

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 7.

THE DUTY OF THE DAY.

No Canadian can have read the disclosures made during the recent parliamentary investigation without a blush of indignant shame. If he can he is unworthy of citizenship. But to be ashamed and indignant is not enough. The emergency demands prompt and decisive action. Canadian politics must be purified, not after the fashion of the leader who said he would put down bribery and corruption if it took every dollar in the treasury to do it, but in right sober earnest, by the entry into active politics of men who now stand aloof, because they feel unable or unwilling to participate in the methods of what is called "practical politics." Progress has spoken of this before, but the matter will bear and must receive more than one or two references. Public opinion must be educated up to the point where it will put down the frightful abuses which are undermining the state, and the work of education devolves upon the press. We ask our business men, our professional men, our citizens generally who disapprove of bribe giving and bribe taking anywhere and at any time, what they are doing to prevent it. Have they spoken out in condemnation of it, and if so, when and where? Are they prepared to take hold and purify the politics of the country, and if so, of which of them has publicly avowed his readiness to do so? If an election were held tomorrow, perhaps those gentlemen who detest bribery and corrupt methods, will come to the front and take an active participation in the contest; the probabilities are that they would do nothing except vote, and then retire to their homes or places of business to lament over the corruption which prevailed. It is the plain, unvarnished truth that the so-called respectability of the country is to blame for the hold which corruption has upon it. Until the respectable element has made a determined effort to shake off this incubus upon the body politic, it has no right to disavow responsibility for the evil. When such an effort is made success will crown it. On this there need be no mistake. Then let the effort be made. The place to begin is at the beginning and the beginning is the electoral campaign. Make these pure and a pure administration will follow as a matter of course.

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

Dr. McQUARRIE, the Episcopal clergyman of Western New York, concerning whose departure from orthodoxy so much was said a few months ago, has withdrawn from the communion with which he has been hitherto associated, and united himself to the Universalists. It is a somewhat serious matter that a pious, able and thoughtful man like Dr. McQUARRIE cannot find a place in a denomination like the Episcopalians. Is it to be understood that only such ideas as have a medieval brand upon them will be tolerated in the orthodox churches? Is the light which enlightened the world to penetrate everywhere except into the cathedral and churches of orthodoxy? Surely it will not be contended that the exercise of the reasoning faculties is an offense against the source of wisdom. Whence comes this passion for investigation, this industrious truth-seeking, which was never more potent than today? For countless generations men have been seeking and finding truth, have been knocking at the doors of Nature, which have been readily opened. Is this all wrong? Was the great Founder of Christianity doing the work of an adversary, when he commanded his followers

to seek and to knock? If not, by what statute of limitations is the command restricted as to time or subject matter? No one disputes the right of certain people in a certain age to discuss and reject or accept as they saw fit, certain ideas as to religion. If this be disputed the value of the scriptural record becomes nil. The gospels, for example, are received as authoritative only because certain persons, who seemed capable of judging correctly upon the evidence regarding these writings, decided that they were the work of inspiration. The creeds, which we are asked to accept, were formulated by people who thought they had reduced to a brief statement the cardinal truths of these scriptures. Dr. McQUARRIE has done nothing more than express his doubts as to the conclusiveness of the opinions arrived at by these ancient worthies. The prejudices and ideas of by-gone centuries have little force outside the domain of theology. Even courts of justice which are conservative, as becomes tribunals having custody of life, liberty, property and reputation of citizens, have declined to be bound by notions, which obtained in days gone by, when they conflict with the rights and obligations of people as we understand them to-day. In the domain of law, the work such as Dr. McQUARRIE is doing, would be hailed as that of a reformer. In Science he would be regarded as a courageous investigator. In theology he is a mediocre busy body in whom there is no room in the church with which he has been associated. It is hard to think that this is right. It is hard to think that a church can strengthen itself by pruning off the vigorous shoots and preserving the dead wood only.

MEN AND THINGS.

