

**Unexpressed.**

Like pearls that lie hid 'neath the ocean's broad breast,  
Where its waters unceasingly roll,  
Are our beautiful thoughts—our sweet unexpressed,  
That are lost in the depth of our soul.

Oh! weak is the power of language or pen  
To utter the mind's purest thought.  
Impotent is every word chosen then  
To portray the bright images caught.

Each voice of the soul, and each thrill of the heart  
Are but drops from the fountain within:  
Though the drops, as they fall, may richness impart,  
There is richness we never may win.

When love would the power of passion reveal,  
And would all her sweet treasures declare,  
Oh, how little we say of all that we feel!  
For our words seem as empty as air.

When fancy would spread her soft wings to the air  
And our moments would fill with delight,  
Oh, how little we prove of all that seems there!  
All a dream, like the dream of a night.

When a landscape we'd sketch—some dearly loved spot,  
Where the fondest of memories dwell,  
Though the hand may be skilled, it satisfies not.  
There is something the heart cannot tell.

When music invites the soft flow of the soul,  
And her song would inspiringly sing,  
Though sweet be her notes in the currents that roll,  
Yet her sweetest she never may bring.

As jewels incased in a casket of gold,  
Where the richest of treasures we hide,  
Our purest of thoughts e'er lie deep and untold,  
Like the gems that are under the tide.

**SELECT STORY.**

**"Those Golden Words."**

**Chapter I.**

FROM a friendship of four long years, ever deepening, ever strengthening with the laps of time, grew Alfred Hathaway's love for the beautiful Anna Slade.

June, the student's eagerly hailed season of rest, had come.

The last day of Alfred Hathaway's college course had sped.

The evening of commencement was one to be remembered.

No gentle Zephyrs seemed stirring, and the temperature of New York was like that of a red hot furnace; yet the Academy of Music was thronged by the elite of the metropolis.

Beaux and belles innumerable were flirting in the boxes and promenading in the corridors.

In one of the smaller boxes, upstairs, Alfred Hathaway was leaning his face on his hand, in earnest conversation with Anna Slade.

Anna, you do not know how much my future will be influenced by the events of to-night. I wish it were bravely over and yet what I most do dread, I most do long for.

Why should you fear? responded Anna. You have carefully studied your valedictory, and your voice certainly cannot fail you.

My valedictory! That does not agitate me in the least. So you think my voice cannot fail me Anna? True; it will not fail me to-night, for I am too earnest, but something else can fail me.

Won't you tell me what?

Anna, do you think I care whether this heartless multitude may commend or censure? 'tis you alone for whom I have to speak.

He leaned nearer, and with emphasis, added—

I scarcely can realize that this night has come—this night for which I have so feverishly yearned.

Yes, such a night must be of great consideration to a graduate.

Can't you conjecture better than that the drift of my utterances?

I really think you are growing nervous, Alfred; don't look so rueful; only be sanguine, and success will be your crown.

He looked long into her deep, tender eyes.

Really, you give me renewed hope.

Why, yes; when the hour comes, how eloquent you will be, Alfred.

Eloquent? Haven't I told you I do not care for my address before this miniature world? My eloquence will be of another nature than a college boy's farewell.

A burst of applause from the vast audience, and a bouquet-showered, bowing senior retired from the stage.

One speech over, exclaimed Alfred; George Randolph is our next orator, and there he comes poor fellow! I will leave you now, Anna, but not alone, for Mr. Baker desires to be presented to you,

Was it in enigmas Alfred had spoken in so low a tone to Anna?

Did not dim suspicions haunt her, as, indifferently and abstractedly she endeavoured to converse with Mr. Baker. She was no coquette; she was not even capricious; but what is more disadvantageous, she was too circumspect.

Four years of friendship with Alfred Hathaway had not tended to leave her regardless of his attentions, yet by not even the most trifling demonstration had she even betrayed her emotions.

There was but one thing which might make Alfred hopeful—she had always been consentient to his requests; in fact, she had always studied his wishes.

The wearied belles were seen no more restlessly flitting their fans in the brilliantly illuminated academy.

Out in the beautiful starlight night the blithe ones had hastened.

Out into the clear, mellow moonlight Alfred Hathaway eagerly led his loved one, and, arm-in-arm they were slowly wending their footsteps towards Anna's home.

