PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY JUNE 15

SUNDAY DESECRATION.

The wisdom of the recent effort to partially enforce the law against what is termed Sabbath desecration may very properly be questioned. The chief of police appears to have acted at the instigation of some well meaning citizens, and he did no more than it was his duty to do in any case when an infraction of a law is pointed out to him. So far as concerns the question of Sabbath |desocration in the abstract, he certainly did not take any very radical steps, for he confined his attention to the vendors of cigars and temperance drinks, with the incidental capture of a barber who went to rehensions of the Sunday observance people do not seem to have gone beyond the glaring impropiety of beer and cigars.

The statutes und r which the proceedings were instituted is about one hundred and ten years old. It was passed in the time of the Loyalist, and exists in the back part of the consolidated statutes as one of the unrepealed acts which are only heard from on extraordinary occasions. Most of these acts have been practically surperseded by various local and federal statutes more adapted to modern conditions, but this particular act has never been abrogated in terms and is therefore supposed to be available when needed. The section under which the chief has acted reads as follows-

Whoever shall openly desecrate the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday, by shooting, gaming, hope of fame on the desire for notoriety. sporting, bunting, drinking, or frequenting tippling houses, or by servile labor (works of mercy or necessity excepted), shall for every ofience pay a fine not exceeding forty shillings, or be committed to jul for a term not exceeding four days.

The wording of the act betokens its antiquity. It has the ring of the English statutes which presupposes abeadle to go around a village to hale offenders who are sporting, playing, hunting, drinking or frequenting "tippling houses." The latter are presumed to be open, after the English custom, but customers are supposed to get their beer and pass on, instead of loitering there to pitch coppers, play bowls or get horribly and helplessly drunk. It was eminently proper that there should be such a regulation to prevent Sunday being con vertel into a day of ungoldy excess, but since then the conditions of life in this part of the world have been very materially changed. It is with reference to none of these offences, however, that the recent steps have been taken. Tue question is one of servile labor. How for selling beer and cigars is servile labor is for the courts

It is much to be desired that all classes of society should keep Sunday as a holy day, and it a plebescite were taken in St. be that neither beer shops, eigar shops, or any other shops, should be open on Sunday with the possible exception of drug stores, for the sale of medicine, The people of St. John have a high respect for the first day of the week, and the greater portion of them observe it with due propriety. A limited number are of the opinion that "religion" never was designed to make our profit less," and keep their shops open. Among these are licensed and unlicensed liquor dealers, druggist who sell a little an lient and almost forgotten statute.

instances, by gathering loiterers around henceforth be SMITH-BERNARD. If one their doors. That may be the reason why may be permitted to give a local instance, they are considered more obnoxious than bir-roo ns which keep the loiterers inside by Mr. Robinson, of Campobello, becomin swar ns like bees, but the beer and cigar | ing Mr. Robinson-Owen. In other words, stores are not among the most glaring evils which deserve attention. The latter are we'l known to exist, despite of special and it merely for personal convenience or direct modern legislation against them. If there is to be a reform-and reform is nee led-the effect should be made in some letter way than by trying to make the

around. If the sale of cigars is an offence in a tobacco shop, why is it not an offence n a drugstore? If it is Sabbath desecration to sell beer at a candy counter, why is the apostrophe, is it lawful to keep a sod a fount running, with glaring placards at the door giving a list of the choice of fruit syrups? If it is wicked to sell beer which is apt to produce a colic, why is it less so to vend whiskey questions which the reformers will do well

PROGRESS does not approve of any Sunday work or amusement which can infringe on the right of the large class of people who wish to keep the day according to the orthodox interpretation of it. Individuals may do as they please, but they have no right to interfere with people who desire to spend the day as one of rest, prayer and praise. Whatever debars the piously inclined from a peaceful enjoyment of the day cannot be sanctioned.

should if they amount to a nuisance. But impression among people who have no can be landed with the right kind of a

THE GREAT O FAMILY.

"The letter O sounds odd for a name. but there is a distinguished family in Belgium whose name is O, no more and no

This is one of those paragraphs which go the rounds of the papers without being a hotel to shave a gnest. This apparently | credited to any authority, but which have was all he was asked to do. Tae app- doubtless been originally written as the re- on by the friends of birds, in the fate of an sult of long and careful research. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement in this particular instance, but as will presently be shown, there is every reason to believe it. Like much else found in the papers, it is important if true, and the discovery may, indeed, be said to fill a long felt want. It casts a lurid and dazzling light on the origin, growth and development of the hyphenated name.

