

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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## Grandfather.

Upon the withering grasses lie  
 Leaves reddened by a hectic glow;  
 While autumn sings a requiem sad  
 In measured tones both soft and low.  
 And on the yellow cornstalks, bare  
 Of blades, hung golden, ripened grain,  
 And bees on nodding clover blooms  
 Sing drowsily a sweet refrain.

And as I gaze on nature's face,  
 All flushed, by summer's fevered breath,  
 I seem to see another face,  
 Now sleeping in the arms of death;  
 A pair of tender, kindly eyes,  
 That faded with life's autumn glow,  
 A pair of loving lips that gave  
 The sweetest counsels I shall know.

I hear again the feeble step  
 That tottered o'er the gravelled sand,  
 And in my palm I feel once more  
 The pressure of a trembling hand.  
 'Twas just one little year ago,  
 We bared to each an aching heart,  
 And even then we vaguely felt  
 The drifting of our souls apart.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

## BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

WILL you tell me whether you want me or not? Judy,"  
 "I hope you will not stay away," she answered,  
 softly, a smile hovering about her mouth. Then,  
 without a word, he bent down and gently touched with his tip  
 the little hand that had grown more sunburnt than when Au-  
 gusta complained of its whiteness. From the moment when  
 she felt his bearded lips touch her hand, all Judith's doubts  
 and fears took to themselves wings and flew away. All  
 Augusta's cruel speeches and insinuations were robbed of  
 their sting, and she allowed herself to be supremely happy  
 while every day she thanked the fate or Mr. Lennox's firm-  
 ness, which had sent her to Bonny Dale instead of some other

place. She loved him, and was beloved by him, and the world was a very beautiful place, and she would be happy forever! Poor little fool! How long would it take her to learn that happiness at best is fleeting, and all is vexation of spirit.

Donald Standfield left Bonny Dale that afternoon in rather a perplexed frame of mind. He could scarcely doubt now that Judith loved—or fancied she loved him; in her youth and ignorance of the ways of the world, she betrayed herself in a dozen little ways which he could hardly fail to see, now that his eyes had been opened. And yet, while the thought of winning this fair young girl for his wife filled him with a subtle joy, it, even to himself, savored somewhat of the ridiculous. He felt so old, so terribly old; and she was but seventeen. In this respect he did himself an injustice; for thirty-six is comparatively young for a man, and he did not look his age. The dark hair was as dark and thick, and his form as stalwart and upright as it was ten years ago.

He smiled bitterly, that, perhaps after all, this was but a fleeting, girlish fancy of Judith's; that she thought she liked him because he was the first man to pay her those chivalrous attentions which women value. It might be that if she met with some other, younger man and received similar attentions from him, she would find that her regard for the older man was a fancy after all. This Littleworth, for instance. He was young, probably good looking and well off; what was more likely than that he and Judith should be attracted to one another? She was fair and sweet enough to please the eye of any man, surely! It cannot be said that up to this time Standfield was really what is called, in love, with Judith; but the idea of winning her had been very pleasant to this somewhat weary and world-worn man. During the past few days while he had been considering the matter, he had resolved to bury the past and its disappointments, and to that end he had striven, more successfully than he was aware of, perhaps, to put Dorothy's image from his mind and place her sister's there instead; and had looked forward to the future, which looked bright and tempting with that bright young face smiling at him; still he had been wavering on the brink of love; now, however, that the thought of failing to win her presented itself, that there was the prospect of a possible rival in the field, the needed stimulus was supplied, and he took the fatal leap, whether for his own good and her's remains to be seen.

Does it appear inconsistent in Standfield thus to accept the homage of one woman when he had been so intolerant to an-