TWO WORLDS.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Man's world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steeped in light;
It is the self-same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
Or hangs the stars in night.

Hid in the earth's mines of silver,
Floating on clouds above,—
Ringing in Autumn's tempest,
Murmured by every dove,—
One thought fills God's creation,
His own great name of Love!

In God's world Strength is lovely,
And so is Beauty strong,
And Light,—God's glorious shadow—
To both great gifts belong;
And they all melt into sweetness,
And fill the earth with Song.

Above God's world bends Heaven,
With day's kiss pure and bright,
Or folds her still more fondly
In the tender shade of night;
And she casts back Heaven's sweetness,
In fragrant love and light.

God's world has one great echo;
Whether calm blue mists are curled,
Or lingering dew-drops quiver,
Or red storms are unfurled;
The same deep love is throbbing
Through the great heart of God's world.

Man's world is black and blighted,
Steeped through with self and sin;
And should his feeble purpose
Some feeble good begin,
The work is marred and tainted
By Leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter;
Wherever he has trod,
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving Heaven
Of the great, good world of God.

There Strength on coward weekness
In cruel might will roll;
Beauty and Joy are cankers
That eat away the soul;
And Love—O God, avenge it—
The plague spot of the whole.

Man's world is Pain and Terror;
He found it pure and fair,
And wove in nets of sorrow
The golden summer air.
Black, hideous, cold and dreary,
Man's curse, not God's is there.

And yet God's world is speaking;
Man will not hear it call;
But listens where the echoes
Of his own discords fall,
Then clamors back to Heaven
That God has done it all.

O God, man's heart is darkened,
He will not understand!
Show him Thy cloud and fire;
And, with Thine own right hand,
Then lead him through his desert,
Back to Thy Holy Land!

My Narrow Escape;

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I never told any body how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping with all my heart that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name in Frederick Putman. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment, of Williams, Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels. This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales direct from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small travelling-bag in one hand, and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half hour before, locking the safe in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual.

"Good-evening, sir," said the man, bustling up to the stove and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?" I answered that he had. "When? I was afraid of it." He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought. "I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a despatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best Western customers. I say had been, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considered behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him "and punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before: "Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large, black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank notes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it out so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his travelling-bag, and, giving me a hasty hand-shake, was off on the run.

I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

I did not feel quite as easy to have so much money about me, but as Winston's house was at least a half a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which on picking up I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the ... morning. Then, too, I was in somewhat of a hurry that night, for I may as well state here that my appointment was with a young lady who I hoped would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-house, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be interesting, so I will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out so such a night as this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way, for the thought of the money, which flashed upon me so suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was... The coat was gone. ...ed at the Then I was unnerved. I g... stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred, are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor. You are as white as a sheet."

"Oh, no, Carrie," I entreated. "There I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong all at once, desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But there was nothing in the pockets?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves, and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her. You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night," said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet today. By the way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day."

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher. You're sick, man! Come, jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire to gather courage. It may be interesting to know that no courage came to me, for the desperation—the growing fear of life—I can in nowise call by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet, whatever you may term it, it was all-sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-dealing muzzle against my forehead. In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her beloved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the telltale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick," exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell upon my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; but Carrie!—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation, I started back and then forward, and then—I scarcely know what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat.

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her and thurst my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and the appearance of my apartment after it was over, I am led to believe that were it possible to concentrate the above mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or washstand which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable; I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's ... mistaken my coat for his father. He ... never dream... down, and worn it down to... in ing that a small fortune was lying in the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing, excepting my attempt, or rather my resolve. at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties a wiser and better man, I hope; and to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July 17.

