

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

BOSTON HONORS BOOTH.

NOT EDWIN, BUT THE GENERAL, "GOD BLESS HIM!"

The Boston Salvationists are probably less numerous than those of St. John, but the People Respect Them—The Ultra-Sensational Dr. Brady.

Boston, Feb. 18.—The Salvation Army is having things pretty much its own way in Boston this week, for Gen. Booth is here, and he is just as big a man in Boston now, as he was in St. John a few months ago. Which goes to show that nothing succeeds like success.

I remember when Gen. Booth visited St. John some years ago, and was met at the depot by a number of his own people and a crowd of curious sightseers. His meetings were crowded, but a good many of the people who, I learn by the papers, took a prominent part in the proceedings during his recent visit, were conspicuous on the former occasion by their absence. Gen. Booth was a great man then, but he was not the lion on this side of the water that he is today.

His principal admirers were the poor and lowly who had been brought out of the mire by the help of the organization which he founded. A salvationist at that time was looked upon pretty much as a freak for the amusement of the general public. The straight-faced Christians of the old school were shocked at the army's methods, and could not see for the life of them how any good could possibly come out of such performances as the army gave in old Sydney street barracks and on the streets.

The army's idea was a new one; it had the element of novelty which appealed to the very people it wanted to reach, and it is to the credit of those who stood by it at that time that they had the courage to do so.

They now have the satisfaction of seeing the high and mighties come round to their way of thinking, of having their leaders honored by the favored of the land, and best of all the consciousness of having done a good work, which but for the army and its methods would probably have been left undone.

The general public, even in the most enlightened country, the most enterprising, and where novelty is best appreciated, is a doubter and a scoffer. If I may repeat it, Rome was not made in a day, and the more we learn, the more enquiries we make, the more firmly we are impressed by the knowledge that even those things which seem to spring up spontaneously, and over which the people grow enthusiastic in their approval, have been the growth of years.

Dr. Parkhurst of New York was a crank and a secker after notoriety a few years ago. He was looked upon as a harmless little Presbyterian minister, whose escapades made good reading in the newspapers. The fact that he was a minister, the pastor of a very respectable church, gave him some standing in the community, but in the eyes of the general public he presented the picture of a very small boy with his shoulder propped against one of the corners of New York's city hall, trying to topple it over into the park. He was very sensational.

A few months ago, Dr. Parkhurst, according to the newspapers, was the only man in New York who amounted to anything, and the people have pretty much that opinion of him today.

Like Gen. Booth, the people think nothing is too good for him.

Which proves again that nothing succeeds like success.

It is an old story. We see evidence of it every day. Here in Boston, in every large city, men who a few years ago were looked upon as cranks and laughed at by everybody, now say just what this same everybody shall do, and perhaps think, and everybody goes about and does it like a man. But in the majority of cases money is the great power which brings about this change in public opinion. It is only occasionally that men who have something else beside that peculiar faculty of getting rich, rise to positions of power and honor.

This is of so infrequent occurrence, in fact, that when a man does come out as Gen. Booth did, the public instantly devotes all its energies to find out "what he is going to get out of it."

Gen. Booth is in Boston now. Nothing but absence from the city prevented the mayor from being the first to shake his hand on his arrival; the governor of the state will preside at his meeting tomorrow night, and some time during the week, there will be a reception at the grandest and wealthiest church in the city, where leading citizens will go to meet the general. And this man is the leader of a little band of poorly dressed people who walk through the street of Boston after nightfall, not twenty strong, with a couple of soiled flags and a drum—a people whose vote would hardly be worth the attention of the smallest ward politician, and who have no pretensions whatever to political power which is something.

The army, comparatively speaking, is

not as great an institution in Boston as it is in St. John, and I doubt whether this city of half a million inhabitants has as many soldiers as St. John. It is, however, doing a good work here and people respect it.

