

PROGRESS.

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FAITH AND AGNOSTICISM.

The refusal of the New York presbytery to give a license to preach to a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary because he confessed his doubt of the infallibility of the Bible, as, for example, the miracle of JONAH and the whale, was strictly in accordance with the doctrine of the Westminster Confession; but how does it harmonize with the practice of presbyterian tribunals in refraining from punishing the same offences when committed by ordained ministers?

Dr. MCGIFFERT, a professor of the Union Theological Seminary and a minister of the presbyterian Church, published a book recently, in which he denied the paschal character of the Last Supper, and consequently its typical and sacramental quality, going to the very essence of the doctrine of the Atonement; but the presbyterian General Assembly dodged the difficulty and the responsibility of considering his heresy. He pursues a theory of Biblical criticism which destroys the infallibility of the Scriptures, and substitutes for the reverence with which his profession of faith regards them, a purely secular and skeptical demand that they shall bear the test of human science and stand or fall by it. His pupil, rejected by the New York presbytery on Monday, questions merely matters of general history not related to religion, but Dr. MCGIFFERT overthrows a fundamental pillar of christian faith without suffering punishment. Practically he denies the whole authority of the Bible; yet he goes unharmed.

The refusal to this young man of a license to preach, it seems, was carried by a majority of one only, or 26 to 25, showing that the disposition of the General Assembly to escape from dealing with the heresy of the new and fashionable school of Biblical criticism prevails extensively in the New York presbytery also. Is such timidity due to the discovery that Briggsism and McGiffertism are so general in the Presbyterian Church that they cannot be stamped out heroically without danger to its integrity? The very foundation upon which rests the Westminster confession is assailed, yet the Church fears to come to the defence of its declared faith.

This would seem to indicate that the skeptical and scientific schools have obtained the mastery. At any rate, they silenced their opponents, and can go in the propagation of their subversive views without fear of discipline. Denial of the infallibility of the Bible, upon which alone the faith of presbyterians rest, is made permissible. It does not constitute heresy requiring ecclesiastical condemnation but is a variety of opinion tolerated in the ministry and among theological teachers.

One of the members of the New York presbytery, in explaining the attitude of its bare majority, said that while accepting of the confession of faith is manifestly requisite in a presbyterian minister, every individual has the right to dissent from that standard, but he should join some other denomination to exercise it. What denomination among those classed as orthodox rejects the infallibility of the Bible and treats the Scriptures as simply human productions and properly criticisable as such? The young man to whom the presbytery refused a license to preach belongs properly in the ranks of the agnostics who believe nothing except what can be proved by scientific demonstration; and with him should go DR. BRIGGS, DR. MCGIFFERT, and all of their school. Anywhere else they are out of their logical place. They cannot remain among the

people of faith without sacrificing their moral and intellectual consistency.

There is much talk nowadays concerning the decadence of marriage; but marrying and giving in marriage is going on every day and there is no good reason to suppose that the end is anywhere near. In the main the old, old story gets told now-a-days with just as much sentiment as ever, and it really seems that people might be a great deal better employed than in worrying over the decadence of matrimony. Nevertheless there is one phase of the 'momentous question which should be well considered. Early marriages are seldom happy ones. The "undying love" on which a girl and boy pride themselves proves of a very ephemeral character, and is frightened away at the least hint of trouble, and just when life should be at its brightest and best for them they are confronted by the terrible alternative of "making the best of it," or of living their lives apart. Neither can be held directly responsible for this state of things. There may be no grave faults on either side. But they are thoroughly disillusionized. With age comes experience, and a better knowledge of one's fellow-men, a knowledge which will prove of the utmost use in the troubled sea of matrimony, and a wider experience means too, tact and sympathy—two infallible aids towards a happy married life.

A catholic church in Philadelphia is contemplating the purchase of a farm as a place of outing and recreation for the poor of the parish. The one under consideration contains about a hundred acres. Eight acres are woodland in which the parish boys could camp. A vineyard occupies an acre; and the rest is under cultivation. The main dwelling house contains twenty-one dwelling rooms of which thirteen are bedrooms. An unending stream of water runs through the place, there is an abundance of fruit the location is high and wholesome and in an exceedingly good neighborhood. It is, moreover, hoped that by judicious farming the products of the place will pay most of the expenses. The older members of the parish who could not otherwise leave the city for even a week or two during the heated term will be able to enjoy its advantages. The plan is highly commendable, and if judiciously carried out cannot fail to be successful. Why not adopt it in other cities.

