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PARISH NOTES.

Vol. I.

AUGUST, 1891.

No. 7.

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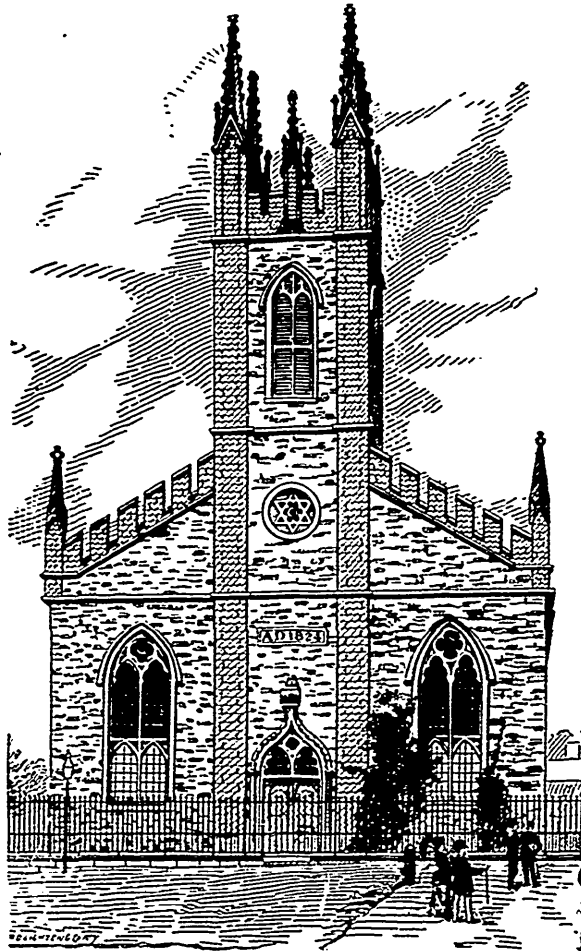
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SERVICES IN THE CHURCH:

Sunday.—Morning Service at 11; Evening Service at 7.

Wednesday.—Evening Service according to notice.

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Applications for pews to be made to the Vestry Clerk, F. O. ALLISON, at the Shipping Office, City. The Ushers will show strangers to vacant seats.

PARISH NOTES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 1, 1891.

PARISH NOTES.

THE meeting of the Synod and Diocesan Church Society, our annual Picnic, and the performance of the Oratorio Society in our church, are the events of the past month demanding their record in our columns. The response to the rector's circular was most encouraging, and he was enabled to announce that the full sum of \$500 for the General Purposes Fund, at which our parish had been assessed by the Board of Home Missions, had been subscribed, in addition to the sum of \$100 for the "Incapacitated Clergy Fund," and nearly \$50 for the "Widows and Orphans' Fund." It is right to admit that certain extraneous helps enabled us to attain these most satisfactory figures, among which donations of \$50 and \$40 respectively by Mr. F. Scovil and Mr. Fellows must be mentioned. However, it is a great encouragement for next year, when we trust that the old "Stone Church" will not fall behind this position.

THE meeting of the Synod may be described as quiet and uneventful. The great question of amalgamation, it was understood, would not be pressed; and our own local committee had passed a resolution of non-commitment, reserving action for a later date. It will be well for members of our congregation to make themselves acquainted with the conditions which, sooner or later, will have to be dealt with, so that, before the meeting of the next Synod, or when the time for decided action has come, our delegates may bear with them the united voice of our community. The debates turned mainly on business questions, and were singularly free from any personal character. Indeed, a captious critic might have been inclined to ascribe some measure of dullness to them, but for a redeeming incident on the Wednesday night, when Mr. Raymond, followed by Canon Brigstocke, in a very effective speech, spoke of the urgent need of bringing men into the diocese and especially of inducing the denizens of this province to offer their sons for the ministry of the Gospel. The annual sermon was preached by Mr. Raymond, a distinction which our congregation will appreciate. It is no light ordeal to speak at once *ad Verbum* and

ad populum; but the Rector of St. Mary's, in a brief but remarkably able discourse, very signally justified his selection. When the large body of clergy returned to the vestry, they were addressed by the venerable Metropolitan in a few touching words, which will not readily be forgotten by those privileged to hear them.

