

HE RESTS FROM HIS LABORS.

Thousands Stand by the Grave of the Metropolitan of Canada.

From the church militant here on earth to the church expectant in Paradise, in the fullness of years far beyond the allotted span, the venerable Bishop of Fredericton departed this life in the faith and fear of Him whose cross he professed. It was fitting that the first words spoken in the first office for the dead in the darkened room at Bishopscote should be those words which tell of the rest which remaineth for the people of God:

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

It was never the wish of the Bishop that the death of those who went hence with the sign of the faith should be the cause of sombre trappings of woe and of mourning, as though there were no life other than this life and no hope beyond the grave. To his view death was "but the gate of life immortal," and in this spirit were the hymns of the clergy and people as they gathered to bear his mortal frame to the cathedral where it was to rest for a little ere being consigned to mother earth. The Psalm itself, the 103rd, was one of thanksgiving, while following it was the hymn declaring that "The King of love my shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never." In the Litany of the Last Four Things, the part chosen was not "Death," but the "Heaven" that lies beyond. Then as the body was borne across the way, clear voices raised the strain telling of the saints "which came out of great tribulation" to dwell where

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

Beneath the roof of that cathedral which stands as a monument of his never failing purpose, the body of the Metropolitan of Canada lay in solemn state, while those who had known and honored him in his life passed in with reverent step to view for the last time on earth the face of him who had been their shepherd and guide. For the three hours, from six to nine on Monday night, a never ceasing procession passed by, and then began the solemn vigil of the dead, of clergy and laymen, which continued hour by hour through the night.

The first celebration of the Holy Eucharist took place at eight a. m., and the second at eleven, by which time an additional number of the clergy from within and without the diocese had arrived. The solemn words of the first fifteen verses of the Psalm XLIX. were used as the introit—solemn, yet proved as the "God" hath delivered my soul from the place of hell, for he shall receive me." Even the careless mind, ignorant of the depth of meaning in this the highest service of the church, could not fail to have a strong impression at such a time; and how much more was it a memorable occasion to those who realized its meaning. Funereal black did not intrude itself upon the eye in the surroundings of the sanctuary where the remains reposed. The coffin itself was of the episcopal violet color, and was so inclined toward the people that the body, clothed with the insignia of office, was visible to all. The six large tapers, three on each side of the coffin, reminded the faithful that "the souls of the departed are not put out, but having walked here as children of light, are now gone to walk before God in the light of the living." At the head of the coffin towered a beautiful and bright floral cross, the token of the faith in which the prelate had lived and striven and departed to the place of light, refreshment and rest. Violet, at once the sign of episcopal authority and the token of penitence in those who remained, was the color seen around the sanctuary sufficiently to mark the occasion but not so heavily as to dominate the other hues of floral tributes. The clergy, with but one or two exceptions, wore violet stoles.

Bishop Kingdon was the celebrant at the Eucharist, and after the clergy had been communicated so large a number of the laity came forward that a second consecration of elements was required. It was just noon when the *Nunc Dimittis* brought this portion of the service to an end.

By this hour every seat in the edifice, save those reserved for representative bodies, such as the St. George's Society from St. John, was occupied, while hundreds of people were standing in reverent silence. A much greater throng was without, unable to gain admission. Shortly afterwards the clergy entered in procession by the west door and moved solemnly up after the representative bodies and took the seats reserved for them, though the number so far exceeded the estimate that many remained standing. The burial service proper began with the hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er," in which are sung the words:

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

Of equal fitness to the occasion and the memory of the beloved prelate was the hymn commemorating the rest of the saints from their labors:

The saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword
They cast them down before the Lord;
O happy saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest.

