

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 apple-woman. 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 befriended, the joy of well-doing, the commendation of her Lord, "Well done good and faithful one enter into my delights," and withal the culture 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 helpers. In due season the harvest is appearing from plain Mary Ware's sowing. It was more than a century ago that a young Moravian missionary went to Jamaica to take the gospel to the slaves. But the slave owners would not permit his ministry. So he sold himself to be a slave, and along with those he would have wrought under cruel masters and overseers. At night 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 emancipation. In due season the seed sown by the young Moravian missionary germinated, grew and brought forth its harvest.

Then let not tillers for the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate and ill-circumstanced faint or grow weary. In due season the 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 there should be seedtime and harvest, and autumn's harvests are from the spring's sowings. Manhood and infancy 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 reforms, these 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 outskirts of the village the pilgrims came upon the humble home of one Philomene, who with Bancia, 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 Philomene and Bancia 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 oppress and poverty-stricken peasants. The days turned now and to his mute cry for mercy the grilloctine. It was the peasant who 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 devoted his life to the good of his fellows, who left the carpenter's trade 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 spoke as he, and in him no fault was found. Though his years were filled with good deeds and no one could convince him of sin yet 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 triumphed 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 be an extortioner, and let the buyer niggardly. Let the employer be generous, sympathetic, kind, and let employee be industrious, prudent and self-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 righteous not desist from their labors of love and the wicked give heed and repent. For sooner or later one gets what he gives. In due season men reap according to their 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 incipency 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 orator became an impressive public speaker. In due season he reaped the reward of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness. But his way was downward and in the end his pleasure and cruelty became so exceeding that Rome could be burned for his pleasure and Christians torn limb from limb by wild beasts and Nero be well pleased. In due season he reaped in charac-

ter according to his sowing. But why should I multiply illustrations of 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 precious ointment of Spikenard filled all the house where Jesus and his disciples 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 skillful yet refrain from practice or muscular without exercise or learned without study. Begone the thought that one can live an unholly life and develop a holy character—that one can pursue evil and capture good; that one can continue moral descents and reach moral heights. It cannot be. "Do not deceive," 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.

HERBERT SPENCER, PHILOSOPHER, DEAD IN ENGLAND.

One of the Greatest Thinkers of the 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 Spencer's death. He was in his 83rd year, having been born at Derby in 1820. He was educated by his father, who was a teacher in that town and by his uncle, Rev. Herbert Spencer. At the age of 17 he was apprenticed to a civil engineer, but abandoned the profession after he had labored at it for about eight years.

During this time he contributed several papers to the Civil Engineer's and Architect's Journal and afterwards wrote some letters to the newspapers. These were reproduced in pamphlet form. From 1848 to 1853 he acted as sub-editor of the Economist, and it was during this period that his literary labors in behalf of science really commenced. From then on to 1881 he was engaged in writing his works, which he had begun to write in 1848.

Regarding his works, it is admitted on all hands that he was one of the foremost scientific and philosophical writers of the century. He performed in the realm of mental science the same task that Darwin performed in the realm of natural science. He 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 VII of his Principles of Sociology, that he had sunk in fourteen years between \$10,000 and \$20,000 in the preparation of the series.

Mr. Spencer's works have been very extensively translated. All have appeared in French, nearly all in German and Russian, many in Italian and Spanish. His works on Education have been translated into Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Greek, Japanese and Chinese.

DR. SHOOP'S Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if It Fails.

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 Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a remedy which I have since called it Rheumatic Cure. It is a powerful agent as other rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can run bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish you a full month's trial of my Rheumatic Cure. It cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will be cured within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a powerful agent against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible to you if my offer made to you is not the outcome of experience of actual knowledge. I know what it will do. And I know that so well that I will furnish you a full month's trial. Simply write me a postal for my box on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist to send you a box of my Rheumatic Cure. You may make it a full month's trial. If it fails the fee is mine and mine alone. It will be sent entirely to you. I mean that exactly. You say the trial is not satisfactory I do not expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. I never sample that can affect chronic rheumatism. I use no such drugs for it as dangerous to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My trial will convince you that it is the most difficult obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 cases, I never found another remedy 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 will cure you anyway. If it fails the loss is mine.

R. L. BORDEN GETS A GOOD RECEPTION AT RAILWAY TOWN.

Conservative Leader Repeats St. John Speech to a Good Audience.

Moncton, N. B., Dec. 8.—(Special)—R. L. Borden, who arrived here this morning 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.

J. L. Black, president of the Liberal-Conservative Association for Westmorland, presided in the first part of the meeting, but on account of a severe cold affecting his throat he retired in the early part of the evening. The meeting was then presided over by the Conservative leader, who in his address dealt with the political situation from a Conservative standpoint, discussed the transportation question, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Conservative policy of adequate protection for Canadian industries and preferential trade within the empire.

Dr. Bourque was first called upon to address Mr. Borden in French, which was replied to in the same language. The chairman then extended words of welcome in English to which the Conservative leader replied in an hour and a half speech. He dealt with the political situation from a Conservative standpoint, discussed the transportation question, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Conservative policy of adequate protection for Canadian industries and preferential trade within the empire.

REV. G. W. SCHURMAN ACCEPTS CALL TO NORTH SYDNEY.

