## A Twilight Memory.

Gently fell the twilight shadows O'er the sunlight's mellow light, And we saw the angels lighting,
One by one, the lamps of night.
I am tired my darling whispered,
And I long so much to sleep; I could hear the robins calling, From the shadows dim and deep.

Hold me on your bosom, mother; p Faint and low her whispered words, But to me they held the music Of a thousand singing birds. And I held her to my bosom Close against my aching breast, But the mother aim about her, Could not soothe her into rest. Sing that dear old cradle ballad That you used to sing to me When you hushed me into slumber, And I sat upon your knee.

Then I sang the simple ditty To its old, familiar air, While my eye was dim and blinded By the tears that gathered there; "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head." \*\*\*

Then light shone—oh, so softly— From the shadows of the west, And it touched my darlings' eyelids With the blessed balm of rest. Oh! that light so mild and tender, I have often thought like then, That an angel touched my darling And he charmed away her pain.

For she slept the last sweet slumber That a weary mortal kno s, And her face grew strangely quiet In a deep and calm repose. Yes, she slept, to wake at morning On the calm, Eternal Shore, To a new aud strange existence Full of rest forevermore!

## The Heart's Review.

Sweet visions of childhood, my happiest Which joyously passed amid beautiful

Yes, upward they steal, as an echoing So thrillingly sweet, then faintly they Till onward advancing from out my wild Bid ecstatic, soul-stirring memories start.

I see the old homestead, still calmly re-In the shade, and the dark green ivy is twining. is enwreathed

Round the dear old walls, and the porch With the wild rose, whose perfume my infancy breathed. In a bower of woodbine the summer-house

And the wavering breeze with the sweetbrier wrestles. The tall, straight poplars, the fence white paling, And the thick lilac bush, rich perfume I but have him with me, I would not

The violet peeps from the grass bright Where the night dew is spreading a sil

All, all are before me and I revel once In the home of my childhood. Oh, sweet day of yore! How I love to recall thee, my bosom now

'Neath the web of wild fancy that memory bride, cried Cora, excitedly.

Till my eyes grow dim and heavy with And my heart is worn out withthe vigil it's

Ah! the dearly loved past! why, will ye Forever around me, while memory's finger kindest sister could be to me. Will paint thee in colors so glowing and

That delighted I feel, and in spirit renew My play in the shade of the vine-trallis-And all the old sports of my pure child-

SELECT STORY.

Sioux Captive

Chapter III. (CONTINUED.)

RIGHTLY beamed Scola's eyes as she bade her brother welcome home; but they dropped again to the ground as with a faint blush, and a graceful wave of her hand toward her companion, who had lingered somewhat behind, that he might not intrude upon their meeting, might not intrude upon their meeting, she said, -

the fiery torture had not Wampa claim- over her. ed him as her son in place of Omask, who was slain.

man. My brother Bret is very welcome his. to our tribe; he will make a mighty hunter of the Blackfeet.

off brothers.

The warm July days passed swiftly, tomahawk handle. the son of his chief by appearing to dog Ossio, his footsteps, and also because he knew

Neverthcless, though reserved and silent as became a warrior; Hastla cherished a secret hatred against the son of not learned as are your people. Tokano, because of his great prowess, and had he suspected the growing at should not be warm and true? tachment between his fair captive and No; the hearts of all are alike, and if only child, a son just old enough to run her horse. Bret Alleyn followed her exany risk to himself. But he saw not you from saying the word which would whom the hunter had once done a ser-the tender love-glances which the dark make the earth as fair for Ossio as the vice, was hunting in the vicinity, he light bound bestrode his own. Then eyes of the young chief cast upon his happy hunting-grounds of his people? noticed a pale, bluish smoke arising from taking her bridle-rein, he led the way, companion, nor the soft blush which deepened on Cora's cheek under his gaze; so many an hour they rambled failed so utterly to read my heart? together in the woods or on the mountain side, often lingering by the rips pling brook that flowed past the encamp, in her eyes; by the loving smile on her his wife were dead, while their little rapid pace. ment.

self at the foot of a lofty tree, resumed love, Are gathering around me, like a brilliant her uninterrupted occupation of embroi- As they sat hand in hand, they saw some hours; the child was nearly famish. herbage. While Ossio and Bret, as-Of glummering sunshine in some pleasant himself down upon the soft cmerald- direction of the mountain side, and with had not the heart of the Indian swelled route over which they had come, to see admiring glances at his silent companion. said,face, over which the sunlight, shimmer. Tokano say?

