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LITERATURE.

HOPE.

'Tis a strange and deep enchantment,
Clinging through change and time,
To the footsteps of happy childhood,
To youth and manhood's prime.

And even when life grows weary
With its burden of many years,
Hope like a flood of shining
Smiles over its sorrows and fears.

It may sear and yellow and wither,
And the snow of a deep despair
Shroud with its chill white mantle
Verdure and blossom fair.

But 'twill waken, as wakes in the springtime
After the winter of gloom,
The earth into gladness and glory,
Rich in its beauty and bloom.

Still giving a promise, though one by one
We have seen our pleasures depart,
As it clung to Pandora's casket
It clings to each empty heart.

Dearest of all the blessings
Which are given life's measure to fill,
Wingless and constant—we clasp it close,
Its charms remain to us still.

And when past all waking or sleeping,
In the soul it is utterly dead,
White hands are folded over the heart,
For the dream we call life has fled.

STEVEN HILAND'S WOOL.

Steven Hiland was an avaricious man. Miser was stamped on every feature of his weather-beaten face. It lurked in his small gray eyes, which never opened wide to take a clear, full look at the world; in his lips, closing tightly over his large, yellow teeth, as his fingers would close over a piece of gold. Even his nostrils were pinched, as if they grudged the very breath its right of way. His whole life, and he was past threescore, had been one long continued effort to save. He had toiled early and late, and denied himself every comfort, taking no time for rest or recreation, spending money only for the bare necessities of life, and that grudgingly. When young he had married a woman whose greed was second to his alone. Together, they had worked and accumulated, year by year, until he became much the richest man in the little country town where they lived. Such penuriousness was sure to overreach itself sometimes. His 'fatted' cattle never brought the highest price, because he could not bring himself to feed them generously. His half-starved horses and oxen could not perform half the labor they might have easily done, if better fed. His hired men, indignant at being underfed and overworked, had a way of leaving at the most inconvenient times and seasons. Mrs. Hiland was equally penurious in her department. 'Willful waste makes woeful want' was her favorite motto; but she, too, often went far beyond the bounds of careful thrift. If she invited guests, which occasionally, though not often, happened, she was sure to spoil her cake and pies through economizing in some of the necessary ingredients. Her own and her children's clothing always had a

meagre, scanty look, because she had bought too small a quantity of material, or, having enough to make the garment properly, insisted that the dressmaker should 'not cut it all up, but save a good piece to make over with by and by.' Her neighbors said 'she even starved her rats.'

To one person only did Steven Hiland's heart ever soften. For one alone was he willing to spend his money. This was Mary Ann, his eldest child, a hopeless invalid, suffering from one of those vague complications of disease common among the women upon New England farms, of which the one thing certain is the utter impossibility of cure. Upon this daughter Steven had spent money with an almost phenomenal lavishness. He had summoned the best medical advice in the state, had bought a low easy carriage for her use; and a horse, gentle and safe, was kept for her to drive. His other daughters were married, gone to sordid homes of their own; and the only son worn out by his father's niggardliness, was living in the far West.

The spring of 1861 will long be remembered for its anxiety and dreary forebodings to our people. Steven Hiland fretted and fumed constantly at the prospect of a civil war, and its attendant expenses, entailing, as he feared, high taxation. When the first call for troops, and among those to respond at once were his two hired men, whom he had engaged for the season—their patriotism being stimulated no doubt by sundry recollections of short rations at Mrs. Hiland's table, for Abel Westgate said, 'a man might as well be shot as starve'—Steven's indignation knew no bounds. Evening after evening he sat in Mary Ann's room, pouring his grievances into her sympathizing ears. 'Tain't right,' he would say. 'Gov'munt hain't no business to spend the people's money a gitting back them seceded states. Let 'em go. That's what I say. They ain't wuth the money that's goin' to be spent fighting 'em.'

But when he had replaced his hired men, and saw his spring work going on more hopefully, he grew calmer, although the prospect of heavy taxes still loomed before him; and he was not always the most pleasant of companions. At last, it began to appear to him that in the new condition of things there were chances to make money; and, this fact once impressed upon his mind, he grew quite cheerful, and his loyalty could no longer be called in question.

'Mary Ann,' said he coming into her room abruptly, one summer evening, 'I ain't a going to sell my wool jest yet.'

'Why, father, how you startle me, coming in so sudden like,' answered his daughter. 'Wall, why ain't you going to sell?'

'I guess wool is a-going to rise. Tain't wuth nothin' to speak of now. It's a good time to buy. I guess I'll buy some and hold on to it a spell. You see Zeb Gorsham paid his note t'other day, and the money's lyin' idle. I don't know any real good place to put it; and I've about made up my mind I'll buy some wool, and hold on to it.'

'You hain't got no good place to keep it hev you, father?' asked Mary Ann.

