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## A Year Ago.

Your letters before me are lying,  
Not crisp or unsoiled, it is true;  
And somehow I cannot help sighing  
When I have but glanced o'er a few.

These tattered beseechings remind me  
Of days that are far out of sight;  
Their passionate pleadings still bind me  
To days that were full of delight.

"So tired of travel and roving,"  
This folly I fondly believed;  
Another ends, "Faithful and loving,"  
And this, "You shall not be deceived."

Once more the soft wind is blowing  
Far over the wide-stretching plain;  
Once more the bright river is flowing,  
In memory once more I reign.

You call me "reformer" in jesting,  
And beg me to model your life.  
Much wisdom I gained by the testing;  
I lost you—becoming your wife.

## BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

**A** FEW minutes later, Miss Laurie entered the sitting room where the three young people, grouped about the window, were talking and laughing gaily; while the old lady in an arm chair close by, listened to their merry chatter, nodding and smiling, and swaying her body to and fro in her usual manner.

"I am so sorry I shall not be able to join you this morning in your expedition to the woods; you will have a charming walk, I am sure," said Augusta, smiling and suave, as she shook hands with the two young men.

"She's making butter," put in Mrs. Laurie, suddenly.

"Butter!" exclaimed Jack. "Oh! Miss Laurie, you must let me pay a visit to the dairy some day. I should very much like to watch the process of butter-making."

"Have you never been in a dairy, and you born and bred in the country?" cried Reggie.

"Oh, yes, but that was in the days of my youth, many years ago, before my powers of observation were developed," laughed Jack.

"Certainly, I shall be charmed to initiate you afresh into the mysteries of the dairy," answered Augusta, pleasantly.

"But look here, Augusta," said Reggie, "Why on earth cannot that nice old body you call Susannah, finish the butter-making this morning, and you come with us."

"Impossible! I never permit anyone to interfere with the dairy-work!"

"Why, what will become of the dairy when you are married, then," asked the boy, mischievously.

"I am sure I do not know," answered she, with a genuine conviction that the whole house, dairy included, would become utterly demoralised when she departed therefrom.

"I should not be a bit surprised, Augusta, if Mr. Littleworth were to fall in love with Judith, and marry her; there was a look in his eyes this morning, that said as plainly as possible that he admired her; they would make a splendid couple, wouldn't they? both so handsome—both so young and fair!"

So rambled on old Mrs. Laurie, as she and her daughter stood by the door watching the two young men and the young girl as they blithely proceeded in the direction of the Woods.

Augusta started, and answered coldly: "I do not see anything particularly handsome about Judith; but it is undeniable that Mr. Littleworth is so; if he falls in love with her, let us hope that she will not prove hard-hearted; but take my advice, mother, and say nothing about it—to anyone; if either Judith or Mr. Littleworth should hear that their names were being linked together, it might spoil everything; you understand?"

When Miss Laurie had returned to the dairy, she did not at once resume her task of moulding the rich golden butter into fanciful shapes; she stood by the open window, thinking, "That was a good idea of mother's; if only it happens so, and she will be a little fool if she does not prefer this young man, he is handsome and rich, and nearer her own age than Donald Standfield; I will throw them together as much as possible, and if he is fancy free it is more than probable that he will imagine himself desperately in love with her before the two weeks are over; she is an artful little thing, and has even contrived to bewitch Standfield. But she shall never be his wife if I can prevent it; and I think—I think I can."