

The Father and Mother's Wish.

That song is very beautiful, Full of life, love and light; But, ah, we would not, cannot have You sing it thus to night, For 'twas your sister's favourite, And daughter, as you know, She left us, by the angels led, This night a year ago.

How she, you and the children here Sung it in bounding glee, And all seemed treasures evermore For household minstrelsy; But she was only loaned awhile, And as the glad notes swell At such a time as this, we feel Our hearts may yet rebel.

We must not hear: it only makes Us weep when we should not. Content that she has Heaven now Instead of mortal lot— That Heaven where she sweetly waits In endless angel worth, And ready with songs for us learned, Too glorious for earth.

Yet, daughter, do not silent be: As at her last request, Sing the same hymn you sang when she Smiled into sacred rest, Her little hands clasped in our own, A soft peace on her brow, And whispering with her last, dear breath, "I see the angels now!"

How Could I!

He carried my satchel to school, And me through the drifts carried, too, Could I think why he hugged me so close, If I couldn't, how could I, could you?

At eve he tied under my chin My hood with its bright ribbons blue. Why he gazed in my face could I tell? If I couldn't, how could I, could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss, Then off with lightning speed flew; If I could, I'd have stamped and scolded, If I couldn't, how could I, could you?

He told me my eyes were so black, The brightest of any he knew. I blushed and looked down; could I help it? If I couldn't how could I, could you?

'Twas long years ago, and since then He has spoken words loving and true. I only leaned close to his breast, For how could I help it? Could you?

SELECT STORY.

MABEL VANE;

OR

THE DOUBLE SECRET.

[CONCLUDED.]

Well, he said, what are you to Mabel Vane? Why should you carry this so carefully? Do you not know that she is dead?

Dead, said Mignon, shuddering. That cannot be. Tell me why you think so, and what you know of her.

Richard then told her all relating to his brother's death, and subsequent events; as he finished, she laid her hand upon his arm, and said—

How kind and good you are! He raised her little hand to his lips, and kissed it, and she did not resist.

Perhaps it was not Mabel Vane whom you buried in that far-off grave. Perhaps she escaped.

No, that cannot be, for I made diligent search and could find no other trace of her.

He then told Mignon how he would have cared for Mabel, and what Louis had hinted at in his letter—that perhaps Richard might some day learn to love his bride as he had loved her.

But I have learned to love some one at last, and I hope I have not loved in vain. Have I, Mignon?

Wait a moment; I am not Mignon, Richard, she said. I am not what I seem; I am Mabel Vane.

Mabel Vane! exclaimed Richard. Can it be that you are she whom I thought dead all these years?

Yes, she replied, it is true. Thank heaven! he exclaimed, catching her to his heart. And do you love me for Louis's sake? Will you not—

Yes, she whispered, for his sake and for your own.

Once more he clasped her in his arms, and pressed kisses upon her lips and brow. Then, releasing her, he said—

Tell me Mabel, of your escape. You are aware that I was on the train which met with the accident, she said. Terror robbed me of consciousness.

When I recovered, I found myself in the house of a kind lady who lived near the scene of the disaster. There I remained for three days, until I felt strong enough to travel, although I did not know where to go, for I could not bear to go back to the house where I had spent so many happy days with Louis.

I had then in my pocket a letter addressed to your Aunt Hartly, which Louis had given me, in case your mother would not make me welcome if

he should be taken away before our marriage was acknowledged. Something impelled me to seek her home. I offered to pay my kind friends for their trouble, but they would accept nothing but my thanks.

Your aunt received me cordially, and, after reading the letter, embraced me, and sent word to my old friend in the city, but received no answer, and, when we were about to leave our native land, I called to see her; but the house was vacant, and she had gone, no one knew where.

You know the rest—how aunt and I have travelled over Europe, and finally settled in the villa we are now living in.

Why did you not tell my mother? You might have known that, although she is very proud, she is not hard-hearted.

I was afraid she might not believe me. But dear Aunt Henrietta has been all that a mother could be. I was but a child when I came to her.

And now you have blossomed into a beautiful woman.

Mabel blushed, and would have spoken; but, at that moment, they heard Grace calling to them. Mabel turned to them and said—

Do not tell them yet.

Mark and Grace saw that something unusual had taken place, and smiled knowingly at each other.

Come, said Mark, I think we had better go home.

They descended the hill, and, after making the necessary preparations, turned their faces homeward.

That evening, Richard was closeted with his mother and Aunt Hartly for some time. Afterward, when Mrs. Hartly left the room, she approached Mabel, and, folding her in her arms, said—

My daughter! Doubly my daughter now!

