

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND AMUSEMENT
 A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND CHOICE LITERATURE

P. EDWARD, DES & ENGRA
 LONDON

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., AUGUST, 1831.

NO. 2.

Making Life Look Brighter.

Say not "The world is dark and drear,"
 Eut strive yourself to light it;
 Though ignorance rage, yet never fear,
 'Tis manhood's work to fight it!
 Strive on, and rust will drop its scales,
 And earnest effort seldom fail,
 And purpose over doubt prevails,
 Thus making life look brighter.

Does virtue meet with small reward?
 That thought is worldly minded;
 For vice herself is oft abhorred
 By slaves whom she has blinded;
 Though now the clouds be dark and dense,
 When we shall walk by faith, not sense,
 Virtue will have true recompense
 The while the clouds grow lighter.

Then call not life a "vale of tears,"
 Our lives are what we make them;
 And we must weigh by "deeds, not years,"
 If we would not mistake them.
 Improve the years, and life is sweet;
 We sow good seed to reap pure wheat;
 Good thoughts and deeds make life complete,
 And make the soul grow whiter.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MACDONALDS.

Breakfast was in progress in the handsome dining room of the Macdonald mansion on Jarvis street. Sybil and Arthur were seated alone at the sumptuously spread table. The servant had left the room, but still the silence between them remained unbroken. They generally were silent, these two, when alone together. Unless there chanced to be some special topic to talk about. There was never any of the pleasant half-trifling chit-chat about domestic matters, or the affairs of friends and relatives usual between husbands and wives; and since Miss O'Brien had gone away, they had fallen into rather silent habits. Arthur cared nothing for the domestic machinery of his household and invariably made a point of being bored when the subject was mentioned. Nor did his wife's amusements and occupations interest him very greatly. It sufficed for him to know that she had all she wanted; more money than she knew what to do with; every desire granted and every womanly caprice humored—

so he thought. He loved her in a selfish sort of way; he was proud of her beauty, for one thing. Not so much because he was a lover, as for the reason that it reflected credit upon him and made other men envy him. He liked to see Sybil perfectly dressed at all times, and she knowing this expended time and much thought upon the charming toilettes which pleased her husband's fastidious taste. He was always ready to accompany her anywhere she wished, or to assist her in entertaining their friends in their own home. In this way he had won the reputation of being a devoted and adoring husband. Only the proud, beautiful woman who was his wife knew what was the truth, that Arthur Macdonald loved none so well as himself and that he worshipped her beauty and her gold for what they gave to him. He had no sympathy with her inner life. How could he? It was not in him to view life from the exalted standard from which she viewed it. He was cast in a different mould—an inferior one. This Sybil felt more sadly every day of her life. Without a particle of vanity or self-laudation she was fain to acknowledge that she was her husband's superior mentally and morally. Ah! Heaven help the woman who must look down not up to the men they have married! Sybil Macdonald was one of these unhappy women; but still she loved him — this man upon whom her pure, strong soul looked down, sometimes half in pity. But she was not happy; though Mollie Stuart deeming her so, fervently thanked heaven that the happiness of two lives had not been sacrificed in vain. Sybil was far from being a happy woman. If she had aught of joy in her life, it was centered in her little yellow haired son Kenneth. He was her pride, her heart's delight, and many an hour she spent, dreaming over his future as her busy fingers stitched at the pretty garments she would allow no one but herself to make for her darling. It was of him she was thinking that morning, as she sat with her cheek resting on the palm of her hand. Arthur had finished his breakfast and was leaning back in his chair, leisurely reading the paper. Did no thought of the past trouble him as he sat there so perfectly at his ease, in the midst of luxurious surroundings, at the head of that richly laden breakfast table and in the presence of that beautiful woman who was his wife. Perhaps not at that moment; for the time being he had forgotten the two dark crimes of his life, by which a young girl's life had been wrecked and stranded and a brave man's good name obscured. But the recollection will return soon enough, for in truth, there are few moments in Macdonald's life when his mind is free from the memory of the past. They tell us of haunted houses and haunted rooms, where ghostly figures clad all in white glide to and fro with silent foot steps and stony faces. I do not believe in ghosts of this sort; but reader I'll tell you what I do believe in. That is, the ghosts that haunt with terrible persistency, the minds of wicked men. Arthur Macdonald was a haunted man. Look at his wild, restless eyes, which never by any chance meet yours openly; look at the nervous twitching mouth which the heavy moustache and beard do not altogether hide. Then mark the manner of the man; at times eager, nervous and excitable, at others