

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsent to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

HAIL TO THE DUKE.

Just as PROGRESS was preparing to go to press, word was received of the expected arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught by special train at noon Friday.

His Worship the Mayor and the members of the Common Council had not been notified.

It was thought to be the intention of H. R. H. to come quietly, see the city and escape the infliction of an address and other alleged hospitalities.

There can be little doubt that the duke read last Saturday's PROGRESS, got an idea of what the Common Council was like and would have based his movements on the information received had he come at all.

The duke appears to have excellent judgment, and to be worthy of the illustrious race of which he is a scion.

But he had not come, up to the hour of going to press, and is not likely to do so. The rumor appears to have originated in the fact that the special train which had been ordered for him in the first instance had not been cancelled, and that Governor TILLEY, who went to Fredericton, had left by train in the morning.

Hail to the duke, and long life to him, even if he does not come.

JENKINS IN TORONTO.

Mr. Jenkins,—the traditional, not literal Jenkins—appears to have been following the Duke of Connaught very closely in his trip through Canada. At each place the public are told with great precision how his royal highness looked, the kind of clothes he wore, there being a diversity of opinion as to whether his limb casings were "pants" or trousers, with a lot of other matters of the same importance.

The utterances of the royal party have been duly recorded, Jenkins jotting down each word as of historic value. It may be supposed that his ears were expanded to their full dimensions to note each syllable when Niagara Falls was reached. There have been a great many first impressions of famous people on seeing the cataract, and those of the duchess must now be included in the number. Here they are, according to the Toronto Empire:

Immediately upon their arrival there they went direct to their rooms and were much pleased with them and their location on the river front overlooking the falls. The duchess remarked: "Very nice, very nice."

Then when they were asked if they would use the private dining room, the duke said "no," and the stenographer duly registered the weighty utterance. According to Jenkins, too, even the planetary system worked a little better than usual. "The moon," he says, "shone its very brightest, and allowed his royal highness to enjoy to the best possible advantage a view of the great cataracts by moonlight."

The inference is that the moon might have allowed him a view by sunlight if he had so desired.

When the party viewed the rapids, "the duchess remarked that it was just grand," which is another historical utterance which posterity will thank Jenkins for preserving.

The Jenkins of the World vouches for the opinion that the visit "will long be remembered in Toronto," and having secured about two hundred "exact words" of the duke in regard to his impressions of Canada, prints them in full-face type. In the course of the interview the duke said that if he ever went to India again it would be by the way of Canada. The colossal gall of the Toronto reporter thereupon asserted itself:

"Supposing," asked the reporter, "that you were on a military expedition, what then?" "I cannot answer your question. It is altogether too problematical. Besides, I am not at liberty to discuss such a subject with you."

Jenkins appears delighted to rush into print this very proper rebuke to his impertinent catch-question, and this too will pass into history.

The duke allowed himself to be exhibited at a place in Toronto, called the Pavilion. There were 6,000 people crowded into it, and Jenkins records the remarkable fact that the "daughter or wife of the banker sat contentedly down alongside of the wife of the laborer or artisan," which was very

good of her, indeed, under the circumstances. When the duke rose to reply to an address inflicted on him, "his feet were incased in a dainty pair of patent leather boots, and he wore a dark check pair of trousers, a black coat, out of which peeped a white and blue check handkerchief, and a red cravat were included in the outfit. Leaning easily upon an elegant silver-headed bamboo cane he replied," etc. It is evident that by some culpable negligence Jenkins failed to ascertain the color of his stockings and undergarments, while there is not the slightest mention of his style of shirt collar.

The Toronto "journalist" is a very curious sort of a creature in many ways.

WATTS AND THE CLERGY.

It is not probable that the clergymen of this city will attempt to confront CHARLES WATTS, the secularist, when he lectures in this city a week or two hence. There appears to only one doughty DAVID, who is eager to face this doubting GOLIATH, and if he does so there will undoubtedly be a crowded house, which heretofore it has not been the fortune of Mr. WATTS to find in St. John. The other clergymen will probably leave the aggressive agnostic alone. It is not probable that they will even attend the lecture.