When the BURGESS heresy case came up in the New York Presbytery, a motion to suspend all proceedings was lost only by a very few votes. Rev. Mr. McQUARRIE's fellow clergymen were divided as to whether he had been guilty of heresy. Who shall decide when doctors, especially doctors of divinity, disagree. The cornerer can sometimes settle the disputes of the medical fraternity, but as yet we have no post mortem method of determining whether the majority or the minority of an ecclesiastical body are in the right on any question of creed.

It was said of the revised Bible, that most of the learning was to be found in the margin: that is to say the marginal readings were what the minority of the revising board thought the most accurate translation, and that the majority on nearly every occasion included the best talent. This may or may not be the case; but it is certain that where the revisors were at all equally divided on any point, the accepted version was allowed to stand. This was no doubt a nice policy. The Christian world is not ready for any radical changes in the scriptures, even though demanded by good scholarship.

Now let no one run away with the notion that, because clergymen disagree as to what we should believe, and scholars disagree as to the exact phraseology of the bible, we are all at sea in regard to man's duty. The whole of the points in dispute are really not worth quarrelling over. What matter is it whether a man believes that he will be punished eternally for his sins or that ultimately all will be restored to the favor of God, provided he acts upon the command to love God and his neighbor as himself? What difference can it possibly make in what phraseology a man prefers to express his ideas concerning the mission and nature of Christ, so long as the spirit of the Master dwells in his heart?

We know very little for certain about anything. Of all matters astronomical none was supposed to be more finally and absolutely settled than that the moon had no atmosphere. The best of reasons were given why it could have none, and the scientific world had nothing but pity for the man who supposed to the contrary. Well, within a few months what is regarded as absolute proof has been obtained that the moon has an atmosphere. And also within a very short time it has been discovered that a new and immense crater has opened in the moon. So that instead of being a dead world, the chances are that it is very much alive, not with human beings or animals of any kind, perhaps, but alive in a physical sense.

Exploring parties who have recently returned from Alaska, tell about the successful production of potatoes, rye, and barley in the Tuken Valley. When Senator SHULTZ's committee published its report about the MacKenzie Valley a great many people shrugged their shoulders and said that the old ladies of the senate had dreamed the wonderful things contained in it, but here is confirmatory evidence.

Speaking of the old ladies, New Zealand proposes to establish a veritable old ladies legislature chamber, that is to say, it is seriously proposed by some of the island papers that the legislative council be made up of ladies. This is quite as it should be, in that part of the world. In a region where birds do not sing, flowers have no perfume, grass grows on trees, trees shed

their bark, cherries have stones on the outside, ducks have four feet, and on *ad libitum*, it is eminently fitting and proper that the honorable gentlemen of the legislative council should be ladies.

The official murder of McNEIL should rouse the chief of police and show him in what a position he is daily placing his force and the city. Too many strangers—countrymen—on the force is not good for the safety of the lives or property of the citizens. If an experienced officer had been on Sheffield street we do not think for a moment that there would have been any shooting done. But just at this moment let us remind the chief of all the police that there is property as well as lives to guard in St. John, and green, inexperienced men on King and Prince William streets are not apt to give it the protection that it requires.

The university extension plan seems near completion: the lectures have been arranged and a pamphlet from the secretary announces the fact. The gentlemen chosen in this city to assist will take brains and eloquence into the lecture room and the course should not be without profit to those who attend it. But let us again respectfully suggest that when the promoters of the new idea get it fairly under way, they turn their attention to the parent institution and impart to her a little of the elixir of life.

INSTANTANEOUS.

By Myself

Teacher in painting—Children, one of the most difficult subjects for an artist to paint, is a ordinary lump of coal.

Young Hopeful—That's strange marm, just give me the ornery lump and say what color you want it painted, and if I don't show the artists that they don't know nothing, I'm no pupil of yours.

The height of imagination—divest yourself of your shoes, stand against the wall and from the point at which the base of the brain touches said wall, drop the other end of a tape line, "and there you are."

That which I most admire in the civil service said he, is that when one of its officers is "unable," he is sure to be "superannuated."

Got a trade my friend? Oh! yes, like the man who found a dollar. I don't quite understand. Don't eh! Just picked it up you know.

Were women's jaws a la alligator, what a terrible weapon Mrs. Grundy would wield.

