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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

"The prayer is heard—else why so deep
His slumber on the eve of death,
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep,
As one who drew celestial breath.

"He loves—and is beloved again,
Can his soul choose but be at rest;
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain,
Dares not invade the guarded nest."

KENNEDY

"Once more I came, the silent room
Was veiled in sadly soothing gloom,
And ready for her last adieu
The pale form like a lily showed
By virgin fingers duly spread,
And prized for love of summer fled.
The light from those soft smiling eyes,
Had floated to its parent skies.

IND.

THE season was now fast fading into autumn—the varied tints on the foliage, and the falling leaves, all denoting decay; yet as the weather continued fine, our poor heroine was sometimes prevailed on to drive out in the Park in the little pony phaeton. Her constant companion, on such occasions, was Clara, who, struggling against her own sorrows, strove to assuage the far heavier ones of her friend. Most soothing to both these amiable young women was the interchange of thought and feeling they indulged in when together. Nearly of an age, possessing the same views in religion, and both stricken by the hand of affliction, they clung to each other with the affection of the fondest sisters.

"Would that we were so in reality, sweet Kate!" said Clara to her one day as they sat together in Katherine's room.

"Would that we were," repeated the other; "my fate had been then a happier one. But God's will be done; He knows what is best for us."

About two months from the date of Sir Henry Woodford's letter to Mr. Atherston, he received an answer couched in the following terms:

"MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—Yours of the 30th of September duly came to hand; in reply, I beg to state, that I always told my daughter I should be happy to receive her should she need a home. I expect to be in England early in the spring of the ensuing year, and shall proceed to Granby Lodge, where, if she pleases, she may take up her residence with her child. As she may have debts, or require present assistance, I herewith enclose a bill of one thousand pounds, payable in three months from this date.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"JAMES ARTHUR ATHERSTON."

"How characteristic of the man," said Sir Henry, throwing down the cold laconic epistle in disgust on the table; "could he ever have had a mother to soften him!"

"Alas, had this come sooner!" exclaimed Katherine, when the bill was placed in her hand, "from how much misery and anxiety would my beloved Neville have been spared—now it is worthless."

*Continued from page 494.