According to a Russian linguist English, Russian and Chinese will be the only three languages in use two hundred years from now. During the twentieth and twentieth first centuries the whole of Continental Europe and of Asia with the exception of China, will have adopted the Russian language. English will be spoken in Great Britain, Australia, Africa and America and Chinese will be the language of the Celestial and the Oceanic Archipelago. There are at present 860 distinct languages spoken—89 European, 114 African, 123 Asiatic, 117 Oceanic and 417 American, while in the Russian Empire alone sixty different tongues are found.

No English court ever was able to keep a suit alive for so long a time as some French tribunals have managed to do. Three French lawsuits have been veritable Methuselahs of litigation. One begun in 1219 by the Courte de Neves against the inhabitants of Donzy, went over till 1848. But there is a third, also begun in 1254 and by the same Campan folk against four villages in Aneau, which is still going on, a hale sex-centenarian and looking wonderfully young and lively for its time of life as hale old people do. All these suits are contests about forest and pasture rights.

What becomes of all the brilliant girls and boys who graduate from our educational institutions. Yearly there comes the pleasant intelligence that some one in particular has succeeded in winning for himself or herself a great deal of glory and any number of medals. Their school record is exceptionally good, their valedictory or essay is spoken of as a magnificent piece of literary work, and the encouraging assurance is given that the writer, or rather the speaker of it is bound to have a very brilliant career. It's about time some of them got a move on.

The Canadian newspaper woman is having a sort of walk over down in Florida. She is sending out just the sort of stuff about the war, and the troops, and the country, that people like to read, and the male element in that line of work are not any too well pleased over her success.

June has not maintained its old record as the month of sunshine.

Our Complete Collar Shaper

Arrived Saturday, a collar of any shape can be turned without injury, we have the sole right to use the machine. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In a Garden of Dream Roses.

The splendor of heaven shone earthward,  
Falling in marvellous light;  
Fragrant with glory celestial,  
Brooding o'er rose gardens white.  
Giving us summer land flowers,  
Garden walls tinted in rose;  
There in a bower enchanting,  
Love takes delight in repose.  
I seek there one rose of all roses,  
The heavenly rose and the best;  
A rose with a song voice of sweetness,  
To even make paradise blest.  
I seek for this lost one among them,  
I call where the red bushes creep;  
The answer they give me is ever,  
"She lies in invisible sleep!"  
A garden it is of dream roses,  
O white rose awake where you lie;  
Tell me your secret of silence,  
Whisper the strange reason why?  
O sing to me heart of my own heart,  
Sing me "my love and my love";  
The sweet tree that stands where we lingered,  
Repeats it "my love and my love."

CYRUS GOLDE.

The Yarn of the Bo'sun's Mate.  
"I'll tell you a tale,"  
Said the bo'sun's mate,  
"I'll tell you a tale of the sea;  
Many yarns I've told  
Of the ocean bold,  
But the awfulest yarn that ever I told  
Ain't as bad as the tale I'll now unfold;  
And your hair'll be on end, and your blood run cold—  
Your blood run cold,"  
Said he, said he;  
Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"The good ship Jane,"  
Said the bo'sun's mate,  
"Was as stanch as a ship could be;  
She sailed one night,  
With a cargo tight,  
Of the yellowest gold, which shone so bright,  
That its shining blinded the steerman quite,  
And he set on a rock that was out of sight—  
'Twas out of sight,"  
Said he, said he,  
Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Now there he was,"  
Said the bo'sun's mate,  
"With the ship a leakin' free;  
So our strength we spent,  
For to fix the dent—  
But the lovely gold, overboard it went,  
Which lightened the ship to that extent,  
That we floated at it without a cent,  
Without a cent,"  
Said he, said he,  
Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Ob, we all felt blue,"  
Said the bo'sun's mate,  
"And we dashed our eyes, did we;  
Such an awful fate,  
As to lose our freight,  
Was a fearful thing for to contemplate,  
When a great idea struck my pate,  
And I said: "Let's steal the Golden Gate!  
Let's steal the gate,"  
Said he, said he,  
Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"So on we sailed,"  
Said the bo'sun's mate,  
"Till the Golden Gate we see;  
If I tell a lie,  
When all was still and no one nigh,  
We yanked that rate off on the fly,  
And sailed from San Francisco sly;  
From 'Frisco sly,"  
Said he, said he,  
Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"Now, what I say,"  
Said the bo'sun's mate,  
"Is as true as true can be;  
A heavy stone,  
Bought on the dock—  
It weighed a hundred ton or more—  
And all of us had with galore—  
Which by your trousers are torn at the knee  
I live ashore,"  
Said he, said he,  
Said the bo'sun's mate, said he.