If men were mice, the term henpecked husband would soon become obsolete.

Mary had a little dude,
Of brains he was bereft,
So when with her he wished to go
He generally got left.

What made the dude love Mary so,
The fact was plain to many,
He had a little little brain,
Poor dude: he hadn't any.

The M. D.'s should try to discover a key for use in cases of lock-jaw.

A THEATRE GOER'S STORY.

Childley's Reminiscences Recall an Exciting Incident.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: As an old theatre goer both in London and Paris, I have enjoyed Sidney Childley's theatrical articles very much. I was much interested at the recalling of Clarkson Stanfield's wonderful piece of scenery (in *Acis and Galatea*) of the waves breaking on the sea-shore, which I saw at the old Princess's theatre, Oxford street, London, many years ago and which I have always thought one of the most perfect pieces of scenic effects ever produced. My object in writing you is to supplement what your talented contributor wrote last week in reference to the dramatization of Dickens' works. He says I have an impression that the *Old Curiosity Shop* was put on the stage recently in England but am not certain.

I have been away from England ten years but some time previous to my leaving (I cannot remember the date) I saw the *Old Curiosity Shop* produced at Adelphi in the Strand. "Little" John Clark, as he was called (to distinguish him from John S. Clark "Tootles"), was the Quilp, and as he was naturally a small man, with one leg shorter than the other, and an actor of no mean capacity, his creation was a fine piece of character acting. He formed his get-up on the lines of the well known illustrations of the story by Hablot K. Browne. To see him in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, perched on the top of an old fashioned high backed chair, his legs curled round the back, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, and snarling at the boy and Lawyer Brass "Smoke, you dogs, smoke," was to see a picture that memory will retain always. "Nicholas Nickleby" was also produced at the Adelphi, Clark making as good a Squeers as he did Quilp, and Terrier, who has since been leading man for Henry Irving for many seasons, was in the title role.

My letter is not too long I will add a short account of a piece of unintentional realism I witnessed at the production of *Michael Strogoff* at the same theatre. Charlie Warner (a personal friend of mine) was in the title roll, and James Fernandez, one of the best actors that ever trod the boards, was Ivan. The late Henry J. Byron, the celebrated play writer, author of *Our Boys*, etc., was the English correspondent. Little Irish took the part of the French correspondent, and Lydia Foote the heroine. The play was staged in a very lavish manner, the costumes being correct Russian, Cossack, etc. Ogarin had a very large knife of a peculiar Russian manufacture, and in the last act during the struggle with Strogoff he drew this knife, and in the attempt to capture it he accidentally slashed Strogoff across the inside of the first three fingers of the right hand. Of course Fernandez was horrified at what he had done and was about to stop when Warner, with great

pluck, though the blood was flowing very freely (indeed so freely that it could be plainly seen by the audience), said, "Go on, Jimmy, you fool, I'm all right," and so the struggle was continued to the end. At the entrance of Lydia Foote she very prettily and naturally went up to Strogoff and bound her handkerchief tightly round his wrist and partially stopped the flow of blood. The play was continued to the end, but as the curtain fell we in the stalls saw Warner fall and it took some hours to restore him to consciousness. The realism of the blood flying about during the struggle of the two men was something terrible to see. As a consequence Charlie Warner nearly lost his hand, but after good care and clever doctoring, came out of it with nothing worse than a first finger that he will never bend again, the tendons having been entirely severed. I may be able to recall some other little incidents I have witnessed if my present letter is acceptable to your readers, and I have not encroached on your space too much.

COCKNEY.

