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Forsaken.

[This beautiful poem was written by John Clare, "the insane poet," while in an asylum, where he remained for twenty-two years.]

I am ! yet what I am who cares to know ?
 My friends forsake me, like a memory lost ;
 I am the self-consumer of my woe,
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost,
 And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem,
 And all that's dear—Even those I love the best,
 Are strange—Nay they are even stranger than the rest !

I long for scenes where man has never trod,
 For scenes where woman never smiled nor wept ;
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie
 The grass below—above, the vaulted sky.

Matter-o'-Money.

BY MISS KATE RICHMOND.

PERHAPS he thought he had gone far enough. His next sentence was as quietly commonplace as anything Charley Morse would have said.

Kitty had reached home first. It was quite natural that she should come to the gate to meet them as they drove up. It struck Leah with a kind of surprise, as she realized all at once how very pretty her little sister had grown to be. Looking up, she saw her own surprise reflected in Holland's face with a warmer sense of admiration.

Leah's getting ready for sleep was always a protracted process. She had a hundred little old-maidish ways of disposing of her belongings. Kitty, whose room was always a drift of garments, used to curl up on the foot of the bed and gossip over the day's happenings. When Leah reached the last braid Kitty knew her time had come, and fled. To-night Leah was a long time in reaching that last braid, and Kitty was unusually silent.

"Have you had a nice day?" she asked, at length.

"Very nice," abruptly.

"Do you like George Holland?"

Leah was busy folding a ribbon she had worn. She did not answer at once.

"I do not dislike him," in her slow way.

"I am going to marry that man, if I can make him ask me. I am sick to death of this struggle for mere existence. Other girls have time for dress and amusement. I cannot bear it, and I will not."

Leah turned in amazement. Kitty had raised herself on her elbow. She was very pale, and her eyes were unnaturally large and bright.

After all, it was only determination. She felt herself incapable of reply or remark, turning away again with a weary-half sigh.

After that day life seemed to run in a new channel for the Allen girls. Where Mason had come once before, he came twice now, walking into the house at all hours and, on all pretences. Holland had been at the house three times before ten days had gone. He did not always talk much; when he did, it was with a curious absence of personality. Leah never had to complain of his self-consciousness in those times. He talked to her and looked at Kitty.

One day there came a note from Mrs. Herrick, Holland's cousin. She had some sort of a lawn party on her mind, and there were invitations for Leah and Kitty.

"Wear your white bunting and tea roses," a pencilled line to Leah said. "I have a special reason."

And Leah wore the white bunting and tea roses, "by request," smiling to herself over her own special reason—the want of another gown.

By contrast Kitty put on some thin black dress, a relic of other years, that with a little silk and lace and judicious bits of jet was pretty still for evening wear.

That night there was good parlor music—a piano deftly played, a violin that seemed to dissolve in the sweet Strauss waltzes. Leah Allen, floating down the long parlor in Dick Mason's arms, with softly flushed cheeks and luminous eyes, was something more than just an ordinary pretty girl.

Quiet and colorless as her life seemed, there was in her a vein of something that touched the edge of the realm of art. Like many another woman of our frozen North, she was dumb. She neither sang nor played, and she had not the gift of tongues. By the law of contradiction, perhaps, she danced as if a spirit possessed her feet.

It was three years since her last taste of the one enthusiasm of her life. As the waltz ended she paused a minute by Mason's side as the last strain left them. His arm half held her; she looked up into his face with a sigh of supreme satisfaction. Mason was the best waltzer in town, and the dance had been perfection. He smiled back, understanding her completely. And then she met Holland's eyes fixed on her with a look that drove the blood out of her face.

He hardly said a dozen words to her all the evening. He did not dance, and in the intervals he was with Kitty.

Mrs. Herrick found a minute for a private speech with Leah.

"Don't let that pretty sister of yours flirt with my cousin, unless she is prepared for serious consequences. George never gave up a fancy in his life."

"I don't think Kitty is a flirt," Leah said, thoughtfully.

"Only to put you on your guard, my dear." George Holland is one of those dreadful men who are in dead earnest all their lives through."

After that Leah watched her sister with keener eyes. She made a discovery that took her by surprise. Dick Mason was watching Kitty, too, with a thunderous cloud on his