

LOVE.

Who can define the thoughts of love
That burn within the breast?
What words are there that will explain
Thoughts of the heart the best?

When woman learns to love mankind,
Her life, her all, are his:
And man the same towards woman feels:
But none tell what it is.

You meet a youth in distant lands,
Away from home and friends:
Thoughts of his home disturb his mind—
In silence hours he spends.

You ask him why his sorrowed heart,
Why he no joys can find,
His answer'll be, "I think of home,
And those I left behind."

You meet a husband on the street—
Ask him in accents mild,
His answer'll be, "My only love
Is my dear wife and child."

Then ask the little prattling child:
His face will beam with glee.
The answer that he'll give is true—
"Mamma is love to me."

Then ask an old gray-headed man
What love his heart doth crave:
He'll say he's tired of life on earth—
His love is for the grave.

Go ask the Christian what his love,
This answer will be given:
"Cold earth it has no love for me—
My love is life in heaven."

CARRIE BERTRAM;
OR,
How a Heart was Healed.

[CONTINUED.]

The doctor says a change of climate might do you good, Carrie dear, said her uncle one day after a private consultation with that gentleman.

Where shall we go then, Uncle Donald? and the pale face brightened, as it had not done for many a day.

I think Germany would be best, uncle it is nearest.

A sudden suspicion flashed across the old man's mind, and lifting his eyes to hers he read its confirmation. My poor lamie! He always talked broad Scotch when he was excited or when his feelings were touched. My poor lamie, he said, is that what's wrong with ye a' this time?—and I've never seen't do it bodie!

The old man's sudden discovery, and tender, almost womanly sympathy, opened up the well-springs of the girl's heart, and while her tears flowed copiously she told him all the story of her long-concealed misery. He felt inclined to be indignant when she described to him the gradual falling off of interest in Steuart's letters; then their increasing coldness, and latterly their discontinuance. An' ye never tell't me, he said, half reproachfully.

I was ashamed, uncle; and besides, I thought you never liked him.

Neither I do, blurted out the old man. He's no' half guid enough for you.

But uncle, said the gentle girl, everybody does not see me as you do; and you know, I—I love him.

There was a touch of deep pathos in the last words; so Donald Inglis drew his hand across his eyes, and going over to the orphan girl, said in a voice sweet as a woman's, see it then, lassie; what ye like, I'll like.

That night Carrie went to her bed crying, half with joy at her dear old uncle's love and care, half with the pity for herself she would have been sure to feel for another under similar circumstances.

In the morning, when she woke, the Spring sun was shining on her, and in her bosom had sprung up a hundred little bright hopes. Involuntary, as if the good spirit prompted her she exclaimed reverently, thank God. And the birds outside took up the strain, and the heavens were filled with music. After this she had little time for thought till sailing on the German Ocean.

Donald Inglis, when he took a thing in hand, was a person of great energy, and would not let the grass grow under his feet. Having once made up his mind to go to Germany, he began his preparations immediately; and Carrie being commanded to do the same, was not loth to obey.

Well, how do you like the sea, Carrie, said her uncle, as she sat on the deck of the Hamburg steamer and watched the marvellous motion of the waves, and drank in the fresh sea-air.

Oh, uncle, it's delicious; my heart feels quite refreshed.

I quite believe that, said her uncle, after the lot of dry feeding it has had all the winter.

What do you mean, uncle?
Why, I mean, said he, that learning may be all very well, but it's not the proper nourishment for girls in their teens inclined to mope.

My opinion is, said Carrie, that people with empty minds are more apt to mope than those whose minds are enriched by study; and I only wish my health had permitted me to feast more

largely upon that same dry feeding you object to.

I think you've got plenty of it now, he replied. There's young Balyte said to me the last time I dined with his father, Sir Thomas, they tell me your niece is becoming quite a blue-stocking.

And what did you say, uncle?
I said, Heaven forbid!
Carrie laughed, and responded, Amen.

When they arrived at Hamburg, after resting sufficiently to recover from the fatigue of their voyage, they set about inspecting the busy city. Ten days they stayed occupied in this way, during which time Caroline, though filled with impatient anxiety, never asked her uncle where he meant to take her next. She trusted implicitly in his management, and tried to give herself up with a sort of forced carelessness to the enjoyment of the present. Donald knew not a word of German, and her services were continually being required, which was a diversion in itself.