North Sydney, Dec. 8.—Calvary Baptist church has extended a call to Rev. G. W. Schurman, now pastor of the Baptist church at Manchester (Mass.). His acceptance 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 congregation.

MAHER KNOCKED OUT.

He is Weak on the Constitution in Examination for Naturalization Papers.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8.—Peter Maher, the pugilist, was defeated today in the United States district court in an effort to obtain citizenship. His application had been pending for some time. "How is the President elected?" asked United States Commissioner Craig. "By a big majority," replied Maher. "What do you know about the Constitution?" was the next question. "Fifty," responded the pugilist, "my constitution was never better."

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., will cure all these ailments. Cures without a doubt, as it does not blister.

Dr. B. J. Kendall's Spavin Cure. Complete Cure for the Spavin. Dr. B. J. Kendall's Spavin Cure. Complete Cure for the Spavin. Dr. B. J. Kendall's Spavin Cure. Complete Cure for the Spavin.

NEW-BORN BABE THROWN FROM FAST EXPRESS AND LIVES.

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

New York, Dec. 6.—No queerer happening has ever been recorded than that of yesterday's baby of the news; never has hungry child begun existence so strangely and perilously as the infant girl now resting in a cot in the Memorial Hospital at Orange (N. J.).

This tiny creature, which will not be twenty-four hours old until twelve o'clock this morning, was born, dropped in a few minutes after its birth, with- in a few minutes after its birth, dropped by its mother, Mrs. Mary Smith, from a speeding Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 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, as the iron rails of the roaring train, its little brains were not dashed out against great rocks along the roadway.

But the fate that saved it once was not to desert it at the moment of its rescue. Chance, that had dealt dangerously and grotesquely with this human wail, turned kindly in the bare breast of the tiny creature lying in the snow. The baby's body was not yet a quarter of an hour old, but it was already a full-fledged infant. The baby's body was not yet a quarter of an hour old, but it was already a full-fledged infant.

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Vapo-Resolene. Established 1879. Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria. Resolene is known to Asthmatics. Cures While You Sleep. Resolene is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the all-renders-through-asthmaic carried over the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment of a chronic bronchitis, or inflamed conditions of the throat. Description of the medicine follows. Cures While You Sleep. Resolene is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the all-renders-through-asthmaic carried over the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment of a chronic bronchitis, or inflamed conditions of the throat. Description of the medicine follows.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND GIRL MISSING IN BOSTON.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 8.—(Special)—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Ida Guthrie, 88 Hastings street, whose absence since last Saturday afternoon was reported to the police last night, 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 a large laundry.

WINTER.

(Written for The Telegraph.) Spring, summer, autumn—each of these seasons has charms peculiar to itself. The spring is full of mysterious promise of the fullness of the glory that shall be revealed later on. From the day we first observe the buds begin to swell on the branches of the trees, or the first tender shoot appears on the verge of the wood-land stream; and inhale the sweet smell of the freshly turned earth as it falls from the farmer's ploughshare, the air seems full of whisperings, full of hope, full of an influence which bids all our souls rejoice within us. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," this is the order in which nature unfolds her splendid miracles. Spring mingles insensibly into summer; leaves which the heat of the sun first 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, and the cheerful chirping of their happy songs. Truly it is a pleasant thing to see the light and rejoice in the wanton luxury of summer. To recline under the shade of a tree and give oneself over to dreaming induced thereby 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 appointed 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 have not yet appeared, and until these have come the season stands unfinished. Some dreamers have likened the seasons to a bevy of beautiful girls, thinking thereby they made a splendid poetical comparison. Autumn, however, to our mind, is more like a good-looking, stout, one-eyed old Norse Viking who you might expect to anger and with muscles like a denigro against which no man can contend. He is full of heart as molten lead, yet as hard as steel. He has a beard 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," he filleth the hungry with 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 adventure. Annie Proob, employed at the United States Hotel, near the Orange station, was the first to notice the baby. She had just returned from a walk and found the baby lying on the ground. She picked her up and took her over to the warm room of the hotel. "The baby's arms were getting blue, but I did not know how to help her," said the department. He arrived in a few minutes. Soon Miss Smith was gurgling warm milk with immense satisfaction, while her mother, who had been in a few minutes, took her in his own couple to the Memorial Hospital. She will live.

GAY GOLFING TOGS FOR JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

John D. Rockefeller's appearance on his private golf links, Lakewood (N.J.), yesterday morning, attracted in a vast crowd of avid spectators, many of whom were of the latest fashionable cut, yellow golfing shoes and a tourist's cap of dark material was a surprise. Heretofore a cardigan jacket, trousers baggy at the knees and congress gaiters have made up Mr. Rockefeller's golfing togs. And he invariably drove out on his horse in a nebbly brougham behind a team of stylish gags. Mr. Rockefeller always rides in a closed carriage at Lakewood, no matter how pleasant the weather.—New York Herald.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Hoarseness, Gouty, and all other troubles. It is pleasant to take and is soothing and healing to the lungs. There is nothing to equal it for soothing and healing to the lungs, and the persistent cough that keeps you awake at night. It is pleasant to take and is soothing and healing to the lungs. There is nothing to equal it for soothing and healing to the lungs, and the persistent cough that keeps you awake at night.