THE STAR.

A SUMMER SONG.

-:0:-The summer flowers in regal bloom Make field and garden fair, Their fragrance in the dreamy noon Perfumes the balmy air;

The river murmurs through the vale Upon its sea-bound way, And o'er the pleasant hill and dale The birds sing blithe and gay,-

And river, flowers, and birds to me Are ever bringing thoughts of Thee.

The woods at eve are cool and lone; And when I linger there,

There's something in the wind's soft moan That whispers Thou art near. My thoughts by Fancy's chain are bound As by a magic spell,

The sunset saddens in the West, The stars peep through the skies; The weary day is hushed to rest By gentlest zephyr sighs; The wavelets break upon the shore,

The moon shines o'er the sea, The sandy beach I wander o'er

Alone to dream of Thee;-And stars, and sky, and moonlit sea, All, all are bringing thoughts of Thee.

SELF-SACRIFICE OR, ALAN MONROE.

[CONTINUED.]

Sir Astley tore down the window, and crying for "Help!" looked out npon a strange, awful.scene. Lights glittering here and there, crowds of moving objects lining the banks, only just visible scattered fire of the overturned engine, which was puffing its last gasp before a mountain of shattered carriages.

"Has she no letters? The friends Take a chair-Mr. Monroe, I pre- for, most likely, a middle-aged man like you forgat what has passed? I dare to whom she was going should be written sume ? said Sir Astley. Miss Aylwood that has a wife and family. to. As for Mrs. -Mrs. Rutherford, I is not seriously hurt. You appear to And so Blanche Aylwood spoils my The calmness of his words restored am acquainted with-with the family, have a very severe cough; I will ring for second love-dream for the sake of a doll her composure. She rose from the and will at once telegraph to her Miss a glass of water.

Aylwood's escape." Oh, it is nothing, answered the visitor, closed behind his visitor. A pink and return," left the room. "I make no doubt, sir, now I think with difficulty. I have been laid up white piece of biscuit china, more fragile In a few minutes she rejoined him, of it, that my young lady has Mrs. Mon- with an attack on the lungs, but am than a girl! Well if that's her ideal of a her fevered brow cooled with eau-de-colroe's address in her travelling-bag. much better. The stairs tried me, that husband, I am not the man for her; so ogne, and only a sweet, saddened look Shall I bring it to you ?" is all. I'll go and sleep off my infatuation!

"Certainly. It is necessary; she Sir Astley looked at the small, deliwould wish it, I am sure."

maid was turning away.

please. I do not wish to open Miss Ayl- held it to his guest. And strange, sweet visions wrap me round wood's private papers without a witness You have been alarmed and agitat- in her private sitting room at the in his face.

> you please." gether. He seated himself at a side table; on You are very kind.

which were pens, ink, and paper; and The wine was not refused, but Astley tion, and a thumping heart. beside him.

tra relling paraphernalia, the same which to me. You know, of course, that I am did (unless it was the doctor and Phoebe or perhaps she might, with better train-

thing else. Sir Ast'ey returned the reticule to the Blanche really safe? Can I see her? move. maid, with the detter duly enclosed, his "She is safe, but you cannot see her, on his face. If Phœbe observed this, it her to be kept perfectly quiet." When alone a pallor succeeded to the re- face. He stopped and blushed.

locked. In desperation, he knelt by the ter one minute's rigid stillness he drop- to her presence, while you are debarred prostrate girl, chafed her hands, wetted her lips from the spirit flask he carried with him then again he should for aid he table, and the words, "My own be-

CHAPTER V

cate man scrutinizingly, and the same Alan writes word that he's coming to He was seated on the couch she had The little leather reticule was soon sort of pity he might have felt for a fetch me to-morrow. I-I think I feel left, but she knew not his head had been placed in Sir Astley's hands, and the suffering child or woman, possessed his strong enough to continue my journey resting on the pillow where hers had breast. From a decanter on the side- now, Sir Astley.

"Be so good as to remain" if you board he filled a glass with sherry, and The words were spoken hesitatingly. She came up to him and laying her

ing down upon the pale, pretty specimen

CHAPTER VI.