Richard then explained all to Mark and Grace, and they gladly welcomed Mabel as their sister.

Once again the sun shines on our party on their own native land; once again the pure roses bloom around the Hartly mansion; but now, all within its joy and happiness, for Richard Hartly has returned, bringing with him his beautiful bride; and Richard's mother looks younger and happier than she has looked for years.

Aunt Hartly, Grace, and Mark are there, and the house is filled with a gay throng of friends, while music and mirth fill the rooms.

To none but Mark and Grace has the secret of Louis Hartly's marriage been told. The world only knows that Richard married Aunt Hartly's lovely niece in Italy, and that they appear perfectly happy in each other's love.

As the day begins to wane, and the sun takes its course to the west, Richard and Mabel steal away from the gay party. Mabel leans on her husband's arm, and they walk down the hill; they are going to visit the grave of Louis. Grace has promised to entertain the guests, so that their absence will not be noticed.

In a short time they stand by the grave over which both have wept in years gone by; they talk earnestly and sadly of Louis, and Mabel, taking a beautiful bouquet that Richard has carried with him, placed it on the grave.

If his spirit looks down upon us now, I know that he will be happy, for I have accomplished his dying wish, and only feel that I am too happy in what would never have been mine, but for his death, said Richard. But God orders all things for the best, and I hope that Louis is far happier now than he could ever have been in this world.

They then kneel by the grave, and, after a few moments, walk slowly from the place. As they reach the house, they turn once more to look around. They stand, hand joined in hand, heart joined to heart, gazing at the sun, that is now setting, in all its splendor of crimson, purple and gold, behind the distant hills.

But thus we will leave them, hoping that they may go down the vale of life together in perfect love and trust, and that their sun may set in peace and glory as they turn their faces toward their eternal home.

The Rev. Dr. Doubtnot sat in his study preparing his sermon for the next morning, when some one tapped at the door, and when he cried, come in, opened it half an inch, and said:

Some gentlemen on particular business, sir.

Show them in, Jane, said the doctor, and the next moment six young men, very young most of them, entered in a single file and bowed low, staring at the doctor meanwhile as people stare at curiosities in museums.

Good-afternoon, gentlemen, said the doctor. Glad to see you. Be seated.

The gentlemen bowed and sat down. The doctor noticed that one or two of them looked curiously out into the garden, through the long French window of

the study, as they settled into their chairs.

Then all looked at one pale young man in a white neck-tie, and he on the instant turned very red, and became cross-eyed, in an apparent effort to hide himself within himself, after the manner of very young men who, having joyously undertaken a prominent and public part, find that their hour has come, and people are ready for them.

The doctor was used to young clergymen, and young lecturers, and young graduates. He, so to speak, snuffed a speech from afar. He smiled blandly, crossed his legs, and looked toward the young man with a sort of encouraging inclination of his head, and was nowise astonished to see a rool of manuscript emerge from the breast of his visitor's coat, as he arose to his feet, nor to hear him begin, in a choked and husky voice, in this wise:

"REVEREND AND RESPECTED SIR: You see before you the representatives of the Scientific Club of Wilbury, a body of men who would dare and suffer contumely and torture in the cause of truth.

"We know, as all great thinkers must, that the pioneers of any great cause must be reviled. We are willing to be the laughing stock of any ignorant scoffers who cling to old beliefs, as those strange things which divide the borders of animal and vegetable life cling to the wave-washed rocks. Onward is our motto. Excelsior is our watchword."

"What can the young man be driving at?" asked the doctor of himself.

"Far be it from us," continued the reader, warming up, getting his voice, and strengthening himself by degrees, as the 'stage fright' wore away—"far be it from us, Reverend Sir, to reject, in the absurd pride of our own poor wisdom, facts attested by one whom we respect so highly as we respect you. Your testimony—the testimony of one who is the pride of all who know him—who is acknowledged to be an authority in Theology and in Science, before whom all must bow—must indeed be accepted by all. We humbler neophytes timely present ourselves before you to learn, and not to doubt.

"There are more mysteries in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." William Shakespeare.

"I never have been so be-vildered," said Dr. Doubtnot to himself—"never."

The young man read on:

"While it is popularly supposed to be a mark of wisdom to ridicule the belief that departed spirits can revisit this earth, still there have been in all ages men of erudition who believed it possible. We could instance many cases, but will content ourselves with simply alluding to the fact, which somewhat subdued our surprise when we learnt that you were added to the number. And we are here to-day to beg you, in the name of our devotion to the truth, to give your experience with those strange visitants from other spheres to our club, at its next Wednesday evening meeting, in the form of a discourse or lecture.

