

had failed to extinguish,—but which, though pent up, burned with intense heat, now that it had found an object, burst forth with renewed vigour, and extinguished the slightest feelings of remorse which might, otherwise, have assailed her for selecting so unoffending a victim.

But let us turn from the contemplation of a character so repugnant to the best feelings of the heart, to another scene.

## CHAPTER IV.

The last beams of the setting sun, tinging the windows opposite Emily Linwood's dwelling, the comparative quiet of the street that a little while before had echoed to the rattling wheels and busy tread of pedestrians, —the refreshing breeze springing up after a day of oppressive heat,—the lengthening shadows and fading tints, all bespoke the return of evening. Emily sat at the open window, screened from view by the muslin curtains and plants whose foliage formed a pleasant shade. With one hand resting on the ledge and supporting her head, her dark blue eyes raised to the soft floating clouds, the breeze playing with the brown tresses, that had escaped from a tortoise-shell comb, her cheeks slightly flushed, and a smile, involuntarily, lighting up her beautiful countenance, Emily formed an admirable representation of Hope. Her disengaged hand held an open note, which had apparently awakened pleasant thoughts, at least to judge by her countenance. It was a kind invitation from Mrs. Percy to spend a sociable afternoon with her on the morrow. Charles Percy had not failed, when speaking of Mrs. Payard's party to his mother, to mention Miss Linwood, and the manner in which he did so awakened curiosity in that lady to see her, which was gratified by her happening to call at Mrs. Payard's when Emily was there. Delighted by her grace and intelligence, Mrs. Percy's interest was deepened by a short recital of her former history, obtained from Mrs. Payard, which determined her on extending to her all the kindness and encouragement dictated by a feeling heart. Emily had several times met Mr. Percy since the party, not at Mrs. Payard's, however, for though he frequently called he seldom met her there, for her instinctive delicacy led her rather to withdraw from his society than court it,—but in her walks to and from school she frequently en-

countered him, for, if the truth must be told, Charles Percy had acquired an extraordinary liking for the walk that led to the schoolhouse. At first he passed her with a graceful bow, then, with a pleasant salutation,—but that morning he had accompanied her part of the way,—and, engaged in agreeable conversation, Emily for once found the road to the schoolhouse too short. Banishing, however, reflections that might have interfered with her duties, she diligently applied herself to her daily routine of labour,—and had nearly forgotten the incident of the morning when it was recalled by Mrs. Percy's note. There was one thing, however, connected with the morning's walk, that troubled her not a little,—though she could not, in any way, account for it. Passing Mrs. Elliot's dwelling, she raised her eyes to the window, when, to her astonishment, she encountered a glance so full of envy, hatred, and revenge, that Emily shuddered and turned quickly away. It was from Mrs. Mayo, who, calling early at Mrs. Elliot's, had stepped just in time to the window, to observe Charles Percy escorting Miss Linwood.

The morrow dawned, a bright and beautiful July morning,—and was hailed, with more than usual pleasure, by Emily. The buoyancy of youth had been suppressed, not extinguished in her by affliction,—and now that she had recovered, in some measure, from its effects, her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as they had been depressed.—Her scholars had rapidly increased, so that the income arising from them not only enabled her to live in comfort, and to lay by some in case of illness,—but, also, to aid in defraying the future expenses attendant on her brother's education, in whom her chief ambition was centred; and she may be pardoned for encouraging the idea that he would one day become a great as well as a good man. Emily had, also, obtained some excellent friends,—and her heart overflowed with gratitude to that gracious Being, who has declared himself “a Father of the fatherless.”

Mrs. Percy had promised to call for Emily and her brother at the close of the school,—and scarcely had she dismissed her scholars ere the carriage stood at the door.

“Perhaps Miss Linwood would prefer a ride in the suburbs of the city, so driving