

THE FORSAKEN BELL.

There was once, many, many long years ago, a pious monk, who had turned his back upon the world and, in a green meadow, which lay in mid-forest had, with the help of the peasants from the neighboring villages and hamlets, built himself a cell. Near the dwelling of the hermit stood a little chapel with its "Maber dolorosa," while above, under its tiny roof, hung a little bell, which the pious used to sound through the silent hours, and this was his most important daily work; the remaining time he spent in prayer and pious meditation. His thirst he quenched at a cool spring, which bubbled from the black moody earth near his cell, and his hunger he appeased with the fruit of the woods and the food which the pious peasant women brought.

So lived the holy man many years then laid himself quietly down, wrapped his cowl tightly around him and died.

At his burial many tears flowed and the sorrowing peasant wives said "Such a holy father as this was will never come again"—and in that they were perfectly right.

From that time the hermitage stood empty, only occasionally a roaming hunter or a maiden carrying a pitcher, directed their steps towards the deserted dwelling, to draw refreshment from the cool spring, which bubbled there. On the straw thatch of the hut grew brown mosses and blackberry bushes and wild clematis twined around door and windows. In the leafy couch of the dead hermit lived the field-mouse, in the cloister the red-stair had built its nest and the woods with its animals, gradually, reclaimed once more the ground taken from it by man.

Spring was about to make its appearance and the earth prepared itself for the Easter feast. With moist wings the south wind came flying over the ocean, rustled the branches and threw pine cones and dead twigs on the ground, while the springs and brooks roaring loudly, rushed swiftly on their winding way. Stealthily the snow-drop and anemone pushed their green spikes through the moist earth and the spring-lurel donned its red silk robe. Then came the cuckoo, and the brambles shook off their last dead leaves and stood, with sap-bursting buds, waiting for the awakening of spring.

The little bell in the crumbling wood chapel saw, with sorrow, how all things prepared for the Easter feast. In former years, when, at the joyful Eastertide the peal of the bells re-echoed through the air, it also had lifted its voice and had rung in concert with its proud sisters from the church towers. But that time was long past. Since the old hermit had been buried no hand had touched its rope at Eastertide; dumb and forgotten hung the bell under its tiny roof, and nothing is so hard for a bell as to be forced to remain silent at the Festival of the Resurrection.

The Passion week had come. On Wednesday the hare, with long bounds, came leaping out of the woods. He halted before the chapel and standing on his hind legs, called out to the bell, "Have you any errands to be done in town, if you have tell me for I am on my way there, I have a position as Easter-hare to fill, and will have my hands full before Easter night. I shall hardly know which end I am standing on." But the bell remained silent, and the hare hurried on.

The next night was a violent roaring in the air. The deer hid themselves in the bushes, for they thought it might be the "night-hunter" who galloped through the woods. But it was not the wild hunter, it was the bells flying to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing.

The bell of the church in the city over there passing by the wood-chapel, glanced towards it to. "Why do you stay there, sister?" it asked the forgotten bell, "Are you not going with us?"

"Oh, how willingly should I," clanged the little bell. "But I have been idle all the year long, so I dare not go with you. But, if you would do a good deed, put in a kind word for me to the Holy Father in Rome. Perhaps he will send me some one to sing me on Easter Sunday. It is so melancholy to be forced to remain silent when all the rest of you are singing. "Will you do me this favour?"

But the town bell muttered something like "Non possumus;" then lifted itself like a great bird heavily from the ground, and flew away with the others. And the forsaken bell remained sadly behind.

Easter morning dawned.

Twilight lay yet over the valley and misty clouds rolled along the mountain sides. Cool winds sighed through the branches of the trees, stirred the white flower-bells, and rustled through the rushes which rang like the sound of a harp. Then the mountain tops blushed rosy red, and the pines creaked and stretched towards the east as if they were awakening from sleep. The sun disc rose in the sky and strewed gold over the pine trees' tops, and the forest birds fluttering their wings, raised their voices and sang their Easter song.

But the forgotten bell hung sad and silent, under the roof of the chapel.

It was just at this time that a young peasant stepped along the narrow path, which led through the woods. He wore a leathern jerkin, and had a grey vulture's feather in his cap. At his left side hung a broad hunter's knife with stag-horn handle, but, instead of a gun at his belt, he carried a heavily loaded bag of badger skin. This

and the iron-tipped buck-thorn stick which he swung in his right-hand, would lead one to suppose that the hunter was not bound for the chase, but was on a journey.

