

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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[Written for the Family Circle.]  
An Incident.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

An owl in an elm broods sad and grim;  
With hunger her owlets cry,  
While the airy light of the moon grows dim,  
As the white morn draweth nigh.

An old gray mouse with her children three,  
In a nest all under the dew,  
Rests in peace at the foot of the tree,  
As if sorrow she never knew.

Through the dusky light of the dawn  
Two soft wings fan the grass;  
A rushing thud—a beak all blood—  
And the hours unheeding pass.

And now at the foot of the tree,  
Falls a shade from the shaggy nest,  
And the sunrays coming, see  
The owl, with her owlets, rest.

## BONNY WOODS;

A Charming Story of Love's Trials and  
Triumphs.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

Author of "The Old Library at Home," etc., etc.

THIS new story, written with the same faithfulness to nature, and subtlety of delineation that characterizes its author's works, will be commenced in our next number. It more than sustains its author's well-merited esteem, and, from a literary standpoint is, we consider the best work of fiction ever produced by Canadian talent. Our many readers and friends will render us great service by making their acquaintances everywhere aware of this fact. To be in time for the new story SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS AT ONCE.

Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dresse and undresse the soul; mark the decay  
And growth-of it; if with thy watch, that too  
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be  
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

—Herbert.

## The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"W<sup>H</sup>Y, William?" She said. "Because you have done so well?"  
"On the contrary. Because I have done so badly: but I say, courage, and do better to-mor-  
row."

"How have you done badly, dear?" she asked, fearful of some misadventure.

"In the first place, I had'n't been half an hour in the shop, when I smashed three hundred eggs. We took them up carefully, however, and they are to run through the week."

"To run through the week?"

"Yes, for dinner. Fried eggs are very nice, you know, though its possible to have a surfeit. Besides, there will be the sawdust and the straw."

"Oh! you broke the eggs on the floor, and took up straw and sawdust all together. But that was your only accident?"

"The next was the bad Five. While Terry was at dinner, a young widow came into the shop and asked for a pound of cheese. 'Cheshire or double Glos'ter, Madam?' said I. 'Stilton' she answered. 'We don't cut Stilton by the pound,' I remarked. 'Oh! let it be Cheshire, then,' she said. She looked at me very hard. 'You are a new young man, ain't you?' she asked. 'Yes, ma'am, I replied, 'very new,—only came this morning.' 'I thought I had'n't seen you before. Could you oblige me with change for a Five?' 'With pleasure, ma'am,' I answered, and I gave her four pounds ten in gold, nine shillings in silver, and two-pence in copper. 'I see you are quite new,' she remarked, and left the shop."

"Did'n't you offer to send the cheese?" said Emma.

"Yes, but she preferred to carry it. 'Persons should never be ashamed to carry what they are not ashamed to eat,' she said. 'That woman is a democrat,' I thought. Well, the note was a forged one."

This recital of his mishaps as a cheesemonger's shopman, secretly gratified Emma, for she knew that he had abilities which were thrown away on such employment. No, he had not found his bread yet. Let him try to convince her, as he would, his arguments were repelled by her conviction that the world has better uses for its better men, than to waste them in vending eggs and bacon. She was both right and wrong.

CHAPTER VIII.

T<sup>IME</sup> sped onward, and the month of June brought the summer with it. The people were now convinced that the Reform Bill would be passed. There was no longer any fear of a revolution. A whisper had gone abroad of the existence of a society, organized for physical force purposes, but sensible men set their faces altogether against it. In the house which Boldero occupied an-expl-