

PROGRESS.

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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.

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. CARTEL, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 24.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

At some date in February (to be announced later) this paper will be enlarged to sixteen pages—double its present size. The subscription price will then be \$2 per annum; single copies five cents.

A CASE OF HERESY.

For the first time in a century, at last, the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States has had a trial for heresy. The Rev. HOWARD MACQUEARY is the offender, and his offence lies within the covers of a book he has recently published, called 'The Evolution of Man and Christianity.'

Mr. MACQUEARY starts out with the proposition that the forces of nature are manifestations of the divine will, and are unchangeable, because God is unchangeable: that is to say the attraction of gravity and the command that men should love each other are simply different phases of the same law, and perfect living requires compliance with the one as much as with the other.

The second principal proposition is that man has been evolved from a lower animal form. "I accept the evolution of man, body and soul, from the lower animals," says Mr. MACQUEARY, and he adds that "theology attempts to refute this theory, but that attempted refutation is based on the Book of Genesis, a document whose meaning and authority are so hopelessly uncertain, that the most learned and devout minds cannot agree on either the one or the other."

The third question is as to the authorship of the New Testament. The first three Gospels, he says, have been settled by the best criticism as not the work of the disciples, whose names they bear, "but merely contain certain notes made by them which were worked over between the years 75 and 125, A. D.; that the gospel of JOHN was written at Ephesus by a Philonic philosopher, probably a disciple of St. JOHN, between the beginning and the middle of the second century."

Our author believes in miracles, but thinks they are not supernatural, being only extraordinary manifestations of the Infinite Spirit. He denies that it is essential to believe in them, or that they prove the divinity of CHRIST any more than the miracles of ELLIAB and the apostles proved their divinity.

He does not accept the virgin birth of CHRIST, and says the doctrine is built upon a mistranslation of ISALAH. The word which has been rendered virgin,

meaning simply a young woman. He says the historical evidence of the alleged virginity of MARY is notoriously weak, and that so improbable a doctrine ought only to be accepted on evidence overwhelmingly strong.

"The resurrection of JESUS is the best attested miracle in the history of the world," says Mr. MACQUEARY, but it was "a spiritual, not a bodily, manifestation."

He tells us that the theory of verbal inspiration of the scriptures is heathenish and is contradicted by the Bible itself. Bibliolators really dishonor the Bible. The authors are infallible only so far as they teach truth.

The doctrine of the Trinity is alleged to be the result of "a combination of heathenism and Semitic theology," and we are at liberty to reject or accept it as we please. The doctrine of the Incarnation must be accepted, because "the spirit of Jesus was in its essence divine." The doctrine of the atonement is untenable if we accept the "exalted" idea of the Deity, which evolution presents. Men are saved from the consequences of sin by escaping from it, and Jesus is a Saviour by his example and by presenting a motive to virtuous lives, that is the fatherly love of GOD towards men. Heaven and hell are not places but spiritual conditions and the test of Christian fellowship ought not to be "views held, but life led."

As has been said above, there is not much new in all this, but there is a decided novelty in the position which the author takes, that the holding of these views are quite consistent with his ordination vows. The first church court which passed on the case, decided that a case of heresy was made out, but Mr. MACQUEARY proposes to carry the matter further. He is quite a young man. His defence is conceded to have been very able, and to have impressed every one with a sense of his conscientious desire to do only what is right, and right a wrong. There are hundreds of thousands of people who with him, will hail with joy the day when the church "will admit into Christian communion every one who desires to be accounted a disciple of Christ, and humbly endeavor to follow in the footsteps of his divine master."

THE TENDENCY IS UPWARD.