And this was the case. There, where from the woods a little footpath leads off by the mill, the young man paused and seemed undecided whether to continue on his road or to turn off into the meadow path. But the lingering did not last long. Casting a gloomy glance in the direction in which the mill lay he suddenly threw back his head and gave a hunter's shout which echoed through the pine woods. Then he sang the following:

Farewell ye woods and meadows wild!
I leave thee now with pain,
To travel far, 'neath sun and star,
Fortune and fame to gain.
With fearless joy,
As hunter boy
Chased I the bounding deer,
Now take my way
To hunt y gray
Where striving hosts appear.

The last words came huskily from the youth's throat, and the hall suppressed groan at the end, sounded ill after the merry huntsman's song.

Suddenly the wanderer left the broad path and stepped quickly through the woods in the direction of the forgotten hermitage. At the spring which flowed near the cloister he stopped, stooped down and filled a cup with the cool water. He drank a long draught and sprinkled the last drops on the moss. "So," said he, "All is past now."

The water was pure and cold, but it could not cool the hot blood of the drinker, and the young hunter sat down on the steps of the chapel and covered his face with both hands.

Last summer (was it such a short time ago?) he had come back to the country and had entered the service of the old game-keeper. He had seen something of the world; had hunted the chamois and wild goat among the Alps with the emperor's retinue; had followed his master to the merry hunting castle with its brilliant assembly of nobles and above all he had carried with him the love of the fair miller's daughter in his native valley. At last he had returned with a song and penny and many sweet hopes, but they had all ended in nothing and now he was about to leave the country and enlist as a soldier.

It was by the wood-chapel that he had first seen his sweet-heart since their separation. She had come to draw water and as the hunter had caught sight of the beautiful slender figure bending over the stream the joy in him became so strong that, with a wild shout, he sprang from his hiding place and clasped the frightened girl in his arms, but she had pushed him away with such strong hands that he had fallen backwards, then she had turned her back on him and walked away.

Later the hunter had made an attempt to approach the miller's daughter. It was at the time of the harvest and young and old trooped towards the dancing place. There the hunter had met his sweet-heart on the way, and, greeting her in a friendly manner had stepped towards her with a bunch of clove-pinks, but, as she saw the youth coming she had turned back and gone towards the mill and the hunter had wrathfully thrown the little bouquet in the mill-stream. But the coy maiden had spied the flowers on the dam and had dried them and kept them in her trunk, only this of course, he did not know.

Then the youth had been seized with spite "If you go left I will go right" thought he, and that she might not think he took it to heart, he gathered a band of merry companions around him, drank, sang and carried on so madly that the "wild hunters" were known for seven miles through the country round.

So the long winter passed away. Then one evening a comet shaped like a sword was seen in the heavens, and shortly afterwards came the news that there would be fighting in Italy in the spring.

It was not long before the recruit drums rattled through the land and the roads were thronged with vagrants, all bound for the emperor's army.

Then the hunter resigned his position as under-forester, gave his associates a farewell carousal and followed the rest, seeking to find forgetfulness in the battle-field. And now he had come to the hermitage in the woods for the last time and sat on the doorstep with sadly drooping head.

A light distant rustling in the underbrush fell on the quick ear of the peasant. His hunter's spirit was at once aroused and with sharp eyes he searched around for the cause. But it was no game, going to drink that pushed through the under-brush. Among the pine stems glimmered a woman's dress and the hunter glided noiselessly, but with high beating heart behind the wall of the chapel for through the woods she came whom he would willingly have forgotten but could not.

The maiden approached slowly stopping now and then to add a flower to the bouquet which she carried in her hand. Arrived at the brook she scooped up some water in a little earthen cup and set the bouquet in it. Then she stepped towards the chapel, set the vessel with the flowers before the picture of the Madonna and knelt down on the moss-covered steps. She repeated the greeting of the angels and then began to pour forth her heart before the heavenly King. It was a prayer of self-accusation and sorrow.

"I have driven him from me" wailed she. "Driven him out to peril and death, and I love him so; better than the light of my eyes. If there were only yet time that I, with one word of reconciliation would make peace again; if I only knew that he is true to me."

"Easter is the time of wonders. Give me, dear heaven, a sign that he remembers me faithfully and lovingly and I will follow him as far as my feet will bear me and bring him back. Oh, give me a sign."

