

POOR DOCUMENT

POETRY.

MY SHIPS.

BY HILLA WHEELER.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold—
Ah well! the harbor could not hold.
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came home from sea.
If half my ships came home from sea
And brought their precious freight to me—
Ah well! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state.
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.
If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me—
Ah well! the storm clouds then might frown;
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.
If that one ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honors, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.
O ships be calm! O winds be free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me,
But if you send some a-wreck
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all, that skim the sea,
But bring my love-sh-p home to me.

SELECT STORY.

RALPH RAYMOND'S ATONEMENT.

BY J. F.

"Be true to him, Mabel. Let him be your first thought in life for your dead mother's sake."
So spake the poor dying woman, in low, gasping words, turning her eager eyes first on the daughter who stood beside her bed, then on the infant lying on the pillow at her side.
"Will, mother—I will!" is the sobbing answer, and the little girl of twelve sank on her knees as she made the promise.
Placing her hand on her bowed head, as though to seal it with one more feeble effort to articulate, the tired lips closed, and Mabel Halford was an orphan.
The child left to her care, fretful and delicate, occupied her every moment, and as the years slipped by, and she grew to boyhood and she to womanhood, it was as though she had never known girlhood; so that when, one evening, in the summer gloaming, she was six years after her mother's death, she listened for the first time to words of love from a Ralph Raymond's lips, it was the opening of a new life to her.
He was a young, strong fellow—a favorite with all—quick to anger, self-willed, but with a warm, honest heart, which, somehow, neither he nor she knew how, had transferred itself into her keeping.
She listened dreamily as he talked. She was eighteen, yet it was all so new, so sweet because so new, and her head drooped on his broad shoulder; and she held out her hands to receive this sacred thing, when suddenly a thought came up to her—Fred, little Fred! her promise to her mother.
"You forget that I love Fred," she said. "What could I do with him?"
"Do! Leave him to your aunt. You can see him every day. The care of him is too much for you, anyhow, Mabel. I shall be glad when you are no longer able to assume it. He is a big boy now, and she can do all that is needful."
"No, Ralph," she answered, very sadly now; "I can never give Fred up. I promised mother, on her dying bed, he should be my first thought in life, and I may as well mean to keep it. I see now this sweet dream was not for me."
"And you would give me up? Much you care for me, if you can let that boy come between us?"
"Oh, Ralph, don't say that! Whatever else you do, do not doubt my love. Think how lonely, how poor, my life will be, dear, without you; but do not ask me to break my promise to the dead."
"It was one which never should have been exacted," was the reply. "Mabel, the boy will be cared for. You can see him when you choose. Darling, life has other duties for you, the duties of wifehood, pray heaven, of motherhood, when children of your own may need your love."
"And think you, Ralph," she answers, amid her tears, "I could hope for blessing while I had been untrue to one left in my care—the brother who is sacred to me, to whom I am mother and sister both? I was wrong even for a moment to dream of happiness. You soon will find it in another form; but I—"
"Then bring the boy to our home," he answered, half roughly. "He is a weakly, whining lad, but I have enough for both. I can't give you up."
"No, Ralph," and this time she spoke with new resolution and no tears. "You soon would weary of him. I could not do justice to you both, and were you unkind to him it would break my heart. So long as he lives I shall never marry. I can, at least, render up my trust fulfilled. All is over, Ralph, between you and me, except—except the memory of the past."
"So this is the end to your love—this what your fine protestations meant! A memory, eh? You leave me that? A memory to push me onward to destruction. It is your work! Remember that, and whatever comes, keep your memory closer to your heart."
So he left her, and with the gates of heaven shut in her face, just as they were opening to receive her, Mabel wended her way slowly back alone.
So now must her pathway be in life

alone. Never before had she realized its sadness and its desolation.

The months which followed were full of bitterness. Sometimes, as she walked, Ralph Raymond would reel past her, his business neglected, his manhood forgotten; or she would hear his name mentioned in terms of reproach, where, ever before, it had been of praise.

He had, indeed, carried out his threat, and if he remembered, it served but to drive him to destruction.

She was young to have such lines of care, such a weary look in the gray eyes, she thought, as she peered into the mirror; then Fred's voice would call her fretfully, and, with a sigh, again she would take up her cross.

But one afternoon, in answer to his name, no voice responded, and as the hours went by and the shadows lengthened, she grew anxious, and went here and there, seeking him; and, after a long and fruitless search, the neighbors were at last roused, and a dread struck to every heart.