"But this was thirty years ago," says JOE HOWARD in one of his racy paragraphs, referring to an old-time incident, "before our four hundred had been heard of, even in trade." "Society!" exclaims another of the old school, "there has been no such thing as society since the doctrine of the divine right of kings was abandoned." "We are overrun with people who are merely rich, or else who have simply done something in art, literature or science," is the wail of an English exclusive. TALLEYRAND, in his memoirs, tells that his father and mother were so engrossed by social duties that he really never knew what it was to have parental care. Certainly the old order of things has changed, and society as our great-grandfathers knew it, is a thing of the past. Have we levelled up or down. HOWARD would say "up," and so would TALLEYRAND, probably if he were alive; the others quoted above would doubtless say "down."

When some one, who has been behind the curtain, like Mme. DE REMUSET, for instance, lifts it and gives us a glance within, and we see "society" as it was in the early part of the century, a state of things is exhibited to our vision, such as would not be tolerated today.

Society, or what passes for that, may be bad enough today; but it is vastly purer than it once was. To what is this due? Largely to the press. SHAKESPEARE wrote of the "divinity that doth hedge about a king." TENNYSON tells us of "the fierce light that beats upon the throne." And these words, so graphic in their representation of the position of royalty in the age when they were written, are true of society. Until within the lifetime of many who will read these lines, society was "hedged about;" today the "fierce light" of the press is turned full upon it. When the misdeeds of men like DILKE and PARNELL are exposed some people shudder and sigh for the good old days. But there were no "good old days." Society once was strong enough to shield its members from condemnation, influential enough to stifle enquiry, base enough to laugh at the weakness of its members, provided those who suffered from them were outside of its sacred pale. But all this is past and gone. In the "fierce light" of journalistic investigation, frauds, shams, social humbugs, moral lepers, and all that tribe are seen as they are. And the world is getting better all the time. No political party in any of the nations, which lead the advance of civilization, will own as a leader a man whose reputation is sullied by the grosser vices. The masses rule today, and the masses are virtuous.

An English paper suggests that France shall receive territory in Central Africa, in exchange for its Newfoundland claims. Tchad for codfish, so to speak. MAX O'RELL'S assertion that JOHN BULL claimed the earth is well exemplified by this. France says: "I will surrender my rights in Newfoundland for an equivalent." "All right," replies JOHN BULL, "you can have the territory around Lake Tchad, which you have been longing for." It has not seemed to occur to anyone that Eng-

land has as much right to present France with the moon as with any part of Central Africa, and the funny thing about it is that the dispute will probably be settled on the basis of such a "gift." Any part of the world that has not been staked off belongs to England. At least when she wants any of it, she takes it; but if Germany, France, or any other nation wants a chance for a colony, there is always a lot of correspondence, which generally ends in their getting not quite as much as they wanted, and in England absorbing a huge area, to preserve the balance of things.

From a careful perusal of our political contemporaries we have come to the conclusion that the United States, having no desire to have anything to do with Canada, has decided to seek reciprocity with the Dominion, and that Sir JOHN MACDONALD, being persuaded that the country will be ruined if he abandons the N. P., has concluded to adopt the commercial union platform. In this he is opposed by his colleagues, who, however, are quite satisfied he is right, and the liberals are prepared to antagonize him, while giving him a hearty support. In addition to which the whole business is "bosh," is an invention of TUPPER, was got up by the man who telegraphs yarns from Ottawa to the Yankee papers, and the negotiations are progressing rapidly. This is as far as we are able to understand the case yet.

"Are all Presbyterians heretics?" asks a recent writer, referring to the proposed revision of the Westminster confession, and he goes on to ask how a church which proposes to alter its creed can lay any stress upon belief.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Scarcely had I sent my letter last week when I heard quite a lot of news, fresh then, but pretty well distributed by this time. However, more of that later on. Of course, I went to hear Miss Patten's recital, or rather the musical part of the show as it would seem as though Miss Patten did not intend to have a rival in any woman for that evening at any rate. Harrison's orchestra opened the entertainment with such a pretty overture entitled "Bridal Veil," by Calixa Saville. They played it very fairly too, excepting where the time changed occasionally, and then they did not pull quite together, some of the cornet parts were rather husky at times, it is permissible to use that word in connection with a musical instrument? Still on the whole the orchestra acquitted itself very creditably. Another thing that pleased me very much was the "Arioso Valse" sung by Mr. Lindsay, Mrs. Smith, Mr. A. M. Smith, and Mr. Thos. Daniel, it really went awfully well. Mr. Daniel's fine round bass, making a fine support for the other voices.

