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A Woman.

The poet's laurel wreath she does not wear,
 Since in her busy life she seldom writes
 The poems that she lives; yet on the heights
 With native sympathy her soul doth share
 The poet's keen delights.

She neither seeks nor gains the world's acclaims,
 Though rarest gifts are hers of mind and face;
 More proud is she to fill her simple place
 And wear what seem to her the dearest names
 That womanhood can grace.

Her joy it is to guard her loved from pain,
 To take from them the burdens hard to bear;
 To give her days, her nights, her life, to care
 For those who, loving her, yet entertain
 Their angel unaware.

And more than artist's patience she doth give
 To tasks of motherhood, since not alone
 High dreams are clothed in color, form or tone
 Wrought from the lives that human beings live
 Is highest beauty known.

On such as she the world may not bestow
 Its vain applause; far from all vulgar strife
 She dwells content, if through her hidden life,
 Her loved the meaning of the name shall know,
 Of mother, and of wife.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I had given Mrs. Godfrey the wool, and replied to a few ~~ing~~ questions she put to me, I dragged my weary limbs upstairs to my bedroom. Tired and heart-sick I longed to send word down that I did not want any dinner, and to keep my room for the rest of the evening, but I knew Mrs. Godfrey would regard such a proceeding on the part of a hired companion as an unpardonable piece of presumption; and besides I considered it best for my purpose not to excite the least suspicion that evening by acting in any way differently from what I usually did, for the events of the afternoon had not made me forget what I had planned to do that night.

When I was dressed I went in search of Helen, whom I expected to find either in the library or somewhere in the grounds. But not finding her in either of these places—her usual haunts—I went up-stairs and knocked at her bed-room

door, intending to offer to help her dress, for Helen frequently dismissed Janet, her maid, and claimed my help instead, as she said she liked to have someone to chatter to while she was dressing.

But instead of my cousin's sweet voice bidding me enter, the door was stealthily opened and I was confronted by the impenetrable features of Mrs. Godfrey.

"I—I beg your pardon Mrs. Godfrey, I did not know you were here; I came to see if I could be of any assistance to Helen."

"Miss Godfrey does not require your services this evening, you may go down-stairs again." The tone of her voice was so icy, and the gaze of her eyes so severe, that I shivered slightly as I once more descended the stairs.

"I thank God!" I ejaculated, "my mother is not like that woman."

I wandered about the garden, restless and unhappy, thinking of Douglas' confession to me that afternoon; and bitterly reproaching myself for the guilty joy that filled my heart at the thought that he loved me; and vainly conjecturing his reason for marrying Helen—poor little Helen whom he did not love!

When the dinner bell rang, I returned to the house and entered the dining-room, where I found only Mrs. Godfrey. I supposed Helen would appear presently, but when my aunt took her seat and motioned me to mine, I ventured to enquire if Helen was coming.

"No; she is not well this evening," was the cold reply.

That was an extremely uncomfortable meal, for Mrs. Godfrey maintained an icy silence, and I lacked courage to utter a word, beyond the necessary courtesies of the table.

At length it came to an end, and with an inward thanksgiving I arose and followed Mrs. Godfrey from the room.

"You need not go to Helen's room this evening, she does not desire your presence," said she, as I was about to go up to my cousin's room.

I stopped at once, embarrassed and surprised.

"Can I be of no use to her, Mrs. Godfrey?"

"I have said my daughter does not wish for your presence this evening; when your services are required you will be sent for."

I bowed. My heart was full of resentment at being excluded from Helen's sick room. "She will try and turn Helen against me," I said to myself.

With a heavy heart I went to my room and sat me down by the window to think, and there, presently, laying my head down upon the sill, cried bitterly; for all my life seemed to be going wrong somehow, and I was home-sick, and above all mother-sick. Oh! what would I not have given for the sound of mother's voice, and the *safe*, restful feeling of her dear arms around me!

For long I remained waiting in expectation that Helen would send for me; but the summons did not come, and when ten o'clock struck I arose, and, bathing my face in cool water, went to the little boudoir adjoining my cousin's bedroom; as I had anticipated, I found Janet, the maid, there.

"How is Miss Godfrey?" I enquired of her.

"I think she's better now Miss; she is asleep."