He had wandered on the moor. The coal pits was the first distracting thought, which dotted here and there, an open trap for the unwary. What child's feet could hope, in the darkness, to have escaped them?

At night the search continued, when, as the dawn was breaking, a party who had been rioting away the hours came upon a group of lanterns.

"For whom are you looking?" said one of the number.
"For little Fred Halford! He has strayed away."

The rest patted carelessly on, but on one the name fell like a knell, and he turned, mechanically to join the seekers.

"Little Fred Halford, did you say?" he questioned, at last, in hoarse tones.
"Yes!" said one of the men, roughly.
"But you can be of little help. You'd better go home and to bed!"

"Where is his sister?" he continued, unheeding the words addressed him.
"She is somewhere, looking like one distracted. It's my opinion it's only his body we'll find."

Only his body! Poor little fellow, who had stood an impassable barrier between him and the girl he loved. Had it not been for his little life, she would now have been his bride, perhaps the mother of his child, and now it mayhap was ended. He would go to her, would console her grief, would wipe away her tears, and find happiness for both after long waiting. But, ah! was he now worthy of such a boon?

He glanced at his disordered dress, felt the flush upon his cheek, on which the morning air blew so refreshing, remembered how the late hours had been spent, and groaned at the memory, when a shout arose—a shout followed by a groan. The child had been found, but how and where? It was as they had feared. His little feet had wandered on to the edge of one of the places where an old shaft had been sunk, when, half way down, in the dead darkness, by some miracle his clothes had caught upon some projecting limb, and he hung over the abyss.

It seemed as though he were found only to be lost again. In no way could he be reached except by climbing down an almost perpendicular gulf, probably to be hurled to destruction.

What man's life was of such little worth as to be put in the balance with that feeble child's? A silence fell upon the group—a silence broken by a woman's voice.

"Save him!" she cried; "save him; he is my all!"

At her words Ralph Raymond started to his feet.

What was it she asked of him? for he felt as though her words appealed direct to him. To save this child; with his own hands to erect the barrier once between them; to risk his life to save the life which is to destroy his future hopes and happiness.

But there rises before him another picture of atonement—atonement for a past. Hands made worthy which were all unworthy, cleansed which were stained; a life soiled and blotted offered for one pure and unblurred.

"Men, I am ready!" he said, and stood at the pit's mouth.

Then, for one moment crossing to Mabel's side, he bent low, and whispered in her ear.

"I will save him, Mabel, for your dear sake, and I perish in the effort you will let this atone."

Then, in the presence of them all, he raised her hand and pressed it to his lips, stepped back, and permitted the rope to be placed around his waist.

Step by step in the gray dawn, amid silence broken only by the song of waking birds, or the lowing of distant cattle, with the bright earth above him growing father and father from his sight, he took his perilous way.

The songs he had heard that night again sounded in his ear, accompanied by loud laughter and coarse jest, and, strangely mingled with them, the hymn his mother had sung to the boy standing at her knee—the boy as pure of heart as the little fellow he now went to save.

Lower and lower he climbs downward, with the dim wonderment growing in his brain whether he will ever again see the sunlight, or smell the fragrance of the flowers.

Never! His foot slips! A groan breaks from those watching—a moan from a woman's pale lips. His foot has slipped.

He has fallen and wrenched the rope from the grasp of those holding it.

But no! Almost at the side of the boy he catches at a branch. It bears his weight and a cheer follows, loud and loud.

At last his hand grasps the boy's arm. He calls his name. There comes no answer. He bends and looks into his face—it is the face of the dead!

Slowly, sadly he binds the rope lowered to him around the boy's body, and it is upraised to the sunlight its eyes can never more see. Then he turns to follow, seeing only a woman's agonized face, hearing her cry of despair, with no thought for the danger in which he is engulfed.

But life is sweet, and clinging unconsciously to its possession, he fights his perilous way upward, and with the shouts of those around, feels his feet once more touch solid ground, and falls faint and exhausted.

When he once more opens his heavy eyes they rest on Mabel Halford's face, and he knows they have borne him to her home. But from her form they wander to the child standing by the her side, whose white dead face he last saw in the darkness.

"He was only unconscious," she says, tenderly. "Oh, Ralph, how can I thank you?"

"By giving me yourself," he answers very low. "Have I not won the right to help you in your care of him?"

And Mabel, sobbing out her happiness, knew that he was right, and she almost reverently answered—
"Yes."

THE WORLD'S END.

MORLEM SONS AND PORTERS.

