# PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 26.

Progress extends to all the people the greetings of the season; to those who do not patronize it as well as to those who are its patrons; to those who are unfriendly as well as those who are its friends; good luck to all.

WORTH ST. JOHN'S ATTENTION. Capt. McDougal and the American Steel Barge Company are confident that the new style of ship, known as the whaleback, will create a revolution in ocean navigation. The points claimed for this style of craft are their simplicity, comparative cheapness, small cost of navigation in proportion to tonnage, light draught, small consumption of coal, speed, steadiness and safety. The original idea was that whaleback barges would be found very well adapted for lake navigation, and accordingly the above named company established their plant on Lake Superior and went into the building of barges on an extensive scale. So successful did they prove that an ocean going steamer on the same principle was constructed, the Charles Wetmore, which was sent down the St. Lawrence light, loaded with 60,000 bushels of grain at Montreal and sailed thence to Liverpool. So steady was she on her transatlantic voyage that, although heavy weather was encountered, it is said that the tracks of the grain heavers and the shovel marks were visible in her cargo on her arrival in Liverpool. From that port she sailed to New York, thence to Philadelphia, where she loaded with machinery for a mammoth plant to be erected on Puget Sound, where she lately arrived. Capt. McDougaL, the inventor of the whaleback form, says that the manufacture of such vessels will shortly begin in Canada. Progress wishes to point out that similar reasons to those which have led the Steel Barge company to select Puget Sound as the site of their great works can be advanced in favor of some point on Kennebeccasis as the location for similar works in Canada. It appears that a bountiful supply of fresh water is needed. Hence at Puget Sound they have selected a site on one of the numerous rivers flowing into that sheet of water. Cheap coal is an other desideratum. Easy access to iron mines, for the company believes it best to make its own iron, and is now arranging to do so at West Superior, where their lake plant is situated. Favorable climate for out door work always counts, and that can be secured here. In short no place in Canada is better adapted for such works than the lower part of our great river, where a dock or docks would doubtless be built by the company, as they are about to do in connection with their Pacific establishment. The West Superior plant employs 900 men, which force will be increased to 1,500 after Janu- and wooly west," and particularly Caliary 1st. This means a town of from 12,- fornia, you get an anti-British dose which 000 to 15,000 people, built up in a very is nauseating. The funny thing about it short time. It is well worth while for our is that there does not appear to be any people to take hold of this matter and large number of people who share these make such enquiries as may be necessary. extreme views. The papers are toadying The men behind the enterprise in the to a public sentiment which has no real United States have abundance of money. existence. Among them are John D. Rockefeller and others of great wealth, and they are

THE PASSING OF CREEDS.

as there is money in it.

prepared to extend their business as long

It is beginning to look very much as if creeds would have to take a secondary place in church polity. Once it is admitted that a creed is not binding in part, at all. The truth probably is that creeds license.

if it all cannot be reconciled with the idea that a set formula of belief is immaterial. The text most often quoted in this connection is the exclamation of the warden of the prison in which PAUL and SILAS were confined: "Men and brethren, what shall I do to be saved," and PAUL's answer. "Believe in the Lord Jesus CHRIST and thou shalt be saved." There not the least reason to suppose that the word "saved" in this brief conversation has any reference to a life to come, but rather the reverse. The prison was being shaken by a tremendous earthquake, and it was from this evidently that the gaoler sought safety; and PAUL, believing that the earthquake was a mark of divine displeasure at his incarceration, advised belief in Christ as a refuge from danger. This, at least, seems to be what the narrative, as told, means. If you ask whether it is intimated that PAUL was wrong in his advice, the answer will be in the negative. It appears to be well established that faith in CHRIST'S ability and willingness to aid us in time of impending disaster will protect us from danger. But some may ask: "What is the difference between saying that and insisting on a creed?" Our answer is that if a man finds himself unable to believe such a proposition, or any proposition, from lack of evidence, he ought not to be, therefore, rejected by the churches. The sole test of church membership ought to be a willingness to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. All besides this should be left to individual judgment. Of course a belief in God and man's accountability lies at the very foundation of church organization, and are implied in the test above mentioned: but no one should be compelled to accept anyone else's conception of God or any one else's explanation of accountability on pain of forieiting his membership. Take the doctrine of the atonement. It is an historical fact that this, as received by the orthodox churches, was formulated long after CHRIST's death, and promulgated by men who were not personally pious. It was a kings. convenient doctrine. If a man's sins were atoned for, he might sin as he liked, provided he could get formal absolution at the last. Now we know that every act must be followed by its legitimate consequences. There can be no vicarious effect following a cause. The natural effect must follow. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that the individual may be delivered from the consequences of his acts through the instrumentality of Christ. The difficulty of explaining any subject of this nature shows the unwisdom of insisting that a belief in any particular explanation shall be a test of church membership. If one say to another, "I believe the sick can be cured by prayer," and the other reply, "I do not," neither the one expression or the other amounts to anything, unless there is actual experience behind it. If one say, "I feel that my conscience is at peace," he is stating a matter of fact. If he feels it is at peace, it is at peace; but it does not follow that every body else must accept this explanation of how it became at peace. We all of us know people whose consciences are at peace, and who believe in all the points of orthodoxy, and yet whose hearts have never been illumined by love. The truth is that acceptance of a creed has been substituted for personal piety and Christian charity. It is easier to believe than to do right, and it is not a difficult thing for a man to become so impressed with the sufficiency of belief that he feels himself to need nothing further. In such a case he may be said to be saved by his

