

POOR DOCUMENT

POETRY.

Four Easter Pictures.

I
Broad meadows upon whose bosoms glow
The first warm kisses of the rising sun;
And through whose level areas there run
Meandering streams that trickle as they flow
To the blue sea that waits their waves below:
See how the gold encroaches on the dune
Dull colors of the grass till it has won
The whole expanse, and myths of long ago!
I almost fancy that the sunbeams dance
Upon the rippling waters of the streams.
While the sweet lower ages fables to entrance
The heart of youth, this Easter morning seems
Half truth to me, as here I sit and gaze
Upon these meadows where the sunlight gleams.

II
Two chubby children waking from their sleep
And hurrying forth where running waters be,
With eager haste, that they themselves may see
Whether the sun to-day upon the deep
Blue billows, when he falls, will pay leap
With dancing feet to symbolize his glee;
And, once belief of childhood's over the sea,
Too wide that sees them crossing here to keep
A tray with nature, air their wings and make
Soft dimples in the face of the tide.
Till the bright beams, upon these falling, break
In shivered lines which dart from side to side,
Whereat the children shout that for their sake
The dance of the sun were not denied.

III
A mother kneeling where the sunbeams fall
Upon the waxy features of her child—
Dead ere one Easter holiday beguiled.
His innocence with that great joy which all
This day experienced, Death's sable pall
Hath all the splendor of her more defiled.
And yet one would imagine that she smiled
When, solemn through the eastern rooms and hall,
Floated the cadence of a joyous hymn
Some passing children sang with youthful zest,
And a new light comes in her eyes, and dim
With the great sorrow that her heart oppressed,
Because she knows her son, alike with him
Who rose this morn, is now forever blest.

IV
An altar with rich flowers and lamps be-lit,
And those embellishments of things divine
Art teaches faith to place before the shrine,
Which He indwelt by day alike and night
Who governs art not less than faith aright:
While thro' the doors, their tapers of green vine,
Which loving hands have made to intertwine
With roses red that vie with roses white!
While kneeling to the fretted arch on high,
And filling with their sweetness all the nave,
Ring alleluia such as earth to sky
Lone sees since in every gladness rare,
When He, for its sake vowed to die,
Arose triumphant from the guarded grave.
—*Brown Republic.*

SELECT STORY.

Little Carrotson's Holiday.

Mr. Cutbill was a busy lawyer, a bachelor, and not very fond of children, so that his married sister who lived in the country, made a mistake when she wrote to him that he would provide a day and an evening's amusement for little Carrotson, who was returning to Westminster School after his Christmas holidays. The boy was due at his tutor's house in Dean's-yard on a Wednesday, but Mr. Cutbill's sister suggested that if he came up to London on the Tuesday, her brother might make him spend an agreeable day and take him to see the pantomimes afterwards. Little Carrotson was not related in any way to Mr. Cutbill's sister, but he was the son of a friend of hers, and was said to be an intelligent boy, well worth knowing.

Mr. Cutbill consented to entertain the youth, and little Carrotson accordingly arrived at the lawyer's private residence in Gower street one January morning, towards half-past nine. It was raining hard, and Mr. Cutbill thought it would never do to take the boy out of doors in such weather. He would be getting wet feet, catch cold, and so forth; beside, the lawyer was absolutely obliged to go to the office for two or three hours; so, as soon as Carrotson had been installed opposite a cup of coffee and a sausage, Mr. Cutbill said to him, in a tone that he meant to be paternal, "Look here, James; can't you trust me to be a good boy whilst I am out? I shall be back for luncheon, and then I'll take you to see the wax-works, and in the evening we'll go to Drury Lane. So, as you'll have two treats to-day, I hope you'll keep out of mischief."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said little Carrotson, eyeing the lawyer with some surprise.

"If you'll mind not to leave the room, and not to play with the fire, I'll see if I have any picture books."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir," answered the boy, on whose chubby face there was a slight flush of offended dignity. "There's a friend of mine who lives in this neighborhood, and I thought to go and hunt him up."

"A friend? Is he a boy, like yourself?"

"Well, he's fourteen."

It was so long since Mr. Cutbill had been a boy, that he had forgotten the habits of the species and the manner of addressing them. In the red-headed, blue-eyed, merry-faced lad before him he saw only a mere child who wanted to go and splash about in the rain, perhaps make mud pies and be run over by cabs.

"No, I must positively forbid that," he said. "You are under my charge to-day, and must do as I tell you. Think what your mama would say if you were brought home on a stretcher." Then, suddenly a happy thought occurred to Mr. Cutbill. Why should he not set the boy to do a little useful work by way of making the time pass? He had read somewhere that boys enjoy a half a holiday better than a whole one; so he dashed out of the room and returned with his washing-book. "Look here, James; I'll see how you can do sums. Just go through this book, add up all the weekly accounts of the quarter, and then divide the total of number of weeks so as to get at the average of my weekly expenditure. If you do all that by the time I return, and without making any blots, I'll give you half a crown to spend at school."

