

**The Angel's Visit.**

As the sunset clouds were fading  
In the west to sombre gray,  
As the varied hues were paling,  
And died out the light of day,

Through the pearly gates of heaven  
Passed a shining angel band,  
This sad earth of ours to visit—  
From the far-off "better land."

Swift they came, through evening shadows,  
To an humble cottage room,  
Opened wide the little casement  
Left behind the twilight gloom.

Entered in with rustling pinions,  
Paused between a white draped bed;  
Hushed their harps, and calm their faces,  
As each angel bowed her head.

Baby face upon the pillow,  
Oh, so pale and thin from pain;  
Tiny form in anguish tossing,  
Seeking rest and ease in vain.

Little pilgrim, said the fairest,  
As she softly kissed her eyes,  
Wilt thou leave this world of sorrow  
For a home beyond the skies?

Leave its earthly cares and pleasures,  
Leave the parents whom you love;  
Wilt thou leave them all for Jesus,  
And go dwell with him above?

I am coming, whispered Rosie,  
As the seraph kissed her brow;  
Mamma, listen, hear the music—  
See the angels' round me now!

Then the little hands fell nerveless,  
Lower sank the curly head—  
And we turned and wept in silence,  
For our wee white rose was dead.

**Vigils.**

Softly chanting, toward the sea,  
Flows the rapid river,  
And upon the limpid waves  
Bright the sunbeams quiver.  
But when shadows fall with night,  
And the waves are sleeping,  
In their still and gloomy depths  
Stars their watch are keeping.  
Onward toward the sea of Rest  
Time is ever gliding,  
And upon the cheek and lip  
Joy is sweetly hiding.  
But when sorrow veils the heart,  
And the eyes are weeping,  
In the soul the love of God,  
Heavenly watch is keeping.

**SELECT STORY.**

**The Chatterly Lovers.**

[CONCLUDED.]

USK had fallen on the rectory garden—a purple shadow laden with perfume, and overhung with stars. To and fro between the rose bushes walked a slender gray figure, with delicate hands clasped over a wildly throbbing heart. Fearless eyes, dark with pain, looked pitifully through the twilight, with a mute wonder in them why earth could be so fair and life so utterly dreary.

Hark! The girl stopped, trembling like a leaf. A firm, steady step was coming up the path from the gate—coming towards her.

Oh, I cannot—I cannot meet him now! Ada murmured, feeling her own weakness, yet standing still, striving to win strength back to her heart.

A tall dark figure she could see in the gloom—a heavily-bearded face. Presently her hands were caught in a strong, eager clasp, and a voice with all the ring and fire of Edwards in it broke upon the silence.

Don't you know me, Ada? Come and tell Blanche that I am come home—and mother, and Ned.

John? Oh, welcome! she cried, forgetting her own pain in that deep glad moment. We thought you were dead. Thank heaven! oh, thank Heaven, you are come back to us! Do they know at Chatterly?

No, you must tell them, Ada. Come over with me, I mustn't kill them all with sudden joy.

She hastened across the glebe meadows by his side, asking and answering eager questions.

The Chatterly family were all in the drawing-room. Dinner was over, and Blanche was at the piano; her sweet solemn voice floated out in the twilight like a welcome to the returned wanderer. Ada pushed open the window and went in. The candles at the piano shed a faint light over the rest of the room. Mr. Chatterly was sleeping peacefully. Ned started up, his face flushing.

Ada!

Like a messenger of peace she looked in her white dress.

I am come to bring you all tidings of great gladness, she said. Wake your mother, Ned. Blanche—my dear little Blanche!—forget all your misery; baby will see her father's face.

And while the wife was trying to understand, and Mrs. Chatterly was waking in her arm-chair, John Chatterly entered the room and clasped the little figure in its heavy widow's weeds tight in his strong arms. The Rector's daughter turned away, and quietly walked back over the glebe meadows to her home, happy in her friends' happiness.

That night before she slept she wrote a letter to Vincent Hugo breaking off her engagement, and telling him frankly that she cared nothing for him—that it was better to suffer a little now than years of trouble hereafter.

Miss Ashley sat at her work in the drawing-room at Forde. Her mourning dress had been laid aside for a brown silk—outward mark of gladness for the return of her brother-in-law. In truth, she was little pleased at losing her chance of Forde estate. Edward Chatterly, without his uncle's wealth, was but a poor 'parti.' Chatterly was worth about three thousand a year. She sat reflecting over these things, now and then giving a thought to Ada, to keep her spirits up, when visitors were announced—Mr. Hugo and his sister.