While in the lonely dell,— [streams that I do no more than transcribe the address. Stand here for a minute, if faint—and then we will speak to- protector stood on the hearth-rug, look- she said.

of womanhood with earnest eoncentra-

Phoebe took up her position as indicated saw how white aud blue-veined was the Ten days had elapsed since the acci- ed to enlist him against himself. small womanly, hand, and how it shook dent; and no one knew better than those "Listen," she added. "I wish-I There was but one letter amidst the as he carried the glass to his trembling two occupants of that room-who vain- ought to tell you all. You know that usual medly of biscuits, clean handker- lips. Presently he gained composure ly imagined they were deceiving each Mildred and I were left motherless very chiefs, scent-bottles, and other ladylike and said. It has been a dreadful shock other-no one knew better than they young, to the guidance of our own hearts,

we have already pronounced sacred to engaged to Miss Aylwood? The land- the maid) that Miss Aylwood had been ing, have spared the pain she inflicted. poor Blanche's eyes alone; and now it lord tells me you are an old friend of equal to the journey for the last three But you do not know that I was brought was laid open before a stranger, disclos- the family. (This must have been days. But the doctor had no objec- np at Grassedale by dear Mrs. Monroe, ing within a delicate little floral card, Phoebe's construction, but Sir Astley let tion to good patients, and was quick to one of the kindest, most motherly creawith a true lovers' knot, evidently sym- it pass,) I should have gone to London descern their tastes and inclinations : sures in the world. Alan is her only bolical of St. Valentine. This and the to fetch Blanche, who was coming on a while Phoebe liked the brisk life of an son. We have been like brother and letter were reluctantly and reverently visit to my mother, but I have as I told hotel, and the society of the gallant sister; at laast, so I thought, till I traced. The signature was first copied you, been very ill. I was on the plat- waiters, who were ever ready to do the found his happiness-they said his very -"Alan Monroe;" than the heading of form at Waverley when they telegraph- coquettish little Southerner a service; life-wes bound up with mine. His the letter-" Grassedale, Edinburgh." ed the accident to the train, and I and she had been heard to express a mother-who had been as mine own-

He covered his face with his hands. "buried alive" at Grassedale; so Phœbe for-and her lip curled-Alan is a It was the work of a minute, but as Tell me the truth; is my dar-is had no mind to urge her mistress to a Scotch laird, with a long pedigree, and

by stray lanterns and torches, and the hand shook, and there was a deep flush Mr. Monroe. The doctor has ordered hour or two every evening in Miss Ayl- ed no hardship in living the rest of my was attributed to his scruples to availing "But you-do you ?" A quick jeal- cence, during which their intimacy had pany with one whom it had been my himself of this necessary information. ous look passed over the young man's ripened, and his wise resolve as to over- dearest pleasure to cherish and pet as a Sir Astley shook the door-it was cent glow on the Baronet's face, and af- "Am I so favoured as to be admitted dently forgotten. For, alas! between -she paused and then added in a choked voice you have taught me dif

"You are right, Miss Aylwood," he

Closely he folded the hand he so dear-

not trust myself near you again."

like that ! mused Sir Astley, as the door couch and merely saying, "Wait till I

about her eyes to show the recent tears and conflict.

lain, when he rose to receive her.

Miss Aylwood half reclined on a couch hand on his arm looked up pleadingly

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" I want you to help me to do right,"

He started.

Good Heavens! Was the wish of his heart so much hers also, that she need-

He appeared not even to glance at any- thought the shock would have killed me. shrewd conviction that she should be pleaded, Mildred and Pierce pleaded; by no means pennilesss. I was heart-Sir Astley Chichester had/passed an whole; and I gave way, for there seemwood's private room since her conveles- life, as I had lived for so long, in com-

"Dreadful accident, Sir; run into a in old English letters-danced before goods train," said the man, as he came his wearied brain until he slept.

" I fear this lady is very much hurt; out unheard. assist me to remove her from the carriage." Sir Astley's voice was husky.

" Is there a station near?" "More than five miles from Berwick,

sir," replied the man.

Though Sir Astley had been obliged o' death !" to avail himself of assistance to lift Miss Aylwood from the carriage, he would allow no other arms to bear the burden, unconscious Baronet. until | his strength failed; and tottering and fell beside her; but in a minute he fire.

He was staggering away towards the vented his feelings by a series of empha- also promised her sister to do, and di-

Than, with a shriek, Phœbe knelt be- four years ago; in my silly blindness, tell me." side her mistress, and wailed and wept, never weighing the probability that my "Astley Chichester."

Sir Astley soon found what he sought. ably in this instance. Astley Chiches- lover's face. A rude litter was constructed, and Miss ter you're a boy !- a perfect boy in hot- "I have not escaped unhurt, as you

whispered, "Heaven be praised! you blotting-case before him—" and now many hours as nature requires.

