

A Twilight Memory.

Gently fell the twilight shadows
O'er the sunlight's mellow light,
And we saw the angels lighting,

Hold me on your bosom, mother;
Faint and low her whispered words,
But to me they held the music

Then I sang the simple ditty
To its old, familiar air,
While my eye was dim and blinded

Then light shone—oh, so softly—
From the shadows of the west,
And it touched my darlings' eyelids

For she slept the last sweet slumber
That a weary mortal knows,
And her face grew strangely quiet

The Heart's Review.

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

Yes, upward they steal, as an echoing
bell,
So thrillingly sweet, then faintly they
swell;

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

In a bower of woodbine the summer-house
nestles,
And the wavering breeze with the sweet-
brier wrestles,

The violet peeps from the grass bright
and green,
Where the night dew is spreading a sil-
very sheen;

All, all are before me and I revel once
more
In the home of my childhood. Oh, sweet
day of yore!

How I love to recall thee, my bosom now
heaves
'Neath the web of wild fancy that memory
weaves;

Ah! the dearly loved past! why, will ye
linger
Forever around me, while memory's finger
Will paint thee in colors so glowing and
true,

That delighted I feel, and in spirit renew
My play
In the shade of the vine-trallied
bowers,

And all the old sports of my pure child-
hood's hours.

SELECT STORY.

OSSIO;

OR,

The 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

Has my brother no word of welcome
for Bret? He has suffered much since

Ossio departed, and even the power of
Tokano would not have saved him from
the fiery torture had not Wampa claim-

Is it so? exclaimed Ossio, bending
his dark eyes upon the young white
man. My brother Bret is very welcome

The warm July days passed swiftly,
and had Cora been granted one wish,
the assured safety of her beloved father,

Nevertheless, though reserved and sil-
ent as became a warrior; Hastla cher-
ished a secret hatred against the son of

One sunny afternoon they sought their
favorite resort, a shady nook on the
streamlet's bank, and Cora, seating her-

Does not the White Rose long for her
own people? Is not her heart sad and
lonely among the lodges of the Sioux?

There would be no need of that, re-
plied Ossio, significantly. But if the
White Rose was going to leave us, is

And is Scola the only one with whom
it would make you sad to part? he per-
sisted.

No, responded Cora, blushing slight-
ly; there are others whom I should
grieve to leave. The chief, Tokano,

Oh, indeed, indeed, I should. Be-
lieve me, you have made many hours of
my captivity pass lightly by.

Still she replied not; but her head
sank lower, while the bright beads with

Does Ossio ask in vain? Will not the

White Rose speak to him? he pleaded
anxiously, rising to his feet and bending
over her.

Ossio forgets I am a captive.
You have long been free. Has Toka-
no no power in his tribe?

A dark frown overspread his features
as he replied.—
Sooner than see you his wife, I would

His listener smiled, half-pleased, half-
terrified, at his vehemence. But she in-
terposed no objection to the lover-like

Once more he pleaded,—
Let the White Rose speak. Her
voice is like music to the ear of Ossio.

Unworthy! and why?
Because my skin is dark, and I am
not learned as are your people.

No; the hearts of all are alike, and if
you believe it, what is there to prevent

Can you ask it? Has the White Rose
failed so utterly to read my heart?

He did guess it; by the tender light
in her eyes; by the loving smile on her

As they sat hand in hand, they saw
two forms approaching them from the
direction of the mountain side, and with

See! there come Bret and Scola,
Judging from her face, I think she has
been listening to a story similar to the

If Ossio pleads, Tokano will not re-
fuse his consent. Our sky is too bright

At last, in a faint voice, he spoke.—
Ossio, to your care I leave Scola;

My father speaks well. Ossio will
always remember his words; and if sor-

Wampa? questioned Tokano.
Wampa will need his care no longer;

Then be it so, murmured the dying
chief. Where Scola's heart has gone

Yes, you have no love tale to tell me?
Yes, Ossio has a love tale to tell, but

He has; but has he told the maiden
his story?
No; his oath has prevented it. Now

Yes; I release you from your oath;
you have kept it well. Let the White

Soon will my feet be follow-
ing the trail of my people, which leads

Soon after
his leaving them; and second, because

the sad eyes of his children, while the

gentle Cora shed a tear of sympathy for
their grief.

Without the lodge a group were as-
sembled, waiting sadly for the event
from which they knew there was no es-

The next afternoon, as the soft light
of the setting sun lent a calm, subdued
radiance to the scene, they buried the

After the burial, Ossio led Cora tend-
erly away from the spot, and seating her

Let the White Rose listen, and she
will hear a strange tale; when it is finish-

Many years ago their stood on the
outskirts of a frontier settlement, miles

noticed a pale, bluish smoke arising from
the spot where the cabin stood. On go-

At the time of his parent's murder,
the child was too young to understand

Oh, thank God that Tokano gave you
back your oath, for it will make my life

The White Rose does not take back
the heart she gave? queried Ossio, with

Never! I loved you when I thought
you were an Indian, and I love you

Then why will you be happier?
Because I long to see my father.

No; the wish of the White Rose is
law to her lover. If she wants to re-

Yes, I know; Scola told me. Oh,
how happy we shall be, Ossio, cried

The words of the White Rose are
true. Our life shall be as one long, bright

And, conversing thus, in true lover's
style, they re-entered the village, where

Ossio immediately withdrew to his
own lodge, to ponder over the best mode

first because the Sioux, of whom he was

was about to escape him, he will do all

in his power to prevent it. Knowing
his merciless vindictiveness when roused

Not many days had Ossio to arrange
his plans, for Hastla evidently began to

The wigwam of Hastla is empty, and
his heart is heavy; but soon it will be

Soon after nightfall a couple of forms
stole softly from the lodge occupied by

Once out of hearing of the encamp-
ment, the little party gave their

All night they journeyed, pausing not
until the stars paled, and the gray dawn

Ossio was loth to disturb them, but
dared not pause longer; so, arousing

Ossio himself stood guard, not dar-
ing to trust his loved one to the care of

Two ministerial candidates for a va-
cant pulpit, named Adam and Low,

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