

They are proud of these achievements till they are grey-headed, and then haply they repent! The Indian faith deserts them there: Heaven will scarcely hold them and their trophies!

Utterly unconscious was Blanche that her brother's friend thought of her with such interested constancy. His marked attentions were put down to his politeness, his vivacity, and the habits of his nation. Had he gone on his knees to the parlour-maid, unbosomed himself to the cook, or addressed the gardener's wife in terms of affectionate passion, Blanche would hold him not guilty because he was a Frenchman! Why, had not a little *bonne* who came to the Priory with some of Lady Maldon's visitors, taken a carving-knife to the boy who kept the crows from the kitchen-garden, and threatened to have his life if he would not love her! Setting the carving-knife aside, all this was natural, and there was no harm in it.

The result was that Blanche shunned