

LITERARY.

The Exile's Song.

Oh! why left I my home?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my aint countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs—
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulb sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my aint countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail o' slavery—
But the sun of freedom shines
In my aint countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
An a path across the sea—
But the weary ne'er return
To there ain countrie!

RUPERT'S CHOICE.

'Horrid things—only fit for the fire—
None of them do, her justice!' he would say.

It was pleasant in these modern days
to see that he was genuinely in love; the
expression of it might be couched in
queer phrases, and even in slang, but it
was quite evident that his Mona had won
his whole heart, and from that I augured

For Mrs. Loraine's sake, even more
than for Rupert's I was anxious to see
Miss Herries. I longed to see the friend
who had gone through such depth of
trouble, find, in her son's wife a loving
daughter who would appreciate her, and
delight in making her life bright and
pleasant. Nothing would ever make Rup-
ert otherwise than kind and affection-
ate to his mother, but a wife's influence
might greatly effect her happiness. To
me, Mrs. Loraine was an unusually inter-
esting person, but she was peculiar.

Handsomeness, clever, cultivated and accus-
tomed from childhood to be a person of
importance, and both flattered and de-
ferred to, she was yet curiously shy and
diffident as to her own power of winning
affection, and the stiffness produced by
this shyness was often taken for pride.
She was eagerly enthusiastic, very sensi-
tive and impulsive, and generous almost
to folly, yet, with it all, she was too
clever and sensible not to see through
attempts to impose upon her as soon as
she allowed herself to think coolly.

She was rashly lavish of assistance, and
of sympathy and affection, according as
she fancied her friends to need them;
and then was quick to see and feel too
late that all her warm feeling and deli-
cate generosity had been wasted. Know-
ing all this I could not but be anxious
to ascertain that Miss Herries was likely
to understand her. I watched her all day,
scarcely knowing whether to be touched
or amused at her proceedings. She had
selected for Miss Herries the prettiest
room in the house, with a lovely view
over the park, and she was in and out it
all day, adding to its attractions. She
selected quite a library of books such as
she herself valued to place on the book-
shelves; she gathered the prettiest flow-
ers to make bouquets for the table, she
changed a commonplace engraving for a
pritty water-color sketch of Rupert as
a child, with his dog and pony, which had
always hung in her own room, and I
only hoped that the girl who was on her
way to Helmsleigh might be able to ap-
preciate all the accumulated tokens of
of delicate welcome.

CHAPTER II.

'We will drive over to Newbury this
afternoon, I think, Jane, to meet Miss
Herries' said Mrs. Loraine after luncheon.
'Saunders, tell Johnstone to bring the
carriage round in time for us to meet the
4.45 tram. The cart must go for Miss
Herries' luggage.'

This was unquestionably the right thing
to do, but, unfortunately about ten min-
utes before we ought to have set off, the
old Earl and Countess D— came to call.
They were the great people of the coun-
try, he being the Lord Lieutenant; they
were also old friends, and they had driv-
en many miles to congratulate Mrs. Lor-
aine on her sons engagement, which had
gradually become public news. There

was no choice in the matter. Mrs. Lor-
aine desired Saunders to tell the coach-
man to be sure and be in time for the
train, and the footman to say to Miss Her-
ries that she was sorry for being prevent-
ed from going to meet her, and she then
passed on to the drawingsroom to re-
ceive her guests, and beg of them to have
their carriage put up for an hour or two.
When they found that Miss Herries was
expected on a visit that very day, they
ordered their carriage the hour when
she might be expected to arrive but
there had been some delay, and they
were later than they expected to be, so
they drove from the house as the return-
ing carriage drove up to it and we heard
no second sound of wheels. Our
first intimation of the arrival was the
door being thrown wide open by Saun-
ders, who announced in the most impos-
ing manner—

