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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 377.

Original Poetry.

For the Post.
THOUGHTS.
BY IORVUS.
There is an instinct planted in each breast
That prompts the soul to love the good
And fair;
And, where the soul can with virtuous rest,
It makes his home, and dwells forever there.
Though outward beauty fades away and dies,
And leaves few traces of the freshness gone,
Within the precious soul, the priceless prize,
That shines through age to brighten at life's dawn.
As withered flowers their wasted strength renew,
Beneath the cooling shower or calm of even,
So shall the soul beneath God's quickening dew
Receive new strength, when e'eners it to Heaven.

For the Post.
EVENING STAR.
BY IORVUS.
Oh Evening Star, oh Evening Star!
What have I to love save thee,
Since thou alone can make me man,
The joys that life will bring to me?
Oh Evening Star! o'er life's dark way
The helm of comfort thou hast shed;
While every sweet and loving ray
Has called forth blessings on thy head.
Oh Evening Star! thy beauties shine
So near the murky horizon,
That oft and oft these eyes of mine,
I fear to lift—to find the gone.
Oh Evening Star, if though shouldst set
And leave me here to pine in pain!
I look and thou art shining yet,
Oh shine, and I will look again!

LITERATURE.

Miss Cuthbert's Birthday.

From Harper's Bazar.
Miss Cuthbert, are you an old maid?
The governess looked up in surprise from the columns of figures she had been correcting, and met the puzzled blue eyes of little May Fleming.
"Why do you ask me that question, May?"
The child flushed and hung her head. "Nothing; only last night when you and Mr. Kenneth came in the gate, we were all on the piazza, and mamma said Mr. Kenneth seemed very—something French; and Alice said that was too absurd, for you were only a governess, and an old maid besides; and Bertha said—"
"Never mind what Bertha said. Your mamma and sisters would not like you to repeat what you happen to hear them remark. 'Your slate is correct,' she added, 'and you can go now.'"
"Have I said anything bad, Miss Cuthbert?" and the blue eyes grew awfully and wistful as they noted the unwonted flush on the governess's cheek.
"No, dear, certainly not," and she smiled down in May's doubtful face as she gave her the kiss of dismissal.
But the smile faded as soon as the small observer vanished, and tossing her scattered books together, the governess hastened out of the sunny, dusty school-room, and up to her own apartment.
It was a wonderful September day, magnificent in clearness and color. Yellowing fields and crimsoning woodlands were steeped in magic sunshine. Down below her, in the garden, the flowers glowed like jewels, and far away in misty, glittering distance, hills, forests, and ocean were bounded by a purple sky. Was it tears in Amy Cuthbert's eyes that made the sunlight seem misty? Impatiently she dashed them away, but still they gathered and fell slowly, blurring the bright day.
"Only a governess! Well had she not become accustomed to being only a governess during nine weary years of lonely struggle with the world? And an old maid besides—yes, surely that, for this day even now declining to its close must be counted as her thirtieth birthday. But that, too, was no new thought. Why should a girl's careless, slighting speech wound her so?
"Do I live and romance never die in a woman's heart? Sitting with clasped hands and bent head, the governess reviewed the two months that had elapsed since the morning when Bertha Fleming, smiling sociably at her sister over the top of an outspread newspaper, had inquired, 'Say, Al, which of your New York Adonises do you think is in this neighborhood?'
"How can I tell? and the golden-haired Miss Fleming went on carelessly asserting her worsted.
"I suppose you could tell by reading this paper, but I'll save you the trouble. It is nobody less than Mr. Karl Kenneth, the young and gifted artist. Now as you did not catch him last season, are not you glad his country-seat is located in this neighborhood?"
"Blush, indeed! You are too impudent. If I were your governess I would teach you better manners."
"Good manners don't run in our

