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Our Average Troubles.

One summer evening long ago,
There came a bird that none did know,
And the Ginko Tree said, "Woe is me!"

"'Tis the Woggly Bird," said the Ginko Tree—
Ah, me! ah, me! and woe is me!
"Tis the Woggly Bird," said the Ginko Tree.

Under the shade of the tree it sat,
And built its nest in the Ginko hat;
And the eggs were laid that seemed to be
The eggs of the foe of the Ginko Tree;
Ah, me! ah, me! they seemed to be
The eggs of the foe of the Ginko Tree.

"It's most absurd, it's most absurd!
I'll not be fooled by the Woggly Bird."
The sad tree sang, and "Woe to me!
Why was I born a Ginko Tree?
Ah, me! ah, me! and woe to me!
Oh! why was I born a Ginko Tree?"

"Revenge is sweet!" the Ginko cried,
To stand upon his head he tried;
But failed, for he'd not been taught
When young, to posture as he ought;
Ah, me! ah, me! he'd not been taught
When young to posture as he ought.

So now the little Wogglets roost
(At least a year ago they used)
Upon the branch—if branch there be—
The branch of the ill-used Ginko Tree.

MORAL:

There's no such thing as the Ginko Tree,
There's no such thing and ne'er will be;
It's also true—though most absurd—
There's no such thing as the Woggly Bird;
Ah, me! ah, me! it's most absurd,
But there's no such thing as a Woggly Bird!

—*Alfred Gleason.*

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember! He who made thee, made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute.

—*Cowper.*

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VIII (continued).

NOT quite a baby, Mrs. Laurie. I was about eight or nine, and I remember well the letters Dolly used to write to me from here."

"To be sure, to be sure, you are older than I thought; you are nearly eighteen, you say; Dorothy must have been about the same age when she was here; but though you are very like her, you won't be offended my dear if I say that she was even prettier as a girl than you are?"

"Offended! oh no. Dolly was, and is, lovely; everyone admires her. I—I have heard that Mr. Standfield considered her very pretty when he met her here that time." Judith's voice shook slightly as she made this venture. She could feel the hot blood mounting to her brow; and she hated herself for saying what she did. But Mrs. Laurie, who had perceived nothing of what had been going on between the middle-aged banker and Dorothy's young sister, saw nothing out of the way in Judy's remark, and did not notice the tremor in her voice.

"Oh yes, indeed," she replied, nodding her head confidently—"he admired her very much. He was remarkably attentive to her; every hour that he could spare from the bank, he spent here; he seemed unable to exist happily away from her, and she seemed to like him well, for she would brighten up when she heard his voice, and always welcomed him with such pretty smiles and blushes it was easy to see how it was with them; I don't think I ever saw two happier young people in my life. He was young then and handsomer than he is now—I think, for he had not that stern look that he has now, and she was such a pretty young thing! Many a time I have sat at the side window there and watched them lchtering about the orchard. Sometimes he would read to her while she worked, or they would chat light-heartedly together and laugh so gaily. Or I remember watching them as they set off for Bonny Woods, sometimes by themselves, but more often with a party of young people; for Augusta was younger then, and the young men and ladies from the village used to visit here a good deal. They were always getting up pleasure parties, these young people, especially when Dorothy was here, for she was a great favorite; but I always noticed that