

Poetry.

THANKSGIVING.

The Autumn hills are golden at the top,
And round the silver river
The yellow daisies are ripe,
One after one into the lap of time.

Dead leaves are reddening in the woodland
cove,
And forest boughs a fading glory wear;
No breath of wind stirs in their heavy
Silence and peace are brooding everywhere.

The long day of the year is almost done,
And nature in the sunset musing stands,
Gray-robed, and violet-hooded like a nun,
Looking abroad o'er yellow harvest lands:

O'er treads of orchard hedges and purple vines
With scarlet flocked, flung like broad
banners out
Along the field paths where slow-pacing lines
Of meek-eyed kine obey the herdsman's shout.

Where the tired ploughman his drowsy oxen
trains,
Unyoked, asleep, mid drowsy grass to stray,
While over all the village church spire burns
A shaft of flame in the last beams of day.

Empty and folded are her busy hands;
Her corn and wine and oil are safely stored,
As in the twilight of the year she stands,
And with her gladness seems to thank the
Lord.

Thus let us rest awhile from toil and care,
In the sweet Sabbath of this autumn calm,
And lift our hearts to heaven in grateful
prayer,
And sing with nature our thanksgiving
psalm.

Literature.

GREYMER.

"Phil, I wish you would come with me,
I feel dreadfully nervous at going alone."
"Very sorry, dear child, but I really
have not time, and surely a woman not
many years older than yourself, and of
health, is not a very formidable per-
son."

"I suppose not," I answered medi-
tatively, for my brother's argument is un-
answerable; but still I felt a very unac-
countable timidity at going alone to the
station to meet Miss Leslie, which was
quite inquisitive in a well-grown young
woman of nineteen, as Philip had already
informed me.

My brother and I were standing to-
gether under the stone porch of the old
house which had been ours long before I
had made my appearance in this troublous
world; and as we stood, the great old-
fashioned garden which fronted the long
low, picturesque gray stone house lay be-
fore us in all the beauty and glory of its
summer wealth of flowers. The farm it-
self was at the back, with a few out-
buildings and a small paved court; and
beyond were fields of corn, and rye, and
barley, far as the eye could reach, ripen-
ing in the hot sun, and all belonging to
Philip now, for he was the owner of Grey-
mere Farm, and a stately, dignified old
homestead it was.

Standing under the quaint old porch,
over which the honeysuckle and jessamine
climbed in unchecked luxuriance, Philip
looked to me at least a fitting master
for Greymer. Miss Leslie, which was
dressed in frank, bold, smiling blue eyes,
curling chestnut hair and beard, and a
deep, rich, musical voice, he was truly a
type of an honest, honorable English yeo-
man, while at the same time, the truest
gentleman I had ever known. So gentle
and so strong, so brave and yet so tender,
so unselfish, so careful to avoid hurting
others, so generous and so kindly, he
was not clever, perhaps not intellectual,
but he was well read, and no less to hold
his own in the circle in which he moved.

I myself was only a country girl, an
entirely uneducated at home; but still I
had shrewdness enough to know that a great
deal of my popularity with the young
ladies of the neighborhood was owing to
the fact of my relationship to Philip.

He was not my own brother, although
he was my father's son, and he was nearly
fifteen years my senior. His mother had
been a great lady, who had seriously dis-
pleased her family by her marriage with a
simple yeoman; but she had not regretted
it, for she had loved him very, very happy
years at Greymer before she died.

For ten years her husband mourned her
sincerely, and when, at the expiration
of that time, he married my mother,
she was the sister of the Rectory of Greymer.
Philip had loved her too well to resent
his father's choice. Our father had been
dead some five years at the time my mother
opened, and my mother and I lived at the
farm still.

About ten days previous a friend of my
mother's had written from London, ask-
ing her whether she could receive at the
farm a young lady, a friend of hers, who
was somewhat out of health, and required
change of air and rest? She was an
orphan, said my mother, and she was
sufficiently well off to render expense no
object. It would be a great kindness
if Mrs. Maxwell would receive her, for
she was rather lonely, and in need of care
and kindness.

