NEW BRUNSWICK REPORTER.

of that Job did not know of. At all events he did not know of Him as we said. know of Him.

to do His part. Our wronged God is on hand and in time to be reconciled. But deposited a \$20 note within the same. where are you? Ah! the blessed day of you are here with your wretched ex-cuses pleading for delay. But this can-gratulatory fashion. not go on. The time will come when there will be no Daysman to plead for us, no God waiting to be gracious unto us, no opportunity for Salvation. Justice will seize us by the throat, and swift Doom will overtake us. Oh then while Elsie quietly. it is to-day, let us avail ourselves of the stretched towards us. What an op- tending rightly to each petitioner. portunity! Where are you? Are you Janet Lisle was also unusually busy on your knees? Is it your voice I hear, that afternoon. Miss Veal, the richest

God be merciful to me a sinner? But, No Daysman! No Daysman But, No Daysman! No Daysman! party that vory evening, and muffins and Mercy withdrawn! Hope gone! Awful crumpets were accordingly being sent off darkness shadowing the soul! Doom coming! Your soul lost! What a word for Job, what a word for you! "Neither is there any daysman betwixt us that he might lay His hand upon us bath?

And a registered envelope, also, he Again she had fulfilled his request.

Thank you, and without more ado ne All right, he soliloquized, as old gentle gracious opportunity is going by, and men are so fond of doing. Come, that's

> Then came aloud, questioningly: In the letter box? _____r shall I leave it with you?

You can leave it here, sir, answered

Others were now coming in fast, deoffers of the mighty Daysman. The day manding this and that, and in adopting a is not yet gone. His hand is still out calm exterior lay her only chance of at-

> old lady in the parish, gave a large tea Swift in startlingly large quantities.

Is there any letter waiting for me to-

No, Miss Josephine, nothing. I am sorry. Disappointing-is not?

The two speakers seemed fully to comprehend each other. There existed, apparently, a sort of pleasant sympathy between them.

Both were pretty, both looked good, readers precisely how the little woman and also thoughtfully in earnest. Only did invest her money. Sufficient it is to that the assistant postmistress appeared efits from it, and that John was more than tired of life already.

Yes, very; I'm sorry, too.

Thank you. You are always kind. I I will look in again tomorrow, if my doing so will not trouble you too much.

away to make room for some one else. Elsie Falconbridge had, however, not yet completed her business with the late lawyer's daughter.

little things. She provided herself with here for a moment.

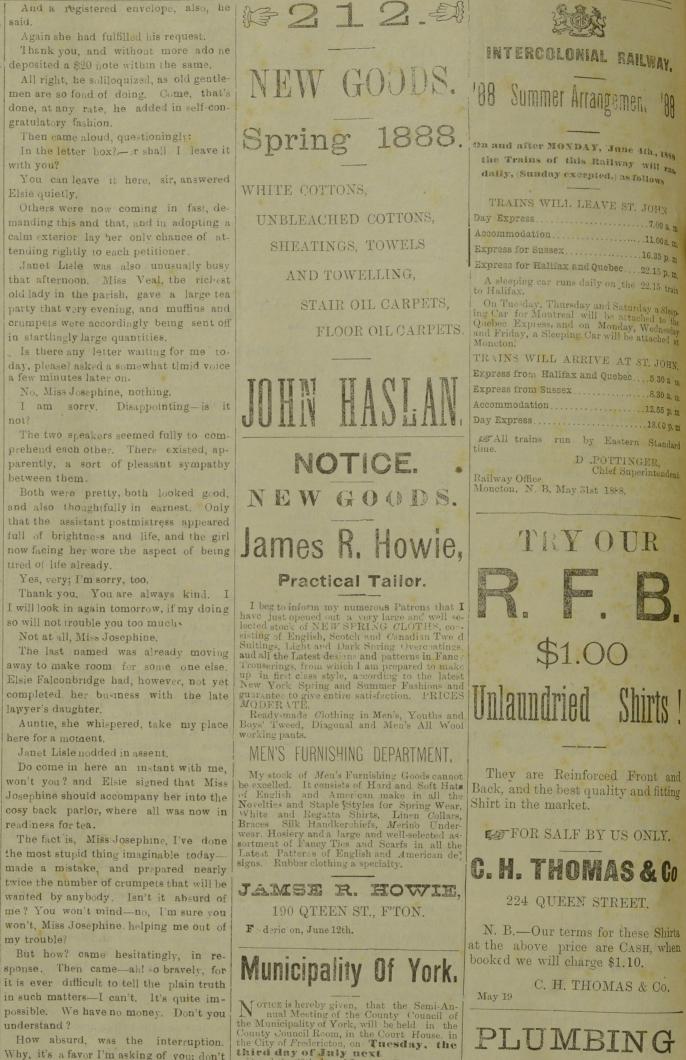
Janet Lisle nodded in assent.

