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Emily Linwood, OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

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CHAPTER VII.

Mr., or more correctly, Dr. Derwent, was the eldest son of the aunt with whom Emily had resided, a few months subsequent to the death of her parents. This lady, the widow of a distinguished officer, had, by judicious economy and admirable management, supported her family on the slender pension of an officer's widow,—and nothing but Emily's earnest entreaties could have induced her to consent to her removing from her, to obtain her own livelihood,—for, dearly loved as were her own children, Emily held an almost equal share in her affections,—and was fondly cherished as the daughter of an only and most idolized brother. Though living at some distance, the most endearing intimacy had ever been maintained between the families,—and Emily had always regarded their dwelling as a second, and scarcely less beloved home. Edward Derwent, though several years older than his cousin, had been her chief companion in childhood. It was he who adventured the steep and giddy height to pluck the wild flower for his cousin, from the little garden he proudly styled his *own* were culled the earliest of spring and choicest of summer's floral productions

for her benefit; and dearly as he prized knowledge for its own sake, it became still more precious to him when, through it, he was enabled to pour light on the mysterious lesson; or to solve for her, the brain-wearying arithmetical problem. "But Edward must go to college," was the gentle mother's decision,—and to college Edward did go,—but vacation after vacation found him a welcome guest in his mother's dwelling; yet while Emily smiled secretly at the encomiums lavished on him by strangers' lips, and proud as she was of his well-earned literary honours, it was only with the affection of a devoted sister, little dreaming that the thought, that more than repaid his severest mental efforts, was, "She will hear of them."

Ah, truly has one sweet Poet, sweetly said, that

"Fame is as the moon above,
Its light of life and heaven is love!"

During the illness and death of Emily's parents, and her removal to L., he was a student in one of the medical colleges in Edinburgh,—but, after receiving a diploma, he returned to his native village to practise, with the intention, however, of soon paying Emily a visit, and inducing her if possible, to return and remain with his mother,—and Hope whispered, and let those who have listened to her bear witness how sweet and encouraging is her language, "It may be, in a year or two, I shall be able to offer her an independent home,"—and so, he went on, drawing such fairy pictures as only youth