THE annual Picnic of the Sunday School will be found described in another column by those representatives of the Y. M. A. who had the sole responsibility of management, and who therefore merit the entire credit of success. But one who was present only as a spectator may be allowed to supplement by a few remarks what the modesty of his younger colleagues may leave unsaid. First, it may be stated without fear of contradiction, that the affair was a great success, and in spite of one *contretemps*, unforeseen and unpreventable, which delayed the arrival of a considerable portion of the materials of amusement and commissariat. The loss of the cricketing implements deprived spectators of what has been a popular feature of the last three picnics, a match between eleven Seniors and fifteen Juniors. But with this exception, all other shortcomings were cheerfully accepted. 'Fine weather is nine points for a picnic,' it was observed by one who was there; and given fine weather, Lepreaux cannot be surpassed as a place for this purpose. An excellent ground, with all needful appliances, beautiful scenery, a journey not too long, and robbed now, we are thankful to say, of the terrors for which the Shore Line were once famous,—even those who hesitated at the selection for a time, were converted at last. We are sure that those members of the Y. M. A. to whose incessant labour the success of the undertaking was mainly due, (we leave to them the pleasant task of acknowledging the help they received from our ladies) made notes of one or two points where, next year, some little amendment is possible.

Firstly, they will doubtless invent some new methods of amusement for the girls, whose share in the prize list was disproportionately small. The flower prizes given by Mrs. deSoyres and Mrs. Keator, excited so considerable a competition that the judges (Mrs. T. Adams, Mrs. Manning and Miss Hunt) needed long confabulation, before arriving at a decision, and many beautiful *bouquets* remained unrewarded. The archery contest suffered from the lack of practice on the part of the competitors, though no victory was better deserved nor more popular among her companions than that of Miss Annie Murray. Races, except for little girls, did not seem popular, nor is this to be wondered at. Might we suggest that prizes might be offered for such objects as—1, a sketch taken on the spot; 2, a geological collection, concerning which latter competition, we boast an excellent judge in our superintendent, Mr. Wilson. The other remark of a critical nature will be forgiven by those whom it concerns,—the boys of our Sunday School. It seemed to many spectators that there was a lack of animation in many of the competitions, few seeming to enter except with the certainty or probability of a prize. This robbed the contests of great part of their interest, and was a poor return to the Committee for their zeal in arranging so attractive a prize list. We doubt not that

this matter will be fully considered before the next picnic, and that some expedient will be adopted to check what is, to use the mildest phrase, an unchivalrous spirit among those who should enjoy every opportunity for athletic distinction quite apart from any material reward. Having frankly spoken out on this point, it is pleasant to be able to add that some of the athletic performances were excellent, especially among the seniors, those of Gerow, H. Sancton, and of juniors, Payne, Berton, and W. Hare. The champion cup was deservedly carried off by Gerow, who worthily rivalled the feats of E. Ruel and J. McKean, his predecessors in that distinction.

ANOTHER event of the past month was the performance of the Oratorio Society in our Church, concerning which a few words of explanation are needful. Some months ago, while our present Sunday School was in course of construction, the request was made to the Vestry to grant the use of the Church for this purpose. It was replied that, owing to the temporary lack of any rooms other than the church, the request could not *then* be granted. When the renewed appeal reached the churchwardens recently, it was felt that it would be impossible to refuse with any courtesy, under the present circumstances. When the special nature and object of the performance were subsequently understood, although some reasonable objection was felt, it was yet deemed inadvisable to withdraw a sanction already formally given.

The performance of the Sacred Cantata, if not up to the highest mark of the Society, was exceeding creditable; the music itself being thoroughly ecclesiastical and devotional in tone and character. Of the "selections" it is only necessary to say that the organ solo was entirely unfitted for performance on such an occasion, and its insertion was a complete mistake, for which Mr. Wilson, who played at short notice on a strange instrument, must not be held responsible.

ACROSS THE CARPATHIANS.

