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## One Life.

Her little white hand is resting  
On the arm that held it of old,  
And he thinks it is only the night breeze  
That makes it so soft and cold.

Her eyes into his are gazing—  
Eyes ever so faithful to him,  
And he thinks it the shadowy twilight  
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him ;  
Ah, when did it turn away ?  
And he thinks it the silvery moonlight  
That makes it so faint and gray.

Oh, spirit that lingers and falters,  
Take courage and whisper " Good-bye. "  
A life? Why a life is nothing,  
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,  
What matters one life or death ?  
One fragile and tender existence ?  
One tremulous passing breath ?

A life? Why a life is nothing !  
What matters though one burn dim ?  
Alas for the folly of reason—  
One life is world to him !  
[Written for the Family Circle.]

## BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### DOROTHY'S LETTER.

"Have you been to Bonny Woods yet?" asked Standfield.  
"No, Augusta says it is too damp to go yet."

"Well I suppose it is rather so, but in a week or two I think we might venture without incurring any more serious results than muddy boots. When the ground is quite dry we might go there often of an afternoon, it is a delightful retreat in the hot weather, the shade is so dense that one never feels the heat, even on the sultriest day in summer. Why! we might have some jolly little picnics there, might we not, Miss Judith?"

"That would be charming; but do you think Augusta would join us?"

"Oh yes! we have often picniced there in days gone by," he spoke regretfully, and she was quick to notice the sad look that clouded the kind eyes at the mention of those past days. She thought it was Augusta who had called up that look, that tone of regretful sadness. How could she tell it was Dorothy?

"Bonny Woods belongs to Mr. Laurie, I suppose?"

"Not quite all" answered Standfield—"a few acres belong to the man who owns the farm on the other side of the woods."

"I have a faint memory of going there once when I was a little child, to gather wild flowers."

"Yes there are any quantities of wild violets, lilies and others growing in Bonny Woods."

"And now is just the time for them; I wish I had no sprained my foot and I would go to-morrow and get some."

At this moment Augusta and Mr. Thorpe appeared coming up the lane toward the house.

"Why there is Mr. Standfield with Judith," said the former in a displeased tone.

"That is nothing new," retorted Thorpe with a laugh. He was not any more pleased than she was to witness Standfield's attentions to Judith and her pleasure in receiving them; but since the banker's arrival at Eastville there had not been wanting willing tongues to enlighten him about certain circumstances in the past life of his betrothed, and he soon saw that the place he held in Miss Laurie's regard was very slight in comparison with the estimation in which she held Standfield. It was therefore his pleasure to excite her jealousy of the young girl in every way possible; although at the same time the idea of Judith's being won by anyone was maddening to him. Thus two people bound to each other by a promise which one of them would have been only too willing to break if he could, indifferent to each other—nay almost despising one another, were each secretly in love with another, who, in turn, heartily disliked them. It was a deplorable state of affairs, to a humorist it would have presented a comical aspect, but judged calmly and sensibly and considering the almost certain misery of that wedded life which lay before Augusta Laurie and Clarence Thorpe, one cannot but deplore the present unhappy complication and think apprehensively of the future. So in answer to Thorpe's remark that it was nothing new to see Standfield with Judith, Augusta made an angry gesture.