> The () family is persumedly of ancient lineage. Most of the European aristocracy is ancient and some of it is honorable. Nobility may be poor, but honest, and this is possibly the case of the family of O. We have no reason to doubt that, until this paragraph began its travels, the family of O was undisturbed either by the Now that it has come to the front, however, the time has arrived when justice should be done to its long dormant claim to a position in the history of man and of the nations.

The use of the hyphenated surname is so common in modern times as to excite no curiosity. Instances of it are so numerous among the English aristocracy that one rather expects to find it travelling in company with big trunks, big whiskers and big feelings. It is also of frequent occurrence in American society, and the adoption of it has come to be looked upon as quite the proper thing. It is a step which anybody is at a liberty to take, whether in society or out of society, and to which nobody else can reasonably object. It is, indeed, nobody else's business. It there are a hundred Smiths in Smith settlement, officers or appointed to positions of disfor instance, there is abundant reason why Squire John Bernard Smith, who was in trade but is out of it, should not wish to be mistaken for his cousin JOHN BROWN SMITH, the grocer, who has still a hard row to make both ends meet. So, without any feeling of disrespect to the common ancestor, the BERNARD-SMITHS assume an individuality which will distinguish them from the more common SMITHS for all John, the sentiment would undoubtedly time to come. On the same lines does the hyphen make its advent in the leading society circles of such places as Boston, New York and Chicago. It appears to have come to stay.

Tais method of adopting the hyphen is not understood to mean that anything more is claimed than a means of being distinguished from other; who may bear a respeciable but common patronym. It is entire'y distinct from cases in which a hyphen is so forced upon a man that he actually loses his original surnam; and "station" when they are in doubt about the medicine and a great many cigars and is obliged to officially notify the world of pronunciation of "depot." drinks of soda water, living stable keepers | the fact. In cases where a legacy is left, and cigar and beer men. The latter appear for instance, on the condition that the legato be the most offensive to some people, ter assume the name of the donor, the latter an! to close them up recourse is had to an does not become a prefix but an affix, In suc'i event, there would not be a BERNARD. Doubtless they are nuisances, in some SMITH family, but the title would the death of Admiral Owen was followed when meeting a stranger with a hyphenated name, the test of whether he adopted whether, as in most English families, it came to him by law, is in finding out the

surname of his paternal grandtather. That the O family seems to be found no- St. John, Jane Mth.

sale of a few tribes bear the construction of | where except in Belgium shows a very reservile labor. It should be a reform all markable state of affairs in genealogy. There is but one theory to account for it. It has been almost relegated to oblivion by equivalent of the hyphen. That equivalent

The hyphen, be it understood, is quite a modern character, uuknown in ancient writings, whereas the apostrophe is in the in the earliest Greek uncial manuscripts, which date from the first century before which will develop a jug? These are the Caristian era. It was then used as a dividing mark between two words, and the theory may be advanced that in course of time it became a connecting mark, and was so used when the O family was most prevalent among the people. Thus it supplied the place of the hyphen, long before the latter was invented.

In the same line of theory it may be conjectured that the O family was not originally from Be'gium but from Ireland, that legacies were left to members of it from time to time, and that then the name begin to change from O to This does not affect the proposition that O'LEARY, O'SHEA, O'FLANNAGAN and the the crusade against beer and cigar stores like. Or it may be that many of the LEARY. was not the fruit of wisdom. It may be SHEA and FLANNAGAN folks intermarried they ought to be closed. Certainly they with the O folk and that O was the mi idle name of many of the children, who subse to strain an old law to reach them alone quently were anxious to have byphenated seems to be making a beginning at the names, but for want of hyphens had to use wrong end. It creates an unfavorable apostrophes. Hence we see that the O family, instead of being confined sympathy with Sunday descration, and it is to Belgium is in evidence among one of those spasms of virtue which really | the Celtic race all over the world. Should weaken the force of any effort to accomp- this be the case, there is no reason why the lish anything on a more extended scale. O'SHEAS should not become O SHEAS as Why should anybody fish for minnows with soon as they please. The only thing, a crooked pin, when so many bigger fish possibly, which may deter them is the apprehension that hyphenated name, will ere long become so common that the O and apostrophe will be necessary to distinguish the really ancient families from those of more modern growth.

