

Literature.

SPAR FOUND; OR ST. ANDRE'S FOUNDLING.

CHAPTER I. THE SEA'S FIRST GIFT.

The Rectory of St. Andrew's was not far from the sea. A quaint, old place it was, carrying the mind of the visitor back to days that seem but dream of a time long vanished; of a golden era almost forgotten. Built after the manner of rectories in England, by a band of good people who fled from the northern country to escape religious persecution, it constantly reminded their descendants of the land far over the sea, and photographed the dear old place indelibly on their hearts.

At the time of which I write—a period dating back almost twenty years from the present—its rector was one Mr. Jarvis Wellyn, a man beloved by his little flock, and respected by all who knew him. His family consisted of a wife and child, a little daughter of nine years. It was a happy home from which the sunshine was never absent, and flowers, like smiles, bloomed perennially in the rectory windows.

There were nights of darkness and storm along the line of sea coast, and occasionally a vessel went to pieces on the Loadstone Rock, a dangerous place over which the waves broke continually, with angry roar and terrible violence. Jarvis Wellyn, strong of limb and courageous, had affixed buoys to the rock; but the fury of the sea soon threw them loose, and cast them upon the beach as if to mock his good deed. Therefore when the twentieth had been thus served, the rector resolved to tempt the waves no more, and told his wife that he would ask God to keep the good ship far from the Loadstone Rock.

For months no vessels struck the dangerous breakers, and the rector of St. Andrew's was hoping that the year would go out without additional disaster, when the most terrible storm of the times came on. All through the night the tempest raged with the fury of a demon, and when morning came, a dark object appeared poised upon the fated point.

With a face marked by pity, Jarvis Wellyn went down to the shore straggled with the shatter of the sea, and found there a little child clinging to a broken spar, and almost dead. A few minutes later the foundling lay in a warm room in the rectory, and gentle hands administered to it.

A second trip to the beach made no further discoveries, and near midnight the wreck slipped from Loadstone Rock, and went quietly down into the sea. No boats floated ashore, no merchandise to tell anything about the foundling, nor the name and destination of the ill-fated ship. "He is ours!" said the rector, with a close, Jarvis Wellyn had not kept anything from him concerning the past.

Wilfred Whitefoam knew his history as well as the rector did, and in his heart grew a longing to have the entire mystery solved. "Father, it is coming!" he cried one night rushing into the rector's study. He was a manly youth of eighteen, and his hair was damp that night with the spray of the sea.

"Coming, Wilfred?" "Yes, the end of my life's mystery!" was the reply. Jarvis Wellyn was greatly agitated. "What has happened?" he asked. "See!" and the youth exhibited a long rent in his coat upon the left breast. "A knife cut," said the rector, growing pale.

"Yes, I was standing near the twin rocks, looking at the lights of a vessel that seems to be in distress off the Loadstone Rock, when I was suddenly seized from behind, and turned quickly around. The next moment I caught the flash of a blade, and started back, as with an oath, some one struck at me. At that time, I fell forward, and lay motionless, till I felt a hand on my forehead, and then I was lying on the ground, and I was nearly hidden by an outlandish collar."

"Come here, wife," said the rector. Mrs. Wellyn glided to the window and saw the man. "His presence bodied evil," she said, with a start, for the statue-like pose of man by the leafless bushes gave him an evil appearance.

"I think not," Mr. Wellyn said. "Perhaps some poor soul needs consolation. But why does he not approach and kneel?"

With the interrogative on his lips, the rector of St. Andrew's went to the door and opened it with caution, for the wind had blown snow against it, and was still blowing, despite the mild influence of the moon.

"Well, sir?" said the rector, in a loud but kindly tone. "What is your wish at the rectory, to-night?"

There was no reply, and then Mr. Wellyn heard his wife's voice: "Jarvis, the man is gone, and I didn't see him depart either."

Sure enough, there was no figure beside the bushes, and perplexed by the strange disappearance, the rector went back into the room and asked for his heavy coat and cap.

