

Night Musings.

The darkness steals across the light,  
The silent shadows fall;  
And with the coming of the night  
I hear no sound at all;  
Far up the sky soft glory hems  
The moon that shineth down;  
And golden stars, like lesser gems,  
Are jewelled in earth's crown.

A hundred hills between us stand,  
Like giants in the sun;  
And twice a hundred miles of land  
Thro' which the rivers run.  
But in my heart I am with thee  
Made happy by thy smiles;  
And in thy soul thou art with me  
Across those weary miles.

I clasp thy image in my heart,  
I hear thy voice again;  
At thy dear side I take my part,  
And feel not any pain.  
I bless thy name alone at night,  
When none are nigh to hear;  
I bless thy name by candlelight,  
And hold thy memory dear.

O, friend, thy kind advice is more  
To me than wealth or fame;  
I think thy grave sweet counsel o'er  
And love thee for the same.  
I look to thee my guiding star,  
And follow thy true light;  
I see thee, meteor like, afar,  
However dark the night.

I look to thee my gentle guide,  
With pure implicit love,  
And travel on what e'er betide,  
Towards the goal above.  
O kind and true and steadfast friend,  
Forsake me not I pray,  
That I may journey to the end,  
With thee to lead my way.

SELECT STORY.

FOR MY SAKE.

Chapter I.

A CHILD'S REQUEST.

Helen what is woman's ruling passion?

A glance of questioning surprise flashed upon the face of the speaker, from under long dark lashes, and there was silence for a moment; then the look of doubt gave place to an arch smile, and a voice sweet and girlish, but with a ring of firmness in its tones, answered—

Love of power, Rossiter.

No, you cannot mean that. Men crave power, but women love dress, admiration, wealth and display.

Call it by whatever name you please, Rossiter, it is love of power all the same. Men like to rule, I grant you, and they fancy they do; but while they are boasting of their supremacy, and exulting in their strength, we women are silently and surely—the more silently the more surely—holding them in subjection to our will.

It was one of the loveliest of June evenings. The setting sun threw long shadows across the forest path, by which our two equestrians were approaching the village, moving slowly, to enjoy to the full perfect beauty of the pace and hour.

Rossiter Leigh was in his twenty-eighth year, erect and stately in form and bearing, with a face grave and thoughtful beyond his years.

We women! A quick glance of the penetrating eyes swept the face and form of the fair girl beside him, and for the first time, the thought occurred to him that Helen Ingleson was no more a child.

Her father, a man of prominence, had aided and encouraged the young man in his efforts to rise, and he was always welcomed as a valued friend at the house of the Inglesons.

Helen had been his pet from her infancy, and many were the long rides they took through the region about their village home.

Through all this, she had been only a child to the earnest hard-working student, the little companion of his leisure hours.

She had now just entered her sixteenth year, and with the soul-light in her glorious eyes; and the stamp of intellect upon her fair, high brow, she was more than beautiful.

Rossiter Leigh saw this. He saw the dignity expressed in every movement of the graceful form, even to the clasp of the little hand on the bridle, whose lightest touch controlled and guided at will the spirited animal on which she rode.

A woman, and conscious of a woman's power!

A vague feeling as of a tightening chain, passed over him, but his defiant spirit rose instantly to meet and throw it aside.

He would keep his child-friend yet a little longer.

Nonsense, Nell! Who put such fancies into your schoolgirl's brain? Do you learn the doctrine of woman's potency from your Latin grammar? I thought, last, not long ago, was the verb girls liked to conjugate.

I prefer a mixture of the two, Rossiter. AMO ROMANA. But the doctrine you speak of requires no teacher; it

comes to us as naturally as the air we breathe.

Well, Helen, one thing is certain—I shall never become the slave of a woman. I love liberty too well to resign it into the keeping of any hands, however fair.

Do you never intend to fall in love, Sir Dignity?

Oh, I don't say that. I may love some time, and many, but I intend to remain master of my own actions, and defy any woman's power or influence to make me swerve from any fixed purpose of my life.

A merry laugh was his companion's only answer, but the grand old woods caught it up, and echoed it back to the young man's ears.

Was it only his fancy, or did a slight strain of mockery blend with its music—something of the tone that might have mingled in the laugh of the Royal Bruce, as he fastened on his helmet, the glove of DeArgentine.

However that may be, it awakened no responsive sentiment, and at an involuntary tightening of Rossiter's hand on the bridle, his horse started into a brisk canter.