The question of the great O family and its combinations seems to merit the deep attention of students of genealogy.

POSSIBLY A MORAL.

There may be a moral, to be improved aged preacher in Alabama, the other Sun- | The pink sea shell, that gem the dark old shoreday. The good man may never have read | Thou art my life, without thee would be death-

He prayeth best who loveth best All creatures great and smal', For the great GoD who loveth us Hath made and loved them a'l.

If he admitted the general principle of this, he made an exception in respect to English sparrows. They intested his dooryard and he looked upon them as a nuisance. To make the place unpleasant for them and pleasant for himself, he put strychniae on bread crumbs which he carried in his pocket and scattered to the little creatures as be walked. In another pocket he carried small bits of sugar which he was in the habit of putting in his mouth while in church, to clear his voice for the sermon. The other Sunday he inadvertently put his hand in the wrong pocket and swallowed the bread crumbs instead of the sugar. Soon after, he fell to the floor amd died. It is quite possible some people may look upon his fate as a judgment, but like many other things so regarded this is a question which nobody can settle. The only thing certain is that he died, as a direct result of trying to take advantage of the unsuspecting birds which gathered in his garden.

According to the Toronto World, the officers of the National Convention of Women are fearful of an attempt to break up the organization, on the question of silent or aucible prayer. It is alleged that the nefarious plot is the work of dissatisfied members who have not been elected tinction. It is sad to reflect that the office seeker, who is a feature of the secret so cieties composed of men alone, has his counterpart in the more select circles of peaceful and amiable women. The new woman should be above that fretful ambition which has its goal in tinsel and titles, both of which as usually tawdy.

The New York Sun has the courage to disagree with several dictionaries and a numerous public on the pronunciation of the word bicycle. Neither should the accent be on the "cy," it says, nor is the word "bisickle." The slight accent comes on the first syllable and the "cycle" is pronounced with a long, broad "i," It is not a single word, like "icicle," but is compounded of two words, and the last one should always keep something of its original character. Perhaps a safe compromise is to call it a "wheel," just as people say

Another man has started to sail across the Atlantic in a small boat. The young man McCallum, who was in St. John som? weeks ago, left New York on Thursday in a small sloop, bound for Queenstown, accompanied by a Scotch terrier. The boat may get there, but it may not, and it seems a pity that Mr. BERGH's society did not try to prevent the man from needlessly exposing the terrier to the risk of drowning.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: -Will you kindly make the following correction of errors which appeared in my letter regarding sticky fly paper last week? For "many women read "men and women" and for "beasts of His creation" read "least of His SUBSCRIBER.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Children's Faces. The marching feet of children New to the road of Time Sounded to me like music And the unison of rhyme-Past me a generation Coming to rule the earth Majestic as an army Marched on to death from birth ! Bright as the sea crest shining Under a pall of night When through the storm cloud bursting The horizon fills with light The faces of children shore -As, in their might sublime

Past me marched the coming nation.

Men of the future time!

They who in battle array, the standard of freedom shall bear -Tuey who, in honor, for right, shall fall in the front

of the fray-They who shall think for their age, and they who shall sing of its fame-Past me, in children's faces, the dawn of a century

And I thought when toil shall be over, As the rest of evening nears When the great world shadow lengthens On the did of the spheres, Tuen the marching feet of millions Blending countless paths in one Shall move as the army of children Toward the home of the setting sun, Bright with the glory of battle And crowned with the garlan is of paace.

Tais in the faces of children New to the road of Time I saw, as they marched with music. And the unison of rhyme.