What a Layman Says.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: While I am not one of the theologians on whom "Myself" calls for information as to whether the initial "S" in St. John viii. 35, should be capitalized or not, I may be allowed to say a word on the subject. The passage reads:

35. And the bondservant abideth not in the house for ever: the son abideth for ever.
36. If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

It seems to me that the committee of revisors intended the word "son" in v. 35, to be taken in the human sense, as the antithesis of bondservant, thus giving a greater force to v. 36, where it is used in the divine sense. In the majority of the editions of the King James version, including those from the University Press, Oxford, those under the authority of the American bible society, as well as those issued by various private concerns, the "s" in v. 35 is capitalized. So it is in the Douay version. The only exception I have seen, apart from the revised version, is in a large annotated edition of the New Testament, Thomas Scott, and published 50 years before the revised version was issued. Scott, however, has this to say in respect to the passage:

"If, instead of being so entirely the slaves of sin, they had more exactly obeyed God according to the letter of the law, depending on it, and rejecting his salvation; they could not on that account, in the family for ever, as children and heirs; nay, they must at length be excluded, like Ishmael, who was the son of Abraham by a bond woman."
"But the Son of God, who was also eminently the 'Seed of Abraham,' abideth for ever in the family as heir: if then he, as Son and heir, make them free by his power and his grace, according to the will of his Father they would be free forever."
LYRIK.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "ASTRA," Progress, St. John.]

The girls have kept "ASTRA" busy these last few weeks, so much so in fact as to make her usual space unequal to requirements, and a number of answers have necessarily been held over from week to week. This is as unpleasant to "ASTRA" as it is to the girls who want to have their questions answered promptly, and PROGRESS has decided to give all the answers up to date by publishing what could not be got in the regular space on this page for this week only.

ALMOND, St. John.—Under the circumstances there is no harm in going for a drive with the young man, but still I cannot help thinking that the less girls go out driving alone with young men who are not very old and intimate friends, the better. I am so very sorry that you will not get this until a week after Halloween, and so too late for any charms to be useful to you. You know it is impossible to answer any letters which do not reach the office on the Friday of the week before they are to appear. I never heard that eating peppers would give one red cheeks, and I should think it would be a very bad practice to indulge in. Your writing will be very good if you practice. I will try and think up a number of charms in good time for next Halloween, as they would be useless to you now.

KATHLEEN.—I remember you very well my dear and I am glad to know that you have not forgotten me, and still take the same interest in our "Talks." I must tell Lockie that you take an interest in them. I am sure he will be pleased. I never saw him myself, so I have not the least idea what he is like, but I think he is a good boy, for he takes care of his mother. I am more pleased than I can tell you to know that my advice last winter was of use to you. My dear child, if you are wise today, you need never regret the lesson. I am sorry to say I do not know where you could apply for a situation of the kind. I really think the only way would be to advertise. I know that lawyers very frequently employ copyists. The work only requires neatness and a reasonable amount of quickness in writing, as it consists largely in copying deeds, and it is paid for at so much a folio. Do you know anyone in a lawyer's office might help you to obtain some work of the kind? I scarcely know enough of the St. John people to say that I have found them very kind. The words *vive cole* are Latin and mean: "Farewell, and be happy." I don't know whether to give you leave to Lockie or not, but I will keep what you send me and say "Thank you." You did not ask too many questions.

NINETEEN, Moncton.—No, my dear, I have not a poor idea of "us girls" at all, because if there were none of us ever at all, silly, and had no trifling little questions to ask, where would be the use of Astra? Her occupation would be to go and be gone, and I would rather the girls asked me silly questions any day, than too deep ones, for the former are so much easier to answer. My child, do you know that the habit you describe is a very masculine one? A young boy is a thoroughly masculine trait of character, and you will have to get over it if you wish to be happy. You will always be in hot water if you keep it up, and by-and-by you will find that you have frittered your heart all away and have none left worth offering the prince when he comes along. Read the answer to "Venus" last week if you want my opinion of what true love is, and I think

you will know it when it comes. If you marry a man you sincerely love there is no fear of your ever falling in love with anyone else after you are married; you will measure every one by his standard and find them all wanting. I am glad you think me good natured, and I think I am enough of a girl still to sympathize with all the girls in their troubles. Between ourselves, I never get tired of compliments. I am too Irish not to be fond of blarney.

