

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 28.

SAYINGS OF JESUS.

Considerable attention has been attracted to a papyrus manuscript found last January in Egypt, and called from its initial words the 'Sayings of Jesus.' It has been received with an equanimity and interest in theological circles that would not have been accorded to it thirty years ago, when divinity scholars were less tolerant than now. Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT says concerning this spirit of tolerance:

Each of us is learning that he does not 'know it all.' . . . We may certainly see that the close of the Nineteenth Century is far in advance of the beginning, in the juster comparative estimate which it puts on speculative thought and practical life, in the more cautious estimate which each one puts upon his own opinions and in the greater realness of each to give respectful consideration to the opinions of his neighbors.

Yet to the great multitude the announcement of this discovery must come as an unwelcome shock, because it disturbs their preconceptions as to the origin and function of the Bible. It authentic sayings of the Great Master whose inspired words give life, are to be found outside of the Bible, the prestige of that Book would seem to them rather shaken than strengthened. Such events go to indicate that another Bible may yet be found in the Crypts of Egypt, and the scroll rooms of Sinai Athos and Constantinople whence came 'The Teachings of the Apostles,' a few years ago. That manuscript treatise, discovered in 1883 by BRYENNIS, of Nicomedia, was a similar find, only it is longer, and is placed by the Berlin critic Harnack, somewhat earlier, for he received it as genuine and dated it somewhere about the middle of the Second Century. The fourteen years which have elapsed since its discovery have caused the temporary sensation it created to die out. It is now seen that it has no effect on the New Testament Canon, and gives small aid to destructive criticism. Equally innocuous will the 'Logia' or 'Sayings of Jesus' prove.

The 'Logia' is a leaf of papyrus about as large as the ordinary duodecimo book and is conjectured to have been inscribed toward the close of the second century. It was brought to light by BERNARD P. GRENFELL and ARTHUR S. HUNT and is written in Hellenistic Greek. The inscription consists of seven short paragraphs each beginning with the Greek words for 'JESUS says,' except the first, where they are obliterated. An eighth paragraph is illegible. Of the contents, every one suggests some verse in the New Testament, although differing in form. The first concerns the mote in the brother's eye; the second, fasting to the world in order to find the Kingdom of God; the third is a touching lament that JESUS is alone in the world because all are drunken and none abstinent; the fourth is illegible; the fifth refers to the mode in which Jesus will be with man, and contains two gaps; the sixth speaks of prophets and physicians dishonored at home; and the seventh alluded to a city set on a hill. We give this much that our readers who do not see theological and critical journals may better comprehend a matter over which many a pulpit will be vociferous.

What then is the practical outcome of this find? The fragment is older than any palimpsest or vellum of New Testament text. It indicates the presence in the second century of many like records, concerning JESUS in circulation before the New Testament canon was formed. This corresponds with what PABLAS, of the same century, says—namely, that in his day many gathered 'Logia' from survivors of eye witnesses of CHRIST'S life. Still earlier LUKE speaks of 'many who have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of the things which are most surely believed among us;')

while the author of JOHN'S gospel says there are many things that JESUS did, so that 'if they were written every one, the world itself could not contain the books that should be written,' thus plainly showing that the idea of such records was a familiar one to him. The discovery of this Egyptian papyrus corresponds with what we are thus led to expect, and in form it seems like a fragment from some compilation of CHRIST'S words, such as must have been common among early Christians. Its recovery leads us not to despair of other like finds in the monasteries of the East.

The fragment in review also goes far to confirm the contention of the higher critics that there were original traditions and books to which the Canonical gospels are indebted. Indeed PAUL quotes sayings of CHRIST as familiar to his readers that are not in the gospel. The result is thus summed up by the New York evening Post: 'The discovery, therefore, establishes the scientific validity of the New Testament higher criticism beyond cavil. It is only a valid science that can predict the unknown and this Egyptian find of Messrs. GRENFELL and HUNT does for the methods of the New Testament critics what the discovery of Neptune did for LEVERRIER'S mathematics—establishes them as incontrovertible.'

