

Sermon.

The Rev. Geo. H. Horne on the Crowned Christ

The Rev. George H. Horne preached Sunday morning in the Rushwick Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn on "The Crown of Christ." The texts were from Hebrews ii:9, "We see Jesus, crowned with glory and honor," and Revelation xix:12, "On his head were many crowns." Mr. Horne said in the course of his sermon:

In this scripture the crown and the cross are linked together; the one is the glory and consummation of the other. Jesus Christ fulfilled all the law's righteous demands, and by his death he magnified and made it honorable. All its requirements received an obedient response in the death of the cross. Jesus is now placed before us crowned with glory and honor, and seated as an enthroned sin purger on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens. "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." Christ alone revealed the Father, being the eradicated brightness of his glory and an exact representation of his very being.

First—To Christ belongs the crown of creation. "Without him was not anything made that was made. He upholds all things by the word of His power." He wears the crown and wields the scepter of creation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handiwork." It shines from every ray of light that falls from the lofty heavens; it sparkles from the mountain tops that catch the beams of the rising sun; it spreads over the expanse of sea and speaks of nature's creator in the murmur of its restless waves; it encircles the earth in a zone of light and flings over it a mantle of beauty. The budding flower, the warbling birds, the rushing winds, the reverberating thunders, the heights and depths, all with united voices ascribe the sovereignty of the universe to the glorified Christ. "For he is before all things and by him all things consist."

Heaven is created for Him. His glorified humanity is its central object. The Lamb upon the throne is its illuminating sun. The planets and constellations that roll through the infinite of space shine in the reflected luster of His cross. The angels are His messengers, sent forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. "The glory and honor spoken of in this text are different from the glory of Hebrews i:3. That is the glory of His divinity, which He had from the Father before the worlds. This is the acquired glory of His humanity. This is the crown He received from the Father, who raised Him from among the dead ones and gave Him glory and sat Him at His own right hand far above all principalities, powers, dominions and powers, investing Him with a name which is above every name not only in this age, but in that which is to come—the first begotten from among the dead—himself one in the more than diamond splendor of a resurrection life.

Second—To Christ belongs the crown of life. Our earthly life is subject to His control. "Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth? His days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass." We can do but little to arrest the progress of age and decay, or to do all we desire. Whatever hope we cherish of a future life and immortality, of future joy, glory and perfection, is all through Jesus Christ, who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. "Only can redeem from the power of death and the corruption of the grave, and when the resurrection trump shall sound 'all that are in their graves shall come forth—'but every man in his own hand—they that are Christ's are His co-heirs." They that "sleep in Jesus" shall "awake in His likeness," and take up the heavenward march to glory, rejoicing in the hope that accompanies them to the realms of bliss. "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." This could not be unless Christ Himself suffered and died in order that the grave might lose its victory. It behooved Him, therefore, to die and to arise from the dead, to conquer, to be demonstrated by His resurrection and ascension into heaven that light is stronger than darkness, salvation than sin, life than death. "When he ascended on high he led captivity captive, having made principalities and powers; He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it," for "in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God."

Third—To Christ belongs the crown of redemption. "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of our sins." There are three expressions in the New Testament relative to us who believe "Without Christ," our former and condition. "In Christ," our present state by grace. "With Christ," our happy future destiny. Best of all, we are to be like Him—glorified together at His appearing. In the work of redemption our Lord stands alone, "by Himself He purged our sins and sat down on the right hand of the majesty on High." Redemption is completely finished, that Christ has entered into His rest. If we are like with Him by faith, our sins, which were many, are all forgiven. "He entered at once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption, and He now liveth to make intercession for all who come unto God by Him."

Fourth—We shall see Him as He is—The one altogether lovely, the fairest among ten thousands—clothed with light as with a garment, glorious in His apparel, having on His head many crowns, seated upon the throne of His glory, shining in the more than diamond splendor of a resurrection life, while angels, thrones, principalities, powers, dominions and powers ascribe honor unto Him, saying: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and

blessing." Surging to His ears be all the anthems, facing Him be all the throngs. "We shall witness the coronation of our Lord; Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory! In the great audience room of eternity will assemble the ransomed multitude from every man can number—the redeemed of the Lord—who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. As He shall appear, radiant in all His Father's glory," will go up to mouth: "Crown Him, Lord of all." And the Father, who, long before the morning stars sang together, promised the uttermost parts of the earth for His Son's inheritance, will place the diadem of glory upon the brow of our Redeemer by the crucifixion bramble, while "unto Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue proclaim Him Lord, and to the glory of God the Father." Then shall the Church of the living God, redeemed out of every nation under heaven, ring out her grand doxology: "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, and the Father, to Him be glory and dominion unto the age of the ages. Amen."

O, that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

THE ONLY INHABITED PLANET.

In Answering Critics A. R. Wallace Repeats Conclusions Which Scientists Contested.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Alfred Russel Wallace, whose treatise on man's place in nature and the assertion therein that the earth was the centre of the entire stellar system excited so much controversy among scientists in the early part of this year, replies to his critics in the current issue of the Independent. In this contribution he repeats his belief that the earth is the only inhabited planet.