In their second selection (for I grieve to say that the encore fiasco was present in for) "Swanee River," they were not so successful. Mr. White's interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo" might have been improved by practice, and I would advise him to have his music before him the next time he attempts Ruff's "Cavatina," for he got a way off the key and stumbled into the major part long before he should have. Father Davenport sang a very pretty song, "Home of my Heart," by Wallace, and the tenor part in a duet with Mr. Mayes—a setting by Balfe of the poem, "Excelsior." It is a very effective thing, and pleased the audience greatly. For my part I should have been glad to have heard Mr. Mayes in something a shade less (I know what I should say, did I dare use slang) familiar. "The Death of Nelson" is a very good song in its way, but we have all heard it so often, with Mr. Mayes sings it very well indeed, which is, I am sorry, more than I can say for any other singer I have heard of. It needs more singing than Mr. Mayes is able to give it.

An "Emergency Quartette" has decided to be come one of our musical institutions. Mr. Lindsay will sing first tenor, Mr. Smith second tenor, Mr. A. M. Smith and Mr. Thos. Daniel first and second bass. I hope to be among the first to wish them success and many engagements.

A concert is to be given in the near future (next Thursday, I think) at the Leinster street Baptist church. Among those to take part are Mrs. Gilchrist, Miss Jennie Young, Mr. Thos. Daniel, Mrs. R. A. Parker, reciter, Mr. Harrison's orchestra, Mrs. Whinnie Cathoun, who has been appointed organist lately, to give some organ selections.

Mr. George Ewing has, in London, secured his connection with the choir of Trinity church. There was a fair attendance at the Oratorio practice on Monday evening, when Kolobung's "Lily of the Bell" was taken up. For my part I should like the work. Mr. Morely took all of the chorus parts throughout. Every one seemed pleased with it, it is a very bright and interesting piece. "The Lily of the Bell" is not very lengthy, and there is not a detached number in it, the solos, quartettes and choruses are all connected, and the music is a continuous break occurring any where. Two or three choruses from the "Elijah" were sung (it is a relief to know that they really intend to sing it), and went very well, considering the length of time it is since they gave it.

The Old Musical club had a very pleasant evening at the "Lily of the Bell" on Tuesday, and the programme was enjoyed by those present. As the programme was "Miscellaneous compositions," I may be excused if I have not the time to mention them properly. Mrs. Carter sang, to me a new song, "Oh, Thou Great Sea," by Leo Delibes. Mrs. Gilchrist's selection was an "Ave Maria," but I cannot remember the words. Mrs. Harrison's selection was "A Love Song" by Mattei, and Father Davenport sang that splendid song of "Bismund's," the "Mein Vaterland" which was sung by the choir, and piano duet, "Waltz and Dances," performed by Miss Gilchrist and Mrs. Robinson. A "Nocturne," by Chopin, was played by Mrs. Davenport. Miss Fossie Bowden gave a solo solo, "La Reve." Again I have forgotten the composer, and Mr. William Bowden, reciter, gave an account of the "Ave Maria Song," by Holmström. Father Davenport sang another solo, and the programme was brought to an end with a trio by Carminian, "The Song of the Sea," by Carter, and Father Davenport. The next meeting will be held on the 9th of February, which will come on a Monday evening. The programme will be made up of selections from Bach and Mozart.

Mr. H. Daniels was expected this week, but at the last moment I do not know whether he has arrived or not. It seems the wet weather interfered very materially with the Sunday service in most of our churches. In one church there was not a lady present, and the men had to manage as best they could. I think everything was sung in it.