A CHARLOTTETOWN FRIEND.—I scarcely know how to answer you, my child. It is always a mistake to accept the escort of any young man whom you do not know, but still the circumstances you mention were very exceptional, and if you knew who he was and that he was respectable, even though you had not been introduced I hardly see how you could have declined his courtesy without hurting his feelings, and seeming ungracious. If, however, he was an utter stranger of whom you had never even heard, you should have declined his escort politely, and gone your way alone. Having accepted his kindness I think it would be most ungrateful for you to refuse to recognize him on the street, but unless he takes an opportunity of being properly introduced to you, which he could surely manage, I would not accept any further attentions from him at all. He will think none the less of you for being a little reserved. Yes, I know it is hard for a girl to know always just what is right for her to do.

ASTRA.

The Superior Sex.

Mrs. Harbled is looking over the morning papers while her husband examines his morning mail.
Mr. Harbled—"Oh, get, bargains, bargains! All that you women think about is getting something for nothing." Now men know better than—Great Scott!
Mrs. H.—"What's the matter, dear?"
Mr. H.—"Here's another assessment from the order of the Sons of Darkness. This will make \$114 that each one of those \$100 benefits has cost me."

GRAND FALLS.

Nov. 4.—Much sympathy is felt for Dr. and Mrs. Wade in the loss of Ethel, their only daughter, whose death took place on Tuesday of Diphtheria. Her bright little face will be sadly missed by her schoolmates and many friends in Grand Falls.
Mrs. John Taylor, who has been very ill for the past month, is now much better.
Mr. W. Fred Kerton has returned home from his trip to Boston and Quebec.
Miss Lizzie Porter of Houlton, Me., is visiting her friend, Miss Celia West.
The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Armstrong will learn with regret of their intended departure from among us in the near future. Good wishes for success and happiness from hosts of friends will follow them.
Miss Ethel Estabrook of Woodstock, the past month returns to her home to-day. Miss Estabrook has made many friends in Grand Falls who will be pleased to welcome her back at any time.
Miss Jennie Barnes, of Easton, Me., spent a few days with her sister Mrs. Henderson last week.
Miss Fannie Barnes, who has been the guest of Mrs. Henderson the past five months, accompanied Miss Jennie Barnes home last Friday.
Mrs. Armstrong gave a very pleasant party last week in honor of her cousin, Miss Lillie Lawlor of Fredericton. Dancing and cards were the amusement of the evening.
Miss Nellie Estey entertained a number of her young friends at a five o'clock tea last Tuesday.

BUCTOUCHE.

Nov. 4.—Mr. Isaac Trenholm treated his gentleman friends to a goose supper last Friday evening. Among the strangers registered at the Bay View this week were Mr. Fred Peton, Montreal; Mr. DeHurdle, Montreal; Mr. E. E. Ross, Quebec; Mr. James Irving, Shediac; Mr. J. D. Philney, M. P. P., Richibucto; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peters and child from Moncton; Mr. Ed. Giguere, Moncton; Mr. D. B. MacDonald, St. John; Mr. J. M. Robertson, St. John; Mr. White, Chatham.
Dr. H. G. LeBlanc has returned from his visit to his home in Digby.
Miss Maggie Irving, from Kingston, has been spending a few days with Miss Lizzie Irving this week.
There was a juvenile party at the residence of Mr. B. H. Foley on Tuesday in honor of his grandson, Charles Robertson's birthday.
Miss Mary Wallace and Miss Kathleen McCulloch have returned from a very pleasant visit to New Scotland.
The Misses Douglas have returned from their visit to Dr. Cruise in Moncton.
Miss Martha Powell spent a few days here on her return from St. John before going to her home in Richibucto.
Mr. W. D. Johnston has returned from a trip to P. E. Island.
A very pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. B. H. Foley on Wednesday evening.

PICTOU, N. S.

Nov. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Munro, of Pictou, returned home last week.
Mrs. Robson, of New Glasgow, and Miss Robertson, of Hopewell were in town last Thursday.
Mr. A. MacRae, of Pictou, spent two or three days in Halifax last week.
Mr. D. Pottinger, superintendent of the I. C. R., was in Pictou last week.
Miss Carmichael returned home last Thursday.
Mr. J. G. Rutherford, of Stellarton, was in town last Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McLeeman, of Truro, spent two or three days in Pictou last week.
Miss Martha Powell spent a few days here on her return from St. John before going to her home in Richibucto.
Mr. W. D. Johnston has returned from a trip to P. E. Island.
A very pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. B. H. Foley on Wednesday evening.

