

on the eve of bankruptcy. This completed his misfortunes, and he died soon after a broken-hearted man."

"And what has become of the family?"

"The mother takes in sewing, one of the daughters teaches music, and the other is a companion to a rich but very eccentric lady, who contrives to make her life miserable."

"I can fully sympathise with them, for I know how hard it is for those accustomed to the endearments of a luxurious home, to be thrown among strangers, and to meet too often with scorn and contempt."

"It may seem somewhat uncharitable," said Charles, who had just entered the room and heard the latter part of the conversation, but I am disposed to yield them very little sympathy,—for in prosperity they were arrogant and supercilious,—and adversity, I trust, will teach them lessons, painful they may be, but no less necessary and salutary."

A few moments after Mrs. Derwent left the room, and Charles who was standing at the window, called Emily to it.

"Do you see that rainbow yonder," he said, turning to her. Emily smiling, assented.

"And do you remember that afternoon we first saw it together. To us it has been, indeed, the bow of promise,—is it not this evening the herald of a happy fulfilment?"

CHAPTER XIII.

We must now pass over a period of ten years, and again visit Charles Percy's splendid mansion, in the city of L., on a delightful morning in spring. In the drawing-room a beautiful and interesting boy is seated on a velvet footstool, playing with a pet-dog,—while, at a table opposite, a young lady is amusing herself by endeavouring to copy a small picture that lies before her. Allow us, to introduce to you reader, the daughter of Lucy Carman, whose dying request that Mrs. Percy would adopt her child, has been faithfully fulfilled. Named after her mother, she inherits her fair face and graceful form,—and, strange to say, she resembles Emily, now Mrs. Percy, so strikingly that they have been frequently taken for near relatives. Lucy raises her head as the drawing-room door opens,—and a tall stately looking man, evidently a foreigner, is ushered in by the servant. Courteously bowing to the young lady, he enquired for Mrs. Percy. Requesting him to be seated,

Lucy went to summon her, and the stranger was left alone with the boy, who was gazing on him with amazement depicted on his countenance. Approaching him, and stooping to caress the dog, the gentleman inquired the child's name.

"Edward Derwent Percy, Sir," was the reply.

The stranger was visibly agitated at the answer,—and his voice faltered as he enquired.

"And, pray, after whom are you named?"

"After a dear Cousin of Mamma's, who is far away," but the words were scarcely uttered, when clasping the boy in his arms, the stranger exclaimed, "I am Edward Derwent, your cousin."

At this moment the door opened, and Emily, who was totally unconscious of her Cousin's arrival, but who had been informed by the servant that a gentleman wished to see her, entered the room, and great was her astonishment when her Son, running forward to meet her, exclaimed "Mamma, Mamma, this gentleman says he is your Cousin, Edward Derwent."

In silence we pass over their meeting, suffice to say that it was an affecting one to both parties. Emily marked with sorrow that her Cousin was much changed, his brow had become slightly contracted with thought; his eye had lost much of its youthful fire,—and his whole countenance wore the traces of deep abiding melancholy. With pain she observed that his cheerfulness was more assumed than real, and that it was with much effort he maintained his composure.

Alas! poor Edward:

"He thought that time, he thought that pride,
Had quenched for aye his early flame,—
Nor knew, till seated by her side,
His heart in all but hope the same."

After spending an hour with her conversing on his travels, carefully avoiding any allusion to the past, he observed, that his anxiety to see his mother and sister, whom for ten long years he had not beheld, must be his apology for not remaining until Mr. Percy's return, who was then absent from the city, and not expected home until evening,—and promising to see them soon again he bade her adieu.

Of Edward Derwent's subsequent career little remains to be told. That he lived and died a Bachelor is certain, and many were the surmises of ladies unacquainted with the