were inventions of churchmen who were

unwilling to do what religion enjoined.

There is a good deal said in the New

Testament about belief, but it is doubtful

## MEN AND THINGS.

belief, but just what such a salvation will

be worth here or hereafter is a matter

about which we cannot be very certain.

Referring to the president's observations in his message, concerning the Guiana boundary dispute, a California paper remarks that the time is not distant when the United States will give England and all European nations orders to leave America. bag and baggage. These are brave words; but it will occur to many people that until Uncle SAM has stopped taking unlimited insolence from Chili he had better not cry out too ravenously for gore.

The New York, Boston and Philadelphia papers generally refer to England in terms of respect and often of admiration and sympathy; but when you strike "the wild

The other day in addressing his soldiers Kaiser WILLIAM told them that they must obey his orders without question, and half the world has cried out against such a conception of military duty. Yet we all applaud TENNYSON's lines:

"Their's not to make reply; Their's not to reason why; Their's but to do or die."

The moral of this would seem to be that it is useless to talk about its being binding the Kaiser had better take out a poetic the gospel of cheerfulness by litting bur-

Speaking of the Kaiser, it is probable POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." that the outbreak of la grippe following upon the shaving off of the imperial whiskers was only a coincidence. Undoubtedly this latest type of absolutism would expect all Germany to sneeze when he takes snuff, but probably this is as far as he would go. The illustrious whiskers were never heavy enough to keep away a

Germany is one of the foremost nations in the movement for the restriction of emigration. England, as usual, stands aloof. Her people are absolutely free to go or come when they wish, and where they wish. This is one of the advantages of being an Englishman. MAX O'RELL, after a journey through the United States, said that the only people who understand what liberty means are the English. Certainly the people of the United States do not as we do, for they are bound by written constitutions. With us Salus populorum est supreme lex, and to this and not to a written document everything is brought for a final test.

JOHN TREHER is an American citizen. born in Germany, and a man of wealth. He left his native country without completing his term of service in the army. On returning home the other day for a visit, he was arrested for a deserter and sentenced to six months imprisonment. When this is over he will be compelled to do three years service in the German army. Lovely state of things is it not!

France and Roumania are at loggerheads. Now Roumania has no ocean seaboard, and consequently is like a man in the lock up, who can "sauce" the crowd outside with impunity. France cannot get within a good many gunshots of the Roumanian forces.

Look up your maps and find the Lake Okanogan in British Columbia. It is down by the International boundary. The latest advices from this section are that the wealth of gold and silver in the mountain ranges is simply inconceivable. There will be great fortunes made there soon: fortunes like those of the famous bonanza

#### PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

The Toll Collector's Idea of It.

Stranger (on Princess street)-And that is the ferry that takes you across to Carleton? St. John man-Oh, no; that is an excursion steamer that takes you to Carleton and back at one

Yet People Won't Write Plainly. "No rest for us when we die," said the postman,

"Only be in another branch of the business-dead

A Practical Eloper.

Mistress-And you say you eloped with Patrick. How remarkable! But weren't you afraid, Bridget, when he carried you down the ladder? Bridget-Nary a bit, mum. Shure Pat was one of the foinest hod carriers in the country, and why should oi be afeered

The Reason Why. Minister (making Christmas call)-You weren't out to the lake skating on Sunday, were you,

## Her First Manuscript.

Johnny-No, sir, I didn't get my skates till

Miss Hopeful (with literary aspirations)-And you are quite sure that there was nothing at the post office for me; nothing at the registered letters Mr. H. (surprised)-Why, you didn't send

enough of stamps to have it registered, did you?

