

land forgotten and uncared for. Lucy's letters to her parents were evidently written in a spirit of feigned cheerfulness,—and a mother's heart was not slow to detect in them the anguish of a wounded spirit, pining under withered affection. Bitter had been her grief at their separation, but how much was it increased by the belief that her daughter was unhappy. The thought preyed upon her spirits, it undermined her naturally delicate constitution, and three months subsequent to the decease of her husband, whom a raging epidemic had suddenly snatched away, with her daughter's name on her lips, the mother of Lucy Carman breathed her last. It is a drop of balm in the cup of sorrow, to know that though separated, there exist hearts which fondly cherish our memories, to whom we are the first objects of regard that

"Our names upon their lips are borne,"

that

"For us the night seems made to pray,
For us they wake to pray at morn."

Ah, how fraught with consolation is the belief that if they knew of our sorrows they would fully sympathise in them; that on one faithful breast the throbbing head might repose; that one ear would not weary at the oft told tale of sorrow,—but with tender and consoling words would encourage the fainting spirit. Alas, poor Lucy! this was no longer vouchsafed to thee. The "eyes that had cheered thee with their light," had now become dimmed and glazed in the presence of the "King of Terrors;" the lips, that had never opened but to bless, in awful silence now leave unsaid all tender thoughts. Turn, breaking heart, from those failing reeds, and seek for some higher and more steadfast support.

Two years passed away with Lucy, years of tyranny on her husband's part, of uncomplaining anguish on her own. But now each morning brought tokens of a change. Her heart's priceless treasure had been bestowed on one who could not appreciate it,—and what remained for her but to die. She felt that she was "passing away,"—and while her trembling fingers could hold the pen, she indited the letter to which we have alluded.

"Friend of my mother," she wrote, "let me hear once again the voice that my girlhood knew; let me relinquish to your guar-

dian care my only, my beloved child, and I shall die content."

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that Mrs. Percy hesitated not in complying with the request, but that soon after, escorted by a friend, who was travelling to the same place, she proceeded on her journey, while Charles, whom business of importance prevented from accompanying his mother, remained, with the exception of the servants, the lonely dweller of the mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

"A fresh bright morning this for riding," inwardly ejaculated Charles Percy, as he entered the breakfast parlour a week subsequent to his mother's departure.

"You can tell James to saddle my horse, as I shall require it immediately after breakfast."

The servant bowed and withdrew, and Charles was left to discuss his solitary breakfast and indulge in meditations. It is not to be denied that Emily Linwood had a large share in his musings, for however varied his ideas, her image seemed blended with each, and this without any effort on his part. But the visions of fancy were dispelled by the entrance of the servant, who announced that the horse was in readiness,—and, in a few moments, Charles, mounted on his charger, was slowly cantering along, enjoying the fresh September breeze, and experiencing the exhilarating effects of that most delightful of exercises. Very pleasant looked the city that morning; the busy hum of business,—the gay appearance of the windows illuminated by sunshine and displaying to advantage bright-hued ribbons, shawls, &c.,—the smiling looks of pedestrians,—men hurrying to their respective places of business,—women, with their baskets on their arms, returning from market,—rosy-cheeked children laughing and talking merrily as they proceeded to school, all lent cheerfulness to the scene,—and Charles rode onward with a light heart, but just as he turned the corner of the street in which Emily Linwood's Seminary stood, his eye, sharpened it may be by love, discerned her figure in the distance. She was slowly walking towards the school-house: but not alone. For the first time a slight pang shot through his heart, for as she drew nearer he observed that her companion was a young and fine-looking