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A WORD OF COMFORT.

Comfort take thou, child of sorrow,
All is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

'Child of grief does this world move thee'
Transient scene of Transient pain.
Think! O Think! of worlds above thee,
Countless worlds—a glorious train.

There are mansions now preparing
For the chosen sons of God,
Here a pilgrim and way faring
There shall be a long abode.

There shall thou abide forever,
With thy best and greeted friend,
Naught from him thy soul shall sever
In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations
Eye to eye, and face to face,
Thou shalt see thy tribulations
Sent as Messengers of grace.

Comfort take thou child of sorrow,
All is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

(RIVERSDALE.)

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INSTALLATION.

The morning of the 26th broke upon the earth, in such a glorious combination of celestial and terrestrial harmonies, as is expressed in an unclouded sky, balmy, dew-laden and flower-scented air, golden sunlight, and the wild, but joyous warbling of numerous and many-hued song birds. Indeed, all nature, with its grand adornment of verdure and foliage and flowers, its voices and vivacities seemed to breathe an inspiration, leading the soul unhabitedly to grovelling instinctively to higher thoughts and sensibilities and purposes.

Frank and Tom were early out, luxuriating in sights and sounds and scenes, such as can only be found on such a morning, and in rural districts.

"What a glorious morning for a birthday," said Tom. "If the heiress of 'Aberfoyle' was born on such a day as this, it would almost seem prophetic of a grand development."

"If prophecy were history, as well as history prospective, any one might be a prophet," said Frank. "For my

part, I have not much confidence in omens. What interests me most is, that it is a glorious anniversary of the birth of one whose development is quite in consonance with my ideas of the highest type of woman." "I hope no untoward circumstance will prevent the arrival of our expected guests. By the bye, I think we should have some lunch prepared to take down to the cottage. It would be an unusual thing to have guests and no provision for their entertainment."

"By all means," said Tom. "Though we cannot expect to entertain them in as good style as we could wish, still, we must try and make the day as enjoyable as possible, and further than that I think our circumstances will excuse us."

Preparations were accordingly made and a collation was sent down to the cottage, and being thus engaged, the hours of the morning passed swiftly by, and when the morning train arrived, Frank and Tom were at the station, in readiness to receive the expected visitors.

When the train drew up at the station, Frank and Tom were equally surprised and pleased to find that Miss Ellen Mercer had accompanied her cousins.

"We had not anticipated this pleasure," said Frank, as, after assisting Alicia to alight, he turned to Miss Ellen, but I am heartily glad you have come; and I am sure my friend, Mr. Crossin participates in the pleasure."

"You see," said Alicia, "we thought we might combine pleasure with business, and so insisted upon our cousin accompanying us. I must confess to a little selfishness in the matter; but I trust that business properties, in which I am not well versed, will not necessitate any very severe censure for having done so."

"On the contrary," Tom replied, "we will give you a unanimous vote of thanks, and if the term selfishness has any appropriateness in this case, it only proves how selfishness, though usually very contracted in its beneficence, is sometimes indirectly very diffusive. I am sure if you had studied our pleasure rather than your own, you could not have contributed to it more effectively."

"Thanks for the compliment," Miss Ellen responded, "and if in the future I can look back to the day, with the consciousness that in any way I contributed to the happiness of others, the reflection will be a sufficient reward."

But what a funny place this is, why there is nothing here but a tavern, one little store, a blacksmith shop, and two or three small dwellings. Where is the Aberfoyle Estate where uncle David used to live?"

"We shall go there presently," Frank replied, "and, as we have arranged to transact our little business there, I think we may as well go down there at once. Business before pleasure, you know. The distance is about half a mile. Shall we order a carriage at the hotel?"

"O no," Alicia responded, "we would prefer walking in such pleasant weather, it will do us good after our ride in the cars, besides, we will have a better chance to look around, and I think it will be more enjoyable."

"And I will go ahead and look about a little, if you will excuse me," said Rudolph. "Some of the scenes about here are familiar to me, as I was twice in this neighborhood when I was a boy."