POOR DOCUMENT



POETRY. THE OLD CHOIR.

BY J. B. SWETT. 'Twas a glorious thiug, in those good old

days,
As far back as memory goes,
When all who would sing the Omniscient's praise Could do so whenever they chose; And each Sunday morning, at top

bell,
In the gallery, spacious and long,
The opening hymn, with its solemn swell,
Was sung by the musical throng:
And the chorister's face Wore a marvellous grace, As he measured the time of the song.

'Twas a quaint little church in our village town, And it stood on the principal street, With the door from the walk only two steps

fast,
Until vacancy dwindled to jot:
And then what a song
Sung that musical throng,
When the nod from their leader they got

No organ e'er pealed forth its harmony grand On the ears of the worshipers then, But the strains that arose at the leader's com-

Will never be equalled again,
Till the spirit that long ago fied at the tread
Of the customs and whims of the day
Shall rise up again from the realms of the dead, And the days which have vanished away

And the good times return, When no jealousies burn, Nor selfishness stands in the way. The little old church has been painted anew And the gallery all torn down; And each of the old choir sits in a pew, While the notes of an organ drown
The elegant strains of a paid quartette,
Who howl with might and main
Through the maze of a piece only lately set,
With a solo and trio strain

That some musical quack,
By the dint of his knack,
Has dragged from his suffering brain. The good old choir, with its social heart, Is as dead and as dumb as a stone, And the friendly ties are all broken apart,
And the spirit of love is gone;
And discord and tumult among them reign,

And jealousy's flame burns high, And the song of true worship will never again
From thence float up to the sky:
For the soul is fled,
And the music is dead,
And the fountain of praise is dry.

SELECT STORY.

Cherry Blossoms.

"In the odorous air Of a morn in May My love was so fair That even to-day, In the chill and gloom Of December's gray, The white cherry bloo From the far away, Wafts the song of a bird On the breath of May: A song that we heard.

A wild, sweet lav.' Only a weak woman would regret, per- away, I would go to the other land with Ah, it was the crowning sorrow of my haps, much less speak of the "fading his image in the depths of my heart. and sometimes after facing the past with Some beauty was stolen out of each mo-death knell for Paul! fictitious strength for days, months, long ment that I lived, but some grace in Years after I found a letter sealed and stay the surge that happily comes only at songs did not come so lightly to my lips, October night when hope and love ran rare intervals save the good Father? I but silent prayer ten times as often. Paul high within my heart. It had fallen bevowed eternal love before God and man? __all that would interest me. And on I went to the Hall.

set as when the sun rose, as reverently came my slave, and allowed no opporwhen He took away, as when He gave? tunity to pass either to please, interest parents went to the theatre on Saturday

estates joined my father's, we met each land when Paul came back to me.

Sunday morning at the lodge gate and I dressed myself in my daintiest on the upon a Sound fishing smack, is thus set every month, in Y.M.C.A. Rooms. Insures gathered them for me.

—as young as I was in years I was very upbraid him for his treachery—for killing bright youth, undergoing examination a

day long to be remembered. It was the but that you had gone abroad only after end of May-May was dying. I am glad urgent and repeated adjuration by your to remember that, for on just such a day kind old friend and physician in the dis-

life has burned dim, let the last spark die pain perhaps, but in weariness never. Ah, down in May! We were walking homeward through what presence wandered by us as we the flower-scented fields when his face loitered in the sunshine-what presence that had been very grave and tender, stretched a hand over and claimed you grew almost stern in its sadness. "Do for its own, then I might have been wornot forget me darling. Do not let Arthur thy of you now! May came and went, steal my sweetheart from me. Is there and all her sister months-day dragged anything in human speech I wonder that in and day dragged out. The 28th of ever made you know, make you feel, just October-our wedding day-went out in as I would have you feel that my life so black despair. I then said to myself that

long as it lasts, is bound up in yours?" I must rouse myself, I could not look that He went on gathering the cherry-blos- way, for "that way madness lies." soms for my nosegay, and told me, in a "He went abroad to add to his wealth, down,
Wide open the whole world to greet:
And in through that door, every Sunday, there passed
More singers than those who were not:
And they filled up the gallery, silent and
More singers than those who were not:
And they filled up the gallery, silent and they fast reason, after much self-struggle, he was it with him," Arthur said, and the words INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. - The Halifax exthing not to be entirely frank with me; news of him, but pride kept me back. to withhold from me what urged him to Then I told my father later on that I such a step, but that I must trust him as would marry Arthur, as he wished it so I had ever, and believe that it was only much, and try to make his own home to insure our greatest happiness and con- bright beside. For I had learned that tent. When another May dawned he Paul was coming back, and he should not

