ONE DAY'S DOING.

RUTH B. SIMPSON.

"If I another's burden bear,
Another's sorrows humbly share,"

sang the choir in the little Baptist church in Berwick that bright December morning. There was not one among them paid to praise God; their singing was as sweet and voluntary as that of the linet's on a spring morning.

Seated alone in the corner of the big family pew, Nellie Travers was dreamily listening. Though the sweet words and expressive music made but slight impression. She had left home that morning in a dissatisfied mood. Everything had gone wrong. Ray, when half dressed for church, had discovered that he had not, to use his own words, "One clean collar." His mother, looking, if possible, more tired and worn than usual, had said, "I am sorry, Ray, I thought there were one or two, and the weather has been so bad I couldn't get the washing done till Friday, and it was impossible for one pair of hands to do Saturday's work and iron as well."

"Then Miss Nell might have done up one for a fellow; if she were any good at all."

"Hush! hush Ray, don't speak so about your sister."

"I'm sure, Ray," said Nellie, entering the room just then, "if I had known that you needed your collar I'd"—— But just then she recollected that during the seventeen years of her life she had never attempted such a thing as the laundrying of a collar. Then she added, "You know I'm on the visiting committee, and had to go and see poor Lizzie Kent, who is so sick, and Caddie and Elsie Burke were here all the rest of the day, and what time had I."

To which lengthy excuse Ray had ungraciously and unkindly said, "Pshaw! I wish there was a home committee of one in this firm to make things run straighter. Mother seems to do all the work and you get all the profits."

It was small wonder that Nellie's thoughts strayed from the service. That last speech of Ray's rankled in her mind.

In vain, she told herself that he was unjust; the more she thought about it the more truth appeared in what he had said.

The last notes of the organ had died away, and presently the clear voice of the pastor announced the text of the morning, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

As he told in earnest words how we should not only be ready to help others, but should search for opportunities. "Though alas!" said he, "we do not need to search, for around our own doors, in our own homes, there are hearts breaking and spirits crushed by a weight of work and worry that we, each of us, might lighten." Then the true words went home to Nellie's ease-loving heart, and there arose to her mental vision the pale patient face of her mother, upon whose brow were many lines of care, and whose shoulders were bent with a weight of petty duties that younger shoulders might have borne so much easier.

Here was an opportunity looking for her. Twice that morning it had faced her. Love of self had said, Mother does not mind work; she has certain ways of doing things and they come easy.

Now conscience was awakened. And, as Nellie listened to that still small voice, she saw clearly how poor and contemptible her reasoning had been. And she scarcely restrained herself from sobbing outright as she realized that she, who had named the name of Christ and had so often sung, "Take my hands and let them be consecrated Lord to thee," had seen a duty and had slighted it.

Oh, the waves of shame and remorse that swept over her as she sat there with bowed head. But the loving Saviour she had slighted did not leave His erring but repentant child. He showed her just the way in which she should walk. Through the weeks and months of the future she saw the golden cord of duty done for Christ's sake.

With a solemn but happy face Nellie joined the throng of worshippers passing down the church steps.

"Nell Travers looks unapproachable this morning," said one girl friend to another.

"Up in the clouds," laughed the other, "she gave me the most solemn bow, and the ghost of a smile as she passed."

Outside, the crisp December air was inspiring, and, as she hurried homeward alone, the light breeze blew back the rings of brown hair from her white forehead as she raised her earnest face toward heaven and, her eyes shining with the pure light of consecration, she prayed that she might have strength given her to do the work that she now felt to be her duty.

The brightness and beauty of the day seemed like a benediction on her; and with a heart strangely light, and a buoyant step, she turned into a bye street that led to her home, one of a terrace of pretty cottages.

Quickly she entered the house and went up to her room, which, by the way, was quite ideal—at least it was Nellie's ideal, and that was sufficient. The bright sun streaming in the south window revealed not a speck of dust on any of the dainty furnishings. The roses, on the mossy back ground of the carpet, looked as if they regarded the sun as a welcome visitor, rather than as a ruthless despoiler of their beauty and brightness. The pretty water-color drawings; the work of Nellie's own hands, seemed to smile a welcome on her from their places on the delicately tinted walls.

When she had donned a sensible kitchen apron that had, however, seen very little service, Nellie paused to view herself in the long mirror for a moment, and then hurried down stairs and into the kitchen where her mother was preparing dinner.

Mrs. Travers looked up in some surprise as Nellie came forward and offered to assist her. "There isn't much to do," she said, "but you may lay the table in the dining-room, if you like, and dinner will be ready by that time."