Professor Wallace admits that in his former articles he had written somewhat hastily, and that he made "several suggestions and admissions which were of little importance to his general subject, but which laid him open to adverse criticism." He continues that the three more important criticisms of his work were:— "That I have given no proof that the stars are not infinite; that the sun's position shows that our present central position can only be temporary, and that there is no advantage whatever in a central position."

In reply to the first of these objections Prof. Wallace cites the authority of the most eminent astronomers and in support of the theory that the stellar universe is limited in extent. As to the sun's motion through space and the world's central relation thereto, more astronomical evidence is presented. "My chief astronomical critics," he says, "have misled their readers by setting before them the supposed motion of the sun as if it were certainly in a straight line and not in some orbit around a centre; and also as if both its direction and velocity were determined by methods of observation as secure as those by which the distances of the sun and of the nearest stars have been determined."

His first article, he adds, has led him into a much deeper study of the whole subject, and the conclusions he has reached are to be embodied in a forthcoming work. "The careful study of the whole subject during the preparation of the work," he says, "has greatly strengthened the position I took in my first article. In the portion devoted to the biology and physics of the earth and solar system especially I have found that all the astronomical adjustments and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions are required for the development and maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they should all be again found combined in any planet; while within the solar system this improbability approaches very near indeed to a certainty.

"In the astronomical portion of the volume also I have shown that a large body of facts due to recent researches have a direct bearing upon the question of there being other inhabited planets revolving around other suns. On this question, of course, there can be no direct evidence; but the facts that I adduce will, I think, satisfy those who are on the one side or the other that the combination of probabilities against such an occurrence is so great as to lead to the provisional conclusion that our earth is the only inhabited place in the stellar universe."

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POETRY.

LIFE.
On a bleak, bald hill with a dull world under,
The dreary world of the commonplace,
I have stood when the whole earth seemed a blunder
Of dotard Time—in an aimless race,
With worry about me, and want before me—
Yet, deep in my soul was a rapture-spring
That made me cry to the gray sky o'er me,
"Oh, I know this life is a goodly thing!"

I have given sweet years to a thankless duty,
While cold and starving, though clothed and fed
(For a young heart's hunger for joy and beauty
Is harder to bear than the need of bread).
I have watched the wane of a sodden season,
Which let hope wither, and made care thrive;
And through it all, without earthly reason,
I have thrilled with the glory of being alive.

And now I stand by great seas of splendor,
Where love and beauty feed heart and eye;
The brilliant light of the sun grows tender,
As it glimmers to the shore of the by-and-by.
I count each hour as a golden treasure,
A dead Time drops from a broken string—
And all my ways are the ways of pleasure,
And I know this life is a goodly thing.

And I know, too, that not in the seeing,
Or having, or doing, the things we would,
Lies that deep rapture that comes from being
At one with the purpose, which makes all good.
And not from pleasure the heart may borrow
That vast contentment for which we strive,
Unless through trouble, and want, and sorrow,
It has thrilled with the glory of being alive.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Smart Set.
LAY TO THE LAZY MAN.
When the breeze blows in my window,
Ah! it tells me many tales
Of wind-fleeced waves with caps of white
That here and there between the lilies
Dividing sea and sky,
Go bobbing lazily enough my heart to satisfy—
For I'm lazy, lazy, lazy.

When the breeze blows in my window
I have dreams of meadows sweet
Where the clover's ripe and ruddy
And the cows have lots to eat,
With them I chew the cud awhile—I
Could, I think, could you?—
For the reason ('tis most excellent)
I have nothing else to do—
And I'm lazy, lazy, lazy.

When the breeze blows through my window
In my mind's eye I can see
Myself a-sittin' fashin' with some bait
Upon my knee.
The scene's so very peaceful that it
Fills me with delight
And I rather think I would prefer to
Never have a bite—
For I'm lazy, lazy, lazy.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FACE TO FACE.
I said "Goodby" and drifted far away,
I wandered far, yet ever, day by day,
Your face I saw, whenever I did look,
In cloud and tree, and every shady nook.
The only song it seemed that I could
Sing, was the one that I had in my head.
Was "Only Thee!" It had the sweetest
Of rings.
I saw your dress all fringed with dainty lace,
I longed, my Sweet, to see you "Face to Face!"

I thought I kissed your eyes, so good and true,
I bent and kissed that dress of lovely blue,
I touched your mouth, that tastes like new made wine,
And your dear lips that cling so close to mine,
Your hair so soft, its perfume fills me yet;
Your lashes which the tears of love had wet;
Your face, your neck with all its swan-like grace;
And then I wished that we were "Face to Face!"
—JOHN DE WITT.