Having said this, Mr. Cutbill retired, thinking he had hit upon an ingenious device for keeping his charge out of mischief. Little Carrotson's face was a picture.

Public-school boys have strong expressions for describing such men as Mr. Cutbill; they call them "howling snobs." The egregious "cheek" of forbidding Carrotson "to play with the fire," and the utter villainy of compelling him to do sums in the house where he had come as a guest in holiday time, could only be matched by the impudent offer of half a crown to one who had no less than four sovereigns in his pocket. The whole thing was indeed so "rich," that after a brief spell of indignation, Carrotson laughed. He took up the lawyer's "beastly" washing book, and got through the work set him in half an hour, after which he added some supplementary averages of his own. He computed how many shirts Mr. Cutbill would wear in the course of a lifetime, supposing he lived to the age of seventy; and how much he would disburse in getting his socks washed during the same period, and so forth; but these calculations only amused him for another half-hour. Then he yawned, stared out of the window, and was startled by the postman's double knock. What devil of mischievous mischief was it that made him whisper then: "By Jove I'll just answer the old dad's letter for him!"

Little Carrotson slunk into the passage and found four letters in the box. He left one in case the servant should come up and collect the delivery; but the other three he carried into the dining-room where he had been working. The breakfast things had not yet been removed, and there was water in the slop-basin, by means of which the boy speedily unguined the three envelopes. To say that he felt the slightest compunction at what he was doing would be incorrect; he thought only of having a lark, and paying out old Cutbill for his snobbery. The first letter was a printed invitation to dine with the Peer; the second was a note from a lady who signed herself "Flora Higgins," and wrote thanking Mr. Cutbill for a legal opinion he had given her in a friendly way. She alluded several times to her daughter Rosa, who was so pleased to hear Mr. Cutbill's cold was better, and hoped so much Mr. Cutbill would look in soon to take a cup of tea, and hear her sing one of his favorite songs which she had been practising. The third letter was in a man's hand, and referred evidently to some difference that had arisen between Mr. Cutbill and the writer. The latter—one Brown—wrote, however, to say that he trusted Mr. Cutbill would frankly accept the explanations he had tendered, and that the painful misapprehensions between them would soon cease.

It has been said that young Carrotson was an intelligent boy. He proved it by the calm deliberation with which he now went to work; for having found a sample of Mr. Cutbill's handwriting in the adjoining study, to which he repaired on tip-toe to imitate that writing, till he attained proficiency. He then inflicted the three following answers to the lawyer's correspondents, his face being as serious as a judge's whilst he wrote, though there was a suspicious twinkling in his eye.

To the Peer he addressed himself thus:—

My Lord,—It is very kind of you to invite me to dinner, but I am afraid I cannot accept, because, since I saw you I have suddenly changed my political opinions, and think you are altogether wrong about everything. I shall be happy to make friends again if you will only think as I do; but, perhaps, being obstinate you won't like to do this.

So no more at present from

Your lordship's obedient servant,
LONG CUTBILL.

Next came Mrs. Higgins' turn.

MY DEAR MRS. HIGGINS.—Your kind letter has pleased me so much, because of its allusion to dear Rosa. I am so fond of her, that I have been quite miserable from wondering all night whether she would marry me, and that must excuse the shakiness of my hand writing this morning. I am sure I should make a good husband if Rosa would promise to keep my washwoman's account correctly balanced. I am very particular about this. Please think over the matter, and let me have an early favorable answer, which will oblige. Yours truly,
LONG CUTBILL.

P.S.—Shouldn't I like to catch dear Rosa under the mistletoe!

The gentleman who wanted to be reconciled to Mr. Cutbill came in for this kindly misre.—

MY DEAR BROWN.—It was I who was in the wrong all through our quarrel, so please say nothing more in the matter. I have a vile temper, which I freely acknowledge, and if you had kicked me down stairs when we last met it would have served me right, though I might have objected at the time. Pray come to dine with me on Saturday evening at seven o'clock, and we shall have one of the best bottles of champagne out of my cellar. Don't trouble yourself to write and say you'll come, as I shall be out of town tomorrow and next day, but will be back in time for our dinner, which shall be a rouser.

Ever your friend,
L. CUTBILL.

Little Carrotson put the letters in envelopes, directed them, and stamped

them with stamps of his own; after which, having hesitated a moment, he flung the three original letters into the fire. He had thought at first of restoring them to their covers and laying them on the lawyer's table, but he concluded that the fun would be much greater if he simply suppressed them. He was seated by the fire studying the police reports in the Times, and looking as innocent as possible, when Mr. Cutbill returned home towards one o'clock.