"I say, mother! Nellie has taken an industrious fit, hasn't she?" said Ray, who had just entered the kitchen, and had met Nellie in the hall with her arms full of dishes.

"Nellie is more industrious than you give her credit for," quietly said his mother, "and, Ray, I wish you would not say such things as you said this morning, it makes bitter feelings."

Yet something like a tear glistened in her eye; for Nellie had thought it no harm to practise her music or drawing while her mother was hard at work in the kitchen. Mrs. Travers had been frequently spoken to by her husband for not making Nellie more useful. But she always answered, that Nellie was young yet, and needed plenty of time to enjoy herself, and improve her talents, "she will come to it in time," said she, "let her be careful while she has the chance."

To do Nellie justice she did not really know how much work her mother had to do, and now she felt somewhat shy and awkward about offering to do work to which she was unaccustomed. But she went bravely forward, and, when dinner was over she told her mother that she would tend to the dishes; and gently insisted on her going to her own room and dressing for the afternoon.

"Then," said she, "you may sit down and read the church news and the sermon in the *Messenger*. I'll have lots of time to do all the work and get to Sunday-school in time." Mrs. Travers had meekly and wisely obeyed; and Nellie set to work with a light heart.

Having plenty of hot water and other conveniences every dish was soon in its place. Then, brushing up the floor and "settling things" in the dining-room and kitchen, Nellie sped up stairs to look for her little sister Mamie, whom she wished to dress for Sunday-school. But her mother had anticipated her and she met Mamie coming down stairs all dressed for the street. "Who dressed you? you little fairy, I'd like know," said Nellie, "Mover. Se alwaythe doth" lisped Mamie. "Doth se," laughed Nellie, as she went to her room to dress for Sunday-school.

When she knelt down, as she always did, to ask God's blessing on the lesson of the day before she left her room, she thanked Him that she had now found a work to do for His sake.

Then she went to the sitting-room to get her books and Bible, and to administer a playful scolding to her mother for dressing Mamie; when she had said that she was to do no work that afternoon.

Taking her little sister by the hand, she started for Sunday-school. Ray went to the Bible class and overtook them before they had gone far. Just before Nellie entered the vestry where Sunday-school was held, Ray said in a careless tone, but with a serious look in his dark eyes, "How long are you going to keep up this working-humor, Nellie? I declare! if your religion will make a girl who dislikes housework tackle to it as you did to-day; there's something in it."

"Oh, Ray! There is," said Nellie, earnestly, "I have not, I know, been as faithful as I should have been"—her face colored painfully while her lip quivered. "But Ray, don't look at me but at the Saviour, and you will know that there is something in it."

"Well, well, little preacher, I didn't expect such a sermon. But, Nellie, I'll think about it." Just then a young man belonging to the Bible-class came along, and Ray went with him.

Every day of her life, since she had found the Saviour herself, Nellie had sent up a prayer that Raymond might come to Him and enlist under His banner.

But her brother, in his quiet way, had been noting Nellie's progress in the Christian life. Poor boy! he was mystified—sometimes "almost persuaded," and again thinking that a Christian profession made very little difference, in Nellie's life at least.

On Sunday, tea at No. 1 Ainslie Terrace was a very plain affair. This had long been the custom, as Mr. Travers was away a great deal of the time on business; and also because it made lighter work for Sunday. To-night, in pursuance of her helpful policy, Nellie had assisted her mother in preparing the simple meal, and had not only the reward that virtue is supposed to bring, but also the pleasure of seeing her mother enjoy the dainty repast as she had not for months.

Now, this may seem a very prosaic reward; but then real life, in outward seeming, is made up of prosaic things, and it is better so.

During the afternoon a heavy snow-storm had come on, and it was voted that only Ray should attend evening service. This gave Nellie and her mother a long evening to spend together. Nellie was not sorry, as she had much that she wished to say. Looking back over the day that was now closing, the thought came to her that this was indeed "one day's work for Jesus." It caused her a thrill of perfect happiness, and the path ahead seemed bright and as if it but led from one victory to another yet greater.

When, with sweet lullabies, she had wafted Mamie to dream land, Nellie come down stairs and softly entered the room where her mother was sitting in the "sleepy hollow" chair by the fire that sent a beautiful flickering glow over the room, lighting up distant corners and gilding on the polished woodwork as a lump of coal burst into a blaze; and, anon leaving them in darkness as its first impetuous glow subsided. Nellie noticed a peaceful rested look on her mother's face as she sat there with her eyes half closed and her folded hands resting on her lap.