Speaking of the army and its methods reminds me that Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, the evangelists are in St. John at present. When in Boston they held their meetings at Peoples Temple, a place where you can get more than enough religious sensationalism any Sunday morning, afternoon or evening. It is one of the largest churches in the city. It seats about 2400 people and since the advent of Pastor James Boyd Brady, choice seats are few. Dr. Brady's sensationalism is of a slightly different stamp from that of the Salvation Army, and to most people it is more shocking. A few years ago he said in one of his Sunday sermons that one of the reasons why he was opposed to Sunday concerts at the theatres was because he was running an opposition show.

and if the theatres were closed there would be more people on the streets who would have no place to go and would drift into the temple. Then he went on to tell what was done at the Sunday evening concerts at the theatres, repeating the titles of the songs in a way that amused his hearers very much, and when that got monotonous jumping around the platform in imitation of this person and that, usually the devil, his performance as a whole being as amusing as that of the highest priced comedian at any of the theatres. The advertisement of Peoples Temple services bear as close resemblance to a theatre as a church service could possibly be. The wonderful accomplishments of the church prima donna are announced in glowing language, the excellence of the full orchestra is elaborated upon, the mammoth choir also comes in for a word or two of praise, and the young lady who recites verses some times with a moral to them and sometimes without one, is also announced as a feature. Dr. Brady claims to get good results from all this in the way of making converts, but to the ordinary person it is hard to see how he gets them.

One thing is apparent and that is, that whereas a few years ago the people who attended this big church were lost in a wilderness of seats, thousands now go there every Sunday, and even if they do not all become converted they are at least not doing anything worse than going to church.

An account of another church service held a week or so ago was perhaps of more interest to St. John people. Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, preached in old St. Paul's and among those who assisted at the service was Rev. L. G. Stevens, formerly of St. Luke's at the north end. Rev. Mr. Stevens has been in Boston ever since he left St. John and last summer I had to see him quite frequently at meetings of one kind or another, mostly of a reform or religious character, where he always took a back seat and appeared like a man whose burden was more than he could bear. I understand he has been doing some literary work. The last time I saw him he was looking much better in every way.

G. Herbert Lee is another St. John man I run across quite frequently on the street. He is always in a rush as of old, and cuts corners just as often. He is in the insurance business and has also, I believe, devoted some spare moments to literary work. Some months ago I used to see him drop into the police court for a minute or so and then drop out again just as softly and mysteriously.

Mr. H. S. Crosskill, at one time city editor of St. John Telegraph, who left Boston Post a few months ago to take a position on the Lowell Star, is again in Boston doing shorthand work for the Herald.

Mr. S. L. Cowling, who is well known to the printers of St. John and was at one time in PROGRESS composing room, was in Boston last week buying an outfit for a new printing office at Annapolis, N. S.

I met another St. John printer today, George Kilnap, formerly of Knodell's but who for about two years has been with Mills, Knight & Co. on Pearl street, this city.

R. G. LARSEN.

Albani is a Canadian. Madame Albani (Mrs. Ernest Gye) has performed before the Queen more frequently than any other living actress, and the celebrated operatic prima-donna, who is well known in every Continental capital, has received autograph portraits and valuable gifts from nearly every royal personage in Europe. In addition to her residence in Kensington, Madame Albani also has a home in Scotland, namely, Mar Lodge, Braemar. Once, at least, every year the Queen visits the celebrated actress and takes tea with her. The late German Emperor appointed Madame Albani Court singer, and gave her a gold medal.

Just the Difference.

Miss Youngley—What is the difference between "respect" and "love"? Miss Snapsey—About this: A woman loves a man she can't respect, and respects a man she can't love.

THE ONES ALLAH HELPS

ARE THOSE WHO HAVE THE KNACK OF HELPING THEMSELVES.

This was the Lesson That the Angel Taught to the Holy and Lazy Hermit—There are Times, Through, That Call For a Division of Labor.

"If you would have ease, develop in efficiency. It is only the able and skillful who are forced into doing many things. Indolence has no ally so strong as inability."

I believe there is more truth in that selfish little sentence, than most people would be inclined to think! Because these really do seem to be a special providence for incapables, a guardian angel who watches over them tenderly and sees that they are all well taken care of, and well provided with all the comforts of life without being obliged to work for their livings or do anything they would rather not.

