

can portray,—and tinting them with all the colours of the rainbow. But, in this instance, Fortune, that so seldom follows in the footsteps of Fancy,—or if at all, most frequently with slow and measured pace, for once seemed desirous of outstripping her,—and the goal, which even Edward's eager imagination had placed at the distance of one or two years, was at hand. Most unexpectedly, a few days after his return to the village, was the intelligence received that a large fortune had been bequeathed to the family by the brother of Mrs. Derwent's husband, an eccentric old man, from whom they had not heard for many years, and who had died in the East Indies.

"Now," was his mental soliloquy, "now Emily can have no further excuse to remain away,—and, if she will only accept it, she can be put in immediate possession of a happy home." Earnestly bent on this, though he divulged it to no person, when his mother proposed writing to Emily, he so eloquently urged the desirableness of visiting her, previous to communicating the intelligence,—and so strongly insisted on the competency of his sister Margaret, with the assistance of the old and experienced servants, to take charge of the family in her absence, that she, at length, consented to accompany him to L.,—and a few days after entering her little parlour, on her returning from school, the astonished Emily was clasped in her aunt's affectionate embrace.

"Certainly the city air does not agree with you," said Mrs. Derwent, as they were seated in Emily's parlour, the day after Charles Percy's unfortunate accident, "Edward, do you not think Emily is looking very pale?" Thus addressed, the young man raised his eyes from a book he held in his hand,—and glanced at his cousin. Before he had time, however, to reply, little George, who, though apparently absorbed in constructing a miniature edifice, had been an attentive listener, jumping up from the carpet, and laying down the blocks of wood, ran eagerly to his aunt exclaiming, "I know aunt why Emily looks pale. Grace Elliot told me to-day, in school, that poor Mr. Percy fell off his horse yesterday, and was nearly killed, and Emily is so sorry."

"Mr. Percy, is that a relative of the lady you mentioned in your letter?" but the question remained unanswered, for, on some

slight pretence, Emily had, unobserved to her aunt, quitted the room. Mrs. Derwent glanced at her son, who appeared to be still deeply engaged in his book,—but it needed not a woman's discernment to mark traces of uneasiness in the slightly flushed brow, and compressed lips.

"I don't wonder that should make her pale," said the good woman, in an apologising tone, "for I am sure I should have fainted, had such an accident befallen one of my acquaintances."

The remark, though not directly addressed to her son, was evidently intended for his benefit,—but, judging by his manner, failed in its desired effect, for Edward, without making any comment, laid down his book, walked up and down the room with a step betokening mental restlessness,—and then, remarking that he would take a walk before tea, took up his hat and left the room. On Emily's return to the apartment she fancied that the gentle countenance of her aunt wore a slightly thoughtful and troubled expression,—but as no further remark was made, respecting Mr. Percy, she felt comparatively easy,—and when her cousin returned to tea was prepared to receive him with her usual graceful welcome. Through some means or other, she had ascertained the nature and extent of the accident which had befallen Charles; it was not near as dangerous as she had at first been led to believe,—and hearing that his recovery was progressing favourably, her usual cheerfulness returned, and Edward almost forgot his newly awakened fears while gazing on her animated countenance.

"What a lovely evening," exclaimed Emily, as rising from the tea-table she drew back the curtain that shaded the window,—and the full moon poured a flood of soft and golden light into the apartment.

"Lovely indeed," echoed Edward. "I confess I am partial to moonlight,—and would gladly dispense with yonder lamp in order to enjoy its charms."

"You must not indulge him, Emily, in his romantic notions," said Mrs. Derwent laughing. "Do you know that at home I am obliged to spend half of my evenings in idleness to gratify his foolish fancy for the moonbeams."

"But you know, my dear mother, that though the hands may be unengaged, the