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Until Death.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
 To love me though I die, thy whole life long,
 And love no other till thy days shall end—
 Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so :
 I would not reach out my quiet grave
 To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go ;—
 Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
 In clearer light than gilds these earthly morns,
 Above the jealousier and envies keen
 Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou would'st not feel my shadowy caress,
 If, after death, my soul should linger here :
 Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
 Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
 That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
 For my poor sake ; what love thou hast for me,
 Bestow it 'ere I go !

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
 The praises which remorseful mourners give
 To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
 But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head
 To shut away the sunshine and the dew ;
 Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
 And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
 Than I ; but trust me, thou canst never find
 One who will love and serve thee night and day
 With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die ! The violets
 Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
 Nor miss thy tears ; e'en nature's self forgets :—
 But while I live, be true.

—Anonymous.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

She turned away her face and for a few moments did not speak ; but presently going over to where Mollie sat, she placed her hand on the girl's shoulder and answered softly, " Yes my dear ; I have been very happy."

But she did not say that the knowledge of how her past happiness had been obtained, made her present sorrow hard to bear. What was done could never be undone ; and it would only pain Mollie to know that in her inmost soul Sybil regretted the sacrifice made for her.

" Oh ! Sybil I am so glad to hear you say so ; I only wish that it could have continued always, and that this disclosure had never come."

" I am most thankful that it has come," answered the widow firmly. " Neal's name is cleared from the stain of dishonor that rested, most unjustly, upon it."

" Sybil"—said Mollie timidly, after a short pause, " Why did—why did he do it ?"

" W. om do you mean ?"

" Your husband."

A faint flush rose to Sybil's pale face and a cold hard look came into her eyes.

" Do not ask me that Mollie ; I cannot tell you," she said, more sternly than Mollie had ever heard her speak before.

" Oh forgive me ! I should not have asked."

" I am going to write and ask auntie to come with me when I go away," Mrs. Macdonald said presently.

" It will be very nice to have her with you ; and you have decided upon going to Europe ?"

" Yes ; I do not intend to settle down for a while ; we shall travel from place to place ; and when I am tired of that, I shall go to Italy and settle down there somewhere. I am fond of travel ; and so is auntie or I should not ask her to accompany us."

" I will miss you so much dear ; and little Ken too ; he is such a dear wee fellow."

" When we return to Canada ; if ever we do, Kenneth will be a great tall fellow ; I suppose," answered the fond mother with a smile at the mention of her little son's name.

" And you, my dear Mollie," she added gently, " will you never marry ?"

" I think not," was the quiet reply.

" Do not be angry with me darling ; but do you not think sometime in the future you could learn to care for Paul Halliday ? even though you can never give him all you gave to Neal, yet could you not be happy as his wife ? he is a good man ; noble-hearted and true as steel ; and he loves you, Mollie."

" It can never be, Sybil ; he knows it cannot be. Listen and keep the secret. I think in a few years he will ask Lesley to be his wife ; it seems absurd now, but in a few years, you know Lesley will be a young lady ; and he will still be young."

" Lesley ! my dear Mollie, I can scarcely believe it."

" But it is so, nevertheless ; Paul has spoken to me on the subject."

" He has ?"

" Yes"

" Well ; I daresay when the time arrives it will seem quite natural and proper ; but of course you will not try to influence Lesley ?"

" I told Paul, that she must of course choose for herself in such a matter."