It is admittedly true that the hand of small employment hath the daintier sense, and it is also true that as compared with the hand of man the hand of woman exceeds in the delicacy of touch. By reason of this superiority in many employments, requiring exceeding fineness and mobility of execution, women are preferred, and they are pushing men aside. It is announced that 'as the result of long and careful experiment, the governor of the Bank of France has now entrusted the work of detection of forged bank notes and of debentures with altered numbers entirely to a special corps of women clerks. He declares that the keen sensibility of their finger tips enables them in handling a note to distinguish the difference, however slight, between the forged and the real article.' Keeness of sight as well as of touch is necessary in detecting the false numbering of debenture, and success in this work depends upon the discovery of the difference in symmetry of figures and the slight shades of difference in the ink used. The world has been a long time in finding out and putting to use the feminine superiorities which make the employment of women in certain lines of work a matter of course as well as of dexterity and profit; but of late years their sphere of usefulness has been rapidly enlarged. Not without demur, but surely, bright women are making inroads upon very many forms of indoor work which were once masculine monopolies.

The first class of women to undertake to become veterinarians will begin its studies in the New York college of veterinary Surgeons next month. Probably none of these female students expect to practice in the case of horses and the larger cattle; for there is, indeed, a large field open to such graduates in the care and treatment of the multitude of smaller inhabitants, of the animal kingdom and of domestic pets. Indeed the faculty of the college seem to have been inspired by the demand for this kind of service to originate this new and progressive movement in the veterinary science.

The resignation of Mr. GEORGE U. HAY from the principalship of the Victoria school is a matter of universal regret among those interested in the success of the city schools and educational matters generally. Mr. HAY has been a faithful and efficient teacher for many years and the want of courtesy shown him is not creditable to the school board.

A Gay Lohario. HALIFAX, August 26.—It seems that Pine Hill theological college, at its last session, had as one of the students in attendance a married man. This is not strange, but it is rather strange that he should at the same time have become engaged to marry a young lady in this city. This condition of affairs was discovered in time for the lady to avoid trouble, but the student will never again be heard from within the college walls, or probably elsewhere in Halifax.

Annual Excursions to Quebec, Montreal Ottawa and Kingston, Ont.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue on August 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, single fare excursion return tickets to the above points good to return up to September 26th, 1897. Stop-overs will be allowed at Quebec and Montreal on tickets to Kingston and Ottawa.

LADIES WEAR YOUR shirt waist, soil it, send it to us to be done up, it will look perfect if done at Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Waves Came Rolling up the Sands. The waves came rolling up the sands, And drenching in and through— Among the Kelly rocks like hands, Covered with pearls of dew. The round moon threw them lacess white, And frills of green and blue; When Oram-I my star at night, Had made her trist word true.

The waves came up the sands and found, My love was by my side; I did not hear their pleasant sound, I did not watch the tide. I loved her long but never yet, Had faith of heart to say; What others who in love had met, Had ventured right away.

The waves came rolling up the sands, I saw Ned Ray pass down; The hillside where the beach tree stands, As he went on to town. But I was with sweet Oramel, What more could mortal see—, In deeper love than words could tell, But none so dumb as me.

The waves came rolling up and then, Drew downward to the deep; I thought myself most blest of men, With such a trust to keep. She had my arm I whispered low, By sudden courage led; 'You'd marry me,' she answered, 'Oh I just said yes to Ned.'

The waves came rolling up in tears, Moaning as if in pain; And death was in the heart of years, That ne'er could live again. Yet still she stood as if at last, Dreading to say good bye; I looked o'er all the happy past As one about to die.

O Oramel my own farewell, Dark is my midnight woe; In agony departs the spell, Love only once can know. 'What have you faithless heart to say, To one whose trust was true?' 'I only said to Ned to day Yes,' I was pledged to you.

The waves came rolling up the sands, They seemed like waves of gold, The moonlight kissed the happy lands, For what she nobly told. In truth the white surf danced with glee, When Oramel's sweet face, Just made a living man of me In her first love's embrace.

The waves came rolling up the sands As they did years ago; There is a law of hard demands, The best are first to go, The dearest ever pass away, Beside the sea I sat; She comes not all the summer day, Sorro is over all.

CYRUS GOLDS. Glen Shore, Aug. 1897.

A Song of Harvest. Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it sweet; Set it to the music of the ripple of the wheat! Sweetheart, sweetheart, Reaping as we go, A kiss amid the music And the wheat would never know.

Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it true! Symphonies of sunlight and mysteries of dew; Sweetheart, sweetheart, Summer sighs to go, A kiss amid the music And the wheat would never know.

Sing a song of harvest—of many a golden tith; Set it to the tinkle and the twinkle of the scythe; Sweetheart, sweetheart, Love's a reaper, too; Love is in the music And the thrilling heart of you.