Then rang softly over her the bell. It was only a single stroke, but it echoed through the heart of the weary one like a clear toned jubilee. Again the bell rang twice, this time louder and more joyfully and, as the maiden turned, the young hunter stood in the door of the chapel with arms outstretched to his beloved one; and she flew to him, threw her arms around the sunburnt neck of the "wild hunter" and poured forth words of love.

The fitmouse and the gold-crested wren who lived in the branches of the pine tree flew near; the field mouse stretched his head out of the door of his house, and all gazed wonderingly at the pair in the chapel.

For a long time they stood in a close embrace, then the hunter grasped the rope of the bell and called out to it.

"Little bell, you have brought us together once more, now announce our joy to the world." And the little bell gleamed joyously in the sunshine, under the roof of the chapel and swinging back and forth sent her voice ringing gaily through the forest.

From the towers of the neighboring cities came the sound of the proud church bells. They had returned last night from their pilgrimage to Rome and had seen many wonders; but not one sang its Easter hymn so joyfully as the little forsaken bell of the woods.—[Translated for Progress from the German of Rudolf Baumbach.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

BORN.

Truro, March 10, to the wife of M. Bryson, a son.
Truro, April 1, to the wife of John D. Ross, a son.
W. sport, March 13, to the wife of John Barr, a son.
Wolfeville, March 24, to the wife of F. M. Angus, a son.
St. John, April 2, to the wife of Richard Rodgers, a son.
Windsor, March 26, to the wife of Lewis L. Dixon, a son.
Truro, March 12, to the wife of George Ryan, a daughter.
Sussex, March 27, to the wife of Abner E. Cripps, a daughter.
St. Andrews, March 29, to the wife of Nathan Trevelyan, a son.
St. John, April 3, to the wife of W. MacLeod Daye, a daughter.
Halifax, N. S., March 25, to the wife of John T. Marks, a son.
White Hall, N. S., March 25, to the wife of Walter Gould, a son.
Middle Sackville, March 28, to the wife of I. C. Harper, a son.
Souris, P. E. I., March 28, to the wife of A. W. Carlton, a son.
Halifax, N. S., March 23, to the wife of B. C. Palmer, a son.
Sussex, March 28, to the wife of F. W. Wallace, a daughter.
Waterville, N. S., March 26, to the wife of Alfred Whitman, a son.
Waterville, N. S., March 28, to the wife of Burgess McMahon, a son.
Dartmouth, N. S., March 25, to the wife of Dr. F. Woodbury, a son.
Middle Sackville, March 26, to the wife of Herbert Whitman, a son.
Liverpool, N. S., March 24, to the wife of John George Pyke, a daughter.
Londonderry, N. S., April 2, to the wife of Bentley McLellan, a son.
Innisville, N. S., March 7, to the wife of Harry Mosher, a daughter.
Port Roseway, N. S., March 15, to the wife of Rufus J. McKenney, a son.
Contra Harbor, N. S., March 30, to the wife of Henry Fraser, a son.
Lawrenceville, N. S., March 26, to the wife of J. Alfred Whitman, a son.
Centerville, Cape Island, March 27, to the wife of Burton Cunningham, a son.

MARRIED.

