

visiting one of his poor parishioners, laid the beloved Pastor and Shepherd of the little flock in the "narrow dwelling appointed for all living,"—and a few days after, two fair sons slept by his side. Mrs. Linwood, for the sake of her two surviving children, strove hard to bear up under accumulated misfortune,—but "half her heart was in the tomb." The colour faded from her cheek, the light from her eye, and soon Emily, with one little brother, was left almost alone, in the world. Mr. Linwood's yearly income had merely sufficed to afford his family a comfortable subsistence,—but which, ceasing at his death, left them in comparative indigence. For some months after his decease, and during their mother's illness, they had resided with an aunt, whose large family and limited means could ill afford additional claims on her household expenditure,—and Emily, after the first violent emotions of grief had given place to more resigned feelings, felt it would be injustice to take advantage of her kindness. At the recommendation of a friend she removed to L.,—and having received an excellent education, and possessing, naturally, more than ordinary abilities, opened there a Seminary.

CHAPTER II.

Pleasantly streamed the bright rays of the sun into the breakfast-parlour, as Charles Percy entered it, a few mornings subsequent to the commencement of our narrative. It was a small but square apartment, richly rather than gaily furnished. In the grey damask satin curtains, the couches and ottomans of the same colour, there was nothing to dazzle the eye,—but their otherwise sombre appearance was relieved by the large windows which, on a level with the ground, opened on an extensive and elegant flower-garden, from which was wafted through the apartment, the mingled odours of the honeysuckle, sweet-briar and rose,—while, at intervals, from an adjoining orchard, might be distinctly heard the matin songs of some of Heaven's choristers. At the head of the breakfast-table, on which the servant had just placed a silver urn, was seated Mrs. Percy, a tall dignified-looking woman, attired in deep mourning. While waiting for her son, her glance had turned to a large picture that hung opposite. It was the portrait of her husband, taken in early manhood,—and as she scanned the beloved features o'er and o'er, her

thoughts irresistibly returned to the past,—again he was with her,

"In those happy years
When they were both too young for fears
That they should ever part."

But the spell was broken by the entrance of Charles, whose appearance, at this moment, presented a striking similitude to the portrait.

"Mocked like an apparition in her son"

was the slender yet finely built form, the raven hair brushed carelessly aside from an open and expansive forehead,—eyes full of the vivacity and lustre of youth,—and the beaming smile of affection that told of a heart that throbbed with the kindest emotions of our nature.

"Do you intend going to Mrs. Payard's this evening?" was the inquiry of Mrs. Percy, as after exchanging an affectionate salutation, they were seated at the breakfast-table.

"I have not decided yet whether to go or not. If I consulted my own inclination, I should prefer remaining at home with you."

"But you know, Charles, Mrs. Payard might feel hurt at your neglecting her kind invitation, for the party has been given, principally to celebrate your return."

"Well, my dear mother, if you think it my duty to go, I shall certainly attend.—But what kind of a woman is Mrs. Payard, for you know that it was during my travels you became acquainted with her,—and she is, therefore, comparatively a stranger to me."

"You cannot fail in esteeming her," was the reply. "She is sensible, accomplished, and besides possesses those fascinating manners which attract irresistibly. You will find in Mrs. Payard nothing of that haughtiness, which is too often an attendant of wealth. In her society, persons of worth, intelligence and education mingle freely,—and seldom indeed have I passed more pleasant evenings; then those spent in her hospitable dwelling."

"You quite charm me with your description," said Charles smilingly, "I shall long for the hour to arrive which shall make me acquainted with a lady, possessed of such qualities of mind and heart."

Truly brilliant was the scene that greeted Charles Percy's eyes that evening, as throwing himself into an arm-chair that