

THE IDEAL CLERGYMAN.

CORRESPONDENTS WHO TELL WHAT HE IS LIKE.

Some People Expect a Good Deal More of Him Than They are apt to Find in a Minister—A Picture, without Prejudice, of a Minister who is Truly a Pastor.

The ideal of a minister of the Gospel is one on which people ought to agree in respect to all the essentials, though it is sure that there must be a field for difference of opinion in regard to the minor characteristics. Two correspondents enquired of PROGRESS, last week, for information on the subject in general, and PROGRESS, as in all such cases, wishes the replies to come from its readers. Most of them, doubtless, have such an ideal, whether they can describe it or not. They know what pleases them about this pastor or that one, and in many instances their views on certain points will be very decided. Some of them may think that they have found their ideal. If so, it ought to be fairly easy for them to describe his most prominent traits, for which they admire and respect him. Such a plan has been adopted, it may be inferred, by the correspondents whose letters are published this week. There are many others who can draw pen portraits equally well if they have in view clergymen whose lives they can admire.

As no man is perfect, it may be that some will say, "I like Mr. —, and he is my ideal in all but this and that." In such case, let the correspondent suppose that the this and that are different, and paint the rest of the picture from nature. There is room for a great delicate artistic work in this respect, and there is a little doubt that many good clergymen will be generally recognized by the ideals which are described by correspondents next week. The letters need not be long. The shorter the better, so long as they tell the story of the minister's life among his people—the man as seen by his flock and by the world.

HER IDEA OF A MINISTER.

A Character Drawn from Life—He Practices What He Preaches.

In writing of my "Ideal Minister," I find it rather a difficult subject to handle, especially as our editor has informed us that, in order to make our letters interesting, they must be short and to the point. My ideal is not drawn from imagination, but a living worker, who, by his life, has shown himself to be a true ambassador for Christ. His sermons are clear, logical and forcible, thrilling his hearers with hope, joy and gladness, as they listen to the old, old story told with such enthusiasm, such evident sincere belief, and yet with such a humble estimate of his own power of comforting, always putting Christ as the means of enabling him to teach, and ever in his prayers sending up an earnest petition that God the Father would give him power to bring the word of truth home to some lost soul.

We go away from that service feeling that it was good for us to have been there, and feel strengthened and refreshed for the never-ending duties of life. My ideal is also consistent in his home life. No word is uttered there that could not be heard by any of his people; no amusement is indulged in that he would condemn in others, nor does he shut himself up in his study, too busy preparing his next sermon to listen to an oft-repeated tale from some poor woman in distress. No! Out of his own hard earnings he helps that woman, and sends her away with many kind words ringing in her ears. His time is also given to the members of his own household; he never rests until he has brought them within Christ's fold. He is continually telling others to take a firm stand, and not be ashamed to own his Lord. He does not consider any man too wicked or too depraved to be beyond the influence of the teachings of God's word.

His pastoral visits are indeed drops of consolation to his people. Always cheerful, energetic, and genial, he unconsciously influences all with whom he comes in contact; his bright and hopeful words helping them to feel that after all life is worth living. His people are not afraid of him. They can give him their full confidence and his presence is always welcome, for he does not make it a point to talk only on religious matters, but is a ready listener to any subject of interest. His wonderful tact enables him to see when his hostess would prefer not being questioned about her absence from the family pew on the preceding Sunday; nor does he make a point of enquiring for the members of the family collectively, then individually.

This ideal of mine is perfectly free from prejudice against churches of other denominations, and strives in every act, word or deed to do only as he would be done by. Lenient to the desire for amusement among the younger members of his congregation, he encourages them in all their entertainments, but in the matter of right and wrong, he always takes a firm stand; never once allowing the slightest indulgence to mar the perfectness of his calling. If compelled to engage in matters of controversy he holds to his own opinion with quiet dignity, but is, nevertheless, always open to conviction. The bereaved in his congregation are always comforted by his words, and enabled to realize that it is only for a time they are

separated from their friends, and that soon they too will join the "happy throng." My ideal is a keen observer of human nature, and is careful never to give offence by speaking a word out of season. His people, young and old, respect and reverence him, and true love and esteem is fully appreciated by this. "My ideal of a Minister," and it is not an uncommon one for few who have chosen this glorious profession have in any way come short, but are all trying in the way they believe to be right, "to bring forth fruit, meat for repentance." ISABEL.

HE MUST BE ALWAYS ON CALL.

Present to Every Nuisance Worry and Tea Fight, and give to Every Charity.

