# POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

# THE TELEGRAPH'S PULPIT.

## The Assurance of the Harvest is in the Sowing and Nurturing-Sermon By Rev. B. N. Nobles for Telegraph Readers.

Gal. vi-9: "In due season you shall reap." Let me tell you by way of illustration some things I have read. Some years ago there lived among the London poor a crooked-featured, but good-natured applewoman. Her home consisted of a rickety tenement of two rooms. Privation, hunger and cold were her portion. In an ash box near her door, three little street waifs were accustomed to sleep. These called forth her sympathy. Her lot was hard, but theirs was harder, so she brought them to her humble apartments and dedicated her life unto them and their class. For over forty years God spared her while she wrought for the little castaways of London, sheltering and feeding, in all twenty of them, instructing them so far as she knew and helping them later to trades or some other honest employment. From this seed sown by the poor London applewoman have grown, so it is said, the orphanages and children's homes which bless England and all Christian lands. In due season the fruit of her devotion and self-sacrifice matured and is now being enjoyed by multitudes. Her reward while here was the gratitude of the be-friended, the joy of well-doing, the commendation of her Lord, "Well done good and faithful one enter into my delights," and withal the cul-ture of her soul. But what is she getting yonder? Let us not attempt to measure in words her heavenly rewards.

One day a mail coach stopped for an hour at Durham. Mary Ware was a passenger on her way home. While waiting at the hostelry she heard, so the story goes, of the terrible ravages fever was making in the homes of the poor in the suburbs of the town. In neighborly compassion she turned aside from her journey to minister to the fever-stricken and suffering people, and from this seed grew the great philanthropic and humanitarian movement which has given to the home lands the King's Daughters and trained nurses, and for the battle-fields the red cross help-Daughters and trained nurses, and for the battle-fields the red cross help-ers. In due season the harvest is appearing from plain Mary Ware's sowing. It was more than a century ago that a young Moravian mission-ary went to Jamaica to take the gospel to the slaves. But the slave own-ers would not permit his ministry. So he sold himself to be a slave, and along with those he would save he wrought under cruel masters and over-seers. At nights he gathered them together and poured into their ears the consolations of the gospel. After long years of toil he died at his post. And then came the sequel. The story in some way reached the ears of William Wilberforce. It stirred him to the centre of his being, set him to work in behalf of the slaves, which finally issued in their set him to work in behalf of the slaves, which finally issued in their emancipation. In due season the seed sown by the young Moravian missionary germinated, grew and brought forth its harvest. Then let not toilers for the amelioration of the condition of the un-

d ill-circumstanced faint or grow weary. In due season the

ter according to his sowing. But why should I multiply illustrations of NEW-BORN BABE character and attainment, good or evil being the fruit of one's doing. Let me rather insist upon the remembrance of the fact and carefulness in one's sowing. Would one be learned and intellectual? He shall not be unless he study. Would one be gifted and of moral worth? He cannot be if the laws of morality and attainment are not observed. Would one fill position of influence and trust? Then must the seed for such a harvest be sown and nurtured. Would one have the memory of himself in future generations be as the fragrance of the fragrance of the preciou cintment of Spikenard filled all the house where Jesus and his disciple were? Then must that one be careful and sow for such a harvest.

Begone the thought that blessing can flow from a life of cursing that no man can become skilful yet refrain from practice or muscular without exercise or learned without study. Begone the thought that one

can live an unholy life and develop a holy character-that one can pursue evil and capture good; that one can think impure thoughts and be come pure-minded; that one can continue moral descents and reach moral reights. It cannot be. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall reap life everlasting.

R. L. BORDEN GETS HERBERT SPENCER A GOOD RECEPTION PHILOSOPHER, DEAD IN ENGLAND.

## Age-Some of His Works.

London, Dec. 8-Herbert Spencer, the famous author, died this morning at his home in Brighton

The whole world of science will hear with regret the news of Herbert Sponory doubt Ho HERBERT SPENCER

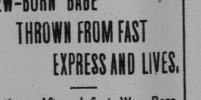
AT BAILWAY TOWN. One of the Greatest Thinkers of the Conservative Leader Repeats St John Speech to a Good Audience.