The Editor Bored.

Excited individual (rushing into the editorial rooms)-Who wrote that article? Great and Busy Editor (indignantly)-Well, by all the powers! Will some people never learn that 'all enquiries must be addressed to Editor of Quesion and Answerdepartment, and that answers will be given in that column only?"

His Reception in St. John.

Restaurant Runner (on Mill street, to traveller from the depot)-Had your breakfast, sir? Passenger (surprised)-Of course I've had my breakfast. Think I'm a 40 day faster?

She Needed Oiling.

While a very small St. John boy was being sent to bed one evening this week, his grandmother, in the next room, sneezed in that wheezy way pecu-"What's that?" asked the little fellow. "Is that

"No. that's grandma." "Guess we'll have to oil grandma up if she

sneezes like that," said the youngster seriously. About Bob Burdette.

I often see on the street a dapper little

man, with a fiercely waxed moustache that

suggests a French dancing master on parade, writes Foster Coates. It is Bob Burdette, the genial newspaper humorist, poet and lecturer. He comes to New York very attention. He wears black clothing and a is no better "all round" nowspaper man in Gentlemen, I got two government offises. when he was the best known of all the humorous writers for the newspapers, but he torsook the tripod for the platform, and today, although not so much talked about as writes little, but he would prefer

he was highly esteemed for his knowledge of politics and literature and he is known best known, and his fragmentary writings of today are largely a labor of love. Burdette's life is given up to making people laugh, and off the platform he carries out dens from the shoulders of the weak.

Christmas.

He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shout of conquering-As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have

Not with commanding presence, might and power-As Israel hoped, and longed to see that hour; No earthly heralds told His advent nigh, But angel hosts proclaimed it from on high, With song of praise, of love and mercy given, Peace on the earth, glory to God in Heaven; The shepherds to the manger rude repair, And offer homage to the Saviour there, Rejoice we now, in His great power to bless, The Prince of Peace, the Son of Righteousness.

The Old Year and the New.

THE OLD YEAR. The year is drawing to a close. The wintry wind about him blows, And thickly fall the drifting snow Above the old year dying.

They care not for his age and pain, His blinded eyes and crazy brain, But thickly fall upon the plain And leave the old year dying.

Gay parties go on pleasure bent, On mirth and happiness intent, The air with joyous shouts is rent, Above the old year dying.

The New Year comes, a winsome boy, Promising hope and love and joy, And happiness without alloy To hearts on him relying.

Delusive hope. She blossoms white He brings to us this New Year's night, Will pale and fade as garlands bright Brought by the old year's dying.

With hope and promise unfulfilled With youth's warm blood congealed and chilled And every aspiration killed, Sad echoes are replying.

And as the years they come and go, They bring their freight of joy and woe, They lay the proud and mighty low And all our lives environ.

As with a mystic network wove By the great god magician Jove, Hope, Life and Death, Hate, Joy and Love Aspiring and expiring.

MARTIN BUTLER.

#### Christmas Carol. At this holy Christmas-tide

Christ our Lord was born; Angels in the sky appeared On that happy morn. First the shepherds were afraid At the wondrous sight, Till the gracious news they heard Filled them with delight. Hark! the angel voices ring! Let us join the song they sing!

When at last the daylight dawns, Quickly do they speed, To the lowly manger throne, Where the cattle feed. There on bended knees they gaze On the Lord their King. And, though empty are their hands, Loval homage bring. Hark! the angel voices ring! Let us join the song they sing!

From the East the wise men came, Guided by the star. At His feet rich treasure laid They had brought from far What can we, Lord, bring to Thee? We have nought to give; But if willing hearts we have, All else thou'lt forgive! Hark! the angel voices ring! Let us join the song they sing!

Come and sing then little ones, Sing with hearts aglow. With a burning love for Him Who came down below: Bore our sins and died for us On the shameful tree; Holy Babe of Bethlehem, Glory be to Thee! Hark! the angel voices ring!

Let us join the song they sing! BE SIE GUILLOD.

## PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

The Christmas number of the Chicago Horseman is one of the finest publications that has reached the office this year. It is one of those good, solid papers that gives one the impression that it is produced with no regard to cost, so long as every feature is of the highest order. The handsome illummated cover is a good index to the

Anderson. He resigned vesterday the position he has filled for a number of years so acceptably on the staff off The Globe, and enters this morning upon a new and important field of duty-that of press agent for the New York & New England Railroad Company. No man is better qualified for the office which, in effect, Mr. Anderson will create. Mr. Anderson's dates back to about 1880, when, with his parents, he came from Halifax, his former home, to settle in this city. For a number of years he served on the Traveller, and in 1887 joined the force of the Globe. His aptness and skill as a newsgatherer, and his marked ability as a descriptive writer have found frequent and often on business, and he always attracts vivid illustration in these columns. There white necktie, and might easily be mistaken | Boston, nor any one who takes a warmer for a minister of the gospel. Time was interest in the welfare of the workers of bridge of which, I am happy to say, I am the press. Always appreciative of the the owner. Gentlemen, I got a subsidy country of his birth, Nova Scotia. Mr. for the Gumville and Pennioc Ralerode, or Anderson has lost no opportunity to will get it as soon as I'm paid fer my "boom" its manifold attractions. It was trouble in boomin' of the same. (Apformerly, he is one of the most attractive | due very largely to his energy and execu- | plause. men on the platform. His income is very tive skill that last summer's excursion of to come, new and ever-increasing popularity to "Tom" Anderson.—Boston Globe. the day is coming and now is when Pennioc which has no right in the country at all, is and Gumville shall be harnessed in its rife amongst them.— D. Christie Murray.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT OVER THE RAILWAY BOOM.

A Rousing Rally in the School House-Speeches by Squire Dusenbury and the Hon. Teapot Tempest-Wild Enthusiasm of the Audience.

[From the Gumville Gimlet.]

Hip! Halleloogy!

The die is throwed! The barbican is passed! The desert will blossom as the early rose! Clear the track for the Iron Horse is crouchin' fer a spring! The Gumville and Pennioc Ralerode is a litteral fact! But to resoom.

Rejoice, O ye sons of Wayback! Rejoice ye daughters of Sundown! Reach hither the festal bowl, which is figgerative for bug-juice! Hooray fer the Honorble Teapot Tempest! Hooray fer Suire Dusenbury of the said place! Hooray for Gumville, and Hooray fer the Gimlet! includin' likewise a pass for the Editer of which over the said rode. But to resoom.

It is agreed by all in this locality that the meetin' which was innogerated by the Honorble Teapot Tempest, M. P., in the Gumville school-house, on Friday evenin' last, was from every standpint a most collosle affare. The object of the meetin' was the organizashun of the Gumville and Pennioc Ralerode Company. Hooray for Pennioc and hooray for the Peanut! Shake, brother Sloat! We salute you across the bloody Kasm as a brother and a triend. We have an ear of yours, which you can have by callin' for and pain' the cost of mounting. But to resoom.

The Internashunal magnitood of the episode was realized by all. The Rue de Cowpath was litterly jammed with teams hitched to the fences adjacent to the hall. We noticed in passing, that Deacon Waugh's colt (sired by Gunboat), which the Pennioc folks have made such a blather about, had a spavin as big as a grindstone on his nigh side, and is a cribber to boot. But to resoom.

It was precisely eleven minits to o'clock when the Honorble Teapot Tempest drove up the Rue de Cowpath from White's saloon and entered the buildin'. He took the chare amid the wildest and most inaudible enthusiasm. Everybody was itchin' for someone to sing out: "Hooray fer the Honorble Teapot" and then all hands would have jined in chorus, but nobody did, so we swallered it. On the platform was the follering: Hon. Teapot Tempest, Zachariah Dusenbury, J.P., Mordecai Hopper, Esq., Zephaniah Harris, Esq. (brother to Jed), Adonijah Whalen, Josiah L. Whalen (which married a Dusenbury), Jedediah Harris, Esq. (brother to Zeph), Nehemiah Whalen, Esq. (which married Tildy Harris), Humboldt Harris (the somnambulater, which his mother was a Whalen), Nehemiah Slocomb, Esq. (still on the limits we regret to say), Deacon Waugh, of Pennioc, Melkisidek Sloat, ot Gabriel More.

as follers:

milkin'-yard (loud cheers), I had no idee of bein' called upon, but strate is the gate and narrer is the way which leadeth--and Teapot Tempest has been a goin' round among us—and—and the devil goeth may devour. (Applause). Unaccustomed as I am to public speakin' at this time, I thank you agin feller-sinners, and many returns of the same. (Wild applause). The Honorble Teapot Tempest then

riz up and said: Gentlemen Electors of Gumville and Pennioc: I am proud to be present to-Few newspaper men in Boston have a night. It is a rulin' principle of my life to larger circle of friends, without as well as be proud of bein' present. But when I within the profession, than Mr. Thomas F. gaze upon this gigantic audience, this stupendous aggregashun of piety and pants, this ragin' sea of teeth and whiskers, I feel like crawlin' into a hole and throwin' the hole away. (Hear, hear, and tears).