A POOL.
Since in Life's cast I claim a Jester's part,
Please God I play it well—with merry
Of mocking words and frippery . . .
nay, sin,
With bawling bells—and bursting heart within.
That men may smile, and smiling men may say,
"No rarer Pool blocks up the King's Highway."
My lines are learned, my gestures follow true—
And Pride the Prompter hath a ready cue.

In worn and motley garb alone I go,
My bread . . . a stone, My salt . . . the tears that flow
From pitying eyes that in my dreams I see
Like those of Him who wept on Calvary.
Yet all-pliant, with a sneer and song,
I swagger out before the jeering throng
Whose probing fingers itch to rack the wound
That . . . by God's grace, men's eyes have never found.

When at Thy feet, dear God of Love,
I kneel upon the Judgment Day,
May I be shorn of garments worn,
The bawling bells and colors gay,
With my heart's blood . . . ay?
Drop by drop,
The path is blazed I tread alone,
Stretch forth Thy hand and bid me stand—
A Fool no more . . . beside the Throne.
—Meribah Philbrick-Reed in The Reader.

AT BEATTAY'S ROCKS.

The Place and the People who Go There and Why they do.

One of these sunshiny afternoons, if you have a little leisure time and nothing particular to do with it, suppose you try spending a few hours at Beattay's Rocks, West End. It is only a short walk from the ferry, and a most amusing and interesting spot to visit, watching the kaleidoscopic scene, brilliant with color and not just the same for two minutes at time.

The place, itself, apart from the human interest centered in the crowds which daily find their way there, is by no means without its own attractions to lovers of natural scenery and of the sea. The shining stretch of sands, the blue waters of the bay, dancing and sparkling in the sunlight; the white sails of vessels going out or coming in, and of sailboats cruising up and down along the shore; the white downy clouds lying banked against the horizon; the blue line which on very clear days may be described, and which means Nova Scotia, and nearer, Red Head, with its cottages here and there making a dotting of white, its wealth of color—so many shades of green, ranging from the most vivid emerald to a sort of russet-brown with a greenish tinge. All these possess a charm of their own, but it must be confessed that much of the pleasure associated with the place is found in watching the people who come and go on the beach—and, no less in the water. Yes, the water, that's the place for the fun, but it is a question whether those who are splashing up and down in the surf, or those who are sitting comfortably on the beach in the role of on-lookers enjoy it the more. Of course, sea bathing is healthy—and fashionable—besides being refreshing on a hot afternoon, but then the bathers cannot know that they are furnishing amusement for the majority on the shore; that the bathing suite to be hired at the beach are not always as becoming to one's complexion as might be, and that the subject for myriads of kodaks, and their various graceful and striking poses are being snapped for future souvenirs, etc. So that while a dip in the briny has its consolations it has also drawbacks. Whereas, the non-bather, sitting high and dry on the sand or the rocks, may survey the show without any discomfort and armed with the omnipresent camera, secure many a strikingly beautiful snap-shot. Perhaps a few suggestions to suit the subject for myriads of kodaks, and their various graceful and striking poses are being snapped for future souvenirs, etc. So that while a dip in the briny has its consolations it has also drawbacks. Whereas, the non-bather, sitting high and dry on the sand or the rocks, may survey the show without any discomfort and armed with the omnipresent camera, secure many a strikingly beautiful snap-shot.

SLANDERING 1903.
"Wonderful" Events This Year, but the World Moves On.
(Chicago Tribune).

In 1903 an "annus mirabilis"? A correspondent of the New York Times insists that it is, and offers in proof of his statement unassailable weather every month, unprecedented drought, the bottom falling out of the stock market, the Serbian assassinations, the death of the pope and "the gloomy record of crimes of violence, lynchings, murders, suicides, to say nothing of the 'right to a fair trial' in which honor and capital are now engaged." In conclusion, the correspondent wonders whether the events of the "wonderful year" could have occurred in any year the digits composing which did not form the fateful number, "thirteen." If the matter depended upon the "fateful number thirteen" this correspondent might well set his mind at rest. The last year whose digits compose thirteen was 1840 and it was about the dullest, most uneventful year of the century. There was nothing "wonderful" about it. Queen Victoria got married, penny postage was introduced in England, President Harrison was elected, the Mormons founded Nauvoo, the opium war with China was brought to an end, and William I. of Holland abdicated. Nearly every other year in the nineteenth century was more an "annus mirabilis" than 1840. And 1840, the preceding "thirteen" year in the list, was not as wonderful as 1840.

But what is there especially "wonderful" about 1903 that should make this correspondent so pessimistic? Do we not have unseasonable weather every year? Supporting the bottom of the stock market has fallen out. Has there not been market activity in all lines of legitimate business? Have the mischances of speculation been reflected in the trade industry? Has the assassination in Serbia caused a ripple in the political or diplomatic world of Europe? The Roman pontiff is dead. He was old and he was mortal. Was not his death significant, however, in its revelation of sympathy? As to crime, it is no more rampant this year than it was last year, only certain unusual circumstances in certain unusual places have called special attention to it. In the long flight of time one year averages up very like another year. The "wonderful years" are extremely rare.

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