Story Told by a Southern Man of an Importation Before the War.

In Which a Nova Scotian Shipping Man was a Prominent Figure.

The importation of African slaves to the United States was abolished by law early in the nineteenth century, as far back as 1808, but it was not uncommon for cargoes of claves to be smuggled in for many years. The territory of the Southwest, fertile an undeveloped, with an extended unprotecte egast, and rapidly being peopled with piones planters, eager to obtain laborers, was temptation which induced many a bosailor to dare the death penalty for pirace and almost up to the opening of the war between the states an occasional shipload will landed on the southern shores. Capt. Will G. Toomer, president of the Wison & Toomer Pertilizer Company of Hangor, told reporter recently the story of what he believes to have been the last ship the brought negro slaves to North America. Toollowing is Capt. Toomer's narrative:

"I am a native of Meblic, Ale., and w reared in that city, and I was familiar withe history of a schooner that brought slave to Mobile in 1858 or 1853. At the head of centerprise was a Nova Soutan shipmas The territory of the Southwest, fertile and to Mobile in 1858 or 1858. At the head of the enterprise was a Nova Scotian shipmaster and shipbuilder, whose name I do not care to disclose, because he is, I think, still alive. He was well known in Mobile, and people there had confidence in his courage and agacity. He interested with him a firm, the members of which had come from long years before, and who had succeeded in business in Mobile. They owned sawmills and a shipyard some distance down the coast of Mobile Bay. At their yard and under the supervision of the Nova Scotian, the schooner—I don't remember positively her name, but it was, to the best of my recollection, Florinda or Clothilde—was built in the winter of 1868. I was a boy of 16 or 17; the Nova Scotian was a friend of my father, who was interested in shipping, and I know of the ship's construction. My recollection is that she had a tonnage of about 125; she was a trim and strong crant, though unpretentious in appearance, and she was built for speed. The Nova Scotian thoroughly knew his business I was present and saw her launched. "Completed, the schooner was loaded with commodities suitable for trading on the Congo, and I remember that whiskey, calleges, beads, and trinkets of various kinds were included in the cargs.

"The schooner left Mobile, and only those

were included in the carge.

"The schooner left Mobile, and only those who had a financial interest and a few intimate friends (I the shipmaster, among whom was included my father, knew her destination and object. She went to the mouth of the Congo river, in Africa, How long she was gone it is impossible for me long she was gone it is impossible for me to say at this late day, but in due time she

"One morning, before daylight, the Nova Scotian came to my father's house and awoke him. He said that the schooner was watting down the coast, in Mississippi Sound, and that he had landed and walked 30 miles and that he had landed and walked 30 miles to bring the information. My father immediately informed the parties in Mobile who were rathers in the project, among whom were the owners of the shipyard where she was built. They were on the lookout and had made arrangements for her reception. The steamer Czar, used in the cotton freight business, dropped down the bay, and at or mear the point where the schooner had been the 10 miles the 22 sleves worth at least \$1,000. mear the point where the schooner had been built, the \$3 slaves, worth at least \$1,000 each at that time, were transferred to her. The Czar sailed back up the bay, passed Mobile without stopping, and up the Alabama river to a plantation 30 or 40 miles finland, where the slaves were landed. Subsequently they were divided among the ship-owners and sold to the neighboring plant-

"Nearly all of the negroes were young males. There were a few women. I remem-ber them as robust, splendid looking young fellows, if anything superior to the average of our American negroes. I particularly re-member that some, or all of them, bore on their faces marks, tribal marks, I suppose, hattooed or cut in some way.
"I was informed at the time of the landing that the schooner had had a pleasant and

altogether satisfactory voyage from the Congo, without noteworthy incident of any kind. The negress were, without exception, in fine health when they arrived, and not one died on the trip over. They had not been bound and they had comfortable accommendations on the children are decided. modations on the ship—at least they were not subjected to any sort of cruelty or hard-ship. I was told that they were allowed to come on deck and take exercise at times. come on deck and take exercise at times. So far as I could see, they showed no evidences of distress, mental or physical.

