

Poetry.

ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well placed, We reach the grandest height; One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores Will slowly come to light;

One grain at a time, and the forest grows; One drop at a time, and the river flows Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read; One stone at a time, and a palace rears Aloft its stately head;

One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through, And a city will stand where the forest grew A few short years before.

One grain at a time, and he subdued, And the conflict will be won; One grain at a time, and the hours of life Will slowly all be run;

Literature.

THE WIFE'S VOW.

I was sixteen when Dr. Morland first came to us. He was an elderly man, even then, with a good deal of gray among his once dark locks—

He brought me my first breezy, vigorous breath of outside life. To me, with the country town for the only world I had ever known, this man was a living wonder—a miracle of knowledge.

So Dr. Morland and I became great friends and allies. I amused him, and he instructed me. Our wonder was mutual, but we suited each other very well.

When Dr. Morland asked me that evening if I would be his wife, and said a few words in deprecation of his unsuitableness for the honor (as he called it) to which he aspired, I looked at him in silent amazement. It had not occurred to me that there were to be any further preliminaries—

"Of course, Louise," he answered, "but not without surprises, as I saw. I did not venture to address you without your father's consent, which, I rejoice to say, was not withheld. But how could that assure me that you, in the beautiful spring time of your youth, would be willing to ally yourself to the frosty autumn of my years? I must have my answer from your own lips, my dear."

"But mother said—" I commenced again. "Your mother said you were to marry me in the fall," he interrupted, "but you are not, unless by your own wish. I love you too well, my dear, to be willing to have you incur the risk of unhappiness. Do you think you can love an old man well enough to brighten the few remaining years of his life, and make the sunshine of his home?"

"I love you very much, Dr. Morland," I answered, not in the least knowing what I ought to say. "And I am sure that you will be glad to see me and to have me with you, and to do all I can to make you happy."

He fixed upon me a penetrating look. A smile lit up his kind eyes, then faded, while a long sigh labored up from his breast. "It is all I can expect," he murmured, "and she is such a very child."

surprised and just a little amused, when they found he was my husband. I laughed at these mistakes a great deal, till somehow it dawned at last upon my perception that he was not so pleased as I was, when I gave up laughing, and puzzled over the cause of his chagrin in silence.

I was very happy indeed, when installed in the beautiful home that Dr. Morland had provided for me. Every wish of my heart was satisfied, and the careful watch that was over my inexperience was different indeed from the cold, stern will, inexorable as fate, and apparently as devoid of affection, which had hitherto guided my life.

We had been married many years before the shock came. During that time I had lost both my parents, the only sorrows I had ever known, and so completely had Dr. Morland enveloped me in the sphere of his affection, and so effectively had I been removed even from the memory of the dull, grim home of my childhood, that I scarcely mourned even then. I felt the loss of something accustomed but I fear that was all.

After these events, which occurred in the same year, we went abroad, and were absent three or four years, visiting all the shrines of the old world, and residing in its principal cities. Very happy years they were to me, and I was as happy as any man in my enjoyment of the fresh sources of knowledge and improvement thus opened to me.

It is said that only sin brings punishment; but if we sinned it was involuntarily, and our punishment was heavy indeed. Dr. Morland was very ill during the passage. We had rough weather, and he was too feeble to withstand the sufferings and terrors of the storm. Edgar Thorpe, who was a physician, was unremitting in his attendance during this illness, and thus in our gratitude laid the foundation of an intimacy that increased constantly during the months that followed.

Dr. Morland never quite recovered from this illness. During the following winter he was constantly an invalid. Edgar Thorpe continued to visit him as his physician, as well as his friend. As my husband was unable to go out with me, he quite naturally became my escort whenever he was needed. We walked, rode, read, conversed together—at home, usually in the presence of my husband, who was pleased to see me happy in the society of such a friend. I was very happy also, and in the innocence of my heart dreamed of no danger.

To the others the awakening must have been gradual; to me it was sudden—a blinding flash of consciousness that in an instant laid before me the darkest recesses of my being. In that instant I knew what love was, and knew that I loved.

How different the calm, childlike trust and affection with which I had always regarded my husband, and this turbulent, riotous passion, which the instant it deep fountains were unsealed, madly pervaded and swallowed up my entire being.

Shocked and horror-stricken at my discovery and its consequences, I strove with all the force of my nature against it. It was long before I could think with any degree of calmness; and then new evidences of the existence of my secret, and that I held it not unshared, presented themselves to me. I knew now the reason of the mournful sadness of the glances my husband had often cast upon me of late.

