

LAST CARGO OF SLAVES.

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 slaves to be smuggled in for many years.

"I am a native of the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and I do not care to disclose, because he is, I think, a good man, the name of the ship which was used for the purpose of smuggling slaves to the United States."

THE WORST OF ALL.

There are bores by scores and by hundreds. And many, no doubt, you recall, but the fellow who has now happened is the very worst bore of them all.

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 black, on coated calendered paper suitable for framing.

Address Sun Printing Co., St. John.

THE LEAVES.

Up go the leaves in a merry breeze Through the falling autumn day, And ride on the wind away.

EX-GOV. WALCOTT

Died Yesterday 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 Nov. 20, 1827. He was a descendant of the Roker family, which was prominent in the early history of the city.

Another ancestor was Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the declaration of independence. Both of these Wolcotts were members of the Federalist party.

SUNBURY CO

Will Banquet Its Returning South Africa Heroes—Recent Deaths.

MAUGERVILLE, Dec. 20.—An interesting meeting of those interested in giving a public reception and testimonial to Sgt. Major W. J. Cox met at the spacious residence of Patrick McCloskey on Wednesday night.

WHY KRUGER WENT TO WAR.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—A despatch to the Daily News from the Hague says that ex-President Kruger and Dr. Leyds declared European Powers gave them encouragement.

THE PASSION FOR INVESTIGATION.

Mamma (in Boston)—We had a great deal of trouble with little Emerson last night. His nurse told him something about a bugaboo.

The Care of the Children.

At this time of the year every mother should jealously watch the health of her children. At the very first sign of a cough or cold she should adopt measures to break it up, for it is the precursor of much more acute and dangerous complications.

When taken in time Cures Croup in a night.

S. C. Wells Co., Toronto, as follows: "Never shall I forget the agony I experienced that night, when little Tommy was taken with the Croup. It was midnight and snowing."

STORY OF "THE HOLY CITY"

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

Few songs of a semi-religious character have ever achieved such world-wide popularity as "The Holy City." Since Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" captivated the musical world with its simple melody and its subtle orchestration no similar song had sunk so deep in the hearts of the people.

But of the million admirers of "The Holy City" perhaps not one per cent knows that its composer is a brother-in-law of the author of "The Blue Bird." The man who was mainly instrumental in introducing Mrs. Florence Maybrick to the world as a singer of "The Holy City" was 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 great archway.

BY THE WATERS OF GALILEE.

The wind is low in the cleaders, Softly stirring the reed sea; Out from a hill a rill meanders Down to the waters of Galilee.

LITTLE REBECCA.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles. Here is the angel-fair and pale The crewels that are brilliant now, But still we read the simple tale: "Wrought by Rebecca aged ten."

FORGET ME NOT.

Let me forget that you're sad, Let me forget that you're unkind, But let me try to think instead, 'Twas but a fancy of my mind.

BETHLEHEM.

Oh, Bethlehem, starred Bethlehem, Bright with the Coronation gem, Don't glow through happy hours, Whose eyes have seen the mystery, Mail brow and eyes and diadem—made Bethlehem!

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Christmas Day As it Now is in Bethlehem

The Moderernity of Jerusalem—The Scenes of the Nativity—Incongruous Visitors in the Sacred Grotto Christmas Night Rites.

"All aboard for Jerusalem, Ramleh, Artoft 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, sabres 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 Messagerie steamers brings one to Alexandria. Another stop occurs at Port Said, just long enough to take a cocktail served solemnly by a bar-keeper in a white cravat, his establishment being in a six story building of iron framework, with nothing in the least oriental about it.

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 engine, and watching a train of passenger coaches, representing all the countries and religions in the civilized world, and some that are not civilized, which puts the sailors in a bad humor, brine had luck.

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 jagged blue lines of the mountains of Judea.

Passing outside the wall of Jerusalem one traverses the valley of Gehenna, and sees Job's well with its white cupola and then finds himself advancing up the slopes of Mount Zion, which is pointed 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 persecuted race have been coming to the land of their ancestors and to this particular city from all 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 Olive, Golgotha, the sacred sepulchre, all were in my eyes spoiled for the want of that exquisite simplicity which had filled my childish visions.

Everywhere the ardor of the faithful was shown itself in upsetting and improving things in a deplorable manner. 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 baptisms 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 a him mystified, but finally discovers a black hole in and out of which people are passing almost on all fours, for it is this the chief entry to the sanctuary of the Nativity. Having passed through this hole, one finds himself in a large hall divided by four canopies 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 Greeks and Franciscan monks hurry about as if on business, or 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 a 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 comes to two other Turkish soldiers, this time standing up, with guns in the floor, and on the left, lighted by hanging lamps, is the following inscription: "Elic 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. At night the Christmas services at Bethlehem begins at 10 o'clock with a pontifical 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 French republic by Marshal 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 torches, and that dignity bears in his hand with infinite precaution a beautiful little child of wax, 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 call to mind the memory of Christ's sufferings.

The cortege, having traversed the transept of the basilica and descended into the grotto of the patriarch, stops 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 begins to chant the story of the Nativity as told by St. Luke. Then the prelate takes the child again and, placing it upon a silver star, continues the service with modifications of the sacred text appropriate to the occasion and the special 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 manger 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—begin to chant the words 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; It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky.

The grey street, the gay street; how solemnly 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 now to flee it!

The pure love, the sure love, comes over me like rain; The tinsel of my heartless love is turning poor and plain. It's my life I have been given, just to make a decent living.

The next 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 grey street, the gay street; for me it holds no rest. No! ere when the summer sun is falling down the west; And I cannot find my pleasure in a road my heart can measure.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and the text: 'Makes Child's Play of Wash Day'.

Following a Telling Hint, truthful, P Maps O Con Says City [of To With Corrupti Which He Give pared to Prov Court.

The antipathetic Richmond Method street, material large congregational spectacle of Methodist church seat and flinging of the pastor, and back the pastor, he had told only would not retract he couled the fo not by the church through the court. The epistle was tion, but it was while it lasted. Rev. J. T. Morris, W. H. Banfield, a republican church, very called to Mr. and for a moment. The remarks of a quently applauded of the congrega preachers, who no charges by making stanced another reasence of office one in the city e

A SECOND. The incident was the sensation while E. C. Davenport church, rose in H last night and ch charged by Rev. M that corruption ex even in such a contract for a dog was at last night no part in the see specially with gold. It is the man tags for the city. It was generally Morris would refer before the sermon surprised by making the latter hall of Matthew. T

"For what is a man gain the while we soul?" Mr. Morris "life" instead of "what life was. H actor. In a few remark defend his chara appropriate to the day, he declared, between preacher tween a truth and to say that what is not necessary if sentence of the

"YOU ARE NO TR. Here Mr. Banfie straight at the i are not staling i because there was inaudible ov tion which follo More than half th up and strained f line on the clock i for the interrupte "I am a membe church. I have a I have said my su

Mr. Morris—I as an investigation; a gregation, but befo sons. (Applause.) Mr. Banfield ma and Mr. Morris want to say some thing of Toronto is ruption, it is well-preacher should be quently I want to you could have heard, or seen wh during the past have been contrai tell you some thin told me—a man in "cit confidence." I "Don't think fo an endeavoring to but a man, an ody, when the C supplied with lino necessary for ex provided, went to interested and salk to get you that o pay me for it."

Mr. Morris said Hall, as to say s of business one d this duty, and too a piece of poetry, himself, and aske give him 50 cents besa given, and t place without ins

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