The first evening, having left Carrie to rest he proceeded on a pedestrian tour through the city alone, and, having forgot to observe the name of the hotel in which they had taken their apartments, he wandered for hours in a vain attempt to return to the spot from which he had set out. Perspiring through passion at this unlooked-for misfortune, it was with a feeling of great relief that he remembered to have heard that the Scottish and German languages were somewhat akin. He thought, at any rate he could be none the worse for trying; so, with a good deal of the Gaelic accent accompanying the broad Scotch of his speech, he inquired of the passers-by the way to his hotel. The people thought him trifling or mad, and, not understanding a word he said laughed outright. This aggravating him more and more, he swore at them for being stupid and ignorant, and not understanding their own language.

When the clamour was at its loudest a Scotch woman, who had married a German sailor, came to the rescue, and succeeded in assuring him that she could understand him quite well; but when he asked to be shown to an hotel, the name of which he had not the slightest idea of, she was fain to join in the general mirth against her countryman. All at once, however, Donald recollected that a large statue stood in the street opposite his doorway, and, thus guided, she conducted him without further trouble to his quarters. The next morning he confessed the whole misadventure to Caroline, and laughed as heartily as she did while recounting it. On the third day he told her to prepare to resume their journey; and it was with a trembling voice she asked where they were to go next.

To Leipzig, of course, said he. It would seem a strange thing for us to be in Germany, and not to look up that young dog, Kerr.

To Leipzig then they went; and on the night of their arrival Caroline felt, as she lay on the strange pillows and in the strange place, that she had so often dreamed about, that the crisis of her life was come. Better, she thought, after all, had it come to me in my own home; the issue may be fatal, and I may be doomed to sleep in a German instead of a Scottish grave. And with a strange foreboding in her soul she wept herself to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

Now there's what I call a thorough gentleman, Carrie, said her uncle, as on the afternoon of the following day they made their way to Steuart's address. They had already reached the suburbs of the city in accordance with the directions of the English waiter at the hotel, but were now at a loss how to proceed. Ask him if this is the right road he'll give you a ceevil answer, surely, said Donald, remembering his ill-usage at Hamburg.

Caroline rather shrank from accosting the gentleman in question, as at that very moment she was aware he was casting upon her a look of unmistakable admiration.

I'll ask him myself, added Donald, seeing that Caroline was about to let him pass without doing so. Beg pardon sir, said he, but do you know a know man of the name of Steuart Kerr, studying at the University, and lodging somewhere about here? We have just come from Scotland, and are anxious to see him.

At the end of this harangue, rattled forth without a pause, Caroline interposed.

Oh uncle, said she perhaps the gentleman does not understand English.

Yes I do, said the stranger.

There, ye see! shouted Donald, exultingly; I kent he was nae foreigner by the frankness o' his face; and, without another word he took the stranger by the hand, and shook it as if he had known him all his life.

Mr. Kerr, the gentleman you are in search of, is an intimate friend of mine, and lodges just behind those yew trees, said the stranger. I believe he will at present be in his garden, enjoying his

after-dinner smoke. I half thought of going to join him in passing, but I have left my sister all alone at home, and I am afraid she will be lonely.

If you are not in a terrible hurry you may wait a little and talk to me, said Donald. My niece, you see, has slipped away already; she'll be for giving Steuart a surprise; you understand they're sweethearts, and I dare say will be married some day.

At the mention of this, for several reasons a strange blackness gathered before the eyes of the frank though quiet young Englishman. (Our readers will no doubt have recognised in this stranger the Alfred Quintin already introduced.) When he called Steuart Kerr his intimate friend he scarcely expressed himself quite properly; he ought to have said, he is my sister's intimate friend, and I tolerate him. The truth of the matter was, that whenever he could avoid Steuart he did so. In the present case it was so, and though he had left his sister only an hour at home, he preferred returning to her to smoking a cigar in the company of Steuart. He was not altogether pleased at his attentions to his sister, nor at her encouragement of them; and when Donald Inglis made mention of the engagement existing between him and the young lady who had just left them, partly on his sister's account, partly on hers, he was angry; and without replying to the old gentleman's remarks, he turned and walked moodily by his side.

Donald attempted to resume the conversation, but failed to elicit anything more than monosyllables from the companion whom he had lately found so willing to please. Heedless of where he was going, Alfred led him up the hill, past the yews, and as if by instinct to the gate in the high hedge that admitted them to the garden of the house where Steuart lodged.

With a little sparkle of the old fun in her, Caroline had run on before with the determination of making quite a romantic scene out of her first interview with her lover. As she went she imagined him looking up from his books with a puzzled pleasure on his face when she stood in silence before him. She said to herself, now I will not speak a single word, however much I am dying to speak; and perhaps he will think me a spirit. Poor Steuart, she soliloquized, he is very far away from home; I must not reproach him about the letters to-night.