For the distance of several streets they proceeded in ineffable silence.

Anna knew not what to say, as Alfred had frustrated her every attempt to congratulate him.

Do not provoke me so, Anna; I'm in no elated mood to-night. My honours have naturally given me immense satisfaction, but we will reserve them for future discussions. I want to talk of something of more importance; I want to tell you a secret.

I can guess what it is.

Oh! would that you could! But I'll wager all I possess that you've no idea what weighs heaviest on my mind. However, tell me if you know.

Well, I think you have decided to go into partnership with your father; am I wrong? she sweetly interrogated, looking slyly around into his face.

Yes, that is one fact of which I meant to apprise you, but not the most important; I'm going to ask a question which you must candidly answer.

I'm afraid you won't like business life any too well, interrupted Anna.

No matter whether I like it or not, I shall be unwavering in my efforts. A year from to-night I hope to attend commencement with my wife.

There was a silence, then Alfred demanded,—

Anna, are you going to leave me desolate all the long summer months, without now and then sending me a few lines of remembrance? Are you going far away among strangers, where no one will care for you as I do? Have I known you four years in vain? What I disclose to you now is a love that can never change—a love so keen that it has let me nourish the hope of making you my precious wife.

Then, looking down, at her half-averted face, he urged,—

Anna, don't you love me? Oh! say that one little word that shall make our lives replete with happiness!

There is a resistless spirit that seems to retain us in its grasp just at unsuitable moments, a spirit of perversity such as actuated Anna Slade to answer the idol of her heart in this wise,—

You have greatly surprised and grieved me, Alfred. Never speak thus again.

Oh, Anna, Anna! do you then, doom me to despair? Will you turn from your old friend, Alfred, who has sought your presence ever so joyfully?

No, Alfred we can still be friends.

Friends! Never! No, darling sister as you have always been to me, I now desire more than a sister's love. Tell me that I may be happy.

No, Alfred, I cannot.

By this time they had reached Anna's home.

On the steps Alfred lingered but a few moments—only long enough to press her hand while he bade her good-bye for the long summer months.

**Chapter II.**

THE summer had hobbled on crutches, as it were, to Alfred Hathaway, and he was still thinking of Anna.

An event for which he had been longing had come.

It was a large reception at which both Anna and himself were guests.

How he had counted the hours, the minutes, until he could again behold her, and speak to her as in by-gone days.

On entering the drawing-rooms, Alfred perambulated the gay throng, seeking only for that form so dear to him, when he espied her, absorbed in conversation with two gentlemen.

She did not turn her head, so Alfred unnoticed, sighed as he mingled with the promenaders.

Ah! how repellent, oftentimes, are the conformities of this seething, heartless world, and how discordant all around us seems when we are perplexed with doubt and sadness!

The vivacious melodies of the dancing music were only harsh and distracting to poor Alfred Hathaway.

In vain the butterflies of fashion nodded and smiled at him; nothing could assuage his depression but a word from her.

How is this? he murmured. Am I so faint-hearted? No, let me try again. Soon he was by her side.

Good evening, Anna. May I have the pleasure of the next quadrille? I have promised another.

My misfortune, of course. Are you engaged for the next?

Yes, and the next, and the next, and all the rest, she answered, seeming confused.

Then, undaunted, Alfred urged,—

You cannot but accord me a promise—just one—I will not ask more.

A moment of hesitation, and then Anna took the proffered arm.

Well, did you have a pleasant summer? he asked.

Very pleasant indeed.

I am glad to know that. I, too, have enjoyed the summer, seen many lovely girls, and—

Lost your heart?

I don't admit that exactly.

Are you engaged?

Not yet; but I intend to be married in less than a year.

May my congratulations be among the first?

Thanks. Perhaps I can return the compliment. You've not survived the summer unconquered, I know.

You know totally the reverse. You ought to remember that I'm not like most girls—enraptured with the first I meet.

Capital good sense! Whoever does secure you will have a treasure.

Don't talk so. How odd you seem! Going to Saratoga hasn't altered you for the better.

You think, eh? We differ. Seeing more of the world greatly influences one's path in life. We are all growing wiser, if not better, every hour. Time and tide work wonders.

Poor Anna could not comprehend the import of her lover's words.

His indifference irritated her.

She was grieved, and Alfred perceived it.

