of Fear.

Yea, Parents, train your children In the way that they should go; On the tender boughs fair promise Your wariest ward bestow:

Pluck out the nascent canker; The rank fuxuriance trim; Protect with de t devices The fair and shapely limb.

But in all this constant guiding. With your sterner wisdom blend The skill of a sweet persuasion, Lest you break, instead of bend!

There are grave and godly households Where the tendril plants of bloom In the hearts of little children Are nursed in noisome gloom;

Where the sunshine rarely enters, Where the laugh is seldom clear, For the rulers of these households, Still rule by the Rule of Fear!

There are other, brighter households Though, alas! they are all too few-Where the morning sky of childhood Hath a wide and witching blue;

Are gemmed by the light above; For the rulers of those households Aye rule by the Rule of Love! These are the two great problems

And woe to them who blindly, In their own cenceit, shall prove They have never conned the lesson That the God of Life is Love!

Whether to bend with the Love Rule,

Or break by the Rule of Fear.

Of the tendril trainers here:

[CONTINUED.]

pretences of our courtship had loaded What's to-day? Roland with debt; the presents which my poor mother considered proof positive of his wealth, were still unpaid for; girl, he replied. why, the twenty-seventh ther, biting her lip with vexation at the -1'm incorruptible. the Hastings expedition, which kept up which heaven confound." salary. So the days came when in our Oh! ah, I forgot, Rosa, said he. And is? splendid villa there was not a ready six- there's that wretched celebration. Cry- La, ma'am, cried Lucy, with a burst Thank you, mum, for the compliment, pence to pay even the poor milkman, ing again! Will he be home at four of familiarity, stifled instantly in a curt- he interrupted, but the thing won't antradesmen, who had believed in the false ness. Then he tumbled into a chair I mean he's an old hand for a dinner- me—Chelsea Stebbing first of all. pretences of The Thorns, grew churlish, and fell asleep. the very servant insolent, and all the Hard and unkind! So unlike the But the business of the great dinner peration, and shrunk back in the chair humiliation of debt—we well deserved it, Roland Dare for whose possible loss I banished our chagrin and wonder to- with a grean. I can say that now-fell on us. Of had trembled before old Aunt Stebbing. gether, to return by fits and starts, when There's more than that sum in Rolcourse Roland's love was precious then, Yet, when he had left me in the morning an occasional glance from the window ly's desk, I faltered; but 'Nelly Grey'maid Lucy giggled on the stairs. Love was that strange? He knew I was when he relieved the monotony of his your husband, Rosa! Give it me inin a cottage may be a rosy cherub, but poor when we were married, yet we had lounge by a turn in the hall. love in a villa with the rent unpaid is a caught him at first by pretence of Large dinners in small villas make a ed, for I hesitated to obey. There's half wretchedly scrubby boy. In short, I wealth, and he had found out the truth deal of work that it is genteel to sup- an hour to save us. Keep this fellow think that love is born of heaven, and when he could not draw back with hon- pose is never done, and my mother and out of sight, and do your duty to yourlightens such trouble only as heaven our. I was reaping the miserable fruit I were as hot and scarlet as the hired self and family if Fobbses, or Priors, sends. Ours was the creature of folly, of the deceit we had all helped to cook, before we dared to leave the din- or your aunt Stebbing come before I pride, and false pretence. For all this sow. we kept up our state dinners, parties, As I sat, regretting and reproaching John. Then an hour given to the toilet Overcome by her vehemence, I saw and gatherings, such as we were taught the past and myself, my eye fell upon left us an hour to sit and cool, that our her, without a protest, carry off the mobecame us, by means and shifts that did Roland's writing-desk. A corner of pa- red faces might not tell our company how ney, the notes linked with the mystery not become us, for false pretences begun per, sticking from under its lid, showed hard the lady at the head of the table of 'Nelly Grey.' In five minutes a hanmust be kept up till, like a bubble, they that, in his haste, and with nis unsteady had laboured in the kitchen.