"A fellow's mother,"  
Said Fred the wise,  
"With his rosy cheeks and his merry blue eyes,  
Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt  
By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.  
"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,  
Rags and buttons and lots of things;  
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop  
To see how well you can spin your top.  
"She does not care—not much, I mean—  
If a fellow's face is not quite clean;  
And if your trousers are torn at the knee  
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.  
A fellow's mother is never mad,  
And only sorry if you're bad;  
And I'll tell you this, if you're only true,  
She'll always forgive you, whatever you do.  
"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,  
"With a manly look in his laughing eyes,  
I'll mind my mother every day;  
A fellow's a baby that won't obey."

Philadelphia Press.

Love.  
The sweetness of love is dreaming  
Sweet dreams that will never come true,  
With the star of hope so faintly beaming  
In a bright and impossible blue;  
Dreaming that vows fondly spoken  
Will ever be true as they seem;  
Dreaming that hearts never broken;  
Dreaming that life is a dream.  
Oh! fate, awake me not!  
Sweet dreams, forsake me not!  
Shine on, fair star, in love's beautiful blue—  
Dreaming you love me yet,  
Dreaming you'll ne'er forget—  
Let me not waken to find love untrue.

The sorrow of loving is waking  
To a world that is withered and old,  
With the star of hope swiftly forsaking  
As sky that is faded and cold;  
Waking when time hath bereft us  
Of all that the future endears;  
Waking when nothing is left us,  
Nothing but memories and tears.

Casabianca to Date.  
The boy stood on the back-yard fence,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flames that lit his father's barn  
Shone just above the shed.  
One bunch of crackers in his hand,  
Two others in his hat,  
With piteous accents loud he cried,  
"I never thought of that!"  
(A bunch of crackers to the tail  
Of one small dog he'd tied;  
The dog had sought the well-filled barn  
And 'mid its ruins died.)

The sparks flew wide and red and hot;  
They lit upon that that;  
They fired the crackers in his hand,  
And ate those in his hat.  
They came a burst of rattling sound—  
The boy! Where had he gone?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
Strewed bits of meat and bone  
And scraps of clothes, and knives, and tops  
And nails, and hooks, and yarn—  
The relics of that dreadful boy  
That burned his father's barn!

NOBLE DEEDS OF CRIMINALS.

Cases Where Bad Men Have Shown Their Better Nature.

The late Charles Peace, of anything but blessed memory, was probably one of the most callous, incorrigible scoundrels who ever went to the gallows; yet it is said of him that he had a weak spot in his black heart for the widow and the fatherless, whose needs he had been known to supply out of his ill gotten gains while on many of his notorious burgling expeditions.

But a case more in point was that of an American convict who, after being released from durance vile, must needs forthwith qualify for reincarceration. After robbing a private dwelling-house while the usual inmates were temporarily absent, he set fire to the structure in order to destroy all evidence of its having been looted. The dwelling was soon well ablaze, and the thief was making off when he heard the lusty voice of a child crying in the upper portion of the house. Every moment the flames became fiercer, but the criminal hesitated whether to fly or to rush upstairs and rescue the infant that was evidently there. Another plaintive cry, and he was bounding up the stairs, almost choked by the smoke. From one room to another before he could discover the object of his search, but finding the child at last, he wrapped a blanket round it and essayed to descend. By this time, however, the flames had reached the stairs and cut off that means of egress, so there was no alternative but to descend from one of the windows. Seizing all the bed-clothes he could lay his hands on, he hastily twisted and tied them so as to form a rope, and having secured the one end to the leg of a bedstead, which he dragged close to the window, he slid down the rope to the ground. When he had committed the frightened child to the care of a neighbor, he deemed it prudent to make off as speedily as possible, quite content that his noble act of rescue should go unrecognized. It did not, however, go unrewarded, for a few days afterward he was arrested for firing the dwelling, and sentenced to a considerable term of imprisonment, which would have been a great deal longer but for the mitigating circumstance of the rescue.

One often hears that there is no such thing as honor among thieves, but actual facts point to a different conclusion. Cases are not at all rare in which criminals have elected to suffer all the consequences of their own and their accomplices' wrongdoing rather than betray the latter to the authorities, and thereby to some extent to save their own skins. Some time ago an instance came to light in which a thief actually underwent a very severe punishment for an offence which he did not commit rather than disclose the identity of the real perpetrator. The latter was a married man with a family, while his scapegoat, being a single man, probably came to the conclusion that, there being no one dependent on him, he could best be spared to undergo whatever sentence might be meted out for the crime. At any rate, having been arrested on suspicion, he practically admitted his guilt in court, and was sentenced to a couple of years' hard labor for the offence—a serious case of housebreaking. It was only some four years later, when the real delinquent fell into the hands of the police for the same kind of transgression, that he voluntarily acknowledged the authorship of the previous crime.