As she neared the house her courage failed her, she could not carry out her intentions; so to pass the time till her uncle should join her, she sauntered round among the trees that surrounded the houses. All at once her eye caught sight of the little gate in the hedge, and her courage revived—she remembered what the gentleman said about Steuart's smoking in the garden; and besides, she thought she could play little tricks in a garden that she could not do before strangers in a house; so she gently opened the gate, and passing through, found herself in a very wilderness of flowers and shrubs. Dropping her bonnet and shawl in order that in her white dress she might the better carry out the delusion of the ghost, she tripped lightly along the walks, slyly peeping behind the shrubs, and expecting every moment in her high state of nervousness to be startled into a scream by the sudden appearance of the very person she was going to frighten. She had searched nearly all the garden without success, when she discovered, not very far from the little gate by which she had entered, a trellised Summer-house, completely covered over with leaves and scarlet blossoms. He would be there, she thought. Still on tip-toe she advanced, and stood right in front: unexpectedly she was transfixed. Giving vent to no happy cry, as she had feared she might, she stood paralyzed and as pale as death.

Within the bower sat Steuart Kerr, bound to her by the promise next most sacred to marriage, his arms round the form of a beautiful woman, whose eyes were raised to his in all the confidence of mutual love. Caroline stood just long enough to horrify both Steuart and his companion with her weird, wild, phantom presence, when she fell back, but happily to be caught in the arms of Alfred Quintin, who had entered the garden only in time to save her. Donald Inglis, who came upon the scene the moment after, saw at one glance how matters stood, but was too anxious about his niece to trouble himself about the couple in the bower. In following Mr. Quintin with his senseless burden, he turned back only once to hurl an epithet at them, so terrible that it rung through all the garden, and made the very flowers tremble on their stems.

Restored to consciousness at a well among the yews, and conveyed to their place of abode in a carriage, Caroline felt that the crisis of her life was past, and went to her bed with a feeling upon her that she would never rise again. She pictured to herself the few mourners that would attend her body to its foreign grave, and wondered if Steuart would be there, and if he would be sorry when he heard that she died for him. She thought the stranger, who had been so

kind to her that day, would, at any rate, accompany her dear old uncle when he followed her coffin to the tomb, and, with a strange pleasure, pictured all the details of the melancholy event. She thought, as the tenderness of the stranger occurred to her, happy is the woman who has plighted her troth to him—he could never break his faith.

CHAPTER V.

How is your niece this morning, Mr. Inglis? said Alfred Quintin, as he was shown into the private parlour of that gentleman the next forenoon.

Oh sir, I don't believe she'll ever rise again, replied Donald. She has got a dreadful shock, and I'm sure her system will not stand it.

Excuse me, Mr. Inglis, said Alfred, but lying in bed is the worst thing she can do; if she is at all well, we must have her out for a drive this afternoon. The old man shook his head, and Alfred went on. I have some strange news this morning,—Steuart Kerr has eloped with my sister.

With your sister! exclaimed Donald, with astonishment.

Well, she is my half-sister,—which is bad enough, said Alfred; and, seeing the perplexed look of the old gentleman, he added, the young lady whom you saw with him yesterday in the summer-house.

I thought you said she was at home? interrupted Donald.

And so I thought, said Alfred, indignantly; but she has played me false. But now, Mr. Inglis, since you know so much already, and your niece is so strangely mixed up in this affair, I may as well tell you all.

My sister, he began, is the only offspring of my father's first marriage, which was a "mesalliance." She is a most curious creature; and, though she inherited my father's noble bearing, she was like him in nothing else. His second wife, my mother, a gentle lady, bore with her till she could do so no longer. Henrietta was an arrant flirt, and fearing nobody but her father, after his death was continually distressing my mother by her clandestine love affairs. She had no real harm in her; but had she been in the mood at any time, she would have thought nothing of running away with the groom. I always expected she would elope; and am only thankful she has eloped with no one worse than Steuart Kerr. My mother, afraid of her bad example upon her own girls, who were then at the most impressionable age, entreated me to take charge of her during my studies at Leipzig. For two years I have done so, she taking lessons in music and German the while. I believed that she had grown quite sedate and steady, till to-day I have been undeceived. She is beautiful without and base within, treacherous and fickle-hearted. I know two good men whose happiness she has blighted. These things I ought to have told Steuart; but she was still my father's daughter, and her fair name was dear to me. Besides he added, self-reproachfully, I did not know that their love had gone so far.

Well, if that's her history, I advise you to let them gang, said Donald, relapsing into Scotch, for I think they're weel met.

I cannot do ought else now, though I was willing, said Alfred; they have got married this morning in a small suburban church, and I have no longer any control over her. What I am most distressed about is, how your niece will bear this piece of intelligence.