family," was the serene response. "When I reach your age I will begin to cultivate them."
"But go on about Mr. Kenneth, interposed Mrs. Fleming—a matronly lady, who loved her ease too well to interfere with the little passages at arms between her daughters. "Is he alone here?"
"No, mamma; there are other artists mentioned. One is that dried-up Mr. Finnis, he's so fond of."
"Who, by-the-way, is an artist of great merit," remarked Miss Alice, with much asperity.
"Well, well, my dears, we must have Mr. Kenneth here to dinner. He is a very charming young gentleman, and a great favorite of mine. And we'll invite his friend, of course."
"So it happened that the two artists had been guests at the Flemings' for an evening, which proved an introduction to much pleasant social intercourse. Having been prepared to see in Mr. Kenneth only a handsome, fashionable, self-conscious devotee of art, the governess had been astonished to meet one who seemed really more than a boy, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of young life flushing his cheek and firing his glance, who yet possessed that subtle refinement, delicacy, and dreaminess which mark the true artist. Taking her usual place as a quiet, unobtrusive member of the family circle, she noted with increasing wonder the simplicity and frankness of manner of this much-praised young painter, this pet of a society, who sat in the centre of the group of children, his face alight with interest and admiration, looking so innocently as if he were but a child himself.
"That had been the beginning. From that evening the sober governess, who had thought her romance dead, had become conscious of a new element in her eventless life. Had it been only the language of Carl Kenneth's dark eyes, that had so often sought her retired corner, or had it been the novelty of receiving numberless little attentions, to which she was all unused, that had first gladdened the dull day? How was it that she would reserve an air of pride had been levelled so completely by this stranger's gentle courtesy? How had she managed to forget that she was only a governess, and had the heir of millions?—she a woman past the heyday of life, he in the very prime of manhood, and she never been so much honored before?
"She owes you more substantial thanks, Kenneth," said Mr. Finnis, with a light laugh. "She ought to take the very attitude that you have depicted, and give us a song. Ah, Miss Cuthbert, don't say that!"
"The governess shrunk, and said, 'You must excuse me, I am not in the mood for singing.'"
"Must one be in the mood?"
"Pray oblige Mr. Kenneth, Miss Cuthbert," said Bertha, maliciously. "I really cannot."
"When she says she cannot, she means she will be urged."
"The impertinence! half joking, half serious, was continued, until Alice Fleming, who was already annoyed by the affair of the portrait, quite lost patience.
"Higher before," she said, coldly, "have seen Miss Cuthbert attempt the role of prima donna in society. She does it very well; but I really think we have had enough of it."
"Utter and amazed silence followed this speech. No one knew what to say. Amy Cuthbert, who had been in the temple, and walked straight to the piano, struggling hard to keep back the tears that threatened to overflow. Still possessed by the sadness and exhausted by the excitement of the afternoon, the effort of singing had seemed impossible. But no sooner had she touched the keys than she became conscious of an imperative desire—almost a necessity—of expressing her mood in music. She stopped abruptly in a light prelude and tugged aside the sheet of music before her. Only a few days before she had set to music little nocturnes that had struck her fancy, and, without feeling, she began to sing it, feeling as if all the sorrow and despair in her soul were floating out on the notes.
Higher, sweeter, the voice rose, freighted with infinite sadness, yearning, starting the careless listeners into intense attention. The passionate tones, soaring above them, seemed singing the dirge of hope:
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he and how light?—oh, how lovely! and she passed, enraptured by an exquisite little color sketch of convolvulus.
"Oh, beautiful!" and "Mr. Kenneth, how could you deny us the pleasure of seeing that?" were the outcries that followed.
The maker of the sketch deigned no answer, but looked sufficiently annoyed as he stood in the door with folded arms.
"Kenneth's a lucky dog," said a young officer who had just ventured up to the door with Alice. "Every thing of his is perfection."
"It is not the work, but the fellow that does it," commented a dandy by Bertha's side.
"Oh, now we come to the character studies! Here's a Gollath to begin with, and an Alry Fairy Lillian on the opposite page. What a pair! And oh, here is the funniest charcoal study of heads!"
A laugh rose and grew as head after head bent over the page. But it was checked by an exclamation from Bertha, who had turned a leaf:
"Why, here's a St. Cecilia, and I live, it's the image of Miss Cuthbert!"
Every eye sought the governess's face as she stood by the balustrade gazing out at the moonlight with absent eyes. Confused by the general notice, she said, hastily, "Of course, and I believe I shall keep but one picture of all those I have painted during the summer."
"And what is that?" she asked, unexpectantly.
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"I will not keep that picture either, my companion continued impetuously. 'I do not want to remember you with that cold, pure, rap expression I have depicted. I will rather paint you as a Madonna—a happy, radiant, beautiful woman.'"
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Higher, sweeter, the voice rose, freighted with infinite sadness, yearning, starting the careless listeners into intense attention. The passionate tones, soaring above them, seemed singing the dirge of hope:
"Ah, late rose, e'en to the heart,
Al, bird, whose southward yearnings start,
The one may fall, the other fly,
Why may not I?—why may not I?"
Then slower, fainter and sadder, the voice faltered to the close, laden with regret too deep for words:
"Time's hollow hand has room for all
The beauty of the world to fall
Within; I give my little part
With aching heart—with aching heart."
"Upon my word," said Miss Fleming, looking around the circle of astonished faces, as the last note died away. "Miss Cuthbert seems to be a revelation of the evening!"
"By Jove!" exclaimed an exquisite beside her, remembering to raise a fan he had dropped five minutes before, "you may well say that. She'd make a sensation anywhere."
The singer was surrounded, and eagerly complimented—
"What is that song?" one after another asked.
"Only a poem called 'A Woman's Birthday.'"
"Surely you don't mean to stop. Sing something else."
But Carl Kenneth, at her side, said imperatively, "Come out into the air; you look really ill. Pray don't ask anything farther of Miss Cuthbert,"

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"Oh, beautiful!" and "Mr. Kenneth, how could you deny us the pleasure of seeing that?" were the outcries that followed.
The maker of the sketch deigned no answer, but looked sufficiently annoyed as he stood in the door with folded arms.
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