

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past, whose unforgetting music still fills the wide expanse.
Ring the sober twilight of the present
With voice of remembrance!

I hear you call and now your tones descending
As voices of old friends we send,
As down the road the mission voices blending.

O'er the beaten land.
Within the circle of your incantation
No bright new morn will rise;
Nor never comes the day nor last ambition
From these airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves re-

'tounds the farther part.

I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,

The sunken dream and lost!

Before me rise the dome-shaped minots
Towers,

The white granite.

Throne-commander in his leather jerkin,

The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see fortals cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,

And pent the headland, northward, slowly drifting.

The freedom galloons.

On the hills! whose consecrated masses

recall the faith of old;

O sinking bells! that bled with twilight music

The spiritual soul.

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness,

Sigh, falter and are still;

And, valued and mystic, like the host sounding,

The sun sinks from the hill.

Laura Desmond's Choice.

BY AGNES C. STEWART.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]
Winter yet lingered on into the middle of February, when Mrs. Ainslie for the first time made her appearance at the breakfast table. The Captain was already awaiting her, and rising he led her to a seat by the fire-side as gallantly as if he were some young bridegroom during the brief period of the honeymoon.

'You have been so kind and attentive to me during my illness I feel very grateful to you,' said she.

'And you must show your gratitude by getting up your strength as fast as possible. Oh, those good people, the Lesters, have been very kind and attentive too. I feel glad to know that they are such kind friends,' he continued, 'because now you are getting better, and will be able to manage your own home. I shall feel you are not wholly without society; you know I have been as if I were the master of your home ever since your illness commenced.'

A faint smile passed over Laura's features.

'I should like to know who could command here with greater right than my brother-in-law,' said she. 'I feel too weak yet to look after the business part of my affairs, and I hope you will make this house your home just a little longer, till I am quite strong in fact.'

The Daily Telegraph was in his hand, and as he held it before his face a friend, a peculiar smile crossed his features, then laying it aside he said:

'Certainly, if you wish that I should do so; I have invested the property Mrs. Connolly left you as I knew you intended to do, in the funds in your name; it is the safest plan, though your dividends will be less; but if you invested it in railroad shares, for instance, However, if you ever are inclined to change your mind, you can invest it differently whenever you wish to do so.'

'I thank you very much; it shall remain as it is; it will yield enough interest for me to live on in this house, or, I can take another, and furnish it to my own liking, if I please.'

'Well, as we are talking about business, we may as well make other arrangements. I like sleeping out of London, and this is very easy of access to my West-end Club; perhaps it might coincide with both our interests for me to consider your home as mine, until I settle myself by marriage; in the event of my dear uncle's illness or death abide at Rivendale. What say you, Laura? Neither of us have much of this world's goods, but of the two you are the best off. Of course since I left the Army I have nothing but my half pay and my allowance from my uncle. It may be that my remaining home may not be unacceptable to you.'

As he spoke he regarded Laura intently, fixing his eyes on hers.

'Let it be as you will,' she at once replied, lowering her eyes; 'the arrangement will suit us both; I should like it infinitely.'

He had observed a pained expression on her features when he alluded to his going to Rivendale, and after a pause she said:

'I should very much like, when I have regained my strength, to go to Rivendale, if only for a few days; it would make me as happy as I can ever hope to be in this world, unless Providence sees fit to restore to me my boy—once again, to see dear Queen Ainslie.'

You must put that out of your head for a long time to come,' said he, somewhat sternly; 'I have already told you that we have made many inquiries since the reward was offered, but in no case instance was there the slightest similarity in the children produced, except in one little boy, who happened to be stirred in a very shabby Scotch dress; but, nevertheless, here you must remain, for you never know the day nor the hour in which your boy may be restored to you.'

And so, in a kind of dreary monotony, passed away the next three months of Laura's life, broken only by the visits of Mr. Lester, of whom she became extremely fond; and also of Miss Ainslie, that lady's eldest little girl, who happened to be about the same age as the child Gerald whom she lost, six months since.

The study of Captain and Mrs. Ainslie's characters was unfortunately formed by the negligence of the doctor and his wife, and, had they known all, their opinion would have been inclined.