ANDOVER.

Nov. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tibbitts returned last week, and will begin housekeeping again in their old home.
Mr. Wm. Geary, of London, Ont., spent Thursday here.
Mr. S. Shea, of Woodstock, paid a flying visit last week.
Mr. J. Allan Perley spent a few days in Woodstock last week.
Mrs. Wm. MacLachlan and little daughter have returned to St. John.
Mr. C. LeBlanc, of Pictou, who has been on the Aroostook Valley survey during the summer, returned home on Saturday to spend a few days.
Mr. S. P. Waite expects to move into his new residence this month.
Mr. T. J. Carter and wife are boarding at Mr. James Stratton's.
Mrs. Fickett, of Oak Point, who has been visiting her daughter, M. S. DeWelling, returned home to-day.
Amusements have been very scarce this fall, but I hear rumors of one or two parties in the near future which I hope will prove true.
Mr. Harry Smith, of Woodstock, spent a few days here last week, the guest of Mr. Mills.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

Nov. 4.—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Oty on the birth of a daughter.
Miss Mackay spent Sunday in Hampton.
Rev. W. Macdonald has had a call to St. Paul's church, Fredericton, which he has accepted.
Mrs. and Miss Wedderburn went to St. John on Saturday.
Miss Daisy Vail, who has been staying with Mrs. Oty for the past week, has returned to her home in Sussex.
Mr. Walter Flewelling has, for the past week, been quite ill with fever, but we are glad to hear that he is much better.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Steno's Reward.

The stenographer sits in his seat sedate,
Through all the fuss and fury
Of the learned Judge and the learned Fudge,
Addressing the Judge and jury.

Amid all the fuss and all the muss,
Not a shak's showed nor shiver,
But his fingers flew as his feet curlew
O'er the ocean blue—or river.

With a hook, a line, a crook so fine,
A dash, a dot, a dagger,
A tick for Judge, a flick for Fudge,
And the Judge—an inky stagger!

Like wild sea birds the winged words
Went skimming o'er the pages,
Till there came an end of "learned friend,"
And other learned sages.

Then, the learned Fudge and the learned Mudge,
Having each unlearned his fellow,
The learned Court he quaffed a quart
Of water and 'gan to below.

At first his law had not a flaw,
His logic was so replendent,
He drew the line so fair and fine
'Twixt plaintiff and defendant.

But soon his words came forth in herds,
Contending and conflicting,
And his legal germs were couched in terms
That baffled all depicting.

He spoke of Fudge as being Mudge,
Of plaintiff as defendant:
His nouns and verbs were scraggy herbs,
Nor bud nor blossom pendant.

Yet still still flow Steno's quill,
In circles comprehensive;
The Judge he roared, the Jury moored,
And Fudge and Mudge grew penive.

If you should find your honest mind
The plaintiff is inclined to,
Then bear in mind you ought to find
Whatever you're a mind to.

On 't'other hand if you should land
Where Mudge appears to end you,
Your duty's then, my honest men,
To do what you intend to.

But bear in mind that you can find
The first court or the second,
Or if inclined you will may find
The third court should be reckoned.

At this a groan occurred, or moan—
And then a moment's stillness—
Some thought that Fudge and some that Mudge
Was seized with mortal illness.

None thought of him, whose eye was dim,
Nor of his health, poor beggar,
With his tick for Mudge and his flick for Fudge,
And the Judge—an inky stagger!

The Stenographer yet in his seat is set,
But his soul has gone to glory,
Where robed in light he helps to write
The record angel's story.

With a hook, a line, a crook so fine,
A dash, a dot, a dagger,
A tick for Judge, and a flick for Fudge,
And the Judge—an inky stagger!

—BILDAD.

My Reason.

You ask me why I walk so much alone,
These golden-brown October afternoons—
Ah, could you see but once the dull-plowed fields,
And walk for miles and miles through tall
Dead ferns, and under falling autumn leaves,
And o'er the hard half-frozen roads, then you
Would know why I prefer God's country to
Man's town.