The Church of England Institute musicale, which took place on Wednesday evening, was a most enjoyable affair. Among those who took part were Misses Carter and Mathers, Mr. Arthur Coster, Miss Underhill, Mr. Charles Coster, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong. Miss Julia Kive King, Mrs. W. A. Ewing, Mrs. C. B. Macdonald, Father Davenport, Mr. P. Bourne, Mr. Thos. Daniel, Mr. A. M. Smith, Mr. R. L. Robinson. It is the intention of the committee in charge to give a series of these musical evenings, say once in a fortnight. Probably the cantata, "Christ and His Soldiers," will be given at one of them, when a small admission fee will be asked. Another work which will soon be put in rehearsal is Stainer's "Cantata," which is to be sung some time through holy work, in Trinity church on Sunday school, by some of the musical people of our church.

Since writing the first part of my letter, I have heard that Mr. J. S. Ford is to assist at the concert in the Leinster street Baptist church, on Thursday evening next, and also that the St. James' church entertainment has been postponed. TABRET.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Winter. The blizzard wild now fills the air, The snow is drifting high, The driving wind, more fiercely blows, The Forests moan and sigh.

But fairer days and brighter nights, Are seen and much enjoyed, For Winter brings a happy side, It's pleasures unalloyed.

The frost bound streams, with mirror face, Entice the skaters gay, The brilliant moon, the clear blue sky, Charm others in the sleigh.

The merry bells, the joyful shout, Proclaim enjoyment great, While ringing laugh is clearly heard, From those who ply the skate.

Within the house, the open fire, Burns freely, clear and bright, And gives a pleasant, cheerful look, With comfort, warmth and light.

The merry dance, the simple game, Beguile the passing hour, While happy converse, pure and good To sooth the aged, hath power.

Thus in the journey of this life, The cold and cheerless part, Can be made happy, pure and bright, By love that warms the heart.

But let us not forget to praise Our ever present Lord, Who times and seasons overrules, And blessings doth afford.

A Canadian Winter's Night.

The cold bright day sinks into calm repose, Bearing the wind, that with the morning rose; With many a fiery glance the dull red sun Fades on the sight, and now the night's begun.

In cottage windows where dead ivy twines, A ruddy beam upon the lattice shines, And on the hearthstone, as the fire burns low, Pine logs heaped up send forth a cheerful glow.

Far o'er the forest dark there comes a light, At first a halo, then a splendor bright, And soon the moon, that glorious orb of flame, Lights up the world and puts the stars to shame.

The murmuring trees wave gently to and fro, Their shadows dancing on the fallen snow, Through the still night, is heard the watchdog's white, And in the distance, lowing of the kine.

The stream that wound about through wood and glade, And where in Summer happy children played, Flows now no more; and from its bosom glare The skaters ring, peals through the frosty air.

Then over all, is borne a joyous sound And merry laughter fills the place around, With jingling bells and voices blithe and gay A jocund party glides by in a sleigh.

The moon's gold rays, on hill and valley fell, A picture where a painter loves to dwell, None who have seen it can forget the sight, The beauties of a fair Canadian night.

JOSEPHINE THOMPSON, Fredericton.

ANECDOTES FRANCAIS.

Un Interview Interessant.

Quel'un a écrit dernièrement une petite comédie spirituelle et comique à la fois. La scène se passe chez un célèbre auteur français. Celui-ci a été écrit par un reporter, qu'il désigne "l'interlocuteur," afin de faire connaître au public toutes les particularités de sa vie.

"Ne changez rien à vos habitudes," lui a dit le reporter, "ce sont précisément vos habitudes ordinaires auxquelles le public s'intéresse."

L'homme de lettres ne comprend rien à cette curiosité de la part du public, ce désir de pénétrer jusque dans l'intérieur de sa vie privée.