MONCTON, May 21.—I think I can tell you what some people's conception of an ideal minister is, without stopping to think very long. It is a man of superhuman goodness, cleverness, patience, and above all forbearance. He must have talents far above the average, and yet have experienced such extreme difficulty in finding a market for the same that he will be proud and happy to labor from morning till night and from week to week for starvation pay. He must preach sermons that shall cast the most able efforts of Canon Siddey into the shade and which would require a whole week's preparation if done anything like justice to, and meanwhile he must be in a state of constant circulation amongst the congregation, he must visit the sick, and also the well, he must be what is called a "hard worker," or "a good worker," and he must be always on call like the concierge in a French tenement. Above all must be the life of every muffled worry, and tea fight in the parish. And as for entertaining—when! he must keep open house all the time; he must dress well, on what, I don't know, and I daren't ask. He must be deeply grateful for the yearly imposition of that terror of clerical life, the donation party; he must give to every charity, his purse must be ever open, even if it should be empty also. He must be like Goldsmith's country parson.

"A man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

He must in short be a sort of archangel who is willing to descend to this toilsome earth and abide there for a consideration of some four hundred and fifty dollars a year. He must—but this is the ideal minister of some people. I will tell you about my ideal next week.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

SOME MORE FIGURES.

"A Giddy Girl" Wants to Have the Last Word About Economy in Clothing.

Though the discussion on income and matrimony is practically closed, "A Giddy Girl" entreats that in justice to herself PROGRESS should publish a letter which she sends in reply to a lady who took issue with some of her statements. There is room for only a part of her words. She says:

It stands to reason that a sensible man would not require the same things every year. For instance, a waterproof coat should do him two or three winters, and an overcoat two winters. So if it was a little more one year it would be less the next, and anyway, my figures in the long run would be correct for a sensible man, and the one who is not may stay single. For instance, \$5 for two grey flannel shirts is silly. You can get splendid flannel for 40 cents a yard, and seven yards makes two shirts. That amounts to \$28. Say 20 cents more for lining and buttons, and so you have your two good flannel shirts for \$3, which along with four good cotton shirts at \$1 a piece, and four suits of good under flannels, should with proper care in the washing last two years.

Now, last year my brother got a good black suit, and took his other to wear to work. It is as good as ever, not even shiny as corkscrew is apt to get. Even if it was I would take a wet cloth and damp it off. It makes it as good as new. So you see when he gets a good suit he does not need another, and \$10 was just what his boots came to. Hats about six, then about \$2.50 for neckties, socks, and handkerchiefs. Altogether his bill for last year was:

- 1 Black Suit..... \$28.00
1 Overcoat..... 20.00
Boots..... 12.00
Inside Shirts..... 6.40
Hats..... 4.00
Outside Shirts..... 7.00
Neckties, Socks, etc..... 3.32
\$84.92

Supposing he needed that every year, I am sure I could get along on the remainder. My own bill for last year was:

- Boots..... \$ 4.00
Dresses..... 10.00
Hats..... 6.00
Gloves and Stockings..... 4.00
Underwear..... 3.00
\$29.00

\*I got four pretty ones out of that.

Either he or she can get a handkerchief, necktie, or pair of gloves now and then out of the house money and never miss it. Where as if you got all in a bunch it seems heavy.

When a girl has a very limited allowance there is a hundred little contrivances by which she can select her wardrobe. I like nothing better than to get hold of a man's overcoat, (cast off one of course) rip it up, turn it wrong side out, and cut, a stylish double breasted, raw edge, tailor made jacket, and when you finish it and press it off, I defy you to tell the difference from a new one. Oh, there's a hundred thousand ways for any one that has wit. After all to come back to the question, it is not how much money have you got, but what kind of hands is it in, that's the rub; where one would swim another would sink.

An Insinuation. "Let us consider the thing soberly." "All right. I'll wait until you are ready tomorrow, say,"—N. Y. Sun.

The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.—Adv.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?

MONCTON'S HOSPITAL SCHEME IS NOT HEARD OF NOW.

It Has Got Tired of Shining and Has Gone Back into Its Hole—The Sufferers who were Expected to Fill It are Not Very Clamorous in Demanding It.

The Moncton hospital scheme which burned before our dazzled eyes with all the radiant but evanescent splendor of a comet for a few brief weeks, seems like the celebrated comet described by the negro, to have got "tired of shining and gone back into its hole." Now what I wish to ask with all the humility of a true thirst for information is this: Where are all those sufferers who were just waiting until that haven of rest was built so that they might sink into the downy couches of the paying ward with long sighs of satisfaction, while their thankfully offered shekels poured in an unending stream into the exchequer of that much needed institution, filling it almost to overflowing?