The clergy had taken their last look at the placid face of the departed bishop and the lid had been placed on the coffin when the celebration ended. At the close of the first part of the burial service the six senior Canons, DeVeber, Ketchum, Roberts, Brigstocke, Forsyth and Neales, bore the coffin out while the pleading, penitential verses of the Litany of the Incarnate Word were sung. More than three score of priests led the procession, and in the place of honor among them were the Bishop of Nova Scotia and the Bishop Kingdon. Just ahead of the body walked one of the youngest of the clergy, Rev. J. J. Parry, a deacon, bearing the pastoral staff. Lying on

the coffin lid and secured to it was a smaller staff. Beyond this necessary token of rank the coffin was plain in its finish, and as devoid of ostentation as had been the whose body rested within it.

From the west door around the cathedral square the long procession moved with every head bared to the strains of the grandest of all dirges, the dead march in Saul. It was a never to be forgotten sight. All ranks and classes were represented, while thousands stood by to join in the last rites at the grave.

Years ago, Bishop Medley chose his last resting place at a spot at the south east corner of the cathedral his genius had reared. There the sun will shine for many hours of each day upon the resting place of his mortal remains, while the faithful will pray that his soul, with the souls of all God's elect, may have eternal rest, and that perpetual light may shine upon him. In the committal of the body to the earth, while the bright sunshine fell upon the assembled throng, no gloomy dirges were chanted, but there was that hopeful song of the soul which longs for a better country, that is, an heavenly one. It was expressed in the words which are fitly sung where one has lived the measure of his days and rejoices to depart in peace.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who does not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the better land
Where they that loved are blest.

And at the last, when the final words of the office were said, the multitude which stood around did "the strain upwards of joy and praise" in the triumphant words of a hymn which is the summary of Christian faith and hope:

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.

Then, the earth having been placed above the coffin by faithful hands, there came little children and cast flowers on the grave, until it no longer seemed a grave but a beautiful part of God's earth where there was gathered the wealth of a thousand gardens.

The great floral cross which had stood in the sanctuary told of a grave and where the head of it was to be found, while a smaller cross marked the foot. Later in the day when the visitors passed by on their return journey, the shadow of the cathedral had fallen on the flowers, but they were not the less bright and beautiful. Yet to some may have come the thought that the heavy was but transient, reminding that the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but that the memory of him whose grave they marked would live beyond the time when they who then honored him had followed him in the pilgrimage which is not of earth. The cathedral near by is one of his monuments, but it is only one. Let those who seek for others, look around and find them in the fruits of a long and faithful life well spent in the work of the Great Master.

A SAIL ALONG THE COAST.

Sights and Pleasures Hundreds have Enjoyed on the International Steamers.

Reed's point wharf has been one of the liveliest places in town this summer. The departure of the International boats in the morning, crowded like excursion steamers bound for a beach or pleasure resort, drew hundreds of sight seers. The arrival of the steamers in the evening had the same effect.

Daily trips to and from Boston mean something, especially when several hundred people crowd the boats. It shows the popularity of the provinces as a summer resort, and that the people know how to get the most pleasure for the money in coming here.

Within the last few weeks the tide of travel has been westward, and those who forget to order staterooms a few days ahead are profiting by their experience. The demand for staterooms has exceeded the supply all summer. Berths also fell short, and mattresses were made to do service. There was no danger of being lonesome on the trip.

During the winter an effort will be made to make things more pleasant for next summer's tourists. The big boats will be thoroughly overhauled, the ladies' cabins placed in another part of the steamers and additional staterooms built on the lower deck.

But a large passenger list has its advantages. With plenty of company the 20 hour trip is shortened considerably. There is always a party of young people on board, and musicians turn up at unexpected moments. The result is a merry crowd that makes the time pass quickly, and even those who stepped on board with horrible thoughts of seasickness forget all about it and join in with the rest.

On steamers that glide through the water with no more motion than a newspaper office with a big press sickness is more the result of stories told at home than anything else, and the number of people who have no appetites for the famous dinners of the *Cumberland* and *State of Maine* could be put in a state-room, without crowding.

