

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

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One Inch, Six Months, 8 00
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The editor 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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited 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 14.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

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

SHOULD THE JURY DECIDE?

The decision of the Chief Justice of New Brunswick, in the case of WATTS, charged with manslaughter, has been the text for editorial comment in most of the papers of Canada during the past week.

Just here it may be said that, whatever may be said as to the adequacy of WATTS' sentence, it is most unfair and illogical to condemn it from the standpoint that the other sentences for wholly different offences were of a heavier nature.

In the case of WATTS there was a doubt, and a grave doubt, as to whether the prisoner had the most remote intention of committing a crime.

In this particular instance the barrier is tobacco. Everybody admits that it is an idle habit, and that in public it is a nuisance.

The Chief Justice looked at it from a merely legal light, and so adjudicated. If the death of TORRIE was an accident, WATTS was not a criminal.

Some of the past or present judges of New Brunswick had been in his place, they would have decided differently.

Since the jury in a criminal case is made the judge of facts, why should not it fix the extent of the punishment. Twelve men who have carefully considered a case ought to be as able to judge of the degree of the crime as one man who had heard no more than they have heard.

It is a point worth keeping in mind, as is that of establishing degrees of murder, etc., so that timid jurors will convict, where they now acquit or disagree.

BARRIERS IN THE WAY.

At the recent session of the United Presbyterian Assembly, at Buffalo, N. Y., a memorial was received from one of the presbyteries, asking that a positive stand be taken by the General Assembly against the use of tobacco.

The man who turns his head and averts his eyes when he reads the preceding paragraph is shocked at the suggestion of God's blessing on anything not recognized as "the work of the church," while the including of theatres, cards and ale in the list may seem to him no less than blasphemy.

line of demarcation between the lost and the saved, there appeared in a New York daily paper an editorial with the heading of "Not at all Encouraging." In this it was stated, among other things, that in the old strongholds of the Congregationalists and Presbyterians in the Eastern States, those churches are "not increasing with the natural growth of the families of their membership."

The gray heads predominate among the New York Presbyterians. They are not rearing up numerous sons and daughters to strengthen the churches of their faith.

Is there any connection between this state of facts and the rigid rules of the church as instanced in the case of the assembly's action on tobacco? Do the young feel that too much is required of them before they can surmount the barrier which divides the sheep from the goats, and do they, in despair at their own demerits, cease to tread in the paths which their fathers have trod before them?

Why is it that in the church of Dr. HALL, a man whose fame is world-wide, the congregation is chiefly of old people? Why is it that in the city of New York generally the same condition of affairs is observable? Can the same thing be said of any other denominations?

Apparently it can. In Connecticut, the stronghold of Congregationalism, it is said that the Congregational churches are "not even increasing with the natural growth of the families of their membership. They are getting to be a body of gray heads."

It is told in this and in thousands of cases by such mistakes—that is the word—as the Buffalo Assembly has made. It is the confusion of the shadow with the substance—the building of barriers which can only by tortuous reasoning and implication be traced to Holy Writ.

There are other denominations which raise the barrier, sometimes on one thing and sometimes on another. Very often it is dancing, but occasionally it is the theatre, and once in a while the secret-society bugbear is made to do duty.

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Ah—the barrier! The "Thou shalt not" of the councils and conferences. "And the young man went away sorrowful, because he had great riches"—yes, riches of strength of body and passionate purpose for good or for evil.

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So it would be if everybody believed that each or all of the recreations named belonged only to the world, the flesh and the spirit of evil inherent in the human breast. But there are those who can enjoy any or all of them without sin; there are others to whom any one of them is a sin.

So it is, in this denomination and in that denomination; the barriers are builded, and the young men "choose their ecclesiastical associations for themselves," or reading the agnostic literature of the day "they fall away from religious faith and observance altogether."

Would it not be better to remember that as the Kingdom of Heaven is "open to all believers," the barriers against church fellowship should not be built too high with blocks of constructive sin? Is it not the wiser plan to reconcile christianity with humanity, and substitute "it is better not" for "thou shalt not?"

It is worth thinking about. The churches need the young men, but they cannot gain them by building barriers in their way.

THEY OWN THE WHOLE TOWN.

The Moncton Ball Toss is Monarch of the Coast.

MONCTON, June 12.—There is a good old story told about a famous Irish wit—I think it was Curran—who was passing a field where a horny handed son of toil was delving away for dear life.

"Do! is it, your honor's glory?" said the peasant, pulling his forelock. "Well, for a nice, clean, risby business, I'd like to be a Bishop, please yer honor."

Now to work out this text it seems to me that if the beneficent fairy godmother who was so good to her much enduring godchild Cinderella, could visit this earth once more, and posing her potent wand in her skinny little claw preparatory to waving it over me and thus giving me my heart's desire.

Others might perhaps think that my ambition was not of a sufficiently soaring description, especially for one who had been a newspaper man. But these I feel sure would be in the minority, and actuated only by feelings of the basest envy, or else surely they could never have lived in Moncton; never drank deep soul refreshing draughts of base ball enthusiasm at its very fountain head.

Why to talk about wishing to be a king sounds so weak, so almost mawkish now. Where is the king? I ask you fellow citizens, where is he who could stand up and hold his own for greatness beside the base ball man, the professional with a capital P?

There are other denominations which raise the barrier, sometimes on one thing and sometimes on another. Very often it is dancing, but occasionally it is the theatre, and once in a while the secret-society bugbear is made to do duty.

