sinecure. Moses — himself being, according to the modest statement of the rabbins, ten ells high—took a battle-axe ten ells long ; yet, even then, he was obliged to leap other ten ells to enable him to reach the giant's ankle. There, however, he struck him valiantly ; bringing him to the ground ; when he succeeded in completing his destruction.

An important evidence of the divine authority of the Scripture may be drawn by comparing the sweet simplicity of the Bible with the vagaries of the Talmud. The Talmud and the other rabbinical writings prove that the Jewish mind is, like that of all the Orientals, inclined to extravagance and romance. Even the reports which the spies brought back to Kadesh-Barnea go to strengthen our assurance that, left unrestrained by Divine power, the Jews could never have written us such a book as the Bible—apart from those wondrous portions of the sacred page which have inspiration stamped in celestial characters on every letter. The correctness and moderation of the language used by the sacred historians, are unequalled by the ancient books of any nation, especially an Eastern one.

We turn from such traditions as we have related to others more pleasing. The following allegorical saga is thoroughly poetic, and explains the rising and setting of the sun. When the tired sun rests the tip of his orb on the edge of the earth in the western hemisphere, a company of lovely nymphs station themselves beneath the horizon to receive it, and cut it into a thousand parts, with which they pelt the beautiful youths who eternally guard the great gates of the eastern

skies. The gallant sentinels, not to be outdone by the frolicsome spirit of their fair antagonists, ascend to the top of the gates, and from thence they sportively throw back the glittering balls, which, careering through the heaven's calm ether, fall in golden showers upon the heads of the beautiful virgins in the west. The Father of the universe looks well pleased on the innocent diversion of his children; and when it is time for the sun to rise, he opens the doors of the temple in which the dawn is kept, and the nymphs observing it, hasten to collect the golden balls, and uniting them together into one brilliant globe, they suspend it in garlands of flowers culled from the fields of heaven, and bear it amidst singing and harping to the eastern sky. Elevating it above their heads, they launch it forth upon its course; and the beautiful rosy light which we see hovering around it, is the reflection of the retiring virgins' lovely forms.

Here is another tradition connected with that season, when, in the far north, the sun does not set for several weeks, and, if possible, more poetical still. The Almighty had a band of lovely virgins and youths who always waited about his person, and accompanied him in all his walks through the celestial paradise, and collected for him the most beautiful flowers and the choicest fruits. Two of these being more faithful than the rest, he confided to them the care of the sun, saying—'To thee, my son, Shanna, I give the office of kindling the light of the sun every morning, and placing it in its course towards the west.' And to the other he said—'To thee, Hassim, my faithful daughter, I confide the charge of extinguishing the light of the setting sun, and guarding the celestial flame that no evil happen to it, and its source remain undiminished.' Faithfully and untiringly did the youth and the virgin perform their work. In the winter they lit the sun's lamp at a very late hour, and extinguished it early. But as spring advanced, and the birds began to warble joyfully, and mankind came forth to enjoy the beauty

of the fresh-budding flowers, they allowed the heavenly flame to stay longer in the sky. At length the summer came, when in the northern world the constant presence of the sun is required to ripen the fruits, and by its brightness to bring the flowers to perfection. Then its lamp must be kept always burning, and it must cast its golden light on the mantle of night, and lose no time in idle slumber. It was then that the two children met face to face for the first time, as Hassim stood upon the western verge of heaven, and received from the hands of Shanna the fading sun. And, as she passed him the lamp with which to rekindle its beams, their eyes met, and Hassim's immortal blush cast an enchanting coloring of light on the whole face of nature, while the gentle pressure of their hands sent a thrill of holy love through their palpitating veins, and filled their hearts with purest joy. The Father of all things saw the loves of his children, so he called them before him, and said, 'For a whole year ye have faithfully fulfilled your charge. Ye have safely extinguished the precious light at night, and kindled it in the morning to awaken the flowers to life and light, and rejoice by its brightness the hearts of men. Henceforth ye shall fulfil your duties conjointly, as man and wife.' And from that time, Shanna and Hassim have performed their charges together; and every morning when he rises from their couch to trim the lamp, he presses a kiss upon her lovely lips, and her rosy blush throws a soft and enchanting light over the whole eastern sky.

The last of these absurd traditions we will introduce is the following:—

The constellation Ursa Major is the chariot in which Enoch and Elias ascended to heaven. As there is no hope that any mortal will ever be sufficiently pious for it to be required for such a purpose again, it has been given to the angels to carry them about in their various nocturnal excursions amongst the stars. The coachman, who is changed every night, keeps his eye

steadily fixed on the celestial focus, the polar star, so that he may keep the two stars which form the shafts of the chariot in a direct line with it. If he were to swerve from this for a moment, the balance would be lost, the whole concern upset, and the angels in the carriage would have their ride spoiled by a precipitate descent to the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

STEINBERG was a Jew of the credulous sort. He believed in the Talmud, Cabbala, the Targums, Maimonides, and everybody—if they were only a rabbi. Some of his superstitions were ludicrous enough. He had few things in common, either with his wife or his daughter. He had his own sacred plate, and his own knife and fork; and he tried to inspire a devout and ardent spirit even into the hard hearts of his stone-ware and crockery; for all his personal property was marked with the words, 'Lift up your heart,' even to his frying-pan! This was Steinberg's seal royal, and woe be to him or her that used the article it was on. If any one did, a perfect pantomime ensued. Steinberg swore, stamped, danced, prayed, spun, and threatened, all in a breath. He never sat upon a seat after a Gentile either. He had a great liking for their money, and, as it was, most of his business was done with this race; but Steinberg entered into the necessary arrangements never to have his rule infringed. In the room where all his business of any importance was conducted there was one chair with a wooden bottom—for that could be washed—which he always appropriated to himself. If, however, by some extraordinary stroke of ill-luck, one of his visitors forestalled him by applying this chair to his own use, Steinberg was furnished with an enormous handkerchief, with which he instantly began fussing and mopping over the seat of one of the

others, all the time complaining of 'dusht,' and 'lazy shervantsh,' and grunting like the learned pig when nuzzling amongst the letters of the alphabet, though the chair was already as clean as hands could make it. The result always was, that he could not dust it sufficiently clean to be allowed contact with his old, rusty, drab terminations; and so the wide-spread handkerchief was left open upon the seat.

At the time we see him now it was the last evening of the passover feast. He was intensely engaged in his devotions; for indeed he was very pious in his way, and fasted every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, till sunset. He was reciting his prayers, at the same time walking up and down the room at a violent pace, working his arms rapidly, rolling his head, and wagging his tongue between his teeth. At intervals he paused to pat his dog upon the back; who for the most part occupied himself in spinning around like a whipping top, in the vain attempt to overtake his tail—emblem of the vanity of earthly expectations. Having concluded his prayers, Mr. Steinberg went to a seat, and taking up the Gobar,* a book of which he did not understand a word, he began reading it with indefatigable energy, while he continually rocked his body to and fro.

The only other person present was his especial friend, Levi Abraham. Mr. Abraham was, in a small degree, an initiate of the Cabbala. He was a man of about fifty years of age, and of very reverend aspect. One could not help feeling awed in his presence. His severe physiognomy was half buried in a long grey beard. His skin was of a deep olive tint; his nose sharp and aquiline; his black, piercing eyes gleamed from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His light coverlet hung very loosely around his spare form, fastened at the waist by a girdle, and leaving a passage for his thin, cold hands. He was incessantly engaged

* The Gobar is the text-book of the Cabbala; and the reading it, even by those who know nothing of its meaning, is considered very meritorious.

in writing, while he mumbled half sentences to himself. Ever and anon he suspended his work, to perform various mystic operations to a small lamp that burnt before him; and then he presented to it, by means of small pincers, some metallic body that inflamed, while a blue sulphureous vapor hovered round it, and then dropped, melting hot, into a small vessel that he held beneath. Having collected as much as he wanted, he poured a liquid into it from a vial at his side; and then he placed it over the flame, constantly stirring it, and muttering broken words. Small scintillations escaped from it with an explosive noise; and when these had ceased, he mingled it with another liquid, and the process was complete.

Mr. Abraham had been ill, and was supposed to be at the point of death. When in this condition, he made a vow that if God would restore him to health, he would write his name on parchment, with the most durable ink he could procure from the arts, a hundred times every day, until he had done so a hundred thousand times. And at each time he would repeat the name to himself, and say a prayer.

By his knowledge of alchemy, he had invented an ink, which he called the 'concentrated ink of metallic substances;' and he supposed that it was durable as the parchment itself. It evaporated rapidly, so that he was obliged to make it often, and in small quantities.

After a long while, he seemed to be much wearied with his task. So looking on Steinberg, who was still deeply absorbed in his book, he said, 'Dost thou know, Solomon, of the dying of Rabbi Ben-Uzziel?'

'Yesh; I know. My dear nobil freund! Hish mind, they shay, ish in ein state of unendlich irritation.'

'Yes, brother; he suffers much on account of the awful change that must soon pass over him.'

'Ah!' half soliloquised Steinberg. 'The shtruggle mit death! Zat's mot it ish. The fear of death shakes the strongest man alive. An excellent ixhpounder of 'he holy law, Levi, ish fallen amongsht ush.'

'Moses himself—blessed be he!—could hardly be better.'

'I'm bin sehr krank myshelf seyne thee wash here lastly. I'm had much dolors, and never could get no slipp. Cosht me drei poundsh to pay my medicine wit.'

'How is the child? Is it well with her?'

'Ya, ya,' groaned Steinberg.

'The time of brother Cohen's marriage with her is approaching now, isn't it?'

'Tish shettled for the last eine briefe to be on the shecond of Tammuz—in ein fortnight after the Shabuaut.*'

'God has blessed thee with a lovely child, Solomon. She is an ornament to our afflicted race. I'm glad so suitable a husband is found for her, and pray they may be as happy as we expect.'

'Ja, ja,' growled Steinberg, at the loss of his three pounds. 'Happy enough.'

'What portion hast thou fixed to give her, my brother?' inquired Mr. Abraham.

Steinberg looked inexplicable: then he turned his eyes upwards for another dose of comfort.

After a few moments he relented, and drawled out, with an uneasy jerk—'It'sh not shettled.'

'But you know.'

'No. Due or drei hundret shoverinsh I thinksh to sink mit her.'

'Nay, Solomon, I say. To such a man as Isaac Cohen—what will the brethren say?'

'Shay! Vat carsh I als any of them shay! Vat doesh it matter to me vot they tinksh mit? Vat should I give away my shubstance for? Vat for should I pay my monete to Isaac Cohen for no goot? Did I shay to him, mill you take mein daughtersh to you for eine wife? Prayersh of Abraham! If he can't become her his wife without monete, let him leave her. I vantsh him not.'

* Feast of Pentecost.

'This sounds ill, Solomon, I tell you, for an Israelite : and especially towards one of the family of the Cohanim.'

'For vat! I'm a poor man, brother Levi : Vater Abraham knowsh I'm a poor man. I'm bin torn to pieshes wit dolors. I'm had lossches—sehr lossches : and mit all my thrifty shavins I can hardly cover them. Vosh dere not de affair of Jacob Frankein, which losht me dirteen dousand shoverinsh? And then there wash my agent in Naplesh, to whom this commission I consighn—"Shend me a parshel of the finesht shpecimens of antic coinsh and gute bronzes mich you can getsh : and wit these 15,000 ducati you alsho shall worth them mit." Vell, he resheive my ducati and my consignment all simplish and direct ; and the frsht ting I hear mit him ish, dat he'sh made up eine marriage mit some anti-quary's daughter, and all my monete ish spent wit flaring up on hish Julia or Sarah, michever she is. Then, vash not mein best boxh of jewellery shtole from my shop eine monat past, and I no trace of the roguesh. To shay notin of coinsh and billsh unpaid : and the bankrupt goldsmith, mit whom I lent a hundret tousand poundsh, and I'll not get als many pennish. I'm a needy man, Levi, I tell you. The God of my vaters grant I may not be broughtsh to want.' And Steinberg clasped his hands in a seeming passionate conflict with his misfortunes.

'Never mind a feather or two, Solomon,' said Mr. Abraham ; 'You have enough left, and you will fly the lighter.'

'Oh Cappita!' gasped Steinberg. 'You know not vat you shay. You've gotch too much noishy voice.'

And then he took up his Gobar, and began to read with tremendous fervor. Abraham turned to make himself some more ink.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the same evening, and about ten o'clock, that two travellers, seated on horseback, rode at a rapid pace over the great road that enters London from Bath and the western counties. One was a young man of about seven-and-twenty years of age, moderate stature, and slightly built. His ample military cloak, a very little open in front, disclosed a short braided jacket, buttoned to the throat. His cavalry overalls, strapped and topped with leather, had rows of large silver buttons down the sides. Double-rowelled spurs were fixed to his boots; which ever and anon, with a gesture of impatience, he pushed against the sides of his jaded horse. Suspended to his belt he carried a heavy sabre. A pair of long epaulettes of silver bullion marked his rank as that of lieutenant of Prussian grenadiers; and on his head he wore the low flat foraging cap belonging to the officers of that corps.

His companion was a man of widely different stamp. He was taller, broad-chested, and powerful; long-limbed, muscular, and wiry; altogether he looked the perfection of military hardiness and activity; equally ready to endure exposure and fatigue in the field, or to enjoy a temporary repose in good, snug, snoozy quarters. A black, shaggy beard and immense hanging moustaches adorned the lower part of his countenance; and the purple scar produced by a recent sabre-cut, from the eye-brow completely across the cheek, gave a rather unattractive appearance to the upper half. Contempt of danger and reckless daring were legibly written on every feature; and when he smiled—which was but seldom—his glittering eyes, and certain lines about the mouth, gave a cruel, almost a savage expression to his physiognomy. He wore the uniform of a captain of

heavy dragoons, and a ponderous sword hung by his side. He kept his cloak wrapped tightly around him; as much, it seemed, to screen him from observation as to protect him from the cold; for the night was excessively foggy.

'How far are we from London now, Putowski?' asked the younger one.

'Tis hard for me to say. Those few dim rays before us, flickering like drowned star-light, must be Brentford, I think. The musty air smells homely still.'

'Would you like to be an Englishman again?'

'Not I. No power should have brought me here if it had not been to carry away some of their heavy gold. Woe betide Maria Theresa if I get it!' he muttered between his teeth, and clenched his fist with convulsive energy.

'I'm all of a toss with impatience to be at our work,' said the younger one. 'What do you think will be the first move?'

'If I have a word in the matter—and that all the direction will, as usual, fall on my shoulders, I make no doubt—well then, I say, we shall advance upon Lintz at the same time that Velasquez bears down upon Vienna. But if we are not quick the Hungarian Diet will be assembled, and Maria Theresa will make an impression that a few ounces of blood will not suffice to blot out.'

'And then?'

'Victory is ours—that must be. But it would cost many a brave man his mess, Motjisk. No matter. A soldier or two will be a cheap purchase of such ends. Look you:—the plan already mooted, if acted upon with due precaution, will carry triumph through Vienna and up to the gates of Presburg, before Philip or Charles Emmanuel have collected a single regiment. And, if we can get the country without their help, why, by all law, the place is ours—isn't that just?' he asked, with a diabolical sneer.

'Go on,' said his companion.

'The plan is, that our division penetrate into the Austrian territory and take Lintz by surprise. A small force would be enough to effect that. This expedition might commence between sunset and sunrise. A party of active guerillas, well acquainted with the country, and accustomed to such enterprises, might accomplish it with little loss. Not so, if we approached it in broad daylight, with the few light troops which we can afford to devote to this service. The country is wild, and swarms with the Austrians. Our first shot would bring overpowering numbers against us, and not one of us would ever enter the gates; while the narrow defile between the mountains would render a safe retreat impossible. But to approach under cover of the night, and throw out a few videttes to feel the way, and give the main body an alarm in case of necessity, though a little desperate, will most likely be successful.'

'If we are discovered, it will be certain death to us all,' said the young man. 'Our bodies would be riddled like a hair-sieve, and we not able to pay back a single shot.'

'Well, that's an after consideration. When there's work to be done, it must be done,' replied the other tersely.

'Oh, yes,' said his companion in a careless tone. 'When we are in for fighting, there's nothing to be done but to take in kindly, and mix up the neat and the ugly jobs together, so as to make a middling sort of stuff.'

'And hark you, Motjisk,' resumed the other, 'should my lucky star fail me now before a few pounds of cast-iron from an Austrian cannon, I'll even risk my last adventure by myself. The Virgin be praised! I'm no schoolboy to quail before bamboo and popguns, nor a mad Jew in search of the philosopher's stone. And if, boy, I am out in my reckoning for this, the first time in my life, I'll even take a last

random shot at the head of Maria Theresa herself—understand me. And if in my way to her throne I should stumble either over a courtly dame awaiting her intended, or an ardent lover serenading his lady, I'll still play my part to the life, and send them away together.'

'You are not overburdened with conscience, Putowski,' said the young soldier. 'Confound it all, I don't like what you've just said—I may as well out with it.'

'Conscience, boy! Too unsaleable a commodity in this world, whatever it may be in the next.'

'What place is this?' asked the other.

'It should be Hammersmith. Holy mass! what light is that bouncing and jumping about like an opera girl in the fields there to the left of us? Mayhap it's some old woman's sprite come out to entice us to her den to-night.' And he laughed ironically at his suggestion. 'An ugly piece of weather this,' he pursued, 'to measure out for two who were able and willing to pay for a better. With this rotten mist I can see nothing to perfection. Around and about is a thorough English fog, as if it were cooked up on purpose to blind and choke me; while the blinking stars squint mockingly on my confusion. Push the spurs into the flanks of that lazy beast of thine, Motjisk; the old ivy-owl will else have gone to roost, though it is not quite morning.'

The steaming horses struck off into a maddened gallop, which was scarcely checked before they were pulled up outside Steinberg's door.

'This is the house, or my memory plays me traitor,' said the elder horseman. 'No matter. If it belongs to somebody else we'll knock a reply out of it. Have at my mark, and no time for parley,' he pursued, as he thundered away at the door.