B. D. R.

To One Beloved. Beloved, as I walked alone to-day, The world was wrapped in mist; golden glow, And overhead, the deep-blue heavenly way Seemed to kiss the wonder of the snow; For, far away, o,er fields of trackless white Unshadowed yet, by any thought of scars, Nought, but the sea's deep music, and the light Of dusky night's attendants, golden stars,

And, as I came unto the tall dark pines Outlined so strong, against the amber light, Weaving their music, born of lovely winds Or tired hearts, alone as mine to-night; Thou art to me, the fragrance of the rose The still starlight, that dreams in garden close Thou art the dew, in silver all empearled Thou art the mist, that o'er the sea lies curled-

Thou art the lightning's flash. in summer noons; The golden wonder, of the Autumn moons; The pensive twlight, and the midnight deep: The calm, sweet blessing of the hours of sleep-Thou art the fullness. of the salt sea's b reath; And darkness, and despair, for evermore.

SEAWEED. The Holding Anchor.

A whirling mist, a blinding night, A wild and moaning sea; Mad billows on the mountain height, Along the drenching lea. A ship dism isted seen outside, The line of breakers high; And faintly o'er the waters wide, There came a watchman's cry-

"The anchors holling safe and strong, A light is on the sands; A rescue party comes ere long, I see the life-boat hands.' Tue anchor held, the morning came The life.boat to her goal; Shot through the flood of yellow flame, And rescued every soul

How often on life's surges drear, The burricane sweeps by; And some lone wreck we see appear, Beneath the muffled sky. La vain in self we trust to cope With midnight sea and gale, The holding anchor is our hope, In one who cannot fall.

Our holding anchor is alone, In Him the sea who stined; And caimly rescued there His own, With fear and weakness filled. And still the winds and waves obey, His never failing word; Within their bounds they serving stay, Their voices praise the Lord.

How beautiful His lessons are, How oft our faith should rise; And see Him in that home afar; In His star jeweled skies. The holding anchor is my heart,
My father's love is mine;
Lite's storms may rend the deep apart,

They harm not love divine.

For ever when the floods are bold, And sorrow's soul is tried; The holding anchor still will hold, Though roughly flows the tide. God's messengers of hope and peace Stand by the misty deep; The storms their muffled voices cease. He giveth them their sleep. Guava Vine, June, 1895. CYPRUS GOLDE.

The Ninety and Nine. Can any reader of PROGRESS give the name of the author of the following lines: There are ninety and nine who live and die In want, hunger and cold,
That one may live in luxury,
And be wrapped in silken fold;
The ninety and nine in hovels bare.
The one in a palace with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine, They dig and delve in the dusty mine, And bring her treasures forth; And the wealth released by their isturdy blows To the hand of one forever flows.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms, And before the n the forest falls; Tueir labor has builded humble homes, And cities with lofty walls;
And one owns cities and house and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

And the night so dreary, dark and long. At last the morn shall bring, And over the land the victor's song And echo afar from zone to zone, "Rejoice, for labor shall have its own."

The Cry o' the Dreamer. I am tired of planning an i toiling In the crowded hives of men;

Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river Where I dreamed my youth away; For a dreamer lives torever, I am sick of the showy seeming Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming,
In the throng that nurries by.
From the sleepless thought's endeavor,
I wou'd go where the children play;

For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day. I feel no pri le, but pity

For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the little hands so skillful And the child mind choked with weeds,

The daughter's heart grows willful And the father's heart that bleeds. No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and s age,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river, And be loved for the dream alway;

For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

BLOOMERS WERE A SURPRISE. He had Never Seen the Like And H

Thought They Were Trousers. Several lady bicyclists in new bloomer costumes, were the source of great amusement to an old gentleman one afternoon this week. It was on Sidney street, near the square and the person in question, it was quite apparent to eyeryone who noticed him, had never

pression which as he finally took in the bloomers became one of great amazement. "Aint they scared of fallin' off them things," he enquired of a passer by.

seen this safe and comfortable, though

possibly u graceful, cycling dress. He

watched the party with a puzzled ex-

After being answered that the ladies were in no danger whatever of falling off their bikes he evinced a great desire, to know "what them things was they was wearin' ?"

Bloomers, was a meaningless word to him and he amused the crowd considerably by chuckling away to himself-"They're wea in' pants; I'm be derned it they ain't.'

WHY WILL THEY DO IT?

Something About Women Who Talk Too Loud in Cars and Elsewhere.

