



The Family Circle.

DISSATISFACTION.

A man in his carriage was riding along.
A gayly dressed wife by his side,
In satin and laces; she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A woodsawyer stood in the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said as he worked with a saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man that saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasures for which we have
sighed;
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but Jesus can fill.

MRS. LORRIMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDITH C. KENYON.

"Don't tell mother."
"Why not, Beatrice?"
"Oh! you must not." Mother says I am
not to think of such things for years. She
says such young girls as we are very foolish
to think anything about young men. She
will not believe I am old enough.

"But it would be far better to tell her
all about it," said Dorothy Maitland, the
older speaker, earnestly; "I should if I
were you."

"Yes; but you are different. Your
mother does not look down upon you as if
you were miles and miles below her in age
and understanding and everything."

"That is true," said Dorothy, softly.
"Mother and I have always been friends
and companions."

Beatrice sighed as she turned away, say-
ing I must go home. She was a handsome,
bright young girl of seventeen, but she was
dressed with the utmost simplicity, almost
childishly, in fact. Her naturally pretty,
graceful figure was hidden in the folds of
thick material, which some unskilled hand
had formed into a dress. But nothing
could obscure the beauty of her clear com-
plexion, large dark blue eyes and golden
hair. Her pretty mouth, however, pouted
a little as she passed out of the garden in
which she had been talking with her friend
and went in the direction of her home.

"It is all very well for Dorothy to talk,"
she said to herself, "but her mother is not
like mine. I dare tell Mrs. Maitland any-
thing in the world, but mother is so dif-
ferent."

"Good afternoon, Miss Lorrimer," said a
rather fast-looking youth of about her own
age, coming suddenly round the corner of a
lane close by.

"Good afternoon," said Beatrice, blush-
ing, as she shook hands with him.

"How beautiful you look!" he ex-
claimed; and he went on complimenting
her upon her appearance in a way in which
she was indeed foolish to allow. But the
fact was that her mother had been very un-
wise in the treatment of her daughter.
Ever since Beatrice had been old enough
to read to herself, fiction of almost every
kind had been forbidden to her. Even the
pure, wholesome stories of our best authors
had been peremptorily withheld from her,

with many other books which most moth-
ers would have allowed their daughters
to read. Mrs. Lorrimer had lost her hus-
band soon after the birth of her only child,
and since then Beatrice had been the one
object of her care and solicitude. Unfor-
tunately, however, the mother was narrow-
minded and self-opinionated.

"My child shall be a child as long as
possible," she had said to Mrs. Maitland;
"she shall be natural, and neither books
nor companions of her own age shall, if I
can prevent it, put ideas into her head of
which I do not approve."

Mrs. Lorrimer did not care for story-
books, and therefore she did not see why
Beatrice should learn to care for them.
Beatrice, it is true, did not like the weightier
literature in which she herself was inter-
ested, but then, she decided, she must be
taught to like it. In the matter of friends,
too, with the exception of Dorothy Mait-
land, whose mother was too old a friend of
Mrs. Lorrimer's to be kept at a distance,
the poor girl had no companions of her own
age out of school hours. It was in vain
Mrs. Maitland suggested that a mother
had better train her daughter to exercise
her power of judgment, and, by instilling
into her right principles, cause her to
see for herself what was wrong and what
was right. The other lady was convinced
that her plan was better, and she suc-
ceeded in making Beatrice to a great ex-
tent a mental cripple and an exceeding
simple-minded young woman, whose no-
tions of right and wrong were usually
restricted to the question whether her moth-
er would or would not allow the matter.

The same treatment which Mrs. Lorri-
mer bestowed upon her daughter was also
given to her servants, and amongst them
it was even more productive of ill-effects.
To deceive their mistress, who always laid
down the laws so peremptorily, and, as it
seemed to them, unreasonably, became a
custom into which they were not slow to
initiate Beatrice.

Mrs. Maitland's heart had ached for
Beatrice, when she had overtaken her one
day, returning from the High school she
attended, and eagerly devouring a very
sensational novel as she walked.

"Don't tell mother," the child had
pleaded, pitifully, when she was gently re-
proved.

But Mrs. Maitland had felt it to be her
duty to do so, though she had expressly
stipulated that the girl should not be pun-
ished on that occasion. She had begged
Mrs. Lorrimer, too, to remove a prohibition
which it was almost impossible for her
daughter to obey; Mrs. Lorrimer, how-
ever, had obstinately adhered to her own
opinion.