Sing a song of harvest like the ripple of a stream, Till the shadows kiss the meadows and the stars above us dream; Sweetheart, sweetheart, Summer sighs to go, A kiss amid the music And the wheat would never know.

The Monster "Practicing." Wherever I may go, That dreadful monster, "Practicing," Looms up before my view, And in a voice I must obey. He calls me from my pleasant play, Each day, at half past three, When I come home from school, In sternest voice he summons me Straight to the piano stool; There while my chords and scales I try, I count the moments passing by.

If I am out of sorts And crossly strike a key, With discord most unbearable He then does punish me. He'll worry me with all his might Until my exercise goes right. They tell me that in time A more beautiful melody will grow; There'll be a smile upon that face That now does scare me so; His ugliness will flee, and I Will grow to love him—by and by.

And so, perhaps, if I Am good and persevere, And do my lessons right and try Not to offend his ear, Old "Practicing" will grow to me As pleasant as they say he'll be.

If They But Could. How often we hear discontented ones talk Of grand opportunities lost, And how by the waves of condemnable luck They've ever been ruthlessly tossed. They'll tell in a sort of disconsolate way Of laboring always in vain, And how they would handle the contract if they Could live their lives over again.

The man who has failed in business affairs, The prisoner locked in his cell, The wedded ones battling with family cares, All have the same story to tell. Wherever we go that disconsolate cry We hear in a pitiful strain: "You'd see matters different with me if I Could live my life over again."

We should never weep over milk that is spilled, And do not grieve for lessons right and true. We cannot recall opportunities killed, Nor chances blown of from the shore. This world of advice is the best we can give: Don't over the past sit and brood, But tackle the future determined to live The balance of life as you should. —Denver Post.

A Lake of Oil. What is said to be the greatest oil discovery made is reported from Alaska. Some gold prospectors several months ago ran across what seemed to be a lake of oil. The lake was fed by innumerable springs and the surrounding mountains were full of coal.

LONG LIFE IN NORWAY.

Another View of a Question Much Disputed Nowadays.

Some figures have appeared recently based upon the returns to American insurance companies from their branches in Europe which show that in Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country in the world, and this fact is ascribed to the coolness and uniformity of the temperature in that country. It has long been conceded that the proportionate number of old men is rather greater in Norway than in other countries of which detailed records are kept.

In a table which appeared a few years ago it was shown that of 1,000 persons born, the number who lived beyond the age of 80 was as follows in the countries named: Hungary, 44; Italy, 65; Spain and Switzerland, 69; Germany, 70; England, 96; Belgian, 101; Sweden, 139, and Norway, 161. Accepting as correct this table, it would appear that the duration of human life in the two Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden, is certainly greater than it is elsewhere, and a denial of the truth of the contention set up in the insurance figures would be difficult. But an examination into some of the facts of the case discloses some conditions which impair the accuracy of these figures. There is, in the first place, very little immigration into either Norway or Sweden, and a very considerable immigration from these two countries. The class of older inhabitants, and indeed all those who have passed the age of 50, does not furnish many emigrants, and on this account the number of octogenarians is unduly large in these countries. Again, Norway is conspicuously pastoral as regards the pursuits of its inhabitants, and life on the farm is certainly conducive to longevity—decidedly more so than life in large cities.

Norway is peculiar among the countries of Europe in having few cities, either large or small. Christiania claims a population of 150,000 and Bergen a population of 50,000, but in a country the total population of which is nearly 2,000,000 urban population is certainly inconsiderable. Moreover, the longevity of a people is not to be taken arbitrarily from the number of persons living beyond a given number of years, but rather from the general duration of life, which is not longer in Norway than in other countries of Europe, and is very little, if any, longer than the duration of life in New England, outside of the big cities and manufacturing towns.

According to the established percentages of the life insurance companies, of 1,400 persons in good health at the age of twenty-one, 1,300 lived to be 30, and it is computed that a person of 70 in good health has three chances in eight to be 80, and a person of 80 in good health has one chance in seventeen to be 90. What chance a person of 90 has to reach 100 the insurance tables do not state.

A COMPOSER'S WIFE.

She Saved His Manuscript and Secured for Him the First Prize.

A brave woman has often cheered her husband on to victory, but perhaps no woman ever had greater reason to rejoice over her own action than had Signora Mascagni on a certain morning in May, 1890. On that day the musical world was ringing with praises of her husband, to whom a telegram had just been delivered.

'Come to Rome at once. The first prize has been awarded to you,' it said.

