

entranced, she stood gazing on it, until the voice of her brother awakened her from her reverie.

"Emily, Emily, do you see that boat how it is tossed about by the waves. Surely it will be upset."

Emily looked, and acknowledged that its sole occupant appeared, indeed, in a perilous situation, for the sea had not yet subsided after the storm, and, like a feather, the fragile bark was tossed about by the tumultuous waves.

"I am sure the gentleman will be drowned," exclaimed George, earnestly, as he watched, with increasing excitement, the sudden appearance and disappearance of the boat, as it gracefully mounted on the swelling wave, and, again, sank, apparently, into the depths of the sea. "But, see, Emily, the gentleman is looking at us," he continued, as the boat drew nearer the shore.

Emily had involuntarily risen; she bent forward to catch a nearer view. What was there in the attitude of the person that arrested her attention? as, apparently regardless of danger, he gazed earnestly towards them. While at too great a distance to discern form or face, what could have caused her breast so wildly to beat, and the hot blood to rush, with lightning speed, to brow and cheek? But nearer and nearer it approaches; a few moments more, and he will have gained the land,—when, oh! moment, fraught with horror to the spectators, bending too eagerly forward, his foot slips, and, ere he can recover his balance, a wave has borne, from his reach, the boat, and he is now left struggling with the watery element. But little initiated in the practice of swimming, and encumbered by heavy boots and a cloak, he feels that struggling with his fate is out of the question; already he is borne down beneath the waves—already he shrinks at their very touch,—and with a fervent prayer to heaven, with his mother's name on his lips, and one sigh to hopes that a few moments before appeared to promise future bliss, but now for ever blasted, the waters close around their unresisting, because insensible, prey. But help is at hand. One bitter shriek, from a voice too dearly familiar, has reached Edward Derwent's ears, as sent by his mother in search of the truants, he comes in sight of the sea. It needed not the uplifted hand, and the wild

ejaculation, "Save him! save him!" for quick as thought, Edward, perceiving the accident, rushed to the shore, where a boat was moored, and, joined by several men whom George had hastily summoned, they quickly rowed to the spot where the drowning man had disappeared, and, as he rose, for the last time, to the surface of the water, Edward, stretching forth his hand, grasped him—and, aided by the rest, lifted him into the boat. One fervent thanksgiving was breathed by Emily, as she beheld him rescued, and then she hurried to the dwelling to apprise Mrs. Derwent of the accident, and to superintend arrangements for his accommodation.

"Mother!" said Edward, as he abruptly entered her apartment, a few weeks subsequent to the accident.

The mother raised her eyes inquiringly from her knitting, and fixed them upon her son.

"You know how often I have expressed a wish to make a tour on the continent.

Mrs. Derwent nodded in the affirmative, though her pale cheek grew paler, as though she anticipated what should follow. "A friend of mine is about to visit the principal cities of Europe, and strongly urges me to accompany him. And now, dear mother, that your health has become established, I thought I could prevail on you to acquiesce in my leaving you for a short time, for you know," he said affecting a gaiety he did not feel, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"—and I shall be better appreciated when I return." "Well," continued Edward, seeing she hesitated replying, "To go, or not to go, that is the question."

"A question difficult for a mother to decide," answered Mrs. Derwent, "but if you think it for the best I shall not hesitate to sacrifice selfish feeling to promote your welfare. I suppose, Edward," she said, forcing a smile, though the tears stood in her eyes, "you are becoming weary of us, and want some change."

"No, dearest mother," he exclaimed, as he paced the floor with rapid and uneven steps, "not weary, but—" he sat down, and buried his face in his hands. There was silence for a few moments, and then, as though he could no longer control the tide of feeling, he exclaimed, bitterly, "I can bear it no longer. To see her countenance