It is in the latter omission that PROGRESS thinks they are derelict in their duty as guardians of the christian faith. It is their business to know what Mr. WATTS has to say, and to answer it, if it can be answered. Not there—not on the platform where a professional controversialist can heap assertion upon assertion which it might require hours or days of research for his opponent to prove merely assertion—but in the proper time and place, among the people who are in doubt whether the doctrine of WATTS or the gospel of the Bible is best worthy of acceptance. This involves no undignified controversy, nor does it follow that Mr. WATTS and his theories should be advertised from the pulpit, as some seem to fear.

A good many people go to hear Mr. WATTS who are not believers in his words, nor are they firmly grounded in a faith in the christian religion. They hear an able speaker who presents agnosticism in its most alluring light. He advocates the highest plane of morality and inculcates the principles of a pure and honest life. He, in short, teaches much that is christianity with CHRIST left out. He does not say, "there is no GOD," and that we are free to break the commandments and live as we please in this life. He simply claims that he knows of no GOD as the Bible portrays Him, but he does not wholly condemn the Bible. He praises it as a book of rare value, but he discredits the accounts of its origin and denies that there can be such a thing as inspiration. At the same time, he teaches what it teaches, ascribing it to man alone.

The good clergymen of this and other cities do not, as a rule, go to hear him. They do not, probably, read his publications. Once in a while some one, usually ill fitted by education or training to engage in such a debate, crosses swords with him. The result is usually a long and tedious argument which only a few attempt to follow and in which WATTS claims the victory. Such discussions accomplish nothing in the cause of christianity. The sharp thrusts and pointed arguments of the secularist's platform are what create doubt, and lead, perhaps, to conviction. The clergymen do not know what has been said, but some of their hearers do, and perhaps believe it. They hear no answer from the pulpit, and they think perhaps that none can be made. They begin to believe that WATTS tells the truth.

Would it not be better for the clergymen to find out just what their opponent has to say, and then without any reference to him, confute his assertions from time to time in their pulpits? If he laughs at inspiration, let them give their reasons for a faith in it, and so on with his other arguments which the layman cannot answer for want of knowledge. They may require more study and research than they devote to ordinary science, but the cause is surely worth it. If they cannot make their gospel appear as practical as the doctrine of unbelief, they are indeed but poor defenders of the faith.

It may be a very wise policy to ignore Mr. WATTS, but his assertions are worth some attention.

BOSTON is convulsed with the most severe shock it has had since the revolution. In the suburbs of that city, where it has always been considered difficult to make a child understand the meaning of the word "vandalism," a terrible thing has happened. Shocking to state, Cambridge is the locality, and the vandals are students of Harvard college. In celebration of a recent victory over Yale, these youths literally painted the classic city red, with the gory pigment they wrote cuss-words condemnatory of Yale in the vestibule of Appleton chapel, irreparably damaged the carved stone work of other beautiful buildings, and crowned the outrage by daubing the statue of the revered JOHN HARVARD himself. The faculty and citizens are naturally frantic, and if they can catch the offenders, will doubtless weep that the days of slaying alad and boiling in oil belong to a past age.

When the half price of a piano is \$550 the instrument must be an excellent one. The announcement of one for sale by Messrs. Johnston & Co., should have considerable interest for those who contemplate purchasing a piano. The undoubted reliability of the firm is sufficient guarantee that a bargain is to be had.

For sale, Chair Cane, long selected, skin or bunch. Dual, 423 Union street.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The games Saturday and Monday between the Frederictons and Shamrocks and St. Johns showed beyond a doubt the weakness and strength of the Celestial team. Ryan has no business with the Shamrocks; that is certain, and had it not been for the superb outfielding of the Frederictons, Saturday would have been a darker day than it was for them. As it was there was enough twilight, and not even their luckless guard of honor—five newspaper men from the capital—could rally their spirits and efface that score, 10—2.