Mascagni did not even know that any work of his had been entered for the contest. Ten months before he had read in the village paper an advertisement inviting musical composers to compete for a prize offered by Szogono, the publisher of Milan. The compositions were to be one-act operas and must be by composers who had had no production presented on the stage.

Mascagni set himself to the task of composition, but before the work was completed discouragement had taken the place of hope. Why should he win, he asked, when the best talent in Italy was entered in the competition?

In vain his wife persuaded him to send in his work, alleging that he could but try.

'I have suffered enough, I should but eat out my heart with waiting, and then die of disappointment,' was his answer.

'Pietro, let me send it,' pleaded Signora Mascagni.

'No,' he replied desperately, 'I will send it where it will trouble me no more.'

With that he threw the manuscript into the fireplace, and ran from the room that he might not see it burn. But the fire was the fire of the poor—of too economical a character to burn anything rapidly, and Signora Mascagni rescued the paper, not even scorched. She sent it without telling her husband, and he returned to his band, his teaching and his organ in the village church, where he was employed as director of the choir.

When he heard that he had won the prize he had to go to his wife for an explanation. Just then success meant to him simply the prize money, four hundred dollars.

'I can buy my wife a new dress,' was his first exclamation when he got to Rome. But when that night, he appeared before the eager crowd waiting to welcome the creator of the composition which had taken the musical world by storm, he understood what his success meant. He



was overwhelmed by the reception given him.

'Come to me; I need you,' he telegraphed to his wife.

She went at once to support him now by her presence as she had formerly supported him by her encouragement.

HE TOOK THE BOAT.

But the Money was Forthcoming and it was Returned.

HALIFAX, August 26.—Boat racing seems to have renewed its hold on a section of the people of Halifax. The sport is a noble one and it is good that people love it. But there is not much likelihood that in Halifax its popularity will endure. The people who are booming it who are at the back of it now, who keep it alive, are too much of the sporting kind in perhaps not the best sense. When all the principal men behind anything of this kind are there for the sake of the chances to make money that are found to exist, for the gambling in short, that may be done, then there is little hope for permanency. Now, mark you, it is not said that all who are at the back of the aquatic boom that is now on, are there in the prospect of dollars, but many of them, too large a proportion are.

Capt. Simonds had a little trouble with some of the backers of the Lynch brothers over the boat they wish to practice in for their race with McKay of Dartmouth and Johnston of St. Stephen. When the Lynch people thought they had this boat they found that Capt. Simonds had taken it out of the boat house. The 'Cap' said he would not allow it to be used without the cash, and he took the extreme means of carrying off the boat to get his money. The money came on Tuesday—\$50. The Lynchs said this was queer work for a baker, but 'Cap' replied that he was not a baker. He had always been 'agin them' till the last race when he merely put up money on them because he thought that the best way to make money.

SUCCESSFUL NOVELS.

The Work is Very Arduous and Very Poorly Paid.

The young and aspiring author sometimes thinks, 'If I could only write a successful novel my fortune would be made. Stories of the fabulous sums occasionally realized on a single book lead the inexperienced into erroneous conclusions. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times has investigated the returns from novels, and writes as follows.

Novels form the largest part of the book manuscripts received by publishing houses. Out of one hundred manuscripts received during a recent fortnight by a prominent publishing firm sixty-two were novels. The same publisher told me that sometimes the percentage of novels would reach seventy-five per cent. This tendency for novel writing is undoubtedly due to the fact that the greatest 'hits' in the literary world are made with novels, and this stimulates the average writer to work in this field.

Of all these novels it is plain to be seen from the figures given in the preceding paragraph that scores must be written before one is accepted; and even if a writer has a novel accepted the percentage of success is decidedly against him.

During this investigation process I selected fifteen recently published novels issued by six different houses, and I learned that the entire number printed of these fifteen novels was forty-one thousand copies or about twenty-seven hundred copies of each; and in this fifteen, nine thousand copies were printed of one novel—really the only successful novel of the lot. It is safe to say that of these fifteen novels the average sale of each will not reach one thousand copies.

But giving that number to each, the novel selling at one dollar, the author would receive less than one hundred dollars for his manuscript, deducting for mutilated copies and those sent to the newspapers, etc. I know case after case where authors did not receive fifty dollars all told as a return for a novel, and sometimes very much less than that.

Disturbance of the nervous system, and great sorrow, often causes the hair to blanch and fall. Counteract this and restore the color with Hall's Hair Renewer.

When some young men fall in love, they show the first symptoms by investing heavily in perfumery.