Strange mutterings were indistinctly heard, accompanied by a short cough. A window over the door opened slowly; and a head, buried to the

throat in a white cotton nightcap, was thrust forth.

'*Pazienza!* Whosh dat? Vatsh the matter mit you?' said a voice—whose but Steinberg's?

'*Corpo di Bacco!*' replied the horseman. 'Matter, man! What should be the matter when people knock at the door? Isn't it they want to come in?'

'Vat beensisse ish it you become mit this house?' growled Steinberg.

'That's old Steinberg, else I've forgotten his croak,' observed the traveller.

'Ya, ya, mein title ish Mishter Steinberg.'

'Well, look you, *Mishter* Steinberg,' said the other, with a sneer, 'I don't use to stand on words or trifles. So if you don't see fit to come down and receive a friend in a delicate and lady-like manner, I'll even do what I've often done when I got my living at the trade of an Italian lover, and had to carry off a new mistress every week—try the virtues of my sword at door hacking;' and he drew it as he spoke.

'Vater Abrahamsh! Here'sh a shtorm and turmoil. Who are you? Vat are you come mit? Vat do you mean wit dis *strepitusness*?'

'Let me in, and I'll tell ye, friend usurer, antiquary, coin-seller, miser, swindler, or whatever name you call yourself. A right understanding is sympathy, *amico mio*, and sympathy is bond and union. Eh, Steinberg? Look at me—do I look like a spendthrift in want of money? or do you take me for a thief?'

'*Ne temo moltissimo*—I am very much afraid of it.'

'Don't bother me with your fears and your Greek. Are you coming?'

'Ja, ja!' conceded Steinberg with a cough and a grunt.

'Carl, take the horses to the nearest-stable,' said Putowski to the lieutenant. 'You'll find me up aloft in the old raven's nest.'

'It was ill done, Steinberg, it was ill done, I tell you,' he said, as the door was opened, 'to keep a friend

there palavering and juggling in that way. But it is well you came as you did, for I was bent to kick it open.'

'But I didn't know only a shight mit you.'

'Then make a breach in those thick ears of thine, and I'll try to make it plain to thy stupid scull. Hark you. I am, or rather I was, Arnold Percival; now Baron Putowski, at your service,' and he bowed with mock servility. 'And I want some of your money; so tip up handsomely, friend miser, if it's only for old acquaintance' sake.'

'You've come wit bad timesh, Signor,' muttered Steinberg, deprecatingly, 'I'm shwimmin' in troublesh—eat up mit kranks, even in my slipp. I'm a needy man, signor; livesh no tag witout much caresh. Mine ish no *letto di dammasco*—damask bed.'

'Look ye!' said the stranger, in an indifferent voice, throwing himself into a chair, resting one hand on the hilt of his sword, and crossing his legs composedly, but at the same time fixing Steinberg with his glittering eye—'Look ye, friend Steinberg! it is many a year now, since we first met—no matter where, for whose occasion, upon what business, or to what intent,—and you tried hard to swindle me out of twelve hundred pounds, in good English sovereigns; and would have succeeded, only, my stars be praised! in me you found you had your match for wit and cunning—so Fortuna be thanked! I know you pretty well, body and soul—in designation, avocation, character—in everything but *creed*. Have a care, man, I say, how you trifle with me. Money I intend to have, if I can find it in your den or any of your cosy crannies,' and he grasped his sword-hilt menacingly as he spoke. 'Humph! Think you not,' he pursued, seizing a book which lay upon the table, and flinging it open on his knee; 'think you not, Master Steinberg, I know that this is the book by which you profess to act for the eternal well-being of your soul—humph! that is, if you have a soul—and that in this book

I say, this book of saintly hieroglyphics and Hebrew trumpery, lying is forbidding and made a crime to merit endless punishment here and hereafter; and yet, Mister Steinberg, look ye, you—old and grey-headed sinner that you are—whom God could have made “eine vater” of such a daughter as you have, but to save you from utter reprobation—you, I say, can look me in the face and tell me you have no money—a pretty tale.’

‘There’sh als the billsh and monet I lent to your freund the Tuscan *ambasciatore*. I’ll loozh every ducat. It’s trown me in much *imbarazzo*.’

‘Well, never mind him now, *amore mio*. He’s a very knave. Like you, friend swindler—he’s the greatest rogue that ever lived.’

‘Bonesh of Jacob! You no neet—’

‘Business,’ said the soldier, oracularly.

‘Vat monete do you mont, Signor?’

‘Half a million—say six hundred and fifty thousand—every sovereign of it.’

‘Vell, call eine due or drei tags, and I’ll treat wit you, Signor.’

‘*Per Jovem!* two or three “tags!” why man I must leave here in an hour or two. What you do must be done now.’

‘I can’t! it’sh the feast of the Pasach.’

‘The feast of the Jew’s harp!’ said the stranger: and he laughed immoderately at his suggestion.

‘Ja! ja!’ grunted Steinberg uneasily; ‘you musht come when it’sh done.’

‘I shall have the money now,’ said the stranger, coolly.

‘What bondsh am you gotch to leave wit me?’ asked Steinberg.

‘Here—and to them you see the king’s seal, and the great seal of the kingdom.’

‘This the king’sh *sigillo*, Signor?’

‘Didn’t I say so, friend usurer?’

‘Ber gute! I shuppozsh it’sh all shafe.’

The soldier smiled an ironical smile. Whereupon, Steinberg shuffled off to his strong box, and produced bills to the amount of six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; which, with fatherly tenderness and an uneasy growl, he deposited with the cavalier.

‘I shall expect to be paid with the entire shum mit one lot.’

‘Certainly,’ said the stranger. ‘How else would you have it, man?—so much a week?’

‘And if I should be in want of monet I shall write mit you.’

‘To be sure, friend; you must write often to your humble servant—your letters are always welcome to me. Eh, Steinberg? very faithfully yours. That’s the style, isn’t it? Ha! ha! ha!’ and he laughed at his joke to his heart’s content. ‘Farewell, darling!’ he said, placing his great hand in Steinberg’s. ‘I love you, from top to toe. Enough; I fear I shall tire you. Farewell.’

The same hour the horsemen departed.

Our readers may dislike being introduced to such a person as this. But we have an end to serve in giving his character such prominence. What that is, their perspicacity will hardly fail to discover in the proper place.

CHAPTER X.

IMMEDIATELY on the close of the Pasach, the seven days feasting and rejoicing which precede a Jewish marriage were commenced at Mr. Cohen’s. For David was now to be united to Miss Hermon Aben Baruch, to whom he had for several months been affianced.

It is usual to keep the feast at the house of the father of the bride: but for various family reasons Mr. Cohen desired that all the friends of the betrothed should be

assembled at his own. These are, indeed, days of festivity. Visitors are made welcome at all hours; but the guests usually assemble at about from two to three o'clock. They are all of the gentle sex; male visitors being jealously excluded. If, however, they come—and generally they do—they are allowed free intercourse amongst the lower rooms, where the tables are kept constantly and abundantly spread with cakes, preserves, pies, pâtés, wines, and fruits of the richest description, in endless variety. But on no terms whatever are they admitted into the presence of the family circle. This is the rule; but, like all others, it has exceptions. These are, when the male visitor is closely allied to the family, or is on terms of very intimate friendship with its members. Then, 'by particular desire,' he will be admitted to the upper house. Here the display is very brilliant.

It was the seventh day of the rejoicing. At the head of the room sat Mr. Cohen. This was the first marriage amongst his own family; and as he looked around upon the young and blushing beauties present, he seemed the embodiment of calm and quiet delight. On his right hand sat his son David; on his left the expectant bride, Miss Aben Baruch. Miss Aben Baruch was supported by Mary Cohen; David by his brother Isaac. And next Isaac sat *his* affianced bride—Adeline. Beyond them were the guests, all clad in the most brilliant attire. The display of jewellery, in the form of bracelets, stomachers, earrings, etc., was immense. To one who entered the room without a previous knowledge of the love which, ever since they were a nation, the Jews have had for profusion of ornament, it would have seemed to border on extravagance. Most of the guests were very young. Few of them were older than the bride—eighteen years—and seldom could so large a company be met with, in which every face was moulded with such classic loveliness, as were the faces of these Jewish women. Many a soft starry eye amongst the happy group was turned

upon the bride with trembling rapture—the favored object of

‘Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,’

from all that was fair and beautiful !

To conduct the ceremonies on such an occasion is a post of distinguished honor. The bride is suffered to take no part in the entertainment save that of sitting down to look on. She was very elegantly dressed. A large veil, airy as the rainbow, and spiritual as the Italian summer cloud, wreathed her in misty folds, from the pensive brow, where it was bound with orange blossoms and flowers of paradise, to the beautifully slippered feet, buried amongst the billowy cushions that scattered the floor.

The management of the entertainment was confided to Mary and Adeline. Both were magnificently dressed. Adeline’s attire was a tunic of pale-rose crape, covered with a long robe of amber-colored silk damask, richly embroidered with crimson and gold. It was open at the bosom, and from thence was buttoned downwards to the feet. A scarf of brilliant cashmere encircled her waist; and an embroidered jacket of pale blue velvet, with loose, open sleeves, completed the costume. Bracelets of costly stones gleamed soft and star-like on her finely-sculptured arms. Her long glossy tresses fell in negligent masses around her shoulders, flashing with jewelled drops, such as must have glittered on Danaë when she came forth from her shower-bath.

A cold collation was served first. This over, music, singing, and dancing formed the principal entertainments. Adeline graced the festivities by some of her most brilliant performances, and Mary most ably supported her. The dancing on these occasions is kept up in great spirit, and many of the dances performed are ancient ones, and therefore exceedingly simple. There is one round intended to represent the human passions. The dances in it are generally performed singly, though sometimes two persons stand up together. That one

which is intended to symbolise the beginning and triumph of love, is perhaps as interesting as any, and merits to be described at length. It is a very expressive lively dance. One of the ladies commences tripping about on the 'light fantastio toe' with much airiness and vivacity; at the same time enacting to the life all those feminine artifices, which characterise the courtly and finished lady when first slightly affected by the evil genius of flirtation. A male member of the party, who personifies her admirer, describes a single half circle around her, dancing all the while. He imitates an earnest pursuit, while she as dexterously avoids him—either by retreating till she gets almost behind him, or else waving her handkerchief to forbid his approach.

This is continued some time—how long depends quite on the tact of the lady—when he gets rather down-hearted at her unsusceptibility. And then she accords him a few gracious smiles, a few attractive airs; but all mingled with that damp-cold kindness, which none but the ladies know so well how to assume, and which so often puzzles us of the sterner sex to know what encouragement means. At last, completely out of spirits, he gives up pursuit, and with a gentle, mournful motion, turns his back upon her. And now it is her work to calm and pacify him. At first he refuses to be pleased with her, and avoids her in the same manner as she avoided him. But of course it is a hopeless task for him to try to be vexed with her—nothing else could be expected—and he is soon completely overpowered by her fascinations, and again approaches her. The lady rewards him with a smile of satisfaction, presents him her hand, he takes it, kisses it, waves his handkerchief above his head with a triumphant air, and they perform a *balancee*, facing each other. The dance is effective on the spectators in proportion as the persons engaged in it have exhibited dignity, gracefulness, and skill.

The musical and Terpsichorean part of the rejoicing terminated at about half past six o'clock. Soon afterwards a sumptuous banquet was served up. All was

carried out in the most splendid and luxurious style; and, to a gourmand, the scene would have been like the whole of Paradise let in at once upon his vision. Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl ranged the ample mahogany in triple column; thickly interspersed with bottles of wine. The table was also decorated by magnificent candelabra, and a princely service of plate. More than forty of the guests sat down. Mr. Cohen asked a blessing, and the entertainment began.

The whole scene was most inspiring, and the dinner passed off delightfully.

When it was over the gloriously majestic 145th Psalm was sung. Adeline played a vivid accompaniment; Mary joined with her harp. Sublime was the soul-breathed melody of so many female voices, that with fine emphatic utterance chanted forth the glowing aspirations, their countenances enkindled by the high and lofty theme:—

I will extol Thee, my God, O King;
 And I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.
 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised :
 And His greatness is unsearchable.
 The Lord is gracious and full of compassion;
 Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
 The Lord is good to all,
 And His tender mercies are over all His works.
 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him ;
 To all that call upon Him in truth.
 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him ;
 He will also hear their cry and will save them.
 Our mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord ;
 And let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever.

‘Miss Steinberg!’ cried one of the ladies, as she skipped up to the piano and threw her arms upon Adeline’s neck. ‘*Won’t* you give us applause now? Didn’t we sing that in true and proper spirit?’

‘That very thought was just passing through my mind,’ replied Adeline. ‘Your execution was admirable; but better than all is the fervent feeling with which you breathed forth the triumphant strain. Is it not very glorious—and God hath said it.’ And Adeline hummed

in a dim and cloudy voice—"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them!" Do you expect to prove this, Miss Lowitz?" asked Adeline, pressing her hand.

"I can't say that I have thought much about it. One doesn't half feel these beautiful things as one ought, you know. Indeed, the character of the proper servant of Jehovah seems to me so sublime, that he who fully possesses it must be almost a wonder in creation."

"Well, my sweet friend, I certainly won't do anything like lecturing you; so I will only say, that I should like you to think on these and similar assurances in future. Do try. If all our people would but do this, and then act upon the convictions of duty thus obtained, we should no longer go mourning and uncomforted, our captivity would soon be turned."

"But, Miss Adeline, *we* have no business with it. The law and the prophets were never meant to be studied by women, you know. It's only the men, and chiefly the rabbins, that have to do with them. That's one reason why I so like these times—they are almost the only ones when we are supposed to be entitled to talk about them. It is very hateful to feel so excluded from spiritual things as we are."

"It is. But it is an exclusion entirely of man's doing. Do let me entreat you, and prevail upon you, not to believe that doctrine of corrupted Judaism, that woman is not to read the Bible. The Bible is written to you as much as to any individual of the human race, and as much as though no one beside yourself had ever lived. For mark, the eternal condition of all the rest of mankind has no effect upon yours; it is between you and God alone—and the Bible unfolds to you what his will and purpose is with respect to your salvation, the way in which he desires you to walk, so that ultimately he may take you to live with him for ever. Then think how important it must be that you should read his conditions again and again, so that you may know them well, and thus never break them. You

might perhaps think me rude and troublesome, if I urged this in a manner commensurate with what I feel to be its importance. Begin now, my love. I cannot express to you the sweet serenity and happiness I have enjoyed, since I commenced to read the Bible, and make its laws my delight. You are not happy, Miss Lowitz? I know you will excuse me—even if for a moment my earnestness should seem disagreeable. I have always felt greatly concerned about you, since I became aware that you possessed such serious views.'

'I should like to converse with you alone,' replied Miss Lowitz? 'and if you will allow me I shall be able to find a convenient season. I will indeed think on what you have said to me—I promise you that. But I must be careful; I am already, tried much. I believe if my father knew me to read the Bible, I should become the victim of such persecution as would compel me to abandon either that or my home. Now indeed, somebody will be getting impatient if I don't say what I came to say. You play the office of the Hosanna Rabba excellently. Nay, now, I won't be stopped,' she pursued, as Adeline placed her finger upon her lips, to impress silence. 'We have had the whole account, with marginal references, of the way in which you perform that horridly hard music; so I have been requested to come to you and ask if you will kindly give it us now. Will you?'

'Will you allow me to make one suggestion?'

'Oh, certainly.'

'Well, then, in my opinion, it can never obtain universal favor in a large and mixed company like this. The music is all in headlong time—the words require it should be; and the responses produce a regularly returning clink which, to some ears, is disagreeable. So, you will think it isn't best to choose it.'

'Then one of the Hosannas from the Daily Prayers is what we shall all like.'

'As you pass her, then, will you tell Miss Cohen, if you please?'

And then Mary and Adeline burst forth into another of the sacred chants in constant use among their people.

'O, thou sanctuary of the King! O royal city! Arise, and come forth from thy subversion; thou hast dwelt long enough in the abode of calamity, for he will now pity thee with kindness. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

'Shake off the dust; arise, O, my people! and adorn thyself with thy beautiful attire; for by the hand of Jesse the Bethlehemite redemption draweth nigh to my soul. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride..

'Rouse thyself, rouse thyself; arise, shine, for thy light is come. Awake, awake, utter a song; for the glory of the Lord is revealed upon thee. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

'Be not ashamed, neither be thou confounded. O, Jerusalem, why art thou cast down? why art thou disquieted? In thee the poor of my people shall take refuge, and the city shall be built on her own heap. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

'They who spoil thee shall become a spoil; and they that swallow thee up shall be removed far away; thy God will rejoice in thee, as the bridegroom rejoiceth in the bride. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

'On the right and on the left wilt thou be extended, and the Eternal wilt thou revere; through the means of a man, the descendant of Pharez, will we rejoice, and be glad. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

'O, come in peace, thou crown of thy husband; also with joy and mirth, in the midst of the faithful and beloved people. Enter, O bride! Enter, O, bride! Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.'

Then came on the interesting ceremony of presenting the bride with a marriage gift by each of the family and guests. Mr. Cohen gave first—a copy of every one of the books used in the Jewish services, together with the most important of their standard theological works; quite a large library—and, as he laid them before her, he blessed her. Each gift is accompanied

by a motto suitable to the time. Some of the mottoes presented to Miss Aben Baruch, we shall write here; and, if any of our fair young friends are verging on that important period of their life to which they are especially applicable, they may find that several of them will repay the trouble of a little serious thought.

Mr. Cohen's motto was business-like and practical:

Lovers may live on very aerial food
But husbands require something solid.

David's was a delicate tribute to his bride:

The great felicity of conjugal life consists in the reflection that we are beloved by one whose love we have deserved, and that we are NECESSARY to his happiness

Isaac's was very like himself:

What is a young lady? A thing to dance, sing, flirt, play well on the piano, talk flippantly in poor English and worse Italian, order the servants about, have her own way in everything, dress tastefully, make a nice cup of tea, and preside elegantly at the table.