ed me too. My husband became dull was here? Money-notes and gold- able old person will be got out of sight I had linked such golden hopes, alas now in his own room; and often while I this debt-plagued house kept secret world. Gracious! who is that? wept myself to sleep, his steps were fall- whence had this treasure come? I took A loud ring at the bell provoked this who has built up great castles, and has fort of hearing and being near him pass- floor. It was the fragment of a letter, terous clatter rose in the hall, -a clam- twenty-seventh of May, that had shone, a worry, despair, or weariness. I saw the bound to pull you through—" The shabby, had come to pass, and the Priors my husband's heart! gulf into which he was slipping; but rest was torn away. ence.

troubles, from which, after all, we might help me with the dinner. soon emerge, for were not my birthday If you please, ma'am, she added, two against its neglected summons. his thoughts wandering when he sat John,—so he says. what were those strange notes coming young man is he? I asked. stroyed. We had had no secretsbe fore. and aint up to much, replied Lucy, all but the odious little bills. We never ma'am. looked at them-where was the use?- Very well, Lucy, said I. He's the see the inside of that box. then, were these vulger squares of dirty him in.

so; but no man can keep one from a wo- fore me on my wedding day. man whose eyes jealousy has sharpened. I know it! cried my mother, untying box? thought I had) very soon.

The long-expected May had come. something to-day! The Thorns stood in a country road, My heart would have beaten with a ring at the unanswered bell drove my days of the year, a dozen carriages and dead weight of "Nelly Grey" that press- My good boy, to oblige me-really he ed me! he cried. May-time the great city discharged its wicked, I could not hate him yet. thousands on our quiet road. Chariots with coronets on the panels. costermongers'carts, tramps, noblemen, and knaves

ing through its cloud of dust that morn- where he touched them. roar and rattle through the night, and clude? asked my mother blandly. Where the tears that fall, like dew-drops, The question, asked a hundred times, his questioner a moment. ed, and disordered in dress and manner, der to the music-stool. heart-broken now, Oh Rolly, Rolly!

Don't be a fool, Rosa, he said, and dear. finshed as much by strong excitement as guv'ner engaged me. wine. Don't be a fool. Hang it, girl, I've done that to-day that should put a than has been there for many a day—the whole room's contents with a glance darkness, a gentleman to see master by

when have there been things your poor the dinner comes off, as per contract. wife should not know?

What's to-morrow, Roland? I asked. to dine! Shocking! Difficult to say by this light, my dear

hand, he had not locked it safely. I Your aunt, observed my mother, is dows towards town.

what could I do to make that debt-shad- Ah me, my fears were realized, my into the hall. What a scene! The con- old man, case-hardened as he was to owed place cheerful? Icould murmur or cup was full. While all the torment and fectioner's boy was sitting doggedly on misery. He did homage to it by first expostulate, to be answered roughly, or humiliation of debt vexed me, Roland his pastry-box, as if asserting its inviolal putting out his pipe, and then walking if with affection, with a bitter sadness was rich; while I was trying to kiss bility. The little man, with his back silently from the room. that was more dreadful than sullen sil- away the shadows from his face, his against the door, stood barring all exit I sat, forgetful of what my coming

gloomy and forgetting me at our silent | Wretched as I was, this little act of what does this disgraceful scene mean? aroused me.

in so often, which he so carefully de- Well, ma'am, he ain't very young, out.

but stuck them on the file unread. What best Mr. Dare could get, no doubt; bring

paper? Whose messenger was the dirty Lucy then brought him in. Herald your mistress—
fellow like a shabby groom, who chew- of hope! it was the little fluffy man—a I mean, returned the old man, know- come to you when I get rid of this man.

HEARTS CONTENT...... "C. Rendell. ed straws, and spat upon our clean door- little cleaner and a little brushed, but ingly, we're all walking in a fog, and This plaguey dinner, too! Where's my Trinity Harbor " B. Miller. step, while he waited for an answer? the same who brought Aunt Stebbing's nothing can come of it but knocking our desk?