Ossio; but, beside him, I hardly saw has ever rested upon my heart. any other face for weeks at a time. Could be unhappy among your people,

pass her life among them?

wish to make me his wife,

in an earnest agitated voice.

There would be no need of that, replied Ossio, significantly. But if the there no one whom it would grieve her light of Tokano's heart,

No, responded Cora, blushing slight own people.

ly; there are others whom I should And Wampa? questioned Tokano. grieve to leave, The chief, Tokano, Wampa will need his care no longer; Yes, I know; Scola told me, Oh, has treated me as his own child, and she died last night.

lieve me, you have made many hours of have you no love tale to tell me? my captivity pass lightly by. life of the White Rose to pass like a for his bride the White Rose who now

meaningly. Cora replied not, but bent silently, his story? with blushing cheeks, over her work. No; his oath has prevented it. Now

Tokano would not have saved him from anxiously, rising to his feet and bending sheir grief.

Ossio forgets I am a captive.

as he replied, -

But not long could Ossio stay his Sooner than see you his wife, I would more. steps beside Scola, for soon a warrior sink my tomahawk into your brain. But messages he had brought from their far- it, by Manitou! cried he passionately, dusky chief. his hand closing convulsively over his "A dark cloak of the roe-buck's skin

and had Cora been granted one wish, His listener smiled, half-pleased, half- Its ample folds, his weapons, made the assured safety of her beloved father, terrified, at his vehemence. But she in- For the stern toils of war, were laid; she would not have been unhappy, terposed no objection to the lover-like The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds, among her Sioux captors; for since the tide of weres that now rose to his lips. return of Ossio, he was often by her side, The decisive moment had come; all-powand Hastla had, in a measure, remitted erful leve had conquered over pride of erly away from the spot, and seating her partly because he did not wish to offend of the Sioux, loved their young chief, feet, saying gravely,-

Once more he pleaded,-

her heart. Unworthy ! and why? Because my skin is dark, and I am

And what shall that word be? Cannot Ossio guess my answer?

than once emotion had caused the wild, been listening to a story similar to the equally with the chief's own child. passionate love wooing of his race to one you have been telling me; and if it tremble on the warriors tongue. But is true, if Bret Alleyn loves her, and the child was too young to understand of the Indian girl.

ing changefully through the rustling If Ossio pleads, Tokano will not rea and giving him something with which them, they pursued their way. All day foliage, cast alternate light and shade, fuse his consent Our sky is too bright to dye his skin, he formally adopted him they travelled on, over hills and through his heart swelled, and the burning for me to cloud hers with gloom. No; as his son, and bound him by a fearful dales, and at night they camped in a words struggled for utterance as he Scola shall be happy with her white lov. oath never to reveal the secret of his small grove not many miles from the pictured to himself the happiness of call- er. And you, my White Rose, and he birth unless permitted to do so. The Yellowstone, which, if they could only ing her his own. At length he said, bent a fond glance upon her, may some oath has been kept, but the boy has reach, Ossio confidently affirmed, they day listen to a tale that I may be permit- grown to manhood, and now stands be- would be safe, as he knew where canoes Does not the White Rose long for her ted to tell you; and when that time fore you, said Ossio, drawing himself to were concealed on its banks, which own people? Is not her heart sad and comes you will not regret having given his full height. lonely among the lodges of the Sioux? your love to me. But until then rest I do indeed miss my dear father, content by knowing that no other love