Mrs. Maitland therefore easily under-
stood how it was when Dorothy said to her,
on the evening of the day in which Beatrice
had been confiding in her in the garden:—

"Mother, I want you to try and have a
talk with Beatrice Lorrimer. I am afraid
she is about to get into trouble, and I am
sure she would confide in you if she had a
chance."

"Has she told you about it?" asked
Mrs. Maitland.

"Yes. And I have begged her to tell
her mother, but in vain," replied Beatrice;
"she said she would tell her mother if she
were like you, but she cannot as it is."

The result of that conversation was that
Beatrice was invited to come to tea the
next day. Unfortunately, however, for
Mrs. Maitland's plan, when she was in
town the following afternoon she was de-
tained until evening by business of import-
ance. Before she arrived home Mrs. Lorri-
mer's maid had come for Beatrice. The
houses were only a quarter of a mile or so
apart, but Mrs. Lorrimer would not allow
her daughter to walk even that short dis-
tance unattended. Beatrice had often
fretted at this restriction of her liberty, as
she thought it, for Dorothy always went to
and fro in the daytime by herself. "It is
just as if I could not be trusted!" said
Beatrice, crossly, instead of trying to prove
herself trustworthy. That evening it hap-
pened that she had her own reasons for
wishing to be alone. As soon, therefore,
as they were out of Mrs. Maitland's garden
she begged the maid to go home another
way, promising that her mother should not
find out about it. The maid, who had
friends of her own the other way, was no-
thing loath to oblige the young lady, and
they accordingly separated.

The beautiful August evening was fast
sinking into twilight as Mrs. Maitland,
walking home from the town, found her-
self passing Mrs. Lorrimer's high garden-
wall near a door which stood partly open.
"I am rather frightened, Bertie, but
you will be sure to be there," she heard
Beatrice saying.

"Yes, yes, I'll be there all right," an-
swered a youth, with evident impatience.
"Mind and don't keep me waiting, and
take care your mother does not find out
about it."

"Not she," said Beatrice; "I know ex-
actly how to arrange it all, and to manage
so that she will not find out."

"To-night, then, here, at eleven o'clock
exactly."

"Yes," replied Beatrice, faintly.
Mrs. Maitland stood still in the shelter
of the high wall in speechless perplexity.
In a few moments a youth, whom she re-
cognized at once, came out of the garden
and closed the door carefully behind him.

"Bertie," said the lady, in a tone of
gentle reproach. "Oh! Bertie, what are
you doing?"

He started and turned very red. He
was exceedingly afraid that all had been
overheard. He was still such a boy, in
spite of his age, that he was on the point
of running away, and would most certainly
have done so if Mrs. Maitland had not laid
her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me," she said, gently, "what is
going to happen to-night at eleven o'clock?"

He looked wildly up and down the road,
and then half angrily into the sweet face
by his side. Then he said, almost with
a sob—

"If I tell you, you won't tell of us?"
"I think you may trust me," replied his
gentle, motherly friend.

He looked at her again, and hesitated no
more. Very shamefacedly, with crimson
cheeks and downcast mien, he blurted out
the whole story of what he thought was his
love for Beatrice Lorrimer and of her un-
happiness in her home.

"Her mother is a regular old tyrant,"
he ended; "she treats her as a child of six
years old; she denies her almost every in-
dulgence. We have agreed to run away to-
night. We can easily find a hiding-
place in London. We shall get married
there, and I will find work and live for
Beatrice."

Gently and earnestly Mrs. Maitland
showed him how wrongly he was acting,
and what a failure his whole scheme would
prove if it were carried out.

"You have no mother, Bertie," she
said, "or I would ask you to talk it over
with her, and your father is reserved and
— No, my boy, I will not tell him," she
broke off to reply, in answer to his eager,
beseeching whisper; "but you must prom-
ise me that you will not go on with this."

"But I must," he said. "You heard
what I promised Beatrice?"

"I heard. But you must not—nay,
more—you shall not go on with it."

"Beatrice will come here at eleven—she
will be in despair if I am not here too."

"No, she will not," said Mrs. Maitland,
quietly; "I will see about that."

"But how? What will you do?"
"I will meet her here myself. I will
take care of her."

"You!"
He looked into her face, and his own
cleared considerably. With a few hasty
words of thanks and regret, he hurried
away.

