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Why The Cows Came Late.

Crimson sunset burning,
 O'er the tree-fringed hills;
 Golden are the meadows,
 Ruddy flashed the rills.
 Quiet in the farm house;
 Home the farmer hies;
 But his wife is watching,
 Shading anxious eyes,

While she lingers with her pail beside the barn-yard gate,
 Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home so late

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden,
 Wandering down the lane;
 That was ere the daylight
 Had begun to wane.
 Deeper grow the shadows;
 Circling swallows cheep;
 Katydid's are calling;
 Mists o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barn-yard gate,
 And wonders why her Jenny and the cows can be so late.

Loving sounds are falling,
 Homeward now at last;
 Speckle Bess and Brindle
 Through the gate have passed.
 Jennie, sweetly blushing,
 Jannie, grave and shy
 Takes the pail from mother,
 Who stands silent by.

Not one word is spoken as mother shuts the gate,
 But now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late!

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"I AM very tired Madam! with your permission I will retire?" I said haughtily, rising from my seat.

"You may go," was the curt response; and wishing them good night, I went from the room.

For long that night I paced up and down my bedroom, thinking over the events of the past day, laying my plans for the future and resenting with all the hot passion of my nature the insulting manner adopted by the woman who called herself the mistress of Upfield Manor.

"But she shall not reign here for long; so help me Heaven she shall not!" I cried fiercely, shaken by a very storm of passion and resentment, which was soon succeeded by a curious depression, that chilled me.

What if there should be no will after all! What if my dream should prove only a vain delusion?" I shuddered when I asked myself this, and thought of all the petty humiliations I should have subjected myself to for no good in the end. Falling on my knees by the bed I buried my face in my hands, and wept bitterly. Somehow I could not pray that night. My heart was too full of hatred and evil passion to be in harmony with the beauty and calmness of prayer. I could only weep and cry "Oh God forgive me if what I am doing is wrong, oh! help me for I am very sinful!" Yet persistently I shut my eyes to aught that was wrong in my conduct, and wilfully clung to the purpose which had brought me to Upfield. "It cannot be wrong to recover the will, if there is a will" I argued.

Before closing my eyes that night I made two mental notes: First—Mrs Godfrey evidently had heard something of the relations existing between Douglas Rathburn and me in the past, therefore I resolved to be carefully guarded in my manner if his name was mentioned and whenever I chanced to meet him, so that she should have no opportunity for sneering at my sentimentality. Second—the fact of the library's being in daily use as a family sitting room, would make my task a much easier one than I had anticipated; as, should I be discovered there alone, even though it were in the night, the fact would not excite unusual comment, and my opportunities for the search would be doubled.

Next morning after breakfast, I was summoned to the library to receive my instructions, and learn what were to be my duties as Miss Godfrey's companion.

I found my aunt seated at the writing table, where my father had sat so often long ago, and it gave me a pang to see this woman appropriate it so coolly. There were a heap of letters lying beside her, some opened, others with unbroken seals.

She was writing as I entered, and merely glanced up saying only one word—

"Wait."

So I seated myself and quietly looked around me at the familiar room, while ever and anon my glance rested, fascinated upon the tall up-right figure of the woman who sat before me. How motionless she was! How noiselessly glided her pen over the creamy note-paper! As I watched her dreamily, my mind full of many different thoughts, she seemed to me more like a figure in a dream than a living reality. Everything about her, even to the smallest detail of her toilette was neutral in tint—hair, eyes, complexion, all of the palest hue: her dress, a light grey, was plain, almost to severity; she wore white lace at her throat and around her wrists, and there were bows of pale grey ribbon on her sleeves and at her neck. I wondered irritably—for the monotony of her attire wearied me—if she dressed thus purposely, in order to enhance the peculiarity of her appearance. While I was thinking thus she laid aside her pen and looked at me.

"I sent for you"—she began in her low monotone—"to tell you what are my wishes with regard to your position in this house, and to instruct you as to the duties you will have, to fulfil as Miss Godfrey's companion." She paused, and I, with a beating heart and burning face answered quickly,