The world is about to pass away, and there is trouble and distress at Yeldin's dock. Of the signs which are to precede the coming of that hour many have been accomplished. There have been trembles and seditions innumerable, earthquakes and eclipses—Faith has decayed among men. The Russian war brought about the fulfillment of the prophecy that Gog and Magog, the fair-haired tribes of the North, should once more break across the barriers which Dhu'l-Karein built up against them in the mountains of Armenia. That the Antichrist has appeared in the shape of England's Prime Minister is a secret to no devout Moslem, and if the letters K. F. R. (Kafir or Infidel) have not yet been read on Mr. Gladstone's brow, it is that the unbelievers are blind to the sign with which he has verily been branded. But two more signs are yet wanting—the descent of Jesus on earth and the apparition of the Mahdy, or director. That the time is fulfilled for the former event it is generally believed, and I recollect that a few years ago, when I was at Damascus, the eastern minaret of the great mosque upon which He is to descend, and which is called in consequence thereof the Minaret of Jesus was being cleansed and repaired in expectation of His coming. But the greatest of all the signs, though not clearly specified in the Koran, has always been held to be the apparition of the Mahdy, concerning whom, according to Mahomedan prophesies that the world should not have an end till one of his own family should again rule over the egg of Islam, whose name and whose father's name should be the same with his own his father's own, (Addullah). Traditions on this point are, however, numerous and conflicting. Many believe that the Mahdy will be an incarnation of God upon earth, and that only his Vekyl, or vice-regent, will belong to the noble tribe of the Korish, while some go even further and add that this Vekyl's name will be Abdul Muladdi, and that the Mahdy will make his appearance during his third Cherriffate. Others again hold that the Mahdy's own name will be Abdullah, but that over his appearance he will in due time die and be succeeded by his father, Mohammed, who will be raised from death for that purpose, and, together with Jesus, the son of Mary, will fill the whole world with the knowledge of God and of El Islam. Whatever these minor discrepancies may be, there is, however, a general consensus among Mussulmans that toward the beginning of the 14th century of the Hegira's descendant of the prophet of the tribe of the Korish, will rule over the Arabs, and that at that time the Mahdy will reveal himself at Mecca, and the era of the Caliphate be brought to an end.

Two years only separate us from the beginning of the fourteenth century; Abdul Mutahb, for the third time Cheriff of Mecca, is reported to have raised the standard of rebellion and proclaimed himself ruler over the Arabs; and lo! the Mahdy himself has appeared, and made himself known at Mecca in the person of Abdullah, the son of Muhammed by a mother of the name of Emineh. Here are the three names of the Prophet and of his father and mother grouped together as foretold by the traditions of old. The circumstances of time and place fully answer to the prophecy. What doubt can any longer be entertained that the days of the Caliphate are numbered, and that the world itself is only waiting for the blast of conformation to be swallowed up in the burning flames of the molten heavens? And if any further sign were wanting in these days pregnant with wonders, what is the cholera which rages at Mecca—the "yellow wind of fire," as it is called by the Arabs—but the fire which, according to prophesy, shall consume Hedjeb at the moment when the Mahdy appears.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 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.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express 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.

The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. 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 9.20 P. M.

The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. Letter Boxes are located as follows:—Near the corner of Waterloo Row and St. John's street, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Becker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: at 6.30 A. M., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row box at 12.30; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.30; Parker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W. U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Thursday of each week at 8.20 A. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P. M.

THE CITY OFFICES.

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. 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 the corner of King and St. John streets. Office hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
The Secretary-Treasurer of York County is on Carleton street, near Queen.
The Clerk of the Peace on Queen street, opposite Phoenix Square.

The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampson, Secretary.
Meets at their room, on the Office's Square, on the last Thursday of every month.

SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.
St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A. No. 168.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secretary.
Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Stradman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.
Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its rooms in Reform Club building.
St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, F. McGoldrick.
Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. P., R. H. Mackey; R. S., A. G. Jarvis.
Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall, on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips.
Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Albertson; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Coulthard, M. D.
Meets every Thursday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 9 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 105.—W. J. Cresswell, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 p. m. Limit of insurance, \$3,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 48.—President, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Wacott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
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Hiram Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; T. Logan, Secretary.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

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Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary.
Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F.—W. A. Quinn, N. G.; John Withrow, Secretary.
Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.

Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master; Joseph Walker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, west end, on the first Tuesday in every month.

Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35.—H. S. Carman, Master; Geo. S. Parker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.
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