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(Written for the Family Circle.)

## Birds at the River.

This morn a robin perch'd above,  
Long watching for the rushes' rune,  
Heard thee across the shingle croon,  
And tun'd his pipe to songs of love.

The halcyon bright star of day,  
Has watch'd thy ripple ceaselessly,  
Till like a shaft of sunlight he  
Drew from the foam his scaly prey.

Where rose the mists of morn amid  
Thy nodding reeds so dcolate,  
The mallard, with his dusky mate,  
Safe from the watchful hunter hid.

The swallow from the old gray barn,  
Belike has dipt a pointed wing,  
Within thy wave, then hovering,  
Swept fearlessly across the tarn.

When dropt the sun behind the hill,  
And o'er thy banks the shadows creep,  
Amid thy gurgling shallows stept,  
A heron blue with jetty bill.

—Robert Elliott.

## BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF LOVE.

“UR last day in Eastville,” said Rex Brown, regretfully, as he lounged over to the window of their small dining room at Mrs. Barber’s boarding-house. Jack remained at the table—although he had finished breakfast—with a newspaper in his hand, which he apparently studied with great interest, but in truth he had not read a line. He started when Reggie spoke and colored rather guiltily.

“Well, on the whole, we have had a very jolly two weeks; eh, Jack?”

“Yes, very jolly,” responded the other, heartily.

“By jove! I never thought I should be so sorry to bid good-bye to this quiet, rural life. Do you remember, the

first morning we came, we both agreed that two weeks of it would suffice for us? Now, I think I could stand several more weeks; could not you?”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Littleworth, rising and approaching the window; “and do not be annoyed, old fellow, but that is just what I intend to do; I am not going back to Toronto with you this afternoon.”

“You are not!” ejaculated Rex in intense astonishment.

“No; I hope you do not mind?”

“Not in the least if it pleases you to stay; but what in the name of wonder you want to stay and moon around by yourself for, I cannot imagine. Mr. Standfield and Mr. Thorpe are both occupied during the day. There will be Augusta and Judy, to be sure, but—”

“And now you have hit the right nail on the head,” interrupted the other, smiling.

“The fact of the matter is, Rex, I am in love with your sister, and mean to try and win her.”

“Great heavens! Judy!” exclaimed Rex, slowly, as though his friend had just informed him of some impending calamity.

“Why,” said Jack, half amused, half offended at his tone; “is there any reason why I should not marry her?”

“No, no, old fellow, not at all; I beg your pardon, but—but I cannot think how it was I never suspected this, and then, Judith is hardly more than a child; that is to say, I have never thought of her as anything else. However, I wish you luck Jack, with all my heart. I don’t know anyone I would rather have for a brother-in-law than yourself.” He held out his hand, which the other grasped heartily.

“Thanks, Rex, old boy.”

The two young men were silent for awhile, Jack evidently thinking of his lady fair; while that young persons’ brother ruminated on the state of affairs just disclosed to him.

“Love is a brief madness,” quoth he, presently.

“Is it,” laughed Jack.

“I do not know whether any wise man made the remark before me; but that is my opinion.”

“I suppose it is a species of mild lunacy, and one which attacks us all sooner or later; your turn will come ere long, my friend.”

“The gods forbid!” ejaculated Mr. Brown, fervently.

So it was arranged that Reggie should go back to the city alone, while his friend remained at Eastville to woo, and win if he could, little Judith Brown for his wife