

man, "thou knowest not how ill I can afford to pay one."

"Oh! leave that to me," replied the other with a good-humoured smile; "I know thou art a poor man, a very poor man, Ruben, so thou shalt have a doctor gratis!"

He quitted the room, and in a few minutes a horse was heard cantering from the door. Zenoti had scarcely left the room when Miriam and her mother entered. The old lady approached the bed with a friendly inquiry as to how their patient had passed the night, while Miriam, seizing the hand of her friend, drew her from the room.

"Now, my little truant!" she playfully cried, "thou playedst me a pretty trick this morning, did'st thou not? I thought thee comfortably sleeping, and lo! when I returned to see if thou wert stirring, my pretty nestling was flown. I know thou art anxious for thy father, but as nothing can be done before the arrival of the doctor, I would have thee come down and eat something—breakfast is just ready."

"Nay, I pray thee excuse me, Miriam, but I could not eat, even if I went down. My dear father is, I fear, very ill indeed, and I cannot bear to leave him. I will await the Doctor's coming that I may know his opinion."

"Well, then, thou most devoted of all daughters, adieu for a brief space. I will have thy breakfast sent up to thy father's chamber, since thou wilt not leave him. No objection, sister mine—for I see thou art going to decline my proposal!" And away she tripped towards the breakfast parlor, while Deborah, looking after her a moment as she rapidly descended the stairs, slowly turned and entered once more her father's room.

The old lady, who had been seated by the bed, arose on her approach, and finding that Deborah positively refused to quit her father, repeated her daughter's offer to send up breakfast. Breakfast was served, and with it came Miriam, who, as the servant proceeded to arrange a table near the bed, laughingly observed:

"I come self-invited to breakfast with thee, Deborah—knowing that thou requirest the influence of good example to make thee eat this morning."

Deborah smiled faintly as she acknowledged the kindness of her friend. The old man was incapable of eating, and not all the kind attention of Miriam could prevail upon his daughter, whose appetite was totally destroyed by the sight of her father's suffering and debilitated condition. A few hours brought the doctor, however, and Deborah had the satisfaction of hearing that her

father's life was in no danger, and that he only required some days of quiet repose and careful attention. The surgeon dressed the wound, and having promised to come every day, took his departure.

One week, and the old man was able to sit up—a second, and he could walk about with the assistance of his daughter's arm, or leaning on a stick, and the third after their arrival, saw him accompanying Zenoti to examine the ruins of Moscow. Deborah, now released from her overpowering fears for her father, was at liberty to enjoy the society of her kind friends.

One morning, as she was seated with Miriam in a small dressing-room adjoining their sleeping apartment, the former suddenly exclaimed,

"Now, dearest Deborah, as thy father has finally decided on remaining some months in this neighborhood, let us commence those studies which we have proposed to ourselves. Thou wilt make me acquainted with the language of Milton and of Shakspeare; while I, in return, will teach thee to warble those sweet strains, which are nightly heard on the moonlit bosom of the fair Adriatic—the impassioned lays of Metastasio and of Petrarch. Say, wilt thou find the study irksome? Ah, no! Deborah—the fairy world to be opened before us! the world of poetry and romance—will sweeten to both the dry study of verbs and participles."

"Alas! Miriam," sighed the desponding girl, "It will be but pleasure to thy richly-stored mind—a new language will open to thee a fresh source of refined enjoyment, but I—ah, Miriam! though the English is my native tongue—though I have been taught to speak and write it correctly—for my mother's family kept me several years at a respectable boarding-school,—yet am I entirely unacquainted with the British classics; and Milton, Shakspeare, and all their brethren, are known to me only by name. Of the Italian poets thou hast named, I have never heard."

"Yet! but, my sweet despairing friend, thou art still very young; not yet seventeen, I think—well, thou hast, in the natural course of things, many years before thee—I wish to prepare thee for the time when thou mayest hear the songs of which I have spoken, breathed forth by some noble Florentine or Venetian, on the classic banks of the Arno, or the swelling shores of the storied Gulf of Venice. Ah, Deborah!" she continued with a look so arch, that it brought the blood to the usually pale face of her friend, "would'st thou not like to be thyself the subject of those burning words—for assuredly if thou dwellest in Italian lands, thou wilt hear them sung, beneath