Stepping quickly across the room, she sank down in an easy position half kneeling with her head resting against her mother's knee.

Mrs. Travers put out her hand and softly smoothed Nellie's hair. For some time nothing was said. Nellie was the first to break the silence. "Mother," said she, "I have been thinking to-day about it, that I've been a very undutiful daughter. Now don't say I have not"—as her mother made a motion to speak—"I know I have; and just here, and now, mother, I want to begin and make amends."

"Here I am, well, strong, and seventeen; out of school, spending my time practising a little, painting a little, and working a very little, while you do everything."

"Dear child," said her mother kindly, "you blame yourself too much. You keep your own room in order and help me in lots of ways."

"But, mother, that is not what I mean. I have been letting you do all the hard work and have all the care."

"Oh! mother, when Mr. Cline was preaching this morning he spoke of faces lined with worry and shoulders bowed with care; and it seemed just as if he spoke of you, motherie, and then—and then—but there now I am not going to speak of the past any more." Father is going to be home for Christmas. Isn't he?"

"Well, grandma, you know, is going to have a family reunion at Christmas. That will be two weeks from to-morrow, and, in the two weeks coming I am going to practice keeping house so that you can go over and spend Christmas week with her. You know she has wanted you for a long time and you could never go."

"Now say you'll go, like a good mother." And what could Mrs. Travers say but "yes." And then she took Nellie's fair face in both her hands and, kissing her, said, "I have just the cleverest, kindest, truest-hearted little daughters in the whole world. And now will she play and sing for me one of those beautiful hymns she knows so well?"

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HOW PERLEY LOVED HIS ENEMY

When Perley Bridgman heard the rattling whiffletrees of the old red stage behind him, and recognized the oddly-matched gray and sorrel horses which had jogged over the familiar route for so many years, he determined to "catch on behind," and ride to the village. He had done this scores of times with Mart Barker, the old driver, and, though he did not know the new driver very well, he thought it would be quite the proper thing to cultivate his acquaintance in this informal way. So he stood in the grass by the roadside, and, when the stage had rattled by, he ran after it, caught hold of the baggage-rack, and swung himself up to a comfortable seat.

There were no passengers that evening, and but few express packages, so the stage was by no means overloaded. Surely there could be no objection to giving a boy of Perley's size a "lift."

But suddenly the lad was startled by a cruel cut of the driver's lash across his shoulders, and a gruff voice cried out, "Get off o' there!"

Smarting with pain, and tingling with still keener mental anguish and indignation, Perley Bridgman slid off the baggage-rack, and stood in the road, looking after the surly stage-driver, with flaming cheeks and eyes overrunning with tears. The pain of the blow from the whip-lash was nothing compared with the hurt of the harsh word and the wounding of the boy's self-respect. His hands clinched convulsively, and, with a voice that broke into a sob before he had uttered all his threat, the little fellow cried:

"I'll pay you off for that—see'f I don't!"

The stage-driver only laughed derisively, and the old red stage rattled out of sight around a bend in the road.

Two or three days after this unpleasant occurrence, Perley Bridgman was returning from his father's wood lot, where he had been at work gathering into piles the bark and large chips scattered about after the winter's chopping. It was now in the spring of the year. There had been a great deal of rain, and the streams were all very high. So much "snow water" was coming down from the mountains that many of the brooks had overflowed their banks, and were taking "short-cuts" from point to point, in woods and fields.

Perley walked briskly along through the early dusk. He was hungry and tired, and the thought of a good, warm meal and a book by the fireside when he reached home was very inviting. The road, like most roads in the country, ran up and down hill pretty much all the way, now winding along the side of a thickly wooded slope, and now crossing a bit of open meadow only to seek out the rockiest and steepest knoll in sight, apparently for the purpose of going right over the top of it. It was the same road on which Perley had been overtaken by the stage, and where he had met with such exasperating treatment at the hands of the new stage-drive. The boy's indignation still burned hot within him, and he could not help planning, as he walked along, how he could "get even" with Mart Barker's surly successor.

"I guess the stage is late to-night," he said to himself, as he examined the hoof-prints in the road. "No double team has been along here this afternoon. Well, the roads are pretty bad, I suppose. Wouldn't I be glad if the old stage broke down, or got stuck in the mud!"

This was certainly not the right spirit for Perley to cherish; but when a boy has a purple weal across the back of the neck, which smarts like fire every time he throws his head back, it is very hard, while that weal lasts, for him to feel kindly disposed toward the man who made it.