## Chapter IV.

ed; how could the White Rose bear to upon the father of Ossio and Scola, and my vow, you would never have known presently answered by another cry much a few years later they, with Cora and that I am not a Sioux. They have ever been kind to me since Bret Alleyn, stood beside a couch of Oh, thank God that Tokano gave you him, in the cry of the owl, that enemies The chirp of the cricket comes mournfully I have been among them. Even Hastla softest furs whereon Tokano, chief of back your oath, for it will make my life were near, and that a fatal circle was has ceased to annoy me at all, and I the Sioux, lay dying. Borne down by brighter, indeed. And the fountain's low murmur resounds begin to think he has abandoned the years and infirmities, the aged chief lay The White Rose does not take back calmly breathing his last. His head the heart she gave? queried Ossio, with swiftly back to the sleepers, and, awak-And would it grieve you if Hastla was pillowed upon Scola's breasts, while an anxious glance from his dark eyes; ing them, he bade them follow him, had ceased to love you? queried Ossio, his dark eyes, in which the olden fire he had somewhat misunderstood her blazed no longer, but which were rap- meaning. him.

> At last, in a faint voice, he spoke, - know a change. Ossio, to your care I leave Scola; White Rose was going to leave us, is guard her well; remember, she was the

Ah, yes, it would grieve me very much always remember his words; and if sor- will he?

let her body go also, and may the good face bending over her. Oh, indeed, indeed, I should. Be- Manitou guard her. And you, Ossio, The words of the White Rose are

Ossio would gladly make the whole it is short. He has sought and won her fair face and sunny head. summer's day, said the young chief, stands by his side. Has he done well He has; but has he told the maiden

Taking courage from her silence, Ossio he has the right to tell her all?

Ossio departed, and even the power of White Rose speak to him? he pleaded gentle Cora shed a tear of sympathy for in his power to prevent it. Knowing

sembled, waiting sadly for the event chief of the tribe, providing he (Ossio) The was slain.

You have long been free. Has Toka. from which they knew there was no estable should leave them, he well understood cape. Presently a wail rose among the necessity of keeping their flight a Is it so? exclaimed Ossio, bending no no power in his tribe?

Leave the secret until a few hours start could be the secret until a few hours start could be rang wild and mournfully through the gained. A dark frown overspread his features village, announcing to each hearer that Not many days had Ossio to arrange

Covered the warrior, and within And the broad belt of shells and beads.'

After the burial, Ossio led Cora tend his watchfulness of her movements, race, and Cora Seton, the white captive on a mossy knoll he threw himself at her ling her lover, who, enraged at Hastla's

will hear a strange tale; when it is finishthat Ossio would hardly dare to allow Let the White Rose speak. Her ed, perhaps she will not regret having her to escape while with him, as he would voice is like music to the ear of Ossio. given her love to Ossio; and adopting as Cora and Scola, and keeping in the then be responsible to Hastla for his Does she think him unworthy to share much as his Indian teaching will would shadows cast by the wigwams as much tinued as follows:-

Can you ask it? Has the White Rose ing to see what it meant, he found the others.

now, as he lay gazing up into her fair would make her his his wife, what will or remember it; but as soon as he was

Cora, almost dum with astonishment. could only gasp,-

Then you are not an Indian? No more than yourself, White Rose.

Grieve me? Ah! it would be one of idly growing dim with the haze of death Never! I loved you when Is thought the greatest blessings I could have, I roved from one to another of the silent you were an Indian, and I love you would kill myself sooner than become his little group which were clustered around now, when I know you are of my own race. My heart is true; it can never having to preach on the same Sunday,

> Then why will you be happier? Because I long to see my father. Ossio will not refuse to let me seek him, My father speaks well. Ossio will or, at least, to go to the white settlements,

to part with Scola; she is all that the row comes to Scola, he will be near her, No; the wish of the White Rose is But our father knows not that the white law to her lover. If she wants to re-And is Scola the only one with whom son of Wampa has stolen the heart of turn to her people, and make her home it would make you sad to part? he per- our song-bird from her bosom, and among them, it shall be so. But we would bear her to a home among his need not go alone. Scola and Bret Alleyn will accompany us; Scola's mother was a pale-face.

how happy we shall be, Ossio, cried you, Ossio, have been more than kind. Then be it so, murmured the dying Cora, clasping her hands in delight, and And would the White Rose mourn chief. Where Scola's heart has gone glancing shyly up into the handsome

true. Our life shall be as one long, bright Yes, Ossio has a love tale to tell, but dream, he replied, smiling down upon