Who the "I" was, Blanche was too dred Rutherford. How little I ever but they told me you were travelling confused to comprehend, but in the thought to address that woman again in with Miss Aylwood; and it has been sense of protection, with the swaying a forgiving and painless spirit !" movement of the litter, and the measur-

ed tramp, tramp of her bearers, Blanche, with one shiver at the cold morning air, letters to Mrs. Rutherfard and Mr. Monroe when the waiter reappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

"There is a gentleman below, sir "And you cannot tell me the address speirin' about the leddy ; he seems wellof the friends to whom your mistress nigh daft aboon the accident. Master was going ?" asked Sir Astley, of the thought perhaps, as you was a friend of trembling Phæbe who stood in the door- hers, you wouldn't mind a seein' of him," gloried too much in his strength. He way of a large private room, at the he concluded, relapsing with a coaxing "Queen's Hotel," Berwick, while her whisper into the broad English dialect, interlocutor passed up and down rest- with which he was perfectly familiar, and which he considered complimentlessly.

There were the remains of an early ary and more comprehensible to his If you should be coming in our direc- in a moment of passion, had deserted breakfast on the table, but Sir Astley had auditor.

much food, and his anxiety for his fellow- His heart told him who was the visitor. onet with a card, on which was simply erately unprincipled; and the sudden traveller seemed greater than there short I will see the gentlemen, certainly, engraved. Alan Monroe, Grassedale. perception flashed across him that in acquaintance warranted. He often Show him up. pressed his hand to his now plastered The waiter disappeared with alacrity, any one will direct you. Of course, away from him, he was treating another forehead, and looked very pale and hag- and presently returned followed by a when Blan-Miss Aylwood is well man with that dishonor under which he gard.

"No, indeed sir, I cannot;" Mr. Mon- white face seemed absurdly small at the move her to my mother's house. Good recoiled at the thought. roe was to have met us at Edinburgh, top of a huge plaid scarf, twisted many morning, Sir Atsley Chichester; and I With one loving pressure on the soft, Advertisements inserted on the most and I believe their place was some miles times around his throat; while his slend- thank you for your courtesy. golden head, he left her side, and retirbeyond," was the woman's answer to the er, almost wasted figure was concealed The two men parted with affected ed to a distance wishing vainly he could each continuation, 25 cents. last question. by a thick tartan, folded as a Maud cordiality, and their hands met; but recall that momentary madness; but her "And the boxes have only " Passen- across his back and chest. He had es- this was the impression made upon each voice, low, faint, and tremulous with a ger to Edinburgh,'" ruminated Sir caped the national sandiness by genuine other. strange sweetness, summoned him to satisfaction. Astley. "Well, there is nothing to be threads of gold in his hair; and his face, He's a big overbearing sort of man. her side again, and he needed all his done but to wait Miss" Aylwood's return when the wild, scared expression passed I don't half like his taking possession man's best strength not to go and clasp ---:0:---to consciousness; the doctor says its only from the large brown eyes, was not with- of Blanche in that way, were young Mon- her to him, so that none should part AGENTS. a shock to the brain-no injury. How out remarkable beauty of an effeminate roe's reflections. After what he'd done, them. CARBONEAR......Mr. J. Foote. does she seem now ?" cast. eyes, she closes them again instantly." The Baronet stopped suddenly. coughing impeded his utterance.

with him, then again he shouted for aid, loved Blanche,"—"My own beloved "Although, pardon my suggesting expected visit, for the nervous excite- true force that draws a wife to a husand this time one or two men came run- Blanche,"-seen in spite of himself- the doubt as unnecessary and unworthy ment and exposure to cold he had un- band"; and I wish you to know you now in large capitals, now in italics, now of Miss Aylwoods affianced husband." dergone while yet suffering from recent have not thrown your love away. I am "I beg your pardon; I am sure I am illness, had again prostrated him.

thankful you were there to take care of Blanche looked up at Sir Astley, as but it comes too late; I cannot draw The soft-footed waiter crept in and her, poor, dear girl! I could not at first she spoke of her ability to travel, and back, though my heart feels broken! trace out where she had been taken, I something she read there brought the She leaned her head against the cold "Puir mon ! nac mairvel he's awerie ! came straight to Berwick, and but for color to her face.

Sic a hairbreadth esacpe o' his life! not being able to find the right place "You wish to go?" he said, "almost stricken too deeply for tears. They say there's fifteen kilt, and five- I should have been here before. Now, pleadingly. an-'twenty sairly hurt. Aweel, aweel! as I cannot see Blanche, I must go She passed it off with a little nervous

I'm unco glad he's no sleepin' the sleep back to my mother; she will hear of the laugh. accident and be terribly frightened.'