"Humbly hoping you will grant us the favor, we remain, Reverend Sir, yours, most respectfully,

"THE WILBURY SCIENTIFIC CLUB."

Gracious goodness! said the doctor to himself. What does it all mean?

Having finished this paper, the reader plumped himself into his chair again, wiped his forehead, and waited.

The doctor arose and looked at him mildly.

Gentlemen, he said, I can see that you intend me a compliment, but I don't understand exactly. You wish me to lecture?

Yes, sir, said the reader, that is our desire. You see, we've heard about those appearances, and we'd like to know more.

Appearances? asked the doctor, more mildly yet.

If you'll excuse the vulgar term, the ghosts, sir—those you've seen, sir. That's the up and down of it, sir, said the member, with a growing color in his face as he watched the astonished doctor.

But, replied the doctor, glad as I should be to oblige you, I never saw any ghosts.

The Committee of the Scientific Club stared at one another.

It's all over town that you did, said one.

In your own words, sir, said another. A very great mistake, gentlemen, said Dr. Doubtnot. Pray let me hear the story.

The Committee were silent.

Here a young man of braver mould than the rest arose from his seat.

Professor Tompkins told us, said he. His wife told him. Why, the whole place knows it. We supposed that you had interviews with spectres; I mean to say spectres; no, I don't—spectres regularly.

Oh, said the doctor, that's why the little boys have been so thick about my gate of evenings. That's why Madge Mahoney told me to suit myself with a new cook. Ah, dear me! Well, it is without foundation, gentlemen. But I will meet you on Wednesday, and having investigated the story, explain how it arose. I owe that duty to myself. I've never seen a ghost, nor do I expect to.

Good-day, gentlemen.

The gentlemen departed crest-fallen. The doctor took his hat and cane and

went straight to Professor Tompkins, who had heard his story from his wife, who had heard hers from Aunt Green, who had heard hers from Mrs. Black, who had heard hers from Mrs. Bell, who had heard hers from Mrs. Chatter, who had been told the facts of the case by Dr. Doubtnot himself, who had quite forgotten the conversation.

We will omit the How-d'ye-do's? and preliminaries, and give the stories as the doctor learnt them.

This is what Professor Tompkins said to the member of the Scientific Club of Wilbury.

My dear Digby, you don't take me for a man who could swallow any silly old woman's story. I'm not so easily imposed upon as you are aware; but I know whom to trust; and when my excellent friend Doctor Doubtnot tells people that he is in constant communication with the spirit of departed persons, I am bound to believe him. So are you, sir—so are you. Remember last Sunday's sermon. No screw loose in that head, sir. Fine man. Thorough theologian. And yet it is astonishing. They come into his study, sir, and sit there, male and female, all in their shrouds. And he talks to them, and advises them. Wonderful! wonderful! True as Gospel, sir!

Member of club: Wonderful! undoubted testimony yours and the doctor's. I shall mention it to our fellows.

What Mrs. Tompkins said to the professor:

Oh, my dear, such a story! and Doctor Doubtnot told it himself to dear Mrs. Chatter. He has been seeing spirits lately, especially that of poor Mrs. Spratt, who died awhile ago, you know. They come to his study, and walk up and down his garden, and he talks to them by the hour, and is not the least scared. Mrs. Spratt came the day of her funeral, in search of religious consolation. Wonderful!

Professor: Marvellous! marvellous! I could not believe it without such proof. And the doctor told it himself. Well, well, wonders will never cease, my dear.

What Aunt Green told Mrs. Professor Tompkins:

Well, I never did! Couldn't have believed it, only I've been told by them I can't misdo. Doctor Doubtnot told Mrs. Chatter, and she told Mrs. Bell; Mrs. Bell told Mrs. Black, and she told me, that Poor Mrs. Spratt's Ghost walks. Came back to earth the day she was buried, and appeared to Doctor Doubtnot in his Garden, before his study window; told him she wasn't saved, I believe; regretted her want of Christian faith during life, and stood there wringing her hands and crying. No doubt others have been too, but I never say what I ain't certain on; ain't no talker, I ain't. This is what them new views comes to: a walking garden paths in her shroud, and moaning.

What Mrs. Black told Aunt Green:

I always said there was something in ghost stories, always. Nobody can fail to believe good Doctor Doubtnot's testimony. He told Mrs. Chatter, and she told Mrs. Bell, and she told me, that the evening after Mrs. Spratt's funeral, he saw her standing in his garden, in her shroud. She always was a sort of free-thinker, I'm afraid, and I suppose she can't rest.

