

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

Well, Henry, I suppose it will not be long before you are married? You have now found a girl suited to your taste, and it will be an easy matter to settle all preliminaries, and be made one before summer.

I am pretty sure, Charles, that you are not in earnest, replied Henry, or you would not speak of marriage in such a trifling way. When I marry, I shall be united to one I love, and—

But you do love Mary, said Charles; and moreover, she loves you; and those who are acquainted with you both agree that your marriage would be a most excellent match. Why, not long ago, when I was speaking with Miss Dawson, her very intimate and I believe confidential friend she told me that she should be glad to see the marriage take place, but could not just then spare Mary's company. Everybody seems to take an interest in her; and then for you to tell me you will marry one you love! Who else is that but Mary? You only confirm my suspicions.

Charles, said Henry, you are one of my best friends—certainly my only confidential friend. You know my pecuniary condition, and when you spoke to me I was in a serious mood, and disposed to speak of marriage as a serious matter. I appreciate your kindness, but rest assured that if I ever get married it will not be for some time to come. I love Mary too well to marry her at present, should she be foolish enough to accept my offer. That offer shall not be made till I am able, with my heart and hand, to give her a comfortable home.

Just what I should do, thought Charles to himself. But he was determined to fathom his friend's mind fully, and still continued the conversation. You can give her a loving heart, and a willing pair of hands, and what more can a girl want?

Oh! I can give her those without being married. I can love her, and do, and will, and yet that does not compel me to marry her at once. Come, come, said Henry, desiring to turn the conversation, you have not yet convinced me of the necessity of being married.

You believe she loves you, said Charles; I will not deny it; but is there not a possibility that she might love some one else?

Charles meant to tease his friend a little; but Henry had too much good sense to suffer such a question to disturb him.

I think you put the question too severely, replied Henry. She might, to be sure; but then I wouldn't want her for a wife. If she were my wife she might love another, but in neither case do I think she would. This is why I love her; for her virtue, kindness, and undeviating affection may be read in every look, in every word and action. She is not so very beautiful; but she has a sweet smile that is sunshine to my soul; eyes beaming with love and kindness; words that are like pearls of great price falling from her ruby lips; a mind as pure and unsullied as her snow-white brow—that can expand with mine, and contemplate the visible manifestations of divine providence—that can imagine like the poet, the obscure yet even glorious and resplendent realities of a hidden world. This can only be done by a virtuous, a pious, a heavenly mind. This is she whom I love! Do you think I would dare link my sorrow, misery, poverty and worthlessness with such a creature? Do you know me?—I think you do, and you must admit that my determination is right. Her happiness, next to my hope of heaven, is now the first object of my existence. And not until providence blesses me with the means (and I pray for such blessing only for her sake) will I think of marriage. If, after that, misfortunes come, she can endure them with heroic christian fortitude. Then I should be exonerated in my own mind, and could not accuse myself of having knowingly plunged in sorrow one who should only live to be supremely happy!

Give me your hand, Henry, said Charles. I find your mind as I always have found it, pure and noble. I admire your principles, and I feel assured that he who blesses the upright in heart will not neglect you. I know your mind full well. Mary loves you, and in her centres your happiness. To win her honorably and give her a comfortable home, and the warm loving heart she deserves, is your ambition. You aim well, and will win the prize!

Henry grasped his hand in friendship. He could not speak. His heart was full. Real gratitude cannot fully be expressed in words. Ah! 'tis bliss to have a faithful friend. We must now turn back and give the kind

reader some information respecting Henry Barton and his love for Mary.

He was the only son of a man who had once been one of the wealthiest merchants in the city; but who, through the perfidy of others, became a bankrupt, and was consequently compelled to quit the splendid mansion in which for many years he had resided. He fixed his abode in a small house, the rent of which he expected to pay through his son Henry. It was hard for him to deny himself the luxuries in which from his youth he had indulged. This, together with the cares of his family and his reduced condition, pressed so severely upon his mental and physical energies, that in a few years he was taken by the welcome hand of death to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. He left behind a lone widow, who for a time struggled against the unpropitious course of events. She however survived her husband only a few years. Henry was left alone in the world. Former friends and acquaintances forsook him, for now that his means would no longer permit him to share in their extravagance, they regarded him as a troublesome, unwelcome companion.