I saw the Monday game at Fredericton between the St. Johns—the Nationals, the Frederictons, and for genuine excitement I have not had such an experience in a long time. Without inquiring into the reason, there seems to be more feeling in Fredericton against the St. Johns than any other club in the league. I was amazed at it, and also confess to a keen disappointment in a portion of the audience. The sneers and epithets hurled at them were more than a sufficient excuse for the visitors to lose their temper, which I am glad to say did not happen. A dazed umpire at the plate set the grand stand going in a short time, and between the jibes from both quarters he also had a tough time of it. For the sake of the game in the capital it would have been better if Fredericton had won, and only a fair reward for their magnificent struggle. McCormack is an elegant twirler, and puzzled the hard hitters terribly for the first few innings. An aggregation of costly errors lost the game. Rarely have I seen St. John pull out of a deeper hole in the ninth inning. If they had put half the life into the game from the start the result would have been different. The Frederictons are easily rattled—at least it appeared so to me, for with Parsons and Whitenet at the coaching stations and Kennedy stealing bases they appeared dazed. Nothing else accounts for three runs in the ninth and the winning one in the tenth. McCormack was very sad when he left the field, but for that matter so was every Frederictonian.

The league should lose no time in defining the territories of the umpires. They play National league rules, but as there are no rules touching double umpires in them the N. B. league should issue their instructions to the umpires. If this had been done at the start there would be no chance for prolonged "kicks" and protested games.

Billy Pushor rarely falls out with anybody, and is not a kicker, but his patience was tried Monday.

What nonsense it is for any member of the Fredericton management to insinuate unfair scoring on the part of Berry. A detailed score sent over the wires is apt to have some errors, and I understand that Berry says that in one instance his summary was incorrect as it appeared in the Sun, and another which I have forgotten, both of which, however, are correct in the official score book.

When Christie hears a Frederictonian refer to "that game he gave away last year" he laughs. "That is only thing to do" he says "for I can never make them believe but that I did, what I never did knowingly in my life, umpire unfairly."

Capt. Donovan might have been a little easy on the Celestials and let them have just one run. Oh, Fredericton, Fredericton, I fear for the popularity of the game if you don't brace up. Ryan will be the death of you yet.

The Shamrocks are playing great ball and I'm counting the days until the first league game between them and the St. Johns—what a game it will be!

Moncton will take no back talk this year. The smoky city team has a dandy battery, a darling second baseman, and speaking generally are nine uncompromising slug-gers. Look out for them, Shamrocks. Four to three is a very close shave for the St. Johns.

Another Hustler for the Mutual. The Mutual Life has secured another agent and a rattling good one in that indefatigable newspaper man and worker, M. McDade, of Fredericton, who in future will occupy his leisure hours from newspaper and legislative duties to his own profit and the advantage of the Mutual. Mr. McDade is a persuasive and elegant talker and possessing excellent address and an extensive acquaintance, his success is certain. PROGRESS has practical proof of his ability as a canvasser in the boom edition of St. Stephen.

For Bargain Hunters. When the half price of a piano is \$550 the instrument must be an excellent one. The announcement of one for sale by Messrs. Johnston & Co., should have considerable interest for those who contemplate purchasing a piano. The undoubted reliability of the firm is sufficient guarantee that a bargain is to be had.

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JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Life's Dark Cloud. Caterpillars and currant worms have made their appearance, with the usual results. Drunken rowdies are still brawling and howling at night, unbarring gates and destroying property. Cent pitching among the boys in Digby has, besides its demoralizing tendency, become a nuisance. We have been requested to refer to it in the columns of the Courier, and warn parents to prevent their children from indulging in such a pernicious pastime.—Digby Courier.

The Silver Lining. A. Douglas Daley will accept our thanks for a fine sample of trout given us on Monday. Master Geo. Wright brought us on Thursday, a wild strawberry, partly ripe. A Frenchman, with a double headed, six legged and two tailed stuffed calf, has been having an exhibition in town during the past week.—Digby Courier.