There's one thing, said Donald, and that is, tell her who may, I canna. I couldna bear to name it to the pair thing, and see her heart break as it were before my vera e'en.

Certainly, Mr. Inglis, nobody could do it better than you; besides, it is your duty, and the sooner it is done the better, urged Alfred.

Noo, Mr. Quintin, it's no use preachin' to me in that gait, said Donald, I tell ye I canna do't. Break it to her yourself, it'll be a guid turn, and aye ye'll maybe no regret yet.

Alfred could not resist this pleading, and promised to undertake the task if he would send Mis Bertram to him.

I thank ye from my heart, said the old Scotchman to Alfred before leaving the room; ye'll mak a guid minister yet. Saying which he took his way up stairs to his niece's room.

Come in, said Carrie's sad voice, as her uncle tapped at the door.

Dear me, he said, feigning surprise, are ye no thinking o' rising?—the sun is shining gloriously, far brighter than it does in Edenburgh.

She turned her face to the wall as she answered, I only wish I was in Edenburgh.

Well, ye'll never get to Edenburgh lying there, said her uncle; but if you get up and move about there's no saying what we may do. Get up now, there's a gentleman in the parlour wanting to speak to you. And not waiting to hear further remonstrance, he walked away and closed the door.

Who could the gentleman be? she thought; and why did her uncle not stay to tell her? Perhaps it was Steuart;

she would like to hear what he had to say for himself; she would go down. Rising with more vigour than she believed herself capable of, she dressed herself again in her white dress of the previous evening, and with her rich brown hair looped hastily up, she slipped quietly down stairs. When she entered the parlour, instead of Steuart she saw Alfred Quintin gazing at her with tender solicitude. She advanced; and, frankly holding out her hand, thanked him for all he had done. He took her hand with the kindly manner of a close friend, and told her he wished to speak to her upon a matter of importance. She seemed to divine what it was, so she clenched her hands, and with pallid cheeks sat listening in perfect silence while he recounted to her all the story he had already told her uncle.

Save for the eager eyes and nervous twitching of the fingers one might have believed her heart untouched. Here was she, who had looked upon marriage with Steuart Kerr as the consummation of all her dreams, sitting calmly listening to the story of his marriage with a rival. Suddenly there sprang up before her a dreary pageant of shattered hopes and dreams, and with the cry of a disappointed heart she flung herself among the sofa cushions, quivering in every limb. Her hair escaped from its comb, uncoiled, and fell about her nearly to the floor, and she lay there sobbing, oh Uncle Donald, take me home, take me home!

Alfred, terrified by her excess of suffering, ran towards the door to bring her uncle to soothe her, but remembering what the old man had already said, he turned back to try and do so himself. As he looked at her, crouched upon the sofa, sobbing as if her heart would break, a strange yearning towards her seized his soul, and he felt that if ever deep love took sudden possession of a man, that man was himself. Obeying an impulse to give words to what was thrilling through him, he advanced; but recollecting himself, he merely laid his hand upon her bent head, and said huskily, God bless you.

The voice seemed to rouse her to a sense of her position, and lifting her head, but still hiding her face, she said, I am sure you must think me very foolish.

No, he said, I respect the feeling you have shown, and am only sorry that the object for which you grieve should have been so unstable.

I do not grieve for him, she said, in a tone of indignation; after last night, I could never have trusted him again.

That's right, said old Donald, who thought it no harm under the circumstances to play evesdropper for a minute before entering; I like to see you show such spirit; you've got a spark of the old soldier in you yet. As he said this, a carriage rumbled up to the door; hearing which he went on: now, Carrie, Mr. Quintin was proposing a drive for you this afternoon, and the sooner we go the better. Get on your bonnet now at once, and let us see that you can face your sorrow like a heroine.

Caroline seemed inclined to demur, but both Mr. Quintin and her uncle urged so hard that she was obliged to comply. Alfred formed one of the party as the old gentleman declared he would not go without him. He felt himself in rather a delicate position, and in order to set Caroline at her ease, talked much more than was his wont. Both he and Caroline seemed tacitly to avoid the one subject that must have been engrossing their thoughts; but old Donald not quite so particular, took no pains to conceal his ideas upon the same subject, and animadverted freely upon the conduct of the runaways.

Well, said he, talking to himself more than to any other person, I am glad they are married; thanks to their own folly, they've saved another good couple from being spoiled. And continuing in the same strain he said, poor Carrie, if ye had got Steuart Kerr, ye wadna hae had your sorrows to seek.

I know it, uncle, she replied, in her old gentle way; I see now it is better as it is.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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