'Wall, I've been a thinking about that, too. I've got some lumber lying up at Freeman's mills. I meant to ha' fixed up the long barn with it, but that kin wait another year. Then there's Jim Bryant. He's a good hand at such work, and he owes some on that note of his'n. I never should ha' let him had the money, if Paschal Fuller hadn't signed with him; and now Fuller, he's all petered out. You can't collect nothing of him. Jim said, t'other day, he'd be glad of a chance to pay the note in work; and I guess I'll have him come and fix up some kind of a storehouse. What do you think about it?'

'I don't know but what it's a good enough idee,' said Mary Ann, 'if you kin make it work. Miss Penniman was in here today; and she said Jim Bryant had riz half a dollar a day on his price, on account of the hard times.'

'The very reason he'd no business to raise his price,' said Steven wrathfully. 'How's folks going to get the money to pay him when times is so hard? I shan't pay him \$2 a day.'

'Couldn't you git him to take his meals here while he's doin' the job?' suggested Mar Ann.

'That's a good idee. I'm glad you thought on't. Yes, we'll make him board it out. I guess we can trust mother not to make his meals cost more'n half a dollar a day.' And Steven chuckled grimly.

James Bryant was a hard-working man, with a sickly wife and several little children. The foregoing winter he

had borrowed a little money of Steven, giving his note, which Paschal Fuller willingly signed as security. He owed Bryant double the amount of the loan; and he said, as he wrote his name, 'I'll pay this myself as soon as I get some money, I'm expecting most any time now.'

Doubtless, he meant what he said; but he was speculating heavily, and the depression in business which followed the breaking out of the war caused his financial ruin. James Bryant found that he must pay his debt to Steven Hiland himself; and, worn out with the constant dunning which Steven kept up, he was glad of the opportunity to pay it in work, even though the prospect of eating at Mrs. Hiland's table was not the most agreeable.

The storehouse was built, and Steven Hiland's wool packed away in it long before the summer was over. When winter set in, he had added to it the 'clips' of less fortunate neighbors, who could not wait for higher prices, until he had nearly 2,000 pounds stored away. He gloated over his treasure, constantly figuring upon it—how much it had cost, what he might hope to get for it—until Mary Ann grew tired of the word 'wool.'

'Land, father,' she would say, 'I'm sick and tired of that everlasting wool. We shall all turn to sheep next.'

'We should be more vallyble then than we're likely to be any other way,' Steven would rejoin.

He invested in sheep quite heavily during the winter; and when spring opened, and he found wool had already risen beyond the price he had intended to sell at, his avarice grew, and soared Alps upon Alps beyond his original expectations.

The storehouse was enlarged, and his clip of that year also stored away. He now and then bought small quantities from his neighbors, but not often; for speculating in wool was becoming an important branch of trade and men scoured the country, securing what there was to be found in every town. As his storehouse filled, it became famous among the wool dealers. Hardly a man of them but had made some effort to buy it. When the demand for wool was so great, it was maddening to the brokers to see a man with thousands of pounds packed away, 'holdin' on' for a higher price.

'Hang it!' said one, after an unusually exasperating interview with Steven 'a man's no right to be such a hog Government ought to seize that wool, and declare it contraband of war.'

'Did ye have a pretty tough time with the old cuss?' asked a sympathizing listener.

'Tough ain't no name for it. I talked and I talked, and we went to the storehouse and looked at the wool, and then we sot down in the house and talked some more. Finally, I offered him more than I've ever gin yet, but that didn't satisfy him. Then I asked him to name his price, tell me what he'd take for the lot straight through. So, after some beatin' about the bush, he gave me his figures.'

'What were they, Huntress?' some one asked.

Huntress colored and looked sheepish 'I dunno as I'm obliged to tell,' he answered. 'Fact is, I don't want you fellows to know what a fool I was. They was high and no mistake; but my blood was up, and I was bound to get that wool. I said I'd take it. Well, we talked a spell longer, and settled about payments and how 'twas to be delivered; and I thought I'd got it, sure. But, finally, he got up, and said he guessed he'd go and see what Mary Ann said; and pretty soon he came back, grinning and showing all them yaller teeth, and said Mary Ann thought he'd better not sell just yet, and he guessed he'd hold on a spell longer.'

'What's he thinking about?' asked some one, when the laughter caused by Huntress' story had subsided.

'The Lord knows,' said Huntress. 'I hope his wool will choke him some day.'

Huntress' experience was that of all the dealers. Again and again, the trade seemed almost concluded; and, at the last, Steven would find some pretext for 'holdin' on.' A continual struggle was going on in his mind between avarice and reason. He knew he ought to be satisfied with the profit he would make by selling at once; but, sorely tempted as he was by the certainty of present gain, the thought would arise that by waiting a little longer he could make a little more, and he could not bring himself to let his hoarded wool go. So time went on, the stock of wool constantly accumulating, until at the time of Lincoln's second election he had nearly 10,-

000 pounds packed away, waiting for a higher price.