The editors have decided that the present is to be a "holiday number," and they have commanded their contributors to keep this important fact in mind. In obedience to this injunction the present writer puts aside those recollections of London clerical days, the penning of which was doubtless of more interest to himself than to the reader, and turns to an earlier page of reminiscence, when a long vacation tour led him over some tracts of country little known even in these days of ubiquitous travel. From Cambridge to Vienna the way was comparatively well-known, but the Imperial City lies sufficiently beyond the orbit of colonial travellers to merit a passing word of description. Vienna was at that time (1871) passing into the modern stage of her existence, and it was only possible to trace the fading outlines of the old city, once surrounded by those strong fortifications against which the invading Turk had hurled himself until the rescue of Sobieski arrived. The ancient city in Europe was always fortified, and at a wide radius came the suburbs, separated by moat and walls from the central portion. These had all disappeared in Vienna, the ditches filled up, the

glacis built over, and forming the site of the new Kingstrasse, perhaps the most magnificent street in the world. The suburbs, once isolated villages, had amalgamated, and their original names were preserved only as municipal divisions. A memory of twenty years past does not recall more than the more vivid features, chief among which is the recollection of the splendid military bands, and Johann Strauss's orchestra in the Horticultural gardens, the military swimming bath in the Danube, so perfectly appointed, and such a supreme luxury in those broiling summer days; the University library (not so fully appreciated then as possibly later), and above all the merry humanity of the city, always mercurial and happy, the Viennese dialect itself so racy and characteristic, that it deserves to be a language of itself.

But I was eastward bound, and in due course took steamboat down the Danube towards the capital of Hungary. Not yet attaining its later width and volume, the river was nevertheless at this point a stately stream. Soon we passed the famous island of Lobau, scene of a crisis in Napoleon's history. It turned upon a narrow issue whether victory or defeat should be his, and defeat, in such a situation meant destruction. But the Archduke Charles, fortunately for the French army, was a general of the older school, methodical above all things, one who would have thought victory itself a blunder unless obtained *secundum artem*. Blucher, not to mention Wellington, would have done very differently; but the Austrian commander, after the barren honor of the undecided battle of Aspern, allowed the French to cross to the main-land, and then the fight at Wagram placed victory once more, though almost for the last time, on the side of the great conqueror.

Then at last the Hungarian frontier was reached; already around me on the steamboat the sounds of an unknown tongue had told me that I was beyond the limits where the languages learned at school could help me. The Hungarians, who but recently (1866) had obtained all their independence, made no allowances, or as little as possible for the ignorance of their language on the part of the western traveller. On the steamboat, indeed, notices in German as well as Magyar were affixed, but in the railways, at the smaller stations, a question in German frequently elicited a shake of the head and a voluble outflow of what seemed to be coagulated consonants. My readers, I trust, will draw no uncharitable conclusions if I mention that the only Magyar word I can now think of is "Bor," meaning *wine*. I learned it by seeing it very frequently over shop-doors in Pesh, and asking its meaning of a fellow traveller.

Presburg, the old city where kings of Hungary had been crowned for many centuries, came next in view, picturesquely situated on the left bank. More and more the musical Magyar predominated over German in the conversations around me on the steamboat deck. More and more the coloring assumed an Oriental type, and as the afternoon wore on, the scenery became bolder, and the windings of the river more romantic. I shall never forget the sudden appearance of the Cathedral of Gran, perched on the summit of a lofty hill, overlooking the Danube. Built upon the plan of St. Peter's

at Rome, the resemblance to the other cathedral framed on the same model (St. Paul's in London), was startling to a Londoner, and it seemed as if, by some strange mirage, the well-known outlines had been transferred from the river-side of the Thames to the Danube. And now the journey was drawing to an end, the lights of Pesth appeared in the distance, and soon we were safely established in the *Hotel Stadt London*, where a German landlord required no interpreter for our needs.