What is a Woman? A being of intellect and feeling; who, by the instincts of her nature, is made the guardian of peace, and love, and innocence; the first who initiates man into a knowledge and apprehension of something above the sensual and selfish; the barrier between amity and discord in social life; the soother of anguish and sorrow, the fountain of gentleness and pity; an unchanging friend; and the link of spirit-beauty which connects the natures of earth with those of heaven.

Adeline's was like herself—gentle and womanly:

Woman should manage her sensibilities in composing the happiness of herself and all in connection with her, as gardeners do their flowers in making a chaplet—first select the choicest, and then dispose them in their most proper place, where they will give a lustre to each other; each one reflecting a part of its color and gloss on the next.

Mary's was of the same high-souled character:

To create and preserve a happy home is the ultimate result of woman's office, the end to which all her enterprise and labor tends, and of which the whole of her desire prompts the execution.

Miss Hallevi's, written originally in French, was

translated by Adeline. It contains truth too excellent to be slightly passed over :

Nothing in the character of woman is of more value than the possession of a sweet temper, for a very large proportion of her native virtues have their source in this. Home can never be happy where it is wanting. It falls on the heart of man like warm sunshine on the young blossoms of spring. He is made loving and happy, and the pains of life are forgotten. A good temper diffuses a heaven over a whole family circle. It is the smile of nature, and captivates more than outward beauty. It is a thing which man can converse with, and the language of which he can comprehend, and deeply feel, and retain through life. With gentleness in himself, comfort in his house, and a sweet temper in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.

Mr. Nathan's—a valued friend of Mr. Cohen's family—was clear and pointed :

Pertinacity is one of the most disagreeable qualities in human nature. An ounce of it in the maiden will become a pound in the wife.

His brother's—though somewhat eccentric—comes to us with the seal of truth attached to it :

It is never too late to repent, to do good, to get married, to train children for God, nor to prepare them for heaven.

His sister's has the same seal :

Purity in the heart
Intellect on the brow—
The sum of human happiness.

Miss Lowitz's will bear reviewing more than once :

SEXUAL DISTINCTIONS.—Man is bold and daring ; woman timid and unassuming. Man has a stern and confident heart ; woman a soft and gentle one. Man is great in doing ; woman in suffering. Man has judgment ; woman sensibility. Man has knowledge ; woman taste. Man is a being of justice ; woman an angel of mercy. Man's study is to prevent affliction ; woman's to soothe and relieve it.

Miss Carline Lowitz's is very good :

Love is the health of the soul—
Passion is its fever.

The following — by a young friend of David — we like much :

The Mother !
The first beloved,
The latest remembered.

The two last may go together :

All love !—
All faith !—
All happiness,
Love and smile —
And man is conquered.

The next morning rose clear and cloudless, and calm as at the dawn of the first Sabbath. The golden over-arching sky looked down upon earth, as though it longed to clasp it in an embrace of unutterable love. And so thought Adeline, as passing out of her chamber, she glided softly down the staircase, and descended the steps into the noble garden. The slightest breath that crept among the trees was audible, and bore on its wings the scent of fragrant flowers. After lingering awhile amidst the vine-wreathed borders, and the bright lilies, and the large trees of damask-rose, she went on through the shadowy paths, until she reached a small conservatory that stood in a sweetly secluded spot. Here she sat down, completely enshrouded amongst green leaves and pearly blossoms, and taking a book of prayers, began to compose herself for reciting the 'Hear, O Israel,' or the Shema of the morning.

But Isaac had seen her go into the garden, and pass along the porch of trees which led to the conservatory ; and, as was to be supposed, he followed her ; and perceiving that she had not begun her devotional exercise, opened the door.

'I seem to intrude ; will you mind ?'

'Oh certainly not. But I cannot attend to you yet. Have you said the Shema ?'

'Dear no. Isn't it horrid, Adeline? I do believe I'm going desperately wicked.'

'If it is so, I am glad you are able to see it. That is a hopeful sign. But it is not so; for I happen to know that you are generally pretty strict, sir. Yet if you mean to attend to your duty this morning, it is indeed time. Our friends will be coming soon.'

'It is quite true; may I join you?' *

'Nothing could give me more pleasure. It is a very important time; and I am glad to mingle our prayers together. I should be yet more delighted if Miss Aben Baruch were here too.'

'And such another time, Adeline—beloved Adeline,' said Isaac—and there was a soft tremor in his voice—'there will, in six little weeks, be here again. Do not be angry.'

And Adeline was *not* angry, as with consummate delicacy he pressed a kiss upon her blushing cheek. Of course, in a tale, we should be expected to say she was angry; but in real life, well-regulated people do not display any such false sensibility. Adeline had long known that Isaac loved her with all the profound, unwavering affection of which a perfect man's heart is capable. And the love she returned him was too pure, and her nature too noble, to allow her to profess any indifference to whatever she was assured would be an addition to his happiness. She repaid his chaste embrace with a smile that was heightened in beauty by her changeful cheek; and accompanied by a look from the lucid depth of her large blue eyes, such as only a woman can look, and with the power of which to fascinate hearts none were more eminently endowed than Adeline.

The Shema concluded, they both walked into the house.

'Very fine, Mary! you expect a day's enjoyment, no doubt?' said Isaac to his charming sister, as she tripped gracefully into the room where he sat, and courtesied before him, to display the fairy-like dress of

pink gauze which floated airily around her elegant person.

‘Before I answer that question, sir, I should like to hear why you think so,’ replied the damsel.

‘By that stream of brilliant eloquence now pouring out of those tell-tale eyes which it is your privilege to own, my lady,’ answered her brother. ‘Have a care, oh! blue-eyed maiden, how you use your ocular powers. Don’t be such a sweet innocent as to suppose that we of the rugged sex cannot read the language of the eyes—that most cultivated speech of all speeches, and which has flourished since Adam and his gentle wife Eve first mingled their loving looks together.’

‘Enjoy myself? well, let me think. Why, certainly, —what should prevent? I think I ought to. Come, now, do you like me?’ and she turned with a gay smile to a full-length mirror that revealed her graceful form and her expressive countenance lit up with a world of living delight.

‘You are got up with some measure of taste, at any rate,’ replied Isaac, with a sort of half-thoughtful smile, that was peculiar to himself, when he wished to throw a damper upon her. ‘But I think, sweet sister, I like you quite as well when you are sitting placidly down to bake cakes, and your face covered with smuts,’ he pursued, taking up her prettily arranged head between his hands and laying a double kiss upon her lips, as the good people did in the days of yore.

‘Yes, sir, but you are spoiling my hair and hurting my dress,’ cried Mary, struggling to release herself, ‘and you know I can’t have you do that. Come, Isaac, this minute! save up the displays of your affection till you see me quietly stirring pancakes or reading the Talmud. I am fully aware of my matchless attractions; but fraternal love and admiration of them is quite out of place at these seasons, when things will not permit me to receive them graciously. Isn’t this the fifty-second time I have told you that there are occasions when young ladies are only to look at, not to touch?’

Just as I allow myself to believe that after a half-hour's advancing and retreating before my toilette glass, I have successfully laid on the last finishing touches, you always find a sudden inspiration of the 'feeling beautiful and infinite' that destroys half my labor. Be more recollected in future. I haven't time to extend this lecture to a more judicious length. The Doctor's carriage has just come; and we must go to see him. So, sir, take up your book and follow sail.'

The queenly scold was sweeping out of the room; but seeing that Isaac followed, she stopped, and walked away leaning upon his arm.

During this little episode between Mary and her brother, Adeline had retired to assist in the last duties of Miss Aben Baruch's marriage toilette. First, her long hair was cut off: for, according to Jewish custom, the wife is not allowed to wear her own hair. It is perhaps striking that the women feel no regret at losing this becoming adornment, and which—so say the Macassar advertisements—is 'a woman's pride.' Habit seems completely to reconcile them to the spoliation. Next her eyebrows and eyelashes were painted, and her nails dyed with henna. Then the bridal dress was put on. It was made of silk, with satin stripes, and profusely encrusted with jewellery; and the scarf, head-dress, and veil achieved the toilette.

Then she was conducted to the room in which the entertainment of the preceding days had been held. At the upper-end was a raised dais, with a chair of state, in which she was placed to sit. A maiden was stationed on each side—both holding in the right hand a long wax candle.

The friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom were all assembled, and the important moment which was to indissolubly unite two spirits amidst the duties and sorrows of life was near. At exactly nine o'clock, Dr. Aben Baruch entered the room, followed by Mr. Cohen, Isaac, Adeline, Mary, and the bridegroom. The

bride pushed aside her veil; her father kissed her; and pronounced over her, for the last time, the injunction to faithfully serve the God of her fathers, and the blessing, with the sole and supreme authority of a parent.

Then the ceremony began. Rabbi Aben Baruch placed himself in front of his daughter, and Mr. Cohen immediately led David to his right hand, the friends present forming a circle around them. The religious, moral, and social duties to be observed by the husband and wife were read aloud in Hebrew. The greater portion of the service is chanted—every one taking part in it. A large gold ring was then given, which the rabbi placed upon the forefinger of the bride's right hand. This was followed by the prayers; all present joining in the responses.

On the conclusion of that part of the ceremony, Dr. Aben Baruch placed the right hand of the bride in the right hand of the bridegroom, and repeated over them the marital benediction. He then gave the bride a piece of sugar, and, taking a glass, filled with water, broke it over her head. The sugar is intended as a type of the solace and support which love is amidst the trials of earth, the water of its purity, the broken glass of the irrevocable nature of the union so solemnly made.

The scene seemed to awaken memories—memories lonesome and painful—in the bosoms of some of the women present. Was it in one a remembrance surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others—of a thousand nameless graces which had now ceased to exist, each of them inspiring the spirit with the delight of its own mournfulness—of a succession of vivid emotions mingled with 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' as when love and poetry happily meet together, flowing softly and harmoniously from lips that 'murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own'? Had some seraph child, fading away in the cold embrace of untimely death, soared through the immense abyss on steady wing, and attained the crown worn by the triumphant spirits in those abodes of

perfect felicity, where the centuries of our noisy earth seem nothings in the eternal silence? Oh! lofty thoughts! The mother looks, and her heart is in that heaven; it fades, and the grassy hillock that marks her child's resting-place—the last of earth—by the working of some secret power, far buried within the heart's deep infinite, suddenly rises in palpable representation to imagination's eye, covered with the mellow sunset, there so often seen, glancing in quivering flashes through the leaves of monotonous yews and hoary eld, and brightening with stripes of burnished gold the oblivion of the wavering burial-place; and instantly, feelings 'sweet but mournful to the soul,' as the thoughts had being, and breathed themselves forth with the accordant prayer that, long after the mourned and mourner are forgotten, will continue to mingle its elegiac music with the feelings of stored hearts—for when will earth be unvisited by such sorrow?—in the same chant, 'most musical, most melancholy,' surcharged throughout with one sigh-like note, elevated or depressed in modulation only as each singer has her soul touched, or her heart saddened, by a fainter or a deeper shade of sorrow or of grief, until, it may be, that eternal Hope lifts up her voice, so that, like the echo of the afar-off forest hymn, it appears to reach the sky, and speak, in tones that seem heralds of the immortal melodies, the spirit-music, calm and clear, of angel voices.

And yonder is another—her princely head prostrate with all its plumes, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer weeps! Haply she is thinking of the days of light and joy, when her head so gently rested on her young lord's bosom—that hour of purest bliss—tranquil as the waveless summer lake when its mirrored crystal mingles with the heaven's calm ether; or the peaceful summit of the far flushing cloud, soft sleeping, in the glory of the sunshine, on the blue serene of the meridian sky, when there is not a breath in heaven—yet in its deep hush, fraught with strong and passionate affection—strong and passionate as the heart's fullest

worship could inspire. Oh, cruel husband! how much more loved than lovely! how couldst thou find a heart so irrecoverably lost to goodness, as to quit, desert thine adoring wife, who, if it could have added to thy happiness, would, like the turtle-dove in the dim and lonely forest-tree, glad only in the present, have bowed her noble head and died, without one sign given to the fading brightness of heaven and beauty of earth—nothing except one last, long, loving sigh, breathed from the immortal depths within her soul—and breathed for thee—as her spirit spread wing for its eternal flight, and her gentle form fell lifeless on thy bosom. Peace to ye, grieved ones! and may your trust, breathed forth with the low mourning notes of Judea Capta's prayer, be realised, and ere the sun measures other summers more, your feet, early sandaled with immortality, shall wander in company with holy angels and blessed spirits, on the pellucid crystal which surrounds the fountains of eternal life.

And it was so. One young mother had just stooped over the unconscious bier of her first-born. Another had been separated from her husband, because he was a fiery Talmudist, and she a simple student of the Bible. Another—yon beautiful, pensive-looking woman, so exquisitely lovely in her mournfulness—had just before been, at twenty years of age, divorced from her husband, after having been married to him rather more than two years, because in that time she had failed of presenting him with an infant. From her disappointed, defrauded, and despairing heart, ascended the groan-like prayer, which is the language of the soul's deep yearnings towards the bright and lovely, that the young and blushing bride before them might receive a happier fate!

CHAPTER XI.

A few evenings later, and that appointed for the ball. The room was superbly lit up with that most chaste and brilliant of artificial lights, the wax candle, suspended in magnificent lustres. There were, in truth, grandeur, profusion, and style sufficient in the entertainments of that evening. Both eye and ear were ravished by the luxurious pleasures collected around them. All useless furniture had been removed. Immense mirrors hung around the room, reflecting the beauty that stood or passed before them. Along the sides, and at each of the corners, were large vases filled with exotic plants, which scattered far and wide a delicious perfume. At intervals clusters of candles glistened in soft radiance on snowy marble stands. Elegance and splendor seemed to outvie each other in the disposition of everything. The first step into the room was like entering an ideal world. The most stoical philosophy was for a time unable to resist the power of its enchantment; and acknowledged, against its will, the tremendous sovereignty of Mammon.

David Cohen and his young wife threw themselves amongst the flushed multitude. But Adeline—where is she? Seated at the upper end of the saloon, under the orchestra; the only part where there is any reasonable share of elbow-room. Often during the evening, when for a moment the pulsations of the great artery had ceased, she had met the enraptured gaze of the gay cavalier, and heard the hushed exclamation of applause. But Adeline felt no answering throb within her placid breast. It was rather strange, perhaps, that she should not; for the triumph of conscious power is one of the strongest emotions that can agitate the heart of woman. But amidst the giddy fluster her

spirit maintained the same tranquillity which always distinguished it—a tranquillity as free from stagnation and insensibility on the one hand, as from hurry and excitement on the other. You saw at once that those deep reflective eyes, from which she looked out with such calm and observant inquiry, were not to be imposed upon by gaud and glitter; that she perfectly understood the true meaning of the scene before her. Her disposition to profound thoughtfulness fulfilled the office of experience. To her it was a phenomenon which would commence a new moral epoch—a shadow on the soul's dial, moving, though too slowly to be noticed by the superficial and unheeding. To every solicitation that she would join on the dance, she made but one answer—that while exceedingly obliged by the attentions thus shown her, she had no desire for it, and would greatly prefer to remain a spectator.

The course of her meditation was stopped by a voice close to her ear. It was Isaac's.

'I am glad, dear Adeline,' said he, clasping her hand warmly, 'to have finished my work at last. And after all, in adding those lights and vases at the end, it seems to me we have not much improved the general effect. If you turn your eye full in that direction, don't you become impressed by a disagreeable glare?'

'If you looked on them only, perhaps so. Yet I think them quite necessary. They certainly harmonise well with the whole; they supply the something that was wanting.'

'I would rely upon your taste in a thing of a thousand times the value; the excellence of your decisions is established. We look magnificent to-night.'

'Oh, certainly.'

'To look round upon all this life and gaiety, one would think that there can be no such thing as unhappiness. Ours is a beautiful life, if we will but make it so. And those men are wondrously ungrateful who represent the world as simply a scene of melancholy, desolation, and woe.'

'In that I entirely agree with you,' said Adeline.

'I have been watching that pale intellectual girl,' resumed Isaac, 'now stretched fainting on the lounge yonder. The mighty-looking man who stands by her side walked up, looking cold and frosty as an iceberg newly imported from the pole, bowed himself into her notice, and led her out to dance. And now observe; instead of the quiet, graceful being reposing in a flower-soft calm, as though wrought by Praxiteles in marble, there is a flushed and breathless young creature, almost gasping for life from tight-lacing, weariness, and excitement. What is it, Adeline, can possess young ladies, that they crucify themselves by such slow lingering means as those modern inventions of steel and whale-bone? Some judicious friend should persuade them to believe the truth, that no man with three grains of judgment necessary to make him worth having for a husband, likes a small waist in his wife; he is afraid of it, for he knows it is unnatural, and he cannot expect her to be healthy; therefore his domestic joys will be spoiled, because it is impossible he could accept happiness while the being who is dearest to him is incapable of sympathising with it.'

A hand unceremoniously laid on Isaac's arm stopped the conversation, and at the same time his right hand was grasped as if by a vice.

'Adolphus!' gasped Isaac, as he turned round to the new comer.

'Indeed it is. How are you, my friend?'

'Perfectly well. And you?'

'Exactly.'

'Have you seen father—David—Mary?'

'Not yet. I inquired for you first; and your Cerberus was going to call you. But I had no patience to waste over such shuffling; so I expressed a desire to go on the voyage of discovery myself.' He thought you were in the refreshment room. I elbowed from room to room, until, to my horror, I found myself in one that had all the appointments of a lady's drawing-

room. However, to cut short, I at last arrived here in safety. You wonder why I came earlier than you expected ?'

'I wished to ask the question.'

'Well, I've come to get married.'

'An excellent reason, certainly. Couldn't you manage it in India ?'

'Not to my satisfaction. And there was no policy in waiting to be miserable.'

'I should be glad, Isaac, to leave this room now. This heat is too oppressive,' said Adeline.

'I observed that a price is paid for admission. What means it ?' asked St. Maur.

