

back immediately," said Charles, as, after assisting her into the carriage, he turned to his mother.

"I am glad you thought of that, Charles,—and if Miss Linwood wishes it, I shall be most happy to do so. What say you Miss Linwood?"

"If not inconveniencing you, I should be delighted with such a ride," was the reply.

A few moments rapid driving brought them to an open and spacious part of the city, commanding a delightful view of the country around,—and Mrs. Percy was much amused by the artless prattle of little George, Emily's brother, whose habitual shyness was dissipated by the motion of the carriage, and the various novel objects that attracted his attention.

Perhaps there are few persons who have not, at some period or other of their lives, experienced moments of such exquisite happiness that they might well repay years of toil and pain. Happiness that appealed neither to the past nor future,—but centering all emotions into one delightful present, made the heart capable of realizing something of the bliss once enjoyed in the garden of Eden. Such were the moments that Emily spent during the ride,—but she paused not to analyze her feelings. Every thing indeed appeared to contribute to her enjoyment.—The blue and cloudless sky seemed to reflect back her own bright thoughts,—the rich tints of summer,—its verdant foliage and waving fields, never looked lovelier to her, and Mrs. Percy, gazing on her sweet countenance, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, pronounced her, in her heart of hearts, charming.

After a lengthened ride the party returned to Mrs. Percy's elegant mansion,—and, in a few moments, were partaking of an early and excellent repast, to which fresh air and exercise enabled them to do ample justice. Tea over they returned to the drawing-room,—when Mrs. Percy, on Emily's admiring a splendid bouquet that ornamented the centre table, proposed a walk in the garden.

"Charles will, I know, be happy to escort you thither,—and if you will excuse my accompanying you, I will rest here till you return, for I feel slightly fatigued from my ride."

Mr. Percy readily acceded to so agree-

able a request,—and descending the marble steps, they entered a large and highly-cultivated flower-garden. It was again evening,—and the golden rays of the setting sun lent additional beauty to the flowers he had cheered by his vivifying presence during the day. Roses of every variety, from snowy white to deep crimson, gaily-tinted flowers and ornamental shrubs here blossomed abundantly. Here and there were rustic benches, placed in shady spots,—and, after a winding and circuitous walk through the garden, as the arbour was at some distance, Mr. Percy and Emily sat down on one of them beneath a graceful tree, whose drooping branches extended almost to the ground, through the interstices of which the rays of sunshine, like threads of burnished gold, fell on the greensward, and lent to its emerald a richer tint. Slightly elevated, the spot commanded not only a view of the garden but of much of the country beyond: fields of waving corn and grain,—white cottages, half-hidden amid surrounding foliage,—statelier mansions with their noble avenues of trees,—a rugged tower that seemed to frown defiance at the ravages of time,—and the spire of a village church, pointing to "the temple without hands,"—while far, far in the distance, could be faintly discerned the blue waves of the Atlantic;—all contributed their charms to the spot, heightened by the vesper songs of birds,—and the soothing, though monotonous, sounds of a miniature waterfall. Charles Percy was assiduous in pointing out to his fair companion the different and more minute features of the scene, which might otherwise have escaped her observation,—and as Emily, with a poet's and a painter's eye, gazed on them, her delight amounted almost to enthusiasm. It was scarcely possible, indeed, for a lover of nature to have contemplated the exquisite scenery without emotions of pleasure,—and when we remember that Emily's view was principally confined to the narrow street, where she resided, she may, we think, be pardoned if, in this instance, she transgressed the rules of etiquette, which forbid the expression of wonder and applause, as contrary to that self-possession which should mark a lady,—but how Charles Percy should so far have forgotten himself as to exhibit almost equal delight at so familiar a view, we are at a loss to account for