On deck with a guide or a friend who has been over the route, there is enough of interest to be seen to make one forget everything else. Along the New Brunswick coast, rugged and picturesque, or again past green fields and distant hills; in among the islands of Passamaquoddy bay to Eastport, the home of the sardine; the myriad sails of the fishermen; the walk through the town and a hundred and one things of interest that the guide book tells about. Out again and along the shores of Maine, past fishing villages and summer resorts; and on until the quarantine officer comes on board in Boston harbor.

With three trips a week the cheap excursions still fill the boats. At this time of year Boston is at its best. After the warm spell the people are in good humor, the theatres are all open and the suburbs look their prettiest. It is the right time to see the hub, and that provincialists realize this is evident from the number of people at Reed's point on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. Extra trips emphasize the fact.

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CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments.

On my way home one night last week I ran across a little fellow ambling along with his hands in his pockets and a tin whistle in his mouth. It was past midnight, and the rain fell in a cold drizzle. The streets were almost deserted, and before I came along the boy had one of them all to himself. He was a little bit of a fellow, and his clothing must have been wet through with the rain. This, however, did not seem to increase his anxiety about home, for he took as much interest in the things in the stove windows as if it had been broad daylight. Although indifferent to the time and hour, he was evidently glad to have company, for he quickened his steps when I came along, and by way of striking up an acquaintance told all he knew about the electric lights; how some of the big lamps went out at twelve o'clock and some stayed in all night, and the little ones in the shops, they stayed in if they were left turned on. He knew all about it. How old was he? Eight years. What was he doing out at that time of night? "Sellin' me Bostons," which being interpreted meant that he was one of the boys who get the Boston papers after the arrival of the late train from the west, and catch the night trade at the hotels and bars by shouting "Today's Boston *Globe* or *Herald*, all about the light."

A boy eight years of age alone on the streets after midnight is interesting. It is more than interesting; it is something that should be looked into by somebody. This youngster had both father and mother, and they knew he was on the streets at that hour. His father worked on the railway, he told me, and would not get home until morning, "but me mother's home, and so's me sisters, two of 'em; one's bigger and one's smaller'n me." How would he get in the house? "Oh, I get in easy; I just stand in the alleyway and blow this whistle, and some of them gets up and let me in." He sold papers every night, and usually got home about 12 o'clock. His earnings ran from 20 to 30 cents, and this was put in a bank "what I bought last week, but across I has to take some out every night to buy more papers. I'd make more," he continued, "only the big fellers gets up town afore I do and sells out first." I left the little fellow wrestling with a penny-in-the-slot machine, which was probably a more popular bank than the one he had at home.

It is perhaps a good thing to encourage industry and thrift in children, but a parent who will allow an eight year old boy to walk the streets and frequent hotels and barrooms until after midnight, so that he can earn money to put in a tin bank, needs assistance in bringing up a child in the way he should go. I do not know whether all the boy told me was true. He did not say his parents made him sell papers; the fact that the night was dark and the streets deserted did not worry him a bit. But he was out with the full knowledge and consent of his mother, and will probably continue to do a midnight business while people buy his papers.

A few months ago a boy of about the same age used to send a good many people to bed with a feeling of uneasiness. He was always on the streets late at night with an armful of evening papers, which gave ample proof of the fact that he was—to use newspaper parlance—stuck. The pitiful expression of his face, and the way in which he entreated one to buy a paper never failed of effect. He usually managed to find some sympathetic night wanderer who would buy him out rather than go to bed with the knowledge that a child was on the streets selling papers while he slept. Those who gave him the papers, again, and expected that he would go home we were sadly mistaken. He always sought new victims and sold the papers a second time. This boy gave one the chills. His story certainly did not increase one's respect for his parents. His mother made him take out a given number of papers every evening, and he was not allowed in the house until he had sold every one of them. People got tired of this sort of thing.

The last time I saw him I was one of a group of five or six standing on King street. One of the party put his hand in his pocket with the idea of buying a paper, but all the rest protested. All knew him, knew his story and confessed to a feeling of uneasiness that was the outcome of doubt and sympathy, every time they saw him. It was generally agreed that it would do more harm than good to buy the boy's papers, and he did not sell any.