With these on, he went out into the night, but saw no one. But he discovered that the unknown had stood at the rectory door, listening perhaps, to sounds from within, like the night robber before attempting his villainy.

"I am perplexed!" confessed Mr. Jarvis Wellyn returning to his anxious wife. "I walked clear to the sea, but saw not a living soul."

And then his wife, with a face white as the paper, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said: "It is the third time, Jarvis."

The rector looked into her face astonished. "The third time, wife?" "Yes, I have kept it back long enough," was the reply. "Twice before now I have seen the figure by the sea as if I told you, and so I have refrained. But it is the third, I assure you. What can it mean?"

Without a word the rector glanced towards the room in which the two children were sleeping in each other's arms. "I believe it!" Mrs. Wellyn said, interpreting her husband's look. "He has something to do with the boy."

Jarvis Wellyn believed that the unaccountable visit affected the spar-foundling, and fearing that some treachery was entertained, he resolved to watch him with more care and vigilance than ever. A dim light was burning in the room where the children slept, and then the

rector opened the door noiselessly and passed in. He saw the twin asleep on the bed over which the lamplight fell like a benediction and after murmuring a prayer for their safety, his gaze happened to fall upon the window near the bed.

What did he see that made him start so visibly? Pressed to the cold pane was a man's face—a proud handsome one, with an English cast of countenance. The eyes were fixed upon the little ones on the bed, and the great collar told the rector that the statue of the rose bush had removed himself to the window.

For a minute the rector gazed at the spectral sight and then glided from the room, leaving it there still, having not apparently discerned the chamber that contained his wife, Jarvis Wellyn passed without speaking a word, and out into the night again.

Half a minute later he sprang upon the man at the window, and heard him utter a cry of amazement. "Who are you, sir?" demanded the rector.

"That is neither here nor there if I like not to tell you," was the reply in a haughty tone. "But I will say this, Mr. Jarvis Wellyn. Guard well that boy for ten years, and I will abundantly reward you. They will come for him; they who should not have him. His mother—"

"Does she live?" cried the rector. "Did I say so?" asked the man, with a smile. "No."

"Then, don't jump at conclusions. Keep him for ten years. He will be about eighteen, then."

The man wrenched himself from the rector's grip, and walked away. Jarvis Wellyn stood bewildered in the snow.

CHAPTER II. THE SEA'S SECOND GIFT. Night after night Jarvis Wellyn and his wife watched and waited for the strange man; but he came not. The snows went away, and spring came back again. The birds returned to their haunts, and the two children ceased the butterflies from meadow to sea.

They made childish love to each other amid the long grasses, with the bright skies and the song of the birds over them. Wilfred Whitefoam, as the rector had named the foundling, grew to handsome manhood, with the strong sea breeze on his cheek, and the tan of healthy exercise there. Maud, the rector's child was growing up beautifully, too.

No bolder spirit than Wilfred's inhabited the coast, and the good people said that some day he would break from the rector's teachings, and give his wild heart a free rein. But Jarvis Wellyn did not fear this; he knew the boy whom he had watched over for years.

The ten years of Wilfred's sojourn beneath the rectory roof were drawing to a close. Jarvis Wellyn had not kept anything from him concerning the past. Wilfred Whitefoam knew his history as well as the rector did, and in his heart grew a longing to have the entire mystery solved.

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While he was speaking, a woman leaned forward, and then, with a loud cry, fell senseless upon the deck. This incident created some confusion; but it was overlooked in the excitement of the hour, and a carmine soon announced to the people on shore, that the life line had been made fast as desired.

Then there came a strong pull from the beach, and the vessel moved; another, and the Loadstone Rock was cheated of its prey!

Strong and willing hands held the line on shore, and the ship was drawn through the breakers into stiller seas. Modestly proud of his heroic achievement Wilfred Whitefoam stood on deck watching the ship's course.

"I am sure it is!" said a voice near by, and turning he saw regarding him the woman who had lately fainted. She came forward.