When the subject was mentioned to
Philip, he said at once that she was per-
fectly welcome; that she should be a
companion for Jennie; and he added,
that of course no payment could be re-
ceived.

But my mother pointed out to him that
the young lady would not like to lie
under obligations to strangers; and with
some persuasion she induced him to agree
to her asking a nominal sum, which was
to be given to a poor family in the village
sorely in need of assistance. In reply to
my mother's kindly letter of acceptance
came a note signed, "Vivian Leslie,"
which expressed so prettily and gratefully
the writer's thanks, that we all felt that
our expected guest must be a very charm-
ing person.

"Perhaps you will fall in love with her,
Phil," I said, as we waited for the pony-
carriage to be brought round; and Phil's
gay laugh rang out on the soft, fragrant
air.

"Perhaps I may," he answered merrily,
but really harvest time is coming, Jennie,
and I shall have no time for sonnet tri-
vities. There is Snowball, little woman.
Be off, and don't trifle the train."

He assisted me into the little pony
carriage, and gave me the reins.

"You have given twenty minutes to
take you to the station," he said, looking
at his watch. Then, as I prepared to drive
off, he added, "You will be kind to her,
Jennie; just be kind to her, dear—re-
member she is a stranger, poor child."

"I will do my best, Phil," I answered,
softly, and he smiled and nodded as we
started.

The road leading to the station was a
pretty one, bordered with tall elms, which
slenderly it slanted from the sun; and
tall hedges, white, and golden, and pink
with wild flowers rose on either side, and
its beauty was too familiar to me to call
up more than a passing pleasure; besides,
all my faculties were concentrated on the
coming visitor, and I was picturing her to
myself, and wondering what she should say
to each other with the excited imagination
of an impressionable girl of nineteen.

I reached the station about five minutes
before the train was due, and leaving
Snowball and the carriage in charge of the
servant who had accompanied me, I went
on to the platform to wait for its arrival.
Beside the station-master and porters,
Dr. Williams was there, as he told me, to
meet his brother, who was coming from
Dorchester, to see if he would like Grey-
mere well enough to settle there as his
partner.

"I am charmed to see you here," he
added, gaily, with the familiarity of old
acquaintance, and I was picturing her to
myself, and wondering what she should say
to each other with the excited imagination
of an impressionable girl of nineteen.

"For if Master Fred catches sight of your
face, little Miss Jennie, it will be quite
sufficient to induce him to make his way
here."

We were still talking when the train
glided into the station, and the next mo-
ment two travellers were deposited on
the platform. "Was a tall young man,
whose resemblance to Dr. Williams was
quite sufficient to show the resemblance
between them; the other—a passing
word of description will not suffice for
Vivian Leslie."

She was about the medium height,
slender, and very graceful; and her face,
slender by a wide-brimmed hat, was of
not strictly beautiful, a very attractive
one. It was pale, and the outlines were
not so rounded as they should have been
in a young girl, she looked much
younger than her age, which was six and
twenty. Her eyes were large, soft, deep
dusky, thoughtful, meditative, yet glisten-
ing up with such a bright glad flash when

she was roused or animated; while her
mouth was a singularly beautiful one—
sweet, proud, and tender. She was dress-
ed in gray, very simply; but the material
of her dress was of the finest
description, and its fit and make were
perfect. All this I saw as I went forward
rather timidly to meet her.

"Miss Leslie!" I said, hesitatingly,
and she turned to me with a sudden
glance and smile.

"Yes, I am Vivian Leslie," she said, in
a low, sweet, rich voice, answering my
greeting with a quiet self-possession, which
restored me to my usual composure at
once. "You are Miss Maxwell, I think?"

"How kind of you to come and meet me
yourself. Yes, I am a little tired," she
added, "but this sweet, fresh air of yours
makes me feel rested already."

"Philip, my brother, will send over
later for your luggage," I said, leading
the way out of the station. "And mother
said I was to drive home fast, and let you
have a good long rest before tea."