A gentle word from Helen induced hers to keep pace with it, and thus they passed swiftly up the village street, and up the drive that led to Judge Ingleson's door.

As the young man lifted his fair companion from the saddle, and stood beside her to say a parting word, she seemed to have laid aside the woman, and became a child again.

Leaning with both hands on his arm in a caressing little way of her own, she looked up in his face, and said with graceful pettishness—

Must you really go away to-morrow? How long it will be before we can ride together again! Rossiter, you must ride on horseback with no lady but me. That is my parting injunction; if you disobey it, I will never call you my gallant knight again!

Pshaw, Nellie! Never fear, I shall have something to think of besides playing knight to lady fair. There is nothing before me but work, work, for a long time to come.

Oh, but you will reap the reward of all that labor. Father says you are talented and ambitious, and will be a great man some day.

Many thanks to your father for his kind prophecies. Whatever success I may achieve, I shall owe in a great measure to his friendly advice and encouragement; and much of my happiness I owe to the companionship of my little friend. Good-by.

He gave her the customary parting kiss, and mounting his horse again, rode quietly down the long shaded avenue, and passed out of sight just as the last ray of sunlight vanished.

Strange, that Nature and the soul of man can be antipodal!—that it can be drawn in the heart, while the west still gleams with the sunset glory.

Chapter II.

SIX YEARS LATER.

In the spacious parlor of Judge Ingleson's winter residence, a select company had assembled, representing the highest order of beauty and talent in the land.

A group of gentlemen stood round the host, apparently engaged in discussing some matter of absorbing interest.

His influence is steadily increasing, said the voice of Judge Ingleson. When such eloquence is backed by a clear, comprehensive intellect, and aided by a voice of excellent modulations, used as he knows how to use it, the effect is almost irresistible. Young as he is, Rossiter Leigh is one of our most powerful men.

At a little distance from this group stood Helen Ingleson, in an attitude of almost regal grace, and beside her was a dark, handsome man, in the uniform of an army officer, to whose low, earnest tones she was listening with her stately head bowed a little, and pleased animation in her face.

As her father's words caught her ear, she turned her head a little to hear them more perfectly, unconscious that she was paying but slight attention to the remarks of her companion, until she suddenly met a searching glance of his eyes, and heard him inquire—

Do you know Mr. Leigh, Miss Ingleson?

Many years ago, Colonel Austin, I knew him well; but I was little more than a child then, and in consequence of our long residence abroad, I have never met him since that time. I hope to begin a renewal of the acquaintance this evening.

Is he to be heard to-night, then?

He promised to come, but on account of other engagements, will probably arrive late.

If she had given one glance towards the door, she would have seen him then where, at sight of her, he had paused on the threshold.

Six years had developed the graceful village girl into a queenly woman.

And yet that face was scarcely changed, unless it were in a deeper shade of thought upon the high, white brow, and a look of wistfulness in the clear grey

eyes, as if the soul within were seeking something that life, with all the wealth, of happiness, love, and homage it had brought her, had not yet bestowed.

It was a moment of revelation to the one who watched her—the moment when his child-friend appeared before him in all the perfection of beautiful womanhood.

He saw the impassioned manner of her companion, saw her rise to his face, with an earnest look, the soul-stirring eyes that had so often met his in childish questioning and defiance.

Then, all at once, she became aware of his presence, and her cheek flushed slightly as he approached her.

All the frank cordiality of former years was in her greeting, but there was a constraint in his manner as he returned; it, that disappointed and chilled her.

That he was frequently quiet and reserved in society she had often heard, but she had heard also of the power he possessed, whenever he chose to exert it to charm, by his ease and fluency of manner and conversation, any circle in which he moved; and surely, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," he might, on their first meeting, have shown her something of the brighter phase of his social nature.

Memory did not fail to remind her that, however reticent to others, he had never been so to her in the olden time.

She had not seen that, as he came forward to her, the eyes of Colonel Austin had looked for one instant into his, and the glance exchanged, though there was no sign of recognition in it, had expressed undisguised aversion on one side, and haughty indifference on the other; she was therefore surprised, when she turned to perform the ceremony of introduction between the gentlemen, to find that Colonel Austin had withdrawn to the farther side of the room, and was standing with his back towards them, engaged in conversation with others.