Gentlemen, the present government is a pack of thieves, but you ought to be proud they aint no worse. You ought to be proud that Mercier is a bigger thief, and has got his just reward. You're all in connection with the press of Boston favor of thievin', gentlemen, but as you aint able to attend to it yourselves, it is the duty of your representative at Ottaway to do it for you. (Loud applause.)

Gentlemen, I am proud to be your representative at Ottaway. There is no end of boodling goes on there, gentlemen, but thank Heavens you are gittin' your share. (Loud cheers ) What have I done since I was first elected your representative? Gentlemen, I got a subsidy fer the raleway

Gentlemen, this is an age of ralerodes. large. He is constantly travelling from one | the New England press to the land of Evan- Look at the Chignecto Ship Ralerode. city to another to instruct and amuse. geline was so greatly enjoyed and so re- Look at the Albert Ralerode. Look markable a success from beginning to end. at the Moncton-Buctouche Ralerode. to do more if the remuneration was as large In his new field Mr. Anderson will have as Look at the Kent Northern Ralerode. as he is paid for lecturing. Like many a matter of course, the cordial good wishes Look at the Cape Turpentine Ralerode. other great men, he began life as a printer's of his associates, who have followed his Gentlemen, the shriek of the iron horse is pitable, ready to fight or kiss at a moment's devil." Before he tried to write humor career as a newspaper writer and lecturer the toot of Gabriel's horn. It has awoke with constant interest. He will still be the world from the sleep of centuries. It one of the newspaper boys, and it is pleas- has revived and renewed the past. Its as a graceful wri er on topics of serious- ant to know that he is to continue the Bos- flyin' wheels have tracked the globe with Ballyporeen The statement looks odd at ness. But it is as a humorist that he is ton letters, which have always been such a fire. It has bridged the rivers and the seas the first sight of it. but their adoption of newsy feature of Allan Forman's Journalist. and leveled the mountain with the plain. European dress is killing the race as if it His field of work is now broadened. With It has set the life-blood of energy and pro-wider acquaintanceship throughout New gress flowing at lightnin' speed, through all and have no idea of removing their cloths, England will assuredly come, as it deserves the arteries of trade and civilizashun. And and, as a natural consequence, consumption,

GUMVILLE AND PENNIOC. train; when the forests of Gumville shall laugh and the valleys of the Pennioc shall echo back the greeting, and when upon the astonished world shall burst a whiskered avalanche ot Gumville enterprise and genius! (Wild enthusiasm and cheering, at which the Honorble Teapot Tempest gives way to his feelin's and sinks to rest.)

Deacon Waugh then riz up and moved-Whereas, we are all here; and Whereas, especially, the Honorble Teapot Temp est is here; and Whereas, the reason why we're here is a mystery

to us all; and Whereas, we have a vague hankerin' for some thing or other, but what it is Heaven only knows; Whereas, the old flag is unsuitable fer grub and kind of airy for winter ware in this climate; and Whereas, a ralerode will enable us to get out of this cussed country, which may be what we're hankerin' fer; therefore

Resolved, that we are in favor of the building of the Gumville and Pennioc Ralerode at the earliest Seconded by Melkisidek Sloat, and carried without a murmur.

Whereas, there is a general grab goin' on at

Nehemiah Whalen then riz up and

Ottaway; and Whereas, we ought to have our share: and Whereas, a ralerode from Pennioc to Gumville will open up a grand section of country for rabbits and gum, and will tap the caribou barrens of Sun-down with the quickening influence of a new-found

Whereas, we have always voted for the old flag and the Honorable Teapot Tempest at the reason-able figger of \$2 per head, therefore Resolved, That the Dominion Government be memorialized for a subsidy for the building of the

This was seconded by us and carried without a whimper. The venerble Zachariah Dusenbury then riz up amid the emoshuns of all present. The Squire

Whereas, although we voted for the Honorble Teapot Tempest we have a warm heart for the Honorble A. G. Blare, and Whereas, we have always supported the said A.