'If you take my advice, Neighbor Hiland,' said Squire Flanders, his nearest neighbor, 'you'll sell that wool now, while you can. The war is bound to be over in the spring, and wool will be one of the first things to come down. I heard you was offered \$2.75 a pound for the lot the other day. You'll never get so good an offer again.'

'I'm goin' to hold on till I get \$3 a pound,' said Steven, showing his teeth. 'Man alive, you're crazy!' returned the squire. 'Do you expect to get \$30,000 for that wool?'

'We shall see,' was Steven's reply; and Squire Flanders drove off, grumbling at what he called 'the man's pig-headedness.'

We all remember the events of the spring of '65—how before we could believe that peace was at hand, the South had surrendered and the war was over. While the nation rejoiced, one man felt no pleasure. Steven Hiland bitterly regretted that he had 'held on' to his wool so long.

'Wall, father,' said Mary Ann, 'it can't be helped now. You did it for the best; and you must sell right off, as quick as you can. You'd oughter get a good price now, if you're spry about it.'

'Yes,' said Steven humbly, 'I'll do the best I can.'

Throughout the long summer that followed the wool buyers were bargaining for that wool. One day, Steven would be almost ready to sell; the next, he would hear of some one who had paid a little more for wool than he had been offered, and, after a period of decision, he would conclude 'to hold on a spell longer.' So the winter set in, and the wool was not sold.

This was repeated year after year. The price of wool steadily declined. He knew perfectly well that he ought to sell his stock for what he could get, but he could not bring himself to part with it for less than he had once been offered.

He grew moody and sullen. It was dangerous to allude to his wool. He would answer angrily, with a wolfish snarl, showing his teeth and looking, as one man said, 'for all the world as if he would bite.' Even Mary Ann dared not mention it to him, and she and her mother felt that they had fallen on evil times. His hired men found their lives less pleasant than ever.

'But land! they can leave, and I can't,' said Mrs. Hiland, after an unusually trying day. 'Mary Ann, I do believe your father's going crazy.'

There were others who thought so. He behaved very strangely at times. He would sit for hours on a beam high up in the storehouse, looking down at the wool, muttering to himself. Mrs. Hiland and Mary Ann were full of apprehension suffering as women do when trouble is impending which they are powerless to avert, and understand but vaguely.

Four years have passed since the fall of Richmond, and another spring was opening. Steven Hiland sat one sunny day on his favorite beam in the storehouse, brooding gloomily over his misfortunes. As he turned to leave the house he made a misstep. His foot slipped. He failed to catch the cross-piece by which he usually swung himself down, and fell upon the wool below. It was not a bad fall; but he had wrenched himself in some way as the fell, and was unable to rise. His calls for help were unheard; and he lay for hours upon his bed of wool, until at last the day was ended, and Mrs. Hiland sent the hired men to call him to supper.

Carefully, they lifted him and carried him into his house and laid him on his bed, from which he never rose. Some obscure internal injury which baffled the doctors, combined with his nervous depression and his morbid mental state resulted in his death before the summer was over.

Like a flock of evil birds of prey, the children returned to the old homestead, and began wrangling over what was left. The married daughters were continually on the watch. The son returned from the West. Each clamored loudly for his or her share. Each was jealous and suspicious of the other. Mrs. Hiland was anxious about her thirds, and the married daughters quarreled over feather beds and silver spoons. In the midst of all the contention, Mary Ann faded peacefully away. No one but her father had ever loved her; and, without him, she did not care to live.

One day, when the administrator was at the farm, she had a few words in private with him; and the next day he came again, bringing with him a lawyer and two men of such unquestioned position

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers, Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber.
Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; Robt. Wills.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; J. J. Steeves.
Sackville, West Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. H. Gruar.
Point de Bute, West Co.; Westmorland, 50; Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 56; Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
Ponfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; W. N. Bucknam.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddock.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; E. Goodwin.
Dover, West Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; Henry Finch.
Derby, North Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. B. Douglastown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob L. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164; Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Saturday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace Armour.
Victoria Mills, West Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; J. W. Mann.
Weldford, Kent Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wather.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.
Petitodiac, West Co.; Petitodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West Co.; Sunnyside, 258; Saturday; R. Lewis.
Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose, 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 256; Friday; C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W. Grierson.
River Char, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.
Steeves' Mountain, West Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville, 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.
Ponroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 268; Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotts Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J. G. Atkinson.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.
Graves' Settlement, West Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268; E. W. Brownell.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; T. McGowan.
Penobscot, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Floyd.
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272; Friday; J. Murray.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; G. Flewelling.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275; Friday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmorland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; J. B. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B.
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake, 283; H. E. White.
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division, 284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris.
Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Friday; W. M. Spence.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division, 288; Monday; John W. DeForest.
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn.
Forest Glen, West Co.; Forest Glen, 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley.
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291; Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale, Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.