

within his own, with passionate kisses. "You have made me so happy."

"Then you love Juliet," returned Clary, "and I shall be so glad to talk to you about her. I have a little portfolio which she gave me full of pretty poems, which I will give to you, for I know all the poems by heart."

Anthony no longer heard her. He was wrapped up in a blissful dream, from which he did not wish to awaken. Many voices spoke to his soul; but over all, he heard one soft deep voice, whose tones pierced its utmost recesses, and infused new life and hope into his breast, which said: "Juliet loves you."

CHAPTER XIV.

She hath forsaken God, and trusted man,
And the dark curse, by man inherited,
Hath fallen upon her.

We must now return to Godfrey Hurdlestone, and find him comfortably settled in the hospitable mansion of Captain Whitmore—a favorite with his host; a still greater favorite with Aunt Dorothy; and an object of interest and sympathy to the fair Juliet.

Had she forgotten Anthony? Oh, no!—she still loved him, but dared not whisper to her own heart the forbidden fact. Did she believe him guilty? No—but she had not confidence enough in her own judgment, to overrule the prejudices of others. She could not pronounce him innocent—and she strove to banish his image, as a matter of necessity, a sacrifice which duty demanded of her, from her mind. Could she receive with pleasure the attentions of such a man as Godfrey Hurdlestone? She did; for he was so like Anthony, that there were times when she could almost have imagined them one and the same. He wanted the deep feeling—the tenderness—the delicacy of her absent lover. But he had wit, beauty and vivacity, an imposing manner, and that easy assurance which to most women, is more attractive than modest merit. Juliet did not love Godfrey; but his conversation amused her, and helped to divert her mind from brooding over more unpleasant thoughts. She received him with kindness, for his situation claimed her sympathy; and she exerted herself, in order to reconcile him to the unfortunate change which had taken place in his circumstances. Godfrey was not insensible to the difference in her manner when addressing him—so altered from what it used to be; and he attributed that to a growing attachment, which was but the result of pity. Without giving him the least encouragement to entertain hopes which she never meant to realize, Juliet, with all the romance of her nature, had formed the happy scheme of being able to convert the young infidel from the paths of doubt and error; and animate him with an earnest zeal to obtain a better heritage than the earthly one he had lost. Young enthusiasts are fond of making

proselytes; and Juliet was not aware that she was treading upon dangerous ground, with a very dangerous companion. Untouched by the sacred truths which she sought to impress upon his mind, and which, indeed, were very distasteful to him, Godfrey, hoping to insinuate himself into the good graces of his fair instructress, lent a seemingly willing ear to her admonitions, and pretended to be deeply affected by their sublimity and importance. Since he had arrived at an age to think for himself, he had rejected the Bible, and never troubled himself to peruse its pages. Juliet proposed that they should read it together, and an hour every afternoon was chosen for this purpose. Apparently anxious to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, Godfrey, in order to lengthen these interviews, started objections at every line. With all the zeal of a youthful and self-elected teacher, Juliet found a peculiar pleasure in trying to clear up the disputed point, and in removing his doubts. When at length he yielded to the strength of her arguments, the glow that brightened her cheek proclaimed the inward joy of her heart, and gave to her lovely countenance a thousand additional charms.

One evening their lecture had been protracted to an unusual length; and Juliet concluded, from the silence of her pupil, that he was at length convinced. She closed the sacred volume, and awaited her companion's answer, but he remained buried in profound thought.

"What is your opinion on the subject, Godfrey?" He started—and in a moment recovered his self-possession.

"Forgive me, Juliet, if my thoughts had strayed from heaven to earth. I will however tell you the purport of them. If all men are equal in the sight of their Creator, why does not the same feeling pervade the breast of his creatures?"

"Because men are not endowed with the wisdom of God, neither can they judge righteously as he judges. That all men are equal in his sight, the text we have just read sufficiently proves:—'The poor and rich meet together. The Lord is the maker of them all.'"

"Then why is wealth an object of adoration to the crowd, whilst poverty, even in those who once possessed great riches, is regarded with contempt and pity?"

"Because the world gives a value to things, which in themselves are of no importance," said Juliet. "I think, however, that I should scorn myself, could I regard with indifference the friends I loved, because they had been deprived of these worldly advantages."

"You make me proud of my poverty, Miss Whitmore. It has rendered me rich in your sympathy."

"Obtain your wealth from a higher source, Mr. Hurdlestone," said Juliet, not perhaps displeased with the compliment; "and you will learn to regard with indifference the riches of the world."

"But supposing my dear friend, for argument's