A few years since the noble act of a criminal was reported from America. In a Western town an innocent looking stranger had been arrested and put on his trial for the heinous offence of horse-stealing. Circumstances seemed to be all against him, for he had been seen in the neighborhood of the farm from which the animals had been stolen, and one was afterwards actually found in his possession. After evidence to this effect had been given, and the prisoner had over and over again denied his guilt, he having, according to his own story, bought the horse in good faith and at a fair price, the jury felt constrained to return a verdict against him. The judge was about to pass the usual sentence for this particular offence, when a notorious character rose in the courtroom and remarked that he guessed what the stranger said was pretty nearly correct. On being asked to explain what he knew about the affair, he confessed that he himself was the thief, and that he had sold one of the horses to the prisoner, who bought it without the least suspicion that the animal had been stolen. That, of course, put a very different complexion on the case, and the self accuser was forthwith invited to change places with the innocent occupant of the dock. This he did, remarking that he wished nobody but himself to suffer for his misdeeds; but the jury were so much impressed by the handsome manner in which he had 'owned up,' and saved them from wronging an innocent person, that they unanimously requested the judge to inflict only a nominal punishment. The request was acceded to, so the culprit benefited to some extent from his noble act.

Big Prices for Fiddles.  
The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh) has just given, it is said,



£1,400 for a Stradivarius. The best known, according to Italian connoisseurs, belonged to Sir Charles Hallé, and is said to be worth £2,200. The price has recently gone up, as Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, has been in Italy seeking everywhere for fine old fiddles, in which he is said to have made 'a corner,' having bought about 500, for which he has given £16,000.—Elgin Courant.

Smart Boy, This.  
'Father,' asked Tommy, the other day, 'why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?'

Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer offhand. 'Why—why,' he said, stumbingly, 'it's so because it is, I suppose.'

'Well, pop, since I'm your father, I'm going to give you a ticket to the circus and half a crown besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in, pop, and have a good time while you're young. I never had any chance myself!'

Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank astonishment at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing a half-sovereign, he said—

'Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself.'

Both in one.

A writer in the Ladies' Home Journal credits—or charges—Mr. William M. Everts with a sharp saying about the ladies.

At a reception in Washington Mr. Everts was drawn into a discussion between two ladies.

'Mr. Everts,' said one, 'do you not think I am right in saying that a woman is always the best judge of another woman's character?'

'Madam,' replied Mr. Everts, 'she is not only the best judge, but also the best executioner.'

The Spanish Throne Room.

The throne room of Spain is described as a magnificent apartment of crimson and gold, with colossal mirrors and a chandelier of rock crystal that is considered the finest example of the kind in the world. Under the gorgeous canopy are two large chairs, handsomely carved and gilded, and upholstered in crimson brocade. Upon these the Queen Regent and the boy King sit upon occasions of ceremony.

His Expensive Mistake.

A German Street merchant had an interesting experience this week and his brother merchants are having lots of fun at his expense. It appears that he had a pair of boots which he reduced in price from \$5.50 to \$4.50. He put a label on it which read \$4.50 reduced \$1.00. His young clerk in his absence sold the pair of boots for \$1.00, his interpretation of the label no doubt differing from that of his employer. The merchant does not know who his customer was and has only the consolation of hoping that the boots will cover the feet of the purchaser with corns of the direst description.

A Boon to Wheelmen.

Bicyclists will be delighted to hear that Ald. MacRae, White and Robinson have come out in favor of laying a block pavement on the Marsh Road from the foot of Waterloo street to Coopers corner. They championed the cause of wheelmen in this particular at the Board of works on Monday and though the other four aldermen present that day were too much for them they are not despairing and expect to get it through. Wheelmen who have to travel through the ever present mud or dust along there will heartily support them.

Cheap Millinery.

Mr. Charles K. Cameron is making a great reduction in what remains of his stock of summer millinery in order to effect a speedy clearance. His store is open every evening, and the line of goods offered for sale includes trimmed and untrimmed hats, toques, turbans, Tams and bonnets, also children's sailor hats from 8 cents up. Mr. Cameron's stock is worthy of inspection and will well repay a visit to the store.

Heaviest Baby Ever Known.

The heaviest baby known is reported from a village near Brussels, where a farmer's wife has just given birth to a child weighing over twenty-one pounds, which is declared by experts to be the heaviest.