

thy window, night after night, by the lover who borrows the impassioned lays of the poets, to express what he himself but feels."

A faint and scarcely audible sigh had escaped the fair speaker, as she concluded, and her features unconsciously assumed a saddened expression, as she cast her eyes on the ground. Probably her memory wandered back to the lovely scenes of which she had spoken, for there had her childhood and earlier girlhood been past. As if pursuing her own thought, she said, without raising her eyes,

"And yet thou must not believe all they say, Deborah—they can be false, those Italian lovers!"—Suddenly remembering that inferences might be drawn from her words, she continued as if to change the subject. "Thou wilt hear, too, those sad, sweet hymns, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. Those hymns, sung by the maidens of the southern climes to their patroness—the Virgin—when, at vesper hour, they meet in their little sequestered chapels. These thou mayest safely hear, Deborah; they at least, will leave no sorrow for after years." And again she sank into forgetfulness.

They were interrupted, and for the present the subject of the projected studies was dropped. It was, however, resumed. Not only in the two languages already mentioned did they proceed, for every accomplishment that Miriam had acquired did she impart to her friend, and it was with pure and unmixed delight that she beheld the varied talents of Deborah expand and develop themselves.

There was still something unexplained on the part of Miriam. Rarely did she revert to the years spent in other lands—and if the conversation did sometimes tend that way, she invariably changed the subject. This was so often repeated that Deborah could not but notice it. Often did she observe the bright eye of Miriam grow dim beneath the weight of some hidden feeling, even in the midst of all her gaiety, and it became evident to her that some secret sorrow was gnawing at the heart of her who seemed so gay and happy. One day, as they were seated in the little *boudoir* which contained the musical instruments of Miriam, and where they were accustomed to spend the hours devoted to study, one of these fits of abstraction fell upon Miriam, and letting the book fall from her hand, she leaned back listlessly in her chair. Deborah arose, and gliding round the table, imprinted a kiss on the fair cheek of her companion, as if to reproach her for concealment and to assure her of sympa-

thy. Miriam caught the affectionate girl to her bosom.

"Mayest thou never know sorrow, Deborah—sweetest friend!" she ardently exclaimed.

"It is then as I feared," sighed Deborah, "Thou, even thou, whom I would have selected from all mankind as the very happiest—even thou hast not escaped the general doom!"

"Yes, Deborah, to thee I will confess that this heart," and she laid her hand upon it, as if to still its beating, "this heart *has* known sorrow. I have suffered, Deborah—ay! and suffered through years long in silence—but I have sought and found succour from Him who alone knew my anguish. Yes! I have found a healing balm for my bleeding and lacerated heart!"

"Where?" inquired Deborah, almost awed by the solemnity of the other.

"In the Lord Jesus?" replied Miriam. She arose as she spoke, and her eyes were lit up with the Christian's hope and trust, as she turned them full upon Deborah. "Thou art surprised," she added—"doubtless thou hast reason—but I say truly, I am a Christian, and have learned to cast my sorrows at the foot of the cross."

"Why, Miriam, friend of my heart! Thou hast not abandoned the belief of our ancestors?—or given up the religion of David and of Solomon for the comparatively modern code, established by the Prophet of the Christians?—Say, canst thou worship this Christ?"

"Yea, even so, my beloved one!" replied the other calmly, "even this Christ, whom our ancestors crucified—in and through him do I hope for salvation. And thou, too, Deborah! I will never rest till thou kneelest with me before this emblem of man's redemption." As she spoke she unlocked a small ebony cabinet which had been, heretofore, a sort of mystery to Deborah, and displayed a crucifix of ivory.

Deborah was still lost in amazement when the voice of Madame Zenoti was heard calling her daughter, and hastily locking the cabinet, the key of which she wore suspended from her neck, Miriam composed her features, and the girls descended together.

For the present we shall leave them, and carry our readers to a fairer and more genial clime—the sunny land of France.

(To be continued.)