Newcastle, March 23, by Rev. W. Aitken, Allan Russell to Annie Copp.
Truro, March 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Alexander Wynn to Eunice B. Hunt.
St. John, March 20, by Rev. Wm. Campbell, Philip H. L. L. to Maud Little.
St. John, March 27, by Rev. John Moore, Martin Cole to Harriet E. Turner.
Chatham, March 9, by Rev. Jos. McJoy, David Goggin to Elizabeth Cooper.
Carleton, March 9, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Hazen Carleton to Rose Patterson.
Billtown, N. S., Jan. 25, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Harry K. Crocker to Ruth S. Porter.
Pugwash, March 25, by Rev. C. Haverstock, Joseph N. Langille to Maria Jameson.
Middleton, N. S., March 20, by Rev. J. E. Warner, M. J. to Ida S. Gardner.
Aylesford, N. S., March 29, by Rev. Wm. Brown, H. R. Pierce to Lizzie Wilkins.
Yarmouth, March 14, by Rev. W. H. Langille, Frank Cahan to Anna Gardner.
St. Stephen, March 15, by Rev. William Penna, Walter E. Farny to Ida S. Gardner.
Lorneville, N. S., March 25, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, J. V. E. to Amanda Ackles.
Woodstock, March 29, by Rev. Robert S. Crisp, William H. Adams to Marian Fox.
Pennefield, N. B., March 14, by Rev. F. C. Wright, George Tatton to Malinda Wright.
Blissfield, N. B., March 29, by Rev. Jas. A. Porter, Wm. Cunningham to Grace Donald.
Blackville, N. B., March 23, by Rev. Jas. A. Porter, Thomas Dunphy to Miriam Hanson.
Wawaig, N. B., March 15, by Rev. W. E. Calder, Thomas Fleming to Agnes Milligan.
Tremont, N. S., March 15, by Rev. E. H. Howe, L. S. to Ida S. Gardner.
Greenville, N. S., March 22, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Joseph G. Webb to Anna B. Newson.
Andover, N. B., March 30, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Mark Larlee to Annie Clowes.
Fredericton, March 25, by Rev. D. W. Wedhall, Charles W. Pond to Eliza J. Spencer.
Kingston, N. S., March 15, by Rev. E. C. Coldwell, Harvey Morse to Mary Seaman.
New Horton, N. B., Dec. 24, 1892, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Flora Reid to Moody M. Reid.
Folly Village, March 29, by Rev. Wm. McNichol, Clarence Henderson to Esther McLeod.
Liverpool, March 27, by Rev. W. M. Harley, L. S. to Ida S. Gardner.
Flatlands, N. B., March 3, by Rev. George Millar, Thomas M. Adams to Margaret McLeod.
Debec, N. B., March 22, by Rev. Thomas Pierce, Hugh McCuskey to Emily J. Thompson.
Greenville, N. S., January 11, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Vernon Mines, N. S., Jan. 28, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Obadiah Slancowich to Elizabeth Matthews.
South Rawdon, N. S., March 22, by Rev. L. A. Curry, Thomas S. Crowe, to Annie A. Jollota.
Little George Bay, C. B., March 23, by Rev. William Wetmore, Alfred A. to Elsie MacLeod.
North River, P. E. I., March 29, by Rev. F. D. Fraser, John Robt. Gillespie to Caroline Ann Fraser.
Bishopville, N. S., March 15, by Rev. P. S. McMcGregor, Lewis E. Nile to Hannah E. Beckwith.

DIED.

Halifax, John W. Marvin, 65.
Norton, March 17, A. B. Hayes.
Halifax, April 3, John Gilroy, 84.
St. John, William A. Jackson, 43.
St. John, April 1, Robert Lawton, 63.
St. John, April 4, Robert Stewart, 31.
Halifax, March 29, R. H. Campbell, 33.
Selma, N. S., March 8, Chas. White, 60.
Carleton, March 31, Felix McManus, 65.
Pictou, March 19, Daniel W. Murray, 38.
Windsor, March 30, Joseph A. Fuller, 75.
Halifax, Annie, wife of Wm. S. Salter, 38.
Milltown, March 11, Maggie J. Gibson, 12.
Halifax, March 31, William H. Pallister, 74.
Burnside, N. S., March 23, George Kerr, 72.
Sands Point, February 9, Henry Goodick, 72.
Carleton, March 20, Mrs. Laura Cobham, 80.
Lakerville, N. B., Jan. 25, Daniel Lamont, 69.
Newport, N. S., March 14, Lemuel Lynch, 61.
Noel Road, N. S., March 6, David Pulsifer, 57.
St. John's, N. B., March 22, Bridget Whelan, 56.
Halifax, April 2, Rosanna, wife of John Duffy, 71.
Kennewick, March 3, Mary Bell McCulloch, 53.
Newport, N. S., March 26, William B. Allison, 75.
Victoria Vale, N. B., March 1, William Ward, 66.
Halifax, N. S., March 18, Maurice MacLeitch, 81.
Oaklands, N. S., March 26, William B. Allison, 75.
Bishopville, N. S., March 15, James E. Bishop, 71.
Gaspereaux, N. S., March 18, Ezekiel Benjamin, 92.
Hartford, N. S., March 18, Solomon Woodworth, 74.
Richmond, N. B., March 9, Thomas Kirkpatrick, 87.
Bishopville, N. S., March 15, James E. Bishop, 71.
Black River, N. S., March 25, Michael Coldwell, 77.

