

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

JOURNAL OF

W. G. & E. H.

VOL. VI.

LONDON EAST, ONT., MARCH, 1883.

NO. 9.

Only A Woman.

Only a woman, shriveled and old ;
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er bold.

Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking for alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ ! roll upon roll,
The waves of its music go over her soul !
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster ;
The great bell ceases its toll.

Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold, on an ice cold throat.

What do they care for her ?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread, but a stone.

Under old laces their haughty hearts beat ;
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman ! In the old days
Hope caroled to her her happiest lays ;
Somebody missed her ;
Somebody kissed her ;
Somebody crowned her with praise ;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother, or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are ;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for de-pair,

Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

IN the month of April, 1831, a gentleman waited upon Mr. Ross, of No. —, Bedford-square, the referee of a young man, who had replied to an advertisement inserted in the *Times*, for a person qualified to instruct the advertiser's son in the higher branches of the classics and mathematics.

"I am very particular in the matter of testimonials," said Mr. Duncan, the gentleman who had advertised, "for I intend to give a liberal salary ; and the party with whom I make an engagement must be quite respectable, and fully

competent for the very responsible position which he aspires to fill."

"The young man, William Harding," said Mr. Ross, "is very estimable. I am sure that I greatly respect him. His attainments are of no ordinary character, but he has one fault."

"And that Sir ?"

"Casts his virtues and excellencies into the shade," replied Mr. Ross. "He has the misfortune to be a Visionary." "Ah !" said Mr. Duncan, "that is indeed a fault. As a Radical politician, I presume ?"

"Socially and politically, he is a Visionary," said Mr. Ross. "He speaks at low Radical meetings, and talks Utopias."

"I must apologize for troubling you, sir," said Mr. Duncan. "I wish you good morning. The salary I shall give will be liberal ; the party, therefore, must be respectable. I am your servant, sir."

William Harding, who, at the age of twenty-one, had married, for love, a portionless girl of twenty, sat that evening in the little back parlor which he rented at Islington. A very little back parlor—eleven feet by nine. In popular phrase, you could not swing a cat therein. When his wife urged that circumstance as an objection to their longer remaining in it, he replied that he did not wish to swing a cat. To which she never failed to rejoin, that she did not suppose him capable of huffing a dumb animal ; still her objection was valid—a cat could not be swung there.

"When I get Mr. Duncan's son to teach—" said William, on the night in question.

"If you do get him !" interrupted the young wife.

"Well ; if I do !" continued Harding. "And I have little doubt of being well recommended, Emma ; for I did justice to Ross's stupid boy—I will buy you a satin dress with my first quarter's salary."

"I don't want a satin dress, William," said the young wife. "I am quite content with my present wardrobe"

"Which contains two cotton gowns and a worn out silk one," said Harding, laughing.

"You forget, William, that a satin dress is but one expense, and that I should want a suitable bonnet and shawl to wear with it."

"There are bonnets and shawls to be bought, I suppose," said her husband.

"Oh ! plenty of them, William dear," she replied, gaily.

"One only wants the money."

"Which I will earn," said William. "I am to have eighty guineas a-year from Duncan—"

The postman's double knock resounded through the house. Shortly afterwards a note was brought in. It ran :—

"Mr. Duncan presents his compliments to Mr. Harding, and regrets that, owing to the political opinions entertained by Mr. H., he must break off the negotiation pending between them."

Harding suffered the note to drop from his hand.

"This is Ross's doing," he said.

"Blame yourself," replied his wife, peevishly. "This comes of your opinions about hanging. You know that Mr. Ross was more shocked at them than at anything."