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NO. 1.

The Old Story.

When visions of her face come o'er me—
Of her sweet face so far away;
I say what lovers said before me,
What lovers will forever say:
That flowers bloom sweeter for her being,
That birds sing sweeter for her seeing;
That grass is greener, skies more blue,
That all things take a richer hue.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

O sweet young love, that in all ages
Rears ever one eternal form;
With lasting youth, your oldest pages
Glow ever ever fresh and warm.
O dear old story, ever young,
Poets have painted, artists sang!
Sure naught in life is half so sweet;
Death cannot make you incomplete.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

PROLOGUE.

BEFORE commencing the story of that portion of my heroine's life contained in the following pages, let us for an instant, reader, raising the curtain that veils the Past, look upon one short scene in the life of Judith's sister.

Toward the close of a fair afternoon at the end of summer, the red rays of the setting sun slanted through the trees in Bonny Woods, resting with a lingering, farewell touch on the nut-brown hair of a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years, who stood on the grassy bank at the bottom of which was a little gurgling streamlet, and upon this the girl's down-drooping eyes were bent. She was very pretty, with brown hair and clear, fair complexion; the tall, slight and graceful figure was clad in a gown of purest white, belted in at the waist with a black velvet band, while the hem just touched the ground. A moment before a hasty foot-step had broken her reverie, and a tall stalwart young man of about five-and-twenty, had come hastily to her side; to his words, eager and passionate, she was now shyly listening, while at no great distance from where they stood came the sound of other voices approaching.

"I could not leave without seeing you Dorothy; the telegram came about an hour ago, and as soon as I could leave the office I hastened to Bonny Dale and then had to come

on here, the train leaves Eastville in little more than half an hour; there is no time to say all that I wish to say to you Dorothy, for these people will be upon us in another minute. But I will write to you;—for I do not know how long it may be till I see you again,—and you, Dorothy, you will send me your answer as soon as possible; will you not? and now," taking her hand in his; not waiting for the answer which was so slow in coming.—"And now I must go; let us say good-bye before these people come."

"Good-bye" she said softly, raising a pair of clear grey eyes for a moment to his face.

"Good-bye my love!" He drew her slight figure to him, and held her for an instant in his arms, while their lips met in a first kiss.

In another moment he was gone, striding quickly through the shadowy woods; while the girl with tender flushed face stood where he had left her, following him with her love-lit eyes, till his form vanished from her sight in the gloom of Bonny Woods.

CHAPTER I.

THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.

H! Dorothy, Dorothy! Is there no other way, no means by which we might keep together? you and I, at any rate; it does not so much matter about Reggie; it is natural for a boy to go out into the world, away from his own people; but what shall I do away from you? oh Dolly! there won't be a soul to care for me!"

"Judith Brown threw herself on the rug close to her sister's chair and covered her face with her hands. Another girl might have thrown her arms around Dorothy's neck, or buried her face in her lap, but such was not Judith's way; she was a very unemotional young person, as were Dorothy and Reggie also, for that matter. But though they very seldom kissed one another or made a show of affection, they were none the less fond of one another on that account. So now, Dorothy Brown bravely bent forward and laid her hand lightly on her young sister's shoulder as she answered:

"I am afraid there is no other way Judy; you must try and reconcile yourself to the thought of going to the Lauries'. After all, I daresay it is but a childish prejudice you have against them, and when you know them better you may learn to like them very much; I am sure they will treat you kindly."

"Oh! I daresay they will not starve nor beat me" retorted Judith bitterly. "But you need not think that I shall ever learn to like them; you know yourself what Augusta Laurie is—proud and full of self-conceit as she can be, and always ridiculing everyone and everything that comes beneath her notice. As for Mr. Laurie, I remember how one glance from his stern eyes used to have power to make my childish soul quake within me: and then Mrs. Laurie is so meek and wishy-washy that I wonder such a nonentity was ever sent into the world as a human creature at all."

"Oh Judith dear!" exclaimed her sister reproachfully, while a loud boyish laugh at the door made them both turn round.