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(Written for the Family Circle.)

Twilight Fields.

A quail's clear whistle, tremulous,
With broken beat now floats across
The shadowy mead, all odorous
With trampled grass and bruised moss ;
A falcon to the white clouds soars,
A squirrel chatters in the tree,
And bees now seek their honey'd stores
From all the flowers that bless the lea.

The cardinal lobelia nods,
Amid the marish weeds, and by
The running stream the golden rods
Nod to the choral harmony
Of wind and wave. The gossamers,
Seen in the sun's departing ray,
Glimmer like mists around the firs
That bend above the little bay.

Then come, my love, and let us leave
The village din, the dusty road ;
Come let us in this haunt of Eve
Pilfer the sweets of Cere's load.
Ere yet the halcyon like a shaft
Of flashing light shall seek his home,
We may of nectar quaff a draught,
As these the twilight fields we roam.

Robert Elliott.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER III.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.



FAIR May day! the blue sky just flecked here and there with little fleecy white clouds; the soft wind that loosened the white petals of the apple blossoms and wafted them hither and thither on the fragrant air, playing with them as though loath to part with the pretty things, seemed to murmur tidings of the near advent of Queen Summer in all her glorious array. In fact, all nature seemed

happy and glad on this sweet day; up among the top-most branches of the old pear tree a little feathered warbler was trilling forth his burden of joy, and his song found an echo in the heart of the young girl who lounged gracefully and at ease on the grass, her fair face and hair looking fairer still by contrast with the sombre hue of her dress, which was relieved only by a narrow white collar at the neck, fastened with a black jet brooch in the shape of a horse-shoe; the sleeves, which reached only to the elbow were edged with narrow black lace; the little foot that peeped out from under her dress was encased in a black stocking and low shoe tied with a broad black ribbon.

But though her attire was that of deep mourning, the girl's face was not sad, if we except the half-pathetic expression of the eyes, which never quite left her, even in her happiest moments. No, on this May day Judith looked bright and happy, and she *was* happy, too, just now, despite the ever-recurring vexations of her daily life at the farm, for in her increasing dislike for her, her cousin Augusta never let slip an opportunity to covertly wound the young girl's feelings—most frequently by means of disparaging remarks about Dorothy, and even was heartless enough to allude, with only half-concealed contempt, to the dead father's incapacity in business, and his carelessness in not insuring his life in order that his children might have something to depend on after his death. Taunted thus about the father whose pet she had been, and whom she had idolized as the best of men; and about the kind, tender sister, for whom she still yearned every hour of the day, was almost more than Judith could bear, as the bitter tears that wet her pillow at night bore witness. Often she was tempted to complain to Mr. Laurie, but always shrank from a course which would lay her open to the charge of tale-bearing, and would, besides, call down the parental wrath on her cousin's head. So she replied to that young woman's taunts with a dignity which silenced even Augusta for a while. In addition to the petty annoyances arising from her cousin's strange dislike to her, there was another source of trouble in the unwelcome and persistent attentions of Mr. Thorpe. No girl, however great a coquette she may be, likes to be courted by a man for whom she entertains a feeling amounting to contempt. If she is very young her sensations are chiefly embarrassment and disgust, which she is at no pains to conceal. An older woman would evince her displeasure by a haughty scorn intended to annihilate; while if she be more than usually good-natured she treats her unwelcome suitor with sweet indifference varied by a little gentle sarcasm. But if, in addition to her dislike for him, she has the knowledge that he is engaged to another woman the while he persecutes her with his addresses, then her indignation knows no bounds.

But Judith was very young, and troubles and vexations slip easily from young shoulders, lost in the new sources of pleasure and sweetness which are ever opening out to youthful minds.