The city of Pesth, commonly called Buda-Pesth, is certainly one of the most beautiful towns in the world. Divided by the broad Danube from the town of Buda opposite, with the old castle placed upon the Blocksberg hill, the river is spanned by a bridge which was once considered a great feat of engineering, and which it was agreeable to remember was the work of an Englishman, William Clark, in 1849. Since my visit, another bridge has been constructed, at a cost of five millions of florins. Despite its undoubted antiquity of foundation, Pesth gives the impression of an entirely modern city. The principal streets, such as the Waitzener Gasse and Karlsring, are as brilliant as a Parisian *bulevard*, while the indescribable Oriental touch, in sight and sound, makes every aspect very different from scenes in the West, even amidst the modern accompaniments of tram-car and omnibus, the telegraph and the vociferous newsboy.

Three pleasant days were spent in Pesth, and a very strong temptation had to be overcome,—the longing to continue the voyage down the Danube and see Constantinople. But time and other reasons forbade, and the original route was continued. The railway took us eastward to Debreczin, where we had a glimpse, between two trains, of a Hungarian city without the improvements of civilization. A gigantic village would be the best description, most of the houses having large gardens attached. If my readers can imagine Fredericton *minus* its air of comfort and neatness, magnified by ten in extent, the streets filled with strangely clad Magyars, Slowacks, Wallachs, Gypsies, and all the multitudinous types of this region; instead of the sober coaches driving to the hotels, imagine Hungarian gentry driving in a style which would have terrified Jehu himself, and droves of long-horned cattle surging down the streets, all amid a cloud of never-failing dust,—there is some faint notion of Debreczin, as we saw it that summer's day.

Once more onward in the train, till a halt is made at a small station. Here, as we had avoided the crowded dining-room at Debreczin, we welcomed the fruit-sellers on the platform. What would my readers say to vast clusters of grapes, large as the finest of black Hamburgs, for two or three cents, huge melons at the same price, plums and nectarines almost for the asking and taking. Soon we were amply provided for the rest of the journey, and were feasting, when a crowd appeared on the platform, and evidently something had happened. The railway guard passing was appealed to, and in somewhat broken German informed us that a famous cattle-robber had at last been taken, and the captors were themselves bringing him to the capital of the province to receive the reward set upon him. This was de-

lightfully mediæval, and we gazed curiously at the gesticulating mob and caught a glimpse of the chief culprit, with hands tied behind him, unceremoniously pushed along by the amateur police, themselves at least as fierce-looking as himself. To our horror, they approached our compartment, from which we beat a hurried retreat, for the fragrance of the Hungarian peasant is that of "forget-me-not," in every sense.

At last, late in the evening, we reach the terminus of the Kaschau, where we must continue the journey in the *Stellwagen*. I can recollect a hurried meal in a *café*, where amid the clouds of tobacco smoke, for the Magyar yields not even to the Dutchmen as an indefatigable smoker, one saw strange figures, and listened to the weird strains of the Gipsy orchestra, where the first violin plays from his own memory some popular air, and his companions supply the harmony with wonderful skill, seeing that the time is *prestissimo* throughout. Those who know Brahms' 'Hungarian Dances' with the extraordinary changes of *tempo*, will have a very good idea of this music, which lingers long in the memory. Thence came a long journey in the coach—such weary turning and stretching in the vain effort of sleep. There were dream-like halts, when the mail was received at spectral villages, silent in the moonlight, and then off went the four horses, always at a gallop. Next morning showed us the mountains not far off, but the clear atmosphere was deceptive, and it was not until the afternoon that we began the ascent. Although books and geography described the Carpathians as mountains, at this point at least they hardly merited a loftier title than that of hills. Thickly wooded almost to the summits, varied in outline, no more beautiful scenery could be imagined, as we wound our way up the pass. Bartfeld, famous for its mineral springs, largely visited by the Magyar aristocracy, lay behind us. We changed horses towards evening at Komornik, the last village on the Hungarian side, and then we entered Galicia, itself a province of Austria, but once part of that luckless kingdom of Poland.