Moncton, N. B., Dec. 8-(Special)-R. L. Borden, who arrived here this morn-ing from St. John, addressed a large meeting in the Opera House tonight. The house was filled to the doors and the Conservative leader was given a hearty reception.

of science will hear with regret the news of Herbert Spencer's death. He was in his 83rd year, having been born at Derby in 1820. He was edu-cated by his father in that town and by his uncle, Rev. Herbert Spencer. e was apprenticed to

ech. He dealt with

by the Citizens' band.



Mother, After Infant Was Born, Threw It Headlong Into Snow Bank, But Its Lusty Yells Brought Aid.

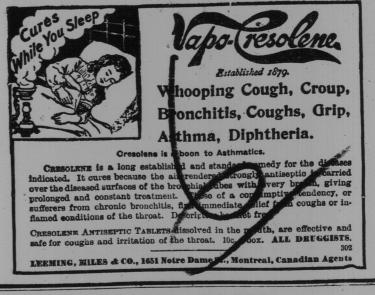
New York, Dec. 6-No queerer happen ng has ever been recorded than that of esterday's baby of the snows; never has ungry child begun existence so strangely and perilously as the infant girl now rosy

and perilously as the infant girl now rosy, cooing, hungry and very well in the care of kind nurses of the Memorial Hospitai at Orange (N. J.) This tiny creature, which will not be twenty-four hours old until about 6 o'clock this morning, was yesterday, with-in a few minutes after its birth, dropped, by its mother, Mrs. Mary Smith, from a speeding Delaware, Lackawana & West-ern train as it thundered past Orange (N. J.) But here was a baby with a lucky star, if ever a baby had one. It did not fall to instant death along the iron rails of the roaring train. Its little brains were not dashed out against great rocks along shed out against great rocks alor

not dashed out against great rocks along the roadway. Instead, it fell plump into a big drift of soft snow. Its first crib was a couch of feathery, white down from nature's skies. And there, sunk in the snow, it lay with-out a vestige of clothing covering its soft, pink body. Sharp and cold the winds were blowing too. And so the little one, having survived a fall from a rushing train, faced death in another, more cruei fashion-the numbing agony of freezing until its newly born spark of life was dead. a large laundry.

Hersert Spencer. At the age of 17 he was apprenticed to a civil engineer, but abandoned the pro-fession after he had labored at it for about eight years. During this time he contributed several papers to the Civil Engineer's and Archi-letters to the newspapers. These were re-letters to the newspapers. These were re-

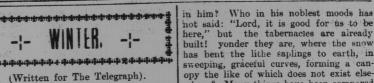
ned it was in a hotel ful



# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND GIRL MISSING IN BOSTON.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 8.-(Special)-The mystery surrounding the disappear-ance of Ida Guthrie, 86 Hastings street, here of Ida Saturday after whose absence since last Saturday after-noon was reported to the police last night, way to a suspicion of foul play.

Ida, who is but fourteen years of age, hourly increases. The family, who four years ago moved to Boston from Prince Edward Island, have been living in Cambridge but two weeks, where the mother secured employment in the family.



opy the like of which does not exist else-where? Many things have been compared to the whiteness of the snow, but the (Written for The Telegraph). Spring, summer, autumn-each of these easons has charms peculiar to itself. The truth is ermine is dark compared with it spring is full of mysterious promise of the Summer partially hides the deformities of iuliness of the glory that shall be reveal-ed later on. From the day we first ob-serve the buds tegin to swell on the the earth with her leaves, autumn tear away the screen again and all the unsight ly angularities stand revealed. Anon e oranches of the trees, or the first tender e snoot appears on the verge of the wood-iand stream; and inhale the sweet smeet e of the freshly turned earth as it falls from the draws upon His treasures of ice and snow, and all these things are hidden beneath a uniform robe of spotlessness. Men of

--- WINTER. ---

harvest of good will appear. It may be trying to one's patience to wait the development of reforms, industrial, moral, religious or whatsoever, but it is only natural that there should be some waiting. Both nature and experience teach that harvest and seedtime lie not side by side. in's harvests are from the spring's sowings. Manhood and infancy Autui are separated by the space of years. It was once thought our earth and the entire solar system were the work of six brief days by the Almighty. But now we know the initial creations of earth and its perfected condition as the abode for man, were separated by ages. The mushroom grows in a single night while the oak requires a life-time, but how much less is the mushroom than the oak.

