Kent News

SATURDAY, - - - NOV. 21, 1896.

PITHY SERMONS !

George Hepworth in the New York Herald, Sunday, September 20th, 1896.

Two and Two Makes Four.

And I will give unto every one of you according to my works.—Revelation, ii., 23.

When you get down to the foundations of religion you find that they consist of that sturdy common sense which always prevails in the end. Men have a great many theories about what they call the judgment day, but it is patent to every careful observer that each day of life is a judgment day, and that at every sundown God announces to your soul the penalty or reward which naturally follows your deeds, the penalty which you must inevitably suffer, or the reward you will certainly enjoy on their account.

A great many people are under the impression that they can wipe out the bad which they have done defiantly by doing some irksome duty. The laws of the universe, however, will have to be considerably changed before that will become possible. And a great many men labor under the strange hallucination that they can lead utterly selfish lives, giving full swing to their passions and their avarice, indulging in dishonest practices to the top of their bent, and then, when nearing the end of the tether, can repeat—but keep all their ill gotgains—and so escape the consequences of their misspent years.

I should have very little respect for a man who supposed that he could hoodwink the eternal law in that way. There is no slight of hand possible with the vereties of god, and the sternest of all facts is that you cannot be made good by a miracle and cannot be happy unless you have earned the right to happiness by rectitude of life. Religion tells you in trumpet tones that as you sow you will reap, and that if you plant thistles in the spring you cannot hope to gather corn in October. The doctrine of Christ is the most uncompromising thing in the world. There is neither favoriteism nor injustice in it, and is only another way of saying that if you have furnished your house with filth you need not hope that cleanliness will be satisfied to abide in it until it has been thoroughly put in order.

If a man is told to go north and chooses to go south instead, every step he takes leads him out of the way. He may say if he pleases that he likes what he finds in the south better than what is promised in the north. He may even deny that there is any north and so give himself up to the pleasures of the tropics. Be sure that the Almighty made no mistake when He declared that no one can be contented with his back to the north and his face to the south. Sooner or later, either in this life or in the life to come, he must reach that point of vision from which he will see the truth as God has stated it. Then, when he comes to himself, discovers that he has wasted his years and crippled his soul, and concludes to radically change his action, what has religion to say to him? It approves of his repentance, because he is thereby at a standstill in the work of injuring himself. It tells him the moment he comes over to the side of the Almighty the Almighty will make it as easy as possible—that is the awful phrase, as easy as possible—for him to retrace his steps. But does religion tell him that no consequences will follow those long years of selfish indulgence; that some miracle will take him in its arms and put him bodily and spiritually back to the point in his journey from which he began to go wrong? Not at all.

We can all see that the wicked body is beyond repair, and that, though the better course of life may save the remains of his broken health, it cannot and will not give him the vigor and strength he has thrown away. The same thath holds good of the soul, the only difference being that, while the body is used only for a limited time and has therefore very slender recuperative power, the soul, being without limitations, has very large power of recovery and remedy. The body may die from injuries afflicted in spite of repentance, but the soul by vigorous effort may recover its lost ground. You cannot evade the fact, however, that the man who has traveled south when commanded to go north will be compelled by the very laws of nature to cover all the miles from the point at which he diverged.

Religion was by no means organized for the accommodation of evil-doers. The love of God is infinite, and so is His pity. His patience and goodness consist in the fact that He has opened a way for your return, however far you have wandered. To assert that you can insult His laws during a whole lifetime and then, when you have no more time or opportunity to consider the insult, can suddenly become a good man, fitted to enjoy the glories of heaven, is repugnant to our knowledge of the way in which the laws of the universe act in every day life.

I say, therefore, that religion is not a sentimental mystery which glosses over your wicked life when you know perfectly well that it ought not to be glossed over. On the other hand, it is the warning voice of a Father, who tells you that you must sow corn if you would reap corn, and that if you do not sow corn you will have no corn to eat. The religion of Christ states that in morals, as in mathematics, two and two make four, and that if you think otherwise no power on earth can make your books balance.

The Mighty Now.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

Oh, look not to the future for,
Deliverance from sorrow;
Trust not the hand that points above,
The lips that speak "tomorrow."
Have faith in nothing that delays
The work of re-creation;
But trust the precious little word
That promises salvation.
For 'tis Now, Now, Now, this moment, here,
We are to claim the glory,
And sing the tidings far and near
Of this most wondrous story.