"Je ne suis en rien différent des autres hommes," se dit-il, "je mange, bois, et dors comme eux; mais enfin, je vais les compter. Voici mon cabinet de travail, par exemple, il est fort commode pour un grand homme comme moi, changeons cela, je vais mettre tout sens dessus dessous; après cela, je ferai suspendre une balançoire au plafond et m'y assierai pour recevoir mon visiteur, cela amusera bien le public. Et mon costume. Il faut y penser. J'y suis. Tout sera prêt pour demain. Il arrivera de bonne heure, ce reporter."

Le lendemain, à l'heure de l'interview, le reporter arrive; et entre dans le cabinet de travail de son homme.

"Mais c'est en effet un homme extraordinaire, ce monsieur," se dit le reporter au premier coup d'oeil jete autour de lui. "Quel est ce costume? un habit, un large plaid écossais—pourquoi ce grand bonnet à poil et ces gros sabots?—et il ne s'assied pas sur une chaise ordinaire, mais dans une balançoire?"

"Eh, bonjour, monsieur," dit l'écrivain, "vous arrivez à une bonne heure, vous me trouvez justement en train de meuser; c'est mon habitude de m'asseoir sur cette balançoire pour écrire. Je n'ai rien de particulier à vous dire, mais vous me, l'avez demandé."

Le reporter commence immédiatement à prendre des notes, il est chargé de toutes ces eccentricités du grand homme. Le va et vient de la balançoire le fatigue bien un peu et lui donne le vertige; mais, ce n'est rien, il pense toujours à l'article qu'il a à mettre dans les journaux. Voici quelque chose de signé de l'outlet au public:

"Out!" reprit le balancé, je suis comme beau-père d'autres écrivains célèbres, cette escarpolette n'est aussi nécessaire pour bien travailler, que l'éclaircissement à Voltaire, ses manchettes à Buffon, ou sa robe de chambre à Balzac."

Le reporter est satisfait, il veut se retirer. Il ne veut pas perdre plus de temps et publier son article tout de suite. Mais, reste une dernière scène dans cette intéressante comédie—le déjeuner avec son hôte d'hôte, le presse d'assister à un dîner intime, et lui dit: "Monsieur, je vous prie de m'excuser, mais je ne puis pas venir, j'ai des affaires à régler."

"Qu'est-ce que vous avez dans cette soucoupe cu argent, des bouillottes de mie de pain, non?"

"Non, ce sont des pilules que je fais moi-même, elles contiennent une substance très nutritive, j'en mange plusieurs par jour, me le matin en me levant, trois à déjeuner et deux à dîner voilà mon menu invariable."

"C'est extraordinaire—et vous vous trouvez bien de ce régime?"

"C'est même à cela que j'attribue cette merveilleuse activité cérébrale qui existe toujours en moi."

L'interview est finie, le reporter s'en est allé, et le grand homme, ses sabots jetés dans un coin près de son bonnet à poil s'assied à table pour manger de bon appétit les mets qu'il avait sentés à l'empreser. UNE ÉLÈVE.

PERTINENT PERSONALS.

Mr. H. V. Moran, of Progress advertising department, went to Boston on a business trip last Saturday.

Mr. Geo. M. Fairweather, of Dorchester, was in town last Saturday. Mr. Fairweather does not find Dorchester so dull but business was as it would appear from PROGRESS correspondent to be socially. He has prospered there, and is one of the most successful farmers PROGRESS has on its list.

This is the Right Way to Talk. Next to having a good exhibition in Fredericton this year, of which we do not despair, will be a full representation of all the industries of the County of York at the St. John show. It is time that the people of Fredericton decided which course they will adopt.—Fredericton Gleaser.



READY ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

When a Will is Good.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Your Sackville correspondent's question is best answered in the words of sec. 5 Chap. 77 Con. Stat. N. B.:

"No will shall be valid unless it shall be in writing, and executed in manner hereinafter mentioned, that is to say,—It shall be signed at the foot or end thereof by the testator, or by some other person in his presence, and by his direction, and such signature shall be made or acknowledged by the testator in the presence of two or more witnesses present at the same time, and such witnesses shall attest and subscribe the will in the presence of the testator, and in the presence of each other; but any will, although not signed at the foot or end thereof, shall be valid if it be apparent from the will and position of the signature, or from evidence of the witnesses thereto, that the same was intended by the testator to be his last will; but no form of attestation shall be necessary."