Now, if the lawyer had behaved "like a gentleman" for the rest of the day, little Carrotson might have had mercy on him. The boy was in doubt about posting the letters he had written, and kept them in his pocket like loaded weapons, ready for reprisals if Mr. Cutbill "checked" him any further. Unfortunately, the lawyer was a dull person, and committed blunder upon blunder in dealing with his small but sensitive guest. He took him to the Tuscan shop, but opposite the wax effigy of William Rufus he asked him at what date this monarch had ascended the throne? He refused to tell little Carrotson go into the Chamber of Horrors, saying it would excite him. He bade him admire the noble brow of Richard Cobden, and took a mean advantage of the occasion to bore him about free trade. Finally, he drew down on himself the contempt of Carrotson by misquoting Shakespeare as they were surveying Charles Kemble in the part of Hamlet ("That's Hamlet saying, 'My kingdom for a horse,' remarked the mercenary lawyer).

At Drury Lane in the evening it was worse. Little Carrotson derived some amusement from the pantomime, and almost relented in his revengeful purpose, but the miserably lawyer refused to stay for the harlequinade. He said that little boys ought not to be kept out of their beds after half-past ten. Little Carrotson silently ground his teeth, and from that moment Mr. Cutbill's punishment was decreed beyond hope of pardon. The three letters were posted in the pill-box of Dean's-yard on the following day, when the boy returned to school.

They were destined to have very remarkable effects on the lawyer's future. In the first place, there came to him on the Friday morning a short, but sweet, note from Mrs. Higgins:—

MY DEAR MRS. CUTBILL.—Your original and amusing way of proposing for dear Rosa's hand has made us both laugh, but my beloved child is quite alive to the honor which you are conferring on her, and I can promise you that all the affection which you lavish upon her shall be amply repaid in kind. Please come at once, she is waiting for you.

Very faithfully yours,
Flora Higgins.

"What the deuce does this mean?" asked Mr. Cutbill, with a blank look. He went at once for explanations, and then received a curt note, begging him to call at Mrs. Higgins's. That lady and her daughter imagined that the lawyer cherished the uncharitable design of retracting his proposal, and that they were determined to prevent Mr. C. was out-foxed with his own handwriting. He vowed it was not his, but was driven at last to own that possibly he had written the letter in his sleep. He had heard of such things happening, and though he did not believe he was a somnambulist he could not, of course, swear that such was not the case.

"But if you wrote the letter in your sleep, did it betray your unspoken thoughts?" was the clever Mrs. Higgins's next searching question. She smiled kindly as she said this, and Mr. Cutbill gave in. After all why shouldn't the marry dear Rosa? He returned to Gower-street an engaged man; but by that time he had come to guess who was the culprit who had played him this trick, and he thought with indignation of the precious depravity evinced by little Carrotson.

This was on the Saturday, and Mr. Cutbill had scarcely reached home when Brown, his quondam friend, marched in with a beaming face. It should be said that this Brown had behaved very badly to Cutbill; but now there was emotion in his eyes as he advanced upon the lawyer and forcibly grasped his hand. "You have acted nobly in forgiving me, Cutbill; I shall never forget it. No more generous letter than yours was ever penned; but enough: I've brought a good appetite with me."

"I don't in the least understand you," Mr. Cutbill was about to say, coldly, but he checked himself. Since Brown praised him for generosity, it was as well to take credit for such a rare virtue. Brown had evidently come to dinner, and as the lawyer always dined well, his sudden arrival did not matter much. But over their wine by-and-by, when the two gentlemen had quite cemented their reconciliation, Mr. Cutbill thought it best to tell the truth, and avow that it was a pretentious Westminster boy, named Carrotson, that he was indebted for the pleasure of having Brown to dine at his table. As if to corroborate this assertion, that very evening's post brought a letter from the lawyer's third correspondent, the Peer, which ran thus:—

MY DEAR MR. CUTBILL.—What an earth is the meaning of the enclosed note, which, I presume, is a forgery?

Yours truly,
C.

A visit which Mr. Cutbill paid to Westminster School on the Monday night might have had distressing consequences for the little Carrotson, but for Mrs.

Higgins' interference. As it was, the lawyer only went for the purpose of asking how many letters Carrotson had thought proper to write in his name, and he smiled—rather a grim smile, though—in cautioning the boy against practical jokes for the future. Little Carrotson laid the lesson well to heart. He got many a welcome reminder to this end from dear Rosa, who, after her marriage, became his ally, and often invited him to dine in Gower-street, where she gave him new washing bills to balance, but treated him like a man, and tipped him sovereigns, earning in response his unqualified opinion as to her being a "brick."

CITY DIRECTORY.

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The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 7.30 P. M., and arrives at 7.35 A. M., daily, Sundays excepted.

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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 9.30 P. M.

The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. The Post Office is open at 12.30 P. M., near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sunbury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. H. 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 1.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W. H. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England via New York, leaves on Tuesday 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 at 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.

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BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

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

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881.