Very soon Mr. Hugo was engaged in a lively chat with Mary's aunt, and Vincent bent over Miss Ashley's chair. I want to speak with you, he said. Will you come into the garden?

She rose up smiling. Admiration, attention of any sort, was very dear to this plump daughter of the Ashley's. Somehow Vincent was not very ready to speak. He hesitated, stealing now and then a furtive glance at the stolid fair face at his side.

Miss Ashley, do you know that Ada—Miss Leigh—has broken it all off—I mean our engagement?

Mary raised her eyes in grave wonder. Mr. Hugo, I was not aware of it; and I am very sorry for you.

A queer expression passed over Vincent's pale face.

Thank you—I want comfort, he said, after a moment's play with his watch-chain. It is not many girls who would refuse me, Miss Ashley.

No, indeed, was her eager answer, throwing at much warmth as she could into the glance of her pale eyes.

Vincent stopped, bracing himself as it were, for some great effort.

She cares for somebody else, by Jove! I am sure she does. Who is it, Miss Ashley?

His face darkened passionately as he spoke. A little smile flitted over Miss Ashley's face.

I know she has tried to win Edward Chatterly from me, and failed; but, now that I have lost my fortune, it will be all different perhaps. I know, she added, meekly, I can't boast of the beauty of Ada; and, though beauty is only skin deep, still men like it better than goodness.

I don't, returned Vincent, hastily. Perhaps we are doomed for the same fate. We must comfort each other therefore.

She looked up at him earnestly. I don't know if I'm doing the right thing, she said, under her breath. Edward is very kind, but oh, I don't love him. He doesn't understand me, Mr. Hugo.

Vincent touched her hand gently. If you were free, Miss Ashley—But what am I saying? Let us go back—I forget, I forget.

Mary went back to the drawing-room with a quiet conviction that Vincent Hugo would like to have her as mistress of Hugo Park. She sat down to her work calmly again, but she had already in her own mind settled the terms of the letter that should forever break off the engagement between Edward and herself, and make her free.

Did you ever think me a bit of a sceptic Ellen? asked Vincent of his sister, as they drove home through the lanes.

She looked up smiling. You, Vincent? No, indeed. I am afraid I am, he replied, with a shake of the head. I have been doing evil that good may come. The good will be more than I ever did in my life, and the evil will only leave Miss Ashley to her proper fate as an old maid.

What do you mean, dear?

Her brother, flourishing the whip over the ponies' ears, replied— I may be a fool, but I don't think I'm a selfish one, and these left two or three days have taught me something. I am not going to let Mary Ashley spoil two lives if I can help it.

What have you done? asked Ellen Hugo.

Vincent chuckled softly. Wait, and you will see. Miss Ashley will break off her engagement with Ned Chatterly, and I am going to fish in Norway. Pick me out a nice little wife by the time I come back, Ellen; for, after all, no woman is worth more than three months' misery, and I believe I have half forgotten Ada in giving her the man she loves.

The breeze was blowing freshly from the south, and Ada Leigh, tying on her garden hat, went out to gather some roses for the drawing-room. Her hands were full of the fragrant flowers, when suddenly she dropped them as a step she knew too well sounded behind her. It was her lover's.

Queen of the Summer, was Ned's laughing greeting, let thy slave give thee back the blossoms; and he knelt down, slowly picking them up, looking

the while into her blushing, pained face with eager eyes. Not one is missing, he went on, in the same laughing tone. May thy slave keep a sprig as a guerdon?

As many as you like, returned Ada, carelessly. All.

May I? He got up smiling. I need some kindness, he added—I am a forsaken lover. Read this letter, Ada.

He handed her a neat prim little epistle, the words of which declined in formal terms the continuance any longer of the engagement between the writer and Edward Chatterly. Ada handed back the letter with a trembling hand.

Poor Ned! she said, faintly smiling. Am I to be pitted? he said, dropping the roses from his hand to seize her own. You know best, Ada. Is my life to be wretched still, now that that woman has broken the hateful engagement I in honour must have fulfilled? Ada, and his voice was hoarse with passionate eagerness, you will not send me away. You hold the roses of the future, the happiness of my life in your keeping. I love you. If you could only know how miserable I have been, you would know how I love you, my darling, my love!

He held her hands tightly, so that she could not hide her face, where the joy, the glory of that moment was shining. The white lids drooped indeed, over the beautiful eyes to hide their happiness, but Ned did not need to see them to read therein his answer. It was given in the soft voice that faltered now as it had never faltered through all those months of pain.

