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(Written for the Family Circle.)
At the Railway Station.
FIRST PART.

"Part we here?" "Ah yes, it must be!
The time is so short!" "Hark the bell!"
"All aboard for the West!" "Misery!
Is it here that we bid farewell?"
"Dost remember the days long ago
When we, in the murmurous dell,
Dreamt of parting, yet never could know
How our lips would utter, 'Farewell?'"

"There shrieks the whistle now. Hark!
List to the feverish jar
Of many feet hurrying. Dark
Comes a smothering mist from afar,
Enfolding my head with a cloud—
A cloud which no light can dispel—
So here, in the midst of the crowd,
I leave thee, my lost one, 'Farewell.'"

SECOND PART.

"Train due in ten minutes?" "How slow
Moves the time! Will it come?
Yes, there starts the smoke. See it grow!
Hark to the rush and the hum
Of wheels swiftly speeding. Now here
Is mine, never again to roam;
Welcome, my darling, with kindest cheer,
Welcome home, welcome home."

"Wearied? Of course; yet the rest
Is coming; now listen me, sweet,
Henceforth, together, carest
With Hope, we will oftentimes meet
At eve 'neath the star-dotted sky,
'That bends o'er the murmurous dell,
And there will we vow, thou and I,
Never to speak of Farewell. —Robert Elliott.

Epitaph on a Pet Dog.

Here rests the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He bann'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Performed his functions well in every way—
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.
—Wolcot.

(Written for the Family Circle.)
BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

THUS Augusta had precipitated events; which was far from her intention or desire. Perhaps she read something of this in the expression of his face, for she kept close to Judith for the remainder of the evening, and strenuously opposed any suggestion to go out walking or rowing; so they stayed together in the orchard till dark and then went indoors. As the guests were taking their leave, she chanced to overhear a few words of Standfield's as he bade Judith good night.

"Will you be disengaged to-morrow afternoon, Miss Judy?"

"I? Oh yes!"

"Then will you be in Bonny Woods about four o'clock? I have Black's latest novel; I will bring it to you; it is the best he has written yet, I think, though all his works are charming. Will you be there?"

"I will try; I will not promise more surely, for something may prevent my going."

"I hope you will be able to come; good evening."

"In Bonny Woods, to-morrow; no, my dear Mr. Standfield, she will not meet you there to-morrow nor next day either," muttered Augusta to herself as she watched the girlish figure flitting noiselessly up the stairs. As she went around carefully trying all the windows and doors to see that they were properly fastened, she was pale and determined-looking, and her cold blue eyes glittered with an unpleasant, steely light. A few minutes later, as Judith, clad in a pretty, pink cotton dressing-gown, stood at her toilet table, brushing her hair, a knock came at her bed-room door, and Augusta's voice asked permission to enter, receiving which, she came slowly in, unheeding her cousin's look of surprise at this unprecedented visit.

"Sit down," said Judy, rather timidly, pushing a chair up to the table.

"No, thank you, I shall not stay many minutes; I have come to say a few words to you—words of warning which I trust you will believe are spoken in no unfriendly spirit, but for your good alone," said Augusta, stiffly, standing a little apart from her cousin, with one hand resting on the back of a chair.