I knew why Edgar had so often been abrupt in his departures, and fitful in his manners. I comprehended his attempts to avoid my society, unless protected by my husband's presence, which efforts I had been blind enough to feel pleasure in frustrating more than once.

myself. It was by no mere temporary impulse that I did this, but I guarded my solemn self promise by all the sacred guarantees which I could throw around it. I was calm after this, for I felt it an expiation already commenced. And when, alas too soon and surely, the hour of parting came, beside the dead body of him who had given me all the happiness I had ever known, I renewed my vow, and called upon him to witness it from above.

Edgar Thorpe parted from me at my own door on the day of my husband's funeral, and for more than two years he did not cross its threshold. It was told me that he had again gone abroad, that his health was much impaired, and that he hoped to reinvigorate his powers by foreign travel.

Oh, the desperate, despairing loneliness of those years! When I prayed for peace, and found only misery. When all earthly counsel and comfort removed from me, I first found the source of true comfort, and learned that it was not friendship nor love, then came a new strength of which I had not known—a new source of reliance, un-failing and unchangeable.

At last he came back. I had known and expected he would. His voiceless love was not to remain forever silent. He, at least, had the relief of once pouring it out in the burning words which were its appropriate language.

Then came the sharpest trial of my faith and constancy. Unflinchingly I put from me the love which might have been the light of my remaining years. He never knew how I suffered; and if he believed that his absence had conquered my former affection for him, I was content that he should be so deceived.

I know not that I was right, but the vow made when in the midst of self-reproach, I offered an expiation for my un-caring sin, was fully kept. To sacrifice all my hopes of earthly happiness, seemed little, then, if I might happily be forgiven.

So we still live our separate lives. Not useless ones, not all sad. By and by we shall learn more fully all the consequences of our human folly and weakness. By and by we shall meet to part no more.

Bill Simpson's Darter. No matter how hard and ugly the truth is, it is more pleasing than the affectation of what is not real. Exposure is certain to follow people who try to go through life behind a mask of false pretences. We have little sympathy for people like "Bill Simpson's Darter."

At that moment an elderly man in the home-spun and home-made garments of a farmer came down the aisle. He stopped in front of the ladies, and then he proceeded to the features of the one having "such a repugnance to common people," and just as the train stopped at the station cried out loud enough to be heard by every person in the car.

"Lookee hyar, hain't you old Bill Simpson's darter? But I know you air 'bout askin' How-de-do, anyhow? You don't change a speck. Got the same nose had when you were a little gal 'twelve or fifteen years, trottin' 'arfoot round my old farm in Podunk County."

"You mind how I yout to give yer two bits a day air your dinner fer helpin' my young uns dig laters! Hot! ho! ho!"

"The young lady had dropped her beaded veil and was nervously biting at her fan, but the old farmer went on heedlessly: "They be mighty changes sence then. Your pap went out to Colorado and made a big fortin' 'tard, an' I hear you live in great style. But Bill Simpson's sign the man ter forgit old frens, and you tell him that you've saw old Jack Billings, what yout to give him a menny a day's work when he was so pore his family had ter wait till the hen laid 'fer they could have any breakfast. You kin remember that yer self, I reckon."

The March of Opinion.

When a man changes his opinions on any subject, and shapes his conduct by his new views, shallow people call him inconsistent. This is all wrong. He who has been disabused of erroneous impressions by experience, and yet, from a fear of being reviled or ridiculed, conceals the fact, and adheres in practice to what he believes to be false in principle, is the really inconsistent man.

There is another class of "consistent" people, who are so bigoted and conceited that demonstration itself cannot convince them that the lamp by which their feet are guided, even though it be an ignis fatuus, that it is continually betraying them into bogs, is anything less than a light from Heaven.

A proud, irritable, discontented and quarrelsome person can never be happy. He has thrown a tempestuous atmosphere around himself, and must forever move in the region of storms. He has employed sure means to embitter life, whatever may be his external circumstances. He has become the architect of his temper, and misery must be the result of his labor.

English, Scotch, German and Canadian Tweeds of the best quality and newest patterns. German Worsted Suitings and French Trouserings of the latest designs. The latest style of Gents' Fur Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods in great variety.

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Trains will leave St. John: Day Express, 7.30 a.m.; Accommodation, 11.20 a.m.; Express for Sussex, 4.33 p.m.; Express for Halifax & Quebec, 7.20 p.m.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Halifax & Quebec, 7.00 a.m.; Express from Sussex, 8.35 a.m.; Accommodation, 1.30 p.m.; Day Express, 2.30 p.m.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. Arrangement of Trains--In effect October 12, 1885.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON: 10.25 A.M. From Fredericton Junction, and St. John. 2.40 P.M. From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock and Hamilton.

LEAVE GIBSON: 6.30 A.M. For Woodstock and points North. 4.20 P.M. From Woodstock and points North.

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LADIES' Jacket & Mantle Cloths. In Colored and Black for Winter wear, which he intends to dispose of at Half Price.

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