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[Written for the Family Circle.]  
An August Evening.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

An August even fills the glade  
With faintest earnest of the night,  
The river rolls in filmy shade,  
The hills are crowned with rosy light;  
Far down the South in rich array  
Tall cliffs of clouds by sunlight kist,  
Return as thanks to dying day  
A gift of gold and amethyst.

Along the slope the yellow wheat  
Bends low before the forest breeze,  
The rapids gurgle low and sweet,  
The shadows deepen round the trees,  
A night-hawk swoops adown the strath,  
While 'neath the scented cedars cool,  
The cows, sweet-breath'd, pass down the path  
That leads them to the drinking pool.

The harvest moon now rises o'er  
The bushes on a far-off brae,  
A crane now stalks the river shore,  
The light fades in the West away,  
Fair Hesper glimmers thro' the tops  
Of willows on the craggy height,  
While thro' the dews of even drops  
The mantle soft, of summer night.

### Waiting.

Waiting while the shadows gather,  
And the sunlight fades away;  
While the tender gloaming deepens,  
And the golden turns to gray.

Watching while the starlight quivers  
Brightly in the heaven above;  
I am waiting for her coming,  
Waiting, watching for my love.

Listening for the well-known footfall,  
And the voice whose loving tone  
Sweetly bids me cease my waiting,  
Watching, listening for my own.

Lingering still among the shadows,  
As they deepen on the beach,  
Hearts exchange in sacred stillness  
Thoughts that would be soiled by speech.

Thus in perfect love and trusting  
Winged moments pass away;  
Till the holy, star-crowned night is  
Sweet to us as golden day.

And as tenderly the gloaming,  
Gathers on the brow of day,  
God shall keep her, God shall bless her,  
When life's golden turns to gray.

—J. Reid.

[Written for The Family Circle.]

## The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER II.

I MUST go to Upheld; but how? That was the question I asked myself day and night, and cudgelled my brains for a practical reply; but in vain. Not all my ingenuity could devise a means of obtaining the end I had in view. Mountains of difficulties beset my path. The doors of Upheld Manor were closed against me and mine; although this—I must confess—was partly our own fault; for shortly after Mrs. Edward Godfrey took possession, she sent a cordial invitation to Hetty and me, which was at once curtly refused by my father. Indeed not one of us—perhaps with the exception of Herbert—would have deigned to accept an invitation from the usurpers. Upon the whole, we were rather inclined to regard the invitation as a direct insult, however justly, or unjustly I am not prepared to say; though Herbert maintained that we had no right to resent being thrust out of Upheld, as Mrs. Godfrey's claim was a perfectly legal one, so long as that second mysterious will—of which no one seemed to have heard or known anything save papa and two old servants who alleged that they signed it as witnesses—remained undiscovered. After papa's haughty refusal of the invitation, no communication whatever was held between the two families; and it was extremely unlikely that my aunt would, at this late date, renew her invitation to me. But even were she to do so, I felt how almost impossible it would be for me to accept it. How indeed would my stubborn pride have to fall ere I could bring myself to enter the manor as Mrs. Godfrey's guest and poor relation. Moreover I knew that should I express a wish to go, there would be consternation at home, and I would have to encounter fierce opposition from every member of my family. Yes, even Herbert would oppose my going, because such a proceeding on my part would necessarily be displeasing to papa.

Meantime month followed month; summer had passed into autumn; autumn in its turn had given place to winter, and when the month of February came I was still as far from the accomplishment of my scheme as ever. But time had strengthened, not weakened, my purpose; and now, indeed, the idea had grown into my very life. All other desires, aims and purposes were laid aside, and the grand ambition of my life was to find my grandfather's will, which was to re-estate my father as master of Upheld. I do not know whether my ambition was a noble one, or worthy of the place it held in my heart. I only know that it was not a selfish one. God knows, not one thought of self-interest prompted my actions, nor entered into my dreams of re-acquired wealth. It was all for others. For my father, toiling over his unaccustomed task in a close, musty office; for my dearest mother fading and drooping in her poverty-stricken city home; for my noble, talented Herbert particularly