This gave Henry little anxiety; but he was in love; engaged to one with whom the reader is already acquainted. All his visions of happiness were for a time dispelled by these sad reverses; and at the age of twenty-six he was compelled to start afresh in business—to undergo the same toil and anxiety which he had calculated would be over long ere this period. When he sought employment he could find none which to him was in the least satisfactory. He became sad and desponding, and resolved to leave his friends, and one to whom he applied a much dearer appellation, to seek prosperity elsewhere.

A few months after the death of his mother he received a communication from a firm in a manufacturing town with which his father in more prosperous days had been connected in business, offering him a situation as assistant book-keeper, preparatory to filling the place of the first clerk, who was to leave for China in a few months. He at once resolved to embrace this offer.

Mary, his affianced bride, was the first to whom he made known his determination. They had loved each other long and well, and the thought of a separation for a time bereft Mary of her senses. Her face was the picture of distress. A thousand fears for his safety—and that she might be forgotten—at once rushed upon her imagination. Her cheeks were pale as death, and her lips colourless and parted. Her eyes were riveted upon him as though she would read his very soul. Both for a while remained silent and immovable. Mary knew his poverty, and the peculiar delicacy of his mind, and she almost fancied his desire was to tear himself from her, and forget her.

My dear Mary, said Henry, who was the first to break the painful silence with his affectionate and impassioned words, oh! why thus yield to gloomy and unfounded fears? Do you doubt my love—my constancy? Can I ever so forget my own and your happiness as to break the solemn engagement I have made with you?

No, no; I believe you, she replied. But oh, Henry—why, I cannot tell—I feel an unaccountable foreboding of some sad event. Say you will stay with me—will not leave me!

But, my dear, consider what you ask, said Henry. I do not desire to leave you for my benefit, but rather for your own. It will pain me exceedingly to part with you even for a short time, and I shall never be happy till I return. It is for your sake that I desire to leave this place—say that you will consent to my departure.

He stopped for a while. Agitating thoughts flashed through his bewildered mind. The grief of the fair young girl was more than he could endure, and in anguish of spirit he was about to give way to her request.

If you doubt my love, he said; if, after the assurances I have given, you still dread to part with me, I will stay!

This generous offer made Mary ashamed of her momentary selfishness. Henry was willing to sacrifice everything to her—should she be less devoted?

No, no, she said, go, and God bless you! Tears prevented her saying more.

Henry soothed her; and expatiated on the advantages of his absence, so that Mary soon became fully reconciled to the separation. She knew that it was only for her sake he left her, and that, if the special Providence of God did not prevent it, he would return and bestow upon her his hand, and heart. This was all she asked. Riches she coveted

not; nay, she regarded them in many instances rather as a curse than a blessing. Her tears ceased. The heaving sigh no longer escaped her agitated bosom—and, as she looked fondly upon her lover, she smiled—ah! happy was he; she smiled approvingly upon him. He understood that lingering look, and in the ecstasy of the moment he pressed her to his heart. And now the thought of parting grieved only him. A tear which stood in his eye was hastily dashed aside, and the lovers were calm, contented, and happy, forgetting the sorrows of a separation, and looking forward to a felicitous meeting.

I will not detain the reader with a description of the parting. Suffice it to say, Mary manifested a confidence and attachment to Henry, which endeared her to him more than all the caresses and flattering words which she had spoken in the days of his prosperity. Adversity is the true test of attachment!

Every week brought Mary a full, closely written letter. How eagerly she read them may be divined by those who have been in similar situations. It was the most delightful task Henry had, to write out his thoughts to her he loved, knowing the pleasure which their perusal afforded her. And he was thrice happy in being able to communicate in every letter renewed indications of prosperity in his career. In three months he became principle book-keeper, and by assiduity and attention he acquired the esteem of the firm under which he served, and was daily increasing its business. Thoughts were even entertained of sending Henry back to the metropolis to open an establishment in connection with the firm.

About four months after Henry had communicated this intelligence to Mary, she received a letter from a gentleman in Australia, from which she learned that a rich uncle of hers had died and bequeathed all his property to her. The writer engaged to secure it for a reasonable compensation.

The project of the firm with which Henry was connected was put into execution. Henry's prospects were now highly promising and his friend Charles urged upon him more than ever the propriety of being married. Mary's consent was easily obtained. Henry was at once possessed of all he desired, and both were happy in the consciousness that their constancy had been well tried and proved unchangeable. Henry only regretted that his father and mother did not live to share his happiness. He often said Mary and I love each other all the better for our resolution not to marry until better times. God helps those who helps themselves, but to court poverty by a rash and hasty marriage is sinful. Let those who love, determine to succeed, and wait patiently. Providence, in His own good time, will then make all things right.