The heaven dreamed of in the skies
Is not a present owning;
And why should we, God's children, be
So given to postponing?
Why feed on husks instead of bread,
Why live in mad confusion,
When peace and plenty, joy and love
Are ours in such profusion?
For 'tis Now, Now, Now, this moment, here,
We are to claim the glory,
And sing the tidings far and near
Of this most wondrous story.

Oh, listen not to those who tell
Of pleasures over yonder!
Who bid you wait a future state
And spend this life in wonder
For it's not tomorrow, nor to-night,
But just this royal minute;
Its not the distant bye and bye
That holds redemption in it.
It's Now, Now, Now, this moment, here,
We are to claim the glory,
And sing the tidings far and near
Of this most wondrous story.

SAVED BY A WHALEBONE.

Little Florina Burnett, who was brought to St. Luke's Hospital from Morristown, N. J., a living skeleton two weeks ago, swallowed a mouth of food Saturday for the first time in a year. Only a faint spark of life remained when a most daring and ingenious operation was performed, and this will lead to the child's recovery.

For ten months Florina, who is not quite four years old, had been kept barely alive by scant nourishment which had been administered through an opening which had been made in her stomach by the the surgeon's knife. But soon she will be able to enjoy a hearty meal.

The success of the operation is of great importance, as it is thought it can be applied in the cases where unsuccessful efforts have been made to commit suicide by drinking carbolic acid, after these would-be suicides get little of the acid into their stomachs. If the slightest quantity touches the throat, however, there is danger of a stricture forming which in time will entirely close that organ.

When the child Florina Burnett was brought to the hospital her throat was completely closed. The stricture in this case, however, had been caused by concentrated lye.

While the mother had been busy in the kitchen one day the little one had caught up a can of concentrated lye and drank part of it. A physician was summoned at once and the child was saved from immediate death. Soon the throat began to close, and it was not long before the little one could not swallow. Then she was placed on the operating table and an opening was cut in the stomach, through which food could be introduced. At the end of 10 months it was seen the child could not live many days longer unless the throat could be opened. Florina was then brought to St. Luke's Hospital in this city.

Some of the most noted surgeons in the city held a conference, and then an operation was decided upon. A large number of visiting surgeons from all over the State were present when it was performed. The little girl was chloroformed, and one end of the fine thread of whalebone was forced down the throat to the stomach and out the artificial opening. Both ends of the whalebone thread were then grasped by operator, and it was sawed back and forth. A silk thread was passed through the throat and stomach in the same way. Then a thin, soft rubber tube was used. Tubes of larger diameter were employed until the throat was entirely opened.

Little Florina yesterday swallowed half a glass of milk, and the surgeons say it will be only a short time before she can be able to enjoy a good meal. The opening in the stomach will be closed as soon as she gains strength to undergo another operation.

To Be Expected.

"It's bicycle, bicycle, no matter which way you turn," he growled.

The girl in bloomers nodded.

"I chose a place for the summer," he continued, "where boating fishing were the only sports advertised, and inside of 24 hours a man showed up there with a water bicycle."

"Of course," she returned.

"There's to be a bicycle sled on the market next winter, too," he added.

"Quite likely," she admitted.

"I suppose the cranks will be taking the machines to bed with them before long," he said sarcastically.

"Only one thing prevents it now," she answered.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A pneumatic tire that's large enough to serve as a pillow. When some genius invents a tire that can be made into an air pillow I believe bicycles will even supplant poodles and pug dogs."

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND OXFORD.

Visiting Oxford in May, 1861, he observes that its intellectual atmosphere seems more perturbed and exacerbated than of old, and ends by observing: "If I was disposed to fly for refuge to the country and its sights and sounds against the rather humdrum life which prevailed here in old times, how much more am I disposed to do this now, convinced as I am that irritations and envyings are not only negatively injurious to one's spirit, like dullness, but positively and actively." I have often thought he was never quite just to Oxford, and sometimes he seemed almost ungrateful to his Alma Mater, from, I suppose, some unconsciousness of how much he owed her.