Why will women talk aloud in street cars and other public places? The habit is becoming general, women of refined appearance and educated speech indulging in it as freely as their sisters from the uncultured walks of life. Family matters are openly discussed, the good qualities of relatives and their defects commented upon freely, and names mentioned with the utmost indifference to the fact that chance listeners may recognize them. The other day. in a crowded car, a young woman was expatiating upon the many charms of a male acquaintance who lacked only one essential of the model husband-means of support. and then ensued an animated debate, during which the family affairs of the unfortunate young man and his bride were made known to all who cared to

Public conveyances are not proper places for ventilating domestic grievances, indulgng in personal gossip, or compelling strangers to listen to tales of woe anent disordered digestion, baby's croup, or grandpa's rheumatism.

The sooner some women learn that all the world loves not an over-long tongue, the better will it be for the race in general, and for one sex in particular.

Growing Asparagus In France.

It is the rule of the most careful French asparagus growers never to cut asparagus after May 20, though some continue cutting considerably longer. Large cultivators have asparagus fields of different ages, and prolong the cutting later than May 20 only on those that are sure to run out and need renewal in a year or two. It takes five years to make a proper growth of asparagus, the French cultivators say, and the earlier sprouts should not be cut at all One French amateur asparagus grower leaves home when the sprouting season comes, in order that he may not be tempted to do the voung shoots a wrong. Some growers devot: themselves to producin; monstrosities, and a single stalk of French asparagus may make a dish of the vegetable large enough for a family of moderate size. These great stalks are produced by the aid of a bottle in which the stalk grows. When the young stalks are found side by side the points are gently brought together and a neckless bottle is placed over them. They unite as they grow, and the twins gradually fill the bottle. Another plan 18 to introduce a single stalk into a rather short bottle and let the stalk double upon itself. Stalks two inches in diameter are thus produced, and they are said to have | drowned it .- Telegraph an especially delicate flavor.

Great Point Sustained.

The technicalities of the law are often too fine-drawn for the lay understanding. The Rochester Post-Express reports a case which sounds like a ourlesque, but is said to be true.

At a term of the circuit court in one of the up-river countries not long ago a horse case was on trial, and a well-known 'horseman" wrs called as a witness.

"Well, sir, you saw this horse?" said the defendant's counsel. "Yes, sir; I-

"What did you do?" "I jest opened his mouth to find out 'Old fellow, I guess you're purty good yet.' "

"Stop!" cried the opposing council. "Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present." The objection was sustaine f.

His Home-made Trousers.

Johnny Dumpsey. Oh, ma, I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day. Mrs. Dumpsey (much gratified) - Why

Johnny Dumpsey. Because the scholars all laughed at me so today that the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fishing with Bill Beck.

Baked Beans in Boston.

Probably few people in this vicinity realize the proportion which the bakedbean industry has assumed in Boston. One establishment on Shawmut avenue. known as the "Boston Baked Beans Company," has a daily bake of 1,500 pots, holding from two to eight quarts of beans. The bake begins about 2 p m. and at 4.30 a. m. the steaming pots are loaded upon wagons and delivered to hotels and residences in all parts of the "Hub"

An Executor de Son Tort.

It is likely t hat the harde ned tramp is freer than most folk from superstitious notions that might interfere with personal comfort, but it must have been an unusual specimen even of the unterrified brotherhood who figured in the following espisode: city Coroner of Peoria, Ill, there lay, a few days ago, the corpse of a man who had committed suicide. On a peg close by Fredericton, June 11, 1805.

hung a good suit of clothes that had been taken off the body. During the night a tramp, who must have known of the suicide and laid his plans with a definite object in view, broke into the morgue and stole the suicide's clothes, leaving his own tattered outfit hanging on the peg in their stead.

Got It at Last.

The scene is the smoking-room of a Bohemian Club in London. A notorious criminal had been hanged in the morning. Several members of the club were talking of the affair, and each one described what his feelings would be if he were led to the scaffold to be hanged.

During this conversation an actor, wellknown, but to whom managers, for reasons best known to themselves, never entrusted any but secondary par's, sat silent in an arm-chair, sending up long puffs of smoke to the cei ing.

"Hel'o, there is N--who has not given his opinion," said one of the group suddenly, noticing the actor; "I say, N-- tell us how you would feel if you were being feel, to the scaffold?"

The actor rai ed his eyes to the ceiling and, after another puff at his cigar, said

quietly-"Well, boys, I shou'd feel that at last 1 was entrusted with a leading part."