"Not long after the landing the war broke out; Alabama seceded, and, of course, I became a confederate soldier. I forgot to say that the schooner, as soon as the slaves had been transferred to the Czar, was fired and burned to the water's edge by her owners. This was to conceal, as far as practicable, every evidence of her history. She had

every evidence of her history. She had saved her purpose, and it was better to sacrifice her than to run the hazard of getting into trouble on account of her piracy—so her owners probably thought.

"I resume the thread of the story. I saw resume the thread of the story. I saw little of the Africans during the war, though once, when I was at home on furlough, I did see some of them, and they had learned to speak English brokenly. In 1866, the war being ended, I entered the sawmilt business at Mobile, and I had some of these Africans in my employ. I knew them well. They were good wor men, steady and reliable. in my employ. I knew them well. They were good workmen, steady and reliable, better than most negro laborers. Last year I visited Mobile and again saw some of them. Several own their own homes in Mo-bile, and I believe, as a rule, these negroes

are doing well, as compared with the native so-called Afro-Americans.

"Members of the families of the two Maine men at whose place the little Clothilde or Florinda was built are still living in Mobile, and are prosperous citizens of the community.

THE WORST OF ALL. There are bores by scores and by hun-dreds,
And many, no doubt, you recall,
But the fellow who tells how it happened Is the very worst bore of them all.

-Exchange.

# PICTURES OF F. M. LORD ROBERTS, GEN'L LORD KITCHENER. MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL

A Great Offer to New Subscribers

The Sun has secured magnificent portraits, 18x24 inches, of F. M. Lord Roberts and General Lord Kitchener printed in fifteen colors, and Major-General Baden-Powell in khaki, on coated calendered paper suitable for framing. The pictures are art gems. fit to grace any Canadian home, and are pronounced by military men to be the most life-like portraits of British leaders of the South African cam paign ever placed on the market.

For Seventy-Five Cents Cash in advance, one of these pictures, a war map, and the Semi-Weekly Sun for one year will be mailed post free to any address in Canada. A picture alone is worth one dollar.

Sample portraits are now on public view to the Sun's business offices.

Call and see them.

Sun Printing Co., St. John.

THE LEAVES.

have done their duty the summe

But by and by, when the May winds blow And the spring new vesture weaves, in field and garden will bloom again The souls of the autumn leaves. -Youth's Companion.

EX-GOV. WALCOTT

Yesterd y Afternoon After Several Weeks Illness.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—Former Governor Roger Wolcott died at his home here at 3.40 p. m. today. He had been sick for several weeks with typhoid fever.

Roger Wolcott was born in Boston July 13, 1847, the son of J. Huntington and Cornelia Frothingham-Wolcott. He was a descendant of the Roger Wolcott who was second in command in the expedition of Sir William Pepperell against Cape Breton in 1745, which resulted in the capture of Louis-

Another ancestor was Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the declaration of independence. Both of these Wolcotes were governors of Connecticut. One of his ancestors, on his mother's side, was active and prominent during the revolutionary period as a member of the Charlestown committee of safety, and another took part in the Boston tea panty.

Roger Wolcott was educated in Boston private schools and at Harvard university, from which he graduated in the class of '70. In college he ranked high, and wat the choice of his classmates for orator. He was graduated from Harvard law school in 1874 anad was admitted to the Suffolk bar in the same year. He practiced but little, however, his time having been largely occupied by his duties as trustee of various estates and in the management of financial affairs. Governor Wolcott's public career

began in 1877 as a member of the Boston common council, in which he served three years. Then he was elected to the lower house of the legislature, where he served from 1882 to 1884, taking a position amonog the leaders and winning distinction as a hard and trustworthy worker.

He was elected lieutenant-governor in 1893, '94 and '95, and upon the death of Governor Greenhalge became acting governor in 1896. In 1897 he was elected governor, anad in 1898 he was re-elected.

Shortly after the resignation of Gen. William P. Draper as ambassador to Italy in 1899, President' McKinley tendered the post to Mr. Wolcott. The offer was declined on account of the pressure of private business affairs. On Sept. 2, 1874, Mr. Wolcott was married to Miss Edith Prescott, granddaughter of William H. Prescott, the historian, and great-granddaughter of Col. William Prescott, who commanded the provincials at the battle of Bucker H.H. They have four sons and one daughter now living.