THE SUNSHINE AFTER.

So much happiness, I can scarcely realize it, Herbert. And Blanche Clifton looked up at the dark, handsome face of Herbert Winthrop, with a glad light in her sweet blue eyes, and a smile on her pale, fair face.

It is indeed true, darling, and my mother longs to see her whom she now calls her daughter, answered he. Come, dearie, let us walk down through the maple grove, and live over again the dear old happy days.

So he carefully folded the mantle over her shoulders, and arm-in-arm they sauntered quietly along down the gravel walk from the little white cottage where Blanche Clifton had passed so many happy days in the long ago.

It was at the close of a bright June day, and the sun was casting his mantle of glory over the pleasant landscape. Everything whispered of love and peace, especially to our hero and heroine, who were thinking of naught but their own precious selves.

Let us take a look backward, and see them as they were five long, long years ago. These were happy days for Blanche, when the home group lived so happily together before the circle was broken. Mr. Clifton was a very prosperous merchant, but, dying suddenly, his affairs were found to be in an unsettled state, and, after everything was settled, only a small portion was left for the widow and her daughter. Blanche immediately set to work, and succeeded in obtaining a few scholars in music. She hired a small cottage a few miles from the city, and here they dwelt in quiet and peace. Herbert Winthrop had wooed and won the heart of Blanche Clifton. He was the only surviving son of Colonel Winthrop—a haughty man of quiet habits and indomitable will—and, at twenty-two, was the pride of his parents' hearts. Handsome, talented, with easy manners, he was the lion of society, and many a

belle who met him at fashionable "soirees" and summer resorts tried to win his heart, but all to no purpose, for sweet, gentle Blanche Clifton possessed what many a haughty beauty envied—the deep, pure, unchanging affection of that heart.

Colonel Winthrop, in emphatic terms, had declared that Herbert should not inherit a single farthing of his immense property if he continued to persist in his foolish caprice, as he termed it. The blood of the Winthrops, in all its fiery passion, flowed in Herbert's veins, but there was an undercurrent of pure and noble feeling that controlled his otherwise imperious temper. So he bade adieu to home, after having obtained a commission in the East Indies, then, bidding Blanche "keep up a good heart," and trust in his love, he promised to earn a fortune, if not a name, and in five years he would come and claim her for his own.

Five years of hopeful, patient waiting for Blanche, and of untiring energy and unfaltering hope for Herbert, then, when Spring danced with merry feet over the earth, he set sail for his dear native land and his darling awaiting him there.

His parents missed him sadly and wrote him letter after letter, urging him to return home, and they would make no further opposition to his choice.

Thus we find them on the eve on which our story opens.

Now the sun has folded his robes around him, and in the quiet of Blanche's little sitting-room they are enjoying the twilight hours. Herbert is carelessly lounging on the sofa, while Blanche is trying to think she is busy as she weaves the bright-hued worsted in and out of the soft purple canvas.

Blanche, dear, favor us with some music, pleaded Herbert, as he playfully held one hand prisoner.

And Blanche sang, in her clear, sweet voice, song after song, till the stars began to gleam, and the moon threw its silvery beams across her face; and tenderly drawing her towards him, they stood in its misty radiance and were happy—happy because the clouds had passed away, and they were in the sunshine of life.

When the autumn came, there was a merry wedding at the Winthrop mansion, which was one blaze of splendor. Blanche, in her white silk robe, was more beautiful than ever before. Herbert was triumphant, and acknowledged that he had chosen wisely and well. For what is wealth, without love and intellectual attainments? With them one is thrice blessed.

"MA, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pa say that it runs from morning till night, and I wondered how it could run without legs; that's all."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN EDITOR IN AMERICA.—An American paper tells us that an editor must possess the constitution of a horse, the obstinacy of a mule, the independence of a wood-sawyer, the pertinacity of a dun, the endurance of a starving anaconda, and entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly treadmills; and we will add, says another, he must be a moving target for everybody to shoot at.

"How rapidly they build houses now!" said Tom to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a two-story house; "they commenced that building only last week, and they are already putting in the lights."—"Yes," rejoined his friend, "and next week they will put in the liver."

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