The roses faded and died in the garden, but their fragrance lives still. Though the years fly by, the memory of that bright day when first they plighted their faith lives in the hearts of the lovers. A happy home is theirs at Chatterly, and their children have many companions in the dear old woods and meadows—Blanche's little one's from Forde, and a noisy boy and girl from Hugo Park, where Vincent reigns a true squire. The best part of the latter's character has come uppermost since his happy marriage, and there is no better magistrate nor harder rider in the county. Good friends as he and the Chatterlys are, they do not know how much they owe him. He keeps his secret still.

Mary Ashley is yet unmarried. She has developed a great taste for parochial affairs, and lives in a prim little cottage near Forde, the terror of all Sunday school children and careless housewives. Her own kith and kin she almost ignores, and it is very rarely she crosses the threshold of Forde Hall. Blanche is not so sorry for this as she ought to be.

**The Pictured Face.**

WAIT a moment, George. Don't be in such a hurry! Just see what I have found. I suppose it belongs to me, as you, careless fellow, stepped directly over it. Come here under the gas-light and let us examine it.

Careless, merry George Warner followed his companion curiously.

What is it? he asked breathlessly. A twenty dollar bill, a gold watch, or diamond of rare value? Poh! he added, as the article in question was held toward him. 'Tis only a pocket-book and a worn one at that. I declare, it's rather mean in you, Ed, to fool a fellow so.

Handsome Edward Darwin elevated his eye-brows questioninglly.

Mean in me? How so, George? To be sure I have not discovered diamonds but I don't know but what I may, as I have not as yet opened the pocket-book.

His companion toyed with his cane as he eyed his friend wonderingly.

Well, Ed, I've nothing to say on the subject, so we can't quarrel about it, as I see. Hurry up; open your prize; we have an engagement at eight o'clock, and time is flying.

Edward Darwin obeyed the command quietly, while George looked over his shoulder.

Haumph! said the latter, as the contents were at last viewed. Only a one dollar bill! Well done, Ed! I will congratulate you upon your prize. And a merry smile creeping over the manly face, revealed a charming set of even, white teeth.

Edward Darwin bent his head closer over the pocket-book.

Spare your jests, George, if you please, for I've found something else. Can you guess what?

Oh, only a bit of fancy work, I suppose. There! was I not right? For lo, behold a bit of that flimsy stuff, called by the fairer sex, tatting. I know it by its numerous threads; throw it away, Ed, for it is of no use.

Not I! And Edward Darwin carefully returned the dainty work to its hiding place. Not, at least, until I have looked further. Ha, George! I declare, if there isn't a tiny pin containing the hair of some one, and it is set in gold, too. What do you think of

that? And look! here is a package which appears to be tin-type; what do you say to that, my fine fellow?

But the package proved to contain a small square of ivory, upon the surface of which was exquisitely painted the features of a young lady whose age was apparently about twenty years. It was not a handsome face, though fair and pleasant to look upon. The eyes were a trifle too light to render the coloring attractive, and the softly tinted brown hair lacked the abundant ringlets such as grace the heads of the belles of the present day. But with all its personal failings, it was pronounced good by both gentlemen, and George Warner gave a prolonged whistle as his friend restored it to the pocket-book.

Whew, Ed! The face is a prize worth seeking, though its owner may be some foolish school-girl, he added, with a sly glance directed toward his companion.

But Edward Darwin's fingers fastened themselves upon the breast-pocket of his coat as he shook his head.

Oh, no George! depend upon it, this is no school-girl's face. She may be in rather reduced circumstances, but she is a woman, refined and intelligent.

In reduced circumstances! I should think so, judging by the emptiness of the pocket-book, whistled George, saucily. But, Ed, on a second thought, perhaps that pin and picture will be advertised, as they are really valuable. I was in at Delmonto's yesterday, and the plainest pin they showed me was worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars; and very inferior would they be when placed beside the one resting in your pocket.

Why can't we wait, and perhaps a reward will be offered, and patting his friend slyly on the shoulder, George Warner laughed heartily.

Edward Darwin looked grave and thoughtful.

If the person is in reduced circumstances, George, a reward cannot be offered. However, we will wait awhile and see, and if no tidings of it appear we will advertise it at our own risk.

And with that agreement the two friends continued their walk down the busy streets.

The next few days proved the anxiety of the handsome Edward Darwin. Every morning within the solitude of his room, had he search the daily papers in hope of some time finding an owner for the lost prize; and when day after day passed without a given description, he grew moody and dissatisfied, and appealed to his friends for assistance.

say George, I am discouraged; it does seem as though we were to be disappointed in all our undertakings; what think you?

Wait for fate, Ed, to do as she sees fit. Who knows but what we may accidentally discover the unknown owner of that pocket book? returned George Warner. But stay; I have a plan meaning through my fertile brain, and I will impart it to you, if you will give a fellow a chance.