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Truro, March 21, Clarence, son of A. A. Archibald, 21.
Golden Grove, April 1, George, son of David Scott, 21.
Halifax, March 30, Annie, wife of William Geddings, 20.
St. John, March 31, Sarah A., wife of Isaac Patchell, 44.
Tremont, N. S., March 18, wife of William Wilson, 58.
Bean's Island, N. B., March 10, Ellen Thornton, 11 months.
Middle Sackville, March 19, Fanny Sophia Sweetman, 57.
Gaspereaux, N. S., Charles, son of late Jacob Coldwell, 15.
Blissfield, N. B., March 23, of consumption, Thomas Amos, 25.
Upper Sheffield, N. B., April 2, Mrs. W. A. Garson, 72.
Blackville, N. B., April 4, Sarah A., wife of James Wetmore.
Sheet Harbor, N. S., March 18, the wife of John Cook, 32.
Mount Pleasant, N. S., Feb. 20, the wife of J. R. Smith, 44.
Wellington, N. S., March 5, Chloe, wife of Stephen Patten, 73.
Upper Falmouth, N. S., March 9, Mrs. Charlotte Leary, 94.
Pictou, March 12, Rose McQuarrie, wife of Edward Condon, 39.
Weymouth, March 16, Minnie, wife of Walter A. Spencer, 24.
Upper Falmouth, N. S., March 10, Mrs. Mary J. Patterson, 72.
Halifax, April 2, Robby, son Capt. John and Bessie Fleming, 15.
New Glasgow, March 14, Mary Ann, wife of James L. Fraser, 75.
East Berlin, N. S., March 26, Eliza Ann, wife of John Colp, 60.
Cole Harbor, N. S., April 1, Ann M., wife of late Joseph Giles, 91.
St. John, April 3, George Reid, son of William and Barbara Reid, 16.
Halifax, March 28, Marion, daughter of Stephen and Martha Waish, 10.
Carleton, March 28, Eliza Gordon, widow of late Samuel Gordon, 78.
Hartford, N. S., March 12, Joseph, son of Philip and Mercy McKim, 45.
River John, N. S., March 27, Janie, daughter of L. W. McIntosh, 24.
Round Island, C. B., March 7, Victoria, wife of late William Fraser, 48.
Martock, N. S., March 27, Agnes Marion, wife of W. H. Knowles, 32.
Upper Selma, N. S., March 25, Archibald, son of C. J. John, 11 months.
Waterville, N. B., Felicia, daughter of J. T. and Lydia G. Fletcher, 18.
Charlo, N. S., March 16, Elizabeth, wife of the late David Henderson, 81.
Halifax, March 31, Catherine, daughter of Alice and William Smith, 14 days.
Caplin, Feb. 17, Isabella Fraser, wife of late Roderick McDonald, 74.
Strathorne, C. B., March 20, Helena Grant, wife of Alexander Campbell, 60.
Brule, N. S., March 22, Norman, son of Norman and Annie McLeod, 45.
St. John, March 29, Elizabeth Wilkins, widow of late John Wilkins, 63.
Aylesford, N. S., March 26, of hemorrhage of the lungs, M. N. Graves, 37.
Bumfart, N. B., March 21, Elizabeth, wife of the late Matthias Woodard, 63.
Halifax, March 30, Avery Ellis, son of Avery and Lottie Buxley, 10 months.
Halifax, March 31, Ernest Vernard, son of Charles and Rose Keating, 1 month.
Arcadia, N. S., March 28, of consumption, Allie, wife of David Nickerson, 32.
Windham, N. S., March 20, Alice Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers, 11 months.
Nictown, N. S., March 20, Dorcas, daughter of William and Christabel Irving.
Milton, March 19, of diphtheria, Jessie, daughter of George and Annie Dinsmore, 2.
White Rock Mills, N. S., March 28, Octavi A. daughter of Joseph Smith, 11 months.
Carleton River, N. S., March 6, Elizabeth Carmichael, wife of late David Carmichael, 76.
Halifax, March 31, Margaret Delish, daughter of Tristram and Susan Holliday, 14 months.
Halifax, March 28, Agnes Winnifred, daughter of Robert and Theresa Conway, 16 months.
Cape John, N. S., March 27, infant son of Alexander and Margaret Ellen McDonald, 27 days.
Wellington, N. S., March 23, of pneumonia, Alice P., daughter of Edmund and Alice McCormack, 21 months.

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A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER.

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Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Nanpance, Tanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine (special express) and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

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