Eleven o'clock came at last. It was
damp and cold and starlight. Mrs. Mait-
land was glad to wrap her warm fur cloak
about her as she paced up and down the
road by her friend's garden wall. The old
clock on the church-tower had just struck
the hour when the door beside her was
opened gently, and Beatrice's pale face and
trembling form appeared.

"Is that you, Bertie?" she asked, in a
voice which was strangely unlike her own.

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Maitland, gently,
clasping the poor, frightened, foolish girl
in her arms.

Beatrice hid her face against her shoulder,
whispering—

"I am so glad, so very glad, I was so
frightened. You won't tell any one, I
know."

"Come home with me," said Mrs. Mait-
land, "and we will talk about it there."

Beatrice sobbed more than once as she
went with her towards her house, but no

more was said until they were alone in
Mrs. Maitland's drawing-room, where hot
coffee was waiting for them on a small table
by the fire.

Mrs. Maitland poured out two cups, one
of which she gave her young visitor with a
smile as she said—

"Scarcely the hour for afternoon tea, is
it? But we shall not be disturbed. Mr.
Maitland is busy in his study."

Beatrice drank some coffee and looked
round the pretty room, at the bright fire,
and then up into the sweet, smiling, loving
face beside her with deep gratitude. She
was beginning to realize from what she had
been saved.

"How did you know?" she asked in a
whisper.

Bertie told me. I promised him I
would take care of you."

"Did he deceive me, then?" began Bea-
trice, falteringly.

Mrs. Maitland explained how she had
overheard their words.

"Of course I could not allow it to go on,"
she said.

"Shall you tell mother—as you once did
about the book?" asked Beatrice miserably.

"No, my dear, I shall not tell your
mother. You are no longer a child; you
will do that yourself."

Beatrice protested, but Mrs. Maitland
talked long and lovingly to her, and showed
her how wrong she had been, and how the
little trial of confessing all to her mother
was the least that she could now do to
prove her repentance.

"You shall go home very early in the
morning, before you have been missed,"
she said, "and believe me, if you tell all to
your mother and trust her as you should,
she will be more easily reconciled than if I
went to her with all the eloquence I could
command."

Mrs. Maitland was right. Before the
next day was over Mrs. Lorrimer came to
thank her, with tears in her eyes, for her
kindness in this matter.

"You have saved my child," she said,
more humbly than Mrs. Maitland had ever
heard her speak, "and I have come to ask
your advice as well as to thank you. What
shall I do with her now?"

"Make a friend and companion of her
as I do of Dorothy. Encourage her to tell
you everything. Do not be too hard upon
her, but put yourself sometimes in her
place, as it were, and think how matters
must seem to her," said Mrs. Maitland,
adding, "and if you find that she and Ber-
tie are still thinking much of one another,
allow them to meet occasionally, and hold
out the hope that if he works hard and gets
on in his profession, and his character is
such as you cannot fail to approve, if they
still wish it, you will allow them some day
to be engaged."

"But I do not feel as if I could ever so
far forgive him."

"You must remember he, too, is very
young, only seventeen, and, although he
ought to have known better, he has no
mother, and his father is stern and un-
sympathetic."

"That is what I have been," said Mrs.
Lorrimer; "the faults of parents seem to
be reflected in the sins of the children."

She was very thoughtful for a few moments,
then she said, "You are a wiser mother
than I. Dorothy could never have acted
in the way Beatrice has—you possess her
confidence."

Mrs. Maitland sent Bertie Harmond to
Mrs. Lorrimer the next day to beg for her
forgiveness, which he did not do in vain.

Somehow, in that inexplicable way in which
all news will spread, the matter reached his
father's ears, and Bertie had to experience
the mortification of being sent back to
school for a year, just when he had begun
studying, for his preliminary examination in
the medical profession.

Beatrice and Dorothy were allowed to
be more together than ever, and the latter,
encouraged by her mother, took especial
delight in helping her friend to gain higher
principles and nobler thoughts. The pro-
hibition about books having been with-
drawn, Beatrice read with delight some of
the best fiction of the day, which taught
her, as no mere precepts would have done,
in what true refinement of mind and soul
and true nobility really consist.

Years afterwards with their parents' full
consent, Beatrice Lorrimer and Bertrand
Harmond were engaged, and, a little later,
happily married.—*The Mother's Companion.*