Do come in here an instant with me, to pay for it; and soon her improved won't you? and Elsie signed that Miss b health and good looks gratified him more Josephine should accompany her into the cosy back parlor, where all was now in But in a few years Mary had contrived readiness for tea.

the most stupid thing imaginable todaywhich gradually grew into such stock as made a mistake, and prepared nearly chickens, pigs, bees, etc., from the profits twice the number of crumpets that will be of which she had at length as much spend. wanted by anybody. Isn't it absurd of ing money as her moderate ambition me? You won't mind-no, I'm sure you called for. All this came about so quietly won't, Miss Josephine, helping me out of with such good sense and gentle obed- my trouble?

ience on her part, and such generous But how? came hesitatingly, in reand just appreciation on his, that the sponse. Then came_ah! so bravely, for true harmony of their lives, as two and it is ever difficult to tell the plain truth yet one, and as one and yet two, was never in such matters-I can't. It's quite impossible. We have no money. Don't you Mary Graham has many sisters who understand?

only need like opportunities to prove themselves wise and faithful partners in Why, it's a favor I'm asking of you; don't Dated the 20th day of June, A. D., 1888 WILLIAM WILSON, you see? I knew you would be in today, How many prosperous farmers are for certain, and would befriend me. It's there who, like John Graham, only need only that I want you, if you don't mind a moment's candid thought to make the trouble, to carry home a dozen or so to them accord to the wife the privilege of your sweet mother. Many's the dozen individual rights and preferences, and she has ordered from us in the past, when possessions, which have been earned perhaps, we haven't been able to supply again and by her unselfish toil and faith. her. One can't lorget that fact, you know in a hurry. So there they are, Miss Josephine, all hot and ready buttered, for I don't think you would know how to do it yourself. You had better go Muffins and crumpets made to order. out this way by the side door, and then For one brief instant her worn, palefaced companion had bent down impul-The unimportant village of 'Lammer. sively and laid her own soft cheek against ton' lay somewhat far away from any Elsie's, and the next, wholly unable to



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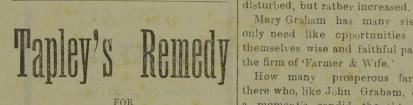
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Our Story. Husband and Wife.

(Continued.)

say that the kitchen, the dairy the parlor and bed-rooms all shared in the ben-

satisfied. He got into a habit of handing

to her various small sums at convenient

times, and found that he still had as much

money to spend for farm improvements

and general expenses as before, while the

household and kitchen departments

showed decided improvements in many

ways. He saw that under her prudent

management, labors were lightened and

comforts multiplied, and at the same time he was relieved of much worry about

needed help in seasons when the work

pressed heavily, and he was never asked

with the little sums of which she had con-

trol, to form a small capital of her own,

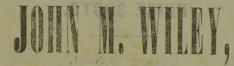
than all else.

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ful economy?

The Village Postmistress

with the above distressing complaint | Thus ran the written notice, penned, too, no one will be the wiser for the favor have been relieved and cured by in characters nearly approaching half you've done me. text, stuck up in one of the few principal shops facing the main street.

> town, and therefore did a fair amount of speak, she had disappeared, steady going business on its own account. Foremost of all ranked the repository. or store, rented by Janet Lisle, in which she sold stationery, newspapers, the magazine, of the day, if duly ordered in time, besides a variety of useful odds and ends She was also the village postmistress, and carried out the duties of her office with marked promptitude. In each of these pursuits, bowever, she was aided by her pretty and also winsome niece, Elsie Fal conbridge.

In all reality, Elsie was more mistress of the postal department than Janet Lisle ment appeared the following: herself. It was she who ordinarily undertook the dispatch of that twicea-day letter bag bestowing upon each missive previous ly the due official postmark, "Janet Lisle's right hand, in fact,' as every one said. She, too, it was who made the muffins and crumpets-muffins and crumpets which were so popular in the village that no one dreamt of having a tea party without also having 'muffins and crumpets'

Oblige me with a two-cent stamp, Miss Falconbridge, won't you? and a somewhat elderly man at that moment stared her full in the face-this necessarily, however-through the gap made in the wire network marking off the space allotted to the postoffice department She handed him what he required

A rather heavier mail-bag tonight than usual, wasn't it Elsie?

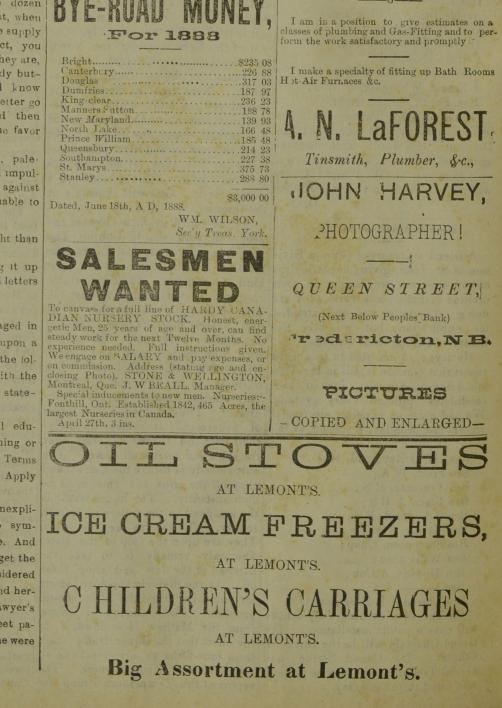
Yes, aunt. Thank you for doing it up for me. At any rate, the registered letters did not occupy you a long while. No, child.

Meanwhile Elsie had been engaged in penning a dozen words or more upon a large sheet of letter paper, and the following morning, side by side with the well-known 'muffin and crumpet' state-

'A young lady, clever and well educated, desires at once a good morning or daily engagement as governess. Terms moderate. Excellent references. Apply for particulars within.

Miss Josphine had, in a most inexplicable way, won the woman's entire sympathy, and also admiration, of Elsie. And yet the latter never seemed to forget the difference in station that she considered still existed between her favorite and herself. She only knew that the lawyer's daughter was a very model of sweet patience, and that she and all at home were as poor as any church mouse.

(Continued nextissue.)



Secretary-Treasurer.

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