Our halting place for the night was Dukla, a small town mainly inhabited by Jews, who form the larger proportion of the town-population in most parts of Poland. Next morning we should have proceeded, but we determined to take a day's rest, and so bade farewell to the cheerful *conducteur*, as the 'guard' is called, and saw him disappear in a cloud of dust, on the road to Tarnow. Although so near the frontier, Dukla gave a very good notion of the present state of unhappy Poland, parted among her three conquerors. There were the prosperous Jews, so far as there is any prosperity here,—and it is when one sees the Hebrew monopoly of all business and active life in these eastern regions that we partly understand, though of course without excusing, the fierce dislike of Russians and Hungarians, so often displaying itself in violence. The Jew, with his invariable costume of shabby tall hat, carefully oiled curls, and long coat, almost reaching to the heels, was a curious contrast to the Galician peasant, with his sunburnt skin and sheepskin cloak, and broad features. Slav and Semite were not likely to amalgamate, here or elsewhere. There was another typical object, the abandoned castle and park of the Tarowski family, the once

splendid gardens overgrown with weeds, the fountains dried up and overgrown, quite a scene for a romance or ghost-story. The family history, so far as I could learn it, was the history of most of the Polish nobility: estates mortgaged to the Jews, the present representatives unknown in the ancestral home. At any rate, no complaint seemed to be made of the Austrian authority, a paternal but excellent administration, which has recently proved its efficiency in the civilization of Bosnia, a few years ago as barbarous as Beluchistan.

But now, my space is exhausted, and the note book of memory must be shut up. We reached Tarnow the next day, and took train to Cracow, the ancient Polish capital, thence by Breslau to Berlin, and so homewards.

J. DES.

LINES

In memory of a Birthday Motto chosen by the late Rev. G. M. Armstrong, on his birthday, spent at Digby, N. S., July 24, 1875.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."
—Psa. 119: 54.

Still living and still hymning the statutes of his God!
But not as then—oft weary, as the pilgrim path he trod.
No longer needs he patience, since trials all are o'er,
And for him earth's mile stones vanish, "for time is now no more."
He sought to know his Saviour while dwelling here on earth,
And by the pilgrim spirit declared his heavenly birth.
The light of Life illumin'd the "earth-born clouds" around,
But now with Life Eternal we know his brow is crowned.
For us, who still are pilgrims, his birthday shall recall
How he strove to follow Jesus, how he bade us one and all
Choose God's statutes for our songs while here on earth we roam.
"Till we reach His House above—not as strangers—but," AT HOME.

J.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

It was with more than the ordinary degree of welcome that the fine morning of the 7th ult. was greeted by the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school as well as by many members of the Y. M. A. The cool westerly breeze which passed over the city on that morning was a sufficient warrant that for one day at least fog was out of the question, and that rain even in mild and light showers was an exceedingly doubtful visitant. All were promptly at the school preparatory to starting; and had it not been for a slight unforeseen and unavoidable accident to one of the baggage wagons, the result of which was that two of the party were unable to reach the grounds until the afternoon train, and that it was necessary to dispense with both tea and coffee at dinner, everything proceeded as favourably as could have been desired.

Situated as these grounds at Lepreaux are conveniently near the station, possessing considerably more than the average amount of smooth and level ground, thereby affording a splendid opportunity to engage in all manner of games and contests, it would have been extremely difficult, we think, to have found any better adapted than they. Beside, the attractions of the neighborhood are possessed of more than ordinary interest and are well worthy of notice in passing.

First, there is "the fort," a natural, conically-shaped mound some fifty feet high, situated between the railway and the river; one side sloping down to the very track, the other more abruptly extending to the muddy banks of the river, the apex not more than twelve feet in diameter and covered with a deal flooring, on which rested two cannon, the whole being surmounted by a flag-staff some thirty feet high, which undoubtedly when erected stood in a vertical position, but which is now so inclined as to strongly indicate that the prevailing wind in that neighborhood blows towards the interior. The cannon, which we were informed were brought there some time previous from St. George, were old and probably well proved servants, the monogram (G. R.) on the barrel, showing that they dated from the reign of George III. Like the guns of most forts of the present, their principal duty is from time to time to herald the arrival of a national holiday, but should occasion ever demand that they should be put to sterner use, from the summit of this hill immediately between the only two roads (the Lepreaux river and the Shore Line Railway) by which danger to the village or its inhabitants could be anticipated, they might indeed render timely and effectual service.