### SUNBURY CO.

### Will Banquet its Returning South Africa Heroes-Recent Deaths.

MAUGERVILLE, Dec. 20 .- An adjourned meeting of those interested in giving a public reception and testimonial to Sergt. Major W. J. Cox met at the spacious residence of Patrick McCloskey on Wednesday night, when substantial progress was made. It had been decided at a previous meeting that the reception be deferred until the arrival home of Walter Venning, who is now en voyage per str. Rosslyn Castle, due to arrive at Halifax on Jan. 5th, when both our heroes will be given a hearty welcome. Representatives of the four river parishes attended last night's meeting. Warden Geo. A. Percy was chosen chairman and C. F. McLean of Burton secretary. Warden Perley, Milnay Gilbert, C. F. Mc-Lean, H. B. Mitchell and Geo. A. Treadwell were appointed an executive and Rev. R. W. Colston treasurer. The collecting committees for the several parishes are: A. R. Miles, H. R. McCloskey, T. E. Bridges, Abram Bridges, C. W. Barker, Ernest Burpee H. S. Miles, C. F. McLean, James Babbitt, Henry Wilmot, Howard True, Murray Glasier. The date will be fixed upon the arrival of Pte. Venning at Halifax.

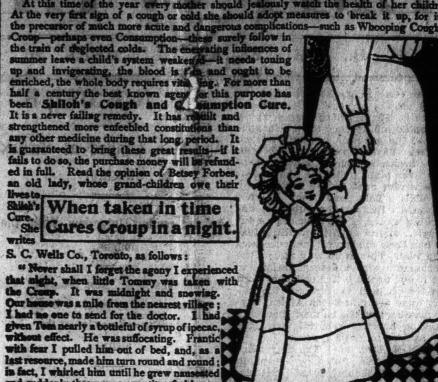
W. M. Thurrott, who has been travelling in Nova Scotia for the past three months, is home for a few days. Archie Harrison has returned. George Johnson has resigned his charge of the school in district No. 2. • Miss Bertha Hoar of Albert Co. has been engaged by the school board for the next term. Rev. R. W. Colston went to Newcastle, Grand Lake, to officiate at the funeral of Mr. Cox. A. R. Miles

went to St. John yesterday. The friends of T. A. Cox will b pleased to learn that he is now in Victor, Colo., with health much improved. SHEFFIELD, Dec. 19.-Mrs Samuel Courier of Upper Gagotown, whose husband died in Boston a few days ago, and whose mortal remains were brought home and buried, has, with her daughter, left her Gagetown home

and removed to Boston to live with her

son there. Robert Cox, a descendant of an old and respected family on Cox Point, Grand Lake, died very suddenly and unexpectedly yesterday at the home of John McDonald, Newcastle, Queens Co. He just rose up from turning grindstone and died almost immediately. Heart trouble was the cause of his death. Mr. Cox, who was never married, was respectably connencted. Adorcas, beloved daughter of Asa M. Burpee of Lower Burton, died at her father's home last Saturday of consumption aged 22 years. She requested to see her beloved sisters before she would die. Her sisters, some of whom had not been home for years, were sent for and arrived before she died. She was buried yesterday in Pine Grove chapel burial ground. The Rev. I, N. Parker officiated at the house, church

and grave.



### STORY OF "THE HOLY CITY"

is life was saved! With dear old SHILUIT scenes to contend with, for it prevents them," Sold in Canada and United States, 25c., 50e, and \$1. a bottle; in England, 1s 2d, 2s 3d

How it Was Composed by "Stephen Adam" and Sung by Mrs. Florence Maybrick

Few songs of a semi-religious char- succeeded in hitting the popular taste, wide popularity as "The Holy City." Since Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" captivated the musical world with its simple melody and its sublime orchestration no similar song had sunk so deep in the hearts of the people until the soul-stirring strains of Stephen Adams' masterpiece put it completely in the shade.

and suddenly threw up a quantity of phlegm; his life was saved! With dear old SHILOH