Very Rough on Rats.

An Enormous business was done at a French fair by a man selling a rat powder, sure death to rodents, but harmless to human beings. In order to convince the skeptical, the man first of all powered a slice of bread with the stuff and ate a piece. The remainder he put under a glass case, in which a rat was kept in captivity, The rat went to eat the bread and instantly tell dead. At 10 cents a box the powder sold at a furious rate, and the man was in a fair way to make his fortune, when the police pounced on him. The power was found to be ordinary sugar, and they also discovered that the case was connected with a powerful electric batterry and that the moment the rat touched he bread the current was turned on, and it was thus his death was brougth about. The ingenious fakir was given a month in juil, and the business came to a stop.

Would suit some St. John Reformers. The London Aquarium people have organized an exhibition of curious old clocks and watches. Among the 2,000 examples acquired are several of special interest. Of the general exhibits one of the most interesting is a clock built by a pious Scotchman a century and a ha'f ago. To guard against any possible consequences of breaking the Sabbath, he so constructed it that at midnight on Saturday it stopped dead and never so much as ticked until Monday morning began.

Converted in Earnest.

A recent convert of the Silvation Army in Seattle, Wash., gives a startling proof of the genuineness of his profession of repentance by making public announcement that he was an escaped convict, having sixteen years yet to rerve in the Leavenworth, Kan., penitentiary, and that he was ready to go back to juil. A few days ago a guard from the penitentiary arrived in Seattle, identified the converted convict, and took his back, really rejoicing.

Fell Off the Condition.

The condition of the asphalt sidewilk of Dorchester street is such as demands immediate attention. The surface is very uneven-dents and bollows being noticeable. A short time ago a gentlem in received a very bad fall from the condition of the walk .- Sun

That Cat had Only Two Lives.

A CRUEL ACT .- Last evening some crue person threw a kitten from one of the windows of one of the simple room; in the Magilton building, breaking its neck. To end its misery Harry Grady took it and

Most of Them Do.

Miss Yearsey: -D) you think a woman right to work for a hasband?" Miss Quick: -Yes, till she gets him.

Bishop Courtney's Cathedral Sermon.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:-The sermon delivered here on Tuesday evening (the Jubilee occasion of the late Metropolitan's enthronization) at the cathedral, was one that will long be remember by liberal church members and hundreds of other persuasions who were present, for its high tone, broad and expansive views in reference to those f:o n whom we diff r by very attenuated lines. Indeed the sermon was a nob'e effort throughout, fu'l how old he was, an' I says to him. says 1, of charity as it was of dignity and sublimity and reminded me very much of that noble churchman, the late Philips Brooks. Among other fine things his lordship said, whatever may be our own opinions with regard to the church to which he belong we had a good deal to learn from other denominations, from what are called the non conformist bodies and from the Roman Catholics I would that all our church clergymen were imbued with the same spirit, and instead of folding their vestments about them and declaring that we are not as other men are but give tithes of all that we possess," members of the only true church, go out into the world, and extend the hand of friendship to their non-conformist brethren and invite them to come in and sup with us. I have in my mind's eye one outside clergyman belonging to our church who system tically holds out when he preaches to us that "the church," meaning ot course the church of England, is the only true church, par excellence and that all others are shams, or something like it and that no ministry outside of our pale, whose heads had not been anointed by a bishop in apostolical succession, ? had ligh ts to be regarded, notwithstanding the very able preachers, divine, and commentators outside of us a estirring up the world from day to day in the cause of our Divine Master, should convince this sacerdotalist that his opinions are of no account whatever. Some few years ago a clergyman from St. John on a certain Diocesan occasion delivered himself in the cathedral pulpit in the same uncharitable. and I may add, ignorant manner, while there were present the Rev. Dr. Brooks and several others non-conformists? clergymen and thus created a very unpleasantimpression, and to the great displeasure of large number of churchmen who. I am glad to say' are liberal in their views and ready to strike should that unfortunate time ever arrive which God foriend! It is from the lips of such men as Dr. Courtney good is to come. His sermon of last Tuesday evening has not only done him infinite In the morgue of the undertaker who is credit, but it has left an impression in this com munity among all right thinking persons which must long endure. CHURCHMAN.