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## A Golden Memory.

We sat beside a ruined well  
With trailing grasses grown over;  
We heard the skylark's music swell;  
And fragrance sweet came up the dell,  
Of new-mown hay and clover.

A form of rare and winsome grace,  
My arms were fondly twining,  
And, as her inmost thoughts I'd trace,  
I lay and watched her angel-face,  
With radiant love-light shining.

'The glaucing sun-light kissed her hair,  
And made a glory golden  
To glimmer round her face so fair,  
The while she smiled—may she still wear  
That smile when we are olden!

What vows the breeze that afternoon,  
Bore free across the meadows;  
What loving words that day in June  
Flew with the hours that flew too soon,  
And brought the creeping shadows;

Ah, yes, too soon each mellow ray,  
Foretold the dark'ning even,  
And made us seek our homeward way;  
But often since I've thought that day,  
Passed like an hour of heaven.

Jas. Brown.

(Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.)

## WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

### CHAPTER X.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.

—Pope

The most romantic adventures, the most unlooked-for events seem always, when dwelling in memory, to have transpired in a most natural manner; but while we are yet under the excitement of a wonderful event, a startling occurrence, we fail to realize its naturalness or credit its truth. To us who see it, it seems like a dream, and to the listener to whom we report it, it seems like an affair of fiction.

Before entering into the details of this chapter, I would warn my gentle readers not to too quickly condemn it as not real. If you will turn to your newspapers you will see that murders have been committed and are continually being committed in all parts of the world, and in many cases suffi-

cient reason to warrant such an act is not discovered. Now, in the course of this narrative, I have begun and will continue to attempt the portraiture of a real man, an unnatural human being he may be, but nevertheless, he, Charles Sweeman, was a person of real flesh and blood; and if you should deem his process of murder—for his treatment was nothing less—of Arthur Drammel—if you should deem this, I say, unnatural, I can only say, wait until you see his motives for such conduct and the cause of those motives. "Intemperance," say our friends, who advocate total abstinence—"Intemperance is the cause of many deadly sins." So it is; and may the demon, alcohol, be swept away from the earth. But there is yet a deeper cause of more deadly sins—a frequent cause of intemperance itself, which, in asserting as the cause of Charles Sweeman's conduct, I will, supported by philosophy, defy reasonable contradiction.

It seems not unnatural to me, now, that Charles Sweeman treated Arthur Drammel as he did, though at the time of which I write, if I had reflected upon it at all, I would have been at a loss to account for his reasons. But the contemplation of actual and instant murder was more natural because less cruel. The cowardly villain was not afraid to perpetrate the gradual murder, because he felt safe from the law; but to accomplish the actual crime, he had apparently brought an accomplished ruffian from a distance.

Arthur Drammel, the pale, worn-out boy whose face I could see upturned on the bed, expressing all the nobleness of a pure and sinless heart, was all unconscious of impending harm. I watched the stranger, whom I could see plainly now, bending over the boy's bed and binding him with cords, and I read in his face the character of a lifetime dyed with deadly sin. Such a contrast! I did not see it then or even think about it; but I've often meditated on it since. Innocence knows no danger from guilt, because it has no conception of the powers of evil.

With as little comprehension of what was to befall him did Arthur Drammel look into the future, as a child has of the temptations and sins of the life before it.

The stranger bound his helpless victim and carried him from the room. As if exactly knowing his intentions, Werbletree caught me by the arm and drew me back below the little hill behind us, where we could watch the two men emerge from the dwelling, bearing in their arms the luckless boy.

"Now," whispered my companion; "have all your wits about you, we will likely have to take the lad from them."

I felt timid for a few seconds, but I soon gained courage from the force of his determination and resolved to do my best to assist him.

"We have the advantage," he went on; "we know they are here and it will surprise them to see us."

We followed towards the mill in silence. I anxiously awaited his signal to attack them; for all excited now, no movement seemed unnatural.

But my expectations were to be blighted and nothing wonderful happened.

When Arthur Drammel had been conveyed to the mill, Sweeman and the stranger had a conversation which I could