## THE CONCEPTION BAY MAN.

## **SELECT POETRY.**

WINTER.-Burns THE wintry west extends his blast, And hail and rain do blow ; Or the stormy north sends driving forth The blinding sleet and snow; While tumbling brown, the burn comes And roars from bank to brae ; [dowo, And bird and beast in covert rest, And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast The joyles winter day, Let others fear,—to me more dear Than all the pride of May; The tempest's howl it soothes my soul, My griefs it seems to join; The leafless trees my fancy please, Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty These woes of mine fulfil; [scheme Here, firm, I rest,-they must be best, Because they are Thy will! Then all I want, (O, do thou grant. This one request of mine!) Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign.

CHARADE. - By Praed.

COME from my first, ay, come ! For the battle hour is nigh: And the screaming trump and thundering Are calling thee to die ! [drum Fight, as thy father fought! Fall, as thy father fell ! I'hy task is taught, thy shroud is So-onward - and farewell. [wrought ;-

Toll ye my second, toll! Fling wide the flambeau's light, And sing the hymn for a parted soul Beneath the ailent night. With the wreath upon his head, And the cross npon his breast, Let the prayer be said, and the tear be So-take him to his rest! [shed ;-

Call ye my Whole, -ay, -call

And thither, fair reader, we will follow her. that you are a flirt, and I thought-(and the worldliness. All their united efforts, joined with Poor Grace! Left to herself, a sense of her child hesitated)-it meant something naughty, the skill of the friend and physician, were needed utter loneliness overpowered her, and she wept becanse mamma was so angry."

envious of her beauty and superior abilities, con- tately past him, and gaining her own room, and simplicity. stantly made them the subjects of coarse jests burst in to a passionate flood of tears. In vain

and coarser taunts, Grace gladly asswered Mrs. she taxed her memory to recall an indiscreet Sofily fell the moonlight on the countless

thee," was all her own to claim; and she rose but where? her beauty, of which little now remained, she a diessing gown, she flew to her room. The in Jesus,' while underneath (in " the band-received from them a showy, superficial educa- poor child was tossing restlessly from side to writing on the wall "), methought I could read tion, which she was taught from childhood to side; her little hands were hot and burhing, and " no murderer hath eternal life." consider valuable only as a stepping-stone to an her cheeks crimsoned with fever. Mr. Fay There lay the miser, who only in death's agony establishment in life. She contemptuously turn- hastily resigned her to Grace's care, while he went | loosened his hold of his golden red. The wied the cold shoulder to her rustic admirers, one for a physician.

ceeded in entrapping a matter-of-fact man like the heated pillows, parted the thick curls from splendid marble that covers him, and murmurs Mr. Fay, is quite unaecountable. Be that as her little forehead, bathed the throbbing tem- in words that are God's own truth, " It is it may, the honeymoon in its decline saw the ples. and tendered the thousand little nameless easier for a camel to go through the eve of a decline of his love, and wearied with her doll services, known only to the soft step, quick eye, needle than for a rich man to enter into the face and vacant mind, he sought. after the birth and delicate hand of woman.

of his little daughter, his chief pleasure in the Meanwhile the mother slept quietly in an With a saddened heart I turn to inhale the ramble stopped to admire in some secluded spot complexion.

gic-rich in colour, beautiful iu form' throwing Meta had sunk into an uneasy slumber. Re- wards it; suddenly I see female a figure ap-

to rescue Grace from the grave. To an observlike a child Early left an orphan, dependent Poor Grace! The blocd rushed in a torrent, ing eye, the interest the latter evinced through her childhood and youth, up to the over cheek, neck, and brow. beta, frightened for his fair patient was not entirely professpresent time, upon relatives who made her feel at the effect of her question, began to sob as if ional. He had been touched by her self-each day, each hour, how bitter was that de- her heart would br-ak, when the door opened sacrificing devotion and her friendlessness, and pendence; who grudged the bread she ate; who, and Mr. Fay came lin. Grace rushed precipi- was every day more charmed with her beauty