"How pleasant it is to hear you say
'mother,'" she remarked, softly; "it al-
most makes me feel as if I had a mother
again. 'It is so good of Mrs. Maxwell to
have me,' she added, as we drove away.
'I was so afraid of having to go to some
dirty lodging-house, where I should have
wornied tired.'"

"You have been ill?" I asked, glanc-
ing at her as she lay back against the cushions,
looking very weary now that her first an-
ticipation had faded.

"Oh, no; but I am a little worn
out and overdone, I think I must be
getting old, so little knocks me up now.
That charming scenery, and what a love-
ly shady road!" she added. "The sweet
eyes brightened and softened as they
dwelt on the fair country landscape, and
a little rose flush stole into her cheeks
colored the wan cheeks. 'And you live
here always? What a happy girl you
must be!'"

"Do you think so? I should so like to
see London and all the beautiful things
there."

"There is nothing there half so fair as
this," she said, wistfully. "Have you
never been in London?"

"No; but Philip has promised to take
me this winter," I answered, eagerly.
"I should love to have a season there and
go to balls, and parties, and theatres every
night."

"You would soon weary of it," she re-
plies. "Your country life is far the best,
and it will be a pity for you to waste your
freshness and purity on the folly and sin
of London. I have seen so much of it," she
continued, with a touch of bitterness,
"that I let us talk of something else.
Is your home far from here?"

"No; just at the last turn we will see
it. The village is on that side," I re-
plied. "Come, Snowball, wake up, and
take us home quickly. There is the
Rectory!" I added, pointing to a red-
brick, brand-new building at the entrance
of the village. "I think it very pretty,
but Philip says it is hideous, so I suppose
it is."

"Is your brother's opinion infallibly
correct?" she asked, with a slight smile.
"He is a little older than you, I think?"

"Yes, and he is the best and kindest of
brothers," I replied, warmly. "And so
babe, and good, and true."

"Warm praise, as I am sure well
merited," she answered cordially. "Oh,
how lovely! Is this the farm?"

"Yes," I answered, with honest pride
in the picture beauty of the scene, which
lay bathed in the flood of golden sun-
light, framed in the green freshness of
the pasture land and the yellow gleam of
the harvest fields.

"We drove up to the house, Philip
came out to meet us, and I saw a sudden
gleam of pleasure, and a little surprise,
flash into his blue eyes, as they met her
radiant and somewhat questioning glance.
Then he came forward with that graceful
courtesy which made his manner so charm-
ing, and which always made me feel so
proud of my brother."

"Welcome to Greymer, Miss Leslie,"
he said, holding out his hand to help her
alight. "I hope you are not very tired?"

"Thank you, not very," she answered,
a little shyly, with a graceful sweet-
ness all her own; and then she went for-
ward into the hall, where my mother
stood waiting for her with both hands
outstretched and a gentle smile on her
kind face.

"My poor child, how tired you look!"
she exclaimed, in her cheery voice. "You
shall have some tea at once, and then
lie down for an hour. Yes, yes, poor
thing," she added, putting her arm round
her suddenly, and drawing her into the
drawing-room, "I know all about it; you
are tired and overworked."

"She closed the door after them, and just
as I was about to follow, Philip drew me
aside."

"Oh, Phil!" I said eagerly, "is she not
sweet? Let me go, I want—"

"Wait a minute, dear," he said, gently.
"I say that she is both grave and
pitiful. 'I think she would like to be
alone with the mother for a while. Poor
child, how ill she looks!'"

"What is it, Phil?" I said, in a low voice
drawing nearer to him. "Was she cry-
ing?"

"I think she was," he answered, with
a smile. "Perhaps she was remem-
bering the mother's face, and how she
died. 'Perhaps,' I replied, drawing his arm
round me, and feeling a thrill of thank-
fulness that I had my dear mother and
brother, instead of being lonely and solit-
ary like Vivian Leslie."

"Do you think her pretty, Phil?" I
asked, in a moment.

"I am afraid I have not considered the
subject," he said, smiling. "But I do
not think I should call her pretty Jennie."
And the tone in which he spoke said
plainly, that pretty was an inadequate
term to express what he thought of our
guest's face.