To Laura, she had become a sort of necessary evil to his disengaged wife, and represented whenever the thought of her loss lay heavy to her mind, she remained in much perplexity.

'I do not wonder you reproach me,' she would say, 'though you were

as near to the dear child as I myself; still he was my peculiar care, and I do think me, you would be happier with a stranger near you than with me; I will seek a situation at once, it will be better for you.'

'No, you must not leave me,' she would say; 'my trouble makes me cross, and leads me to be, perhaps, hard on you,' and then some little gift as a peace-offering would be handed over to the servant, and for a time no more would pass on the subject.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]
I SHALL KEEP YOU TO YOUR COMPACT.

'I tell you what it is, Martha; I shall give Mrs. Ainslie a month's notice; I come here to be a servant to the family, and not to be under such as you, to how.'

So round the cook as she washed away the plates and dishes, after having served up her mistress's dinner.

'This is about the oddest house I have lived in, and I've been in service ever since my poor man died, twenty years next Christmas. As to me, I am so gentle and so pure that not only by the Captain, but by you, that is just enough to make a stone speak.'

'But you see stones are not able to speak. How should I have offended you, I should like to know?'

'How!—by your fine lady airs and graces, putting yourself over me at every turn. If she weren't so ill, I would go to her this very minute—'

'Had you not better complain to the Captain? He is like a master here, you know. Mrs. Ainslie would be sure to refer to him if you go complaining to her.'

'Oh, you're very gracious, to be sure you are; you know how to carry things with a high hand, you do; and, pray, what day have you fixed on for your next outing?'

'I have not decided yet; I will tell you all in good time.'

'A concocted, pert, stuck-up mix,' said cook to herself as she stood in the scullery, washing up her dishes: 'I declare it is only out of pity for that poor young lady, who is trodden under foot, in a manner of speaking by both her brother-in-law and her maid, that I don't leave the house at once; they'll kill her between them, or, they'll drive her mad, that's what they'll do before they've done with her; I hate the woman, she's impudent like to one, and then she's one of those soft, silly folks, no better nor their neighbors, whom you can't put out of temper, though they can say enough to put their neighbor in rage, draw em.'

And cook had just drawn for complaint, but she was very far from knowing how matters really stood; but Martha, herself a maid, seemed suddenly put over head as mistress, and subservient to Laura, she was overbearing and insolent to her fellow-servants.

The chief cause, however, of cook's resentment lay in the great frequency of Martha's holidays, and very often she had it in mind to prefer her complaints to the Captain himself, only that she had a firm belief that she would receive no notice if she did so, and she always remembered that the wages of her place were high, and the duties light; so with a soft heart she submitted again, and yet again to the infinite amusement of the impulsive Martha, who, despite an occasional outbreak, had her foot at its own tip, on the seek of her fellow-servant. If the cook could have made up to her mind to give up her place of being in bed every night before ten o'clock, she would have had a great handle over her fellow-servant; but it had been a steady determination of hers to be free from want, to serve to him in bed, to sleep above him, that he would be compelled to be at the Captain's latch-key, and, though, by thus rigidly adhering to a principle which would be to the comfort of that employer, if more exacting, it would be a very strong argument to the Captain to let her go.

Having loved once truly and fondly, can a man or woman ever rouse up the dead ashes of a first love, and kindle them again? We think not. These letters so carefully treasured were written by one who braved up to her the secret of a kind letter from Squire Ainslie inviting up to Greenwich.'

Captain Ainslie paused in his occupation, for he was just taking out some watercolor drawings from a portfolio which he had brought home with him, and with the utmost coolness remarked:

'I will not do you to dream of going off to pose it at once, for I see the cook is going out,' said she, as she put the required stamp on the envelope, and stepping at the window to beckon her back she went to the hall door and handed it to the woman, desirous to put it in the letter box. About half-an-hour later the Captain came home, admitted himself with his latch-key and in a short time joined the ladies in the drawing room. A little desultory conversation followed, when suddenly, like one who braces up their courage to a certain point, Laura said, 'I shall leave you to yourself next week; I have had one kind letter from Squire Ainslie inviting up to Greenwich.'

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