Fay's advertisement, hoping for relief from the, word or action, or anything that a jealous wif: sleepers in the vast cemetery of Rose 1 ill. fetters of so galling a chain. Sensitive to a fault could construe into an invasion of her matri- Each tiny flower swaying in the night-breeze she had endeavoured to nerve herself with monial rights. The sin, if there was any, was was gemmed with nature's tears. The solemn strength to endure much that was annoying not forthcoming. In vain had been all her ef- stillness was unbroken save by the sweet note and repulsive in the situation she sought ; but forts to propitiate this weak-minded woman, by of some truant bird returning to his leafy home. the total want of delicacy and courtesy displayed putting away the obnoxious ringlets, by clear- How many hearts so lately throbbing with pain by Mrs. Fay, her coarse allusion to her late starching her muslim, or trimming with tasteful or pleasure lay there for ever stilled! There, bereavement (the death of a sister), her ill-con- fingers her dainty breakfast caps. The serpent in her unappropriated loveliness slept the becealed envy of her personal charms, all combin- had entered Eden; and altho no "forbidden trothed maiden; there, the bride with her head fruit "had been tasted, she none the less clearly pillowed on golden tresses whose sunny beauty But Grace Clifford was a Christian. She had saw the flaming, sword that was to drive her e'en the great spoiler seemed loth to touch ; been early called to suffer; she knew who had thence. Sheltering herself under the plea of the dimpled babe that yesterday lay warm and mixed for her the cup of life, and she push- a violent headache, she excused herself from ap- rosy in its mother's breast; the gray-haired sire, ed it not away from her lips because the ingre- pearing again below, and sat until a late hour weary with life's conflict' the loving wile and dients were bitter. She knew an ear that was at night, devising the best mode of leaving, as mother in life's sweet prime, deat to the wail of never deaf to the orphan's cry, and that the further stay was impossible in such a humiliat her helpless babe and to the agonised cry of promise, "When thy father and mother forsake ing position. She must go; that was plain; the father; the faithful pastor, gone at last to hear the "Well, done good and faithful serfrom her knees with a brow calm as an angel's Suddenly she was startled from her reverie vant ;" the reckless youth, who with brow una spirit girded for the conflict, and a peace that, by the sound of hurrying feet in the hall. A touched by care, and limbs fashioned for quick rap at the door and a summons to Meta's strength and beauty, had rushed unbidden Grace's patroness, Mrs. Fay, was the only room tollowed. She had been taken suddenly into the presence of his maker, impatient for daughter of a petty shop-keeper in the village and alarmingly ill. Grace forgot everything in the summons of the "great reaper." On his of —. Worshipped by doating parents for her anxity for her darling, and hastily snatching tomostone, partial friends had written, "he sleeps

dow he has made houseless, and her shivering after the other. How this human butterfly suc- | with the tendernesss of a mother she changed orphans, read the mocking falsehood on the kingdom of God."

nursery, for which she entertained an unconquer- adjoining room, so lacing herself that the doctor sweet breath of the flowers planted by the hand knew better than she what was best for the child, of affection, or strewn in garlands with falling Reader, have you never in a summer's day and fearing the effect of night vigils upon her tears over the loved and lost. Before me, shining in the moonlight is a marble tablet; on a sweet flower that had sprung up as if by ma- When Mr. Fay returned with the physician it I read, " Our little Meta." I advance to-

An totals N order to mee Sibscriber a rates hither to cha continue until furt All other reg 50 Tons From 50 to 100 Tons From 100 to 200 'lons-From 200 to 250 Tons From 230 to 300 028 From 300 to 450 Tons From 450 t 500 to 600 to 700 to 56 800 to " 900 to

STREET

109 01 00

VOI 9

acice acity

CAMPTALCE

REDUCED

\* 2.20

40.2945

has

The lord of lute and lay And let him greet the sable pall With a noble song to-day! Ay, call him by his name ! Nor fitter hand may crave 16:5.3.8.1 To light the flame of a soldier's fame On the turf of a soldiers grave ! ANSWER.—Campbell



----

" If you please, ma'am, a young woman in the hall, dressed in mourning, wishes to speak of childhood ;-- from all these would Meta turn with you."

about thirty-eight years of age. Time, that had forth at evening. spared her the attraction of a graceful, pliant

known only to the ingenuity of a practised co- them.

book, as John ushered in the intruder.

vertisement for a governess ?" levelling at the Meantime, Mrs Fay continued her treadmill many an eye that would never see its setting. gift.