So I found out Roland's secret (or her bonnet, and tearing a string in her excitement. I know your aunt means boy, gulping down a ruder sentiment.

where, for three hundred and sixty-five confidence as high as hers but for the mother into a nervous agony.

Chapter IV., and Last.

stunned us with their noise, and blinded still on nearer acquaintance. A vulgar snort, and the old man, glancing into an our promptitude has for a time averted. us with dust, then left us silent for an- old man, a dirty old man, we should empty box, returned his pipe to his Our family! cried Roland, passionateother year. it was the day of the great have said, only that we agreed that he mouth, and raised the blockade of the ly; to what is all this trouble due but to Downshire race, only one remove from was Aunt Stebbing's man. Why, we hall door. that momentous twenty-seventh, on never asked ourselves. A rude old man, | Pale with anger, that even the danger | we were, false and dishonest, wrecking which our fortunes hung as dubiously as certainly, for his eyes roved curiously of a collision with the agent of her ecour good name, and robbing others, to many a grander one hung on the twenty- over every article of furniture in the centric sister could not repress, my mo. keep a bubble floating that must burst at room, and he fingered the table-cover and ther waved the old man to follow her to last! A weary day and a wearier night. I my damask window hangings when he the sitting-room. watched the boisterous crowd struggl- spoke, and left his dirty thumb marks What does this conduct mean ?-- this

ing, and, sick with my anxiety, heard it You are my sister's servant, I con- defend sir? she began.

Exactly, he replied. And if quite Priors, if they should see. of his watery eyes, I'll just take a pipe in appointment, ma'am, -Mr. Aaron Oh Rolly, I said, if I knew? Since the garden, till the guv'ner turns up and Isaacs.

Four monthe ran by. Love, they Ever since you were my poor wife, our window to the lawn, and fixing him- what's to be done? say, sweetens any circumstances. So it Rosa, he laughed, in his excited way, self on a cactus tub, puffed up wreaths My mother glared at the incubus on may, but its flavour is sometimes lost in but with a cruel emphasis on the poor. of white smoke from a short black pipe, the sofa. the big cup of bitterness it is expected to But I've kept you ignorant of the know- while he surveyed the Clapham road up What will you take, my good man, to like the nick-nacks on it. You don't

thought. But your aunt is a strange, Couldn't you do as Mr. Dare propos- in deeper still. I had given a bill, three

party, anyhow.

ner to her, and Lucy, and coachman come back.

were at the door, perhaps! We rushed My distress had some effect upon the

fireside? Whose society in the long thoughtfulness came like a drop of balm It means, ma'am, retorted John, that My love! said he. evening was preferred to mine? And to my wounded spirit. What sort of this old fool is either mad or drunk. He bent over me, and some love cer-Come out of the way, and let the boy go

mouth to spit upon my hall carpet, till I me that?

my mother, sternly. My respect for gloves off with a dash.

The Rule of Love, and the Rule A woman can't keep a secret, -perhaps message and spread the dirty carpet be- heads together. I said it wouldn't do. Will you oblige me with a look into that cruel, cruel man, I sobbed; I know all

John took a step forwards-another

a score of passers-by were all the signs ed on it like lead. But I told my mo- is an odd old man,-but to oblige me, of life about it; but on two days of this ther nothing, for though my Rolly was she said, slipping a shilling into the boy's me into fear for him, in spite of my

> The lad's dignity yielded to the bribe; My mother interposed, severe and stately. he rose sullenly from the box. John

insolence, which your mistress will never

There's no mistress in the business, he for the folly that brought this old man startle even the gray morning with some The little man brought his eyes, that replied. It wouldn't answer, I told the here to-day? lagging wheels. Where was Roland? were examining my piano, to bear upon guv'ner so. He gave me that sov to was answered at last by his uncertain Not exackly, mum. Mostly her man's bargain's off. Veneer and Rosewood's she felt he was. steps at the door. Flushed, dust-cover- man, he said, and then let his eyes wan- popped in a execution. I'm the man in

