

sure in his heart every changeful charm of that eloquent and beautiful countenance. And the soft, low tones of that musical voice, how they stole into the secret chambers of his soul, and how, as day after day passed on, and still his work remained unfinished, for each day he found something to undo, that so he might prolong the witching task, their eyes learned to utter mute language, and Rosalie's fitting blush told that sweet emotions were stirring in her heart—sweet and new, for they were all unfelt till then,—and the light words that each had spoken so gaily, were hushed, and low, half-breathed tones trembled from his lips, and indistinct words were uttered by hers, which, mingling with bursting sighs, alone broke the delicious silence, that, as in a rapturous trance enchained the young souls that were now learning love's first enchanting lesson; and then came the faltering avowal, the mute, yet eloquent confession, and they were happy—too happy! for, alas, they were all unguarded in their joy, and when the jealous father read the sweet secret which they strove not to hide, what a changed destiny was theirs.

How harshly she was chidden, and he—a sentence of banishment exiled him forever from her presence, who had but just revealed to him a joy his life knew not till then,—hopeless, endless banishment, unless the inspiration of this new master passion, could work within him the power and will, to equal one who stood alone and unapproachable in his great and noble art. It was a cruel mockery to bid him paint like Guido, before he aspired to the hand of her he loved—a command equivalent to a positive denial of his suit—for only a miracle could enable him to obey it. So he at first thought, and despair was in his heart; yet he yielded not to it, but sat down to the study of Guido's works, till he seemed to catch the glow of that great artist's genius, and then he essayed what only love, all potent as it is, could have emboldened him to attempt, an humble imitation of the style and manner, which even the most gifted had hitherto pronounced inimitable. He trembled at his boldness, yet still he persevered, striving to imbibe the spirit of his prototype, till after toil, and labour, and discouragement unspeakable, he so far succeeded as to marvel at his own work.

Frequent, during this period of anxiety and doubt, were his stolen interviews with the gentle Rosalie,—and the breathings of her tender affection, her unwavering faith, inspired him with strength and courage to press forward with the task which was to win for him a prize, coveted even above the laurel which any approach to Guido's excellence was sure to bestow on him. But at length those sweet and secret meetings with his beloved, held at the house of a mutual friend, were suspected by her father, and henceforth she was more strictly watched and guarded, and subjected to a more jealous care

and espionage than ever—still the lovers continued to interchange frequent letters, and these were a comfort to both.

But of late the artist had been disturbed, despite his deep faith in Rosalie, by the knowledge which she herself communicated, that the young Baron Desmonville had made overtures for her hand, and notwithstanding her decided rejection of his suit, still persevered, encouraged by her father, in his addresses. She wrote more tenderly than ever, and as fervently protested her constancy, but a longer time than usual had elapsed since the receipt of that note, and the secret uneasiness occasioned by her silence, rendered him less able to bear unmoved on this night, the whispered words of Paul Roussard. In fact they stung him to the soul, yet he could not, nor would allow himself to believe that Rosalie smiled on another, even though that other wrote his noble name in diamonds. But to have it thought so, even by one individual, and so asserted, seemed to cast a shadow over the brightness and purity of her faith, whom he so fondly loved, and for whom he had as deeply tasked his strength, as did those chivalrous knights of legendary lore, who one after the other perilled life in attempting impossible feats, at the command of the cruel lady of their love.

Such was the train of the young artist's meditations, mingled however with bright hopes that whispered of approaching triumph, when they were broken in upon, by the entrance of M. Roussard's deputies, sent to pack in its case, and convey away his Magdalen. And as the treasure on which hung so many fondly cherished hopes was borne from his sight, which had cost him more sleepless nights and toilsome days, more sighs, and heart-aches, and despairing thoughts,—than ever Pygmalion lavished on his worshipped statue, he breathed a prayer from his soul's lowest depths, for the successful issue of that experiment which was destined to give its hue of joy or woe to his future life. How dreary looked his studio, now that the object of his long and anxious labour no more met his view. For so many months he had been accustomed to behold it, to study it, to touch and retouch, and see it grow into beauty as day succeeded day, that in its absence he felt sad, and solitary, and deserted, albeit he had sent it forth, firm in the belief that it would bring him not only fame, but the bright reward, which, with the ardent feelings of youthful love, he coveted even more than this envied boon.

A summons to supper called him away, and as he sat down at his simple and solitary board, a note lying on the napkin beside his plate attracted his attention. With a trembling hand he took it up, cast one joyous glance at the delicate seal, with its expressive Italian motto, broke the scented wax, and ran his eager eye over the beautiful characters