Well, well, go on, said Ed Darwin, good humoredly.

Oh, it isn't much, returned his friend, provokingly. Yesterday I came across this advertisement in the columns of the "Daily Cross." \$10 Reward. Lost! A mourning pin containing hair of a departed parent. Whoever will return the same to No. 22 Walnut St., will receive the above reward. And so I cut it out and saved it. Now I propose calling at No. 22 Walnut St., and see the rights of the matter ourselves. To be sure, it says nothing about either pocket-book, tatting or picture; but perhaps the pin is of more value than the rest. So if you think well of my proposal, I am at your service, George Warner, Esq. And with a great flourish the careless fellow resumed his hat.

Agreed, he cried. Come on, before any one has time to interrupt us. But stay! I believe I owe my seamstress, Mrs. Millan, a few dollars, and she may call for her money while we are out; so while I am here, I will leave it, if you will be seated a moment.

Please, sir, Mith Millan sent me to say that she can't get the last lot of work done at pethent, for she has scalded her hand badly.

The pale lips of the child, who had entered unperceived by either gentleman quivered pitifully as the hand of the surprised Ed Darwin fell heavily upon her shoulder when he finally became aware of her presence.

Good heaven, George, here is the very face! he cried, excitedly. The same blue eyes! the same brown hair! the same expression! For Heaven's sake, child, tell me your name!

Here George Warner interposed in season to prevent an outburst of fright from their little guest as he held the pocket-book and its contents before her.

Be calm, Ed. Have you ever seen this before, my little one? he inquired.

Blue-eyed Clara Lindale forgot her lisping, baby tones as she eagerly grasped her treasure.

Oh, yes, sir! it is the one we lost a week ago. Here is sister Lizzie's picture, the three yards of tatting she had just finished for Mrs. Sinclair, the one

dollar bill we have needed so much, and the little pin with Mamma's hair. Oh, sir, where did you get it? And the little hands found their way into George's very quickly.

Ed Darwin stepped forward suddenly at the sight.

My dear child, I found the pocket-book.

The little girl blushed confusedly.

I thank you very kindly, she said, turning to Edward, who bowed quietly, for sister Lizzie will be so pleased to get it again; and so will aunt Millan, for they both cried over it.

Then Mrs. Millan is your aunt, is she? Ed Darwin spoke hurriedly.

Yes, sir. The brown head fell lower. Yet we have not been poor a great while. Two years ago, when papp and mamma lived, we had a nice house; but when they died, Sister Lizzie sold all but this little pin and her picture, painted by papa. O sir, how can I thank you?

Edward Darwin patted her head kindly, and as he did so, he pushed the roll of bills he had been counting into her hands.

There my dear, take that to your Aunt Millan, and tell her that Mr Darwin is in no hurry for his work, and that he will call round in a few days and see how she is getting on. So run home and give sister Lizzie the lost pocket-book with my compliments. Good by!

Then, when the door closed behind the little retreating form, Ed Darwin turned to his companion, saying,—

There will be no need of advertising now, I suppose.

But George Warner was dreaming over the brightness of his friend's countenance; and when, after a period of six months he beheld him the devoted husband of Lizzie Glendale, and brother to the bewitching Clara, he began to wish seriously that he might also be fortunate enough to discover a lost pocket-book containing a bit of tatting and a pictured face.

A FRENCH "SPORTSMAN."—M. X. set out one morning recently, first promising his wife that he would bring her that very evening a brace of partridges at the very least. Punctually at ten o'clock the same night he returned home, greatly fatigued, and covered with dust to the ears. His game-bag however, appeared to be very full; and Madame X. at once concluded that her husband had had good sport. How many have you my dear? she asked, taking up the game-bag. Two, as I promised, nonchalantly replied M. X. throwing him e'ff into a chair. I had no sooner reached my destination than bang, fire!—I had killed the brace. Redding with pride, Madame X. opened the game-bag; but—O horror!—in place of the partridges, she drew from a superb lobster rolled up in paper, Tableau! It was all the fault of the fishmonger. When applied to by the stammering sportsman for a brace of partridges, the tradesman mistook him, and gave him instead a "cardinal of the seas."

REVENGE.—Two years ago a Connecticut man received a gross insult from a neighbour who lived a quarter of a mile or more from him. After a long meditation, he has now purchased a peacock and a jackass, and anchored them in a field adjoining his neighbour's back yard. The neighbour has advertised his house for sale, and the insulted individual is satisfied.

A CALIFORNIAN writes that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hind legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks.

AN enquiring youth asks, can a thin person properly be called a swell?

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