'That the ball is for our poor people in Poland,' replied Isaac.

'This sort of charity is just like Judaism.'

'And Christianity, too,' suggested Isaac.

'Exactly. You get up a ball and make yourself mad with enjoyment, out of simple benevolence. There's something grand in the invention — dancing out of pure sympathy with sorrow, misfortune, and death. The arrangements, however, are marked by superb design and elegant taste; under whose presiding genius were they made ?'

'Miss Steinberg's, assisted by Mary.'

'The balls don't look half so gay as they used to, I think. In India they sometimes carry them out on a fine scale. A little before I left, I attended one at which a live governor and his wife were present. The lady wore eleven thousand pounds' worth of jewellery — so they said.'

'Her appearance was sufficient to cast a glow over the whole company, I should think.'

'Now, we must introduce you to father, Mr. St. Maur; so come.' And making their way through the crowds as gently as they could, they passed out of the saloon.

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CHAPTER XII.

FOR a long time Mr. Cohen had been determined that, like many others amongst his brethren, he would have a small synagogue attached to his house. Yet in all this long time he had never really had it built. At last he had begun it in earnest; and in the month Nison, of the year of which we have been writing, it was finished; and on the first of Ayier it was to be dedicated as a house of prayer.

Beautiful exceedingly are these little temples. For ourselves—we never can think of them save with feelings of deep delight. That caricatured simplicity—that palpable, undisguised meanness—which so frequently characterise the house of God amongst Christians, and especially dissenting congregations—as if, although nothing is too good or too beautiful for their own house, anything is good enough for His—this, we say, is not known here. Elegance, grandeur, harmony, and chasteness, mingling in a thousand forms of perfect loveliness, mark the disposition of all within them. And vases of flowers and blossoms are often there—filling with lovely perfumes the soft and solemn atmosphere of ‘dim religious light.’

Mr. Cohen’s was sixteen cubits, or twenty-eight feet long, and eight cubits broad. Each side of it was a row of seventeen pillars, which—with their capitals and their entablature lying across them, carved in exquisite imitation of clusters of grapes and pomegranates—were all of cedar. These supported the ribbed roof—so chastely decorated, and divided into compartments, distinct yet never separated from the whole—and with the floor, the steps, and the sides, all composed of polished cedar. A carpet of

goat skins, dyed a brilliant crimson, covered the floor; and upon this numerous costly divans of sky blue satin damask were strewed.

A cornice of brass, adorned with carvings of the flowers, and leaves, and fruit of pomegranates, stretched from pillar to pillar; and from this were suspended hangings of blue, and purple, and scarlet Damascus silk, splendidly wrought with gold embroidery in various devices, as cherubim, etc., by the hands of Adeline and Mary. At a distance of three cubits from the end, a curtain of the same material was drawn across the room. Behind this was the ark.

The ark was made of cedar. It was a cubit-and-a-half high, a cubit wide, and a cubit deep. A pair of folding doors enclosed it; and the whole of the inside was inlaid with plates of pure gold. Over it were two cherubims; the tips of their wings touching, each other. In this ark the 'testimony'—the Old Testament in Hebrew—was deposited.

In the midst of the room was a large table, covered with a luxurious drapery of lace, brocatelle, and damask; which would almost stand alone, from the stiffness produced by the gold and silver thread woven through it in clusters of flowers and leaves. A golden candiestick—which for delicacy of workmanship and elegance of design, seemed as if it might have come from fairy-land—occupied the centre. Gleaming amidst the burnished leaves and branches, were seven lamps, each tipped with its steady, unwavering, little globe of light, kept constantly burning. It was a brilliant and mystical ornament, a loveliness placed there for its own sake—not to *give* light, but to *be* light. Like the deep still lake sleeping in the tranquil glory of the moonbeams, or the wooing brightness of the stars; or the crystal waters rising and falling in the fountain, the ordinary purposes of utility were forgotten—enough that it was a feeling of admiration, that it was beautiful.

On the same table were also two basins; the one used to hold the blood of the Passover, the other that of the sacrifices on the Great Day of Atonement; and several vases, spoons, and dishes, all made of pure beaten gold, and used in the various services. Each of the basins weighed nearly one-third of a maneh.*

A smaller table stood behind it. On this the sacred books were arranged. And in the middle of it there was a large silver dish, heavily laden with grapes, and other fruits, all the growth of the beloved land of Judea. Any person who entered the synagogue took freely of these fruits, if he chose; and when the supply in the dish became scantied, it was refilled.

A large silver laver, surrounded with lotus-cups, occupied the space beyond the larger table. This laver was filled with water of Lebanon,† which cast around and about a most delicate perfume—that winged the imagination far far away amongst the flower-groves, and spice-woods, and starry-winged birds of Canaan's bright land. This was used for the various purposes of ablution.

Mr. Cohen allowed no distinctive places to be set apart for the men and the women. He hated it. They mingled in their worship indiscriminately together.

Joining with this sanctuary there was another small room, in which the ecclesiastical robes were kept; and whither the family adjourned to clothe themselves in the Talith, and put on their Phylacteries. It was, in fact, furnished with books, and altogether fitted up as an elegant library. On a stand at the end the robes were deposited. The stand was covered with white watered silk; on this the robes were laid; and over all

* A maneh, or 60 shekels, is 2 lbs 3 oz. 6 dwts. 16 grs. Troy.

† This perfume, called by way of eminence 'water of Lebanon,' is indeed a most delicious one. In vain should we search amongst the dealers in modern essences for anything to equal it. It is composed of myrrh, spike-nard, calamus, cinnamon, aloes, and the chief spices.

was thrown a priceless lace of the same material as the finest and most expensive capes are made. The window curtains were of lace and watered silk, looped back with bright blue cords and tassels, and orange flowers. A luxurious brocatelle lounge was placed for the family to occupy whilst reading. Over it was a statuette standing on the tip of one foot with outspread wings, and holding in one hand a wreath of roses, from which depended a curtain of gossamer lace that floated dreamily around the seat, inviting to delicious contemplation and repose. And the ceiling and the wall were very beautiful. The ceiling was painted with the most delicate flowers in their natural colors; and from it to the floor all round, the wall was draped with fluted cerulean silk damask, and adorned with large paintings in massive gilt frames.

On the first of Ayier, Rabbi Aben Baruch came to dedicate this beautiful little temple. At twelve o'clock he went into the library to robe himself for the ceremony. The color of the robe was blue. A girdle of blue, and purple, and scarlet cord fastened it around his waist. On his head he wore a mitre, upon the front of which was a golden plate with the words HOLINESS TO THE LORD inscribed upon it. The men put on the Talith and Phylacteries, and the service began. A great deal of it is chanted. As soon as it was over, the rabbi and Mr. Cohen's family retired from the synagogue to meet the rest of his friends, who were coming to join him in keeping the feast of the dedication. For such a season is a time of immense rejoicing, and every one enters into the feeling with much gladness of heart.

'I think, Adeline, father has fitted up this place very tastefully, and made it quite one of the prettiest synagogues we have amongst us,' said Isaac. 'Do you think so too?'

'I do,' replied Adeline. 'It is a work quite after my own heart.'

'Now indeed, then, I shall like it better than before.'

Well, come into the next room, and let us look at his arrangements.'

'It quite sustains my previously-formed opinion,' said Adeline, as they entered the library.

'But there is a work of art which you will not greatly admire, Adeline; that little boy—cherub he is called—that holds the drapery.'

'Very pretty; but so sage, so serious. An infant that must not smile—what can be made of it? And must not smile, lest he be mistaken for a thing of earth—for some other love than the celestial. Strange! that the artist should so mistake the conception. Love on earth and love in heaven is the same feeling: emanating from the same source—the bosom of our God: only the one is shackled and distorted by sin and sense, the other large, unconfined, bright, pure as eternity. An infant without a smile! Heaven is filled with smiles; light, bounding, joyful as a summer sunbeam.'

'But, dear Adeline,' said Isaac, in a soft and tender voice, 'I have also to show you something that you *will* like—above all else. It is a little group of two infant children. The one is kissing the other, whom he is supposed to have just crowned with roses. I was quite sure that if you saw it first, I should find much difficulty to persuade you to move from it. And therefore it was that I hid it.'

He went behind the drapery and produced the group, which he deposited in its place in the centre of the table. 'Now come and sit here while you look at it,' he pursued, as he drew her towards the lounge.

'How exquisitely natural! How serene, how guileless they are!' exclaimed Adeline. 'Oh, it is perfect loveliness! Those countenances so full of thought as well as beauty—of love and angel hopes. And those brimming eyes—brimming with innocence and bliss—and all is realised!'

'Adeline, dearest,' said Isaac, 'are you a poet?'

'I am not. I might be glad, perhaps, if I were. But I rejoice to possess the ardent spirit of an enthusiastic admiration. And when beneath life's melancholy skies, so seldom irradiated with gleams of redeeming happiness, I am inclined to weep and be restless, it imparts a flowing, calmy peace, a felicitous tranquillity, like some sweet monotone in music, stilling my unquiet heart into supreme repose. Strengthened, inspired by it, I dash off the thralldom of the present and take refuge in the illimitable future. There I can command, make my own destiny, and attain the summit of my highest wishes. It is only by thus living beyond reality, and hoping beyond possibility, that I can ever expect to attain the pinnacle of human happiness and the utmost limit of human power.'

'You are a philosopher, Adeline. It is well for you. To me existence seems a heavy bondage. What is our life? A disconnected series of broken fragments—good and evil jumbled together—blackness mingled with little brightness—an unconsciousness of itself—a tomb to pure feeling and passion—a mystery which seems to make us fools—a destiny in which innocence is only the sport of malignity and death. As a Jew, Adeline, I often indulge a momentary pride in the trueness and origin of our religion; but whenever I do, a cold chill always comes over my heart. One invisible chain of suffering links us, Jews and Gentiles, all together. Indeed, I think the Christians especially must be happier than we are. They have an object of faith, though a mistaken one. We have nothing but uncertainty.'

'While it is our duty to strictly examine ourselves, that we may justly estimate our position with respect to God, let us not too presumptuously aspire. Whenever we feel tempted to doubt the kindness of our Father in those things which surround us, let us strengthen ourselves by the reflection how much the spirit of earth must always mar our best and most sacred conceptions. And oh! how does the intellect kindle when, out of

simple trust in the knowledge and goodness of a Mind that is higher than it, and which cannot err, it has built up for itself a place of rest. It is this "feeling and faculty divine" within us that visits with illumination our uncompanioned heart, and preserves our happiness calm and self-consoled even in the longest, darkest hour, till, filled with a loftier inspiration, our conception itself changes, our soul enlarges, our feelings are stimulated almost to the point of realization, as by 'touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,' our hearts burn with love, lit up with celestial fire.'

'That was indeed well, even eloquently, uttered, Adeline. But mind you, I too can harangue like one of the German poets, if I have a will. At present I would prefer to be silent.'

'Let us, with a calm certainty which He himself will impart, offer unto God the sacrifice of a contrite heart and humble spirit; it is one which He has declared He will accept. It is such doubts as you have been expressing that stand between us and our inheritance. Jehovah will not exercise his power on our behalf while we question the wisdom of His ways. We are to be humble, yet confident. You are a noble-minded Jew, Isaac; be a patriot Jew too. We are now fighting in a moral struggle for our country, for our own sweet Judea. That is our country, ~~not~~ where we have lived and breathed alone—not that land which we have loved because in it we first saw the soft spring time, the beauty of summer skies, the brightness of heaven and the gladness of earth—but the land for which we have longed—for which we have hoped and suffered—for which our souls have burned, and our hearts have beat in unison with the hearts of thousands of heroic breasts—that land for which we have lived, for which we have prayed—of which we honor the mighty exiles living, of which we love the illustrious dead.'

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CHAPTER XIII.

Poor Steinberg had got a soul: and, like everybody else, until it has found repose in the bosom of its Father, he felt it was a tremendous, very unquiet sort of possession. The Sabbath morning had been ushered in by an account of the death of Ben Uzziel—the language of sorrow and uncertainty upon his lips. Steinberg shuddered when he heard of it. If *he*, a prince in Israel, felt so disturbed in dying, who was to expect peace? It was in vain that he read the Talmud—that he went to his Gobar—that he took neither breakfast nor dinner—that he recited prayers by the dozen, strewing dust upon his head, and beating his forehead upon the ground—that he repeated the most encouraging portions of the Jewish casuistry—he could get no comfort. He tried still sterner modes of recommending himself to some expression of the Divine favor. He exposed himself to the coldest water he could obtain—he beat his bare body till the excessive pain of the weals obliged him to desist. To symbolise his sense of the bitterness of sin, he chewed one of the most nauseously-bitter roots: and then the violent sickness produced by it compelled him to cease that also. He vowed to devote large sums to charitable uses: and yet, poor man, though he fully believed that all these things put together had certainly made the scale of his merits preponderate, and so his safety was secured, he could not feel satisfied. No still small voice within his soul whispered of love and joy and peace on earth, and soft rest beneath immortal skies—nothing except a low, desponding melancholy. To be sure, he felt a sort of hope, but it brought little comfort. There was no undisturbed confidence, no sweet assurance, such as the Christian possesses; nothing but an indistinct

and shadowy trust that the Divine mercy would be extended to him, although he knew not why.

O hard religion! Unlike—how unlike—that generous, loving trust which the Lord of glory delights to receive from his creatures—that blessed relationship into which he waits to enter with all those who believe upon him, as he has revealed himself in his written word.

‘Father, dear, it makes me very sad to see you so unhappy. What is it?’ said Adeline, rising from the tea-table to throw her arms upon his neck and kiss his pale lips.

‘Death! my child—death!’ he said, slowly. ‘The death of Ben Uzziel has shook me. Tell me again what it was his disciples said to him when they found him weeping.’

‘Don’t be angry with me, dear papa, if I seem to be undutiful to you, and to cross your will; for it is from reverence for you that I speak. Your nerves, just now, are much excited; ask some other time. Calmly rest your spirit upon the infinite love and mercy of our Father, leaving the vain teachings of men, and you will find a happier death than Rabbi Ben Uzziel.’

‘I believe that my soul is safe, if thy wishes can make it so. Blessed be the God of my fathers for the comfort of thee, my child! and may his blessing be upon thee for ever. Dost thou pray that I may be right at last?’

‘Oh, yes, yes, dear papa!’ said Adeline, kissing him fervently, her face bedewed with tears. ‘I do indeed pray very earnestly for you and for dear mamma, too.’

‘Thank thee, my daughter. Kneel then and let me bless thee.’

And Adeline bowed her head, while with outspread hands her father repeated over her the usual benediction.

‘Now, my child, tell me what I asked you.’

‘It was this, my dear father: One of his disciples,

seeing him weep in prospect of death, thus addressed him: "Rabbi, Light of Israel, thou strong rock, right-hand pillar, why dost thou weep?" He replied, "If they were carrying me before a king of flesh and blood, who is here to-day and to-morrow in the grave—who, if he were angry with me, his anger would not last for ever—if he put me in bondage, his bondage would not be for everlasting—and if he condemned me to death, that death would not be eternal; whom I could sooth with words and bribe with riches; yet even in these circumstances I should weep. But now I am going before the King of kings, the only blessed God, who liveth for ever and ever; who if he be angry with me, his anger will last for ever—if he put me in bondage, his bondage will be everlasting—if he condemns me to death, that death will be eternal; whom I cannot sooth with words nor bribe with riches. When, further, there are before me only two ways, the one to darkness, the other to paradise—and I know not to which they are carrying me, should I not weep?"*

'O God!' said Steinberg, clasping his hands, 'if our sins are so great that thou wilt not forgive, save us by the merits of our ancestors—of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; by the merits of Rebekah, Leah, and Rachel; by the merits of our holy law; by the merits of our holy men and teachers; by the merits of Jesse, the father of David—of Abner, the son of Ner—of Utheal, the son of Kenez, who constantly protect us; through the merits of Moses and Aaron, and all the illustrious of our nation. Adeline, my daughter, you will say the Kaddish when thy father is gone from thee?'

'O my dear father,' said Adeline, 'I *cannot* hear you speak of it.'

'But will you, my child?' persisted Steinberg, in a hard, dry tone. •

* This reflection of one of their chief rabbis is taken from the Jewish prayer-book. In the Talmud, it is said that Rabbi Inani, 'on his death-bed,' made a similar reflection.

'Papa,' said Adeline, in a steady mournful voice, 'it sinks into my heart, it unnerves me when I see you resting your hopes on the wicked falsehoods of men.' Adeline was frightened at what she had said; and a cold misty thrill of alarm quivered to the extremities of her palpitating veins, lest her father should be angry at her daring to hold such language to him. The whole conflict was too much for her gentle spirit, and in thick-flowing tears she continued brokenly, 'Papa, do read the Bible. The moment our spirit quits this body, we rise to the abodes of Paradise, or'—she could proceed no further.

'The Bible is for the rabbins—I believe the rabbins—O God, all against me—my child unfaithful! Curse upon——'

'Father! father!' sobbed the terrified Adeline, 'Do not say so! I will say anything you command; I will do anything to make you happier.'

'Lay your hands upon your breast and promise that when I am dead you will say the Kaddish* every morning.'

* Death to the Jew is fraught with sorrowful contemplations. In the grave his body is beaten by the Evil One, and suffers other terrors too numerous to mention. His soul goes away into some dreadful place, and endures a process of burning for eleven months. Thus after all the fasting, and mortification, and charity, the soul of the dying Jew is not to expect the rest of heaven. It enters into a purgatory from which the prayers and alms of his children are requisite to free it. One of the Jewish prayers has this preface: 'It is customary among the dispersed of Israel to make mention of the souls of their departed parents (or other relatives) on the Day of Atonement, and on the ultimate days of the three festivals; and to offer for the repose of their souls.'

This is the prayer—called Kaddish:

'May God remember the soul of my honored father who is gone to his repose, for that I now solemnly vow charity for his sake. In reward of this, may his soul be bound up in the bundle of life, with the souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, and Leah, with the rest of the righteous males and females. Amen.'

