

able request," Edward retorted, in a slightly dissatisfied tone, for he was really disappointed.

"But I am sure, cousin," said Emily, playfully, "mine must be highly satisfactory, for it is no less than fear of losing a place in your esteem."

"Ah, Emily,"—and the low, deep tones of the speaker seemed to imply more than his words—"you know it would be impossible to do that."

At an early hour Emily retired to her chamber, but not to rest. Weary with the noise and bustle of the journey—with the succession of new scenes, which, for the past few days, had been constantly before her, she was glad to obtain a few moments of mental quiet,—and seating herself at the window, she gazed, in a meditative mood, on the placid waves which, as far as her eye could discern, appeared to encircle the dwelling. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night, save the ripple of the waves as they kissed the pebbly beach, and the dash of the oar that bespoke the return of some belated boatmen. For a time, her reflections were such as would naturally arise in a contemplative mind, when viewing, for the first time, amid the stillness of night, the ocean spread out, dim and uncertain as the future, over whose boundary, darkness had wrapped its curtain of mystery—but at length thought, the truant, drew nearer home. The events of the past few days arose in rapid succession, and blended with them all was one suspicion, which afforded her no little uneasiness, if not positive pain. In a new light, had been gradually dawning upon her, the constant and thoughtful attentions of her cousin; and from several sentences that had lately, inadvertently, fallen from his lips, she feared that he was cherishing hopes which could never be realized. It was in vain that she endeavoured to persuade herself it was only imagination; circumstance after circumstance, which had passed at the time unregarded, now came forward with its evidence,—evidence too clear to be set aside.

"How foolish in him," she inwardly ejaculated; "he ought certainly to know I could never be his."

"But why not?" asked her heart; "have you anything against him?"

"Nothing, nothing—he is all that could be wished."

"Then why not?" again persisted the interrogator.

"Because—because—" But Emily could not or would not answer the question; and it might have remained unsolved, had not the heart whispered:

"Where goes the heart, there follows the hand, and not elsewhere."

But the night breeze was becoming chilly, and Emily arose to close the window, and the mellow tones of a flute, wafted gently over the waters, attracted her attention. Like the voice of a long absent friend, was that well-remembered air—one which had ever been her favourite, and to which she remembered distinctly once calling Charles Percy's attention. Now triumphantly swelling,—anon sinking, in softest tones, yet nearer and nearer floated the music, until Emily could discern a small, fairy-looking boat gliding along near the shore, while its sole occupant, apparently unheeding of its course, seemed intent only on invoking, by the charms of music, the "spirits of the deep."

Concealed by the darkness from observation, Emily bent over the casement, drinking in every sound, while she half whispered to herself, "I know but one whose hand thus skillfully could touch the flute. Can it possibly be Charles Percy? but even, if so, it is nothing to me," and pausing another moment, she resolutely closed the window, and retired to rest.

To Edward's great disappointment,—for he had anticipated some delightful rambles,—he was awakened, early the next morning, by the sound of heavy rain,—and on Emily's descending to the breakfast-parlour, he was standing at the window, gazing mournfully on the descending showers.

"Another proof of the evils of procrastination," he said, as he bade her "Good morning." "Had you taken my advice, the remembrance of last night's walk would have compensated for being debarred from another to-day, for, from the appearance of the weather just now, I fear you will have to remain some time in the house."

"Well, I must hope for the best," was the reply; "and, indeed, I am almost certain we shall have a fine evening."

"I must beg leave to differ with you there; but, by-the-bye, Emily, did you hear the music last night? Oh, I had forgotten,