he leaned against the table to steady him- And my sister, continued my mother, The horrid creature then threw himself, while he laughed hysterically. Alas, taking this as an affirmative to her ques- self upon the sofa and crushed his shabalas! I could only cover my face and sob, tion, sent you to assist us? It was by boots into the cushions I had worked kind and thoughtful; so like her, Rosa, for Rolly's birthday. The room faded from my eyes into a great black void, in told you the truth. You should have his voice was husky, but I saw he was Beg pardon, mum, said the man; the which I was conscious of nothing but a asked it. You were afraid to spoil a tinkling bell. Our guests were coming, wonderful match, I to offend a match-You mean Mr. Dare? said my mother, and this horror in the house! Oh, the

brighter look upon your moping face agreeable, mum, he went on, sweeping The voice of Lucy sounded in the to blame; I pay the penalty, disgrace

I don't know him, Lucy, I replied, So saying, the old fellow strolled from Show him into the study. Oh, I cried.

season. It was so with us. The false ledge, sweet one, until the thing is over. and down. What a figure to meet the go away? she asked, only until to morrow. eye of "good society" coming presently The balance, two forty, fifteen and false pretences covered me with debt. three, paid to Vencer and Co., will clear The gifts, the jewels, that told a false-What a queer old man! said my mo- me out, he replied. Nothing else, mum hood, were had on credit. Our wedding,

her delusion, had anticipated half his Unkind, said I; it is my birthday." odd woman, Rosa. I wonder what he ed? she asked; a good wash and one of hundred pounds, that falls due to-day. his coats-

who could trust no more. Soon the must, by Jove, -business, Rosa, busi-sy, can't you see? Beg pardon, ma'am, swer-lots of your company would twig

My mother clasped her hands in des-

but it did not blunt the butcher's imper- excited, happy, with a strange feverish showed that dingy figure sunning itself In that desk! In this house! cried tinance nor pay his bill when he threat- joy, I could hardly help justifying him in our garden walks, or a whiff of his my mother, starting up, and this disgrace ened 'law' in the hall, while the house- to myself. If he had never loved me, odious tobacco floated to the kitchen, to fall upon my family! Shame upon stantly. Are you a fool, child? she ask-

som' cab had whirled her past our win-

But darker times came, when love fail- opened it to put the paper in. What very punctual, and that very disagree- Alone with the shabby man on whom and grave. The evenings which we used three hundred pounds! I sat down in time. Those odious Priors! I after all, the agent of the debt and diffito pass so happily together, he passed breathless with surprise. Such a sum in wouldn't have them see him for the culty that had dogged us from our wedding-day, I wept as only one can weep ing overhead. Soon even the little com- up the paper, which had fallen to the exclamation, and at that instant a bois- come to sit in their ruins. This was that ed away. He came home late, later, un- written in a coarse, vulgar hand. I read our in which John's growling bass and glittering mirage, through long months he didn't look so. He smiled so pleastil it was hard to say whether by night it, and, in reading, forgot all the past. Lucy's treble laugh accompanied the of trouble, come, and, lo, this broker's antly, and had such splendid teeth to or day; and the morning showed that in "DEAR DARE, -Stick to 'Nelly sounds of bumping shoulders and shuffl- man, desolating my hearth, and the his looks, which was worse to see than Grey.' She's as true as steel. She's ing feet. Something low, something shameful 'Nelly Grey' triumphant in