I must relinquish you now, as you are engaged for the remainder of the evening. I defer telling you about Saratoga until another time, said Alfred, as he resigned his loving one to her partner for the next quadrille.

I think I'm playing my cards to the best advantage, Alfred said to himself. That girl does care for me after all. I'm sure of it.

Then he turned and addressed himself to the first young lady whom he knew in the crowd.

Happy to meet you this evening, Miss McCrea. If you are not engaged for the next dance, may I have the pleasure?

His extreme attention to Miss McCrea annoyed Anna.

She saw them together during the whole evening, and overheard more than one wondering comment from those near her as to what attractions Mr. Hathaway could find in that frivolous Miss McCrea.

Anna wondered too, and, when she saw Alfred escort her rival to her carriage, it was not without a pang of envy.

Poor Anna's heart ached keenly as she awakened to the realization of a worthy lover lost.

Lost! lost! she thought. He cares no more for Anna Slade, and she—how absurd! I do not love him.

But the tears that would come thwarted each inward persuasion, till Anna at length admitted, I do love him. O Alfred, Alfred!

**Chapter III.**

BITTER, bleak night in February.

How could anyone brave the wintry winds that night?

Yet sleigh after sleigh glided fleetly over the creaking snow, past Alfred Hathaway, whose course we will follow.

I don't envy the sleigh-riders this shivering, chill night, soliloquized Alfred.

Just then a nice little cutter and spirited span drove by.

He heard merry voices, and saw two happy lovers.

What! thought Alfred, sleigh-riding this cold night? Well, I would not mind it myself if Anna were with me.

And he pictured to himself the drive with Anna by his side, muffled in furs, and her bright eyes veiling with the sparkling gems of the deep blue heavens.

Why did I come out to-night? Only to see those glad faces, that still haunt me, as if in derision of my hopelessness.

What will Mrs. Gordon say on seeing me again? But resistance is impossible. Her genial spirits alone can comfort me.

And speedily Alfred was seated before the ruddy coals of the open grate fire in Mrs. Gordon's parlour.

I am delighted you have interrupted my solitude this evening, cordially exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. We will have a good game of chess.

So we will, responded Alfred, contentedly gazing into the fire as he added, it makes me shudder to think how many destitute beings may perish on this freezing night.

Dear Alfred, said Mrs. Gordon, gently laying her hand on his shoulders, no one shall even accuse you in my presence of hard-heartedness. I always knew there were tender chords in your nature that, if rightly played, would sweetly harmonize with all the rest.

Hard-heartedness? Has any one ever insinuated that of me?

You have given cause to those who draw their conclusions from appearances.

What cause?

Your late course of actions has aroused much comment.

Pray explain, madam. You mystify me.

Every one has wondered why you forsake Anna Slade, and give such constant devotion to Miss McCrea.

So that's why I'm deemed minus a heart, is it?

I've no right to interrogate you, Alfred; but, I may at least let you know my surmises, even if you do not verify them.

I'm listening eagerly, dear Mrs. Gordon.

You do not care an iota for Miss McCrea?

I never did, and never shall.

I know it, Alfred, and I know something else. You love—

There was a rustling of silk in hall, the parlour doors swung open, and on the threshold, looking regally beautiful stood Anna Slade.

My niece? You are welcome, darling. Here is Mr. Hathaway.

But Anna had already extended to him her hand, and spoken to him in her sweetest accents.

Well, exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, this is a pleasant surprise. My dread or solitude is now quite dissipated. I had established myself for the evening in the arm chair, with a stupid French novel when Alfred gladdened me with his entrance, and now you—how delightful! We can make a happy trio, and our chess, Alfred, we will reserve till next time.

Chess? Oh, yes; auntie says you are becoming a great player, exclaimed Anna as she regarded smilingly her old lover.

I'm much indebted to Mrs. Gordon for her compliment, but believe me, I'm the easiest of adversaries.

Then I should like to challenge you some time, if you think your skill is but mediocre.

My niece plays admirably, interrupted Mrs. Gordon. We've had many struggles together.

You'll find me a willing contestant, Anna, Alfred replied.

Another ring at Mrs. Gordon's bell.

There! More callers—it never rains but it pours. I wonder who this may be. Ah! it is Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth.