Spanish, and all that sort of thing, if you are a governess. I desire Meta to be fashionably educated ; and if you stay, I hope you will un-derstand your business and be diligent, tor it is papa says it looks like waves of gold." a great bore to me to look after such things. I Mrs. Fay walked up to her husband, and said shall want you to clear starch my collars and in a hissing whisper, " So this accounts for the ruffles, and trim my breakfast caps; I see you interest you take n the child's studies! In my look as though you would object to this, but opinion that Grace Clifford, with her sly, demure of lood or rest, Grace kept tireless watch by the you won't find such a place as this every day; and people who are driven to wall by necessity, and have to get their own living, can't afford to be fastidious. Pity you are so pretty, child; a domestic thunder-storm, her ladyship left the but never mind that; you'll see no company at nursery. my house, and I trust you are no gadder. What The next day. as Grace sat busy with her That day a new harp was strung, a white robe is your name? Grace Clifford !- very roman- | work, with Meta beside her, the child suddenly tic! Well, if you'd like to stay, John will show looked up and said, "What is a flirt Miss you to your room -but pray put away that mass of curls and wear your hair plain, as curls look Grace was about to burst into a hearty laugh, too childish for a governess. You need't trou- but there was a look almost amounting to dis-

hew Miss Clifford to her room." 日本多時の話を、毎次あるのようし、 ed to furnish them to the subac bers.

J. B. DRYSDALE Habour Grace & John Richards ) Ererst 18. dela Winnan 18 3 Martin medit

unconsciously its sweet fragrance to the winds signing her post to him, Grace watched his proaching, looking so spiritual in the moonlight

ed to depress and dishearten her.

the world knoweth not of.

able aversion.

Repulsed by her mother, who saw nothing nurse." in that little shrinking form but a bar to that enjoyment of her empty pleasures ; doated on father was expressed, and a grateful " God, Listen to the chant! by a father who was the slave of Mammon, and bless you," to Grace, Mr. Fay lett the room. who, unable to fathom the soul that looked out Shading the small lamp, lest it might waken the from the depths of those clear eyes, lavished as child, Grace unbanded her rich tresses, and a recompense for the many unanswered questions loosening the girdle of her dressing gown, seated prompted by her restless mind, the costliest toys herself beside her.

dissatisfied, to clasp to her bosom the simplest chamber of the sick and dying ! The dull tick-The lady addressed might have been (we are daisy that decked the meadow, or to hail with ing of the clock, falling upon the sensitive ear aware we are treading on debatable ground) rapture the first sweet star that came stealing of the watcher, strikes to the throbbing heart

Such was Grace Clifford's pupil. All thought | are counted ; with nervous hand, at the appoint. form, and robbed her blue eyes of their lustre, of herself was soon lost in the delight of watch- ed time, the healing draught is prepared for the and thinned her flaxen tresses. She still re- ing her young mind develope ; and if a thought sufferer. The measured tread of the policeman, of submission :-joiced, however, in a pair of diminutive feet and of her responsibility as its guardian sometimes as he passes his rounds beneath the windows, ankles, which she considered it a great sin to startled her, yet it always made her more watch- the distant rumble of vehicles, or perchance the "hide under a bushel," and which she had a ful, more true to her trust. A love almost like disjointed fragment of a song from bacchanalian way of her own of exhibiting on all occasions, that of a parent and child grew up between lips, alone break the solemn stillness. At such an

ook, as John ushered in the intruder. Siightly raising her eyebrows, she said, "So ows of a summer cloud, would Grace tremble for The stars, one by one, faded away in the gol- hath given her warm heart, "'till death us do

same time a scrutinising glance upon her that round of viisting, shopping, and dressing, occasi- Meta was delirious. In fancy she roved with brought the colour into her fair cheek. "In onally looking into the nursery, quite satisfied her dear teacher in green fields, and listened mourning, I see !- very becoming, but it always her child was wonderfully improved in beauty, to the song of the birds, and was happy. gives me the dismals to see a black dress about, and willing to take it for granted every thing Don't cry, child ; people will die when their time else was as it should be. On one of those occa- the striken father to the physician ; then turning pose you understand French, German, Italian, Miss Clifford is a beauty." A SHA

"Indeed " said Mrs. Fay. "Yes, and when I pull out her comb and let for her life; God hears the angels."

too childish for a governess. You need't trou-ble yourself to dress for dinner, as you will take tress in Meta's face that checked her. "Why a new objects of solicitude was before him; well Esq. your meals with Meta in the nursery. John! do you ask me that question, my pet ??