Thought They Needed Paint. Detective Power is looking up the individual who daubed the houses on Morris and Hollis streets with painted on Wednesday night. Nearly every house on the northern side of Morris street from St. Lukes to Hollis street is marked.—H. Mail.

The Attractions at Jones's. D. S. Jones, Esq., still retains his spirit of enterprise and has opened a fruit and confectionery store and also keeps a number of staple articles, such as tea, sugar, boots and shoes, etc. The good looking clerk is still in position, and is becoming quite popular.—Carleton Sentinel.

Attractive to Tourists. On the Windsor end of the Avon public bridge there is a hole in one of the planks large enough to admit the hoof of a horse. The drains of the town—or, rather, several of them—are emitting disgusting odors, which must be dangerous to the public health. The sidewalk in front of the Windsor street laundry is positively dangerous to the limbs of pedestrians. Holes in the planks are large enough to admit and entrap the feet of the unwary, and as the depths directly underneath appear to be interminable, we shall not be surprised to hear of a broken leg.—Windsor Tribune.

FROM THE GRAND STAND.

After the games with the Presumpsots on the 24th, Ryan wrote home that he owned Fredericton. Wagg is as full of tricks as ever, and he hasn't lost his voice. All the N. B. league clubs are on the look out for basemen and heavy hitters. Maine seems able to produce as good ball players as Massachusetts, so far.

The Shamrocks' coils have been engaged for the season, and the management has an eye on another amateur. The St. Johns can play a great up-hill game this season. The champions are back to the Jerseys. Larabee works as hard as ever.

The four league teams have played about enough games to show the managers where the weak points are. Look out for releases and new players! Why not introduce the American idea of standing up between the innings? The grand stand seats are uncommonly hard.

Luck turned when Whitenet busted the balloon. The boys had a merry time at their hotel. Somebody hit the captain with a pillow and he thought a sand bag had come his way. Wagg pulled Allen's leg in great style Monday on the one ball and two strikes, or two balls and one strike dispute.

When it rains the Frederictons have to get down to business in the skating rink. The boys haven't got over their surprise yet. Score cards sell in Fredericton for five cents, on the St. John's grounds for a copper, and are given away on the Shamrock field.

A Chance for Trouble. While the Evangelical Alliance, apparently headed by Rev. H. A. Hartley, is discussing the propriety of endeavoring to confute the secularist Watts, the plank of Sabbath observance, a strong one in its platform, is being rudely splintered by the men who aspire to make the laws of the land. Messrs. Adams and McInerney, the latter a candidate for the commons, addressed a political meeting at Buctouche on Sunday last. Buctouche, it will be remembered, is the place to which some of the people of Moncton used to go on Sunday excursion trains for the purpose of attending church, etc. It behooves somebody to make trouble about this matter.

The Weak Point. The Washington Craftsman, in its column of "Voices of Nationalism," says that the coal mines of Nova Scotia are owned and operated by the government, that the miners get more pay and the mines are more satisfactorily run than anywhere else on earth. The only weak point in the argument is the fact that the government does not own or operate the mines. It is individual competition that has made them what they are.

On the Streets of Campbellton. PROGRESS has been for sale in Campbellton for over a year at the store of Mr. A. E. Alexander than whom no paper has ever had a more obliging circulation friend, but from this Saturday the citizens of that enterprising town will be able to buy it as early Saturday morning as they please on the streets also. A smart newsboy has undertaken the job and will earn cash for himself and push the paper at the same time.

They are Sure to be Popular. The City Cornet band has struck a happy idea, and one that will find favor with the hundreds who promenade the King square on band nights last summer. Arrangements have been made to give a series of band concerts on the Shamrocks' grounds, which will be brilliantly lighted with electric lights—and a small admission fee will be charged.

