

THE MAYFLOWER;  
OR,  
Ladies' Acadian Newspaper.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER, 1851.

NO. 7.

Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H. †

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CHAPTER XI.

Several weeks had elapsed after the subsequent scene, and Mrs. Derwent's health being fully restored she became anxious to return home, and, accordingly, a day was appointed for their departure. The afternoon previous was exceedingly sultry, and Emily, weary with the heat, was vainly longing for the cool breezes of autumn, when she suddenly recollected the arbour that stood at the foot of the garden attached to the dwelling, and resolving to spend the sultry hours beneath its grateful shade, she bent her steps to the spot. Effectually screened by intertwining branches from the fervid rays of the sun, bordered by a silvery stream, whose gentle ripples made pleasant music, it was indeed an inviting place for rest, and Emily, after enjoying its stillness for a few moments, again opened the book which she had been previously perusing, and, becoming absorbed in its pages, heeded not the lapse of time. So intent was she in her pleasant occupation that she heard not approaching footsteps, and was only aroused by the sound of her name, and, looking up, she beheld Charles Percy.

"Pardon me, Emily," he said, "for intruding on your solitude, but hearing you were to depart to-morrow, and anxious to see you again before leaving, I was directed, by your aunt, to this truly inviting spot."

Emily, slightly embarrassed, had risen from her seat at his entrance; she now resumed it, while Mr. Percy continued,—

"Your cousin, Dr. Derwent, has just been informing me of his intention to travel on the Continent. I endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain; his mother, he said, "had given her cordial consent, and she was the only person who would be likely to feel deeply his absence."

"You wrong yourself then," I answered, "I for one, cannot bear to think of your departure from us, and I am sure your cousin will feel it deeply." He smiled sadly and shook his head.

"You are an unbeliever, I see, and to punish you for it I will go in search of Emily and see if she cannot prevail on you to remain at home. And now that I have found you, Emily, will you not enable me to fulfil the promise I made in your name?"

Emily had turned aside her head to conceal her emotion, her voice faltered as she answered; "Indeed, you must excuse me, Mr. Percy, for I am sure no argument of mine could have any effect on Edward, at least," she hesitated, "none that I could with propriety bring forward."

A suspicion of the truth flashed at this moment across Charles Percy's mind. Our