Mrs. Wentworth was one of the worldly devotees whose introduction into society was effected by the extreme length of her purse-strings, and her never-failing gift of loquacity.

Said little lady sank into a soft velvet cushion, gave vent to an audible sigh, and then demanded,—

Well, Mrs. Gordon, have you heard the latest news—the last announced engagement? If in ignorance, guess.

I've no idea; anyone I know?

You know the young lady; so do I but the gentleman I have never seen.

Well who are the happy ones?

Miss McCrea and Hathaway.

False! ejaculated Mrs. Gordon. I refer you to the gentleman himself.

False! echoed Alfred.

Oh, I beg your pardon! Is this Mr. Hathaway? Really, sir, I did not catch your name. Do excuse me! But I obtained my information from the best authority this morning.

Undoubtedly, madam; but will you please lend your speediest contradiction to the groundless rumour? I never had a thought of becoming engaged to Miss McCrea.

It was not the blazing firelight that sent the damask glow to Anna's cheeks.

Alfred knew what it was, and silently rejoiced.

In an aside he queried,—

Why not have our game of chess now? Mrs. Gordon will not miss us while she is entertaining these friends; besides, we are "de trop."

Perfectly at home in her aunt's house Anna went in quest of the chessmen, and soon both were deeply absorbed in the game.

Why had Anna Slade happened to come and cheer auntie that evening? Had she an inkling Alfred would be there?

It was with such expectations that she had compassionated auntie's loneliness.

Mrs. Gordon had spoken of Alfred, and his frequent calls, until Anna could not resist endeavouring to win back her old lover, and when she heard him boldly deny any preference for Miss McCrea her hopes were kindled anew.

It was a long game of chess.

A glance at the fingers of Mrs. Gordon's bronze clock told them of the approach of midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth had long since departed, and Mrs. Gordon stood

bending over the table, intently studying the difficult problem.

A long silence, then Alfred looked up at Anna.

Do you cede me the palm?

Yes, Alfred, you have conquered.

I never worked harder in my life! I was bound to win.

And you have, said Anna, looking up with a double meaning in her eyes.

Very naturally, Alfred desired to escort Anna to her home, and very naturally Anna desired to have him do so.

The old turbid gloom in Alfred's heart was no more, for Anna Slade had waived all the promptings of that ugly monster, false pride, as sweetly and honestly she repeated those golden words, "Forgive and forget."

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

A PARISIAN recounts that he met recently, in a railway carriage, "en route" to Toulouse, a very agreeable and well-instructed person, who said he was a professional man. He parted with this "compagnon de voyage" with some regret, and with an exchange of cards; the agreeable person adding, as he gave his, it would afford him great pleasure at any time to be useful to him professionally. Politeness forbade him looking at the card till he had got out of sight, when he found it was that of the public executioner of Paris. There was no mistake. Underneath the name was the statement of the professional pursuit.

AN officer of the—th was quartered, a few years ago, in the height of the Fenian disturbance, at Killarney, where the troops were accommodated, as is by no means unusual in Ireland, in the workhouse. Being in search of a new sensation, he bethought himself of paying a tailor's bill, addressing of course, from "Workhouse, Killarney." Back came the answer by return of post. The tailor was pained to see so good a customer reduced so low; he could not think of accepting the amount due to him, which he begged to return; and if a ten-pound note would be of any service he should be happy to send it.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's one hundred and seventeen children have been learning to sing. Father, dear father, come home! one singing the solo while the other one hundred and sixteen join in the chorus until each has given a tug at their father's domestic affections. The chorus tears Brigham's tender vitals to flinders.

THE maddest man in Camden Town is Smith. He wound up his clock regularly every night for fifteen years, and then discovered that it was an eight-day clock. He muses on the work he might have done in these wasted minutes, and his anger is dread-ful.

At a recent festival, a boy who did not get a fair change at the edibles said that some of the voracious visitors had been starving themselves so long, in anticipation of the feast, that they were hollow all the way down, for he could hear the first mouthful they swallowed strike on the bottom of their boots.

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school: If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her wouldn't you? Yes, ma'am, she replied, if I couldn't catch her!

A YOUNG lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately-constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished, the following Sunday, to see him come into church wearing it as a cravat.

A DOMESTIC, having been sent to purchase a bottle of capers, forgot her errand, and asked for a bottle of frolics.

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