The silent, slowly setting sun
Between the steel-grey clouds and dim-green line
That stretches all around me, and the one
Small star climbing the southern sky—to look
On these and then on all the low waste
Of bog that seems to start just at my feet
To mock away like faith—cannot but make
The distance less between my soul and me.
And then, some day, turning away from this,
I know that I shall see the fair ideal
That I have sought since time first was—shall see
Her leaning o'er the sunset, and her face
And golden hair a blur of heaven against
The low dark farm house just behind, within
Her hands my favorite book, and in her eyes
A life-long search for me. Then, she, my love
Of many ages past—the poet's words
Yet burning in her breast—shall say to me
Still half in doubt, "Thy love shall hold me fast
Until the little minute's sleep is past
And I wake saved."

Then I awake at last.

D. K. E.

Two of a number of verses written on the death of
Miss Armour by Sara H. McKee:
For thou, who hast been so useful,
The journey through life is o'er;
Sickness, sorrow, pain and death
Can ne'er disturb thee more.

She is waiting for us, in that city
Whose streets are all golden and broad,
The city prepared for the faithful,
Whose builder and maker is God.

NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

A L'Opera.

Il a fait un grand plaisir pour ceux qui ont assisté
à la représentation du "Black House" de Dickens
cette semaine, de voir sur la scène les personnages
de ce roman si bien aimé de tout le monde anglais.
Ceux qui n'avaient pas eu le temps de parcourir
le livre avant de se rendre au théâtre ont trouvé bien
désolé, et occasion de dire que le développement de
l'intrigue, et pendant quelques moments la grande
question était qui a vraiment tué Tullingham—Lady
Dellock ou sa femme de chambre? Mais la diffi-
culté était bien résolue lorsque l'agent de police a
mis les menottes aux poignets d'Hortense—ce per-
sonnage dont le rôle a été si bien joué.
On ne sait pas bien dans lequel des deux rôles qu'a
joués Mlle. Combe elle a le mieux réussi quant à
Hortense on ne trouve rien à dire elle était si effec-
tivement la femme vindicative que nous aimons à
considérer comme appartenant aux races Latines et
non pas à la nôtre, et en outre il n'y avait pas de
trace en elle de Lady Dellock, l'auteur rôle de Mlle.
Combe.
Si l'on pouvait critiquer le rôle de Lady Dellock
on dirait qu'un commencement de la pièce il y avait
quelque chose qui manquait; on ne s'est pas trouvé
de suite en sympathie avec elle; il y avait trop de
froideur, pas assez de je ne sais quoi pour capter
l'attention du spectateur sur l'état mental de cette
dame. Pour le reste il y a rien à critiquer, les
scènes entre Lady Dellock et sa fille étaient char-
mantes et la fin n'était que trop triste.
Le jeune homme portant le nom de Guppy était
toujours amusant surtout pendant la scène de la
déclaration, et même le moment qu'il est trouvé
tellement humilié, et cela en présence d'Aschley.
Il y avait des choses qui manquaient; on était, par
exemple, le clac de Krook, qui a joué un si fameux
rôle dans le destin de ce drôle personnage dont
le manège de qu'il a joué le monde était si domi-
nant.
Mais tout étant dit, il reste toujours le souvenir
d'une soirée bien agréablement passée et l'on ne
demanderait pas mieux que de pouvoir souvent
assister aux représentations de ces œuvres de
nos maîtres auteurs. Il n'y a rien de plus
agréable que de voir de tels spectacles, on semble
faire la connaissance des personnes qui ont accom-
pliment existé on plait on reçoit des idées qu'on avait
peu de vue pendant des années. Les œuvres de
qui l'histoire est si intéressante de la lecture de Dickens
ont tant à fait à faire que ces personnages
avaient existé.
Voilà un but légitime pour le théâtre celui de
familiariser le public avec les personnages célèbres
de l'histoire. On de cette manière il deviendrait
un grand moyen d'instruction populaire, aussi que
le source d'un amusement élevé.

URS ELVER.

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