Progress is always slow in proportion to the greatness of the ends to be sought. All great reforms and philanthropic institutions already realized have been of slow but sure growth. Long time intervened between seedtime and harvest. So may we expect it to be in the future. Temperance reform, social and industrial reforms, religious reformsthese which the sin, suffering and sorrow of men declare so needful, cannot be forced even though they be needful. In due season the harvest shall appear from seeds already sown or being sown. Meanwhile it is for us not to be impatient, but zealous and persistent. Let the growing plants be cultivated with diligence and watered with our tears. Let them be nourished by word and work and prayer and directly the harvest shall be. In due season we shall reap if we faint not-we or those who shall come after us.

Some of you have read the classic story of the two travelers who one day entered a village, but the women refused them entrance to their homes, and the children threw clods and stones as they passed and unloosed their dogs to worry them. At the outskirt of the village the pil-grims came upon the humble home of one Philemore, who with Bancis, his wife, welcomed them, apologized for the rude behavior of the villagers and set before them their scanty store of bread and milk, of which though they ate heartily neither bread nor milk failed or lessened With the morning came disaster to the villagers, but Philmon and Bancis were spared and the pilgrims, who proved to be angels, in departing, assured the humble couple that they should never want. So in simple legend did the Greek poet enshrine the principle that we get according to our giving; that harvest is ever in kind like unto the seed sown. It is recorded of Louis, King of France, that one day when out for a hunt in the forest of Versailles, he met a funeral procession. Drawing rein on his horse, he inquired of what the man had died. "Of hunger," answered the driver. But bent on pleasure the king soon forgot the cry of want which was going up all over the land from opprest and povertystricken peasants. The days passed by and the king stood before the gnillotine. It was the people's turn now and to his mute cry for mercy they turned a deaf ear. He got what he had given. The seed had germinated and in due season he reaped the reward of his heartlessness.

And have you not read the story of Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth, who dedicated his life to the good of his fellows, who left the carpenter shop to be a teacher of nobler forms of life and a revealer of the Heavenly Father's heart? Penury and toil, misunderstanding and slander, scourging and death-these were his portion though, by common consent, never man spake as He, and in Him no fault was found. Though His years were filled with good deeds and no one could convnice Him of sinyet to the cross they nailed Him who was the Son of God. But long ago his crucifiers were scattered to the four winds of the earth, while the cause of Jesus triumphs and He highly exalted with name above every name. Each is reaping according to the seed sown. Each is getting what was given. So is it always.

Men reap in due season what they have sown. Kings and subjects, high and low, rich and poor, good and bad-each finds his opportunity to bless or curse, and according as blessing or cursing has been meted out so will it be measured to him. Let all classes then learn wisdom. Let those in authority be considerate, and let the people be respectful. Let the seller not to be an extortioner, nor the buyer niggardly. Let the employer be generous, sympathetic, kind, and let employe be industrious, prudent and fair-minded. Let the rich shun oppression and pride and contempt of the poor and let the poor avoid indolence, jealousy and enmity toward the rich. Let the rghteous not deisist from their labors of love and the wicked give heed and repent. For sooner or later one gets It will be what he gives. In due season men rear seconding to thir sowing whether it be good or evil. "Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do

to you, do ye even so to them. What is true regarding the incipiency and development of benevolent and philanthropic institutions; what is true regarding the origin and growth of industrial, social, religious and moral reforms, is true also in regard to the realization and moral reforms, is true also in regard to the realization of individual character and attainment. Stonewall Jackson once heard his pastor say: "He who speaks multiplies himself." So young Jackson resolved to overcome his nervousness and learn to speak, and the confused, hesitating exhorter became an impressive public speaker. In due season he reaped the reward of his painstaking. Seneca tells us that for the first five years of his public life Nero was set np as an example of clemency and kindness. But his way was downward and in the end his hardness and cruelty became so exceeding that Rome and in the end his hardness and crueity became so exceeding that home could be burned for his pleasure and Christians torn limb from limb by wild beasts and Nero be well pleased. In due season he redped in charac-by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