Nobody but Beecher can do justice to the present spell of weather hereabouts. When Henry Ward entered Plymouth pulpit that sultry Sabbath morning with the remarks that it was "damned hot," he probably hit the nail square on the ... doubtless, his congregation head, ... But it is appreciated the sentiment... hotter than that, on an average here now. However, as Beecher and Bob Ingersoll have abolished that "warm climate," created for the punishment of the ungodly, there are no opportunities for comparison. And now as we poor miserable denizens of the handsomest city in America go lolling about over red-hot concrete pavements, sighing for a lodge in some vast wilderness, "with an iceberg or two at control," we turn an envious eye upon the northern Esquimaux, who sits all day upon the solidifield snow-banks eating frozen cod-liver oil. Heigho! the comforts of this world are very unequally distributed. How odd it seems very day or two to read a press despatch from some neighboring "springs" telling the world that it is so cool here. Indeed if it keeps on this way somebody will freeze to death before fall. But I suspect these reports are merely free advertising dodges. Every place were a little water comes out of the ground has dug a spring, built a big boarding house, and dignified it with the name of "Summer resort." These are all well enough, and nice quiet places for families to spend the warm season, but when they come to send telegraphic reports of the number of blankets they have to sleep under every night, it begins to appear just a little gauzy. I noticed one of these reports the other day from a resort which I personally known to be about as hot as any place in creation, except St. Louis, and his Satanic Majesty's winter residence.

If the Congressional campaign waxes as hot as the weather, there will be a lively time of it before the returns are all in. From the stir about committee headquarters here it looks as though some talk work was to be done. The control of the next Congress is an important matter, and both parties will make a hard struggle for it. All blusters aside, the advantage is decidedly with the Democrats, and from a careful survey of the field, I do not see how they can lose the House, while the Senate is already theirs after March 4th next by from 10 to 15 majority. A candid estimate of the probabilities by States recently made by the *Post*, gives the House a Democratic majority of not less than 30 or 35, and the New York *Sun* figures about the same way, both estimates agreeing that the chances are in favor of a larger majority. In spite of all bluster, the Presidential fraud investigation has greatly demoralized the Republicans, and given the Democrats a fresh advantage. True the state of things that has been proven was generally known or believed to exist by a vast majority of the American people, long ago, but when it comes to be confessed in detail by the rascally tools who performed the dirty work, it clinches matters and places honest people on their metal. The common verdict is that these rascals, bad as they appear from their own showing, are not to be compared with the grander scoundrels who hired and backed them up. The great outcry on unreliability made against these witnesses fails of its purpose, because people known that they were regarded "reliable" and good enough when they were wanted to make false returns and aid in accomplishing felonious results. They would have ever been brave patriots, it seems, if they hadn't told on John Sherman and his pals. The innate sense of justice in the honest American people will raise up and crush out the perpetrators and the beneficiaries of that great fraud. And whatever else the investigation may have done or failed to do, there is one result so patent and pronounced as to be quite beyond the domain of doubt. It has sunk the decayed remains of Hayes' humbug civil service reform beneath such a mountain of contempt that resurrection is impossible.

The committee has not done much for some days passed, having taken a 4th of July recess, but they are now at it again. Kellogg, who has been whining around all winter cursing Hayes and promising to tell some truth about the Louisiana election, was sent for at the White House just before he went on the stand, and appears to have made his peace with his fraudulency. His tone is entirely changed. What the consideration was cannot be stated yet. Zach Chandler has been here recently consulting with the Republican Campaign Committee, and among the features of the canvass agreed upon was the plan of making a hard fight in the States where United States Senators are to be chosen by the legislatures elected this fall. Every conceivable effort will be made to save Conkling and Howe, and to get Chandler elected in place of Christiancy. Also to secure a Republican successor to Oglesby, of Illinois, and Barnum, of Connecticut. This not with a view of holding the Senate next term, but to keep the Democratic majority down, and with the hope of regaining the lost ground two or three years hence.

PHONO.

A Military Picture.

THE MILITARY REVIEW OF FRENCH TROOPS IN PARIS.

[Edward King.]