so the Winter dragged away, and "as true as steel." What bitter tears I up, seemed preparing to open it by force swollen eyes. What cared I for birth-Spring found us deeper in difficulties, wept on that birthday morning!—tears of arms. Lucy clapping her knees and day guests? The timepiece chimed and Roland's changed temper deepened that found no solace until Lucy the screaming with laughter, sat on the half an hour to Aunt Stebbing's coming. with them. I was a foolish girl; a sus- maid came to remind me that the day kitchen stairs, and the crimson face of I heard, but heeded not. The voice of picion grew upon me that this was due had brought duties which I owed to false the cook, with a broad grin on it, looked Roland sounded in the hall, and his footto something more than our domestic pretences—that my mother had come to up from the lower steps. Over all, the steps hastening to meet the stranger in distracting bell rang a violent protest the study,—it did not stir me. I might have sat till evening mingled its shadand Aunt Stebbing's visit close at men called on master this morning and What's this? demanded my mother, ows with the mist of dispair and tears, hand? I grew watchful. Where were he engaged one to wait at table with in a voice lowered by real passion and but that my mother, with her bonnet on, fear of the Priors. Lucy!-John!- loomed through it, and Roland's voice

tainly looked out of his anxious face for all that hateful 'Nelly.'

That boy don't go, retorted the old Oh Rolly-Rolly! I mouned, covering Book and Job Printing executed in a I had opened all his letters unrebuked, doubtfully; but you'd better see him, man, coolly taking his pipe out of his mine to hide the tears, how can you call

He looked surprised. My Mother What do you mean, sir? demanded drew an angry breath and pulled her

You'll not find all you want, you about that wicked 'Nelly Grey,' and I'll see you furder fust, retorted the mamma has taken the money to pay that disgraceful broker's man.

My husband fell back from my chair as if I had struck him.

Rosa—Mrs. Grayling,—you've ruin-

The tone of genuine despair startled jealons indignation, What had I done.

Say, rather, Mr. Dare, that you have The strange old man grew stranger vented his indignation in a rebellious brought disgrace upon our family, which that wretched cuckoo cry! Fools that

Mr. Dare! exclaimed my mother, ris-

ing angrily. . I have been guilty here as any of you, continued Roland, but who is to blame

Poor Rolly, I didn't like to hear him

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keep it dark to-day; there it is, as the scold my mother, but he was right, and

My daughter, sir, she replied, loftily, had two hundred pounds.

And on the strength of that, he retorted, and in blind ignorance of what I had Veneer and Rosewood's account was run to twice two hundred. I should have maker. Pardon me, Mrs. Grayling, he added, checking himself. We were all

The disgrace, returned my mother, now very angry, sat lightly on you, Mr. Dare. You might have averted it by the means we used to-day, reserved, I suppose, for less honest purposes.

The means! cried poor Roland, striking the table a blow that made us start know the truth. Our courtship under with its preposterous show, plunged me The usurer up stairs, who guesses the truth from seeing that broker's man, will not renew or bate a jot. He will sell me up to-morrow. Bullion and Bonder would dismiss their gray-haired senior if they suspected him of debt and bill discounting. What can I at their lowest desk expect? I hoped to manage with that money, which came by a chance I blush to own-

Desperate and to be pitied as he was his words touched a string in my heart that would give out a sound.

I am glad you can blush at that Roland Dare, I said, and heaped confusion on him, as I thought, by Taying the dirty note upon the table.

He glanced at it. Amazing! His face moved not a muscle, and he didn't blush at all. My mother seized it, and her eyes shone with the triumph it seemed to promise her.

Mr. Dare, she said, I thought you foolish. I little expected this depth of

Pardon me, interposed a soft voice, but I have been detained an unconscionably long time; and time is money, Mr. Dare. Excuse me, ladies-Mr. Aaron Isaacs, at your service.

The soft voice fell upon our altercation like oil upon stormy waters. We turned our suddenly smoothened brows to meet the smiling speaker. If the money-lender was ruin's representative, help his smiles.

I'm sorry, extremely sorry, said my husband, stammering with confusion, but I find I can't meet my engagement. My wife, in short, the money's gone.

Mr. Isaacs' face darkened suddenly. and he showed his beautiful teeth, as my little dog shows his when he is spiteful

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

AGENTS. CARBONEAR......Mr. J. Foote. You are ill, pet, he said, gently. I will BRIGUS...... "W. Horwood, BAY ROBERTS...... "R. Simpson. ST. PIERRE, Miguelon " H. J. Watts.