1853 he acted as sub-editor of the Econ-discussed the transportation omist, and it was during this period that his literary labors in behalf of science. Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Con really commenced. From then on to 1881 with the exception of a year and a half when his health broke down in 1886 his He was followed by H. A. Powell in an

when his health broke down in 1886 his pen was busy. Regarding his work, it is admitted on all hands that Mr. Spencer ranks among the foremost estentists and philosophers of the century. He performed in the relam of mental science the same task that Huxley and Tyndale did in the physical world. He applied the Darwinian theory und this is new cases that and this is now generally accepted by all authorities. Spencer was never married authoritics. Spencer was never married and was always of very simple habits. He never had the advantage of university training and steadily refused all academic honors in later life. In 1882 he paid a visit to the United States. He never made money of his numerous works, indeed he announced in 1881 when publishing Part viii of his Principles of Sociology that he had sunk in fourteen years between \$13,-000 and \$20,000 in the preparation of the series.

North Sydney, Dec. 8.-Calvary Baptist church has extended a call to Rev. G. W. Mr. Spencer's works have been very ex-Schurman, now pastor of the Baptiet church at Manchester (Mass.) His ac-Mr. Spencer's works have been very ex-tensively translated. All have appeared in French, nearly all in German and Rus-sian, many in Italian and Spanish. His book on Education has been translated into Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Greek, Japanese and Chinese Chinese

DR. SHOOP'S

Costs Nothing If it Fails.

Rev. H. L. McKinnon was inducted at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Sydney Mines, by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, mod-erator of the Presbytery. Revs. D. M. Gillis, J. A. McGlashen and D. McMillan also took part in the service. **Rheumatic Cure** 

**REV. G. W. SCHURMAN ACCEPTS** 

CALL TO NORTH SYDNEY,

MAHER KNOCKED OUT. He is Weak on the Constitution in Exami-

nation for Naturalization Papers.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Philadelphia, Dec. 8 .- Peter Maher, th pugilist, was defeated today in the United States district court in an effort to ob-Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not dis-appoint me as other Rheumatic prescrip-tions had disappointed physicians every-whome

that Dr. Shoop's ane I do not n urn bony joints into flesh impossible. But it will matic Cure car blood the poison that drive fro welling, and then that is the now this ny Rheur on trial a mont expect that 30 days nce you Police protection costs about \$10,200,000 a year in New York, \$3,700,000 in Chicago, \$3, 100,000 in Philadelphia, \$1,650,000 in St. Louis and \$1,800,000 in Boston. Thi will con trial trea Dr. Shoo s Rheumatic

KENDALL'S SPAVIN My offer nade to my faith. ] actual knowledge. the old reliable remedy for Spavins, Ring Durbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. of cures annually, Cures without a blowing. w what it furnish my remed that I Sim n. I will the th a drugs bottles make \$\$5.50. If it suc the cost to you ne alone entirely to trial is not that exactly penny fro satisfactory I expe

mere samp I have no sam that can affect chron be drugged to the ver no such drugs for it of danger. I us erous to tak nem. You must ge ne blood. My rem the most difficul, the disease out o them. You the blood. does that eve , obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 tests, I never found another remedy got kicked on the it it that I had to bathe it it Spavin Cure. I had Ty Spavin Cure. I had Ty that would cure one chronic case in ten. Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month, for it can't harm you anyway.

mine. Address, Dr. Shoop, Box 11, Racine Such endorsements as in Price \$1; six \$7 \$5. /