Up, up climbed the road, along the face of a pine and hemlock-wood hill. At length it turned suddenly to the right, around the shoulder of the hill, and came, with a sudden short pitch, to the place where the steep slope on one side a deep ravine on the other narrowed the road down to a width of less than ten feet.

"Hello! exclaimed Perley, when he came to this point.

The brook in the ravine below had so undermined the bank that a great piece of it slid down into the hollow, carrying fully half of the road bed with it. The strip which remained was only about three feet wide. Perley walked rapidly around the bend and down the sudden sharp pitch of the road in the deepening dusk, and came near falling down into the ravine himself. It was the worst possible place for a washout. A team going toward the village would be almost certain to come upon the break in the road unawares, and he hurled down into the ravine.

Perley's first emotion was one of surprise. His second was one of exultation. Here was something which would pay off old scores with the stage-driver!—and that without the boy's doing anything farther than to go about his business and let affairs take their own course.

"There will probably be no passengers to-night," reflected Perley. "It's Monday night, and the stage almost always comes back empty Monday night. Nobody will be hurt except the old curmudgeon of a driver."

He crossed the washout by the narrow pathway next the hill, and stood looking back. Something seemed to chain him to the spot. He fancied he saw the stage rolling over and over down the embankment into the gloom below. Then he thought he saw the driver lying bruised and unconscious at the bottom of the ravine, while the horses, struggling in the entangled harness, were drowning in the stream. It was a highly colored picture, but the boy's conscience, you see, was beginning to dominate his imagination.

"Oh, go on, go on!" whispered the satanic voice in his breast. "Don't stop to think how the thing would happen! Revenge is sweet! You didn't cause the washout; you won't be responsible for the consequences."

Then another voice arose in the boy's heart, a voice clear and gentle, and like some sweet, familiar strain of music: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them at curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." It was the very passage which Perley had repeated in Sunday-school at the last monthly review. How beautiful it had sounded to him then! He felt as if such true and gracious and loving words had never before been uttered in the world, and he longed to live in the spirit of them, and help others to do so as well. And now he was meditating that very hate and revengefulness which Christ had so tenderly rebuked!

A great wave of sorrow and remorse surged through the boy's heart. He had not realised until that moment how wicked, how unchristian his feelings toward the stage-driver had been. "God forgive me," he prayed, "and help me to love my enemies!"

Love? That means a great deal. It is something more than merely cherishing a benevolent sentiment; it is putting that sentiment into deeds. For Perley, loving his enemy meant something very definite and practical that night. It meant staying there by the washout, and warning the stage driver of his danger.

The boy recrossed the washout, went a little way down the road, and took his seat on a log to wait. It was now quite dark; the air was getting chilly, and a fine, penetrating rain had begun to fall. For an hour, or more, the patient watcher sat listening. He was hungry, faint and tired; but he was determined not to desert his post until the stage came along.

By and-bye he heard a shout, then the crack of a whip, and presently the rattling wheels and whiffletrees of the old stage. The gleam of a lantern shot through the trees. Perley rose from his seat on the log and walked slowly down the road.

"You'd better turn around!" he cried, as the stage came in sight. "There's a bad washout just above here."

"Whoa!" cried the stage-driver. He left his steaming horses in the road, took his lantern and followed Perley up the hill.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, when they came to the place where the road had caved in. "It's a bad one—isn't it? And I'd have been pretty likely to drive into it if you hadn't warned me. It's a treacherous place, right on the bend, and going down that little pitch. Say! aren't you the boy I whipped off the stage the other day?"

"I suppose I am," replied Perley.

"Well, now, I've felt awful mean about that, bub—awful mean! I had one of my ugly streaks that day—do have 'em once in a while. Say, can't you forgive a fellow? That's right! Here's my hand, and here's begging your pardon heartily. And to think how you've treated me in spite of it—just heaped coals of fire on my head! It makes me feel pretty small, I can tell you. But I reckon it'll do something toward driving the ugly streak out of me."

From that time on there was no firmer friends than Perley Bridgman and the new stage-driver. Each felt that he had been helped where he was weak, by the experience through which they had passed, and each was confirmed in the purpose to render thereafter good for evil, and to learn to love his enemies.

—*Jas. Buckham, in Sunday-school Times.*

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"Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.00
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal	19.00*

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock. A freight train leaves St John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22 30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex	7 0.35
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney	23.30

*The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
8th Sept., 1893.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after MONDAY, 2nd October, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m., arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 1.45 p. m., arrive at Weymouth at 4 25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p.m., arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with Clyde of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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