

family first gazed on it with reverential awe. Mr. Percy's exclamation of pleasure drew the young ladies to the window, who, after admiring it for a few moments, were turning away, when Ellen was arrested by his inquiry, "Can you tell me Miss Elliot who that young lady is passing. Her face is familiar and yet I cannot call her to mind."

"Her name is Emily Linwood," was the reply. "She keeps a Seminary for young ladies. I have no acquaintance with her," she added with some hauteur,—"but Papa insisted on sending the younger children, for he said it was charity in her case, as she is an orphan, and has only lately become a resident of L."

"Is that little boy any relative of hers," inquired Mr. Percy, more interested than he would have acknowledged even to himself, for a transient glimpse of large thoughtful and radiant eyes, a countenance expressive and aimable had excited both curiosity and admiration.

"It is her brother, I believe."

"But has she no other relatives here?"

"Really, Mr. Percy, I am afraid you will have to apply to some more authentic source for information, for not having the slightest acquaintance with the lady in question, I am unable to satisfy you." At this moment the servant entering announced another visitor, and the gentleman took leave.

Charles Percy was the son of an Englishman, who possessed a large estate in the picturesque town of L. Having finished his course of studies at the University of Oxford, accompanied by a gentleman, who had formerly been his tutor, he travelled through Europe,—but was recalled by intelligence of his father's sudden death. Returning to his widowed mother, he assumed the management of the estate,—and by his intelligence and amiability,—and manners, at once easy and conciliating, endeared himself to all around. Thus far for his former history, let us now return to our narrative.

As Mr. Percy pursued his walk, his thoughts naturally reverted to the conversation he had just held respecting Miss Linwood. "Surely I have seen that face before," was his mental soliloquy, "but where? Let me see. Ah, I think I remember now. It was in travelling homeward,—as we stopped at C. to change horses, a young girl and her invalid mother were passengers in the

stage coach. I am almost certain it was Miss Linwood," and thus musing the young man entered his elegant dwelling.

In one of the small upper rooms of an humble dwelling Emily Linwood was busily engaged in preparations for the evening meal. The snowy cloth was spread on a round and highly polished oaken table,—an old fashioned crimson tea-tray whose bright colour formed a pleasing contrast to the pure china was placed on the board,—and, having finished her preparations, Emily summoned her little brother to partake of the frugal but comfortable repast. The apartment, in which they were seated, was furnished with taste and neatness. White muslin curtains shaded the windows which looked out on a narrow and noisy street, far away from green fields and shady trees,—but on a stand before them were placed several flower pots, containing geraniums, whose lovely blossoms and leaves served to her, as Cowper beautifully expresses it, as a hint

"That Nature lives, that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear."

At the opposite end of the apartment was a recess, in which stood a small book-case, containing a few of the standard works of ancient authors, with some of the modern publications, a bunch of flowers, which had been presented to her in the morning by one of her scholars, ornamented a side-table, on which was placed her work-basket, and a small volume of Tupper's Poems, which she had a few moments before perusing.—A stranger entering the apartment, might have noticed the taste with which the simple furniture was arranged,—but nothing beyond. He could not enter into the interest with which Emily gazed on those inanimate objects, for they were associated in her mind with the remembrances of better days. The easy chair, the chintz-covered sofa, the book-case, were all "linked by a thousand ties to her heart,"—and often, in the quiet twilight, when her glances rested on them, her thoughts would go back to childhood and childhood's home. Her father had formerly been the curate of a neighbouring village,—and memory with vividness portrayed to her mental vision, the pretty parsonage half-hidden amid flowers and foliage, which once she called her home. Though young in years Emily had been an apt scholar in the school of adversity. A fever, caught while