

he could derive no benefit from their perusal. What a close connection has the mind with the body, and how powerfully does it frequently act upon it, especially if the physical system has been enervated by previous illness. A total prostration of strength, accompanied by high fever, was the consequence of Mrs. Mayo's intelligence,—and so rapidly alarming was it in its subsequent manifestations, that the physician ordered Mrs. Percy to be immediately sent for, and days had elapsed, after her arrival, ere he was aware of her presence.

CHAPTER IX.

A beautifully situated cottage was the residence of Mrs. Derwent, Emily Linwood's aunt. It stood a little apart from the main road, and in summer so thickly embowered amid foliage, that a careless traveller would have passed it unobserved. A green latticed porch, over which were trained the jessamine and multiflora, opened into a small, square hall, lighted from above. On each side were apartments, not showy-looking, but substantial and cheerful. Emily's boudoir, which was on the ground floor, looked out on a pleasant meadow near the orchard, a favourite resort in childhood, when on a visit to her aunt's, and to which a side-door, at the further end of her apartment, gave admittance. It was yet early in Spring, but the morning to which we allude was exceedingly pleasant, for the season had been unusually forward, and Emily had taken advantage of the fine weather to visit a sick person who lived at some distance. The winter months had glided away but slowly with her, for in spite of herself, the past blended mournfully with the present, and partially deprived her of enjoyments she might have otherwise experienced. Yet Emily was not one to waste time in melancholy musings. No, she felt that "Life is real, life is earnest," and from her daily conduct one might have imagined she had studied the noble monition of a true-souled Poet,—

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.
Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,—
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time."

She well knew that no situation in life can exempt us from duties, duties which we owe

both to ourselves and to others,—and that to make those around happy, to diffuse light and knowledge, to call forth the smile of cheerfulness on care-worn countenances, and to point the afflicted to a higher source of consolation, is not merely an obligation, but the delightful prerogative of the true Christian.

But we have digressed: Edward, who was not aware of Emily's absence, had repaired to her boudoir to consult her on the transplanting of some flowers, but having knocked vainly at the door for admittance, entered the room, resolving to await her there. After sitting for some time, and finding she did not make her appearance, he resolved to go in search of her, when his attention was attracted by a piece of music that lay on the open piano. It was a sweet though melancholy strain, the lines attached to it, may be familiar to many of our readers; for their benefit, however, we quote them:

"Bring me not Spring's earliest flowers,
They remind me of the past,—
Lead me not to festal bowers,
'Twas with them I sat there last;
Music sounds like mournful wailing
In the halls where once we met,
Mirth's gay song is unavailing,
Teach, oh teach me to forget!"

As he replaced the sheet of music, he accidentally overturned a small and curiously carved ivory box, that stood near it, and on stooping down to gather up its scattered contents, his curiosity was attracted by a sprig of myrtle and a withered rose which lay at his feet. He picked them up, and was about replacing them in the box, half amused at the apparent carelessness with which those frail memorials had been preserved, when the door gently opened, and Emily Linwood stood before him.

"I am fairly caught in the act," he said, guiltily turning to her, for she had remained a silent spectator of the scene, "and may as well plead guilty at once, and throw myself on your mercy. But really, Emily, though I was well aware you cherished a passion for flowers, I certainly did not give you credit for such extreme attachment to them, as would lead you to preserve even the withered remains. If I had known you prized them so highly, I could have easily procured you much finer specimens. May I inquire if they are not the productions of the city, for I should say they had inhaled but little of the pure air of the country," he continued,