"Tell me who you are!" she said. "They call me Wilfred Whitefoam, because I was washed ashore from Loadstone Rock ten years ago."

"Ten years ago!" cried the woman. "I had a boy, but cruel men took him from me in England, because he stood between them and wealth. He had your eyes, your voice—"

A moment's silence, and with a cry of "my mother!" Wilfred threw himself into her arms. Safely to land went the Naugari—for this was the vessel's name—and loud cries hailed her deliverance.

The woman, who called herself Lady Morvant, would not leave Wilfred, and it is needless for us to say that she was his true mother. In England the youth was the rightful heir to much property, and certain relatives had abducted him. Carrying him to America, the vessel was caught on Loadstone Rock, and the boy, as we have seen, fell into the rector's hands.

The strange man who conversed with Jarvis Wellyn in his garden, was not, to say, Wilfred's father, who, not loving his wife as he should, did not seek to harm the boy. Shortly after the Naugari's rescue, there was a happy reunion at St. Andrew's, for Lord Morvant received his wife's forgiveness, and Jarvis Wellyn blessed the reunited family.

In order to make doubly happy the finale of our story, we have but to add that Wilfred Whitefoam—as we still call him—married Maud the rector's beautiful daughter, and with the consent of his parents, continued to dwell at St. Andrew's to the sea.

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LAND FOR SALE.

We are instructed to offer the following Lots of Land for sale: A Lot situate in the Parish of Bonanza on the West side of the Old Carleton Road, and lying between the Old Carleton Road and the River Road, being a part of Lot number two, granted to John C. King and conveyed by the late Benjamin Woolnoster, containing four acres more or less.

New Livery Stable.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the public that he has opened a LIVERY STABLE in Westmorland St. near Queen St. will always keep ready for customers.

FIRST CLASS TURN OUTS.

SECOND TO NONE IN THE CITY. He hopes by strict attention to business and reasonable charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

J. A. RUSSELL.

T. W. SMITH.

FISHER'S BUILDING, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

WILL be happy to inform his numerous friends and customers, and the public in general, that he has received from

EUROPE, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES

One of the best and cheapest stocks of CLOTHS, CLOTHING,

HATS, CAPS, AND Gents' Furnishing Goods

never offered in this market and will be sold at

CHEAP FOR CASH. Further particulars next week. Call and examine for yourselves.

From LONDON, LIVERPOOL, and GLASGOW.

Per Steamship "Albatross," "Albatross," "California,"

10 CANS, Scotch Sugar, 50 lbs. each; 25 lbs. each; 10 lbs. each; 5 lbs. each; 2 lbs. each; 1 lb. each; 1/2 lb. each; 1/4 lb. each; 1/8 lb. each; 1/16 lb. each; 1/32 lb. each; 1/64 lb. each; 1/128 lb. each; 1/256 lb. each; 1/512 lb. each; 1/1024 lb. each; 1/2048 lb. each; 1/4096 lb. each; 1/8192 lb. each; 1/16384 lb. each; 1/32768 lb. each; 1/65536 lb. each; 1/131072 lb. each; 1/262144 lb. each; 1/524288 lb. each; 1/1048576 lb. each; 1/2097152 lb. each; 1/4194304 lb. each; 1/8388608 lb. each; 1/16777216 lb. each; 1/33554432 lb. each; 1/67108864 lb. each; 1/134217728 lb. each; 1/268435456 lb. each; 1/536870912 lb. each; 1/1073741824 lb. each; 1/2147483648 lb. each; 1/4294967296 lb. each; 1/8589934592 lb. each; 1/17179869184 lb. each; 1/34359738368 lb. each; 1/68719476736 lb. each; 1/137438953472 lb. each; 1/274877906944 lb. each; 1/549755813888 lb. each; 1/1099511627776 lb. each; 1/2199023255552 lb. each; 1/4398046511104 lb. each; 1/8796093022208 lb. each; 1/17592186044416 lb. each; 1/35184372088832 lb. each; 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