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,

fifty yards away from the railroad tracks. Meanwhile, the young mother was Meanwhile, the young mother was stretched prone and unconscious on a seat in one of the cars of the speeding train. For fully twenty minutes after the birth the transportation question tive policy of adequate protection Canadian industries and preferential t of the child none save she knew of the reason of her half delirium and suffering. The car was only partly filled with pas toical silence that her agony was unobserved. In a moment of delirium and agony-the woman herself does not know how it happened-the child was plunged from the train and fell into the place o ception at the Brunswick and in the even ing he was escorted to the Opera House

Mrs. Smith belongs in Greenwood Lake (N. J.) She had been deserted by her husband. She was trying to find him. She was on her way to New York, seek-ing his relatives boning to get a trace of She was on her way to New Iorg, seek-ing his relatives, hoping to get a trace of him. She is now in St. Mary's hospital, in Jersey City, a place she reached only after hours of delay that must have cost her suffering too terrible to describe. But white-faced on her cot there last night, her face writhed in anger and in suffering is a sufficient of the search to the search to when it was suggested that she meant to do away with her little child, plaintively her voice arose, thrilling with its earnest

Cries New for Her Child.

ceptance was received this evening and he will enter upon his duties the first of January. Previous to going to the States he was pastor of the Tabernacle, Halifax, and before that had charge of Bear River "It is a terrible thing to say that 1 would treat my baby so. Where is my would treat my baby so. Where is my baby? Why don't they bring it to me? 1 want my little baby. Here in my arms-that is where my little one belongs. I want my baby back- I must have her back. Aren't they bringing her to me now? I am its mother. They cannot keep it away. I don't know how it fell from the train. I was dazed, blind, crazed. I cannot think of what happened. But I want my baby back-I want here here-my poor little baby-to hold her hard and warm against my breast." Yet the wan, pretty young wife may not live to see her baby, and to watch its growth, the life that began so strangely. She is very weak and a fever is racking her.

But the baby-its rescue was as remarkable as its dangerous adventures. Annie Procob, employed at the United States brocob, employed at the United States hotel, near the Orange station, was the woman who heard the cry. She called to Frank Menus, a mail carrier. He went over to the snow drift. Out of it he plucked Miss Smith kicking. He put her in his mail bag and took her over to the warm room of the hotel.

in his mail bag and took her over to the warm room of the hotel. "The baby's arms were getting blue, but from the way she hollored she proved she didn't have any pneumonia," said the man who picked her up. Word was sent to who picked her up. Word was sent to Dr. G. Herbert Richards, of the health department. He arrived in a few minutes. Soon Miss Smith was gurgling warm milk with immense satisfaction, the while her body glowed from a fine alcohol rub. Doc-

tor Richards took her in his own coupe to the Memorial Hospital. She will live.

### GAY GOLFING TOGS FOR JOHN D ROCKEFELLER.

Vivid Green Satin Vest Replaces the Old Cardigan Jacket He Wore on the Links.

John D. Rockefeller's appearance on h rivate golf links, Lakewood (N.J.), yeserday morning, attired in a satin vest o a vivid hue of green, gray-striped trousers of the latest fashionable cut, yellow goling shoes and a tourist's cap of dark material was a surprise.

Heretofore a cardigan jacket, trouser Heretolore a cardigan jacket, trousers baggy at the knees and congress gaiters have made up Mr. Rockefeller's golfing togs. And he invariably drove out to the links in a rusty livery hack. This season he rides in a nobby brougham behind a team of stylish grays. Mr. Rockefeller always rides in a closed carriage at Lakewood, no matter how pleasant the wea ther.-New York Herald.