After living in Boston for more than ten years I must confess that during those years the only time I ever experienced a real sense of leisure was during brief visits to St. John of the old country.

Just now the majority are preparing to go away, and the crowds of shoppers are bewildering, and somewhat suffocating. I should like to give a little feminine confidence, as to the pretty dresses some of these shoppers wear, and the still prettier ones they find in the shops before them.

Should there be a happy next time, however, I may be able to give you a few points on dress, together with some more tangible news about your brothers and sisters in Boston.

The St. John Progress is the best weekly paper in the provinces and deserves to succeed.—New Glasgow Vindicator.

A Rational Wish. He (enthusiastically)—If I could always hold these little hands in mine!

She—Then you couldn't pound that piano any more.—Texas Sitings.

and hears one remark, "Good lookin' girl." But somehow she does not seem to mind much, they are base ballists you know, and that like the mantle of charity covers a multitude of sins. Oh how delightful it would be to be loved like that!

When I dream that you love me you'll merely forgive me. Extend not your anger too deep. For in visions alone, your affection can live, I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

That magnificent being upon whom I gaze, with eyes dimmed by, tears that rise unbidden by my eyes! tears of manly emotion mingled with bitter envy.

BOSTON, June 6.—All the Correct Letter Writers which I have ever examined agree that the first sentence in a letter should either be an acknowledgment of favors received or an explanation as to why the letter in hand is written.

So much for explanation as to why I "take my pen in hand on this occasion." Still keeping it there, I must return to the funny way in which we, imported Yankees, run into each other in every direction.

MARRIED. MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, No. 102 Carleton street, on Wednesday, 11th inst., by the Rev. Edwin Evans, assisted by Rev. Dr. Pope, Rev. Messrs. H. Daniel and F. H. W. Pickles, James S. Martin, of Moncton, N. B., to Harriet Prichard, youngest daughter of Richard W. Thorne, Esq., of this city.

THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, FAIRVILLE. The event in Episcopalian circles, this week, has been the consecration of the Church of the Good Shepherd, at Fairville, which took place Wednesday, St. Barnaby's day.

A Free Trip to Europe. The publishers of The Canadian Queen will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well known magazine.

A Little Tot's Lecture on Nails. The primary class in a young ladies' school had long been ambitious to emulate the senior class, whom they regarded with considerable envy on account of their "proficiency" in the art of writing compositions.

Three and Out. "M' (hic) dear," said Mr. Lushly as he stood on the steps, "will you open the door?" "Did you hear the clock?" was the question which came from the upper window.

Skaggs Cries For Solitude. Jaggs—I wish you would let me a loan. Skaggs—Let you alone? What have I done to you? Jaggs—I mean let me a loan of \$5. Skaggs—Oh, you let me alone.—Light.

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JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

A Band that Fairly Howls. The new band stand, Centerville, is completed and our band occupied it and gave us some fine music last week; the music was heard a distance of five miles, the wind being favorable.—Carleton Sentinel.

Andover's Great Acquisition. Our new barber is indeed a skilful artist, able to hold his own with any man you have in Woodstock. Every one is loud in his praise.—Sentinel.

Wall of a Victim. W. Eustace Gardner, Esq., has been in Andover the past week or two pulling teeth. By the way, Dr. Nase will long be remembered by his suffering victims. Painless dentistry with a vengeance, I trust!—Cor. Carleton Sentinel.

Them Pious Be Awful Eaters. A vigorous cultivation of rhubarb and radishes, a plentiful application of paint and whitewash and unusual activity of the Yarmouth Methodists, denote the near approach of the Nova Scotia conference, which opens its seventh session in Providence church on the 19th inst.—Yarmouth Light.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

D. D. does not always mean Doctor of Divinity. It may stand for Dry Dock, and by a natural process of evolution, for Dead Duck as well.

A Bear River builder writes to the Digby Courier that he has raised a Baptist church ten feet, and also raised a Methodist church. He might find some jobs in St. John, where he might raise if not a whole church, at least a part of one—that is to say, the mortgage on it.

PEN AND PRESS.

Saturday Night, of Toronto, announces a summer number. It is sure to be good. The midsummer number of Art in Advertising is bright, handsome and entertaining.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

One Clean Church. To the Editor of Progress: In a recent issue of Progress I saw a paragraph inviting sextons and janitors of churches to bring dusts and brooms a little more into active service.

TRURO, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.] JUNE 11.—Mrs. George P. Nelson went to Amherst this week, to attend Mrs. D. Robb's party on Friday evening. Miss Ella Nelson still lingers in Amherst.

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She Told It. Mistress—You must tell them a white lie, Bridget, and say I have gone out of town. Bridget (to visitors later)—The mistress says I must tell yez a white lie, and that she's gone out of town.—Ex.

THE NIGHT HAWK. When frogs make merry the pools of May, And sweet, oh sweet Through the twilight dim Is the vesper hymn, Their myriad mellow pipes repeat As the rose dusk dies away, Then hark, the night-hawk! (For now is the elfin hour, With melting skies o'er him, All summer before him, His wild brown mate to adore him, By the spell of his power He summons the apples in flower. In the high pale heaven he flits and calls, When swift, oh swift, On sounding wing That hums like a string, To the quiet glades where the great clouds drift, And night-modis flicker, he falls, Then hark, the night-hawk! (For now is the elfin hour, With melting skies o'er him, All summer before him, His wild brown mate to adore him, By the spell of his power He summons the apples in flower. —Chas. G. D. Roberts, in The Independent.

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