'Miss Herries!
There entered a girl who was certain-
ly tall, slight, and dark haired, but was
as unlike as possible what I had hoped
to see. She was handsome, for she had
a brilliant complexion, fine eyes, and
rather good features, but, nevertheless,
her appearance was a shock to me. Her
hair was cut straight across the forehead
Gainsborough fashion, and was in a mass
of tangled curls behind; what there
might be between I could not tell, for
there was a high Tyrolese hat on top of
the erection. Her eyes were more or
less 'touched,' I was sure. She had very
high heeled shoes, and her dress which
was of a dark blue cambric with white
spots so fashionable last summer, fell in
heavy plaited folds about her feet, and
was fastened back very tightly and looped
up very fussily. Altogether she looked
as if she had stepped out of a plate of
fashions as to costume, and was mentally
and morally more adapted to stand be-
hind a refreshment counter than to be
Rupert's wife. I could see that Mrs.
Loraine received an unpleasant shock;
but she went forward and welcomed her
cordially, saying, as she kissed her,
how much she had looked forward to
seeing her and how glad she was to have
her with her.

'It is so kind of you to say so, answers
Miss Herries in a voice not otherwise
than sweet, but with a commonness
of tone and accent which was terribly
depressing.

'It is unfortunate that Rupert cannot
be back to welcome you this first evening.
My son was sure you would understand
that he could not help it. There is a
change in the trains, so that he cannot
get back after the cricket match, which
was an old engagement. He will be
here for breakfast to-morrow.

'Oh! of course! I quite understand,'
said Miss Herries with a provoking smile.
'Now let me introduce you to Miss Bar-
low, my dear. She was Rupert's gover-
ness long ago and is now staying with me
a few weeks—a great pleasure to me.'

So Mrs. Loraine talked on, trying to
hide even from herself Miss Herries' to-
tal irresponsiveness, for, in answer to
this introduction she only bowed and
said, 'Indeed how kind of you,' to Mrs.
Loraine.

Saunders came in with fresh tea, which
was a help to us. Mrs. Loraine said some-
thing of regret that her father's illness
should have prevented her mother from
being able to bring her on this first com-
ing to Helmsleigh.

'Oh thanks, you are too kind to think
of asking her, but mamma doesn't go any-
where.'

At this moment there entered a good
looking youth of nineteen. Albert Eliot,
a nephew of Mrs. Loraine who was being
crammed for an examination of some
kind by the vicar of Helmsleigh. He had
come obviously to inspect his future
cousin. Mrs. Loraine introduced him
and young though he was, his masculine
presence worked a change in Miss Her-
ries. She was quite, almost demure in
manner but she was excited.

'Now my dear,' said Mrs. Loraine, a few
minutes later, 'I will take you to your
room. We dine at half-past seven, and
you will like to rest a little.'

As the door closed behind them Albert
planted himself in front of me and made
a comical face of disgust and amaze-
ment.

'That young woman won't let her eyes
rust for want of use,' he said. 'Miss
Barlow, Rupert ought to have his head
punched.'

'You will keep Mr. and Mrs. Carter,
waiting for dinner, Albert,' I said as dis-
couragingly as I could; but in my heart
I felt that I agreed with him, and I
went at once to my room to dress for
dinner, feeling that I could not meet Mrs.
Loraine. My heart ached for her dis-
appointment. What horrible blindness
could have come over our boy? What
infatuation could have made him fall in
love with such a girl as this?

When I went down to the drawing-room
I found Mrs. Loraine there alone. She
made no remark about Miss Herries,
which, in itself, sufficiently showed her
disappointment. Miss Herries came
down in good time, prettily, though show-
ily, dressed in white, with black lace and
red ribbons, and looking undeniably very
handsome. The conversation at dinner
dragged painfully. Mrs. Loraine was chil-
dren and depressed, and Miss Herries,
though now quite at her ease, was unfor-
tunate in her choice of subjects. She was
evidently anxious to please, but her ad-

