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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

"*Ann has he left his birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain,
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?*"

"*And by the brook and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!*"

MRS. BRUCE.

For a while our heroine felt cheered by the kind attentions of her amiable hostess; but as the evening wore away she began to tire of her conversation, which had nothing in common with her feelings, and rising she walked over to the window, wondering what could detain Neville so very long from her.

"Captain Warburton has no doubt much to occupy him; his time is not his own or he would be here," replied Mrs. Bruce; "perhaps this book of prints may amuse you till he comes."

Katherine again sat down and began turning over the leaves with careless indifference. Nothing had power to engage her attention or beguile her thoughts—every instant she looked towards the door with a restlessness she could not conceal. Mrs. Bruce asked her if she were fond of reading, and produced a few books, the contents of which told the Christian state of her own mind.

"Yes! I am fond of reading," replied Katherine, glancing her eye over them, "but not such books as these. Poetry is my favorite study—particularly Byron's."

"And were you allowed to read Lord Byron's works?" asked Mrs. Bruce, rather surprised.

"Not all of them, though I read many more than my governess knew of. I used to hide them under my pillow—but she set me the example, for she always had a novel there herself, to read before she got up in the morning."

"And to such a person was your education entrusted!" thought Mrs. Bruce, as she gazed with

much interest on the lovely creature. "Alas! the result might have been foreseen."

Captain Warburton now entered, accompanied by Mr. Bruce. Katherine flew eagerly towards him, exclaiming, "Oh! I am so glad you are come. What has detained you? shall we go now?"

"Yes! when I have thanked Mrs. Bruce for her kindness to you," replied her husband, advancing into the room with a flushed and vexed countenance.

"Nay! no thanks. Most happy am I to have been of the slightest use," returned Mrs. Bruce, pressing the hand of Katherine; "I hope you will come often to see me, Mrs. Warburton. We are quiet people, but we are very fond of young persons." And she sighed.

"Mary!" said Mr. Bruce, who had been gazing fixedly on the beautiful face of Katherine, "cannot you trace a likeness in Mrs. Warburton to our —?" he paused ere he finished.

"Yes, my love!" replied his wife, "I discovered it the instant she entered the room, and I feared I should be considered rude for gazing on her. We had the misfortune to lose a very dear and only child one year ago," added Mrs. Bruce to Katherine, "and the resemblance you bear to her is so extraordinary, that I could almost fancy her standing before me. You are a little taller, and perhaps fairer; that is the only difference."

Katherine was touched by the words and manner of the bereaved mother. In her loss the will

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