But the poor girls who can make themselves useful, who know how to work—well, they may say—that is all! I don't mean for a moment to advocate the theory that if one would succeed in life he has only to cultivate utter incapacity, and depend entirely on Providence, which in his estimation is merely a polite name for his friends; but I am sure the helpless and useless ones of the earth are provided for, just as babies are, while the working bees fulfil their humble destiny and ask nothing better of fate than the privilege of providing for the wants of the royal babes under their care.

Therefore, my friends, "if you would have ease, develop inefficiency" just as soon as possible; cultivate it if it does not come natural to you, because it is very certain that if you don't know how to do a thing no one can force you to do it, and there is something so pathetic about helplessness that we are inclined to forget it has another, and harsher name—uselessness, and so we sympathize with the efficient ones, instead of blaming them, and do their work ourselves, rather than undertake the task of teaching them. For instance, to use an illustration which lies very close at hand, and is therefore apt; I never could learn to iron a shirt, I have tried, and tried with a patience and concentration of purpose which Job himself might have envied, but "I cannot do it, you know." No matter how seductively smooth and inviting the bosom of that shirt may look, as it lies on the ironing board, how well waxed, and highly polished the iron may be, the moment they come in contact with each other the union between them is so firmly cemented that nothing but main force can separate them, and the result of the separation is most disastrous for the shirt. But all the same the humiliation of being conquered by such an insignificant thing as a shirt, is not without its compensation, since I am morally certain that I shall never be called upon to iron shirts for a living, or even for the male members of my own family. No self respecting man with a particle of pride about him would ever consent to wear such "prettice work" when the best laundries only charge twelve cents for doing up a shirt of any size "with collar and cuffs attached."

I have known other people besides the present scribe, who have early made the discovery that ignorance was power to a certain extent, and the first instance happened when I was a very small child. There lived near us a farmer's family famous for knitting a certain style of woolen glove, of which they seemed to possess a sort of copyright. One day I went to the farmhouse on an errand, and saw the farmer's wife knitting the celebrated glove. I watched her with the deepest interest and as I was as imitative as any monkey who ever came out of the tropics, and always wanted to try and do everything I saw others doing, I went away with an intense yearning on my youthful soul to knit gloves. It is needless to say that I did not preserve silence on the subject when I reached home; on the contrary I aired my desires so thoroughly, that next day I trotted over to the farmhouse armed with a ball of wool and four knitting needles, and asked the farmer's grown up daughter if she would not please teach me how to knit gloves, not their own particular brand of glove, if she preferred to keep the secret in the family, but any kind at all, so it had four fingers and a thumb. I have never forgotten her answer.

"I can't teach you," she said seriously, "because I don't know how myself, I never knit a glove in my life, and I don't mean to, if I can help it."


"But your mother knits them," I said doubtfully, "why don't you get her to show you how?"

"Because I don't want to learn," she replied shortly, "They're always wanting me to, but if I knew how, I'd have to do it all the time, and I have enough to do as it is without taking anything more on me. Now I don't know the first thing about knitting gloves, so someone else has to do


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it, and I mean to keep on that way," which she did.

I am not preaching a gospel of idleness. I am merely indulging in a few harmless speculations upon the advantage of "inutility," but lest I should be accused of trying to spread the above gospel, I will give a word of solemn warning to the indolently disposed of my readers, by telling them an Indian legend I read a good many years ago. Once upon a time there was a holy man, a hermit, who lived alone in the woods and he subsisted upon the roots, berries and nuts, and all the other delightful "gardenances" which abound in an Indian forest, and he was very pious and very happy, and I am quite sure very dirty indeed, as all hermits must be; but he was greatly venerated for his good works and holy life. One day he was wandering in the forest absorbed in pious meditation, when he espied a trap set in an open glade, in which a poor fox was hopelessly caught, and evidently tamishing with hunger. As the holy man gazed with compassion in his heart, his attention was attracted by an eagle soaring overhead grasping something in its talon. Just as the bird was directly over the trap, something frightened it, and dropping its prey it flew swiftly away, while its burden, which proved to be a fine fowl, fell directly into the jaws of the starving fox.

