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(Written for the Family Circle.)

Remembrance.

Come Rose, let us ramble together
This beautiful morning in May,
And gaze o'er the woodland and heather
As we used in the years rolled away;
Where we chose in the hours of childhood,
When sorrow and sin were unknown,
Let us wander away in the wildwood,
With grasses o'ergrown.

Let us linger to look for the lilies,
Where they grew by the grove, in the lea,
And nestle where nature will tell us,
Of the past, dear to you and to me.
From the knolls we have gathered gay flowers,
And down in the meadow or mire,
From neath the birds' beautiful bowers,
The bracken or brier.

We have fed the winged pets in the summer,
In sunshine or sylvan shade,
And we've joyfully hailed the new-comer,
E'er the forest in leaves was arrayed;
We have sat on the sod, dear, to listen,
Their voices in thicket or dell,
As we watched the glad silver stream glisten,
When the moon on it fell;

These pastimes with others as merry
Once saved us from sorrow and pain;
Then summon each fair forest fairy,
And prithee pour o'er them again.
Come Rose, let us ramble together
This beautiful morning in May,
And gaze o'er the woodland and heather,
As in years rolled away.

N. Kn.

The Breadfunder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

A COWARD:—a traitor! cried Boldero, striking the table with his fist.

"Hush!" said the Chairman of the evening.

"These are words that we should pay attention to. Our friend may be mistaken, but he is neither a traitor nor a coward."

"You say that the people are oppressed," said Harding.

"I grant it. Are you indignant at the servile condition of the masses? So am I. But let us be sure that we do not aid to keep them servile. Let us ask ourselves if we are free from the cursed leaven of aristocracy."

"I saw, to-day, a tradesman, whose business produces him, perhaps, from two to three hundred a-year, treat a

mechanic with rudeness. The mechanic fumed at the insult. His course was also mine, and we passed down Holborn together. A vendor of some trifling articles begged him to purchase. There was as much conventional difference between him and the ragged creature who supplicated him, as between himself and the rude tradesman. He was suffering from the tradesman's insolence; but, mark you, he did not hesitate to insult the vendor of these trifling articles. Now, each of these individuals—the tradesman in his way, and the mechanic in his, was an aristocrat. 'I am better than thou!' was the spirit in which each addressed his supposed inferior. The wearer of a superfine coat, my friends, treats with scorn the wearer of fustian; and the artisan holds himself superior to the owner of a smock-frock or a fantail hat.

"Abolish rotten boroughs? Abolish, I say, the rotten heart!"

"It is this—this which keeps the masses servile, and leaves them an easy prey to corrupt legislation. We have no love amongst ourselves. Each seeks to vaunt it over his fellow. The aristocrat in his ducal hall, is not prouder than the aristocrat of the counter."

"I will go even further. I will say that the duke is less imperious, less arrogant, less insulting to a presumed inferior than the opulent shopkeeper."

"I have known an aristocrat among the dwellers in a row of small tenements, the rent of which, paid weekly to the landlord, was five or six shillings a-week. A man, living in one of those tenements, earned five-and-twenty shillings a-week, while his neighbors earned sixteen or seventeen. They looked up to him, and he looked down upon them. He would not associate with them; and when he spoke to any of them, there was condescension in his tones."

"Your political grievances are great, but your social ills are greater. Root out—root out cursed pride. O my friend, let us reform ourselves! All reform of corrupt institutions in Church and State will be easy after that. Let us be better men than our rulers."

"Do you trace our personal corruption to the example which the greater have set us? So do I. We have been inoculated by their virus. But let us now set them an example, and inoculate them with our love. Love, my friend, is mighty; love, my friend, is omnipotent."

"We are politically oppressed. Let us begin a political agitation; but let it be, also, a peaceful one. Never abating one jot of our just demands,—never being cajoled, never intimidated, let us press onward and onward. Shall we soonest obtain our triumph by the appeal to arms which you recommend, or by crowded rooms in every town of England, by reason, friends,—by argument? By eloquent human speech you shall better persuade your opponent than by dealing him a buffet on the face."

"There is reason in what you say," observed the Chairman, "and I, for one, fear violence. I—"

"From this moment I wash my hands of your counsels," said Harding, when the noise had subsided. Boldero and two or three others renewed the hissing as he passed out of the room.