What has become of them? and how is it that they can wait so long for the haven where they lain would be? Unless my memory fails me strangely, a great many people in town pounced upon your gilded correspondent with all the force and emphasis of the wild untutored possum dropping upon the unsuspecting June bug in the sylvan glades of the forest primeval. They intimated that he was an obstructionist, a bird of ill omen who croaked, and one of the daily papers said, in a very quiet and gentlemanly manner I know, but still said, that it wasn't exactly nice of yours truly, to be trying to throw cold water on so noble an enterprise, and one that was so much needed in our town, and intimated that he would be showing much better taste if he would just simply take a seat somewhere at the corner end of the hall where he would be out of the way and say nothing.

I don't think anyone accused your "G. C." gifted correspondent of interested motives in attempting to discourage what seemed to him a very impracticable scheme, or suspected him of a far-sighted dread of being asked to subscribe to the hospital fund as soon as it became *un fait accompli*. No! I don't think so. There is a sort of freemasonry about these matters, and what newspaper man is there in the world who does not know too well that the pockets of his brother scribe rarely contain anything except the very indifferent quality of silesia of which they are made? Knows it too well, I repeat, ever to dream that the most widely sanguine committee in the world would think of asking a newspaper man to subscribe to anything, unless, indeed, it might be a promissory note.

My autograph? 'Tis pleasing to reflect, Although the thought may cost a single sigh, That what a banker would with scorn reject Should have some value in a scholar's eye.

Oh, no! My motives were quite disinterested, and when they were misunderstood I did not talk back at all. I preserved a dignified neutrality from that time forth; for I knew that my turn would come soon, and I could afford to be magnanimous.

How could I expect the outside world to know that it was merely the spirit of prophecy which had rested for a brief space of time on my unworthy shoulders? I knew it myself, and that was sufficient, for me at least, though it didn't seem at all sufficient for the outside public.

But now, after two months of silent expectation, would it be taking too much upon myself, if I just asked where our hospital is to be located? In what part of the town, I mean? and when the various committees think it will be ready for occupation?

You see, the infirmities of age are beginning to make themselves felt in my case, and I would like so much to know when I may lay my weary bones peacefully down in the warmest corner of the rheumatism ward and be at rest, swathed in fine flannel and hot fomentations.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

But Have Strikers Sometimes.

"The saloons all seem to be doing a good business," remarked the judge. "Yes," replied the pittoresque; they are running 'fall time.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

EGLON.

Eglon is master of Israel; God speaks not for eighteen years; His people are slaves to the infidel; Their portion is blood and tears.

King Eglon sits in his private room, And thinks of his state and power; His heart exults o'er Israel's doom; His servants tremble and cower.

Left-handed Ehud, the Benjaminite, A tribute of gold doth bear; And prone in the mocking courtier's sight, He humbly offers it there.

"A word in secret with thee, O king!" The king and he are alone; "A message from God to thee I bring!" A thrust—a fall—a groan!

The king lies dead on his chamber floor; His servants have found him so. Safe in Seirath, Ehud no more Feels his and Israel's foe.

"To the fight, O Israel! God again Hath spoken and we are free!" By the fords of Jordan ten thousand men Tomorrow's sun will not see.

MATTHEW RICHESY KNIGHT. Benton, New Brunswick.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never falls.—Adv.

THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Scandal Aims his Opinion of Loyalty and Says that Money Talks.

No. XI.

Very Few of Us answered to the roll call on last Wednesday evening when the Hon. Thyckke Fogge took his accustomed chair. Some of Us had started off in advance of the fishing crowd so as to be able to have a more startling array of fish stories than the unfortunates who could only afford to be away on the holiday and the day following. Others of us were drawn to the pig pen that is called a theatre here, to see the downfall of vice as shown in the career of Jim the Penman, but Those of Us who clung to the den were made as welcome as if we all had been in Our usual seats.

The Sage was reading some ancient and musty documents when We came in, and in answer to an enquiry said he was refreshing his memory with regard to his claims to Loyalist descent. Said he: "A friend of mine recently doubted my being a true and full blooded descendant of the party that started this city of Ours, but I think I convinced him that I was, for I am among very few in this city that have reached my age that can say his grandfather was born here; my great-grandfather was among the crowd that landed here over a century ago, and as one of his descendants, I am free to remark that I would have been as well pleased if he had not. On the maternal side my great-grandparents left pleasant homes and prosperous farms on the Hudson to come down this way and fight fog and rocks, and bear all sorts of hardship, in order that over a hundred years afterwards we might have a city here of forty to fifty thousand people. I must say that I am not imbued with the Loyalist idea, and honestly, speaking, of course, only for myself and entirely from a selfish point of view, would have much preferred had my progenitors remained in that country, which, during the years that have elapsed since they left it, has grown to command such a position among the world's great nations, although, had such been the case, there probably would have been no such person as he who now addresses you. I can hear my truly loyal friends and fellow-descendants of the cranks of eighty-three howl with indignation over my sentiments, but what is the good of our great boon of free speech if one cannot express one's opinions. In many ways I am satisfied with our lot, and have more than praise for those who braved the dangers of the voyage here, and who, literally cut out their homes from the solid rock that forms our city's foundation, but I cannot help feeling that had many of these same brave spirits remained in the land they left, their descendants would have been much better off today. Now, I am aware that this is rank heresy, and in the opinion of many I should be severely punished for daring to express myself in such a manner, but I am speaking from an entirely selfless and worldly point of view, and after all, what is loyalty but a sentiment. I put it to any One of You, Would you refuse an offer which would increase the amount of salary or income you now receive, because its acceptance would necessitate your taking up your residence under the folds of some other flag than the triple cross that waves above us here? No, my young friends, I do not think there is One of You that would hesitate a moment on account of your loyalty. Any hesitation would be on account of leaving home and friends not from any particular desire to live under this, that, or another piece of bunting, for in this commercial age it is the money that talks. Right here a delegation from the Loyalist Society was ushered in and the Senator was informed that he had been elected an Honorary member of the body, and was requested to name a time when he would address a mass meeting on the subject of "How to preserve the old burial ground."