> And, conversing thus, in true lover's style, they re-entered the village, where they separated. Cora sought the lodge which she and Scola occupied in common, when she confided into the willing

she said,—
Has my brother no word of welcome for Bret? He has suffered much since Does Ossio ask in vain? Will not the sad eyes of his children, while the was about to escape him, he will do all St. Pierre.

his merciless vindictiveness when rouse Without the lodge a group were as and that he would, probably, be chosen

their beloved chief, Tokano, was no his plans, for Hastla evidently began to think he had waited long enough for his The next afternoon, as the soft light bride; and the wonder of Cora was that came to summon him to the council, of tremble not, White Rose. Hastla loves of the setting sun lent a calm, subdued he had been so forbearing. Now hardly assembled chiefs, who waited to hear the you, but he must give you up. I swear radiance to the scene, they buried the a day passed that he did not see and talk with her. At last he brought matters to a climax by saving, as he one day left her side .-

The wigwam of Hastle is empty, and his heart is heavy; but soon it will be light again, for when the moon is at its full, the Lily shall enter his lodge.

The full of the moon was near at hand and Cora, alarmed, lost no time in telpresumption, decided that they should Let the White Rose listen, and she leave the Sioux village that very night,

Soon after nightfall a couple of forms stole softly from the lodge occupied by him, the manner of the whites, he con, as possible, safely reached the shelter of the wood, where they found Ossio and Many years ago their stood on the Bret Alleyn anxiously awaiting them, outskirts of a frontier settlement, miles and restraining with some difficulty four Is that any reason why your heart from this spot, a little cabin, and in it fiery Indian ponies. With the graceful lived a hunter with his young wife and agility of her race, Scola sprang upon Ossio, he would have separated them at you believe it, what is there to prevent about. But one day, as an Indian, to ample; while Ossio lifted Cora carefully the spot where the cabin stood. On go. followed silently and cautiously by the

cabin burnt to the ground, while from Once out of hearing of the encampa the ashes a wreath of misty smoke curl ment, the little party gave their He did guess it; by the tender light ed heavenward. The white hunter and steeds the reign, and dashed on at a

fair upturned face he read her answer, son was going from one to the other, All night they journeyed, pausing not One sunny afternoon they sought their and with a rapturous smile irradiating crying piteously, and calling them by until the stars paled, and the gray dawn favorite resort, a shady nook on the his features he stooped, and their lips name. What tribe had done the cruel broke. Then they halted at the foot streamlet's bank, and Cora, seating her- met in the first fond, clinging caress of deed, the Indian knew not. The hun- of a small wooded rise, and, dismounts ter and his wife had evidently been dead ing, allowed the horses to crop the rich dering a pouch for Ossio, who, throwing two forms approaching them from the ed and would soon have died of hunger, cending the slope, eargerly scanned the green mosses at her feet, cast furtive, an arch, bright glance at her lover, Cora with pity for the desolate child; and, if they were followed. But they saw in gratitude for the favor the dead hun. no signs of pursuit, and, much relieved, Up to this time no word of love had See! there come Bret and Scola, ter had done him, he took the boy to his returned to their companions, whom passed between them, although more Judging from her face, I think she has own tribe and lodge, where he shared they found locked in each other's arms, slumbering peacefully, the sunny curls At the time of his parent's murder, of Cora mingling with the dark tresses

Ossio was loth to disturb them, but old enough the chief told him the story, dared not pause longer; so, arousing

would bear them swiftly out of danger. Ossio himself stood guard, not daring to trust his loved one to the care of another. Toward midnight, when all but he were buried in a profound slum-And when the subtle dye wears off, you ber, he was startled to hear, rising loud But the Sioux are rude and unlearn- sed when an alarming illness seized But had Tokano not released me from the hoot of the night owl, which was will see my skin as pale as your own, and mournfully on the night air, the closer to him. His forest teaching told rapidly being drawn around them. Bending his plumed head, he glided

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Two ministerial candidates for a vacant pulpit, named Adam and Low. Low, who preached in the morning, took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the evening Adam gave his return shot, by selecting for his text, " Lo, here am I."

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