And with this charitable congratula- And he rose. tion, he softly closed the door upon the "I wrote to you, this morning, Mr. Sir Astley. But you know I must go. tantly, as though he claimed no affinity Monroe, and also to Mrs. Rutherford. I cannot remain here." In less than half an hour, Sir Astley Certainly you can do no god by remainto the embankment, he laid her down, awoke and rose shiveringly to poke the ing here. She is merely suffering from rapidly," he said, musingly.

started up. "Good heavens! she will "I'm a fool—an old fool!" he mut- fewer people about her, the better. I which brought us together here," she —help me to do my duty! "I do not call that a 'bright day' tered, between his closed teeth, as he will send you a daily bulletin, as I have answered, quickly.

to speak.

awful moving mass in front, to seek tic thwacks upon the huge northern coal. rectly the doctor gives permission for of the accident. He put another con-help when "Ob door Sint" where had been instant, then caught her in his arms, help, when "Oh dear Sir!" cried a "With the cruel past to warn me, I her to see any one, I will apprize you. plaintive voice at his ear! "I'm so have fallen madly in love with a young "Thank you very much, Sir-Sirthankful to find you. Where is-" girl I had never set my eyes on twenty- I forget your name-the landlord did

usual accursed fate-as far as women "Then you remain here?" And Meanwhile, aid had multiplied, and are concerned-would follow me inevit- again the doubtful look passed over the

Aylwood removed upon it to an hotel headed infatuation! Perhaps, if I see." And Sir Astley pointed to his could lay my head on a pillow for six or brow. I am much shaken and need a As they passed along, Blanche opened seven hours, I should awake from my day or two's rest. When I have affordher eyes and as she languidly moved one small gloved hand, she felt a firm, kind pressure close upon it, and a voice whispered "Heaven he preised I you blotting area hefere him—"and seating himself again at the writing-table, he drew the blotting area hefere him—"and now promised to be Alan Monroe's wife.

for Mr. Alan Monroe, and than for Mil- I am sorry to have intruded on you passion in his; and then, turning tosuch a satisfaction! Do you make a long wards the pillow, she burst into tears. stay in Scotland? Sir Astley had just despatched his "My darling! My beloved! My

A few weeks. I am going to a friend who has a moor here. Do you shoot Mr. Monroe?

It is to be feared that the smile that kiss, and send me from you for ever !" accompanied the query was slightly conheart, "Found too late!-Found too gloried too much in his strength. He late !" would as soon have pictured a girl load-

In the lack of response to his petition ing and firing a gun, as yon puny strip--in the withdrawal of her hand from ling. his-in the silence that followed-Ast-

No, not much ! I don't care about it. ly Chichester recovered his senses, which tion, we shall be very pleased to see you, him. He was a warm-hearted man,

been too severely shaken to partake of Sir Astley bit his lip, and frowned. Sir Astley. And he presented the Bar- but he had no intention of being delib-It is about nine miles from Edenburgh; stealing Alan Monroe's promised wife boyish-looking man whose pink and enough to travel, I will come and re- himself had smarted. His whole soul

honoured by the gift-grateful, proud.

mantel-piece, pale and wan. She was

Astley Chichester paced the room. Good heavens! And loving me like this, Blanche, you will take yourself "Do not put it so, and make me away--you will give yourself to another either too rude or too complimentary, -man? The last epihet came relucas such with Mr Alan Monroe. You, "The brightest day passes the most will go to the alter with a lie on your lips!

No, no; cried Blanche. Have mercy

His brain was whirling. He stopped She shuddered at the remembrance short, looked intently into her face an

knowledge of that secret they dared not You ask too much, my dearest, my last, best love!

But the lips would not meet his, and answered, and he moved towards her, she struggled from his embrace.

taking impulsively the small white hand Astley you are cruel-you make unwhich, unresisting, remained in his, al- fair use of your power. Then I must though a look of sweet, imploring terror stand alone. You, shall at least refilled the blue eyes. "You are quite spect me; for though I ruin your heart's right; it was not a bright day that peace and my own, I will never break threw ns across each other's paths, faith that I have plighted-I will never

Again his better self triumphed as he ly coveted, and held it against his heart, her sense of right, beside him, and looked at the noble woman, strong in while he bent lower and lower over her, thought of the hard words he had called until the blue eyes drooped beneath the her sister for that very deed he was tempting her to commit

Perhaps something of that change of own heart's chosen one! Found too late! Eorgive me!" he cried kneeling you share my feelings. Oh, Astley! say beside her. "Seal my pardon with one I am right; say you will help me to be No answer but the echo in Blanche's true!

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]



AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WIL-LIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green) Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription-THREE DOLLARS per annum; payable half-yearly.

liberal terms, viz .:- Per square of seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to give the utmost lon it. After all, I'm a jealous fool; been very wrong, Miss Aylwood. Will ST. PIERRE, Miquelon " H, J. Watts

since it has followed that on which you desert Alan Monroe!

struction upon it; for there had been and strained her to his breast almost dangerous passages in their recent intim- fiercely. acy, when each had trembled with a Heaven forgive me, I can't, Blanche,