

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT AND CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF

EDMUND, DES & ENIG.  
LONDON.

VOL. VI.

LONDON EAST, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1882.

NO. 5.

## Why Life is Sweet.

Because it breathes in and exhales God's breath,  
Its natural atmosphere and so grows strong  
To root itself amid decay and death,  
And lifts its head above the poisonous wrong,  
And, with far-reaching fibres push apart  
The noisome evils clutching at earth's heart.

To live, to find our life in nobler lives,  
Baptized with them in dews of holiness,  
Strengthened, upraised, by every soul that thrives  
In the clear air of perfect righteousness,  
And sheltering that which might for frailty die,  
When, with hot feet the whirlwind rushes by!

Oh, sweet to live, to love, to hope, to aspire!  
To know that whatsoever we attain,  
Beyond the utmost summit of desire,  
Heights upon heights eternally remain,  
To humble us, to lift us up, to show  
Into what luminous deeps we onward go.

Because the Perfect, evermore postponed,  
Yet ever beckoning, is our only goal;  
Because the deathless love that sits enthroned  
On changeless Truth, holds us in firm control;  
Because within God's heart our pulses beat—  
Because His law is holy—life is sweet!

—Lucy Larcom.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

## The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER VI.

**B**UT whether she knew or suspected me to be the midnight intruder in the library it was impossible to say next morning.

When I descended to the breakfast room, which I did in fear and trembling, I found her already there, for she was an early riser. I bade her good morning as usual, and though I fancied she looked at me more keenly than usual, she answered my salutation as coldly as was her wont.

As the day passed on and no mention of the previous night's proceedings was made, I became convinced that whether Mrs. Godfrey suspected me or not she had no decided proof to go upon. However, prudence warned me to discontinue the search in the library for at least some weeks.

Three weeks later a telegram came from Douglas saying he would be at the manor that evening in time for dinner.

So at last I was to meet him face to face! But at any rate he would have no cause to infer from my manner that I cherished sentimental regrets connected with him. He

would see that I looked upon him as I would upon any other acquaintance.

So I reflected, as I dressed for dinner, after having first assisted at Helen's toilet, a much more delicate affair than usual this evening; for was she not arraying herself for a lover's admiring eyes? Happy Helen! sighed I, as I glanced once more at myself in the mirror. And it was with some honest pride that I surveyed my reflected face and figure. There is no greater mistake than that made by the majority of novelists who depict a handsome woman as "unconscious" of her own charms. And surely it is the extreme of folly to regard it as wrong for a pretty woman to admire herself, provided her self-admiration is of a healthy, honest nature, free from silly vanity. Who would not rather be beautiful than common-place? "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and why should one ignore the beauty of one's own person, simply because it is one's own?

With a beating heart I went down stairs and paused outside the drawing-room door. Douglas had arrived about a quarter of an hour before; for I heard the carriage drive up the avenue whilst I was dressing; and yes! that was his voice I heard within, more musical and manly than of yore, but the same; I would know it among a thousand.

I turned away and wandered out on to the verandah, and from thence to the lawn. My heart beat almost to suffocation, and I desired before I met him to suppress every feeling of emotion. So I tried to fix my thoughts upon other subjects—home and the lost will and of our future should my search prove successful. So thinking, and pacing slowly to and fro, I saw two figures emerge from the house, and knew that Helen and her lover were approaching me.

"Enis, here is Douglas; you are old friends, so will not need an introduction."

"I have met Dr. Rathburn before," I answered coolly, and placed my hand lightly in his. As I looked up into his face I saw there a pained look of wonder and embarrassment that puzzled me slightly to account for.

"I am happy to meet you again, Miss Godfrey."

Very gravely, very courteously, but my quick ear detected a tone of reproach in his voice which I resented accordingly. What cause had he to reproach me?

Very pretty my cousin looked! so bright and happy beside her tall lover; and several times, as we sauntered about, I saw him glance down affectionately upon her.

In using the word "affectionately" I speak advisedly; for even in that first hour of seeing them together I perceived that in his bearing towards my cousin there was none of that lover-like devotion natural in a newly-accepted lover; only a calm affectionateness, a grave courtesy rarely seen in the manner of a man deeply in love.

"I was correct in my judgment of him after all," was my rather contemptuous reflection.

As we walked slowly back to the house, Helen suddenly dropped behind to gather a few flowers, while Douglas and I went on a few paces, and then stopped to wait for Helen.

We were both visibly embarrassed; at least I know he was, and it is certain I felt anything but comfortable; perhaps both our minds were occupied with the memory of the