But of the million admirers of "The Holy City" perhaps not one per cent knows that its composer is a brotherin-law of Mrs. Maybrick, an American woman, who was condemned as a murdress and doomed to spend the rest of her life in an English prison. Few who sing or listen to the magnificent melody know that it is the conception of the man who was mainly instrumental in convicting Mrs. Florence Maybrick of the murder of her husband. Few recognize "Stephen Adams' as the man who set the machinery of the law in motion and pushed it forward until the daughter of the Baroness de Roque stood in the shadow of the gallows.

which go to make the most popular elder brother's residence. song of to-day; that she it was who It was aboard this yacht that Michfirst read them from the manuscript copy of the composer, while he him-self accompanied her upon the plane "Stephen Adams," the name which appears on the title page as composer of perhaps two or three hundred songs many of which have attained extra ordinarly popularity, is the nom de plume of Michael Maybrick, a wellknown English baritone singer, who was brother to the Liverpool merchant for whose murder Florence, his American wife, was sentenced to death more than ten years ago, reprieved, and con-

demned to a life of prison labor. Born in Liverpool between fifty and sixty years ago, the brothers Maybrick, while remaining the closest friends, chose entirely different walks in life. The oldest became a merchant, while Michael, the younger, who was a man of magnificent physique and strikingly handsome, studied music in Italy and became, next to Charles Santley, England's most popular baritone singer.

But it was as a composer that Michael Maybrick, under the nom de plume of "Stephen Adams," made most of his income. With his earliest efforts he script copy.

BY THE WATERS OF GALILEE. The wind is low in the oleanders, Softly stiring the rosy sea; Out from a hill a rill meanders Down to the waters of Galilee.

a burning blazon of bine enamels The rainless heaven that arches o'er;
And Druses drowse by their crouching
camels Where meadows dip to the shingly shore Crumbling walls that the hyssop clings to,

Such is Magdala's glory now; And the only ear that the cuckoo sings to Is that of his mate on the carob bough. The columned city that Herod fashioned That glistened white in the noonday blaze, Naught is left of its past impassioned

Save ghosts that wander its squalid ways. Never a sail nor a galley oaring. The shimmering reaches of liquid calm; Only a watchful vultare soaring. Over the crest of a lonely palm.

But still the mountains, violet, vernal, And the brooding vales where the shep-herds be, And the sun, in its equipoise eternal, Looking down upon Galilee.

And ever, to halo the desert places,
By the spell of the girding silence bound,
The haunting thought of the face of faces,
Of Him through whom this is holy ground ! -Clinton Scollard, in The Century.

WHY KRUGER WENT TO WAR. Ex-President and Dr. Leyds Declare European Powers Gave Them Encour-

agement.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—A despatch to the Daily News from The Hague says that ex-President Kruger and Dr. Leyds intend to show the world that the invasion of Natal by the Boers was not a foolbardy venture, and the declare appropriate they received from Boers was not a foolnardy venture, and was declare encouragement they received from European governments.

The despatch quotes Mr. Kruger as saying: "The truth must be known. It will then be seen that I did not go rashly to

THE PASSION FOR INVESTIGATION. Mamma (in Boston)—We had a great deal f trouble with little Emerson last night. lis nurse told him something about a

Friend-Was he frightened? Mamma—Not at all; but he cried bitterly secause she couldn't show him the buga-

some of them represented little fortunes. "A Warrior Bold" netted Maybrick something like \$15,000, and it is said that he received altogether more than a tenth of a million as royalties for "Nancy Lee," which he composed while riding on the top of a 'bus between the Criterion and Oxford Circus a distance of less than half a mile. Other songs which proved veritable gold mines to "Stephen Adams" were "The Midshipmite" and "The Blue Alsatian Mountains." A private income in addition to the royalites from his songs and the pro-

in the second class of musical com-

positions, the royalties produced by

ceeds of his profitable concert engagements made Michael Maybrick a very wealthy man, and his tastes ran to the possession of a magnificent-appointed yacht. He maintained a fine residence in London, had an establishment at Rhyde, Isle of Wright, the English yachting centre, and was a member of the Royal Victoria Yacht club. For many weeks during the And still fewer know it was the year his yacht used to be anchored in voice of Florence Maybrick that first the Mersey only a short distance from uttered the sweet sequence of sounds his native city of Liverpool and his

City," and it was there that Florence Maybrick first gave voice to its melodious strains.