> and mine) in defiance of him. "You can spare me, can you not, little Love and hope were dead. Will should tober rolls 'round, celebrate it, wear white to come to the ceremony? Would he 4 P. M. Letter Boxes are located as follows-

and be made my own." But my only answer was a flow of fool- the wedding bells! know brought them into his sad and my own. I was Arthur Ruthven's dower- Hotel 12.55; W.U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

ed bride.

footstep since day dawned? Have I not

I hear no more. Only when life comes

battled against hope and conquered?

Message. Bells. Death.

Paul Devens is dead.

splendid eyes on a "morn in May." CHAPTER II. "My sweet, my sweet, It is not always May While lovers meet. The perfumed day Fades in the sky, The hours fly. In twilight gray, The rose tints die, And life's perfume In night's deep gloom,

Sinks with a sigh. I had made myself very brave to meet long sick of heart disease; that he had left Office hours 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. the parting hour. Paul was as manly me in search of science that might lend and tender and as thoughtful of me as he him life for my sake. He had suffered always was. Looking back I know that long, and finally Dr. H. had consented to is on Carleton street, near Queen. no word of doubt or distrust was spoken his return, believing him much restored, on either side. We would be true to and that my love and care and cheerful each other. Aye, yes we would be true. spirit might accomplish more than his What could come between love and faith like ours? Nothing in life and scarcely of course. in death. If the cruel waters claimed What shock, the dear fellow asked, was him he would still be mine; and if cold possible to him? Would he dream of his or fever or deadly disease should take me love's wedding bells?

life that my wedding bells should have legend of the past," Ellen. I know it So life had to be taken up in a way filled the air at morning, and that at well. But I never pretended to be strong, different from anything I had ever known. evening they should have pealed the J. Bliss, President; G. D. Hazen, Secretary. years, the flood of bitter wailing in one's meditative seriousness, in anxious ex- directed in my own hand to Paul. It was soul will sweep reason away. Who can pectancy was restored to them. The old the same I had written to him on that Mrs. A. F. Randolph, President; Mrs. Sampperjured my own soul. Why should I wrote to me constantly and lovingly long, hind a couch. (I had been disturbed by have stood at Arthur Ruthven's side and close pages of all that was precious to me Arthur.) It was never sent on its way.

I had known what love meant in its the 28th day of October, holding to the Ah, Paul, how am I ever to forget your mour Nealis. playful compact, I decked myself in dear dead face? Standing there before the altar with white and roses and seated myself, and Do you wonder, Ellen, that for me all the dusky autumn sunlight falling on my wrote him of all that was in my heart, time has the chill and the gloom of Dehead, I could have traced my devotion knowing each word must find echo in cember's grey? to Paul Devens back from the happy his own. It was on this evening that hours of childhood. Had I known a past Arthur Ruthven again offered me his where he had not taken me by the hand? heart and hand with persistent protesta- sold on the streets after the close of the ance Hall, on York Street, on Friday even Had we not sought the earliest flowers of tion. He said that I looked like a bride year. An agent will call upon the citizens ing at 8 o'clock. spring together? Had he not steadied of light, and that he could not face me for their subscriptions. Remember the my faltering footsteps across every thus and smother up the torture in his terms, one dollar a year. The weekly Secretary, Richard H. Philips. stream? Had he not taught me to say soul with consistent fortitude. Arthur sermon alone is worth much more. "Our Father" as thankfully when the sun was rejected. But from this time he be-

Had he not been brother, friend, lover to or amuse me. And strange to say this me? Had I not been "little sweetheart" long and loving letter from my heart to to him ever, and looked up to him, and Paul's was never answered as I thought upon her head a very small and exceedbelieved him the noblest and best and most beautiful creation in God's bountine mertion of it—but his never any direct mention of it—but his larger than the creation of the one occupied on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock seat directly in front of the one occupied victoria Lodge. No. 13, L. O.

