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## Love's Death.

A year ago for you, dear, and for me,  
Love was a new-born bright and fairy thing;  
It turned all earth to heaven, all grief to glee,  
We sighed for joy and sang for sorrowing  
In that sweet spring.

How could we guess that love would ere grow old,  
How could we know its kisses would grow cold  
Who kissed so oft? and how could you and I  
Dream love could die?

And yet for us love lives no more to-day,  
Though how it died not you nor I can tell;  
We only know its charm has passed away,  
That we can ne'er re-bind a broken spell,  
And so farewell!

The world is joyous in the golden June,  
The lark sings sweetly and the rose is red,  
Yet earth seems sad, the bird's song out of tune,  
And all the scent of summer flowers fled,  
Now love is dead.

Still hearts meet hearts and lips to lips are pressed,  
Still earth is fair and skies are bright and blue;  
Perchance it may be in some happier breast,  
Some soul that to another soul is true,  
Love lives anew. —G. V. K.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

## WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

By JOE LAWNBROOK.

POEM.

There are some days in the calendars of years gone by to which memory will ever bind us—some incidents that have long ago transpired from which imagination will ever delineate pictures pleasing and natural. And not alone are the days of sad calamity, of unlooked-for joy, of blighted hope, or of happy triumph, pictured upon the expansive panoramic canvas of retrospection; but likewise, and frequently in quite as deep and natural colors, have the periods leading to and from such signal days, vividly stamped their lasting impress too.

When thus we sit and muse, the present is a blank and the future a great untroubled void of which we know as little as the cradled infant; and, glancing forward, the sensitive mind instinctively recedes and opens wider the portals of the past, with all its troubles, and the once vexatious surroundings become aglow with the gorgeous tints that Memory lends them.

The pleasures of memory—the joy of living over again the by-gone happy hours—the pain of bitter recollections—the grief of now existing in the darkness that once surrounded us and covered up the sun of hope and love. These crowd upon me now, and like one intoxicated I seem to stagger amid the throng of visions.

What wonder when the sparkling gush of joy or overwhelming breakers of sorrow are fresh upon us that we haste to impart the triumph or confide the heart-rending upon the sympathetic bosom of a friend! What unspeakable comfort there is in possessing a companion who knows and understands, who appreciates because of experience-gained knowledge—the very inner feelings of our heart! How much nearer and dearer are those friends who have shared each others every grief—who have climbed together through the rough and stony byways of their lives.

And now, readers, I must unburden myself to you—to each of you individually—to you in particular who have with me been guilty of the greatest social crimes—who have with me suffered all the pangs of unrequited love—who have with me regretted and repented of the actions of the past; and though I have never sighed with you when those for whom you would have given your life have been worse than ungrateful, though I have never condoled with you when the dearest pictures of your future have suddenly been marred and torn, though I have never mourned with you at the loss of your dear ones—we are the better friends for your having undergone those trials; and therefore you will the better understand and I will the more willingly confide particularly in you the incidents of my life and the lives with which mine has been intimately connected—the history of a life as romantic as fiction—the story of real wounded hearts.

## CHAPTER I.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;  
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-flake on the river,  
A moment white then gone forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That fit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm."

TAM O'SHANTER.

Even though I had no diary to direct me and recall the facts incident to my first visit to the little village of Shulton, I don't think I could ever forget them. It was a rainy April evening nearly twenty years ago that I, arriving in the village, turned away from the large white hotel, whither the stage-coach had carried me its only occupant, and hurrying across the street through the stiff clay mud, sought the shelter of Sam Delby's meaner little tavern on the other side. Sam Delby, the fat, round-faced, little tavern-keeper, was an individual whom no one could forget. When I opened the door he received and welcomed me as if it were no uncommon occurrence to have a traveller make his head-quarters at his house, and as he led me through the more public rooms of his habitation he indulged in old jokes with a relish that at first led me into the belief that he was not aware of their age and consequent weakness.