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Emily Linwood,
OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The short, cheerless, and dark November days had arrived,—and found Charles still an inmate of Mrs Mayo's dwelling. Though partially recovered, he was yet unable to leave his apartment,—but Mrs. Mayo had been assiduous in her attention,—and Charles had been amply supplied with the daily papers as soon as published, so that from his "loophole of retreat," he was enabled to "hear the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd." The morning of the day, to which we allude, had been occupied with receiving visits from his most intimate friends; the afternoon with reading &c.—but now, as the shadows lengthened, and "twilight came apace," he threw down the paper, and drawing up his arm-chair closer to the fire, that burned brightly in the grate, and stirring it until its genial glow and warmth was diffused through the apartment, leaned back his head on the velvet cushions of the chair,—and, reclining thus, with his feet on a footstool, allowed fancy to roam at will. And now Memory, from her storehouse, gave back, in vivid colours, a picture of the last time he had beheld Emily Linwood. His subsequent illness and pain had deadened for a while his feelings,—or, at

least, prevented him from dwelling on the subject as he might otherwise have done,—and on the circumstances attending the last interview, — but now, with returning health,

"Old dreams came thronging back again," and that quiet evening hour seemed to invite to pleasant musing. Yet still, most provokingly, would intrude the tall and stately form of the stranger who had accompanied Emily that memorable morning,—and annoyed at the pertinacity with which his thoughts, in spite of himself, dwelt on it, he endeavoured to change the subject,—and had partially succeeded, when a gentle tap at the door aroused him.

"Walk in," was his response,—and Mrs. Mayo entered, bearing a splendid bouquet, and after several apparently affectionate inquiries respecting his health, she presented it to him as the gift of a lady.

"And pray, can you not inform me the name of the donor?" said Charles smiling, after examining and admiring them.

"No," was the reply, "for I promised to keep it a secret,—and you know it would not do to break my promise."

"Of course not,—but I think you should have been careful in making it."

"Well, had I not done so, it is by no means probable that you would have received the flowers,—for the lady in question is one of those unassuming persons who, content to make others happy, are careless of any approbation except that of their consciences."