The popularity of the song was slow to strike the United States and Canada, for it has been a favorite in England since the concert season of 1890 when it was first sung in public by Edward Lloyd, the English tenor, who stood in the same relation to Sims Reeves, recently dead, as did Maybrick to Charles Stanley.

During the two days' trial of Mrs. Maybrick before Justice Stephen, Michael Maybrick was on the stand nearly half the time. Mr. Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Russell, of Killowen, counsel for the defence, sought vainly to shake the damaging testimony of the popular singer.

Could Mrs. Maybrick return to her native land the strains of "The Holy City," heard on every side, might well and to this particular city from all awaken strange recollections of the night when she, as one of a gay party aboard the composer's yacht, first sang it, reading from the original manu-

## LITTLE REBECCAH.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles. Here is the sampler—faint and pale
The crewels that were brilliant then,
lut still we read the simple tale:
"Wrought bye Rebeccah aged ten."

Beneath a crown of nature's gold I catch a glimpse of artless grace, The years draw back, and I behold A small, sweet, pensive, flower-like face.

wonder what she dreamt about The while she stitched with patient care, As though the window-pane without

The sun slept on the village square. keep them now-the wool she spun, Her slippers and the bonnet small, ler copy-book, left half undone, The funny harpsichord and all.

And this is something that the folk Of godly heart had thought a sin.

Ah! did it seem a fairy's stroke

When she caressed you, violin?

Well, here's the end. But if you care, We'll wander to the quaint old lot, So small and overgrown and square, Where friends receive, but know us not.

Beneath the mosses hides the date Of seventeen-fifty—yes, 'twas then Just read upon the fallen slate:

FORGET ME NOT. Let me forget that you e'er said One word to me that was unkind.

But let me try to think instead 'Twas but a fancy of my mind. Let me forget you ever cast
On me one cold and chilling frown,
But let me seek while life shall last
To try and live its mem'ry down.

Let me forget you e'er withdrew Your hand in anger from my own, But try to think it was not you Who was to blame, but I alone.

Let me forget that in your breast One thought of ill 'gainst me you And well you know as I 'twere best Could we all live much to forget. TREASON

Anti-Imperialist League had a bad fainting spell the other day.

Egbert-Indeed?

"Yes; he heard his wife was about to appear in an Empire gown."—Yonkers Statesman. Bacon—I understand a member of the inti-Imperialist League had a bad fainting

BETHLEHEM Bethlehem, Queen Bethlehem, allowed lap and diadem, Kohinoor, it is a star; hands are white as lilles are; Enery Stuart, in Harper's Maga

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Christmas Day As it Now Is In Bethiehem

The Moderenity of Jerusalem-The Seenes of the Nawviry-Incongruous Visi ors in the Sacred Grotto Christmas Night Ricuais.

"All aboard for Jerusalem, Ramleh, Artouf and the tomb of Sampson." The poet Lamartine, writing of the Holy Land in his "Meditations," sixty odd years ago, tells of buying an arsenal of pistols, sabers and other weapons to arm his company against the Greek pirates who infested the archipelago sea and of divers other dangers which made the journey to Jerusalem full of danger and excitement.

Nowadays an uneventful sail on one of the Messageric steamers brings one to Alexandria. Another stop occurs at Port Said, just long enough to take a cocktail served solemnly by a barkeeper in a white cravat, his establishment being in a six story building of iron framework, with nothing in the least oriental about it. Then the next morning your boat is bobbing up and down in sight of Jaffa. The deck acter have ever achieved such world- and although his productions could swarms with priests and ecclesiasticnot be called scholarly or even placed al travellers, representing all the countries and religions in the civilized world, and some that are not civilized, which puts the sailors in a bad humor, as they believe that priests on board bring bad luck.

Close by the sea at a short distance from the city a railway station stands, a little one, it is true, but genuine. It is a strange experience indeed, riding to Jerusalem behind a puffing and whistling locomotive.

After having passed through fragrant gardens the line opens into a plain famous in Bible history as the garden of Palestine. This was the land of Canaan, the country of the Philistines spreading away under our eyes in the clear oriental atmosphere, bounded in the distance by the vague blue lines of the mountains of Judea.