Aunt Green: Lawful sakes!—who ever heered tell? My goodness!

What Mrs. Bell told Mrs. Black:

Any one told you the ghost story? No! Why, I must then. The day of poor Mrs. Spratt's funeral, Doctor Doubtnot tells Mrs. Chatter that he saw a woman dressed in white in his garden path, and could not account for it in any natural way.

What Mrs. Chatter told Mrs. Bell:

I'm so provoked. Doctor Doubtnot was called away in the middle of a first-rate ghost story. He was telling me how he saw a white figure standing in his garden path, the evening after Mrs. Spratt's funeral. I suppose he was about to account for it somehow, but he was obliged to go. It was quite exciting.

What Doctor Doubtnot said to Mrs. Chatter:

Yes, yes, my dear Madame. No doubt many people actually believe that they have seen what is popularly called a ghost. We are all liable to certain superstitious terrors. Now, the evening after poor Mrs. Spratt's funeral, I sat down at my study window, in the dark. The night was starlit, but there was no moon. I had been thinking of our deceased neighbor, as was natural, and on casting my eyes out into the garden, I saw a tall white shape standing directly in the centre of the path. Optical illusion, said I to myself. I rubbed my eyes, but it was there still, and I thought I saw it move.

Servant entering in haste:

If you please, doctor, that sick gentleman wants you in a hurry.

Doctor departs, to give religious consolation.

End of ghost story, as given by Rev. Dr. Doubtnot to the Scientific Club of Wilbury, after patient investigation:

When I saw it move, I arose, conscious of a sort of unpleasant nervous sensation in my hair. Come, come, said I, you are too old to be frightened by something white, like a child. I walked down the path with this cane in my hand, and advancing to the white object, gave it a poke. It fell to the ground, and I discovered that it was a sheet which had been hung to dry upon a large lilac bush, and at a distance actually assumed the outlines of a woman's form. In conclusion, let me add that no one has uttered an intentional falsehood. The story has only grown by repetition, as all stories will, and I shall work the matter into my sermon next Sunday, in a manner which I hope may prove beneficial to those who believe all they hear to the discredit of their neighbours, as well as those who give credence to superstitious tales.

And thus the Wilbury ghost story came to an end. And the little boys ceased to haunt the lane without the parsonage, and Madge Mahony returned to the doctor's kitchen, and all was as it had been.

ABIT OF ROMANCE.

Miss Sarah Butillon, at the age of nineteen was an operative in one of the cotton-mills of great Falls N. H.

During a certain June she was called home to nurse a sister who had fallen sick with typhoid fever. The sister died, and as her parents were old and poor, Sarah remained at home to look after the affairs of the household. Among her effects which she had brought with her from the factory was a parcel wrapped in a newspaper published in one of the cotton-growing parishes of Louisiana.

In this paper she found, among prominent men mentioned as having taken part on a public occasion, one who bore her family name of Butillon. The name was not a common one, and in a jocose manner she said she had a mind to write to the man, and see if she could not scrape up a relationship. A companion told her she dared not do it. Partly from curiosity, and partly from a love of adventure, and perhaps, influenced slightly by the banter of her friend, she put the project into effect. She wrote a sensible, modest letter, giving an account of her family, and its genealogy as she understood it, and suggested that, as the family name was not a common one, and that as the publication of his name had afforded her the only opportunity she had ever enjoyed of seeing the same in print, it was not impossible that some relationship existed between them.

In due time Miss Butillon received in reply a letter friendly and affectionate, the writer acknowledging that her father and himself must be cousins. He wrote that he had no family of his own, and but few friends, and he earnestly hoped and desired that the correspondence thus opened might be continued. Sarah acceded to his request, and a correspondence ensued agreeably and satisfactorily to both parties. She wrote as a child might have written to an absent parent, while he answered as he might have answered to a daughter. This was kept up for almost three years, and then Philip Butillon ceased to write. Sarah's last letter had remained unanswered full three months, when she received from an attorney of Natchitoches, intelligence of the death of her distant friend and namesake, together with the information that he had left to her by will the whole of his property, amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Shortly before receiving this intelligence Sarah had given her hand in marriage to a worthy printer of her native State, and together they visited the land of sugar and cotton, where the property was obtained without trouble.

We wish there were more Philip Butillons, and more Sarah's to hunt them up and secure their property—that is, if said Sarahs would select worthy printers as the sharers of their prosperity.

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