

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN

SELECT POETRY.

DEAL GENTLY WITH OUR LOVED ONES TIME.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Deal gently with our loved ones, Time, They soon may pass away, And we be left in loneliness...

Deal gently with our loved ones, Time, Strew roses in their way, And grant them health and peace of mind...

Deal gently with our loved ones, Time, While they with us remain, Our hearts with theirs are firmly bound...

THE YOUNG SLEEPER.

BY EDWARD ASHTON

As the sunset's dying glory Faded from the dying West, While the year was growing hoary...

Sad and solemn were the numbers Chanted for the lovely dead, As we left her to the slumbers...

And where summer flowers are flinging Sweetest incense all around, From each dewy chalice springing...

SADNESS.

BY CHARLIE.

They tell me I am sad sometimes, And that I never smile; That grief and careworn traces mark...

I care not for the things of earth, But look for peace above, Where all is fraught with ecstasy...

LITERATURE.

STEPHEN WOODFORD.

STEPHEN WOODFORD was the most prosperous merchant in the thriving town of B. For a quarter of a century he had carried on an extensive and gradually increasing trade...

that it should not be handled in his presence, and Stephen Woodford was by far too influential a man to have home truths thrust upon him...

In the little world of his own domes to circle, Stephen Woodford seemed as favoured as in the great world without; for he was blessed with a partner possessed of all that is excellent in woman...

However urbane the general manners of Stephen Woodford, and however decorous his habits, the placidity of his countenance was not always undisturbed...

Time wore on, and with the natural changes which his fingers wrought on the material man, came into light features of character moulded by the slight but sure agency of moral causes...

And where summer flowers are flinging Sweetest incense all around, From each dewy chalice springing, Is a little, quiet mound; And the marble, still retaining...

They tell me I am sad sometimes, And that I never smile; That grief and careworn traces mark My countenance the while...

I care not for the things of earth, But look for peace above, Where all is fraught with ecstasy, Secured by endless love...

Two miles from the town of B. stood and still stands a small fishing-village, inhabited by a lawless race, where, for sordid reasons of convenience the Woodfords had chosen to land their cargoes...

His eldest son had been absent from B. for a considerable period, during which the peculiarities lately remarked in the merchant's deportment had become more palpable to the public eye...

trembled—a flush was on his cheek, and lifting his hat he rose and strode silently forth into the street.

That evening saw the merchant seated in his luxurious home, by the side of his beloved and christian-like wife, surrounded by all appliances which wealth can bring to give ease to the heart of man...

Stephen! the hand of time has been laid upon us both; yet the grey head has been whitened by the breath of unhalloved care. I have heard that in youth man commits sin, and looks to his old age for repentance...

Spare me Mary, replied Woodford; do not speak in this strain to-night—I am not able—I cannot bear it. Six years, she proceeded; six years have now elapsed since the honorable denier first dipped his hands in the traffic of iniquity...

I cannot bear such thoughts now, gasped the husband; this night my fate, my mercantile existence, hangs upon a thread. And how weak dear Stephen, to risk the chance and for the poor profit of the chance...

Mary I swear to you that with this venture, on which my all depends, I close my dealings in coat and land. Not for a kingdom would I live again the years in which I have been a violator of the laws...

Sooner would I live in poverty—beg my bread from door to door—than abide in this luxury, bought—needlessly—bought—by my husbands and children's dishonor.

Would this night were over! would it were over! cried the husband, passionately. Amen! replied the wife in a voice of strong though subdued emotion.

Two miles from the town of B. stood and still stands a small fishing-village, inhabited by a lawless race, where, for sordid reasons of convenience the Woodfords had chosen to land their cargoes...

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel and judge...

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Lacerations of the flesh, bruises and fractures, occasion comparatively little pain or inconvenience when regularly lubricated or dressed with Holloway's Ointment...

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then as the first shock passed off, and consciousness returned, he slowly echoed the word 'Undone!'

The tears sprang to the eyes of young Woodford as he beheld the emotion of his father, his grey-haired partner in crime. Pity's position for parent and child! Melancholy companionship!

Undone! said Stephen again. Undone indeed. But this is no longer a place for us. They will be here shortly, and there is enough concealed to satisfy their desire. Lost fortune—broken credit—fine—confiscation—imprisonment, and I have done it all!

The family of the Woodfords disappeared from B., which had witnessed their hey-day and their fall no one at the time knew whether, Years afterwards the father was discovered accidentally by one who recognised the once prosperous merchant in the keeper of an obscure tavern in one of the half-fishing half-navigating towns on the coast of Kent...

MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN.—Nearer to glory they stand than we, in this world and the next! It was a gentle and not unwholly fancy that made the Portuguese artist, Siguera, in one of his sweet pictures, form of millions of infant faces the floor of heaven; dividing it thus from the fiery vault beneath, with its groups of the damned and lost...

Truth ever lonely sits The Poe of Egypt's Nile. We shall not leave power to the U. C. intruding work, structure to the rising and a welcome in a...

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