

Poetry.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

What means this eager, anxious throng,
What moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings, day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In countless hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so lightly?
A passing stranger, who he dared to
To move the multitude at will?
Again the sturdiest reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, mild pain and woe;
And bared once, where'er he came,
Brought out his sick and dead and lame;
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again he comes! From place to place
His sacred footprints we can trace;
He pauseth at our threshold; nay,
He enters, condescends to stay;
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a father's face,
Behold, accept his proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, these refuge night,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you will his call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

The Fireside.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the
wharves in the town of B., a gang of workmen
were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the
St. John's cathedral chime. Only an hour more,
and they would let the glowing, bubbling metal
flow from the huge furnace into the mould,
which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and as the twilight
gathered the lurid blue flames that burst from the
top of the tall chimneys flashed unceasingly gleams
upon the neighboring windows and house tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and al-
most awful. The weary forms of the workmen,
partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like
Tartarian shades, and the sooty beams and ponder-
ous chains crossed, half black and half golden,
under the glowing roof, recalled the engines of the
Cyclops under Mount Etna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for
supper. All the men threw down their tools,
and ran and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in an hour and a half sharp!" cried
the foreman. "We shall make the cast at a
quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men, in response.
"I hear some of the town-folks are coming
down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and it'll be something to
open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast
in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the
master were left in the foundry.

The former was to stay and watch the "blast."
He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and
he would make a supper on what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'inventor' to stay with
you, George," said the master, laughingly, as he
prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?" returned the man, in the
same jesting tone.

"He's been round the works long enough to
know when any thing goes wrong. Hello! hal-
loo! I say! Where's the 'inventor'?" Come
here, Ah, there he is! And, in silent answer to
the summons, a shock-headed fellow, with large
gray eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from
behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a
gray shirt, much soiled with dirt, and he wore a
pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single sus-
pender.

"Well, Mops," quoth the man George, slapping
him rather roughly on the shoulder; "suppose
you've got wit enough to help yell if any thing's
the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and
nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and
don't take your eyes off it."

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was
ordered—just as an obedient dog would have lain
down to watch his owner's car.

A queer fellow was this "Mops," stupid enough
in ordinary things, and a world of watching, but
he would wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He
knew all the working of the foundry by what
seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his
strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once
bright mind.

If any thing happened or went on in an unusual
way, he would always notice it, and say what
ought to be done, though he could not tell, per-
haps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent,
promising lad. He was the son of a designer, con-
nected with the foundry company, and had always
been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle
with the men, and watch their work. But one
day a great little chain broke, with his load, and
an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflic-
ting a serious injury. From this he partially re-
covered, but only partially, for his reason was im-
paired. But his natural love for machinery and
mechanical experiments remained, and as he regu-
larly made small wheels and shafts, and putting to-
gether odd contrivances, which he would exhibit
with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained
for him the humorous title of the "inventor." All
the men felt a great kindness for him, even though
their manner toward him was occasionally harsh
and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great
blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime
of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before
the furnace, while the man George sat down at a
little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubt-
less the latter intended to keep a general oversight,
but he certainly made the "inventor's" eyes do
the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind
of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted
companion, or, indolently concluded that nothing
wrong could happen, he was ready to blame for
charging himself so little with the important duty
before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and
only the deep roar of the furnace was heard
through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into the
of the tool-shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat
alone before the great blast. The one rational
faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to compre-
hend what it meant, and even something of the
magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening in-
side those burning walls. He knew that the fur-
nace was full of valuable metal, and that close be-
side him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was
the huge mould, so soon to be filled with the
precious metal. He knew and could see that all the
channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready,
and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the
long iron rod that was to be used when the mol-
ten metal came to let on the molten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in, by habit,
Dully conscious that something great was to be ac-
complished, he sat with his eyes on the furnace, ab-
sorbed and intent.

Suddenly something started him. There was a
slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near
the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and
a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground
at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so ter-
rified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat,
as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin, red stream followed the fallen brick,
and trickled down the furnace side like running
lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a
thin gap half way down the masonry let out more
of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the faithful fellow
still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was burst-
ing, with only a poor half-lit lad to guard it!

What would he do? He did not, perhaps, re-
ally know. He had never before had to do with
lad in his right mind would not have dared to
do. Raising to the mouth of the furnace, he
seized the long iron rod that stood near, and
tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a
sharp point put the terrible furnace a few quick
prying strokes! Stand back now! The con-
fusing clay fell away, and the yellow-white fluid
spouted out with resistless force. It leaped into
the clay-lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming
down to the mouth of the bell mould.

"The 'blast' had done a deed worthy of a general
on a field of battle."

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures
opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the metal
poured out into the mould. But the waste was
great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was
relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied
continually. It was as if a running sea with rain.

Poor "Mops" stood powerless before the com-
ing catastrophe. His knees knocked together, and
his head bowed down. A great heap of red-hot
bricks and rubbish lay at his feet. He had partly
thought enough to get out of the way and save
his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in
the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and
he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seeth-
ing fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh
at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible,
unintelligible dream. It was as if he had sudden-
ly sunk into the earth, and had been swallowed up
forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned
again on the scene of the disaster. Ruined lay
everywhere. The engines had quenched the
flames that had caught the building, and the flames,
blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups
about the remains of the furnace. It had fallen to
pieces, and nothing was left but heaps of scorching
rubbish.

"Poor 'inventor,' who had been found with the
tapping-rod in his hands, lying on his face in the
sand, tightly curled up, had been carried to his
home."

Little was said, but the few words spoken at-
tended, with no mild euphony, the natural wrath
of the master and hands against the man George,
whose excuse for himself only aggravated his of
fence.

