

readers may remember that his jealous feelings had been awakened the first time he beheld Edward, but now, in his daily intercourse with him, they had been completely lulled by the conduct of both parties. He remembered the melancholy which had characterised his friend and preserver, and which had increased daily,—and gazing on Emily's downcast eyes and crimson cheeks, he instantly divined the cause that led Edward to forsake his native land.

"Pardon me, Emily," he said, "but I fear I have been too officious in this matter. Dr. Derwent, it may be, has reasons to which I am a stranger for the course he is pursuing, but the strong regard I feel for him, independently of the fact of his being my preserver from a watery grave, must be my apology. When I alluded to it, however, he insisted that it was not to him, but to you I was indebted, for your cries alone brought him to my rescue. And now, Emily," he said, taking her trembling hand in his, "as I am your debtor to so great an amount, you surely cannot refuse me another boon, one without which life will be of little value. Will you not lend your smile to lighten and cheer its toilsome and rugged paths, while I promise to guard and cherish as the most precious treasure, one whom from the first moment I beheld I loved."

Reader, can you guess the answer?

CHAPTER XII.

Emily returned to her home a changed being. She was breathing a new atmosphere, the atmosphere of love, and its exhilarating and renewing effects were apparent in the deepening lustre of the eye, the rich bloom of the cheek, and the light step that had fully regained its former buoyancy.—The inhabitants of the little village wondered what had altered Miss Linwood so materially, and lavish were the encomiums bestowed on the sea-breezes in behalf of their favourite, but few there were who guessed that the source of health and happiness was within,—and that the elixir which imparted to her renewed bloom was one which nature, mighty restorer that she is, could not supply, one which could not be purchased by the glittering baubles of earth, even the priceless affection of a true and noble heart. Yet Emily was not exempt from moments of sorrow, moments in which the past returned

with vividness,—and blended mournfully with it was one image whose deep melancholy glances seemed fixed on her. She could not forget her cousin, and often when enjoyment was at its height, a recollection of his unavailing sorrow would shadow her brow with sadness, and cause her lips to quiver with involuntary emotion. It must not be supposed, however, that she regretted for one moment, the course she had pursued,—but admiration of his many virtues was blended with a feeling of pity, most natural to a woman's heart.

Time glided rapidly away, and the wedding day rapidly approached. The afternoon preceding it, Mrs. Derwent was seated with Emily in her boudoir, when the former broke the stillness that had reigned in the apartment for a few moments, by an allusion to a previous conversation. "You remember, Emily, we were speaking of Mrs. Mayo a few evenings ago,—and you were about to give me the particulars of her melancholy death, when the announcement of visitors interrupted us,—and I had forgotten to ask you since."

"It is a painful subject to dwell on," said Emily, "and on that account I refrained from referring to it again, but I will, as briefly as possible, give you the particulars now. You remember the unfortunate accident that happened to Charles, when you were in L. It was several months before he entirely recovered from its effects. He continued at Mrs. Mayo's until the return of his mother, who was on a visit to a dying friend,—but towards spring his health began materially to decline, until the advice of his physician to visit the sea-side, was peremptorily seconded by Mrs. Percy, who, unable to leave home at the time, prevailed upon an intimate friend of his to bear him company. A few evenings previous to their departure, he called at Mrs. Mayo's to bid her adieu. Miss Elliot was seated with her in the drawing-room when he was announced,—and both parties received him with great cordiality. After conversing for some time on various topics, Mrs. Mayo turned the discourse on education, and the difficulty a friend of hers had found to procure a suitable governess for her children.

"Speaking of governesses,' she said, addressing Charles, 'reminds me of the intelligence I heard the other day of the mar-