Looking Backward. The cheapest edition yet published of Edward Bellamy's much talked about book, Looking Backward has been received by D. J. Jennings. The edition is in paper cover, well printed from large type, and sells for 20 cents.

The Union City Hotel—See Adet.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Although I have had the best intention regarding my later letters, still I cannot help thinking that they have been very uninteresting. It is not altogether my fault, for the musical people of St. John have been most provokingly quiet for the last three or four weeks, and for St. John we have had such a quantity of drama etc., that I'm sure all the music loving people will be glad of a change of hearing opera on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, when Dorothy, by Alfred Cellier, will be sung. Perhaps it will not be out of the way for me to give a short synopsis of the opera, as we are to hear it so soon.

The scene of the opera is laid in Kent, England, a hundred years ago. The first act is in a hop field, introducing festival of hop pickers. The second act is in the great hall of Squire Bantam's mansion, and a ball is in progress. The third act is in a woodland glen.

The story is as follows: Two ladies of gentle birth, Dorothy Bantam and Lydia Hawthorne, wish to find out "whether a maid can be loved for herself alone," masquerade as peasants at the harvest festival, passing themselves off as daughters of "Tuppit," a farmer and inn-keeper, whose daughter Dorothy (who has just been betrothed to Tom Grass), makes him agree to the deception.

While thus disguised, the ladies meet Geoffrey Wilder and Harry Sherwood, who were originally designed to be their husbands, and who have come to the neighborhood very unwillingly, Geoffrey intending to "throw himself on his uncle's mercy, cry peccati, have his debts paid, be a good boy and try and swallow his cousin Dorothy." However, they meet the ladies, who call themselves Dorcas and Abigail. "This is Dorcas and I am my Cousin Abigail." "Now we know."

The gallants immediately fall in love with the fascinating little rustics, and thro' prudence to the winds. At this interesting situation of affairs they discover that they have been followed by the "Sheriff's faithful man," Surcher, who insists upon having his money or taking them both back to town with him. "For unto prison you must go, and stop until it's paid sir!"

"Give up Dorcas and Dimity? Never!" Wilder then unfolds a plan for disguising themselves as the Duke of Berkshire and suite, and pretending that an accident has delayed them, they stop over night at Squire Bantam's, "who prides himself on being the most hospitable man in the world," and when the guests have retired and all are sound asleep, to clap on masks and vizards, attract the Squire's attention and make him believe the house is being robbed; then Surcher to come from Wilder's room in a fright and say that all his (Welder's) money has been taken; "Yes, taken every mag."

Then, of course, there will be nothing left for the Squire to do, but make the supposed loss good. Surcher, scenting danger, will have nothing to do with the place, and leaves them, as he has a writ to serve.

The second act shows how the plan, which Surcher has been forced to join, is successfully carried out. Wilder, who is still fascinated by Dorcas, will not be induced to look at Dorothy, who is left to Sherwood. Neither of the men recognize the girls in their powder and evening dress, but both Dorothy and Lydia see the rings that they parted with in the morning on the finger of the supposed nobleman, and, of course, know them at once. "How could they think so shallow a disguise could serve to hide them from a woman's eyes!"

Everything then begins to get mixed. The gallants fall in love over again, and with the wrong ladies. Wilder gives the ring Dorothy gave him to Lydia, and Sherwood bestows Lydia's love token on Dorothy.

In the next act, Lydia and Dorothy resolve to challenge their faithless swains, and write letters to the effect that they must either marry the ladies they met the night before or take the consequences, said consequences implying a duel. Dorothy signs her letter "Tilbury Slocombe," and Lydia gives her name as "Percy Dasher."