"See what he has done," said they, a few days
later, as they stood in the half-burned foundry.
"Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute!"
The best job in twenty years spoiled! The mace-
lating iron to watch! Is that all he can say for
himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why the
boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when
he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces!"

The master, who had more at stake than the
men of course felt the loss more keenly than they.
He almost wept with mingled grief and rage.
Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye.
Among the debris, and he cried, in a startled
voice:

"Halloo! What's this? What's this?"
He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs,
which had led from the furnace to the mould.
There were traces of the stream of bronze still run-
ning in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron
found in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

"Bring me a shovel, quick!" he shouted.
A spade was put into his hands, and he began
nervously to leave away the hot mass that lay
piled over the bell mould. It was a herculean task,
but he worked like a giant, and three or four of
his men took hold and helped him.

Brickbats, one, slag, and ashes flew in every
direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated
the sand, and touched something hard. He stop-
ped down. Then he heaped up like the half-frat-
tered, and, with his spade with redoubled energy,
tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked
like a great metallic ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his flushed face,
"the bell is cast!"
"Who did this?" asked every excited voice, as
soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you!" cried the
master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"
They hurried away to the house of the half-witted
lad. The attendant men went with him, and he
opened the door.

"The poor boy is in a brain fever," he said.
"Does he say any thing in his delirium?"
"O yes! he raves all the time about the big bell,
and I hope it will fill I hope it will," he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true.
The child of course said the great bell of St. John's.
Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he
will recover his reason by his shock and sickness,"
he said. "Such things have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray Heaven he may!"
solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and
they turned away, deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a
huge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and
beneath it stood a heavy truck, upon which it was
about to be lowered. A silent fell upon the
magnificent masterpiece, whose making meant so
much to him. They had told him the whole story
of the casting, and disaster in the foundry, but it
all sounded like a wondrous romance to him.

"Remember, nothing must happen," said he,
baking his head with a smile; "it is all new to me,
all new and strange—so strange!"
"Yes," said the master, devoutly, "it was
God's will."

"I should like to strike the bell once." Two
men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his
hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet,
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"Ah," said the master, "There's a halo in
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"And?" murmured the listeners.
Then the great bell was lowered, and as the
truck was rolled away with its melodious tangle,
the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both
went out into the sunny day together, the rough
men standing in the doorway, waving their
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"Little 'inventor' afterward well proved his
claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfor-
tunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a
bell, whose matchless richness of tone his genius
and skill in metals alone created."

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

From the Members of Herbert Lofgren, B. T. 16,
and family of Herbert Lofgren, B. T. 16,
who died 18th April, 1876.

DEAR MADAM—We, the officers and members of
Herbert Lofgren of British Columbia, desire to
tender to you our sincere and heartfelt sympathy,
in the painful bereavement you have so recently
sustained.

The principles of our Order teach us to feel for
those who are in sorrow; and from a higher source,
we learn to weep with those who weep; therefore,
in offering these words of consolation, we beg to
assure you that we cherish with every feeling of
respect, the memory of the deceased. Brother so
suddenly removed from us.

Our Order has lost one of its most earnest and
energetic supporters, our Lodge on its best be-
loved members; one who by his scrupulous integrity
and fervent zeal in our noble cause, gained our
esteem and respect; while his kind heart and
amiable disposition rendered him a favorite to all
who knew him.

Very keenly, we know, you must feel this dis-
position of Providence for when, with feelings
of deep emotion, we view our Brother's vacant
seat, and remember that his presence will no longer
enrich our earnest words encourage us, we feel that
our loss is irretrievable; yet we know that the
"Judge of all the earth doth reign," and trusting
that He whose hand hath smitten will heal the
wounded heart, we bow in humble submission to
the mandate of Heaven.

Signed on behalf of Lodge,
B. M. FOX,
EXORCIST EXETER,
King'sclerk, Y. C., April 18th, 1876.

A SAD DAY.

"We had a sad day at our house last week,"
said little Kate. "The sun did not see
clear, and the wind was very cold. Sam stepped
on Nellie's shoe-strings, when she was going out
to breakfast, and she fell all the way down and cut
her face on his skates, that he had thrown out on
the hall floor the night before. Trip stole one of
Baby's kid shoes and chewed it all up. When
Papa saw the little bare toes peeping about, he
thought they were for her to play with, or to eat,
so she caught them between her sharp claws and
her teeth and scratched and bit them till the blood
came. Mamma and all of us had to kiss her little
foot twenty times before it got over the pain. May
lost her spelling book, and it was found under the
apple tree in the garden. A great heap of red-hot
bricks and rubbish lay at his feet. He had partly
thought enough to get out of the way and save
his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in
the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and
he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seeth-
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COCHRAN'S WRITING INK.

JUST RECEIVED per New London, a case Writing
Ink, in all the various shades, red, blue, green,
black, blue, black, and blue black for Copying.
The Blue Black Copying Ink is recommended for
general purposes, writes at first blue, turns black when dry,
and gives one good impression in Copying Book,
Also a small lot of RED INK, for sale, for sale,
for sale the first lot. For sale by BARNES & CO.,
June 8, 58 Prince William Street.

PRINTING INK.

HAVING been appointed Manufacturers Agents for the
sale of PRINCE OF WALES' INK, in all the
various shades, red, blue, green, black, blue, black,
and blue black for Copying. The Blue Black Copying
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"BRITISH HOUSE."

Tailoring Department.

THE PATENT INVALID BEDSTEAD.

These Bedsteads are so constructed that one person,
by the aid of a single person, can place the patient in any
desired position, i. e., to raise the head, lower the feet,
elevate the whole body, so that the patient may be removed
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