

bade the sisters farewell. Belinda stood at the window, and watched his form as it faded from her view. Sad were the emotions that overwhelmed her soul, and she may be forgiven, if deep sighs and tears told that she regretted his departure.

"Another scene of my life has closed," she murmured, "when shall be the last?"

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## SCENE XI.

LAWYER LEVIT.

AGAIN we pass over a number of years; years whose monotonous lapse affords but little incident for the writer to record. Let us once more behold Belinda, and then bid her adieu. She is in the apartment in which we last met her. A November day is drawing to a close, and, standing near the window, she has laid down her sewing, and is gazing, half abstractedly, upon the clouds that float over the sky.

"It is the twilight hour of her life,  
 When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,  
 And we can view life's fairy scenes depart,  
 As fades the crimson in the glowing west;  
 'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret,  
 We gaze upon them as they fade away,  
 And fondly would we bid them linger yet,  
 But Hope is round us with her angel lay,  
 Pointing to brighter scenes far, far away."

Mournful are her meditations, for an expression of deep sadness rests upon her countenance. She is contrasting her life with that of the day now nearly gone. How brightly had its course commenced; the sun shone in an unclouded firmament, but as the hours wore on, its brilliancy became obscured, and now, towards evening, the sky was overspread with clouds.

"Alas!" she ejaculates, "thus has it been with me. Full of sunshine were my early days, but with maturer years came shadows to obscure its brightness; and now, utterly alone in the world, how dark seems the evening of life."