In reference to the time of offering this prayer, we read: 'The custom is for eleven months to repeat the prayer called Kaddish, and also to read the lessons in the prophets, and to pray the evening prayer, at the going out of the Sabbath, for that is the hour when the souls return to hell, but when the son prays and sanctifies in public, he redeems his father and mother from hell.'

The same high authority says, that the prayer 'should not be offered more than eleven months, lest reproach should be cast upon the character of the departed father and mother, as if they were wicked, for twelve months is the term appointed for the wicked.' For 'Israelites who

'I do promise you that I will,' replied Adeline, placing her hands upon her bosom.

'For the full eleven months?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Blessings be upon thy head, my daughter. And you will perform charity for my sake?'

'I will, my dear father.'

'It is well,' and he again blessed her. 'And now, my child, get the books; it is time to offer the evening sacrifice.'

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a few days after the event narrated in the last chapter. Steinberg was sitting placidly down to breakfast, when he was startled by the sound of short hurried hurrahs beneath his window, like the rumbling of distant thunder. Sufficient to set afloat 'that windy suspiration of forced breath' was such a noise as this in such dangerous proximity; and he went to gain tidings of the cause. And lo! the green-grocer opposite, having in the opinion of the Man of the People ill-used his tenant—his next-door neighbor—the lollipop shop—by distraining her goods for rent, when he knew she would have paid him if she could, was being treated to summary justice by an irritated London mob. He was none too soon. Beneath the soft aerial, yet dusty, almost husky haze, rolled and raved a sea of men, women, and children, heaving in multitudinous motion, as when cross seas, cross winds, and cross tides meet with tumultuous rushing and whirlpool fury, in some mysterious sound between

* sin with the body, and also Gentiles, descend into hell and are judged there *twelve months*. After the twelve months their bodies are consumed and their souls are burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous.'

These are passages which must touch the tenderest chords of every Christian heart, and awaken the most vivid emotions of sympathy and love.

unfathomable sandbanks and inexplicable capes. The air darkened, and the mischief thickened, till it seemed that Steinberg, house and all, would be hustled off amongst the ragged, raging regiment. * * * *

The morning had advanced, and by the aid of the police, quietness was again established in Steinberg's street. A carpenter was busily employed repairing the broken door. Steinberg was as usual seated at his little old table, snuffing over his treasures, and occasionally talking to himself, when a customer entered.

Before we proceed to describe the transactions that ensued, we must of necessity introduce this brace of personages to the reader. The oldest of the two, Lord Derescourt, at that time high in office under the Government, was a tall portly individual, aspiring towards six feet in height. He had been what is called a handsome man! indeed, he was handsome then. His features were mild, and harmonised well with his expressive eyes. He wore his hat in a jaunty fashion, and cast his regards about with the air of a man who knows more than he chooses to tell, and does not intend to be taken in.

His friend, Earl Vernon, was a queer-looking piece of humanity. He was a thin, grizzly, little man. One look at his vinegar-face was sufficient to set every tooth in one's head on edge; it couldn't have looked sourer if it had been soaked an age and a half in verjuice two hundred per cent. over proof. It was surmounted by a terrific pyramid of fiery hair and a great hat, half the height of himself, on the top of that. His small grey gooseberry orbs, throwing a shifting and uneasy light over his pea-soup complexion, was expressive of a restless, discontented and unprincipled mind. He had a nose, too, quite in keeping with the rest of his physique; it was a profound exaggeration of that classical style called Roman. All his clothing was made with growing room, and hung about him shapeless and voluminous as a balloon when the gas is out. What information he had

managed to scrape together put one in mind of the *Penny Encyclopedia* begun at the wrong end and printed upside down. His carriage practically illustrated the vulgar proverb, 'He looks as if he had swallowed a poker'; and his little high-dried legs and feet were engulfed in a pair of riding boots of brigand-like dimensions, bristled with double-rowelled spurs, menacing and terrible as those of that fearful knight who comes riding in upon 'Zohac, or the Wild Horse,' as transformed into a Drury Lane Easter spectacle.

'I hope we don't disturb you, Mr. Steinberg,' said Lord Derescourt.

'Niente—not a bit of it,' replied Steinberg, with an innocent shake of the head, and putting down his snuffy old magnifier and a coin.

'Well, then, introduce us to your very best things. The earl, here, has no appreciation either of *virtuosi* or *vertù*. His judgment concerning both is as crude as an unripe medlar; so I purpose to lend him mine.'

The earl testified his profound sense of the compliment by bursting into a sort of triple-toned bob major laugh, in which—it being his own by natural entail, and neither left him by will with his escutcheon nor acquired by ingenuity—he was wont to indulge on all occasions, even when nothing laughable had been said; but suddenly recollecting—as he generally did—in the midst of his euphonious peal, that he was a 'great man,' and therefore entirely above such low imitations of the common herd, he checked himself with a flash of energy, and an effort to be dignified, ludicrous in the extreme.

'Ya, ya,' said Steinberg. 'I've got some coot coinsh and tings. Dese here, mich you see, are simplesh blaytings als any childer might blay mit. If you'll go up stairsh, gentlemensh, I'll pring dem and be wit you in eine meenut.'

So accordingly up they walked into a moderately sized room, where blazed a bright fire of Gilmerton coal. A servant entered, shook the cushions of a

baregère, drew it to the fire, fidgetted over a few more things, and then withdrew. Lord Derescourt seated himself on the baregère; the earl disposed himself on a couch at the other side of the fire—in the elegance of his position, and the disposal of his drapery looking alarmingly like Cheops redivivus.

‘Here gentlemen-h,’ said Steinberg, as he placed a collection of coins and stones before them, with a most bewitching tenderness, ‘I trusht we shall shatisfy all parties. It vash ously yesterdag zhat I rescheived these counsh from my agent. No one wit myself has ever sheen them bevore I babtise dem all antic and all nice.’

Lord Derescourt and the earl drew up to the table, and packed themselves closely by the side of Mr. Steinberg, the three forming an object for Rembrandt, well and fittingly grouped for the canvas.

The earl began to finger the coins. Passing over Himeras, Messina Hares, Hieros; the bearded coin of Metapontus, with Ceres or Mars on the reverse; Arion on his Dolphin; these most beautiful of coins were all too common for his practised eye. It at length dropped, kite-like, on an Æmilianus, with a rare reverse. He took it up and turned it about, with the air of a man well-instructed in such matters. And one good turn deserving another, he turned it about again. ‘Five pounds,’ and he cleared his throat in approbation of his magnificent offer.

‘Eh?’ said Steinberg. ‘Letsh shee vot it shez.’ He fumbled it up in his snuffy old hands, rubbed it on his snuffy old coat cuff, wiped his snuffy old goggle glasses, hung them on his snuffy old nose, laid the coin for contrast on his snuffy old account-book, and having done so, screamed ‘*Che!* Five pounds! Vat tink you I doesh to live wit? Receive stolen goods?’

‘No! no! no!’ said Earl Vernon.

‘Yesh you musht, to offer five poundzh for de gute ting to begin wit. Doeshn’t any childer know that a Piscennius is cheap for fifteen poundzh? Zhat the man may preak hish heart wit hish unendlissh fortunate

that gitsh the Velian lion for twenty-five poundzh? That Æmilianus, Julia Pia, Matidia, and Plotina, can hardly shildom be bot for forty poundzh? And that Crotons, Constantines, and Ptolemy Evergetes, are almost unpurchasable?' Turning to Lord Derescourt, and looking half with an air of injured grandeur, half spitefully, 'I have notin' to say wit him more.' And he took a handful of snuff, and wasted a deal on his snuffy coat collar and shirt frill.

'Don't be cross, Mr. Steinberg,' said Lord Derescourt. 'I myself believed the coin to be as common as blackberries.'

'That coin all antic, and all scarsh!' He was awfully vexed. He turned himself about; he took a pinch of snuff; he took out his snuffy handkerchief, wiped his snuffy nose and his snuffy magnifier. 'For dis reason I spoke not, vat I did say to you lashtly. You are too much so onreasonable.'

'Well, Mr. Steinberg, what *will* you take?' inquired Vernon.

'I don't care if you takesh it away wit you for forty shoverins.'

'Too much,' said Derescourt, tersely.

'Take it for thirty.' And he gave a short, stiff grunt.

'Twenty-five,' replied Lord Derescourt.

'Twenty-five!' echoed Solomon. 'Vhere have you left your conscience pehind? It'sh impossible I should let you have it for that. You shee I should lozh shixty per shent. But never mind. I shuppoze, eine brief, you musht take it. There it ish, then, for twenty-five poundzh. Vatzh next?'

'This Julia Domna?'

'Well and good. That gocsh for twenty.'

'Only give ten, Vernon,' suggested Derescourt.

'Ah! vell. No use, no use. You musht take it.' And Steinberg sighed heavily.

Lord Derescourt hoped he had not offered too little. For he had no intention to act wrongfully, or to take

an improper advantage of his desire to sell. Not a bit of it.

But Steinberg was already convinced that they would do 'notin' wit him that was not fair and not nice.' So, all reassured, they again proceeded to business.

'What's this?' inquired Vernon, picking up a thing that looked like the mummy of a newly-born kitten, and turning his visage full upon it like some keen-eyed tarantula.

Steinberg, who was occupied in nuzzling amongst the contents of a large Etruscan jar full of all sorts of odds and ends from the creation downwards, looked wistfully up at this address, not suppressing an anxious sigh when this scrutiny was over.

'*Caro lei!*' said he, stirring the fire, and looking either at the poker or the mummy, his spectacles preventing us from seeing which. 'Dat eesh my ver beshtest und finesht piece.' Taking it up, 'I shall confess to you, signors, for vonce for allsh, dat de preis of dis ish shonevat dear. De leastest preis als I can take vill be a shent.' He proceeded to unswathe the article; and after much wheeling and turning about, the unbinding of the rags was successfully concluded, and a small Agrippina—Claudius' Agrippina—exhibited herself upon the table.

'You shee, gentlemensh,' said Steinberg contemptively—'you judge ber sur, and can tell the worth of dis ting—you shee it is a bargain, and can't be got cin any tag of the wick.'

'How did you get her, Steinberg?'

'Tis yestertag,' replied he, looking guilelessly, 'seyne mein old freund, mein nobil freund, Signor Pozzuoli—(a man who would shooner trow hish head away than hish character, eesh Signor Pozzuoli)—Vell, 'tis yestertag seyne he came here from Napoli wit coinsh and skertain other antics. "Steinberg," shay he, "I have gotoh eine prize, mich I foresaw not ven I did write to you lashtly." So I shay to him, I shay, "Letsh

me leuk at dis your prize for me." Den he takesh out a dirty little voman, with a face allsh covered in filth. "Ya! ya!" I shay to him, "dat eesh no gute. Vat she ish I foreshee not!" "No gute!" say he, in eine great dolors, "you shan't have her den. I'll take her back wit me if datsh do way you do becsnissee, and veesh you goot night." "Vat do you vant for her?" I ashk. "You shall have her cheap, and wit a small trouble you also shall clean her; it'sh a shimple ting als any childer might do." So I gotch her a bargain, you shee, signors.'

'And how did you manage to clean her so nicely, Mr. Steinberg?'

'With patience and a penknife.'

Vernon took up the Agrippina. He twirled her, and turned her, and finally squinted on her. Each moment he became more and more absorbed in the contemplation of the lady. Until after taking his fill of admiration, while he appeared gloriously oblivious of time, his pent-up enthusiasm at the sight of her charms burst forth in a very rusty, creaky exclamation of, 'Be-ea-u-ti-ful! What is the least you can possibly take for it?'

Before Steinberg could tell the forthcoming lie, Derescourt requested to examine the bronze. It was very correctly shaped; and he allowed himself to be convinced that it was, beyond doubt, an authentic one, and therefore valuable.

'Is it an edited figure?' asked Vernon. Not for worlds could he have explained the meaning of what he said: but he had heard Derescourt talking of edited and inedited coins, and other articles of vertu. So he coughed nervously, and gathered himself up at the thought of his question with an overwhelming dignity; for he felt he had spoken like a connoisseur.

'The price?' asked Derescourt.

'Dat eesh fifty poundzh, den, ready monet.'

'But you bought her a bargain, Steinberg, you said.'

Can't you, now, let us have a little benefit as well as yourself?—just a *little*, you know.'

'Not a shixpence lessh.'

He dared to propose forty.

Steinberg exploded with virtuous indignation. 'Dit dey tink he shtole her? Dit dey tink he could afford to part wit de goot ting in such a manner? Als nice and als clean as a young baby, too—she vash. No. He would botel her off, and keep her for himself to leuk at. Fifty he had said, fifty he would have—dat was de mosht leastest preis.'

Of course, as he had so resolved, and they really wanted the figure, there was no alternative but to dub down the fifty.

This bargain, then, being satisfactorily adjusted, they proceeded to make others equally favorable—as Steinberg condescendingly assured them. He rubbed his hands, and rattled his snuff-box, and snuffed his snuff, and was very pleased; for it seemed their intention to buy up his stock. They purchased a Plotina, a Mariana, a Matidia, a Maximin, a Germanicus' Agrippina, an Annia Faustina, a Marinus, Crotons, Lipari bronzes, and all the Julias of the Roman empire, even to Julia Paula, who married Eliogabalus, and Julia Mammæa, wife of Maximin. Last of all, Steinberg brought out the very best coin in his collection; a highly preserved Valeria—most noble-souled of Roman empresses—of a rare coinage, and, as he approvingly declared, 'als goot als ven it came fresh from her mint.'

When Steinberg was engaged in the transactions just related, a Jew belonging to the same synagogue as himself walked into the parlor, and requested an interview with him. Mrs. Steinberg being absent, Adeline replied.

'Vell, Miss Steinberg, as usual, you see—come a-begging.'

'But, sir, you always come with a good cause. What is it now?'

'Death.'

'And what, sir, are the particulars?'

'A young woman. The father and mother, my childsh, is dead—long, long, timesh. There'sh no monish in the house, so ve mush do liberalsh, you know.'

'What is the sum which the necessities of the family require each person to give?' inquired Adeline.

'Vell, all whosh shubstance will allow it ought to give ten shillings; none less than five. Brother Levi, though, gave only half a crownsh—he'll lozh the reward, for the Eternal hash blessht him with plenty of monish.'

'I'll see father—I'll not detain you long,' said Adeline, as she placed a sovereign in his hand. And bounding up the stairs, she gently pushed aside the door of the room in which Steinberg and Vernon were occupied in closing their accounts.

The blood rushed crimson over her face and neck, as she perceived the eyes of the two strangers turned upon her in undisguised admiration. Her father buckled himself up with conscious pride in his daughter, and either could not, or would not, understand the meaning of her uplifted finger. Stepping lightly up to him, she whispered hastily, 'A very distressing case of death and want; ten shillings at least.'

'Ja, ja,' said Steinberg; and he grumbled the money into her hand, ludicrously mingling his discontented mutterings with an effort to seem hearty and willing. Having received the donation, Adeline retired as noiselessly as she had entered; and it was speedily transferred to the box of the collector.

'Can I have a little conversation with you in private, Mr. Steinberg?' asked Lord Vernon, as he handed him the cheque.

'Shertinly you can. Let'sh shee; yes, 'um—if you mishes for such a ting,' replied Steinberg, contemplatively, for he was admiring the cheque.

'This is new,' said Lord Derescourt. 'What's afloat now, that I can't hear?'

'Nothing,' answered Vernon, in a high-dried, uneasy tone. 'Tell *you* some other time,' he added, as they quitted the apartment.

'Fact is, Mr. Steinberg, I've took a fancy to your daughter,' he said, bustling up and down the room.

'What do you mean by fanshy?' drawled Steinberg.

'Why, I've taken a liking to her. I want her to keep house for me, receive the company, live with me, instead of the one I've got.'

'She's going to be married wit a hushband in eine wick or two. But if she vashn't, I shouldn't let her go shervant mit anybody.'

'Going to be married! eh? Then, I suppose, if I'm to have her, I must marry her?'

'Augh! vatsh that you shay?' gasped Steinberg.

'I'll marry her. She's a beautiful girl—no mistake. I think she'll suit me exactly.'

'Make her eine wife mit you, do you mean?'

'To be sure.'

'Mill you love her ber gute—als I have loved her?'

'All my heart and soul I do!'

'Ver nice. But there'sh her shweetheart,' ventriloquised Steinberg.

'What odds of him? She'd, of course, sooner have *me*. He'll soon find some one else—trust him; plenty o' women.'

'She mighn't likesh to part herself wit him,' suggested Steinberg, tenderly.

'Haw! haw!' roared the noble earl. And he was so sublimely overjoyed at the intensely preposterous idea that a woman *could* have any feeling in such a matter, that, in his excitement, he rose from his chair and walked about the room, indulging his enjoyment to his heart's content.

At last he recovered a little.

'What's she got to do with it? She'll have a husband, and a finer fellow than he is, I reckon. What more does she want?'

Steinberg was quite brought up by this view of the affair.

'You know she's a Jewess?' he asked.

'Why certainly I do; that is, I took her for your daughter, so I reckon she must be.'

'You'll let her come to the synagogue, and keep all the feasts and fasts?' he asked, with praiseworthy solicitude.

'Anything she likes. All I want is her; then she may be an atheist, if she's a mind. What does it matter to me what she believes! When *shall* I see her?' he said pettishly, twirling his gold-headed cane.

'Vell, let me shee,' soliloquised Steinberg. 'Dis ees Montag, to-morrow den ees Tuestag; ven she mill be off mit her Isaac to the feast, before I shall have time to say wit her what you have said to me lashtly. De mosht simples direct, den, als I can give you ish, to shee her in about ein wick; and then you can have her consent.'

'Oh, yes—she'll consent—no fear,' said the earl in a decided voice. 'Well, I shall call in about a week or so then.'

'Ya, ya. Do in such a manner; that will be goot.' And they left the place together.

CHAPTER XV.

