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(Written for the Family Circle.)

To H. S. R.—

A haze lies over vale and hill. The sun,
A dull red globe, hangs in the smoky west,
September, as her wont, has just begun
To lull the tired land to dreamful rest.

No bird is moving save a falcon brown,
That climbs the air, and, with a scornful cry,
Seeks the white clouds and, rising, looks adown
On the gray earth so desolate and dry.

A breeze, all furnished for the flowers, sees
With joy some spotted jewel-weeds, that hang
Above a brook, beneath the hazel trees,
Where oft the chorus of the robins sang.

Let us go forth, my friend, and search the glen,
The hills and vales, the meads and tangled brakes;
Mayhap we'll find the bower the moment when
Sweet Autumn from her long drawn slumber wakes.

Robert Elliott.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"JUDITH," he said, in a husky voice, for there was no doubt he was feeling deeply just now, "speak one kind word to me before I go, let me go from you knowing that you do not altogether despise me, that will do more to give me courage than anything else."

"What can I say except that I am grieved at having unwittingly caused you pain?" she said earnestly.

"But you will not deny that you despise me," persisted this troublesome young man.

"No, it is useless for me to deny it," replied the girl, coldly, but with some inward compunction— but if I have misjudged you, it lies with yourself to disprove my judgment by the way in which you play your part in life. I wish that you would leave me now please."

"I will try to win from you liking and respect. Good-bye Judith." He raised her hand to his lips and went away.

She could not conquer her dislike for this young

man, and could not feel a particle of respect for or belief in him; when he had left her she sat down again on the log and cried a little over the wanton destruction of the beautiful lace which had cost her so many hours of labor, in the quiet of her own room of nights, long after the other inmates of the house were asleep.

By-and-bye, as she was thinking of returning home, she saw Standfield coming toward her, and her heart gave a great throb, as with trembling hands she stuffed the torn lace into her work-bag.

They shook hands and he sat down beside her. "I thought I should find you here, Miss Judith; I do not often have the pleasure of a quiet talk with you now; but this is quite like old times, is it not?"

"Yes, quite; but do you not think that this has been a very pleasant summer so far, Mr. Standfield?"

He thought that the last few weeks might have been pleasanter, for him at least, if Mr. Littleworth had never come to Eastville. But he said:

"You are quite happy here now, then?"

"Yes"—raising her eyes frankly to his dark face.

"Yes, I am quite happy."

"But, pardon me, I fear something has troubled you this afternoon; is it not so?" anxiously regarding her.

"Yes, something has troubled me, but I would rather not speak of it, please."

His brows contracted suddenly, as she spoke, and he turned his gaze from her face to the turbulent little waterfall. Could it be that she was pining for Littleworth? He had not been gone very long—but if she loved him—and then it was just possible they might have had a little tiff, these two, and she was grieving over that.

Is it not wonderful how we torture ourselves with this, that and the other conjecture, when anything occurs which we do not quite understand? perfectly baseless conjectures they are mostly, and which we laugh at when the truth is known and our anxiety soothed, nevertheless, they cause us many a heartache. I think jealous people are more given to this form of self-torture than any other mortals; and that is why I say that a person very much in love, as it is called, cannot be perfectly happy, although many delude themselves into believing that they are, at any rate there are few, if any, who do not want to experience for themselves this prickly bliss. But, my dear reader, I do not want you to run away with the idea that I scoff at love. Heaven forbid that I should! What does Shelly say—