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## Somebody's Child.

ANON.

Just a picture of somebody's child,  
Sweet face set in it's golden hair,  
Violet eyes and cheeks of rose,  
Rounded chin, with a dimple there.

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,  
Lit from within by a secret ray,  
Tender eyes that will shine like stars,  
When love and womanhood come this way.

Scarlet lips with a story to tell;  
Blessed be he who shall find it out!  
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,  
And read the heart with never a doubt!

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips!  
Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks!  
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn  
When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see;  
Only a child in her careless grace;  
When love and womanhood come this way  
Will anything sadden the flower-like face?

(Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.)

## WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

### CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

For a moment I stood nonplussed.

The next I thought myself to treat the subject lightly, and appeal to his knowledge of human nature as an excuse for my conduct. But his wrath was not thus to be appeased.

The saying that love is blind may be true, but it is doubly true that in a case of indignation of which love is the prompter, that such indignation is, if possible, more than blind.

Though of about equal size and weight with my opponent I stood as a mouse might stand before a cat as he faced me in the towering strength of his passion.

Amid the evident difficulty of the circumstances a courage supported me, prompted by a sense of right, which I felt wronged because of his not knowing.

"Will you listen to an explanation?" I asked, forcing a composure, which I'm afraid was ill assumed.

"My eyes never deceive me."

"I don't believe they did; but still you are not acquainted with all the facts."

I believe my manner, more than my words, won him, and his violentness changed to calmness as a shower might suddenly cease. He seemed all eagerness now to know what I would say.

We walked along the river's bank together, and I calmly recited in detail every incident of the friendship that had existed between Jessie Harle and myself to the man, who, of all others, had a right to know.

He felt the force of my confession, and my sincerity appeased his wrath. No weapon, be it ever so well wielded, can possess the power that lies in simple truth.

How forcibly I remember that night! How well I recollect my conviction of Walter Marston's intense love, which gleamed before me and shot into my very heart. I felt that he loved her as never woman was loved. By a magnetic influence I was drawn into the knowledge of his tender yet fervent affection.

"No man," I reflected, "has as good a right, be his circumstances what they may, to possess such a treasure for a wife, as the man who loves her tenderly, protectingly and devotedly."

In my own eyes I felt myself a very hero for the sacrifice I was making; and yet why was it a sacrifice? It should not have been. If I deemed it a sacrifice I must have loved her.

Thus I thought that night when I had left my noble opponent, and had sought my own bed-chamber. My head ached and my heart sank like lead in my bosom. I was engaged. I was doubly bound to Nellie Elson. Her birth was on an equal level with my own, and Jessie Harle was penniless. I had given my promise: Of my own accord—nay, more, by my desire I had bound myself to her forever.

But why despond about the past? I had given up the foolish hope of Jessie, and in doing so had acted nobly by a deserving man.

I clenched my teeth and set all my determination on pursuing the course I had started.

With a firm voice I said aloud, "I have done my duty; I have given her up, and that's the end of it."

Oh, Heaven! that that had been the end.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Deep down in memory's furthest nook  
The shadows of these days lay dead,  
When sunken hope and faded look,  
By sights revived, in life were spread.—ANON.

Not many days had passed after the incidents narrated in the previous chapter had transpired before I was summoned to the residence of William Elson.

Since the opening of our story Mr. Elson had lingered on, sometimes well enough to be driven about the country, but oftener being confined to his bed. He had sent for me now, as indeed he often would, and I had become accustomed by this time to his wife's icy manner, and went and talked with the husband with a composure not calculated to develop any warmth toward me on her part, unless indeed it were the warmth of wrath.