G. Blare, when he come to us as a man and a brother, at the ruinous figger of \$2 per head, there-Resolved, that the said A. G. Blare be memorialized for a subsidy for the building of the said rode.

At this juncture the Honorble Teapot Tempest riz up and said: centlemen, me and Blare has fit. We are liable to fight agin. But we are brothers all the same. (The applause was tremenjus. Squire Dusenbury crossed the stage and clasped the Honorble Teapot to his breast. Old Adonijah Whalen filled two bandaners with his eve-juice and the augence cheered agin

and agin.) The motion was carried, whereupon it was moved by Mordecai Hopper, seconded by Jedediah Whalen, as follers:

Whereas no country in the world can compete with England in the raisin' of fools, and Whereas the latest crop is the biggest ever raised, therefore Resolved, that debentures be issued in England to the extent of at least twenty thousand dollars a mile for the building and equipment of the said

This was carried without a snicker, and the meetin' broke up with cheers for the follerin' parties: The Queen, the Honorble Teapot Tempest, the Honorble A. G. Blare, Squire Dusenbury, the Gumville Gimlet, the Pennioc Peanut, Jim Blaine and the Reverend Gabriel More.

Negro Eloquence.

White preachers cannot move a colored congregation as the negroes can and do. the Pennioc Peanut (the ear of which In November, 1860, when the general conadorns our sanctum), and the Reverend | vention of the Episcopal Church met in Richmond, the pastor of the largest colored The meetin' was opened by the singin' congregation there—the Baptist Church, of Hold the Fort, in which all jined with which had bought and owned its pastorpowerfle effect. One sin-cussed brother courteously invited some of the bishops to riz up fer prayers, but was snuffed out by address them. The choice fell on Bishop the chare amid the tears of the Reverend | Williams, of Connecticut, and Bishop Gabriel More, Brother Zachariah Dusen- Clarke, of Rhode Island both extremely bury then riz up and addressed the augence | eloquent preachers, and they stood up before 3.000 hearers and did their best Feller Sinners and Penniockers: I'm to rouse them. The colored people sure I don't know why I should be called sat silent, respectful and admiring before upon at this time. I am glad to see you | the two prelates, but gave no outward sign all here, and any that I see absent I'm of interest. Presently the pastor arose, sorry for to see. I'm glad to see you all thanked his visitors in the name of his here, for where two or three are gathered | flock, and then went on to make application -but as I said before I ain't no speaker. of what they had heard. His first words When I come in that door right from the were like a breath of wind over a field of ripening grain. Every head responded. Then came sighs, groans and shouts as the great depth of human feeling was broken which, in my notion, is figgerative ter up, and 3,000 people were in tears and in ralerodes. (Loud and long continued ap- | the throes of sympathy. "I tell you," said plause). Feller-sinners, the Honorble one of the bishops afterward, in narrating his experience, "I was ashamed of myself when I watched the power of the colored around like a roarin' lion seekin' which he | preacher and recognized my own failure."

## A Joke on Mr. Gladstone.

Some years ago Mr. Gladstone was making political speeches in Scotland, and one day he alighted from a train at a railway station to "speak to the people." He planted himself on a small eminence near by, and turned loose his soul in a torrent of eloquence. "My friends," he said, among other things, "your destiny is assnred. With such a country and such a soil, what may not this village become? In this soil"-here he stooped, and scraped up a handful of it-"I seem to see the very seeds of empire. In this red earth, which looks as it fertilised with the iron of your will, are latent the promise and the possibility of the grandest crops. What will such a soil not grow? It will produce not only truits and grains, but also me nd women of heroic mould; and as I now s \_\_ter this prolific earth to the fourth wind, as I scatter this generous soil-" But just here the orator's remarks were consumed in inextinguishable laughter. He was standing on the site of an old tannery, and the generous soil was oak bark!

## They Resemble the Irish.

The Maories are altogether a very lovable people, and in not a few respects the mind the traveller of Paddy. Paddy's good lady has a knack of wearing her husband's coat and smoking a short clay pipe. Her Maori sister has the same habits. Paddy keeps a pig, and gives him the run of the house. So does the Maori. Both in Ireland and in Maoritand the cultivation of the potato is the form of agriculture most practised. To complete the parallel, the Maories have a land grievence. Like Paddy, they are idle, voluble, rollicking, emotional, hosnotice. They are partially converted to European ideas about costume, and the dress of a great number would do credit to