

less. The features were fine and perfectly regular, but it was the expression that charmed the beholder. There was an air of almost pensive thought traced on every lineament, and when she raised her eyes—those large, soft, gazelle-like eyes—it was impossible to regard her with indifference, for in those eyes shone forth a soul as fair and spotless as ever came from the creative power of God. The young lady might have seen perchance nineteen or twenty summers, yet from her quiet and subdued air she might have been taken for three or four years older. She was conversing with the *Marchesa*, and their theme was one which the young seldom find interesting—it was the life and sufferings of the divine founder of our faith. Why was it that the *Marchesa* and her son listened in such breathless attention to the words which the young girl poured forth? Her eyes were cast on the ground—her sweet voice was low and almost passionless in its tones, marking the depth and intensity of her feelings; yet still it was strange that they were so interested by her views of a subject with which they were necessarily so familiar. The mystery was easily explained—she was a convert—that fair young girl—she had been brought up in the Jewish religion, but in the course of a wandering life had fallen upon one who obtained an influence over her heart, which she used for the holiest purpose—she had led her into the “one fold.” Need we say that it was Deborah—our young friend of Moscow—who now sat by the *Marchesa*? So it was—her father had seen fit to remove to Florence, and having there accidentally discovered her change of religion, he had utterly cast her off, on finding all his efforts to bring her back again unsuccessful. Fortunately, the story had just then reached the ears of the benevolent *Marchesa del Altora*, who had taken the deserted daughter—the devoted christian—to her own princely dwelling, and treated her as a beloved daughter. For this she was richly rewarded. From the cultivated mind and superior understanding of Deborah, she found her a most charming companion, while by her fervent piety and meek resignation she was much edified. Ruben was still in Florence, but the stern old man obstinately refused to have any communication with his daughter, unless she recanted her grievous error, as he termed it.

“Well now, my sweet child!” said the *Marchesa*, “I think we had better adjourn to the saloon. I see that many of our guests have already done so, and though we are none of us wearied of this lovely hour, yet the evening air is chill, and we must not sacrifice health to pleasure.”

So saying, the *Marchesa* arose, and taking the

arm of her son, who presented the other to Deborah, they repaired to the saloon, where dancing had already commenced. Many a bright eye was that evening turned on Lorenzo, in the vain hope of catching his glance, for, as may well be supposed, he was an object of no common attraction—to the young *senoras*, as the handsome and accomplished Lorenzo del Altora—to their parents as the *Marchese* of that name, one of the wealthiest of the Florentine nobles. So completely, however, had Deborah riveted his attention, that it was only when his mother reminded him of his duties as a host, that he mingled with the guests. So gracefully, notwithstanding, did he perform his part; so generally and impartially were his attentions distributed, that none had cause of complaint—even those who would fain have received more tender and more marked devotion could not but confess that the young *Marchese* was perfectly fascinating.

At length, the *fête* was over—about three in the morning, the last lingering guest had departed, and after interchanging a simple “good night,” our little party sought repose.

The next day brought a letter to Deborah, from her kind friend, the Rabbi Zenoti, inclosing a draft on a Florentine banker, for five thousand pounds. This was from one of her mother's relations, a wealthy London merchant, to whom Zenoti had written an account of his young relative's situation. This was a sort of independence for Deborah, who, by the advice of the *Marchesa*, had permitted the money to remain in the hands of the banker, as a reserve in case of necessity. There was also in the packet a letter from Miriam, and this gave even more pleasure to Deborah's affectionate heart. But what was there in that letter that brought the warm blood mantling on Deborah's cheek? There were kind messages from all the family—there were, too, the most earnest assurances that the writer's heart was still with her distant friend. These called up the glow of pleasure, but surely their's was not that burning flush which crimsoned even the brow of Deborah. Ah, no! there was one passage which, though only a few brief lines, had power to thrill every chord of her heart. Near the close of the letter, were found these words—“I have caused the enquiries you mentioned to be made—at present all is well—at least no immediate danger of poverty—your friend is gone in the train of his Sovereign, to the place of his exile. His mother is in rather easy circumstances. So far, all is well, dearest Deborah; we know not, however in these unsettled times what change may come; but depend upon it, you shall have the earliest intelligence of whatever may occur. I can rely on the fidelity