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[Written for the Family Circle.]

To —

The corn by that coppice is yellow,
Those turnip-tops wave like the sea
In the orchard the apples are mellow,
The ploughman is ploughing the lea;
Past the willows and purple-crown'd bushes
Past the brook with its turbulent pool,
Past the thickets where gather the thrushes,
Sweet Mary is walking to school.

Aurora come forth in thy fairest,
Wild Zephyrus linger a while,
Ripe 'eres come dress in thy rarest,
Apollo remember to smile,
For know ye! that step like a fairy's,
That voice like an oriole call,
Those smiles so bewitching are Mary's
And each of them rivals you all.

She reaches at last the wild cherry,
She pauses to rest 'neath its shade,
From the wood burst the pupils all merry,
To meet this fair morning the maid,
Some with flowers, some with fruits, some with never
A gift that the hand may bestow,
And one with a gift that forever
With gathering beauty shall grow.

Robert Elliott.

[Written for The Family Circle.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day grandpa sent for his lawyer, and made a will leaving Upfield Manor and all his money to Edward Godfrey, your father, and to his children after him. If he left no heirs, the property would then revert to Alex. Godfrey, the elder son.

"The old squire's death occurred just five years after your father's departure from England, and in all those five years no word of him or his whereabouts had reached either his father or brother, though they both made every effort to discover where he had gone.

"Meanwhile, about a month previous to the squire's death, he sent for my father, offering to forget the past and to receive him once more at Upfield as his heir. So papa came here bringing with him Herbert, who was then a little fellow of four years; he remained only three days, but during that time the father and son became thoroughly reconciled, and before papa left to go back to the city, grandpa informed him that he had made a new will, reinstating him in his rights, as heir of Upfield.

"One month later the squire suddenly died; papa was telegraphed for, but arrived too late to see his father alive.

"When the funeral was over, the will was read. Of course, after what the squire had told him, papa confidently expected to find himself heir of Upfield; you may imagine then, his consternation when the will was read to find that his name was not even mentioned; everything was left to Edward and his children after him.

"Everyone considered the will an unjust one, especially as all knew of the reconciliation between the squire and his son. So papa was upheld by all his, and his father's friends when he contested the will on the ground that another and later one was in existence. Then began a grand search for the missing will, the entire house was ransacked; every likely and unlikely place was examined, but no will was ever found, and papa at last relinquished every hope of its ever turning up and resigned himself to the loss of his inheritance. Then came the question, where was Edward Godfrey? No one knew; no one had seen or heard anything of him since the day he left England, five years before. Advertisements were inserted in all the home and foreign papers, but with no result till about a year later, there came a letter from South America, from a man who represented himself as having been once a friend of your father's, and he said that Edward Godfrey, better known there under the name of Edward Lisle, had died nearly two years previously of yellow fever.

"At the time of his death you, Helen, must have been about two years old, as I understand your parents separated about a year after their marriage; your mother would, doubtless, have noticed the advertisements in the Melbourne papers, and would have come forward to claim in your name the estate of Upfield, had it not been for the fact that your father married her under his second baptismal name, that of Lisle, and consequently she never knew, until years afterwards that her husband and the Edward Godfrey so extensively advertised for, were one and the same person.

"When the news of Uncle Edward's death came, papa was terribly shocked and grieved, for the two brothers had always been close friends. It was not until positive proof of his brother's death had been obtained, that papa would consent to enter the Manor as its master; but when he did come here, he was joyfully welcomed by friends and tenants as the young squire of Upfield, and no one dreamed that in far off Australia lived a little baby girl who was rightful heiress of the Manor; for no news of my uncle's marriage with the Australian heiress nor of your birth had ever reached England.

"For nearly ten years we lived a peaceful, happy life; and then one never-to-be-forgotten day a thunder-bolt fell into the midst of our happy home, in the shape of a letter from papa's lawyers, informing him of his brother's Australian marriage, of your birth, and of the fact that you and your mother were then in England and had laid claim to Upfield.

"Ah well! there is no need to dwell on this part of the story. There was no help for it, as all inquiries produced proof upon proof of the justice of your claim; according to the terms of the late squire's will.