### Would-he Bank Robber Lassoed

New York, Dec. 10-After having atte in broad daylight in true western style, Frank Stone, a youth of 19, of Youngstown (Ohio), sprang into the Hudson River today when followed by a great crowd, and would have succeeded in making this escape had not a tugtoat man thrown a lasso shown at GEO. S. HARRIS

hare, the air seems full the farnfer's plough great genius of whisperings, full of hope, full of an in-fluence which bids all our souls rejoice of their souls on wonderful canvases, but the finest of them all, the richest of them all, is poor and pitiful beside the frost on the window pane, which we so thoughtwithin us. "First the blade, then the ear, then the

full corn in the ear;" this is the order in which nature unfolds her splendid mir-Mathematic and the splendid mir-And then the glories of the winter night acles. Spring merges insensibly into sum mer; the leaves which the heat of the sun -who is sufficient to tell of these things? The planets all shine with a lustre that is mer; the leaves which the heat of the sun irst swelled have now burst their bonds and wave in all their loveliness from the thousand forests on our thousand hills. The birds, too, that flew away to the warm southland, have returned, and the air is full of the fluttering of their wings, the woodland aisles of their happy songs. Truly it is a pleasant thing to see the light and rejoice in the wanton luxury of sum-

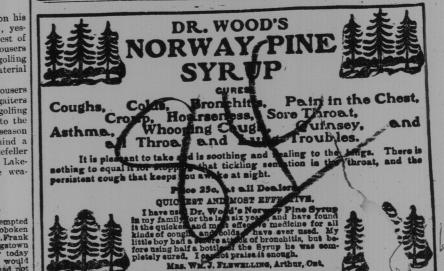
Truly it is a pleasant thing to see the light and rejoice in the wanton luxury of sum-mer. To recline under the shade of the trees and give oneself over to dreaming induced thereto by the murmuring music of the bees or to wander at eventide along the meadow path listening to those voices that call to us out of the mystery of the night, the cheery calls of the insect world, busy in the work which they are appoint-ed to do. Summer is so full of pleasantness that

ed to do. Summer is so full of pleasantness that we sometimes wish it could always stay, but it hastens on. Summer is full of leaves and flowers, but the grain and fruit the other. Each in its place is necessary. have not yet appeared, and until these have come the season stands unfinished. Some dreamers have likened the seasons Without the foundation which is hidd from sight, the stately Corinthian column would be an impossibility, and without the column there could be no fretted root.

have come the season stands unfinished. Some dreamers have likened the seasons to a bevy of beautiful girls, thinking there by they made a splendid poetical compari-son. Autumn, however, to our mind, is more like a good natured giant, one of those old Norse Vikings if you will, quick to anger and with muscles like a demi-god against which no mere man can con-tend, yet withal with a heart as mellow and as golden as his unshorn locks. He bears a war hammer that can grind the rocks to powder, yet his friendships are as true as the steel of which it is made. And autumn has many friendships. He opens his hand, and lo, all living things are fed by his bounty. "He filleth the hungry with good things," and none need turn away from His table unsatisfied; nay, from the treasures strewn abroad men and ani-mals taught by long experience lay up for themselves treasures against the time of the first, which is now close at hand." All these things and many more are true of the three seasons in which men waxa fat with the fatness of the earth. What them shall we say of winter? of winter

the frost, which is now close at hand." All these things and many more are true of the three seasons in which men wax fat with the fatness of the earth. What then shall we say of winter? of winter that has been called unkind and rude time out of mind, of winter that has been likened to a drivelling gray-beard dotard only waiting for death to release him from an existence of which he has long been we likened autumn to a strong Norse war-rior, and we may without taxing the simile overmuch liken the winter season to the infancy of the same strong man. Further back we had something to say of the mystery that clothes the spring as a garment; but as the infant by reason of its very helplessness is the subject of greater wonderment and speculation than the man in any other stage of his existence, so the winter is full of hope that has not yet come to the bourgeoning. Who that has wandered to the hill-side on a clear winter day after a heavy fall of more the act with the sone more difference. Who that has wandered to the hill-side on a clear winter day after a heavy fall of more the sone work of the sone more dwith the sone more the bourgeoning.

on a clear winter day after a heavy fall The lease practically becomes collateral of snow has not felt his soul moved with-



"What do you know about the Constitu-tion?" was the next question. "Fine," responded the puglist, "my con-stitution was never better." Judge MoPhenson advised Maher to go home and study. Maher said he would. He described himself in his application as a professional athlete and a British sub-icat

....CURF

