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Nutting Time.

The month was October, the frosts had come down,
The woodlands were scarlet and yellow and brown,
The harvests were gathered, the nights had grown chill,
But warm was the day on the south of the hill.

'T was there with our bags and our baskets we went,
And searching the dry leaves we busily bent,
The chestnuts were big and the beechnuts were small,
But both sorts are welcome to boys in the Fall.

And when, in the ashes beneath the bright flame,
On eves of November, with laughter and game,
The sweetmeats are roasted, we recollect still
How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

—St. Nicholas for November.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.
CHAPTER X.

JACK, look here! Let us make this agreement," she said, face and voice growing serious all at once. He, too, became grave, and almost stern looking. In the last few minutes he had almost forgotten the cause which necessitated this parting from Judith. But now he remembered the dying father—the anxious, sorrowing mother, and he felt a keen pang of self-reproach at the thought of how easily a girl's fair face had come between him and them.

"Let us make this agreement," Judith said, "I will write to you as often as I feel inclined and whenever I have anything particular to say to you, or when there is anything in your letters requiring an immediate answer. You may trust me, Jack, not to let very long intervals elapse between my letters, only do not bind me by any promise to write at stated times or I might find it irksome. Perhaps this will appear selfish to you, but believe me Jack if I feel that I am free to write to you whenever I choose, just the same as to any other friend, I shall have far more pleasure in writing to you and getting your letters than I would if I felt bound to write you a long letter every week whether I am inclined or not. Perhaps if you let me have my own way in this, I shall feel inclined to write to you oftener than I would if you made me promise to write every week," she added naively.

"Very well, child, let it be as you wish, only remember, I shall feel very much hurt indeed if you neglect to write to

me at least once every two weeks," answered Jack, smarting under the chilliness of her words, impressing upon him, as they did, the unwelcome fact that, while she entertained for him a sincere, friendly liking, he was really no nearer or dearer than a friend; or if he was she had not yet awakened to the truth.

"Now you are angry with me," she said sadly, honestly pained at the thought of having vexed him now when he was going away. And she felt also a twinge of something like regret for her selfish refusal to write every week, making a resolution on the spot that she would write to him every week whether she wanted to or not. A resolution which she did not keep after the first two months of Jack's absence.

"No, child, not angry, only grieved that you could even imagine it irksome to write to me. Angry with you? What right have I to be angry? God knows you have been frank with me from the first; you never pretended to love me, so why should I be angry because you do not care to write to me as often as I wish? But I swore to win your love, and I will. You shall love me!"

He bent his head so that he could look into the girl's downcast face. She trembled beneath the passion and power of that glance, and thrilled at his resolute words as though they contained a prophecy which, at that moment, her soul dared not gainsay.

"And dearest," he said, putting his arm around her, his handsome face softening into a great tenderness as he stroked her soft brown hair, "if at any time during my absence you should be conscious of a warmer feeling in your heart for me than you have there at present—no matter how slight the change is—write to me more frequently—two or three times a week if you will—and then I shall know that the dearest hope of my life is about to be fulfilled. Let this be a sign between us. Will you?"

"I will promise if you wish; but—"

"Hush! do not say anything cruel just now. Darling, I will pray that when I return at the end of a year my welcome will be the love-light in your eyes." The eyes he spoke of were downcast at this moment, but he pressed his lips to the white lids several times. She submitted passively to his caresses, but not once by word or look or gesture did she evince for him the slightest spark of affection, or regret, that he was about to leave her for a whole year. And yet—her heart was curiously heavy as she went to tell Mrs. Laurie to say good-bye to the young man, for he had very little time to spare before his train left Eastville.]