

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:13, "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 wears the scepter of creation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handiwork." He 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 praise 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 angels, thrones, principalities, mights, 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—shining out 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, yet we can do as much as a leaf. 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—every man in his own hand—they that are Christ's at His coming." 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 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 rise from the dead on the third day. He has 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 spoiled 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."

The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

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 one 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 thousand—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, mights, 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 thrones.

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 whom 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 the shout: "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 once scarred by the crucifixion thorn, while "unto Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue proclaim Him Lord, 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 ages of the ages. Amen."

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

EARTH—THE ONLY INHABITED PLANET.

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

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Alfred Russell 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 my general subject, but which laid me 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 motion through space 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 latest astronomical observations 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 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 cling 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 the earth is the only inhabited place in the stellar universe."

SHORTAGE OF HARVESTERS.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 28.—"The shortage in harvesting hands in the province this season will be the cause of considerable trouble to the farmers in getting in their crops," said Adam Black of Boissevain. "In our own district we are already short of men, and during the next week or ten days this shortage will become acute, and there will be some difficulty in getting in the crop. Some ten years ago two or three thousand men from the east were sufficient to get in the crops, but today it is an entirely different proposition. I think that it will be found that the number of men in the province available for the handling of the demand. For instance, take my own case. I require at least thirty men to properly get in my crop, and although I took the trouble to come into Winnipeg for the purpose of securing men, and although I had tried all the agencies in the city and have offered a price which is far in excess of that paid in any previous years, I have found it impossible to hire the number of men I require. I wanted thirty, and the best that I have been able to do up to the present is to engage eighteen."

Notwithstanding the number brought in there is still a big shortage, particularly in the northern, western and southwestern portions of Manitoba, where the crops are exceptionally heavy. There is also a very great demand for men along the Prince Albert and Edmonton branches. On account of the shortage of harvesters, farmers are offering \$50 per month, and even \$60 to experienced hands.

AT THE LONDON HOUSE

SATURDAY, SEPT. 5TH.

This Week Has Brought a Splendid Lot More New Fall Dress Materials.

New costume dresses.

The newest "shaggy" zibelines.

Plaid zibelines—the latest novelty—

these deep-toned subdued plaids in browns and green effects are coming strongly to the front in American fashions.

Two-toned or shot zibeline suitings are very attractive and warm looking for Fall suits—they come in greenish and blue effects.

RAINCLOTHS.

60 in. rainproof cloths for ladies' coats—new lot just in—best quality.

\$1.75 yd.

WASHABLE CASHMERE WOOL WAISTINGS.

Gros Romans—finest satin finish wool waistings that wash perfectly. Beautiful colorings.

"My Lady's Gloves."

New Kid Gloves in latest Fall colorings just to hand this week.

Considered particularly good value. All fine real French Kid Gloves.

Every pair guaranteed.

"Margulise"—Very dressy, fine Gloves with two large domes—very neat stitching, colors, modes, greys, fawns and deeper tones. \$1.35 pair.

"Donna"—Pique sewn, fine French Kid Glove, every pair guaranteed, in new fall "walking" shades. \$1.45 pair.

"Bon-Aime"—\$1.00 pair. The season's leader in Kid Gloves. Every pair guaranteed and come in shades like the best. Our special \$1.00 pair.

Beautiful Mercerized White Goods for Waists Or Babies' Dresses.

A Pure White Mercerized Gaden that makes the prettiest waists or children's dresses of any white goods we know.

It comes in small polka dots or tiny spray designs, and is just as silky as a Duchesse Satin before or after washing. Special 28c. yard.

REDUCTIONS IN WHITE-WEAR.

Gowns, corset covers and drawers—all good garments but slightly mused—bargain prices—50c. to \$2.00. Corset covers, 15c. to \$2.45. Drawers, 40c. to 75c.

SPECIALS IN ROLLER TOWELS.

Ready to use roller towels—a new line in the market. White roller towels, 2-3 yds., 18 in. wide, 30c. each. Turkish roller towels, 35c. each.

"R. & G."

Corsets

are the most popular Corsets in the United States today.

F. W. DANIEL & CO.,

London House, Charlotte St.

POETRY.

LIFE.

On a bleak, bald hill with a dull world underfoot,
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 beat 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 line
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 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-sit in a chair 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 "Goodbye" 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 "Only Thee!" It had the sweetest ring.
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 FOOL.

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 Fool 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-attendant 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 . . . say:
Drop by drop,
The path is blazed I trod 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 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—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 majority of bathers, 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 as to subjects for these pictures may not prove amiss to the amateur photographer.