The good hermit was much affected by this dispensation of the over-ruling providence. "Oh fool and blind," he cried, "if Allah thus provides for the humblest of his creatures, shall he not provide for me also? How I, his servant must have wounded him by my lack of faith! Henceforth I will not go out into the forest to dig roots or gather berries but will remain in my hut and rely upon his bounty."

So he suited the action to the word, and retiring to his hermitage, he spent the time in prayer and fasting. But the first day passed, and the second, and somehow, no ravens came hurrying to feed him and the bounty he had been depending on failed to materialize.

By the third day the holy man had almost come to the conclusion that there must be something wrong with his new system, and he was so hungry, and so weary that he fell fast asleep. While he slept an angel appeared to him, and said sternly "Oh, man of God, why dost thou not arise and pluck of the fruits of the earth which Allah has given thee to satisfy thy hunger?" So the hermit told the angel about the fox and how he had resolved not to help himself at all in future but to depend entirely upon the bounty of Allah for subsistence. But the angel, instead of being pleased at this evidence of faith, said still more sternly, "Thou fool, dost thou not know that the fox was a captive and unable to help himself and therefore Allah fed him? But thou hast been placed in the midst of fruitfulness and given power to help thyself, yet thou wouldst lie idle and expect the fruits of the forest to be placed in thy mouth, and then expect thy indolence to be commended. Arise, and

help thyself, else will Allah not help thee." So the hermit arose, much abashed, and I have no doubt that he ate a very good meal indeed, to make up for all the time he had lost.

ASTRA.

"No Employers shall Wear Moustaches."

This is the rule at the well-known banking house of Messrs. Coutts and Co., London. None of the clerks wear moustaches, and it has long been considered a point of business etiquette that all the gentlemen employed at the bank should wear frock-coats during business hours. A clerkship at Messrs. Coutts is considered one of the prizes in the banking profession. Some of the men are University graduates, many have been educated at one of the great public schools, while several have been called to the English Bar. Some years ago an attempt was made to have the unwritten law regarding moustaches rescinded, but it was found that a greater number preferred the old custom to remain in force than were in favour of its abolition. This curious custom is also said to prevail in some of the large tea-houses in the City, while it is well known that some Church of England bishops prefer the curates under their charge to be clean shaven. A lady who tried about three years ago to enforce a shaved face on the groom in her employment, and dismissed him at once because he refused compliance with her order, found that the law gave her no such power, and was mulcted in £5 for wrongful dismissal and the costs of the action by the judge of the Bedford County Court.

Is it the First Work of Fiction?

One of the most ancient examples of fiction in the world is a manuscript romance now in the British Museum entitled "The Tale of Two Brothers." It is written on nineteen sheets of papyrus, in a fine hieratic hand, and was composed some 3,200 years ago by a Theban scribe named Ennana. He was librarian of the palace to King Merneptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus; and he appears to have written the tale by order of the treasurer for the entertainment of the crown prince, Seti-Merneptah, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. This most venerable and precious document was purchased in Italy by Mme. d'Orbigny, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British Museum, and it is now known as the d'Orbigny papyrus.

A Famous Author in Russia.

A striking illustration of Mr. Hall Caine's passion for sincerity and reality in romance is worth recording. He was asked by the Jewish people some years ago now, to go to Russia and enlist sympathy for the Jewish population by writing a novel depicting their sufferings. The author went to Russia, and studied the race with all his accustomed energy. Six months he spent on the work and now he has abandoned it, because he does not think that he has come into close enough touch with the Russian people to warrant his writing about them. It may be safely said, however, in spite of this fact, that not many Christians know the Jews of Russia so well.

The Old Czar and the New.

Outside the narrow circle of his family the late Czar was never very communicative or cordial. His look of distrust was often mistaken for a scowl, and he was sullen, taciturn, curt, blunt, and brusque in his dealings. It is pleasing to hear that his son and successor is a man of very different mould. The young Czar has recently taken to walking about in St. Petersburg alone and unattended, at times choosing for a companion some officer whom he may chance to meet.

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