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We Parted in Silence.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and wo parted forever!
The night-bird sung—and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence,—we parted in tears
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

—Mrs. Crawford.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

By JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

But I was mistaken.

Instead of the miller I discovered the intruder to be no other than Werbletree, the employee whom Sweetman had that morning discharged because of his having found out that the wretched being, who now lay helplessly on the bed, had once lived with a Mrs. Drammel, whom he had called mother.

I was not surprised at this man's interest, now that the miller had given him so much cause for vague yet interesting suspicions; but I paused to reflect what motive Sweetman might have had for acting thus. Surely the shrewd Charles Sweetman would not have done so impolitic a thing as to encourage a man in working out his ruin. Might not it be more plausible to think that he was leading him on to vanquish him in at last letting him discover for himself the utter worthlessness of his project.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's—
And the fountains of feeling will flow—
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate flowing wild.
Oh! there nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

—[CHARLES DICKINSON.]

Richard Werbletree was a man of resolute will, and from the fact of his having determined to unearth the mystery existing in the miller's relation to Arthur Drammel, I felt certain that he would sooner or later succeed. That Sweetman's severe conduct was not the outgrowth of natural causes I was satisfied, and I was equally satisfied that it was prompted by a Jesire for revenge. And why revenge? Surely that noble and innocent looking boy could not have been the cause of any wrong to any earthly being. Nay, more. I had proof from his own conduct of his determination to do what he believed to be his duty. Then he must have been the innocent cause of wrong, and feeling this to be the case, my heart bled in sympathy for his wretched plight.

Werbletree and I did nothing the night on which we so strangely met in the miller's house. The poor boy was unable to give us any further information, and from his weakness he seemed inclined to sleep. And so we left him.

The next day Sweetman returned, and I endeavored in vain to get into conversation with him. He answered my questions abruptly, and seemed uneasy when I spoke to him.

The days that followed nothing happened of importance save that the little enchantress, Jessie, as already stated, crept more and more into my affections. On the afternoon of the day before my departure I started off into the woods, and Jessie followed and caught up with me. I felt pleased with her company, though mentally engaged with other matters. When I sat down on a log in the warm spring sunshine she tripped about me like a forest fairy gathering flowers, and I began to regret that I was so soon going to leave her. I wondered as I sat there if she felt any remorse that I was going, when, as if in answer to my thoughts she asked, "How I would come back again."

"I don't know," I replied, a little sadly.

She had stopped hopping about me and now came and sat on the leaves at my feet, resting her arm, without ceremony on my knees, as she tastily sorted her flowers in a beautiful bouquet.

"Won't you ever come back?" and there was a pleading tenderness in her voice that woke me up to a knowledge of her feelings.

Could I answer no? I felt that I was going from her to return no more. But I might come back. I could if I liked; and why should I not?

My conscience answered why? All the power of my higher moral nature rebelled against my encouraging the girl in the hope of my return; and yet I sat silently looking upon her. I was happy in the knowledge of her affection; for while I regretted it I felt flattered.

I looked at the pretty face with its bright hazel eyes up-