The number of really lovely portraits is sometimes difficult of making. Not the least beautiful is the individual who is, to use the old German words, "Not fery big all de vay oop down, but pretty big all de vay round in de middle," and who is arrayed in a remarkably becoming costume of yellowish hue with bright blue stripes—horizontal stripes. Then

still another pretty picture is made by pointing the camera so that the water appears to run up hill, and the bathers to be standing on an inclined plane; or by taking a nice view of the sky, in which case the finished picture will be of a beautiful, pure white background, foreground and all, unblemished by any visible object.

The scene is ever changing, as the crowds come and go. A few of the bathers who have had enough of their sport leave the water and run, shivering and dripping, up the steps to the bathing houses, leaving the plank walk running with sea water and wet sand, which is a cause for rejoicing to the next lady who passes that way in a dainty light dress. At every trip of the ferry people are leaving the beach and their places being filled by new comers, who either settle themselves as comfortably as they can on the sand, or sharp, pointed rocks or the soft side of a board, or else, in the desire for invigorating and delightful exercise, attempt to promenade on the beach. But the sand is of such a character that one sinks into it somewhat, and progress is by no means as rapid, dignified or graceful as the heart might yearn after, so walking is not strictly popular at the Rocks. It may be noted, however, that if one is really anxious to obtain a good and abundant supply of sand from this vicinity an excellent way of doing so is by such a walk, for it is often surprising how much one's shoes will sometimes hold—that is, how much of sand, not of feet.

As the afternoon draws to a close, the number on the beach decreases, and only those remain who are making a picnic of their outing and will have supper on the sand. And, oh, the joys of such a meal! Of drinking, smoky coffee, of being constantly employed (between mouthfuls) in chasing away the hordes of little red ants from the provisions, which they seem determined to eat, and of dropping one's broad into the sand-butter side down, always—and so on ad infinitum. But it is to be observed that in spite of these little trifles it is usually a good appetite that is brought to these informal suppers, even though the simple fork does duty for baked beans and pie and perhaps the handle to stir one's coffee; that plates are not plentiful enough to go around and that saucers have to be utilized, while napkins are not at all fashionable.

Gradually the little groups break up, one by one the last crumb is eaten, it is getting dark, and the beach is deserted, except for a few stragglers, who stay to watch "the camera" come out, to listen to the music of the sea. The night settles over the beach, and the blackness is relieved only by the twinkling stars above, the red light of the beacon and the white flashes of the surf, and one forgets the sunny personalities and the lively scene of the afternoon.

SLANDERING 1903.

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

Is 1903 an "annus mirabilis"? A correspondent of the New York Times insists that it is, and offers in proof of his statement the following 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 capital and crime 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 mishaps of speculation been reflected in trade activity? Has the assassination in Serbia created 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 the unity of Christ's sentiment, 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 list of time one year averages up very like another year. The "wonderful years" are extremely rare.

STEAMBOAT SERVICE.

By Dominion Atlantic.

S. S. Prince Rupert leaves St. John every morning at 7.45 o'clock, arriving on Digby at 8 p. m.

By Eastern S. S. Co.

Steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lunenburg, Port of Spain, and Boston.

For Boston (direct) on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.

Leave St. John on Tuesdays at 10.00 a. m. for Grand Manan, Campbellton and Eastport. Returning, leave for St. John on Mondays at 7.30 a. m.

By New Brunswick Southern.

Express from St. Stephen . . . 7.10 p. m.

Express from St. John . . . 7.10 p. m.

Express from St. John . . . 7.10 p. m.

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Express from St. John . . . 7.10 p. m.

Water freezes every night of the year at Alto Cruero, in Bolivia.

while at noonday the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

Passenger service to and from St. John, in effect June 14th:

DEPARTURES.

By Canadian Pacific.

Express for Boston . . . 6.45 a. m.

Suburban . . . 9.25 a. m.

Express for Fredericton . . . 1.10 p. m.

Express for Fredericton . . . 5.05 p. m.

Express for Montreal . . . 6.40 p. m.

Express for Boston . . . 10.10 p. m.

Suburban . . . 10.50 p. m.

By Intercolonial.

Mixed for Montreal . . . 6.35 a. m.

Express for Halifax and Sydney . . . 7.50 a. m.

Express for Montreal, Point du Lac . . . 1.10 p. m.

Express for Montreal, Point du Lac . . . 5.00 a. m.

Express for Halifax and Pictou . . . 1.15 p. m.

Suburban . . . 1.15 p. m.

Express for Sussex . . . 1.15 p. m.

Suburban . . . 1.15 p. m.

Express for Quebec and Montreal . . . 7.40 p. m.

Suburban . . . 10.40 p. m.

Express for Halifax and Sydney . . . 11.25 p. m.

By New Brunswick Southern.

Express for St. Stephen . . . 7.50 a. m.

Express from St. John . . . 7.10 p. m.

Express from St. John . . . 7.10 p. m.

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