The train rushes onward, and now

the distant points of the mountains of Judea grow plainer. On the right in the distance a white point marks the tomb of Sampson, and a little further on a second white point, to the left this time, is said to show the place where he was born. Finally one reaches Jerusalem, and in spite of call to mind the memory of Christ's dreams and spiritual exaltation it is sufferings. impossible to deny that the first effect is disappointing. One passes into transept of the basilica and descended Maybrick composed "The Holy the Holy City through streets and avenues which resemble nothing so much as the unattractive thoroughfares which run out of Paris from the St. Ouen quarter. There is nothing in the least oriental about them. Instead of Zion and Golgotha, one sees only red by St. Luke. Then the prelate takes roofs and long new buildings with monotonous lines of windows which silver star, continues the service with look like hospitals and orphan asy-

> Passing outside the wall of Jerusalem one traverses the valley of Gehenna, sees Job's well with its white cupola and then finds himself advancing up the slopes of Mount Zion, which stands to the left. Continuing along the road one passes a Jewish city which was commenced by Sir Moses Montefiore with the idea that it would be inhabited by poor people of the Hebrew faith, and of late years crowds of this persecuted race have been coming to the land of their ancestors parts of the world.

Arrived at Bethlehem one naturally hastens to see the scenes of the Nativity, full of expectation and yet ready to be disappointed. The Mount of Olives, Golgotha, the sacred sepulchre, all were in my eyes spoiled for the want of that exquisite simplicity which had filled my childish visions. Everywere the ardor of the faithful has shown itself in upsetting and improving things in a deplorable man-

Passing through the narrow and crooked street which cuts Bethlehem into two parts one finally reaches the extremity of the burg and finds himself in an oblong square, which in its turn opens into an esplanade paved with stone, here and there showing openings into cisterns which served for hantisms and for ablutions among former generations of Christians. In those days it was the usage to wash before entering the sanctuary.

A curious scene is here on the very

border of the place of the Nativity. On one side a burial ground with white tombs, on two other sides rows of bare high walls, like a fortress or a prison. Here and there windows pierce the walls, but no doors. One looks about him mystified, but finally discovers a black hole in and out of which people are passing almost on all fours, so low is it. This is the chief entry to the sanctuary of the Nativity. Having passed through this hole, one finds himself in a large hall divided by four cannonades and surmounted by a roof flanked by heavy beams. People stand about talking and smoking, children play, Turkish soldiers sew up their uniforms, women nurse their infants, fakirs offer oranges, beads and candles for sale, while Greek and Franciscan monks hurry about as if on busines of pressing importance. Formerly, I am told, the Arabs used to stable their sheep here.

But this is not the stable where Jesus was born, and one is some time in discovering it. On the left two Turkish soldiers with rifles are stretched lazily on a bench. One is asleep, the other yawns. In front of them s circular stairway goes down to a door which seems to indicate a crypt. The door passed, one continues the descent by a narrow staircase until he



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comes to two other Turkish soldiers. this time standing up, with guns on the floor, and on the left, lighted by hanging lamps, is the following inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus, Natus Est" (here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary). We are in the stable.

This discovery is much of a surprise, and one's first movement is for protestation, for the simple reason that nothing at all like a stable is apparent. We are in a grotto for stables.

At night the Christmas service at Bethlehem begins at 10 o'clock with a pentificial mass celebrated at the Franciscan church near the basilica. The richest vestments are worn for the office, these having been presented in the name of the Frencia republic by Marechal MacMahon. This first ceremony is concluded about midnight, and then a long procession with candles in hand moves toward the grotto of the Nativity. First comes the cross bearer, followed by Franciscan monks and members of other religious bodies. The patriarch comes last, and directly behind him, at the head of the laymen, walks the French consul with his attendants.

Only those who precede the patriarch carry candles, but that dignity bears in his hard with infinite precaution a beautiful little child of way which with sweet smile, seems almost on the point of crying out. The divine child rests in a manger on silken cushions rose colored and embroidered with gold. At his feet are cloths of fine lace, and under the cushion stands a straw bed, whose projecting thorns

The cortege, having traversed the in front of the spot where the child Jesus was born. The patriarch places the manger and child in the hands of one of his followers and hegins to chant the story of the Nativity as told the child again and, placing it upon a modifications of the sacred text appropriate to the occasion and the spec ial surroundings. As the prelate says the words which tell how the Holy Mother brought into the world her firstborn Son he takes the child again. wraps it in fine laces and chants:

"And here they wrapped it in clothes." Then he walks to the marble manger and places in it the image of the newborn child, at the same time chanting the words:

"And here they laid it in a mange: because there was no place for them at the inn.'