day's sun made God's day a jewel—tying could bear it no longer—that he would ed over and asked her if she owned a York Street. the ribbons at my throat that would suit sail on the twentieth of April and be with cart-wheel hat. She replied that she did, Paul's flowers best, making sure that his me on the fourth of May. That news was but never wore it to the theatre. Still 165.—G. W. Fenwick, Regent; G. E. Coulbetrothal ring glistened bright upon my joyous enough to send the blood tingling finger ere I drew my gloves on, clasping in a rapturous way through hands and the prayer-book which was his gift and heart and feet. What matter that his hastening on to meet him. For it was letters had seemed hurried of late? He was accepted, and has agreed to settle always his custom to escort me to the would soon be home. And I would be \$250,000 in United States bonds upon her steps of the old stone church, and as his queen of May, the proudest girl in all the on the morning of their wedding day.

crossed the green fields together. But day that he was to arrive and waited for forth by the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin: there was always a grave little ceremony my love that never came. Only the fatal "He looks upon a porpoise as a thing esat the gate first. The gentle, tender day's message that his plans had been altered pecially created for him to hunt. When Doherty, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary. salutation; the shy kiss my lips laid on indefinitely. The slow months dragged he sights one on a voyage overboard he his; the knot of mignonette or lilies, or along and brought here and there a note, goes. Hence he has been rescued with Haine's Hall, St. Mary's Ferry. violets to be fastened at my throat or in a line, short, hurried, now cold, now sad. difficulty from drowning several times by my belt, offered by the hand that had Yes, surely, oh, cruel fate, Paul had ceased his owner." But why the owner should Grand Master, Fredericton. to love me and never spoke of coming wish to save a yellow dog is not told. Paul knew that Arthur Ruthven loved back now. What should I do? Should me and had sought my hand in marriage I cross the ocean and seek him out and Twould Make No Difference. — A Wilson, Master, Joseph Walker, Secretary.

fair and womanly, you remember, Ellen? my young life within me? In all my few days since for admission to one of the west end, on the first Tuesday in every Sometimes Paul would say of his flowers, hours of anxiety and depression since he departments, found himself confronted "not as becoming as the Ruthven dia- left me, this part was a plan that had with the question: Thans, but ten times better never entered my brain. He had put the "What is the distance from the earth "or "you sea between us, that I, poor, poor butter to the sun?" livery fly, might forgive and forget the more Not having the exact number of miles

amp will easily. Truly he had been the kind, with him, he wrote in reply: oh, Paul, darling! Why could you not ur's hopes let it creep out in some one of your letters done May to me, that you had not borne to tell me.

A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampton, Son, Secretary.

Meets at their room, on the Officer's Houget it. d one May to me, that you had not borne to tell me, He got it.

CITY DIRECTORY

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS. I should like my lamp to go out. My tant city. Then I might have waited, in FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at if I had known in the old careless days 7 A. M., and 2.15 P. M.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily,

Sunday excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 A. M., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY .- Trains leave Gibson daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M. for Woodstock, Aroostook, Caribou, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 P. M. Passengers to Grand Falls remain over night at Aroos-

press leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M. The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St

John at 7.30 P. M.; and arrives at 7.35 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

The Post Office is situated in the Square on would be beside me, and on the 28th find me wearing the willow. I would the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. day of October he would claim me for marry Arthur Ruthven on that day in Ochis own most loved, most worshipped tober that was to have been ours (Paul's The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Offices are open from 7 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 P. M. The sweetheart? And when the 28th of Oc- take their place. Would be make haste Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until and roses, and remember that one year look grave or gay? Why had he sent me Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sunfrom that day you will wear white and a line at the last to say he would be home? bury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, orange flowers, and stand close beside me I was nothing to him. Gloriously broke the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. the autumn morning, and gaily pealed Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 6.30 A.M., and in the afternoon. ish tears; tears that come so easily to a A little while and I, a radiant creature, the Waterloo Row box at 12.20; the Auditor's man's heart only by such agony as I upon me by Arthur Ruthven's friends and House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's

The mail for England, via New York, is But whose the flurried footstep, what made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 the solemn sound that fails upon my A.M., and via Halifax on every Friday at listening ear? Have I not waited for one | 1.40 P.M.

