

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT AND CHOICE LITERATURE

ESTABLISHED 1852
LONDON

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., SEPTEMBER 1881.

NO. 3.

THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain,
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky;
"Thou art gone hence!" one sang, "our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seem'd too much our own,
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence! our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring flowers rise
Never the friends familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes.

"Thou art gone home, gone home!" then high and clear,
Warbled that other voice: "Thou hast no tear
Again to shed.
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weigh'd down by memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head."

"Thou art gone home! oh! early crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
Thrice blest to go!"

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like voice of grief
"Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!
Canst thou be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?
Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, home!" once more th' exulting voice arose;
"Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—
Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,—
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd—
Home, home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd,
Thou art gone home!"

—FELICIA HEMANS.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

"But yesterday's tears and yesterday's smiles—
Can never come back again
sweet friend,
Can never come back again."
Anon.

Sybil stood before the mirror, engaged in putting the finishing touches to her toilette.

"Ah, it is you Arthur!" she exclaimed, looking round with a smile as he entered. "You are late; what a long drive you must have had. Was the sleighing good out of town?"

"Excellent," he answered, looking dubiously at her and giving an impatient kick to an unoffending foot-stool that lay in his way, as he advanced to the fire-place, where he took up his stand, with one elbow resting on the mantelpiece and his other hand in his coat pocket; a favorite posture of his.

"Where is Kenneth?" asked his wife, as she took up a gold bracelet from the table and put it on.

"The kid is all right; I sent him to the nursery to have his tea," was the brief reply.

He was debating within himself, how he should tell her that which he had to tell. It did not seem such an easy matter now that he was confronting her. She looked so beautiful as she stood before him, her plain black velvet gown falling in straight folds about her perfect form. Her arms were bare to the elbow, except for the soft white lace that covered, but scarcely concealed them. There was some of the same lace about her neck; and her ruddy hair arranged in its usual coil, low at the back of the head, rested upon it gracefully. She wore no ornaments but the plain gold bands around her arms and a brooch that fastened the lace at her throat. Sybil always dressed beautifully; for they entertained a great deal and Arthur often brought friends home to dinner unexpectedly and as we have stated he liked to see his wife well dressed.

But to return to the theme in question.

If Arthur had himself experienced any emotions other than grateful at what had occurred, he would have found but little difficulty in breaking it to his wife, for then they could have sympathised with one another. He knew that she would be shocked and grieved and he felt a sort of reluctant shame that he could not feel the same. Sybil would be pained and shocked first on Mollie's account and then on her own—for this man who was dead had been her friend and report said—her lover—years ago. She would expect him (Arthur) to feel and express some regret for the man who had once been his friend and fellow-worker. And he would have to be hypocritical and make believe to feel the very opposite of that which he really *did* feel.