ISAAC's engagements of a business character were never very numerous nor pressing; and therefore he almost entirely resigned himself to the society of Adeline. Every day brought some new excursion to scenes of chaste and quiet beauty, in companionship with one of the most lovely and gifted of women. Isaac's theory,

that what is most beautiful in nature ought to be enjoyed in solitude, he found to be quite impracticable. He never felt a desire to visit any place if Adeline could not accompany him; and every ramble which they took together derived its higher gratification from her presence. He could always realise the hope, the joy, the poetry of life, better when she was near to direct his thoughts. Between them there was sympathy of taste, of thought, and feeling; sympathy of high purpose and noble sentiment, sympathy which no time nor change of circumstance could subdue. Solitude, indeed!—

‘O Zimmerman, Zimmerman,
Hadst thou but a glimmer man.’

But he had not a glimmer of sense, else he would never have dreamed and prated of a thing so unfit for a man on this earth as solitude, where Nature has furnished every fragrant bower, with or without license, episcopal or parliamentary, to hold *two*.

And it was something like this that Isaac decided when, one evening, he went out alone to look upon the scene near his home, which of all others he preferred, it so completely *fascinated* his spirit. To his surprise he found that he, a devoted admirer of nature, was standing by the deep stillness of the water, beneath a beautiful starlight, watching the heavy flush of the trees and hills with a distracted mind. All the enchantment had vanished! Where now was the water, and the starlight, and the hills, and the mysterious profound above him? Evidently Isaac was no longer his own, *half* of him was somewhere else.

It followed, therefore, that he and Adeline made many expeditions alone. Few who looked upon that soft and quiet exterior, might have imagined the exhaustless well of poetry and blessedness which was ever gushing over in Adeline's bosom. She possessed not the faintest tinge of the wild fervor of the enthusiast; all her manner was serene, peaceful, still. Yet

to a kindred spirit it was revealed in the brightness ever hovering so dreamily over her beautiful cheek, and the vivid feeling which lit up the pellucid deeps of her large earnest eyes, with a light belonging to other worlds.

'I cannot tell you,' said Adeline in one of these walks, 'I cannot tell you the pleasure I feel when I get away, quite away, from all the haunts of men, and find myself serene and still under the crystal azure of a cloudless summer sky. There all seems made only to minister to my delight; and I feel in its fullest, most enthusiastic degree what a beautiful thing is life. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It haunts everything in earth, and sea, and sky; and an infinite joy is lost to men because they so inadequately understand this precious principle of our being. Its delights are so refined, elevated, and pure; it is so inseparably united with our noblest and loftiest sensibilities, that I often grieve that any one should omit to cultivate this spiritual life; for let the world think how it will, the life of the soul is like God, from whom it emanates, all beauty. Were men's eyes opened to this truth, how would their existence be elevated. All we see, and all we feel, would be transformed—re-created. Everything visible and invisible, would, like our own spirit, be love and peace. That any one can live and move about among these beautiful scenes, daily forgetful of the Deity, of whom they are an expression made intelligible to mortal eyes, would be a puzzle did we not accept it as a proof how low sunk in sin our spirits must be. To me, the earth and sky do so seem to mingle, that I can scarcely separate them; and feeling thus, I often indulge myself in dreamy and delicious speculations that, if the misty veil of time were drawn aside from my eyes, I should see myself surrounded with blissful angels, and holy spirits with their golden lutes, and immortal suns, and fadeless bowers, and all the glorious love and beauty of eternity.'

‘It must have been from some such feeling,’ replied Isaac, ‘that the great painters have thrown a mystic dimness over their Elysium. It was quite necessary that there should be a difference between it and earth : they found themselves unable to imagine a world more lovely and beautiful than this, and therefore they painted a land of shadows and mysterious twilight, where the spirit might wander and fill with heavenly beauty for itself. Adeline,’ he pursued—and there was a quiver of intense feeling communicated to his voice—‘I often think it strange when I hear some people talk of a desire to go to heaven ; for, thinking and feeling as they do here, I wonder how they can expect to be happy there. The change produced by death is not a metamorphosis, but an emancipation. The soul renewed in the spirit of God begins the divine life here ; in this life it is as impossible to stand still in time as it is in eternity ; but at present all our aspirations are clouded by sense, all our efforts confined by the body. At last, God commissions Death to come and throw the shackles off, that we may be admitted into the higher sanctuary. But not a feeling in the soul is changed—they are simply heightened, enlarged, elevated to the illimitable degrees of immortality. The unbounded spirit finds itself in the visible presence of Him, whom before it could feel and behold only faintly and at a distance ; and free as infinity itself, is searching, learning, increasing in the enjoyment of God for ever.’

‘What you have said,’ replied Adeline, ‘brings to my mind the thoughts I had when I first began to read the Bible. One of the things that I earliest deduced from it was, that heavenly spirits are not equal in their degrees of enjoyment. For a moment I felt disposed to object to this. But a very little reflection enabled me to discover that in the very nature of things it must be so. They who imbibe most of the Spirit of God here, will in heaven enjoy a bliss of which less earnest ones can form no conception, for they will *know* more of Him,

consequently *feel* more of Him. Of course, those who have the less happiness, do not miss the higher, because they are quite incapable of feeling it. So each in his own measure feels a heaven. Just as here, the simple unlettered man can have no idea of the immense and inexhaustible delight which flows from a cultivated heart and intellect, and thus believes that his happiness is as great as it is possible to enjoy on earth.'

'You are one of those, dear Adeline,' said Isaac, in a playful voice, 'who have learned to begin their heaven in this world.'

'If I do not begin it here,' replied Adeline, 'I never shall at all.'

'Well would it be if all would strive like you; for then the curse and misery of sin would almost have passed away, even in this life. You would have what you so fondly picture—a world all love—no jarring chord in any heart.'

'Oh, beautiful! beautiful!' exclaimed Adeline, her eyes radiant with soft rapture, and a crystal tear trembling on their drooping lashes. 'And it would all be so if we would only allow God to govern in *His* way, instead of madly persisting with our own. But I think we really must stop our transcendental contemplations if you please, else we shall imbibe such a disrelish for the actual world, that when we return to it we may be somewhat out of humor. Look at the beauty of yonder mansion, with its thick dark shelter of oaks on the one hand, and its graceful avenue of acacias on the other; and the statue, surrounded by that lovely parterre of flowers, looking so thoughtfully—as though in the quivering shadowiness of the water depths he could find aerial companions for his loneliness—on the fountain bubbling up at his feet. And then shift your position of view a little—how fine is the wavy outline of those blue hills, interlacing the azure sky with gently undulating ridges and massy trees, that seem to hide themselves in the very bright-

ness—yet, so soft, so dream-like, like a shadow on the soul of Love. Oh, that is beautiful!’

‘And do you notice that semicircular hill, invested with so much positiveness of hue, that at last mingles itself with the far bright distance which has no limits. The gradation of shades and colors is perfect. It is an infinity, divided into an infinite number of degrees, but always beautiful. It is repose—perfection!’

‘It is earth melting into sky!’ said Adeline. ‘See, it seems expanding, rising higher—higher—ascending in a calm ethereal cloud!—a mist of light! The Spirit of the Beautiful has triumphed!’

It is near the middle of the month Sivan, and one of Mr. Cohen’s happiest seasons, for all his family are peacefully collected together in his calm and gentle home, it being the feast of Pentecost.

The feast of Pentecost has no features of particular interest. None of the sacrifices appointed for it can be offered now. The want of these is, as usual, supplied by prayer and alms-giving.

‘A new synagogue is to be opened the day after tomorrow, Isaac, at —, in Berkshire,’ said Mr. Cohen. ‘I cannot go. But you might; and surely Miss Steinberg will too.’

‘I shall be delighted; and so will Adeline. We can go in the chaise.’

‘I think so,’ replied Mr. Cohen. ‘The distance is about eighteen miles. You won’t be there at the saying of the Shema?’ and he smiled gaily.

‘Why then it would be necessary to start at once. No. If we get there in time for the late service it will be excellent, I think,’ said Isaac.

‘Yes, that would do. Our brethren there are few in number, and have had hard work to build their little place; and the Holy One—blessed be He—having prospered us, we must take part of their burden. Give ‘this for me.’ And he placed a bank-note in Isaac’s hand.

'This is enough for you and me too, father. Now, David, where is your share in the concern? You have to treble your contributions, you know, now you are married; one lot for yourself, two for Mrs. Cohen.'

'Whish!' cried David, 'Hermon must pay for herself, I think. But no matter. The money being joint-stock, I may as well subscribe all. What damages do you expect now?'

'Three guineas, at the very least.'

'There is need for the utmost liberality,' interposed Mr. Cohen. 'He can well afford four or five.'

'In my opinion, Mr. Cohen, you might generally be more liberal than you are; you have the means,' said Mary.

'My lovely accusing angel!' said David.

'Let me see the effect,' said Mary.

'Three will do,' said David. 'One for myself, two for Hermon. Unless,' he pursued, as he looked upon his wife, 'unless you wish to give more.'

'If you will allow me, then, my dear husband, I will add one more guinea to yours. We have so much cause for gratitude in the peace and love with which a kind Providence so abundantly blesses us.' And she drew out her purse.

The entrance of a servant with a letter, which she placed in the hands of Mr. Cohen, changed the current of the conversation.

He rapidly ran his eye over the contents, and then said, 'Show her here, make tea, and bring whatever substantial food you have at hand.'

The stranger entered. She was a pale, thin woman, with a countenance that bespoke a familiar acquaintance with sorrow. In her arms she bore an infant, and a little girl, of about eight years old, stood trembling by her side. Placing chairs, Isaac requested they would seat themselves.

'Why, my good lady, why didn't you make your circumstances known to us before you were reduced to such extremity?' said Mr. Cohen.

'When I was offered a letter to you, sir, I didn't like to take it, if I wasn't obliged, because I am a Gentile; and I felt I had no right.'

'How could you allow such a thought!' ejaculated Isaac, involuntarily.

'It was indeed a sad mistake,' replied Mr. Cohen. 'It matters nothing to us whether the poor sufferer is Jew or Gentile. While we have bread we must help him. How many children have you? Let's see though—I think the letter says——'

'Seven, sir,' said the stranger.

'And that in arms is the youngest—of course?'

'Yes.'

'And it is very young, I should think.'

'It is nearly six months old, sir.'

Adeline was quite incapable of rudeness. But, spite of herself, she was obliged to indulge in several covert looks in the direction of the baby, each one increasing the intensity of her sympathies towards it, until it were hard to say if what she felt was not a downright breach of the tenth commandment. Now, however, that the remarks had turned upon the little creature, she could restrain herself by the cold rules of etiquette no longer.

'I do hope you will forgive me my intrusiveness, ma'am,' she said, as with a face beaming all over with love, she advanced towards the stranger lady. 'But I should feel much pleasure if you would allow me to nurse the baby while you remain.'

Of course no objection was offered. So Adeline took the infant gently in her arms, smoothed down its long white robe very carefully indeed, laid a kiss upon its peach-blossom lips, and marched off with it to her seat triumphantly.

'Do you love children, Miss Steinberg?' asked St. Maur.

'Oh! passionately,' replied Isaac. 'She positively adores them.'

'And how do you manage, my good lady, without

any furniture? Is it possible you have nothing at all left?’

‘My husband went and got a bundle of shavings for us to sleep on; and those with a few bricks——’

‘Spare yourself any further particulars, pray,’ said Mr. Cohen. ‘Your circumstances are dreadful, it is a melancholy thought that such things are and can be.’

‘The Lord only knows what we have suffered,’ said the woman, and a strange brilliance flashed in her feverish eyes. ‘Once I wouldn’t have thought it possible to live and endure what I have. But nobody knows how much they can bear, especially when the Lord helps them, till they prove it.’

Eulalie—the beautiful, the lovely Eulalie—had all this time been standing with her white arms inweaving the waist of the little stranger child; her mild, angel eyes fixed earnestly upon her father, while her ears drank every word. She tripped lightly up to Mary, and said in a sad and tearful voice, ‘Mary, dear, may I go with you next time you go a-visiting?’

‘Certainly, my love, you may if you wish; but why should you?’

‘Oh, Mary; these things lie so heavy on my heart, and make my head burn so. I cannot bear it. That little baby, with its poor thin fingers; oh, dear!’ and Eulalie buried her face in Mary’s bosom.

‘Hush, my precious!—don’t cry,’ said Mary, folding her still tighter to her heart. ‘We shall be able to relieve them and make them better, I hope, now we know of it.’

‘Yes, dear, but, oh! what they have suffered. What a world this seems; so much sorrow, sorrow, sorrow. I don’t understand it. I feel God does not mean it, for he loves us so very dearly; and it grieves him then; I know it, I *feel* it, dear Mary.’

‘Yes, my love, sin, by introducing sorrow, has made this world a great grief to our tender Father. But if we suffer now, we shall reign with him hereafter.

Let us be thankful for that hope.' And Mary stooped to kiss Eulalie's quivering lips.

'I wish I could do something for them,' said Eulalie, sadly; and her voice wandered until it seemed to die away in soft, afar-off murmurings. 'I would make them very happy—all of them. I would love them so fondly, so deeply, so faithfully; and be so careful of them. How lonely they must feel, and desolate; nobody to speak kindly to them, nor to share their trouble; but people all passing by them as if they cared nothing about them. Here's this lady, Mary, loves her baby as well as papa or you love me; and it would kill him to see us all lying in the cold, with nothing to cover us. Oh, it is so dreadful!'

'So it is, my love,' said Mary, in a voice in which soothingness, benignity, and tenderness, were beautifully commingled. 'And if we feel rightly, we shall not allow ourselves to enjoy happiness while such suffering is unrelieved, if we can do it.'

'But, why, dear, do people feel about it as they do? Papa often says that if those who have means would give all they could to those who have none, no person would be distressed for comfortable things.'

'It is quite true, my beloved. But we cannot make them feel so; at least, if they do, they like their money better than making others happy, and so they will not give it away.'

'If papa were to speak to them about it,' said Eulalie, in a soft absent voice—'he convinces everybody. Perhaps, dear, they don't know that some little children suffer so much. Of course they cannot help loving people; especially when they see them in trouble and unhappy. And so beautiful as it is to see we have made them all delighted and joyful!'

'Ah! my dear Eulalie, I sadly fear they know all about it; many of them more than even we do,' replied Mary.

'Then I don't know how to think about it,' said Eulalie, thoughtfully. 'What use is money if it is not to do good with? I am sure I should never want it.'

And so cruel—so wicked—as it seems to let people suffer when we can stop it.’

Mary felt so too, and joined to the music of Eulalie’s sweet soft angel voice, the solemn spirit light which beamed from the deeps of her mournful eyes, and her holy trusting look—such as a cherub might wear, while sheltered beneath an angel’s wing—as she turned them upon her, it made her heart swell, and a rush of melodious feeling sweep through her soul as she hung over Eulalie’s bright forehead to kiss it.

‘I long to go to heaven,’ said Eulalie, in a still and misty voice; and a bright unearthly cloud passed across her eyes, like a shadow from a seraph’s wing, and then they grew light again. ‘All is so peaceful, loving, beautiful in heaven. All is happy there. All love each other there. I long to go. I often *feel* it, Mary, *near* me, filling me, it seems—and—and—oh! it is so beautiful!—I seem breathing myself away in love. And I see that bright blue sky—that sunshine that I often picture—those beautiful waving flowers that never fade—and I breathe those soft sweet airs which whisper—and oh! it is of such beautiful love they whisper—among the fruit and orange groves of my lovely Father’s land. And oh! those happy times. I seem to be falling away in a beautiful gentle sleep, like I do when I sleep in your bosom by the side of the fountain in the garden.’

A servant came into the room, and rapidly spread the table with all sorts of viands: and then, in the midst of all, she placed a most inviting pot of tea, steaming cheerful and joyous, and with its musically murmured song seeming to mingle the most irresistible prayers for some one to come and drink it.

‘Now, ma’am, be so kind as to draw your chair up to the table,’ said Mr. Cohen. ‘Miss Steinberg, will you please to attend to them?’

The poor woman complied with a look of frightened gratitude. Adeline lost no time in spreading cakes, and fowl, and hot boiled beef; nor was cold pie forgotten.

It was just the office that was congenial to all the sensibilities of Adeline's loving nature. And, with the look of her beautiful eyes, the sweetness of her smile, and the feeling, quicker than thought, with which she passed on from one thing to another, all centring either in the woman or her child, she appeared so blessed, so benignly joyous, that all who looked upon her, felt their soul stilled to the deep rich hush of perfect happiness.

Yet you must not think that Adeline surrendered up her infant treasure. It could not be expected; and she would have smiled if any one had been so sweetly innocent as to request it. She placed some milk on the fire to warm; and while this was in operation she pounded biscuit very finely indeed, and then mingled it with the milk. To this she added certain mysterious ingredients which we really cannot specify, because the proper composition of this kind of food has, ever since the days of Eve the first mother, been known only to the ladies. Having mixed, she tasted the compound; and finding it in every way satisfactory, began to feed the little creature very carefully, and in small quantities at a time. Adeline was delighted with the remarkably successful manner in which it accomplished the feat of eating; and, indeed, there did appear to be some danger that baby would be done to death with feeding, and hugging, and kisses, and smiles, and expressions of admiration.

'Dear papa,' said Eulalie, whispering in his ear, 'the little girl is just my size. Could she not have some of my clothes? There are some things I am sure I don't need, because I can wear them so seldom; and I should feel so much happier if I knew she was dressed warmly. How she must feel, dear papa, in our comfortable home!'

It was one of Mr. Cohen's principles never to check the liberality of any of his children, but to do all in his power to encourage it, and show that he approved of it. So he said, in the same soft voice, 'Well, my precious child, if you think so, go and see what you can

spare them. But mind that the things are warm and serviceable, and suited to the rest of her dress, so that she may not be ashamed to wear them. Ask Mary if she will be kind enough to go with you, and help you to judge.'

