

by her constancy and devotion. But this was not to be.

Time rolled on. A few weeks and the mother of De Lorinval embraced her son with a heart overflowing with gratitude for his escape, where so many thousands had perished. They then quitted the expensive hotel where De Lorinval had been hitherto staying, and betook themselves to a handsome but unostentatious dwelling which they possessed in one of the suburbs. Some time had elapsed without Madame having mentioned the proposed alliance, and Edouard, knowing her anxiety on the subject, was not a little surprised by her silence. Yet it was easily accounted for,—she but waited his recovery from the fatigue of his terrible journey. At length she saw the rich bloom return to his cheek—she saw his natural cheerfulness restored, and then she opened upon the marriage question. So fully did she seem assured of her son's even joyous concurrence—nay, of his delight—(for she had no doubt that he loved Eulalie)—that he, on his part, could scarcely bring himself to tell her what he knew would give her no ordinary pain. His hesitation was, however, too apparent to pass unnoticed—his mother regarded him with surprise.

"Why, what is the matter, Edouard? You seem anything but rejoiced."

"Nay, mother, it were meet cause of joy to most young men—but—but—"

"But you do not love Eulalie. I see it all—you have forgotten the love of early years—and my gentle Eulalie is rejected, together with her noble inheritance. How is this, Edouard?" and the mother regarded her son with a look of deep sorrow, rather than of anger.

Edouard was touched by her unexpected mildness and evident disappointment.

"Mother, I am unworthy of my cousin—I cannot offer her an undivided heart, and it would be criminal to offer her my hand, merely for the sake of her fortune—let her keep it all—I freely resign it."

"But tell me, my son! What is the cause of this decision? Am I really to believe that you love another—otherwise you could not regard our sweet Eulalie with indifference?"

"Mother! my dear mother!" and Edouard as he spoke, averted his head, that his mother might not see his embarrassment. "Do not ask me why I cannot marry Eulalie—one day I will tell you all. But in the meantime, can you forgive me for rejecting one whom I know you love as a daughter, and depriving you at the same time of the affluence which you had so long looked forward to enjoy? Speak, mother, can you forgive me?"

"Dearest Edouard! how can you ask that question? Know you not that my only earthly hope is for your happiness. It matters not how good and fair she is; if you love her not, she could not bestow happiness with her hand. That is the first consideration—for wealth, I covet it not. If you can so easily resign it, why should I think of it? I am old now, my son, and my only object is to prepare for death, and leave you happy."

Edouard threw his arms around his mother and pressed her to his heart with the tenderest affection. "Bless you, my own dear mother! May Heaven grant you years of happiness—and make me at the same time worthy of such a parent!"

Spring came and went—summer followed—month after month rolled by and saw the affairs of Napoleon waxing worse and worse, till at length the fatal day of Leipsic came, and its setting sun beheld him a ruined man. Obligated to submit, even as a chained lion, to the will of his conquerors, he was sent to Elba; and of the eighteen hundred men allowed to him as a guard of honor,—the poor semblance of respect—Edouard De Lorinval was one. Again he left his beloved mother to follow the fortunes—now broken and blighted—of him the adored of the soldier's heart! The gentle Eulalie, having understood that De Lorinval gave up his inheritance and her together, had long since buried her sorrows in a convent, where she speedily learned to forget the world with its frail and deceitful hopes and pleasures.

But all this time where was Deborah?—was she still in the white cottage at Laniskoff, prosecuting her studies with Miriam—made she still one of the family of the generous and hospitable Rabbi? Not so!—not so!—she had with her father quitted the neighbourhood of Moscow, just one year after we saw her last. Great was the sorrow of the amiable family she left, for she had indeed become as one of themselves, and greater still was the grief of Manasses, for not even his severe and dry studies had rendered him proof against the charms of Deborah; and, to use his own words:

"His heart yearned towards the fair daughter of his tribe, and he would gladly have made her the wife of his bosom."

Even this temptation did Deborah withstand, although the young man's parents and sister united in their entreaty that she would bless his love. Her parting with Miriam had been, indeed, a sore trial, but this sacrifice too, was made. "A love passing the love of woman," bound their young hearts together—a sweet and holy, and most enduring bond—perhaps none the less last-