This service often lasts until two o'clock in the morning and is finished by a "Te Deum" and "God Save the republic." All Bethlehem watches this night, and the people-men, women and children-remain until day breaks with lighted candles in their hands in the neighborhood of the basilica Everywhere one hears cries of joy and breathes the fragrance of incense. The festivities become more and more animated as the hours wear away, and it would be difficult to estimate the quantity of candles and hard boiled eggs which are devoured by the participants during the night.

LONGING. (From Chambers' Journal.) The green road the clean road; it is so broad and high:

broad and high;
It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky.
Oh! I laughed once to forsake it, but I'm longing now to take it—
The green road, the clean road, that is so hand and high broad and high.

The gray street, the gay street; how solemly it shines The sun imprints his pleasures, but there's pain between the lines.

Oh, I smiled at first to see it, but I'm eager to fee it. The gray street, the gay street, how solomnly it shines!

The pure love, the sure love, comes over me like rain: The tinsel of my heartless love is turning It's my life I have been given, just to make a decent living. It's my all I have been losing just to get a little gain

The nest song, the best song, is crying swift and sweet:
The tune's within my bosom, but the time's not in my feet. Ah! they only sing for pity, do the voices in the city. Did you ever hear a homely song sound happy in the street?

The gray street, the gay street; for me it holds no reest.

Not even when the summer sun is sailing down the west:

And I cannot find my pleasure in a road my sight can measure

From the little room I dwell in with a memory for my guest.

The green road, the clean road; it is so broad and high,
It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky.

Oh, to rise and part with sadness! oh, to move and meet with gladness,
On the green road, the clean road, that is so broad and high! I SHALL DE DETAILS

Following a Caused by Telling Hin truthful, P Maps Con

Says City of To With Corruption Which He Give pared to Prov Court.

(Toronto

The anticipated street, materialize large congregation usual spectacle Methodist church seat and flinging of the pastor, an back the insult he had told only would not retract he counted the not by the churc through the court The episode wa tion, but it was while it lasted. Rev. J. T. Morris W. H. Banfield, a ropolitan church lery called to Mr. and for a mome The remarks of quently applaude of the congrega preacher, who no charges he made stanced another fesance of office one in the city's A SECON

The incident wa the sensation whi E. C. Davenport church, rose in last night and ch made by Rev. Mr. that corruption ex even in such a contract for a dog was at last night no part in the sce spectator. The i field, is the man tags for the city. It was generally Morris would refe before the sermo surprise by bringi reading of the Sci of Matthew. "For what is a ma gain the whole we soul." Mr. Morn "life" instead of what life was. H

acter. In a few remar defend his chara which had occurr day, he declared, between preacher tween a truth and to say that what is not necessary sentence of it." "YOU ARE NO

Here Mr. Banfie straight at the are not stating went on to say was inaudible or tion which follo More than half th up and strained line on all that behind the clock for the interrupto "I am a memb

Seld. There was mo Mr. Banfield sat o Rev. Mr. Morris ering to keep of Banfield to make platform, and to clear denial. (Apr Mr. Banfeld, himself by saying false statement,

church. I have a

I have said my sa

Mr. Morris-I as an investigation; gregation, but before sons. (Applause.) Mr. Banfield ma and Mr. Morris want to say somet city of Toronto is ruption, it is wellpreacher should be quently I want t you could have heard, or seen wh during the past have been contrad tell you some thin told me-a man in cit confidence." "Don't think

supplied with linel necessary for its provided, went to interested and said to get you that o pay me for it.' Mr. Morris said informed another Hall, an inspector of business one di his duty, and too a piece of poetry, himself, and asked give him 50 cents was given, and th

am endeavoring t

city, when the C

but a man, an

MAKES A D Continuing, th "When the brothe for whom I have says, 'What right refer to these thin preach the Gospel

place without insi