Then there are "the Falls," situated but a short distance from the fort, where the river in making a sudden bend in its course from south to west makes in two successive leaps a descent of between thirty and forty feet; in the neighborhood the banks on both sides of the river are exceedingly precipitous and rocky, adding materially to the beauty of the scene. While visiting the Falls by allowing the eye to leisurely survey the surrounding scenery, ample food for reflection presents itself. The ruins of a dam across the river above the fall, the ruins of a mill on the right bank immediately below, a subterranean waterway some six feet in depth extending some distance through the bank by which the surplus water was voided, further down the remains of a wharf, and here and there throughout the village cottages, which though not large were once the homes of happy and industrious villagers, now sadly left to take care of themselves and which are rapidly falling into decay. All these have a history of their own to relate, and they do so in language as plain and powerful as words. Half a century ago might here have been found a prosperous and populous village with its saw-mill, a water-power,—the force of the fall being utilized to drive the machinery, thus did Nature come to the assistance of man when this industry was in its infancy—running to its utmost capacity, while at the wharf might have been seen schooners, wood-boats and barges unloading their cargo of supplies for the mill, village, and lumber-camps, taking in their cargoes of lumber, or having loaded, lying quietly at anchor in the channel waiting the return of the tide to carry them again down the river. But as the supply of lumber in the district around Lepreaux became more and more limited, and was finally exhausted, so the village became less and less thrifty and stirring, the mill was finally closed and left to decay, and the Lepreaux of fifty years ago became the Lepreaux of to-day. Little then did its inhabitants think what was in store for it, nor would they have credited the state-

ment that such a decline were possible; but the experience of Lepreau was but the experience of many another of the earlier settlements of our province where lumbering was the principal if not the only industry.

It is said that above the Falls, Lepreaux river affords rare sport to the lover of the rod, and that "speckled beauties" of goodly size are frequently drawn from beneath its surface. On the veracity of this remark we make no comment; it suffices to say that if pursuing one's way along a river bank, at one time becoming mired in bogs and morasses, at another of clambering over granite or sandstone boulders, or of becoming entangled in a thicket of young cedars, alders and shrubs, constitutes "rare sport," then most assuredly Lepreau is a fisher's Elysium.

On the grounds the greater part of the day was occupied in disposing of the previously arranged programme of sports, many of which were heartily entered into and closely contested, while in others the number of entries was not over large, and they materially failed to excite the enthusiasm they might otherwise have done. We can hardly give credence to the intimation that any refrained from competing because, in witnessing their competitors, they had reason to believe their chances of obtaining a prize were but small; nor do we believe that the "professional" element has taken such hold upon our scholars as to restrain them from competing where no material reward was to be received. But we do know that there is a positive feeling of humiliation which invariably takes possession of an athlete when he discovers during a race that he is unable to maintain the pace of his comrades; and many of the more sensitive who perhaps know they cannot win, unless by accident, are unwilling to compete lest they should be compelled to experience these rather undesirable sensations. This we regret, and it is for us to combat, by whatever means we can, the false impression that any attending disgrace accompanies the position of last in a race. If a spirit of chivalrous rivalry would be developed among athletes to such an extent that each would eagerly enter the contest solely for the purpose of exhibiting and having recorded his athletic powers, and would do so neither expecting or hoping for reward other than the honor attending worthy effort extended in any direction, we would then witness an ideal athletic contest. Such a spirit it was—devoid of "professionalism,"—which prompted the ancient Greeks in preparing for their great Olympic, Pythian, or Isthmian games, when, before entering the contest, the contestants placed their hands on a bleeding victim and swore to use no fraud or guile in the contest; and where the prize consisted of either a garland of wild olive cut from the sacred tree which was "a shelter common to all men and a crown to noble deeds," a chaplet of parsley, or a wreath of pine leaves, and to attain which all men, including even kings and tyrants strove. It was of these men striving without reward in the cause of honor that Greek writers loved to write; they would with pride dilate upon the magnanimity of a race who for nothing but honor were content to struggle for a corruptible crown.