At last, when all was collected together, the poor afflicted creature, scarcely able to contain her gratitude, was dismissed with a load of food and clothing beyond her strength—reduced by hardship—to carry; and therefore a servant was despatched to assist her. Nor was money forgotten. And as, on all such occasions, every member of a Jewish family is moved by a noble spirit of emulation, she received a very substantial sum, accompanied by a desire that they might continue to be informed of her circumstances.

* * * * *

'There's to be some experiments in Animal Magnetism made to-night,' said David, looking up from the 'Morning Post' with a yawn.

'Where?' asked St. Maur.

'Oh! at B——, just beyond here.'

'Shall we go?' he said to Isaac.

'Why you don't intend to countenance that of all things?'

'Well, I should like to see the concern. I have a decided antipathy to being gulled; and I am quite of opinion that this thing is a disgusting sham all out—in fact, about one of the most elaborate specimens of humbug, which any German quack, in his German *stube*, over German beer, ever perpetrated. I wonder it has been endured half as it has. But Englishmen have an instinct full of sympathy with medical quackery—from German pills and table-turning, to this magnetism. They hate political and poetical quackery; but they shut their eyes, and open their pockets, to any impudent rogue who professes to render them immortal by a pill. You know I have seen a thing or two in India; where, without any acknowledged contract with supernatural powers, a native will make you a cup of boiling

coffee without either fire or water—so he says; and take mangoes and cocoa-nuts from an empty sack before your eyes; and swallow poisons without harm. So I should like to go to this thing to-night. What do you think of the concern, David?’

‘Nothing.’

‘I’m glad of it—shows your extreme good sense. I’ve made a few experiments myself; but after going through all the flummery of passes, and looking gravely and steadily into a pair of blue eyes for half an hour, I was obliged to give up, and own that all the magnetising power had been exercised on the other side.’

‘But of the lecture which this itinerant Xavier is going to let off to-night,’ said Isaac. ‘You’ll go, Adeline? I am guided by you.’

‘I am sure, then, I will not be an obstacle,’ replied Adeline. ‘But I hope Mary will go too.’

‘She will be sure to say yes. So we shall just make a party.’

‘I’ll take Tim, my Irishman,’ said St. Maur.

‘What will you do with him?’ asked Isaac.

‘I might be inclined to speak. If anything rough followed, it might be acceptable to have him near me. Besides, Tim will enjoy the thing so: and he is a good straightforward fellow, and has the muscles of a rhinoceros.’

‘O do let me beg you to keep silent,’ said Adeline imploringly. ‘It will make us ill if you arouse any feeling of an unpleasant nature.’

‘Be sure I will not intentionally. You need not be apprehensive—it’s only a joke. Tim can drive us.’

CHAPTER XVI.

THE carriage stood at the front door. Tim plumed himself not a little on his newly-acquired dignity of

'dhriving' the laadies,' and sat upon the box as upright as a hovel-post. As soon that afternoon as he was made aware that he had it to do, he commenced worrying the poor groom almost out of his life. It was in vain that the latter assured him that 'everything was as right as a trivet,' and 'just as it always had been;' and 'what had pleased before would please now.' Tim would have the carriage re-rubbed and polished, the horses' trappings more highly burnished, and the 'iligrant craythurs' themselves were encouraged in all possible ways, and desired to 'stap their fut out nately.'

Isaac selected, and paid for, a front seat; where, in exchange for their half-crown a-piece, he and his friends were to be permitted to imbibe a considerable amount of strong and full-flavored information. But with this lecture we have nothing to do; so it may pass away.

When it was concluded, our party adjourned to their private room in the commercial hotel, at which they had left the carriage. While the horses were being put to, Tim proceeded to ensconce himself over a snug little drop in the tap-room. Being supplied with the glittering beverage, he poured out a tumbler full and commenced disposing of it in very exactly proportioned sips; often pausing to imbibe the dew which continued to hang about his lips. During these operations, Tim's physiognomy became philanthropical in the extreme—a thing not unusual with gentlemen in similar circumstances. A bland benevolence of sentiment, embracing all races, and classes, and sects of men, permeated his bosom; quite the 'mild angelical air' that Byron speaks so highly of.

'Droothy work this dhrivin,' he soliloquised. 'Plis-int plaace itself this. Kaaps the raal craythur, anyway—the raal mountyin-dew.

At this stage in his meditations Tim was hailed by a man dressed in the true Anglo-Hibernian style. His unbraced pantaloons had worked themselves many

degrees out of place by meridian, and his coat bore the strongest presumptive evidence of having been blown from the mouth of a cannon. He had a good-tempered, broad-humored expression of countenance, rendered still more comical by the jaunty set of his russet *carbeen*, and a wisp of straw which hung daintily from a considerable cavity in the roof.

'Whroo!' he cried. 'Av id is'nt ould Tim O'More. Will, how arra ye my hair?''

'Arrah! B't'houly!' echoed Tim, 'I'm right glad thin to mate tegither. I'm will, ivry tay-spoonful av me—an' a dale betther thin that. Augh! thin, kem, as wiv bane ould frins tegither, let's giv ye a becomin' an' cridithable reapiion, me darlint.

'An' how d'ye likes Ingee?' inquired his friend, as he wiped his mouth on his coat-cuff after he had drunk.

'Ogh! idth's the feerst gim o' th' arth an' the feerst flower o' the say—barrin' ould Eyrin. Ith's rather misfortunat though id is, ye can't get many phwaties theer, an thad's troth—theer's no phwatie gardyins. What are you doin' av, iv ith's a feer question?'

'Shure thin, an' id's gardyunin I am, in a soort iv a tuthorer's—a shkulemistriss's famley. Bud, indaad, t'ood be hard now to till ye what I am, fur nat a know I know. Id's most ivrythin' in coorse, an' nothin' pethickler in the manetime. Ith's the lasthe mule beyant here thit kud be mishered any way; an' id's a a purty dacent soort iv a plaace. I'm bin theer two year now, nigh hant it. Niver house desarved a betther carrickthur in the shape av atin' an' drinkin' and the likes. I niver seen a betther ayther afore or sin—and that's thrue. A good plaat af baaf or sim ither mate ivry day unvarsally—barrin the fastht is in id. Ith's no he nqw, what I'm tellin' an yis. An' they'm none av yer proud stuck-up aigles, wid nothin' in the sthrongh box. They'm richer nor the Mint, but they don'd makes me wear oud my hat-brim be touching it to em.

I'm niver touched it to 'em wanst—it's thruth now what I'm jist said.'

'Is id a tuthorer's house, ye said?'

'Shure thin, an yeer right theer, howsandiver. I'm rather skeered at this instant-momint, bekase you parsaive theer's a blaggard a-comin' the night to run away wid wan iv the young laadies—wan iv the most beauthifulst good-lukinst craythurs in all the houl shkule o' thim too. An' he manes to desaive her—id's nat jokin' that I am, now.'

'Whoo-hoo-hoop!' roared Tim, flourishing his arm valiantly. Id's meself thit ud be the boy to rattle me shillala about the hid av him, even if he's no worser nor the bestht man livin'.'

'Bad luck to him. I wish he'd bin in hiven, afore the shade av his shader had crasshed on my path. Sin' I've knawn the outs an' ins av't, I've thried to dipind an confisshn: but some way id saams sich mortal sin, an' I can't dipind an't. The laady's sich a beauthiful an' innocthent craythur, an' the flower af the plaace. But thin it seems just an' aiquil any way, bekase ye see she was wan av thim blaggards that crushified the blissid Saviour—glory be to God! Troth, too, an' id's hirsif, ivry inch an her, thit's the patthern av a nate purty Jewisth. Sheen got the littest arms, an' feet, an' han's as iver ye seen, an' a waisthe nat bigger nor my little finger—ye may blave what I'm tillin' an ye'

'Is id a Jewisth thit she is?'

'Indaad, an' you may say that. Id's anuf to put wan all over in a thrumble av fright.'

'My masthre's a Jew,' said Tim. 'Him and his frins is gra't people—tirrible itself. Come up, Jack, an' we'll tell't to him.'

'Bag yer hanor's pardon, sur,' said Tim, as he obeyed St. Maur's order to come in, doffing his hat and bowing profoundly. 'Sarra bit o' the likes o' me would iv thransgrissed an the masthre's silf indaad, in the midhtst af yir intherthaynment wid the ladies, av it

plaaace the night—glory be to the Virgin! And id saams at confisshn her an' the houly fadthre's bin pullin' af a shtring tegither, an' she's consinted to marry him. Bud the nager, win he giths her praperty, is intindid to laave her, an' spind id in a forrin counthry in sim ither part av the world.'

'Now we want you to tell us how you got to know all this,' said Isaac.

'Why you persaive, yer hanor,' said the O'Callaghan, 'whin he pulled out his henkircher, there was a letter kem out wid it.'

'Have you got it?' said St. Maur hurriedly.

'Augh, thin, I know yer hanor ud be for wantin' an't, so I brought it wid me,' said the worthy, at the same time diving into a deep pocket of his ragged coat, and fishing out a mysterious jumble of bob-pipes, tobacco screws, pieces of filthy paper, and other articles of *vertu*; from which, after some difficulty and diligence of search, he picked out the letter.

'Here 'tis, yer hanor.'

St. Maur took it. It had been sealed up and directed—evidently intended for the post. He read it aloud.

'Can such wickedness be?' exclaimed Adeline as he finished.

'It seems so,' said St. Maur.

'But it has surprised me, and I can scarcely realise that it is not all a romance.'

'Now, Callaghan, where's the house?' asked St. Maur.

'About a short mile, sur, right away theer forencnt us.'

The length of road was quickly passed over; so in a few minutes they drew up under a part of the wall at the back of the house, where the chaise was completely concealed from observation by a thick grove of trees.

'Now, O'Callaghan,' said Isaac, 'I'll pay you, if you wish it; but if you'd mind the horses instead of Tim, it would be all the greater service.'

'Oh, to be sure I will.'

'Now, Adeline,' said Isaac gaily, 'we are only going a few yards from you; and if anything happens, therefore, you have only to shriek, and we shall be at your side.'

'Don't trouble yourself at all on that score,' said St. Maur. 'Trust a lady to squeak in good time, without any positive order to do it.'

'I think it is very likely she will come by the side door,' said Isaac, as he surveyed the house. 'It is quite convenient for the gate, and probably is less heavily secured than the front. However, hidden in this recess, we can see, let him go to which he may.' And he led the way to a dark spot formed by the hedge and a group of trees.

They waited, counting the minutes, and scarcely daring to breathe. After a short while, a light stealthy footstep was heard advancing, but in a direction quite different to any they expected. Their hearts beat almost audibly.

'There's a good deal of ugliness about it,' whispered Isaac. 'I wish it was over, and I snug in bed.' 'Hush,' said St. Maur, for the sound was close at hand. 'Sheelah, *hust*!' it was Tim. 'Here,' muttered Isaac. 'All right,' he replied. 'We'll crack the head iv him in the twinklin' af a bed-post. Whroo!' and Tim flourished a sapling that Hercules himself might have envied. He had stayed behind to cut it from among the trees in the garden.

'You are not—' St. Maur began. But he was stopped suddenly, for they distinctly heard the latch of the gate removed. The few pale rays of the just rising moon began to reveal objects in a dim obscurity: and, by her light, they saw a man walking on the grassy edge of the gravel path. Although the turf, yielding to his passage like a velvet carpet, prevented the slightest sound of footfalls, yet he came on with the mincing tiptoe tread of conscious guilt. He stood still before the door opposite them. There could be no doubt—it was the priest.

The blinds of the window over the door were drawn; it was the signal that he was heard. All was right; and he walked up and down, rubbing his hands one on the other complacently. After a few minutes, the door was quietly opened, and a lady closely muffled and veiled stepped out on the soft grass.

'You good creature!' he said, with tender rapture, 'always punctual.'

'Hush!' said the lady.

'Oh!' he exclaimed gloriously. 'I don't care if the whole house comes now. We've got the laugh of them, and shall be off and away in a half a second.'

'In 'half a second' a hand was gently laid on his arm. He did not laugh then—there was something so real about it. He felt there was no joke in St. Maur's cold and determined look; and his face blanched to the color of a winding-sheet. The lady fainted. That, of course, was to be expected.

'Set her down, Isaac,' said St. Maur, hurriedly; 'there are the door steps. Tim—water!'

'I want your explanation of this little episode,' pursued St. Maur, turning to Barrett.

He had recovered himself. His offrontery was amusing. 'Are you a highwayman, sir? If you are not off these premises instantly, you shall find that the law can reach you even here.'

'Very good,' replied St. Maur coldly. 'Thus relieved, you may feel better able to answer my first question.'

'I answer nothing, you impertinent rascal. Unhand me, sir. Let me give attention to my sister—for aught I know you have murdered her. Eva, dear Eva, speak to me—do!'

'Eva!' ejaculated St. Maur, and he bent over her face. Her veil had been removed, and she was slowly recovering. 'Isaac, it is my own sister!'

'Surely not.'

In his agony, St. Maur had let go his hold on the priest, and the fellow was hastily decamping.

'Tim! Tim!' cried Isaac, 'look there!'

Tim was up with him in a moment, and, catching him in his arms, as though he were an infant, carried him back triumphantly.

'Mr. Barrett,' said St. Maur. Barrett *was* startled now. 'I know the man with whom I have to deal. It is but right that we should be on equal terms. Your scheme for beggaring my sister and enriching yourself, I rejoice to know, is killed in the bud. You will now accompany me to the authorities. I think you have done enough to outrage the law.'

'Adolphus,' said Eva, in a tremulous voice, 'let him go. I want him out of sight.'

'Let me engrain at least a few marks on him, dear Eva, to take away, just as a memento,' replied St. Maur.

'No, send him away. His presence hurts me.'

'Go, then, you miserable fellow!' said St. Maur, sternly; and he gave him a stinging lash. With a yelp and a bound he fled from the garden.

'Bad luck! but that's quare now,' muttered Tim, in a voice of severe disappointment. 'I'd med me mind fur a bit av divarshan at all evints; lay alone givin' to the nager a cridithable recption, and makin' a few marks on his rind.'

'I think we have disturbed the people in the house,' said Isaac. 'It seems to me that it would be wise to get to the carriage as soon as possible. It won't do, you know, to stand explaining here at this time of night. We can support Miss St. Maur between us.'

'I hear them on the stairs,' said St. Maur, 'what you say is best. Come, then, dear Eva, if you can,' he pursued, taking her hand. 'Let them find you are absent, and digest it at their leisure. I shall call for what belongs to you to-morrow.'

Everything was quickly explained to Adeline and Mary; and Eva was lifted up to a seat between them. Adeline was immediately absorbed in calming Eva's spirit, and inducing her to forget the excitement, by all

those delicate and feminine attentions which none knew how to display better than herself.

It was very natural that in the overflowing of his joy, St. Maur felt inclined to reward O'Callaghan very liberally indeed; and to the infinite delight of the latter, he did so. He being discharged, Tim mounted the box in the highest possible feather. Even the animals themselves came in for a share of his felicitations. He lavished on them all imaginable encouragement and praise. Finally, he drove up to Mr. Cohen's door with a tempest-like majesty, pulling the horses to with a sudden grand stop, as almost to eject every one from the carriage, notwithstanding the precautions they had taken for countervailing the vis inertiae.

CHAPTER XVII.

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 had 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 are you doing now, Miss Steinberg?' said St. Maur, as with Isaac he entered the room. 'Painting everybody 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.

'Eva,' said St. Maur, turning to his sister, 'I'm 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 need not 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, how ever 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 preoccupied. I intend to do now, as Miss Steinberg has kindly occupied much of her time this morning to advise—read simply my Bible, endeavor 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 that 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;

* Under the name of Ehel 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 first, and married the second. These proceedings he often repeated. The Session of Rabbis

and that, therefore, I 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 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

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.

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 provoked, 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, prophecy, 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, etc., etc. 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, 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, can you ever again feel to me like you used? I’m very sorry.’

Eva’s display of sensibility 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 words.

‘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, do be calm—do compose yourself,’ 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—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 Rabbinism. 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 few 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. Supposing that Eva, driven to desperation through Rabbinitism, had been ruined through that Barrett—I don’t allude to the £ s. d., for I have plenty for us both, but the marriage—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!—I’d have—well—it is as 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 has 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 working 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 insult her, by saying she was part of his moral discipline—his temptation—making his contemplations earthly—whew ! the driveller ! Pity, poor fellow ! he was so weak just in that point—so prone to fall into the temptation. But, Isaac, hear me whilst I say, that from the very bottom of my heart and soul, and, if possible, lower, deeper than that—I hate Judaism, because it offends, insults, crucifies that most sacred of all sacred things—that most beautiful of all beauties—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, 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.'

'Yet the Bible, as you know, declares it positively.'

'Yes. But you see, for the honor 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 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 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—everywhere to 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 abolished; 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 favoring influences than those which are shed from Jewish skies?’

‘And yet,’ said Adeline, turning her soft, serious eyes upon him, ‘you most earnestly labor 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 neighborhood of Jerusalem—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 lay 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 beautiful voice—"most musical, most melancholy"—like a nightingale singing to the stars?'

'Well, there's the bell,' said Isaac. 'It's loafing time. So this meeting will adjourn.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

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 running 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.'

'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 honor; 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. 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. 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. 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 madiens 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 Persopolis.'

'They are glorious dreams,' said Adeline, 'which vision to us the past. Scenes and faces arise, and noble aspirations——; but enough; for, like all else, it is illusion. The colors 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.'

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. Theirs 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 on 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 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 Passover. 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 XIX.

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 father; 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, father, 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 mean 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 *sidereal* 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, dear father; 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, father!' 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 heartgoot 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 shée 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, father,' she said, very slowly and faintly, after this solemn stillness had continued some time, 'O, father, 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 father, hesitate. Do, dear, go,' 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! Here, when a lord of the land and a gute man, plentish of monete 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 settled 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*, father!' 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 powerful, mit plenty of monete, 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!—the apple of my eye.'

'I am not able to stand; good night, dear father,' 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 getting 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.

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.'

But before her mother could return, the heart-stricken Adeline fell lifeless upon the bed; 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, observed it directly. She poured some wine into a glass, and with a teaspoon administered it very gently.

