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Untold.

A face may be woeful-white
To cover a heart that's aching ;
And a face may be full of light
Over a heart that's breaking !

'Tis not the heaviest grief
For which we wear the willow ;
The tears bring slow relief
Which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne,
Though friends would fain unbind them ;
Harder are crosses worn
Where none save God can find them.

For the loved who leave our side
Our souls are well-nigh riven :
But ah ! for the graves we find,
Have pity, tender heaven !

Soft be the words and sweet
That soothe the spoken sorrow ;
Alas ! for the weary feet
That may not rest to-morrow.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VIII (continued).

STANDFIELD heard the news an hour later. He had come to Bonny Dale with the intention of seeking an interview with Judith, in order to ask her to be his wife. Alternating between hope and fear, his heart, full of tenderest, deepest love, he had come—only to be met on the threshold with the news that Judith was already the promised wife of Jack Littleworth. It had been Judith's own wish that the engagement might be made public immediately.

"Let them tell him—I cannot, I cannot," her aching heart had cried fiercely, in its last feeble rebellion against fate.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that it was Miss Laurie who imparted the tidings to Mr. Standfield.

"You look surprised," laughed the lady, pretending to mistake the pallid look in his face for surprise. "But I knew

how it would be, I saw how it would end before Mr. Littleworth had been here for two days; Judith is a very lucky girl, I think. Mr. Littleworth is an ideal lover, young, rich, handsome and well-born. Don't you think it is very generous of me not to be envious of her? Yet I assure you I never felt so glad of anything before as I am of her engagement. You must stay and have tea here, Mr. Standfield, and congratulate Judy; she and you are such great friends; she would come now and see you, but I believe she is lying down with a headache; too much happiness I suppose; she is such a romantic girl, she can never take anything quietly like other people. You will stay, will you not?"

"Not this evening, thank you," he answered quietly.

"I will come and offer my good wishes to Miss Judith, to-morrow evening, if she will permit me. Yes, I must really go now, Miss Laurie. By the way, what has become of Mr. Thorpe? I have seen nothing of him since yesterday."

"He is away on business, I suppose," was Miss Laurie's rejoinder as she accompanied Standfield to the gate; and when he had left her, she stood there watching his grand figure till it was hid from her view.

I have had my revenge twice over Donald Standfield. The woman whose love you scorned and slighted has woven the web of your life to please herself. It is not likely you will love a third time; no, my revenge is complete. And that little wretch, that detestable little minx will suffer, as Dorothy suffered—as I have suffered through them both. Ah, revenge is sweet!"

As for Donald Standfield, no one who saw him next day in his accustomed place at the office, would have guessed that the grave, courteous banker was the same man who, the evening before, with pale, stern features, strode like one demented mile after mile along the dark high-road, returning to his rooms after midnight, worn out, but with his passion, his sorrow subdued, hidden and locked away in his own strong heart.

"God grant she may be happy; as for me—I have lived my life!" And that evening he went resolutely to Bonny Dale Farm to offer his congratulations to the newly affianced couple.

He did not stay long; he was going away next day to spend his two weeks' vacation.

"I will send my little offering to you in a day or two Miss Laurie," he said, referring to the wedding present he intended giving her.