miration of the place, her praises of the
room assigned her, were utterly tasteless.
The only good taste that she showed was
in abstaining from talking of Rupert—
she never mentioned him of her own ac-
cord, and barely responded to any acci-
dental allusion to him. It was, under the
circumstances, lucky, but it seemed to
me unnatural. During the evening we
tried every imaginable subject. She was
very good-natured, and very ready to talk
apparently quite unconscious of her own
deficiencies. The knowledge of German-
vaunted by Rupert, was the merest
school-girl smattering; her music was
not absolutely bad, but common place
and meaningless. She was ready to pro-
fess interest in any subject that Mrs.
Loraine started, but, before bedtime
came, we both knew that the other must
have discovered her to be ill-educated,
unrefined and underbred. When we
went up-stairs at night Mrs. Loraine
stopped at the turning which led to her
own rooms; she could evidently bear no
more.

'I will say good-night here, my dear,
she said. 'I am very tired, and Miss
Barlow would kindly see that you have
all you want in your room.'

She said good-night to me, too. I
knew it meant that she wished to be
alone, and that for the present there was
to be silence even between her and me.
I thought her wise and right—and how I
pitied her!

I accompanied Miss Herries to her
room, to see that all was as it should be.
She set down her candle and closed the
door.

'Sit down and talk,' she said, familiar-
ly. 'Put me up to a few things. You
know her well, of course. Shall I find
her easy to live with?'

'It is difficult to tell beforehand who
will suit each other,' I replied, coolly;
for her easy tone displeased me. 'Mrs.
Loraine is a most charming person, and
kindness itself.'

'Rather odd, thought, isn't she? Well
I dear say we shall do very well together,
and with such a lot of us at home, and
little money, I am thankful to get away.
It's always a chance, but I think I've
done very well for myself.'

'Too much disgusted to answer, as if
it would do to speak my mind, I
merely bade her good night and left
her.

CHAPTER III.

The following morning being Friday,
there was an early service in the village
church at half past eight. I walked
across the park to it, but I was a little
late—the vicar was just coming out of the
vestry. Mrs. Loraine was already there;
but I did not go up the church to her seat;
I slipped into that nearest the door. A
moment afterward, a stranger came quiet-
ly and sat near me.

She was a tall, graceful girl, very sim-
ply dressed, but looking, in her black skirt
and brown holland polonaise, throughly
like a high-bred lady. She was rather
pale, with dark hair in simple rich coils,
and long eye-ashes, which, as I saw when
she turned to smile her thanks for the
offer of a footstool, shaded large, dark
grey eyes, with an expression so intel-
ligent, sweet and refined that I longed
to know who she was. She left the
church quickly as soon as the service was
over, and walked away toward the fur-
ther end of the village. I asked clerk if
he knew her.

'She be the new lady that came to the
Grange last night to live with Mr. George,'
was the reply.

Mrs. Geo. Loraine was the widow of a
cousin of my Mrs. Loraine. George
Loraine had squandered all his own for-
tune, and had been idle and dissipated;
but when, in failing health, he married
the widow of a very rich iron-master,
his love for Helmsleigh, which, under
his uncle's guardianship, had been his
home in his boyhood, showed itself by
his asking for lease of the Grange for his
own life and his wife's. He added, and
proved, and made a charming place of it,
and the widow still lived there—outside
the village. 'Mrs. George' was neither
young nor handsome, but she was rich
good natured and 'jolly,' and no one
could dislike her, though she was rather
vulgar. She always had a 'companion,'
being too sociable to like living alone,
and she generally chose pretty girls, as
she enjoyed taking them about with her
and trying to marry them. They rarely
staid long for she invariably began by
spoiling them, and then took by spoiling
them, and then they took liberties, and
were dismissed in disgrace—or else she
fancied that they had designs on Rupert
who she worshipped, like the rest of the
world, and they were sent away to be out
of his reach. But this girl looked unfit
for such a position. That she should be
Mrs. George's companion, while Mona
Herries was to be Rupert's wife!

To be continued.

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