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## Love's Duration.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Oh, love, whilst thou to love hast power!  
Oh, love, bid love with thee abide!  
There comes an hour—there comes an hour—  
Thou'lt kneel and weep a grave beside.

Oh, keep thy heart in constant glow,  
Lit by the flame of love divine!  
So long's another's heart-beats flow  
In loving unison with thine

And he who trusts him to your breast,  
Oh, make his happiness your chief!  
Let every hour of his be blest,  
Without a moment known to grief!

And be each thoughtless word confined!  
They're said so soon—the words that smart:  
"I meant not, love, to be unkind!"  
Ah! thou hast pained a gentle heart!

Oh, love, whilst thou to love hast power!  
Oh, love, bid love with thee abide!  
There comes an hour—there comes an hour—  
Thou'lt kneel and weep a grave beside.

Ah! prone beside that grave thou'lt weep;  
And from thy hidden eyes will pass  
(His eyes are closed in lasting sleep)  
Hot tears upon the church-yard grass.

Thou'lt cry aloud: "Look down below—  
A contrite spirit's prayer receive!  
Forgive that I e'er pained thee so!  
Oh, love, I meant not thee to grieve!"

He sees not—hears not! Ah! he can  
Not come to thee, to heal thy woe;  
The lips that kissed, can ne'er again  
Say: "I forgave thee long ago!"

He did forgive; though love's excess  
With greater sorrow filled his breast,  
Till tears washed out thy heartlessness:  
But hush! He sleeps—he is at rest!

Oh, love, whilst thou to love hast power!  
Oh, love, bid love with thee abide!  
There comes an hour—there comes an hour—  
Thou'lt kneel and grieve a grave beside!

—George Birdseye.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

## The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER I.

I WANDERED one afternoon into the library—the dear, quaint old library, that I loved more than any other room in my quaint old home. It was not a very large apartment, but it looked more spacious than it really was, on account of its recesses, its deep bay windows, and, above all, its high dome-shaped ceiling, from the centre of which depended the bronze gasaliers. Three sides of the room were lined almost from ceiling to floor with books; many of them grim law books bound in yellow calf, and which my father regarded with special pride, but into which, of late years, he had but seldom glanced, as he gave up his profession when he came into his inheritance. Then there were the historians, the biographers, the scientists, the poets and novelists, a goodly collection altogether; such a one as is rarely met with in a country house. As I, in my child-like simplicity and pride, used to say—“Ours is no mere apology for a library, but a real library in every way.” And even now, although I have seen many magnificent libraries beside which ours shrinks to insignificance; yet even now I take a great pride in the old library at home; for it is endeared to me by many pleasant recollections and not a few sad ones.

As I have said, three sides of the room were lined with books. On the South side, a door opened into the drawing room which was the usual mode of ingress to the library; at one end of the room another door led into a passage from which other passages branched off into various directions; at the opposite end were two deep bay windows, midway between which a French window opened on a flight of steps which led direct to the lawn and gardens. As the North side of the library will prove of most interest, I have reserved the description of it till the last. In the centre was the fire-place and mantle-piece, on either side of which, and built into a deep square recess, was a mahogany cupboard, standing about three feet high. The tops of these cupboards were smooth and flat, like a table; there were two doors to each, and these were usually locked, the key hanging on a brass hook within reach. In these closets were stored away heaps of magazines and old documents and letters, yellow and musty from age, worthless old papers, most of them, but my father kept them, intending always to look them over. They had belonged, for the most part, to my grandfather.

Above these cupboards were ranged rows and rows of books, and many a time have I climbed to the top of one, to reach a book from the higher shelves, and there, curled up like a kitten, in the corner, I have sat for hours, lost in the dazzling splendors of the Arabian Nights, or wandering through Wonderland with the giants and dwarfs, the good and the bad faeries of old; anon, dipping into the poet's lore, or tasting the sweets of modern fiction, when I should have been puzzling