

to note the impression made upon them, for she was often pained by their want of sympathy with her in these views.

After he had read to the end of the chapter, he closed the book, and rising, commenced an exhortation upon it, his face lighting up as if communing with the Holy Spirit;—he had, however, just begun his exposition, when a step was heard along the corridor, a tall figure darkened the entrance to the door, and on looking up we were startled to perceive Duke Hercules gazing with a frowning brow on the circle. For a moment even Renée lost her self possession and the color deepened on her cheek, but instantly she rallied, and beckoning gracefully to him, she said:

"This is, indeed, an unlooked for pleasure; we hardly dared to hope you would join our social circle, but come, enter; the room is not so charmed, but your footstep can break into the magic ring."

"I have no wish to intrude myself here, where I should be as much out of place as in a heretical temple," was the short, quick answer of the duke, as turning hastily upon his heel, his step heavier than before, he retreated along the passage.

THE EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

On waken up, my darlin'—my Dermot, it is day—
The day—when from the mother's eyes the real
light dies away!

For what will daylight be to me, that never more
will see

The fair face of my Dermot, come smiling back
to me!

Arise, my son—the morning red is wearing fast
away,

And through the gray mist I can see the masts
rock in the bay.

Before the sea-fog clears the hill my darlin' must
depart.

But oh, the cloud will never lift that wraps the
mother's heart!

Sure then I'm old and foolish! what's this I'm say-
ing now!

Will I see my fair son leave me with the shadow
on his brow?

Oh no! we'll bear up bravely, and make no stir,
nor moan,

There will be time for weepin' when my fair son
shall be gone!

I've laid the old coat ready, dear,—my pride this
day has been,

That on your poor apparel shall no rent, nor stain
be seen.

And let me tie that kerchief, too; it's badly done,
I fear,

But, my old hands tremble sadly—*with the hurry*
—Dermot, dear!

And are you ready, darlin'? Turn round, and bid
farewell

To the roof tree of the cabin that has sheltered us
so well:

Leave a blessing on the threshold, and on the
old hearth-stone—

'Twill be a comfort to my heart, when I sit there
alone.

And often at the twilight hour, when day and
work are done,

I'll dream the old times back again, when *you*
were there my son.

When you were there—a little thing that prattled
at my knee!

Long ere the evil days had come to part my child
and me.

The dear arm still around me, the dear hand guides
me still!

'Tis but a little step to go—see, now we've gained
the hill;

Is that the vessel, Dermot dear?—the *mist* my
eyesight dims—

Oh, shame upon me! now—what means this trem-
bling in my limbs?

My child! my child! oh let me weep awhile upon
your breast;

Would I were in my grave! for then—my heart
would be at rest—

But now, the hour is come—and I must stand up-
on the shore,

And see the treasure of my soul depart forever-
more!

I know, my child! I know it—the folly and the
sin!

But oh, I think my heart would burst to keep this
anguish in—

To think how in yon sleeping town, such happy
mothers be,

Who keep their *many* sons at home? while I—I
have but thee!

But I have done, I murmur not—I kiss the chas-
tening rod,

Upon this hill—as Abraham did—I give my child
to God!

But not like him, to welcome back the precious
thing once given—

I'll see my fair son's face again—but *not on this*
side heaven!