THE CITY OFFICES Who comes? What is the awful, pon- are on the ground floor of the City Hall. lerous, doleful peal that sobers every They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

THE COUNTY OFFICES The Office of the Registrar of Deeds is on back to me I am told that Paul has been the corner of King and St. John streets. experiment.

The Secretary-Treasurer of York County

The Clerk of the Peace on Queen stree posite Phœnix Square.

The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John. SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society .-President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo. Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union .-Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its

St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society .-President, James E. Barry; Secretary, Sey-Meetings are held weekly in their Hall or

Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 York Division S. of T .- W. T., John An drew Blair; R. S., Samuel Mackey. The WEEKLY HERALD will not be Meetings are held weekly in the Temper

> Reform Club.-President, George J. Bliss Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen

A Rochester girl of poor but honest each month. Young Men's Christian Association .-President, G. F. Atherton; Cor. Secretary the Corinthian Academy of Music, wearing G. E. Coulthard, M. D.

Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 26. -John J. Weddall, Leader: G. E. Coulthard. The tale of a yellow dog, a dweller Meets on the first and third Thursday in

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.-Daniel Meets first Tuesday in each month in

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.-William Wilson Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.-W.

Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35 .- John B. Grieves, Master; H. S. Carmon, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Mon

Square, on the last Saturday of every month.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the HERALD will be issued on

EVERY SATURDAY.

at four o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a quarto, that page eight paper, and will be printed upon a sheet 31x46 inches in size. It will be

LARGER THAN ANY OTHER SHEET PUBLISHED IN FREDERICTON.

and the equal in size of any paper published in the Maritime Provinces. It will be emphatically

THE SATURDAY NIGHT FAMILY PAPER.

omething that every one, rich or poor, wants. It will give all the news of the week, both home and foreign, up to the hour of going to press, in fresh, readable style. To ensure this the services of competent correspondents have been secured who are to send any late news by telegram.

women's aid; tears that are wrung from a gracefully accepted the homage showered office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker NO OTHER WEELY PAPER IN THE PROVINCE GIVES TELEGRAPHIC NEWS REGULARLY ON THE DAY OF PUBLICATION:

The HERALD will do this, because its aim is to be

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

I believe a first-class family paper will pay, and I am going to try the

The WEEKLY HERALD will always contain a good story, will tell all about the news of the religious world, will give the CHURCH APPOINTMENTS for the next Sunday and the ensuing week, and have an

Agricultural Department,

Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; in which it will endeavor to give its country readers valuable information relating to the Farm. In this latter respect it will aim at being an agricultural newspaper.

New Features will be Introduced which Experience may show are Desirable.

REMEMBER the HERALD is the only paper in Fredericton which has upon its staff

A CITY EDITOR, WHOSE TIME WILL BE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS

treet, on the second and fourth Tuesday of It is the only rear in Fredericton having a corps of correspondents who are

LATE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

most beautiful creation in God's bountiful world?

I can see myself now, the merest slip of a slender, graceful girl, as each Sun
never any direct mention of it—but his kind and loving words went on through the nine long weary months, and then came the assurance by cable that he of a slender, graceful girl, as each Sun
Never any direct mention of it—but his kind and loving words went on through the nine long weary months, and then came the assurance by cable that he of a slender, graceful girl, as each Sun
Never any direct mention of it—but his kind and loving words went on through the nine long weary months, and then came the assurance by cable that he of a slender of the city. Moorehouse, N. S.; John Black, R. S.

Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, or a slender of the city. Moorehouse, N. S.; John Black, R. S.

IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON ESPOUSING THE LIBERAL and of a slender of the city. Moorehouse, N. S.; John Black, R. S.

And the city in noncorn the one occupied by one of the millionairies of the city. Moorehouse, N. S.; John Black, R. S.

It is the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, and the could scarcely comprehend it. He lean-long the city is the city of the city. Moorehouse, N. S.; John Black, R. S.

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And the city is the city of the CAUSE IN POLITICS.

> THE WEEKLY HERALD will NOT be simply a REPRINT, but will contain much matter which will appear in no other paper.

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881.