I do not know whether there is a law by which the police could deal with these youngsters. If there is it is shamefully ignored, for the police cannot fail to know all about these children of the streets.

Talking of hard worked youngsters reminds me of a case that was brought to my notice a short time ago. It is alleged that a man living on Brittain street has a boy living with him—a nephew, I think—for whom he has found employment at some distant part of the city. The boy has to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, get his own breakfast, if he gets any; go to work and come back late at night, so late that he has to crawl in through a window, left open for some time, and has been going on for some time, and until recently the neighbors did not know what to make of it. They are very indignant over the matter and think something should be done to see that life is made worth living for the boy.

When a daily newspaper gets such words as "alleged" and "claimed" in its headlines, and is careful to print the name of the person who gives the information, it can usually be taken for granted that the reporter is trying to save a good story, of which he has some doubts as to its truthfulness. An instance of this appeared in one of the daily papers recently, and to those who knew all about it, it was very amusing.

Some people have a weakness for getting into the papers and cannot resist the temptation to stretch a story, if there is any doubt as to whether the reporter will use it or not. Newspaper men know this and are often willing to gratify the vanity of a person if they can get a startling story by

doing so. They are seldom deceived, and the chances are that when the article appears in cold type, and the person who is responsible reads it calmly over, the conclusion reached is that the reporter reaped all the benefits, if there were any. The ridiculous side of the case shows itself, and what was intended to be read with pleasure brings doubts and fears as to whether the guilty one's friends will learn the true story and laugh at the attempt to appear other than he or she is.

In this connection I am reminded of a number of stories of St. John people who have a weakness for impressing the public with their importance, without having the importance to do much impressing with. In the emergency deception is resorted to. The funny papers have a good deal to say about people who pull down the blinds, live in the back of the house and give out to their friends that they have gone to Europe or the seaside. There is more truth than poetry in it. It has been done right here in St. John, and the papers have unwittingly aided in the deception.

Some time ago a young St. John lady went to a secluded part of Nova Scotia. It was given out that she had been on a visit to Boston, New York and other American cities. On her return she knew all about what was going on in these places and according to her story had chatted with a number of prominent people. The newspapers helped her out in it. The truth leaked out, however, and everybody enjoyed the story.

Another story of this kind is told of a St. John woman who has a weakness for becoming acquainted with foreign notables. So far as I know her acquaintance in this direction is very limited. She has a brilliant imagination, however, and any amount of nerve. With this combination she usually succeeds in creating some talk when she wants to. On one occasion she gave out that she had titled visitors. A notice appeared in the daily papers. A friend happened to call on her shortly afterward and inquired for her guests. The woman pointed to a large doll sitting on a chair. "That's Lady," said she, with all seriousness. She had named the doll Lady —, and had a personal inserted in the papers about her. Brooks.

Age and Running Powers.
What is the age-limit beyond which no amount of judicious training will enable a fairly athletic man to run a mile within the space of five minutes? The question has been raised at a London club, where one of the members, whose years number eighty-and-thirty, proposes to make practical demonstration of the fact that the limit has not been reached in his case. Should he win his wager he will receive the sum of £1,200, his opponents rating their chance of witnessing the runner's down fall at three to one on.

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Sermon on Cycling.

The Rev. L. D. Temple, of Lansing, Mich., in a recent sermon on cycling, said in part: "The bicycle is one of the good gifts of God through modern inventive genius. Let us hail the use of the bicycle by women. The need of the homes and the country is health. We are a people of strong tendencies to nervousness and dyspepsia. Pale complexions, flabby muscles and sick headaches, as woman's heritage, steal silently away with the use of the wheel. Diversion is wanted and people will have it. The bicycle is a wonderful encouragement to participate in recreation which is at the same time helpful to health and not harmful to the better self. I believe its use is helpful to morals. Satan gets in his fine work on people who are idle. Leisure gives evil haunts their chances to entice and evil thoughts their time to work. The use of the wheel allays excitement, elevates the imagination and expends energies in wise and exalted ways."

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