

the old gentleman, "and I had just received what I trust will be the staff and consolation of my old age.—Had I then been so suddenly deprived of you, how severely would I have felt the blow!"

Evelina stood beside her father. The youth gazed at them alternately. "O my God," cried he, "What does not the captain de Clermont owe thee, for the gift of such affectionate hearts!" The hand of Evelina rested on his pillow. He took it in his. "Could I but be assured of possessing this, with the approbation and blessing of our indulgent father on earth, I would not envy thee, all thou hast else to bestow. Fate could have no higher blessing in store for me."

"What mean you, my son," said Capt. Marvin. "Am I, Theodore, to interpret literally the import of your words, or are they but the temporary effect of your indisposition?"

"Capt. Marvin," replied the youth, "I love your daughter. I have always esteemed—always loved her. What I formerly considered as love, could but be the effects of imagination, or the delusion of the senses; for, since my return to America, my former passion has been nearly obliterated from my memory, and I have only thought of, only lived in the presence of Evelina."

Capt. Marvin took the hand of the invalid, he joined it with that of his daughter. "My children," said he, "may God bless you both. To see you united in the bonds of mutual affection, has been, for many years, the object of my most ardent desire, the summit of my earthly wishes. May you be happy together. May you prosper in this world, and be eternally united in the kingdom of righteousness." A tear glistened in the father's eye, and he turned towards the window, to indulge in the mingled sensations that occupied his mind.