Presently mother's voice called us to
tea, but we found her alone in the dining
room.

"I have left Miss Leslie lying down,"
she said, as we entered. "She was very
tired, and I think she is anything but
strong. See will come down by-and-by,
Phil," she added, as she handed him his
cup. "I feel as if I had another daughter."

"Do you, dear?" he said, laughing.
"Has she fascinated you already? Jennie
is very much in love with her, so I
shall be awfully jealous."

"You will be in love with her yourself
before many days," I said, laughing.
"Take my word for it, Phil."

"I don't think so, Jennie."

"What will you bet?" I asked, saucily,
while my mother's blue eyes glanced at
me reprovingly.

"A dozen of four-buttoned gloves
against a knitted comforter for old Jacob-
son," Philip answered, laughing. "The
old man will want one this winter."

"And I want some gloves badly," I re-
plied, gaily.

"Done, brother Phil—they are mine!"
Vivian Leslie made her appearance at the
supper-table, looking all the better
for her brief rest. She had changed her
dress for a white one with a good deal of
soft lace about it; and although she
seemed to keep close to my mother, and
a pretty, timid tenderness, she was, in our
old parlour, laughing and chatting
gaily, making friends with us all, charm-
ing us all, fascinating us all, just as my
mother was when she brightened up with
swift changes of expression chased each
other over the mobile face; what low,
sweet, low laughs, echoes in our old
candle-lit room—and yet, under all that
merriment, there was an underlying vein
of sadness which never quite left her.

I watched Philip eagerly and curiously,
and I saw that over him Vivian Leslie ex-
ercised the same fascination which she
had for me, and it seemed as if he were
unwilling quite to yield to his power. Still
there was a gleam of tenderness in his
eyes when they turned upon her, and his
voice softened strangely when he ad-
dressed her; and when, after supper, she
insisted on strolling round the garden, he
got most of her soft white shawl and folded it
carefully round her, notwithstanding that
her remonstrances.

Her delight in our spreading old-
fashioned, unconventional garden
amusing it was so simple and childlike.
She spoke of flowers as if they were peo-
ple, and her affection for them was evi-
dently perfectly sincere. It was not a
gossip exhibition for Philip's benefit, and
he showed his appreciation by cutting a
superb bunch of roses for her which filled
both little slender hands.

"I have lots of bouquets in London,"
she said, simply, "sometimes more than
I know what to do with, but none ever so
good as these. Mr. Maxwell, you can
hardly imagine what intense pleasure you
have given me."

"I am so glad," Philip's deep rich
voice said. "And now, Miss Leslie, you
must go to bed. It is getting chilly, and
you must go to bed early. I want you to

grow roses like Jennie's, and early hours
are necessary for that."

"Roses like Jennie's!" she said, smil-
ing. "You must put me back seven or
eight years for that, Mr. Maxwell."

"I do not think so," he replied, with
a glance at her, which brought the sweet,
wild-rose flush to her cheeks. "But you
will please me by obeying me now, will
you not? My mother is anxious about
you, and we must take care of you while
you are our charge."

"You are very good," she said, tremu-
lously. "It is new to me, and very pleas-
ant to be taken care of."

We sauntered back to the house, Philip
and Vivian arm-in-arm, following a little
in the rear, thinking how much they were
to each other, and weaving a little
romance on the spot. Mother met us in
the hall, and Vivian drew her hand from
Philip's arm and ran to her.

"Have you had a pleasant stroll, my
dear?" said my mother, smiling.

"Oh, so pleasant!" Vivian answered,
with a little happy sigh. "It has been
the happiest evening of my life, I think."

"I saw a sudden gleam of almost passion-
ate delight flash into my brother's frank
blue eyes as he heard the words; and as
I went up to my room I thought that al-
ready I was in a fair way of winning my
wager."

To be continued

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Fredericton, August 11

SPRING, 1881.

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A lot of Children's French Bed-
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1 doz. Mineral Knots;
1 doz. Wood Oil;
900 papers Lining Nails for Carriage Builders;
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7 doz. Nickel Plated Knives;
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