unappreciated, unnoticed, uncared for, save vy, countenance with an anxious eye while he felt --with her snowy robe and shining hair--His eye who painted its delicate leaves? Such the pulse and noted the breathing of her little that I could almost fancy her an angel guarding. a flower was Meta Fay. Delicate, fragile as pupil. Writing his prescriptious, he handed the child's grave. She advances towards it, spring's first violet, with a brow and eyes that them to Grace' who had signified her intentiont and kneeling, presses her lips to the iragrant are seldom seen, save where Death's shadow of watching that night, adding as she did so sod, saying in a voice of anguish," Would to soonest falls; and with a mind that face belied "It is needless to enjoin quiet upon one who God I had died for thee, my child. my child!" not, earnest thoughtful, and serious. "It is needless to enjoin quiet upon one who God I had died for thee, my child. my child!" A kind friend had followed Grace's footsteps.

Silently, slowly pass the night watches, in the

nameless terror. With straining eye its hours

hour, serious thoughts like unbidden guests rush

quette or an ex-belle. She raised her eyes Often when engaged in their studies, when in. Life appears like the dream it is ; Eternity

" Do not tell me my darling will die," said mand,"You know how to pray; you taught her the way to heaven when I could not; ask

"-While there is life there is hope," said the sympathising physician, wiping away a tear. 'All that we ean do we will , and leave the issue with a higher power."

Day after day, night after night, regardless

was worn, a new song was heard in heaven. On earth "the child was not !"

sbe sank insensibly by the little corpse.

PUNTON & MINN

for the mother that such devotion to her dead | TERMS .- Fifteen Shillings per, annum "Oh ! because mamma told papa yesterday child had at last touched a heart encrusted with half in advance.

UERAS for LISE-FIRE and On

A rich, manly voice is borne upon the air. It With a glance at his child, in which all the shall fall like dew upon the stricken flower.

> There is a Reaper whose name is death, And with his sickle keen. He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between,

'Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper eame that day;

Twas an angel visited the green earth and took those flowers away. And took those flowers away.

A holy calm has settled upon the face of the mourner. Noiselessly she retraces her stops, and as she glides away I hear her marmur in a voica

> Oh! not in cruelty not in wrath, The Reaper came that day; "Twas an angel visited the greeu earth, And took my flower away.

The splendid mansion of the physician had for languidly from the last new novel she was per- Meta's love-speaking eyes were fixed upon her the waking ; and involuntarily the most thought- its mistress the orphan governess. The world, using, and with the sir of a victim closed the young teacher, and the flush upon her delicate less look up for help to Him by whom "the with its sycophantic smile, now flatters where it

you are the young person who answered my ad- the frail casket that contained so pricelss a gem. den light of morning. The sun rose fair to part," to one who knows well how to prize the FANNY FERN.

HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT AND PILLS. Lacerations of the flesh, bruises and fractures, occa sion comparatively little pain or inconvenience comes; it's a thing that can't be helped. I sup- sions, Meta said "Mamma! Papa and I think to Grace, he said, almost in the form of a com- loway's Ointment. In the nursery it is invaiuable a cooling application for the rashes, excoriations and scabious sores, to which children are liable, and mothers will find it the best preparation for alleviating the torture of a "broken breast." As a remedy for cutaneous diss eases generally, as well as for ulcers, sores. boils, tumours and all scrofulous eruptions, it is incomparably superior to every other external remedy. The Pills, all through Toronto. Quebee Montreal, and our other chief towns, have a reputation, for the cure of dyspepsia, liver plaints, and disorders of the bowels; it truth, co-extensive with the range of civil

> Fu & Cliff appion-bay hav "Alone again with the dead ?" faltered Grace, Edited and Published every wednesday morning by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office, water

zation.

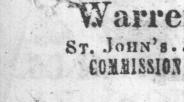
Salling off at low rated for Cash.

Oc. 23

## Office o

The following 1 Buard on the 4!! Resolved .- The be accountable for p ublic Buidings, has controi, exce ordered by the Bo ed by the written cretary for such e Resolved .- Th Roads,, Or servan have authority to work of any descr the written order 1. 1 .

N OTICE THE BOAL notice that an Green Isand Harbor, Trinity I was ou the 13th in by one of a more sive range. Th LIGHI, burns a high water, exhil to sunrise, and seen frcm E. N miles. Vessels. this Light open w until Bonavista Jean, will give t berth-or when and bound for Ca a moderate berth Rocks by steering Green Island long. 53,03 Wes Actin Board of Works St. John's July



Ants Canada