Mr. Leigh's eyes followed the direction of her, and saying that he wished to pay his respects to her father, bowed and left her almost abruptly, and was soon in the midst of the group around Judge Ingleson, taking part in the lively discussion that was going on there.

There was no lack of animation in his manner now, and the earnestness that spoke in his low, mellow voice left no doubt that the subject was one of intense interest to him.

Helen Ingleson saw and heard all, and in her heart passed this sentence upon her childhood's friend:—

World hardened! Indifferent to everything outside the struggle for fame and worldly honor and the applause of men! and she proudly determined to ignore as utterly as he seemed to do, all recollection of the old friendship.

If the thorn rankled, its only outward effect was an added lustre in the sparkling eyes, and an increased vivacity in her manner, as she moved gracefully among her guests, many of whom thought her more beautiful that evening than ever before.

Colonel Austin sought every opportunity to take his place by her side, and to her surprise, frequently referred to the subject of her acquaintance with Mr. Leigh.

Could he have seen that the warmth of her greeting was not reciprocated? Her pride took fire at the thought.

Do you find your old friend greatly changed? he asked with apparent carelessness. Time often plays us a shabby trick, presenting to us a being with a familiar form and face, but with every other trace of the friend we once knew swept away forever.

Six years could not pass over any one's head without working some changes, Colonel Austin, she answered, evasively; but we should not quarrel with time for that when the change is as favorable as in the case of Mr. Leigh. As a child, I always heard it prophesied that he would raise to eminence, and I did not need to return to my native land to learn that he was winning an enviable reputation as an orator and a Statesman.

Alas! for us poor soldiers, Miss Helen. We have no chance to distinguish ourselves in the time of peace, but are forced to look on in silence, while the brows of those who win word victories are wreathed with laurels.

The heavy moustache hid the curl of his lip, as he uttered these words in his most courteous tones.

Then suddenly dropping the subject, he bent over her with a confidential air, and spoke low and earnestly.

At that moment Mr. Leigh drew near them, and paused to take leave of Miss Ingleson, which he did in a few words; then, with a portion of the company that were dispersing, withdrew from the parlors.

Chapter III.

PROUD BUT TRUE.

The winter home of the Inglesons was distant only about two hours' ride by rail from W., and during the following two months, Rossiter Leigh of ten sought rest from the fatigues and

excitement of political life in their pleasant home circle, renewing the long interrupted intercourse.

He found the council of his old friend valuable to him in his public, as it had been in his private life, and in the society of Helen he found—was it pleasure or pain?

The spirit of harmony certainly did not preside in the little sitting room, where the sinking sun of a cold afternoon in January was looking in upon them as they talked together, for, at Mr. Leigh's words, Helen's face wore a smile of provoking incredulity, and when she spoke, he listened to her with compressed lips and deepening shadows in his eyes.

What would you have me say, Helen? he asked, and there was a slight touch of haughtiness in his tones. You profess to doubt the sincerity of my love, and will not give me hope, even by a look, that I can ever win the answer that I seek. What words can I use to make you listen and believe me?

Words cannot convince me, she said, laughing lightly; and I would not have you say anything more about it, Mr. Leigh. In the few weeks we have known each other, you cannot have learned to feel towards me as you profess.

The few weeks! he hastily interrupted her. What of the many years Helen, when we held frequent and intimate intercourse together? Were we not friends then, in spite of the difference in our ages? And cannot such affection and confidence outlive a few years of separation?

I thought so once, she answered, but I found that the absorbing pursuits to which you had devoted your life had power to fill your thoughts so entirely as to crowd out every recollection of the past. Your coldness and indifference, when we met, showed me this, and I have no reason to believe that I was once remembered in all those years of separation.

He looked up eagerly, but as his eye met hers, he checked the answer that had risen to his lips, and replied, more coldly than before,—

You know already, Helen, what rumour had told me of your relations with another, and that other a man whom I had cause to look upon with distrust. When I came here, and saw, as I supposed, the confirmation of that rumour, was it strange that I could not meet you as I wished to do? Though you have assured me that there was no truth in the report, still you are always kind and affable to him, while you deny me even the old friendliness.

I should be sorry to expose myself to another such repulse—so much warmth and cordiality entirely thrown away, she answered, in a bantering tone. But tell me, Mr. Leigh, what first caused this feeling of hostility between Colonel Austin and yourself?

