

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND CHOICE LITERATURE
 A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTIONS AND AMUSEMENT
 PUBLISHED BY EDWARD DESJARDINS, LONDON

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., JULY, 1881.

NO. 1.

Light Through Clouds.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
 And will not let the bitterness of life
 Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
 Its tumult and its strife;—

Because I lift my head above the mist,—
 Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
 By every ray and every raindrop kissed,
 That God's love doth bestow;—

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
 No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
 Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
 Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
 To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
 A thousand times more good than I deserve,
 God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
 Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine;
 Grateful I take his slightest gift; no fears
 Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
 One golden day redeems a weary year;
 Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
 Will sound His voice of cheer.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XVII.

AUNT AND NEPH. W.

It was about a week later, just the day following that on which Lesley had departed for Buxley under the care of the faithful Christie, who was to remain that night at her parents' house returning home on the next evening; that Mollie came in weary and a little despondent from her teaching. Her pupils that afternoon had been stupid and obstinate in the extreme and she, with an aching head and weary limbs had perhaps not been as patient and sweet-tempered as usual, and so, things had gone wrong; as things very frequently do in this contrary world, and now she was returning home with a nagging headache and a vague dissatisfied feeling with herself in particular and all the world in general. And is it not often thus with the best of us? the calmest, sereneest, sweetest-tempered of us are seized with unaccount-

able fits of irritability and ill-humor with everyone and everything around us; we wrinkle up our foreheads and look about us with gloomy eyes that refuse to see the beauty or brightness of anything, we go about our work without speaking except when necessity compels and then we either snap out our words as though they were fire-crackers or drag them forth in an intensely aggravating drawl that causes the fingers of our listeners to itch with the longing to box us on the ears. But thank Heaven! these fits never last long, they vanish we scarcely know how or when; we only know that they are gone because we feel the difference. In speaking of this subject, a well known writer says,—“You cannot for the life of you, understand the depression with which your spirit is at times overcast. You may ascribe it to the weather or to some familiar physiological cause; but the true origin of it belongs to our immortal being, and like it baffles comprehension.” But this is a digression for which I must beg the reader's pardon.

When Mollie opened the parlor door and entered, a little curly brown head suddenly popped up from the hearth rug and Bertie's voice cried out cheerily:

“Why Auntie! you are home rather early to-day, it is only twenty minutes past three, and generally you are not home till five on Fridays.”

“Yes, I had such a dreadful headache to-day that I excused myself from two pupils; you have not been in very long have you dear?”

“Oh no! I just got in from school a few minutes ago.”

“Why are you not away playing out of doors with some of your friends, dear? I am afraid you stay too much in the house with your books.”

“Ah well auntie! let me stay in with you this afternoon it is so seldom we have a cozy afternoon alone, just you and I together; you go up and take off your hat and jacket and I will make the fire burn brighter and draw the sofa close to the hearth then you shall lie down and I will sit beside you and we will have a nice little talk, or if your head aches too much for that you shall go to sleep and I'll lie on the rug and read to myself.”

“Very well, my dear boy it shall be as you please,” answered his aunt with a half smile, for she could never be anything but gentle with this boy, who was always so patient and mild himself. When she had left the room, he bestirred himself to make it “all cozy” to quote his own words. He heaped more coals on the fire, for it was a cold day, swept the grate bright and clean, then drawing the lounge near the hearth, he shook and arranged the pillows with deft fingers; when he had finished he surveyed his arrangements with a satisfied smile and dropping down on the rug, where the gray cat had already unconcerned herself, he confided to that intelligent animal that it was tip-top, which puss acknowledged by purring louder and blinking her eyes. Bertie then propped his head upon his hands and commenced to read again while he waited for his aunt to reappear. He jumped up when she came in and motioned to her that she was to lie down on the sofa.