It was held, however, in the remarkable case of Sudgev vs Lord St. Leonards, decided in England some 14 years ago, that declarations written or oral, made by a testator both before and after the execution thereof by the testator, are in the event of his death, admissible as secondary evidence of its contents.

The following extract from a judgment delivered by Sir John Coleridge some years ago may be of interest to persons coming into the possession of property by finding:

"Of the circumstances under which property is found to be such that the ownership has been abandoned the thing is bonum vacans and any one may take it, but if the ownership be not abandoned the thing is not the property of the finder, if in addition to this, the person who finds it shows no intention to find out the owner or to return it that person is guilty of larceny."

Dalhousie Law School, Halifax, N. S.

An Unsophisticated Pup.

While speaking of skating, we must not omit alluding to the "Private afternoons" at the Exhibition rink, on Tuesdays and Fridays. Here society flocks en masse, and if you wish to get a good look at our pretty girls, subscribe to take up with him on one of those days, and here you will see nearly everybody in Halifax, so far as the social scale goes, in winter attire, and the best care to skate you may promenade, listen to the music, or watch the graceful waltzers on the ice, then it is likely some one will bring you a cup of tea; tea and cake being provided by committee during the season. You will, no doubt, also remark that here, as in the case in all fashionable circles in our little city, the military element predominates. In fact some of our society belles are not one jot about their civil acquaintances, reserving all their smiles and glances for the military element. In the case of our society belles, as in the case of the gallant defenders of our country are very charming.

Many bright eyes are quite rick over the fact that a certain officer of the garrison, young, rich and handsome, has given his heart to a fair young American lady, who with her mother and sisters spent last summer in our midst. Some months after their return home, he held him away to Philadelphia and their engagement has lately been announced.

The ball given by the Red Cap snowshoe club, is the only large dance we have had since '90; it was greatly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to secure an invite. The ladies wore their hair *à la pouce*, this style, adding many to perfection. On the other hand, the gentlemen wore the belle; her dress was of black lace, trimmed with many rows of narrow white ribbon, a costly box of white ostrich feathers completed a very graceful costume. Several private dances have recently been given, among them, a large dance at Mrs. McLeod's, South Park street.

On Tuesday, a week ago, the students of Dalhousie gave an "at home." About 900 invitations were accepted, and in the evening the question the University presented a brilliant appearance *en fête*. The ladies did their utmost to look their best, in compliment to their hosts, and succeeded, if we may judge by the favorable criticism which has since reached us. The elite of the city were present, and a very pleasant evening was spent in promulating the wide corridors, spacious lecture rooms and libraries. In one apartment Prof. MacGregor gave interesting experiments in chemistry, in another specimens were being made, while the most attractive feature of the evening was a concert, in which the best amateurs rendered a delightful programme. Though dancing was not permitted, its absence was not felt. All crowding was avoided, and the many guests came away with the consciousness of having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The first ice carnival took place at the rink on Monday night. Crowds of spectators were present; two bands discoursed sweet music; the decorations were lovely; in fact everything was in harmony, except the masqueraders; they were simply wretched, scarcely any costumes, but those representing colored ladies and gentlemen from France. But the Halifax people are inclined to be philosophers, so, as there was no chance of getting back their money, they simply turned their backs and left, and spent the evening walking around, saluting or conversing with acquaintances.

But it begins to grow late. I think it time we said "good night," don't you? IRIS.

The Old Story.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question. Your friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always good. How does she get along. The secret is this, she lets Ungar call for her washing. He does her laundry rough dried and return it to her home in good order.—A.

Engraved for "Progress" from "Life."