My feeling towards him cannot be dignified by that name. The hostility is all on his side, and arose, I believe, from the fact that I used my influence to prevent his appointment to a position that he desired, and of which I considered him unworthy. He has since tried several schemes of retaliation, and all of them were mean and base. Can you blame me that knowing him as I did, it distressed me to think of you as his betrothed wife?

And you have mistaken that feeling for one of a far different nature. It will vanish, now that you know there is no cause for the anxiety that prompted it.

A look of extreme vexation passed over his face, and, rising, he hurriedly drew out his watch.

I must leave you now, he said, abruptly; it is necessary for me to return to W.—this evening.

This evening? Have you received any message from there?

A short time ago, I received a telegram, informing me of an evening session of the house to be held to-night, to discuss the passage of a very important bill. It surprised me greatly, for it was not contemplated when I left there this morning; and I immediately telegraphed back for further information, but have as yet received no answer, I would not like to be absent, for I have a great deal to say on that question, and must bring all my influence to bear upon it. It must not fail to pass the House.

He spoke the last words as if to himself, with a kindling eye and a proud confidence in his tones.

Then, offering her his hand, he said—I am to leave in the train at six o'clock. Helen, have you not one cheering word for me?

For an instant a softened light shone in the eyes that were lifted to his, but it immediately gave place to a vivacious sparkle.

Certainly, Mr. Leigh, she said, you have my warmest wishes for your success in this matter, for I can see it is one in which your whole soul is enlisted. You have asked me to test the sincerity of a certain profession you have made. Do you think, if I wished it ever so ardently I could prevail upon you to remain here this evening, and relinquish all share in that expected triumph. I have half a mind to try it, if it were only to

convince you what it is that lies nearest your heart.

He bit his lip, but did not reply by a word.

Then bidding her a hasty adieu, he walked rapidly from the house.

Hardly had the door been closed upon him, when it opened again to admit Helen's friend, Nora Deane, a lively brunette.

What have you been saying to Mr. Leigh, Helen? I met him just now, hurrying along, with the sternest, gloomiest look on his face, and so absorbed in his own thoughts that I could hardly succeed in winning a bow from him; a smile was entirely out of the question. Have you been discussing political affairs with him in your father's absence? He never thinks of anything else, of course.

She glanced slyly at her friend as she spoke, but could not read the expression of her face in the fading twilight.

I do not believe anything else could have power enough over his feelings to make him look gloomy, Nora, she answered. You have said yourself that he had no heart.

Well—yes, I have sometimes thought so; but if it should be discovered that he had one, I believe it would be well worth winning. One of his rare smiles is of more value than all the flattery and devotion that the elegant and accomplished Colonel Austin lavishes upon you, Helen.

I have consented to listen to him a little while this evening, but as he is to return to his post to-morrow; it shall be the last time. If I were a man, I would not allow a woman a second opportunity to give me her final answer. How will he bear that answer, Helen?

Oh, he will be in despair, will threaten as they always do, to fall on his own sword, or put an end to his agonies in some other summary manner; but will end, like all the rest, by falling in love with someone else and marrying within a year.

Her companion laughed, and went on in another strain after her own lively fashion.

You know, Nell, that Mr. Leigh joined our party, while we were travelling in Switzerland, some time ago, but you have no idea what an agreeable travelling companion he proved himself to be. He evidently did not allow political affairs to engross his thoughts at that time, for he talked most entertainingly on every other subject, and was enthusiastic in his enjoyment of all that was grand and picturesque. But there was one thing that puzzled and, I must confess, vexed me too, not a little. Though always ready to accompany us on all other occasions, whenever an equestrian excursion was spoken of, on one pretext or another he invariably declined. I knew he was a graceful and experienced rider, and had promised myself much pleasure in a ride with him for my companion. Was it not singular? If I had not known of his riding alone, at other times, I should fancy he had met with some strange experience in his past life, that had led him to vow never to mount a horse again. But it is getting dark, Nell. I must go. Good-by, and the loquacious girl hastened away, not noticing that her friend made no effort to detain her.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ENDEAVOUR to render the lives of others pleasant, for many blessings are caught in the rebound. If we make the present all dark and barren as a stormy sea, we must thank ourselves. The present alone is ours, and it is the hinge on which the future turns.

He who combats his own evil passions and desires enters into the severest battle of life; and if he combats successfully, obtains the greatest victory.

THERE is but one thing which is estimated in heaven by what it costs here, and that is virtue.

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