They then disguise themselves as two gallants from town, and armed with pistols go to meet Wilder and Sherwood, thinking "that if the gentlemen consent to fight, they (Dorothy and Lydia) will only load the pistols with powder. "They will go off with a little puff, you will scream, I shall not and who knows—"

However, they are doomed to disappointment, for the men having resolved to be true to their rustic charmers "Dorcas and Abigail," bring their own weapons and prepare for a duel in earnest. "Good gracious! Lydia, there'll be bullets in them." The girls, however, carry the thing through until they are put in place before taking the last six paces. "Good-bye! Dorothy!" They then take three steps and run. Welder turns to fire and almost shoots Squire Bantam, who has been told everything by Surcher—"You've peached you rascal!"—and has come to call his nephew to account. Welder makes a clean breast of it and his uncle consents to pardon him if he will marry his cousin Dorothy.

The ladies entering at this instant, Welder learns to his surprise that it is his cousin that he has been in love with all the time, and the opera concludes in a general reconciliation all around.

"After all you were ready to die rather than marry Lydia!" "I cannot forget that you preferred death to Dorothy!"

The cast of the opera is as follows: Miss M. V. Hancock Miss Idella Fowler Lydia Hawthorne Miss Kate A. Burges Dorothy Tuppitt Miss Emma McInnis Mrs. Priscilla Privitt Miss Halliday Lady Bely Miss Lena Watters Geoffrey Wilder Mr. F. H. J. Ruel Harry Sherwood Mr. T. Daniel Squire Bantam Mr. A. H. Lindsay Surcher Mr. Wm. Christie John Tuppitt Mr. A. Thomson Tom Grass Mr. A. Thomson Chorus of Villagers, Hop Pickers, Lords and Ladies, Braided and Old Women.

Musical director, Mr. J. S. Ford. Stage manager, Mr. D. C. Robertson. As to other musical events there have been none with the exception of a concert in connection with St. David's church, which came off Thursday evening.

Master Fred Blair (organist of St. George's, Carleton) who has been spending his holidays in Chat-ham, has returned to the city.

SCENIC HITS AND HINTS.

June is the month in which trout are caught with the fly and men are snared in the net. The Halifax Mail calls St. John "the wickedest city in Canada." Well, it isn't the laziest.

The new chief of police has had a bountiful harvest, so far, and has safely garnered all the sheaves. The moral of the recent epidemic of crime in the North End is that Scott Act whiskey is a very bad thing for everybody but the seller.

Halifax has not yet paid its summer carnival bills. St. John does not claim to be as wealthy as its sister city, but it "gets there" in such little matters as that.

A daily paper never has a harder road to travel than when it devotes a column to a wedding, and tries to tell the story in good English and with good taste. It does not usually succeed.

"The Duke wore a three button cutaway coat, of a genteel diagonal pattern, vest to match and a pair of brown check pants," says the Toronto papers in referring to Connaught's visit. No, he didn't. He had a waistcoat to match and a pair of brown check trousers.

With the other social events that have taken place this week, a visit from the Duke of Connaught would have been an unnecessary luxury. With such an abundance of richness, the equilibrium of society might have been seriously disturbed.

The baldness of the Duke of Connaught has revived the ancient chestnut about "hair apparent," which had some relevancy when revived some years ago to apply to the Prince of Wales.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To a Canary. Sing, little songster, sing away, What'er thy music's burden! Fill with thy song the long, long day! Drive from my heart the shadows grey! Thou'lt have fresh seed for guerdon. A captive so, how can'st thou sing? Caged closely, be so merry? Thou know'st 't naught else; thy untired wing Content is; all strange hopes that spring The next song-burst will bury.

Sing, little minstrel, we can spare The groan and lamentation, All that will bring or foster care; But cheer song like thine is rare, And suits us in each station. Ah! little bird, had'st thou been free As I have been, then never Could'st thou so prisoned pour thy glee; Blest thrall, that ne'er knew liberty! Sing, happy bird, forever!