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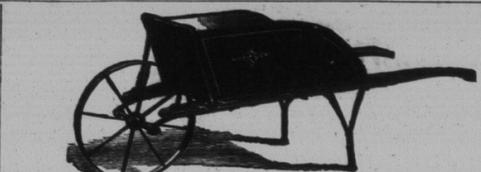
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MY PICTURE

Do you want to see my picture? The one I love the best. It comes when I am tired. Lead nature to her rest.

The background to my picture is a mountain towering whose rugged peaks are in outline 'gainst the sky.

The stars look brightly I see them in the lakes, And of its silvery white A magic mirror make.

With giant limbs extended Behind my noble tent Their branches gently bend To seduct persuaded.

The flowers have closed And try to hide from me The moonbeams touch the And paint them glisters.

Oh, Artist! can't thou A scene like this of mine Can't make the dewdrops The silvery moon to shine.

Oh, paint me little flowers Whose perfume fills the air. Bedew their lovely petals Display their beauty rare.

The stars—my living light These brilliant eyes of mine Can't draw their shape, Their colors, too—then I'm lost to mortal gaze.

The colors and the Master Are only found in Heaven.—Sun.

HOW HE WENT

When I was down in selling our potatoes, it that I ought to buy some for my wife. Seemed getting plainer and plainer was all kind of ash color clothes, bonnet and gloves last time I went to church she used to be fixy.

But she did it all for couldn't be a doubt of the I'd just show her. So we were sold and the other had my chop and my great walked along uptownwards the windows, and pretty a milliner's shop. There lady sitting at the door, up she nodded and smile as if she'd know me from says she:

"Doesn't the gentleman and look at some nice bonnets—inside? The Paris. And it does not look at them—nothing at sitting down at the counter outside."

"That's very true, ma in I walked, and down I gave me, and out of the take all sorts of bonnets.

"Is it for your own she, 'or is it for a daughter for a little miss? If I a selection. All the late matter of taste, a bonnet taste entirely."

"Right you are there, 'Now, my taste is gay been putting herself in lately, and a little bit of I'm looking for. So outiest, ma'am, and if I'm for it."

"I see—I see," says "I'll get you down the h in the store. Indeed, th in all the Bowery, there ladder she went, me hold she came with a handbag and there was a bonnet."

It was a good big bonnet and I like plenty for my and pretty a pea green as looked upon—satin, and gathered about so you c it was done, unless it was right on the side of it was as my hand, with a low brood, and stylish over the claws seeming to hold th cherries as natural as if off the tree, and a big y his head, and the strings on one side and red sa as broad as my hat bonnet!

"Ah!" says I, bringing a man does when he feel you've hit it now, ma'am bonnet, and puts me in n That pleases me, and ma

"It's a lovely bonnet, lady," said when you'd s it would be lovelier, for would give dignity to elegance and beauty, at twelve dollars, my dear only that it is so late would be fifteen; but if for it and avoid soiling it that, why, twenty-five c cover the expenses."

"The box, by all me a minute more I had it b paid my twelve dollars ar and was walking up th how Cathrine Ann woul saw that bonnet, and as of money in my brow thought I'd be liberal for a mantilla, too, and thro out at a door, all broca with a ball fringe, and o to close up business. A bought it, and they put it And then I started for th care."

I was very fond of Cath had been hurting me that so poky, and perhaps thi as I got older, and it was wedding day, and I want good time.

I didn't think about got to our place and put Tea was ready, and Cathr before the stove.

"The girl is going," says it's too lonely here. up at 6 o'clock, and she's the evening train.

"Just like 'em," says Cathrine Ann, I've got a

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