The review was of course very brilliant, and fully 400,000 people went to see it. After weeks of rain a flood of brilliant sunshine overspread Longchamps and the hills on the outskirts of the Bois green ... and the Marshal de Boulogne yesterday, ... was enabled to look over his men very much at his ease. The artillery appeared to particular advantage. It seems that the French are determined to make a special arm of this, feeling, as they doubtless do, that the Prussians owed a great deal of their success in the last memorable campaign to the skill of their artilleymen. For those who had never seen a grand review in Europe, and especially in Paris, with its pomp and circumstances of richly caparisoned calvary, of fantastically uniformed corps of infantry with its inspiring music and its swarms of brilliant officers, the spectacle must have been imposing in the extreme. The troops represented were in number about 35,000 men, taken principally from the military schools of Saint Cyr, from the Republican Guard, from the sapeurs-pompiers, the chasseurs, the gendarmerie, the Sixth, Seventh, Eight and Ninth ... of Infantry, the Third and Nine... Division... ...llery and fifty-teenth Brigades of Ar..., five squadrons of cavalry. The latter look very finely, but I doubt if they would be of as much service in an important war for saving the country as would the artillery. Marshall McMahon's escort attracted much attention yesterday; it was composed of twelve Spahis, or Arab cavaliers, brought from Algeria to do duty in the Colonial exhibition in the Trocadero Gardens, but utilized on this occasion for a guard of honor. The Marshall has spent a good part of his life in Algeria, and has much respect and affection for the natives of that fair province. These Spahis in their red and white burnouses, and with their carbines on their thighs, made a picturesque spot in what was already a most striking mass of color. Behind the Marshall came a brilliant cortege of foreign officers, English, Germans, Austrians, all the nations that be, and a vast number of French generals. The Prince of Denmark, Queen Isabella, the King of Portugal and others, whose arrival had been announced, were not present. In the tribunes devoted to the illustrious were the Shah of Persia, who was dressed with exceeding simplicity, the Duchess of Magenta, the father of the present King of Spain, Princess Hohenlohe, wife of the German Ambassador, President Grevy, Countess Wimpffen, Madame Waddington, Marshall Canrobert, General Vinoy, Admiral Pothuan and a large number of ministers and important local officials. Then Siamese Ambassadors, in Oriental robes of exceeding beauty, were much observed. After the Marshall and his brilliant suite had galloped along the lines the march past began and reminded me much of a day in 1867, when Bismarck and King William of Prussia, sat on their horses beside Emperor Napoleon, intently watching the movements of those troops which he and his creatures cared for so ill. Since that day what deep atonement France has made for her negligence, for her almost criminal submission to the will of the hybrid despot who held his threatening hand over her so long! What anguish! What tears! What repentance through the land! And above all, what sincere desire for a lasting peace for all European countries.

A PRINTER'S DREAM.—A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched, and his coat thredabare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept: And sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cowbell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cowhide sole. As he wandered about among the shades, that smoke and scorch in the lower Hades, he slowly observed an iron door that creaking swung on hinges, a jar but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travellers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke:—"Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear, this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though his life they may escape they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin with red hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and it of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; the red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire I'll sew up their mouths wfth red-hot wire: and then, dear sir, you should see them, squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a curn." With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.

Something About yourself.

Supposing your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is nearly five inches in length, and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 4200 times per hour 100,800 times per day, and 89,722,000 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cell of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brains is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves number 10,000,000 or more. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1700 square inches and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate lenght in the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

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Ales, Wines and Liquors,
48 GERMAIN STREET,
AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
nov8

Wm. DOHERTY & CO.,
Custom Tailors,
Have removed to New Premises,
48 MARKET SQUARE,
WHERE they will, with a first-class assortment of Goods, be prepared to attend to those who may favor them with ans orders in their line.
LADIES' SACQUES a specialty.

HAVANA CIGARS.
Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. LaReal, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de L Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
nov71 M. A. FINN. Hazen Building

NOW OPEN
—AT—
JEWELLER'S HALL,
14 King Street.
Gold & Silver Watches,
GOLD AND GOLD-PLATED
JEWELLERY,
Locks & Fancy Goods.
T. L. COUGHLAN

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
No. 8 Charlotte Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call. By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
june2 M & H. GALLAGHER 8 and 12 Charlotte street

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Plumber & Gas-Fitter,
has removed to his shop, Hunter's Building,
NO. 86 PRINCESS STREET,
where all orders entrusted to him will receive immediate attention. may18

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,
Lagrange Yards, Little River.
LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large Supply of
PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,
Common and Pressed
DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore
For land and other purposes.
Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.
Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 539 St. John, N. B.

New Bowling Alleys!
THE Subscriber will open his
New Bowling Alleys,
about the 24th May, in his New Building, Sydney street, adjoining St. Malachi's Hall.
may11 C. COURTENAY.

M. McDONOUGH,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 2, North Market Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.