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IMPLEMENTS

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and Feeding Spring Tooth...

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SUMERS.

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H. A. D. 1886.

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Mr. Harrison and having

[FOR THE SUN.]

EASTER MORNING.

(From the German of Emanuel Geibel, in "Dichter-

On threeside wings, till lost to view

Soars upward through the ether blue

Washing a resurrection lay,

And from the faded thousand voices

Responsive in full chorus break,

Wake up the new-born world rejoices.

The old is past, awake! thou shalt

Awake, and praise the Lord with singing.

To whom life's moments fly like rain,

Unfolding leaves, green blades unpruned,

For spring-like brightness of the sun,

White princesses in woodland dell,

Pale violets, with fragrant breath,

And blushing blossoms, wait to tell

That love's stronger far than death.

Sad human hearts, so dull and weary,

To whom life's moments fly like rain,

Everspread in winter-stumber dreary,

Bound by a shadow, painful dream—

Wake up! the Lord moves through the lands,

His touch is life, it falls on thee—

Like Sampson, tear away the bands,

And as the eagle, thou shalt break

Thine eyes, thou cannot see for weeping,

The spirit's flowers bloom o'er the dead—

Crucifixion's, whose buried hopes are a leap-

ing

And angels unfeigned, have fled—

And erasing ones, that far from

Wander, dream-land, in wastes of sin,

Wake up! the world is newly born,

Here is a wonder, take it in.

Wakes to light, no more of sadness,

Let every heart rejoice and sing,

Renewed and saved and filled with gladness,

Bright living pictures of the spring—

Old flowers young, and green in sweet air

What life was dead—whits far and near

The breath of God breaks up the graves,

Awake! the Easter-day is here.

City of Portland, April, 1886.

AN EASTER GIFT.

"No," said Uncle Zebedee, "no; we told

'em just exactly how 'twould be. They

would believe us. Now let 'em take the

consequence."

"We warned 'em beforehand," said Aunt

Zeriah. "They couldn't expect nothin'

farther than that."

Uncle Zeb and Aunt Reay sat looking

at each other, one on either side of the

big stone fireplace, like the old man and woman

we sometimes see *de la tela* in a toy shop.

They were silent and weazen and

wrinkled—so thin that it would seem as

if an extra blast from the brass-nozzled bell

would assemble blue flames, while the

spaculous ones like stray sparks from

some unheard-of constellation, and the veins

stood out like whip-cord from their lean-old

heads.

Uncle Zeb Waterston and Aunt Reay, his

sister, were old bachelor and old maid. All

their lives long they had been saving and

scrippling and pinching, as if economy were

the mainspring of their existence. They

never saw a red apple with any appreciation

of its artistic beauty; they thought of it only

as being worth so much a barrel; the corn

shelled and roasted only so much prime

Indian-meal; the pink-and-white clover-

heads represented only pasture value, and

the star-eyed daisies were nothing more than

pretty weeds, that no critter on earth would

eat.

And when, eight years ago, their half-

leaves, and a tender fringe of green followed

the course of the rivulet, the happiest little

lass that the sun ever shone on.

"I wish I could stay here always, and live

in a cave, and eat berries and raspberries,

and drink water from the brook!" thought

Neil. "I don't want to go back to the town-

house, where Uncle Tom makes faces at me,

and old Mrs. Hatch's hand shakes so that

she spills her tea all over the table.

But the afternoon wore on—Saturday after-

noon, always the busiest of the week, and

Mrs. Gaff, the matron, began to be un-

easy about the youngest inhabitant of the

town-house.

"She can't be drowned, for the brook isn't

deep enough," said Mrs. Gaff. "But I s'pose

a strange child could be lost in them woods.

"I'm a'most sorry now I let her go. If she

isn't back by dark, I'll send Folliah Frank

after her. I guess he's got sense enough to

bring her home if he finds her."

Uncle Zeb and Aunt Reay Waterston were

sitting at their supper—a pot of w'at tea,

some bread and butter, and a dish of stewed

peaches—when the door opened softly, and

in came a little girl of five or six, with a

sunbonnet and a pair of brown curls, and

an her apron full of pale-pink arbutus,

slender-stemmed wild-flowers and blue vio-

lets.

"Aunt Reay started back.

"It's Nell! she said, startled at the won-

derful resemblance to the fair face that the

wonderful resemblance to the fair face that the

(FOR THE DAILY SUN, 1884.)

DECLARATION DAY.

The Official Election Returns.

SPEECHES BY ALL THE CANDIDATES.

When Sheriff Harding opened his court at

noon yesterday, there was a small attend-

ance of spectators, but after dinner the audi-

ence grew to fair proportions. The official

returns are as follows:—

CITY OF ST. JOHN.

Table with 5 columns: Ward, Votes, etc.

ST. JOHN CITY AND COUNTY.

Table with 5 columns: City, Votes, etc.

who was received with cheers, was the first

speaker. He thanked the electors for their

unexpected compliment and assured them

he appreciated the honor very highly. The

result of the St. John elections gave to him,

personally and politically, the greatest pos-

sible pleasure. The government would be

governed by a man, occupying the first position

of a ruling man, occupying the first position

were the men who would not be driven into

the arms of the Liberal Conservative

party. He regretted that the Liberal Con-

servative party had not been more suc-

cessful in their efforts to secure the

franchise for the people. He expressed

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