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NO. 2.

My Own Shall Come.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Ner change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gather up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide returns to meet the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law,
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the thirsty lea;
No time nor space nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER II.

DONALD STANDFIELD.

A LONG, low irregular house, with many gables and unexpected doors and windows—a house with the comfortable home-like aspect, which age alone gives to innamate brick and mortar. In front was a good sized piece of ground, which in summer time was brilliant with many flowers, the result of Miss Laurie's untiring energy, on one side the house was the kitchen garden, on the other an immense orchard, so resplendent with ruddy fruitage and brilliant verdure in summer, but looking now all brown and bleak and sodden, in the dismal March weather.

It was a cold, blustering afternoon some three or four days after Judith's arrival at Bonny Dale Farm. In the front sitting room were seated three ladies, Mrs. Laurie, Augusta Laurie, and our heroine—the latter perched upon the broad, low window-sill, which commanded a view of the front garden and part of the orchard. She held a book in her hand but she was not reading; her dark-blue eyes never

left the gloomy landscape without; there was something about it, sympathetic with her own dismal mood. She was terribly homesick and yearned almost passionately for Dorothy and Reggie. Poor little petted, spoilt Judy! This utter loneliness and absence of home love was a new experience for her. It was the beginning of the great lesson of life which all must learn sooner or later—to suffer and endure.

In contrast with Judith's idleness was the rather oppressive industry of Miss Laurie, who with little piles of white cotton heaped on the table beside her, was busily making pillow cases. Augusta's activity and untiring industry was something to marvel at, though it was rather wearisome to the more indolent ones who were obliged to witness it, especially as Miss Laurie, openly lauded herself on the possession of this inestimable virtue, and people who are always praising themselves are—to speak very mildly—sometimes trying to the patience of their friends. Augusta had a very fine opinion of herself and her abilities, she carried about with her an innate conviction that there was absolutely nothing within the scope of feminine power which she could not accomplish if she chose; and yet she was ever the first to detect and ridicule self-conceit in others.

"Did you never do any work at home?" she inquired, raising her cold blue eyes for a moment from her stitching.

"Work!"

Judith started, aroused from her deep reverie by the somewhat accidulated tones of her cousin's voice.

"Oh yes! you know we had no servant; Dorothy and I did all the work between us." Her lip quivered as she spoke, while Augusta's curled rather contemptuously.

"Your share of the work could not have been very rough judging by the appearance of your hands; look at mine." She held up her large brown hands, shapely, but roughened with work, and glanced from them to the small white ones lying lightly on the book in Judith's lap.

"No one," went on Augusta—"will ever be able to say that I shirked my work to save my hands; and I am sure there is not a house in Canada where the work is done so thoroughly as in this. Everyone says it is the most beautifully kept house in Eastville."

"Dorothy and I always shared the work between us, I never thought at all about my hands" answered the girl simply—"I do not know why it is they are so white, but I suppose it is different in the city, we are not out in the sun, so much there, and besides, I suppose there is much more work to be done in a farm house than in a city house."

"Rather," answered Augusta impressively—

"As you will find out; I may as well tell you that I am going to be married, and then you must take my place here as far as it is possible for you to do so."

"I congratulate you Augusta; to—to whom are you going to be married?"

"To Mr. Thorpe, the wedding is fixed for next September, it is a long way off yet, but I thought I would tell you so that in the meantime you may be learning my way of managing things here, of course no one would expect you to do as well as I do, but still you will be better than no one.