It is evident that in most of the athletic contests of modern

times more than honor is sought, the prize must be of material value, and in order that all contestants may possess equally good chances of obtaining it, resort is had to the rather ignoble method of "handicapping." The proclamation made of old by the heralds of the Olympic games, "let the runners put their feet to the line," would necessarily need to be transformed to meet the ideas of modern times, and would be heralded, "let the runners put their feet to *their lines*." While we unhesitatingly say we believe the system of handicapping, whereby a committee will before the contest arbitrarily decide upon the disadvantages under which the more active persons must compete, to be incorrect; yet so long as public sentiment in this respect remains as at present, it might be advisable for committee on sports to adopt the system on similar future occasions, and it would undoubtedly have the effect of augmenting the number of contestants.

[As each boy could obtain but *one* prize, the first prize in some of the contests went to the second or even the third name.]

The winners in the different events were as follows:—

100 Yards.—First class—1st, Gerow; 2d, H. Sancton. Second class—1st, Payne; 2d, Roach; 3d, Hare. Third class—1st, G. Sancton; 2d, Price; 3d, Wilson.

250 Yards.—First class—1st, Gerow; 2d, Sancton; 3d, Cleveland. Second class—1st, Payne; 2d, Roach; 3d, Hare. Third class—1st, Sancton; 2d, Price; 3d, A. Golding.

Three-Legged Race.—First Class—1st, Sancton and Gerow; 2d, Addy and Cleveland. Second class—1st, Berton and Waterbury; 2d, Payne and Roach. Third class—1st, Golding and Sancton; 2d, Short and Short.

Long Distance (substituted for Hurdle) Race.—First class—1st, Gerow; 2d, Roderick; 3d, Sancton. Second class—1st, Payne; 2d, Roach; 3d, H. Allison.

Bantam Race—1st, Seely; 2d, Berton; 3d, Frost.

V. M. A. Race.—1st, C. H. S. Knodell; 2d, H. C. Tilley.

Long Distance (handicap).—1st, Gerow; 2d, W. Hare; 3d, R. Price.

High Jump.—First class—1st, Gerow; 2d, Roderick; 3d, Sancton. Second class—1st, Payne; 2d, Berton; 3d, Allison.

Broad Jump.—First class—1st, Gerow; 2d, Roderick. Second class—1st, Payne; 2d, Roach; 3d, McGinley.

Throwing Ball. First class—1st, Waterbury; 2d Roderick; 3d, Gerow. Second class—1st, Swann. Third Class, 1st, Short; 2d, Emerson; 3d, Frost.

Strangers' Race—1st, R. Watters. Prize presented by J. G. Keator.

Champion Cup—presented by Rector for most marks gained in all contests—R. Gerow.

GIRLS' CONTESTS,

Walk—First Class—1st, Miss Payne; 2d, Miss Knodell; 3d, Miss Pheasant. Second class—1st, Miss Johnson; 2d, Miss Edmunds.

FLOWER PRIZES.

First (presented by Mrs. deSoyres)—Miss Addison.

Second and Third (presented by Mrs. Keator)—Miss B. Hunter and Miss L. Clift.

Archery—1st, Miss A. Murray; 2d, Miss E. Allison. Additional prizes to Miss R. Clift and Miss Knodell.

In our last issue mention was made of the new pulpit desk, for which, we stated, the church was indebted to the efforts of Mrs. Berryman. We have since been informed by Mrs. Berryman that in procuring the desk she was materially assisted by Miss Lawrence; she also expressed the wish that Miss Lawrence's services in this respect should in our next issue be duly recognized. This we most willingly do.

In spite of fine weather, and other elements of success, the Picnic has left a financial deficit of about \$25. This result will need careful consideration next year, both as to the choice of destination, the amount of prizes, and the general principles of management. A meeting of the Y. M. A. will be held on Monday, August 3rd, at 8 o'clock p. m., to consider how this deficit shall be covered.

ALL subscribers to PARISH NOTES who have not yet paid their subscription (50 c.) are requested to remit the amount to the business manager, Mr. A. O. SKINNER, King Street.

MR. JARVIS's article upon Church Law, and the promised account of the Riding Tour through the province, will appear, we hope, in our next issue.

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