MATTHEW RICHBY KNIGHT. Sonnet—Lescarbot. Old voyager! to Acadie's virgin shore, The forest-muse bade welcome: sunfy-sou't, The magic of thine eye turned dots to gold, Enriching thy quaint, cheerful fancy's store— Filling Port Royal with romantic lore. After the lengthening sea, beclouded, dim, The warm July with joy thy heart did brim; Like climbing roses look'd the breakers frore, What odorous winds, incomparably sweet, From wild woods hailed thee, gladly sailing near, Till thou didst stretch thy hands forth to receive The palpable gift; the smiling coasts to greet— Drest in the gayest garments that the year Doth from her bloomy wardrobe deign to give —ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

"While we followed on our course, there came from the land odors, so marvellous for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the Orient parts could not produce greater abundance. We did stretch out our hands, as it were, to take them, so palpable were they, which I have admired a thousand times since.—Marc Lescarbot's Journal.

"Flat Voluntas Tua." As some lone eagle, dreaming in his sleep, Hears the sweet clasp, of falling bar and chain; Breathes the sweet breath of native hills again; And sees once more, the sun rise o'er the deep; With joyful cry—awakens—but to creep, Back to the stony floor, and fetters strain To suffer with a quickened sense of pain For which there are no words—not tears to weep.

So, in a dream, one night of pain and fever, We sailed so close, we almost heard the sound Of longed for welcomes—from a happier shore, Where those who enter, leave no more forever Its'love exceeding, and its peace profound! But—we were wakened—and we dream no more. —JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

Sunset. A bar of gold across the Western sky Soft, merges into grey before my sight, And crimson clouds in banks of beauty lie, Mingled with faintest purple; on the right Fair beauteous clouds slowly flush and die, Diffusing all around, a halo bright; The spectacle enchants me—"Lo," I cry, "How lovely is thy death, oh Orb of Light."

I watch the ball of gold in heavy sink, And mark the fleecy clouds just tipped with white; Once more they softly glow with faintest pink— The shadows deepen, swiftly falls the night. In slowly dying splendor, sinks the sun, God grant us peaceful sleep—the day is done. —J. H. M. R.

The Holy Trinity. O Father, kind, who did this world create, And form our parents in a perfect state, Be not extreme to mark our evil way, But ever be to us, a guide, a stay. O, Christ our Saviour, who with grace profound, A light and ransom, for our souls hast found, Through shedding of thine all sufficient blood, Grant us to profit by that sacred flood.

O Holy spirit, who in gentle love, Dost light upon us shed, from Heaven above, Vouchsafe to swell forever in the heart, That we may now secure, the better part. O Trinity of power, one only—God, Look through upon us, for our utmost good, And so dispose and train us, in the strife, That we may gain at last, Celestial life.

A QUILL PUSHER'S DREAM. The hands of the clock were moving toward 12 Thursday night, and the weary quill pusher leaned his aching head on his hands and pondered in a sleepy fashion. He had something to write—something to write about, rather, and had no idea where to begin or what to say. "Write something catchy and pretty" were the terse and indefinite instructions.

Pretty! What had he seen pretty all that day, and as his eyelids shut a vision seemed to flit before him of a street scene that morning—two white carriages, each with a cherub in white and pink, approaching a corner from different streets. There was a collision, a crash and both carriages overturned and the white and pink babies rolled into the dust the corporation has been sprinkling on some tarred sidewalks lately. The noise that followed was terrific: the upbraids of the nurses mingled with the cries of the youngsters who had turned to black and white. The dust covered their pretty dresses and dainty white hoods, and made them as light for mothers.

"I'm sure I don't know what Mrs. F. will say to me," exclaimed one nurse. "Here is the carriage broken and the baby's dress—oh, dear, I may lose my place. Thank goodness the baby is not hurt a bit."

"Well, I'm sure to lose my place," cried the other girl, "my mistress will only mind one thing, and that is the hood. You see she bought it yesterday and it was new and clean this morning, and now it's ruined for ever."

"Why," asked the other girl in a surprised tone, "send it to UNBARS and they will make it as good as new. They wash and do them up beautifully. There's where Mrs. F. sends all hers instead of throwing them to one side as I have seen done."

"Oh, I'm glad to find that out, for the hoods have been such a bother and we could never get them done just right." And the quill pusher slept.—Adet.