Perhaps those only who have been denied the happy privilege of being among her sons are aware of the value of such high parentage. Oxford sends her children into the world with credentials which she alone can bestow; and, if they happen to distinguish themselves in any walk of life, she at once remembers they are of her rearing, shows herself proud of them, sedulously fosters their reputation and ministers to their fame by unceasingly extolling their achievements. Oxford did this for Matthew Arnold, as she had done it in our day for others of her alumni; and they have there-by enjoyed an almost incalculable advantage over their less fortunate fellows in the honorable race for distinction.

While showing herself, as we have seen, not insensible to praise when administered in the right manner, Matthew Arnold was commendably free from the common literary foible of touchiness in respect of adverse criticism. What he objected to was rudeness in criticism, what he characterizes as grossierete. Therefore he writes to his sister: "You will have seen the amenities of the ——. It seems affected to say any one does not care for such things, but I do really think my spirits rebound after them sooner than most people's. The fault of the reviewer, as of English criticism generally, is that, whereas criticism is the most delicate matter in the world, and wants the most exquisite lightness of touch, and goes to work in such a desperate heavy-handed manner, like a bear (sic) in a china-shop, if a bear can be supposed to have hands."

[*National Review.*

If Not For The Cats.

If left to himself the London sparrow would probably multiply exceedingly, for there is enough waste from every human household to keep at least one pair of sparrows. That would give us something like 1,500,000 sparrows to the area of greater London. But these figures do not represent actual facts. The sparrow population is rigorously kept down, not by want of fecundity, for, at the Zoo, for instance, where food and shelter abound, the birds seem to breed at all seasons of the year, but by the operations of the natural enemy, that great fact in all wild life, which even the progressive London sparrow cannot avoid. The natural enemy in this case is the London cat. If any one will count up the number of houses in his or her knowledge which do not own a cat, the numbers and ubiquity of the natural enemy will be apparent.

Poor people keep more cats than rich people, so the small houses abound in cats. Rich people's cats, which have large houses as a rule, only catch the sparrows on their own estate; but poor cats have to poach at large, and their ravages among the young sparrows are prodigious. It has been observed that a sparrow killing cat bags, on the average, two young birds a day. No amount of correction seems to prevent their indulgence in this form of sport. They know it is wrong, but it is too fascinating. One young cat of the writer's acquaintance went into a fit after a mild beating for killing young sparrows, and as soon as he recovered went off to kill another. A cat in the same house which was surprised with two naked nestlings in its mouth slipped them underneath a mat on the stairs when it saw its mistress approaching. Nature is too strong for them, and the drawing-room pussy seems no more able to resist the taste for sport than the stable cat.

A Bicycling Cat.

Danville, Pa., probably has the only bicycle fiend in the shape of a cat in the United States. It is a black cat—as chester; P. L. Goldsborough, Esq., or black as the hinges of midnight—and belongs to W. G. Proctor. This cat enjoys a bicycle ride as well as any wheelman in America and never misses an opportunity of taking one. The route is never too long and the pace never too warm for him. The cat does not, to be sure, sit upon the saddle and do the pedaling, but it rides upon the shoulders of the boys in the neighborhood. In the evening, when the boys start out on their spins, one of them will place this cat upon his shoulders, and there Tom will sit through the entire journey if permitted to do so. The cat never falls from its perch. Sometimes it is partially dislodged by the boys in mounting or by a sudden turn or bump in the road, but its claws are ever ready to catch a new hold. When the cat sees one of the youngsters starting out for a ride, it runs after him, and if he does not offer to take up Tom rubs against his leg and meows in a very supplicating manner to be taken along. The cat is about a year old and has been a victim of the bicycle fever for several months.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

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We are getting duplicates every boat day. We bought way back in the summer our first invoice, but we don't know how long the manufacturers will continue to ship us duplicates at the close quotations on our first lots. We say, come early, we have them up to this writing, Men's, Boys' and Children's.

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Ask the agent at Chester River Wharf how often his steamer lands without a case or two of Hats and Caps for Moody & Lusby. You know though, by this time, that we lead the procession, others follow. Just opened a case five minutes ago, Stiff Hats, sent us without ordering as our standing order to the largest jobber is, send us new things as soon as styles are out; $1.50 this hat is; general price $2.00. All the new things in Stiff and Soft Hats and Caps for Men and Boys, and Tam O'Shantas for little fellows.

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