'Thank you,' Adeline murmured.

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 of the 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 my dear mother?'

'She is in bed now.'

'Now, Maacah,' said Adeline, 'you will oblige me much by going to your rest directly. I am very grateful indeed for your attention; and, as a further favor, 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 XX.

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 tear drops 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 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—come to me again, and while pillowing your head upon Adeline's bosom, there pour out your griefs. 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.

It was about two hours afterwards 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 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 glorious 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.'

Honor 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.

'What do you mean, Adeline?' said Isaac, with a gush of passionate feeling; 'how can I gave you up?'

It is impossible? 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 honor 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.’

‘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 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. 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. My heart 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. 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-colored 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?'

'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?—tomorrow afternoon, perhaps, she could come, and then she could stay through the Sabbath with me.’

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 the 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, calm 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-colored 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. 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 steadfastly 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, shall be patient under tribulation, and still retain their confidence in Thee. No sorrow, no suffering, shall induce us to forsake Thee,

eternal Father! Living, we will live to Thee—dying, we shall die to Thee.’

‘Thank you,’ said Isaac, when she had finished. ‘It has done me good—it has made me feel better—less bitter I mean.’

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.*

CHAPTER XXI.

THREE months have passed away, and it is sunset on the thirteenth of September by the Christian calendar, the last day of *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 Eulalie fondling round 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 Eulalie calls forth a kiss, or awakes a mournful smile. And now Mary enters; and stooping to kiss his pale

* 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, for I could have given one much more painful.

lips, weaves her arm in his, and sits down by his side. Then came David and his wife, and lastly, the servants. St. Maur, accompanied by Eva—married too, to Miss Hallevy—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 hopes, 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.'

According to the Jewish belief, 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 favor 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. Eulalie 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 Eulalie 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 Eulalie; ‘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, Eulalie,’ 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. Eulalie felt lovelily; a heavenly calm diffused through her spirit; for she fancied she could hear blended 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 awakes an answering throb in the spirit; and the words passed over Eulalie’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 narrow sea, 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 Eulalie’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 honor 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, Eulalie's soft, serious eyes were immoveably 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 ~~by~~ 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. Eulalie 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 XXII.

It is six o'clock; and 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 is 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 frankincense, nor shewbread, no altar, nor meat-offering, no perfume, nor offering of sweet-smelling savor, 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 trouble and sorrow that daily overtake us, dread hath seized upon us, our power is brought down to the earth.

'We have neither prophet nor vision, we grope and feel our way as the blind. We daily inquire 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 honor; 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.'

'Man,' said Mr. Cohen, '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. There-

fore 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 stampest 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 bestowest 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 children 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,' etc.

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.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

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 his riches. The tread of every foot was hushed in beauti-

ful 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. 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 gentleman-like 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, hopelessly—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'; and sinking into a chair, she bowed her little head in her hands.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

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.

Adeline gazed around 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 color; 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.

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 ?

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 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 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 tear-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 attain 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 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!'

'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.'

'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.

'And 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.' 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 XXV.

ON the fifteenth day of Tishri is the 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.

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 of 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, 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 Eulalie 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 color; 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 the 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.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN the service was concluded, Mary immediately assented to Eulalie's desire for a walk round the garden. Mary and Eulalie—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 delight 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 jessamines, 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 Eulahe, 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 favorite floweret—now exchanging a gay smile or waving her pretty hand to some other member of the family whom she met in the walks.

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 plenteousness 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 Eulalie 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 Eulalie had gathered from the flower-borders still lay within the muslin folds that covered her bosom.

'Mary,' said Eulalie, 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.'

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

Mary drew out her Testament, and read some of Eulalie's favorite 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.'

The precious words flowed over Eulalie'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.

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 Eulalie'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 Eulalie, '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 culling 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, 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 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 Eulalie's dream with a thrill of strange unworldly feeling. She felt what was coming. And now that Eulalie had uttered it, it fell on her heart with all the certainty of a prophecy. She did not answer immediately; and Eulalie 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 Eulalie 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. 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. 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 every one 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 every one 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 Eulalie. ‘You would soon come to me.’

Mary wept, and her hot tears fell upon Eulalie’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 Eulalie speak with such certainty of dying.

‘Don’t grieve, dear,’ said Eulalie, 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 XXVII.

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 thinking—I ain't quite made up my mind, you know—I've bin thinking as how I shall get another suit of togs, and marry and settle; and so begin life in a proper, straightforward manner, don't you see?' answered Ben, scratching his chin.

'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 any one 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's blush finished the publication.

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.

'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.'

'Well,' said Ben, pensively, 'there seems sense in all that there.'

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. But, 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 obstacles in your way. 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.'

Thus passed away the feast of the 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 XXVIII.

FIVE months of the Jewish civil year have passed away; and it is the middle of Adar. On the fourteenth and fifteenth of Adar is the feast of 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 inquired concerning him, and found that he was a Jew, he conceived the wicked 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 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 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 for 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 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, etc., etc. Dinah and Rachel and the manservant 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 labor 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.

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 Eulalie Cohen.' Eulalie 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 unearthlike 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 Eulalie should awake.

The lovely little sleeper drew a long, sweet breath; while a smile more heavenly than earthly 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 Eulalie, taking it in her thin

white hand. 'I do 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 Eulalie, 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 Eulalie, 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 EULALIE,

'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 side-walk, 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 Eulalie, 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 us. It may be that we shall never meet again on earth—at present, it seems most unlikely that we ever shall.

'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, 12th Adar, 5504.*'

'How beautiful!' said Eulalie, 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.'

'Mary, love,' resumed Eulalie after a little while, 'I must answer dear Adeline's letters 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 Eulalie'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 Eulalie 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 XXIX.

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?'

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 idealised 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 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 honor 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 favorably 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.'

'Impossible!'

'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.'

'Why, by the law of Moses, you are punishable 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.'

'This will grieve David sadly.'

'I have no doubt—I am quite willing he should 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 XXX.

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 into 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 exquisitely 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 rapidly to pace the room.

Days and weeks had passed away since Isaac had bidden her farewell, but each one bowed her spirit nearer and nearer to the earth. Every one 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 to have 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 wreathe 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.

God had given her a sweet babe, a beauteous little cherub as ever was invested with the veil of mortality; and the mother intensely loved 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. 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.

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 head 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.'

His noise disturbed the sleeping infant and it began to cry. Adeline took it up in her arms and tried to hush it.

'There, take away that squalling thing.'

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 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 depths within our being, with a blissful, exalting influence, even in the darkest sorrow, like the imperceptible zephyr that stirs the delicate leaf.

CHAPTER XXXI.

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 organization 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 hers, 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 row.'

'Well?'

'It was with Lord Selford. I wish I'd stopped at 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. 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 honor 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 foolish 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 am going to meet him—fight him.'

'But that will be avoided if you apologize.'

'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? To stand up and allow yourself to be fired at, Alfred, is a false sense of courage—believe it. It does not require the thousandth part of the courage to face death, that it does nobly and undauntedly to struggle against the sorrows and 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 on 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.’

‘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.’

‘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 honor, your courage, to exhibit how recklessly you can place yourself in danger of making your wife a widow, and your child an orphan.’

‘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’

‘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 deeply and really affected.

'Come, now, my lady,' 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 English.'

* * * * *

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 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.

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 signs 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. It’s dark—doubt. Pray with me again.’

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 to the penitent and believing.

A shade passed over the face of the dying man as he pressed her hand and murmured tremulously, 'Lord — Jesus — Christ!' With the last word his spirit passed away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

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 us 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 God is seen face to face. Strange! that we feel thus content to linger here on this cold bleak desert when such immortal hopes are ours.

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 that 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 favorable symptoms?'

Mary's eyes were brimful of tears. Her lips quivered—she could not speak.

The room into which they entered was an elegant apartment, fitted up with the nicest adaptation to all the refinements of female taste. Indeed, it was Mary's drawing-room; and where in the society of Eulalie 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 tranquilly, 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.

It was the 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 can 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.'

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. 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 Eulalie's — 'We cannot keep your angel spirit here—it belongs to heaven.' And Mary sat down in her usual place, at the head of Eulalie's couch.

There was a soft holy smile, and Eulalie 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.'

‘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 Eulalie’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 Eulalie, 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.’

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 sound—upon the flowers trembling with happiness—upon the stooping trees, the bright gladsome birds, the crystal skies—upon which Eulalie 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 Eulalie, 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 Eulalie 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 Eulalie, 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 'apostacy' 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.

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 Eulalie were sitting. Eulalie 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 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 Eulalie on her knee.

'My precious Eulalie 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. 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 Eulalie more than ever for sending the New Testament, and directing her to those beautiful parts in it, which describe the Redeemer's wondrous goodness and grace; and for writing that delightful letter telling about Him, and what you enjoyed.'

'There is the dinner bell,' said Mary, dashing away the big tear-drop from her long eye-lashes. 'We must go in, my dear, now.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'MARY,' said Mr. Cohen, as they passed indoors, 'I want you a moment.'

'Yes, father,' she replied, following him into a parlor.

'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 so 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,' 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 more than ever I love you!'

Now Mary and Eulalie 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 Eulalie, who noticed that things were progressing towards a distribution of the edible, 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 Eulalie.

'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 Eulalie, 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 allow 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, Eulalie—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, Eulalie, that she has left the right way of serving God, for a wrong one.'

Eulalie'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 generalised sufficiently 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. I'll go to Mary, and ask her to come to you directly.'

'Thank you, thank you, dear papa,' said Eulalie, 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.'

Eulalie was lost to sight immediately. 'Will you kindly stay, too?' he said, in a quivering tone, to Adeline, 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 realise it.'

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 of the gallery to find Adeline.

In her own parlor she found her, with her arms interweaving the waist of Eulalie, who sat by her side.

'What will my sweet Eulalie do?' said Mary. 'I have come to take Adeline away.'

'For long?' asked Eulalie.

'I cannot tell you, my love. It may be that you will see her no more this evening.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

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 favored one—a Prussian proselyte—Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo Czatskigliuthklung-blomerang, or some other equally learned name.

The Baron was tall, of middle age—the *beau ideal* 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 curtsying 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.

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.

'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 Ben Baruch commenced by measuring 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 relative. 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 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 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 me—save me! Do save me! I shall never change—believe it.’

‘*Never?*’

‘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.

‘It’s 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 to 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.’

‘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 in 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! women 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 terrible blasphemies against the Lord of glory. The noise reached the ears of Eulalie; it frightened her, for she knew not what to make of it, and, gliding in through the door, she looked round 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 pious 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 Eulalie, with a shudder, her head still bowed in her sister's bosom.

'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 dost more mischief.'

'I would let you—I would be glad to die for you, if it could make you better,' said Eulalie, 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 color mantled her neck and face. 'Abuse an infant! and that infant dying! Mary, come directly!—this is no place for us.'

* 'Goim'—Gentiles.

'No, no; she must stay yet,' said the other rabbi.

'Hush, my precious!' said Mary, kissing Eulalie fervently; and their tears mingled. 'If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.' 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 Eulalie away.'

'No. I will not leave you here alone. Who knows what will be perpetrated next?'

'Do be quick, gentlemen,' said Mary, 'or I shall go. Why should I stay? I will not,' and she moved towards the door.

'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.

'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 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 XXXV.

BUT Mr. Cohen, when he heard of the disgusting treatment which Mary and Eulalie 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 Eulalie had endured, he felt himself to be more deeply dishonored 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 mid-summer. 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 'looks 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 upon the dim distance—the heavy silence—the monumental repose—the quiet shadowy flowers—the great guardian cypress—it was a scene which her melancholy could fill with airy shapes and sad remembrances. 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 Eulalie. 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. 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.

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 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.’

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 of 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 XXXVI.

THE moments, the hours, were flying quickly away. A sad and solemn stillness reigned everywhere within the house, and mute sorrow was depicted on every countenance. For Eulalie 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 on his, she held up her lips for a kiss, ‘I do love you so—oh, more than I can 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——’ Eulalie’s voice grew misty; her thoughts had fled far from earth, and joined the hymning circles of bright spirits in heaven.

‘My precious Eulalie 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 Eulalie 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.

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 Eulalie’s fading away was so calm and very beautiful. If this were death, why was he ever dreaded by the child of God? Eulalie 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 Eulalie 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. 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 blossoms ; for as yet not a hue was paling, nor a leaf fallen.

Amidst so much life, how hard it sometimes is to realise death.

Eulalie 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 shall 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 Eulalie 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 honor 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 honor of the nations into it. And

there shall in no wise 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."'

'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. 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. 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.'

'Had you not 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 then I hear sweet music full of all lovely things, that makes me feel so soft—so—it is like dissolving into *love*, Mary. 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?

'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 Eulalie, 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 Eulalie, 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.'

'Oh, Miss Eulalie, if we could only feel happy like you.'

'Well,' she said, smiling sweetly, 'you may. 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.'

Eulalie'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 Eulalie, 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 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.

Eulalie 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 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 Eulalie.* 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

Eulalie 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.

'Eulalie, 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.

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.

'Eulalie, dear!' whispered Mary, taking her little hand.

'Eulalie, 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 Eulalie! 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. 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! '

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE death of the just has a tremendous, yet an exquisite beauty. It seems to open a new connection between the living and the world of spirits—to form for them still nearer relations with beings of a higher order. Have *you* ever felt that fine, that more than human emotion, which thrills through the spirit, while gazing on the lovely dust?

It was the last day of all. Eulalie's room was lighted by long wax candles, for the light of day was completely excluded. All there was hushed in the most profound stillness. How much more is that dim tone of poetry that pervades almost every—even the coldest—bosom, awakened by such a room; where the sleep of heaven, and the mournful emotion are aided by obscurity like mystery, and silence deep as thought. In others where the day flows in through the drawn curtains, the light and colors are too well defined and familiar, and that indistinct fancy, with which the ideal beauty that death ever possesses, is looked on and loved, is lost in the tide of common feeling.

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.'

The feeling inspired by that death-chamber and that lovely little sleeper 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.’

Endowed 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 Eulalie 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.

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.

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 Eulalie'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 that die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.' 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.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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.

‘Mary,’ said Mr. Cohen, one day, ‘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.'

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 Eulalie. 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 Eulalie 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.

The wind sighed loneliness 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.

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 Eulalie.

She turned to the small marble tablet, and through the mist of tears, read again the brief inscription—

EULALIE 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.’

‘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, Eulalie, 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 Eulalie'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 Eulalie 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.

‘Eulalie! 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, Eulalie 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, and Mary awoke.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

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 clamor 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.

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 drawbridge, 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. 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 vapors, 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 among 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 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. To-morrow, 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.'

'Holy Virgin! I was right!' exclaimed the leader, 'I was right! 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.

'The cowards!' exclaimed the leader bitterly: '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.'

'Betrayed! Have at thee then, boy! for one final stroke, 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 concussion 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 honored 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, happily, life. And now, my friend, good night; I shall see you again to-morrow. 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, then 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 XL.

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 amongst 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 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 unexpressed 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 struggles, 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 the 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 splendor 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 armor, 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 will come very soon. You know, dear, how much I love you—more than any language could express to you. But God loves us better than we can ever love each other, either on earth or in heaven, for 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 humor 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.

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 are 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. Conin,' 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 questions 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 favorite with Mr. Cohen, for he felt weak and spiritless, and Mary was delicate, and often 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! Gang ye ahint me noo! Are na yese ashamed o' siccan conduck, as to sit doon an' lit a soger qu'etly maul ye, kissin' an' huggin'?' Turning to Isaac, 'An' as for you, ye blawin' gawpas, 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? 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 wabster's 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 bounie wean was lift to tak' caur o' th' hoose, an' ye thocht I shudna fin' ye—ye fashious scunner! Yeer a rogue, I'm positive sure. I ken ye by yeer red brecks!—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. Yeer a rogue a' owre—a bluid-seller, gin ye like it better.'

'It's all very fine, Madge, you making yourself so grand, and taking so much upon you, as you do,' said Anna; '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 enough?'

'Certainly.'

'Save us, ye wadna, surely yeer honor wadna, haud agin me what I'm just bin a saying! Ye maun ken I thoct ye was naething but some Frenchman an' meant na guid to Anna, whilk frightened me. Sure enough, yer honor will pit in a guid word for me to me leddy, an' forgie me?'

'Forgive you? To be sure,' said Isaac.

'Thank yer honor. 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!'

A few hours afterwards, a horseman flung himself from his steed at the door, inquiring 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 inquired, 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 scimeter 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 scimeter from its jewelled 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 XLI.

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.

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.

'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 favorite 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 Eulahe—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

'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 have I 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 honored 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 that 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, as 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 usual mode of disposing of such a scene—'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 arranged that it should be a private one.

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 blossoms around. 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 roseate 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 —! —' Her lips quivered in a slight convulsion. Again all was calm.

Her face shone dazzlingly with that bright and glorious smile. 'Eulalie!' she said mistily, and fixing her eyes on something in the space before her 'My precious sister!—joined in eternal life!'

'Is it Eulalie and heaven that you see, dearest?' said Adeline.

'Eulalie!—mother!—angels!—God! Oh! what—what—glory! A crown of light—it is too much—oh! love unspeakable!'

'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.

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 XLII.

ELOÏSE ABEN BARUCH, who was introduced to our readers at the commencement of this tale, 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 Eloise—his own daughter!—he threatened to slay her.

‘Stop!’ said Eloise; 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 Eloise—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.

‘Eloise!’ 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 untainted. 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 Eloise calmly, ‘you will marry us—now.’

‘Never!’

‘But you shall!’

‘Never!’

‘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, Eloise.’

'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—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 to 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 them?'

Benjamin and his wife Ruth agreed together quite as well as could be expected.

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, 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 tired 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.' He did so a few years later.

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 his 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, who showed 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 fathers' 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 best. The first was that of a young child; 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.

To the question, 'Who are these two girlish beauties?' the simple answer was—

‘Those are Mr. Cohen’s only sisters, Eulalie and Mary—both died young.’

On the marble tablet at the head of Eulalie’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.’

