

AS A GLORIOUS CLIMAX

"HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN HIS TIME."

MIGHTY LAW OF SEQUENCE

Events of Human Life Marshaled As An Army By the Wise King—The Fitness of Things—"There Is a Time to Be Born and a Time to Die"—"A Time to Laugh and a Time to Weep."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Bailly, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 28.—At the season when nature is displaying her glories in greatest abundance the preacher chooses as a theme for his sermon the beauty of things audible and visible and contrasts it with the higher beauty which comes to those whose lives are in harmony with the Divine Life. The text is Ecclesiastes vii., 11. "He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

The Solomonian writings are often epigrammatic in style. Like priceless jewels cut and polished by the lapidaries and collected in caskets, irrespective of size or color, his verses as verbal gems are clustered into chapters, with but little attempt at consecutive arrangement. Indeed, King Solomon for the most part seems to me to be like a writer of notebooks. In the King's judgment hall or on the street or out upon the hillside under the blue dome of the sky, when a great thought is divinely inspired within his brain, he jots that thought down in memoranda. Then at the end of the day or the week or the month or the year he collects these different thoughts, irrespective of their logical sequence, into a chapter or a book and has the court scribe write them out again in full. They are often as unconnected as the definitions of Webster's Dictionary. They change their subjects very often. They are like nuggets of gold sometimes found by the Australian miners in the dust by the roadsides or in the river beds, entirely separated from any gold veins.

The modern critics tell us that King Solomon did not write the book of Ecclesiastes, that its style and diction belong to a later date. It appears to me, however, that its tone and its depressing refrain are characteristic of a man who led such a life of ease and self-indulgence as Solomon led, and that at the end of it, satiated with pleasure and study, as he must have been, it was precisely the kind of book that would come from his pen, and the conclusions uttered in that book, just such as would be likely to be reached by a man who, having strayed from God, was disappointed and dissatisfied with his life. In the absence, therefore, of definite knowledge I shall assume that the first verse of the book indicates him as the author. "The son of David, King in Jerusalem."

But, though King Solomon was not, as a rule, a connected writer, yet in the book of Ecclesiastes he makes an exception to his usual custom. In this third chapter, for example, there is clear sequence. No man can interpret his text right unless he uses the words, "He hath made everything beautiful in his time," as a glorious climax to the ten verses which precede them. Solomon is here enunciating the mighty law of sequence. He is marshaling the events of a human life as an army. Each event must have its right position. In the language of the chapter he says, "There is a time to be born and a time to die." There is a time for a cradle and a time when the wood of that cradle should be changed into a coffin lid. "There is a time to plant and a time to reap that which is planted." The plow and the sickle cannot have the rust rubbed off their faces at the same time. There is a time to weep and a time to laugh. That means that a joke or a cackination at a funeral is a discord. A tear and a sob at a coronation are also out of place. A wedding march is never played in a minor key, neither is the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" sung to the accompaniment of the "Dead March" from "Saul," nor is a Christmas carol improvised behind the musical bars of a Mozart's requiem.

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men, after the author of my text has sung the changes of the "Gospel Harmonies of Sequence," the meadow lands and upon the mountain top, in sea and on land, by cradles and by opened graves; during the times when the dove of peace is hovering over man, and during the time when the black raven of war is flapping his wings above bloody battlefields, King Solomon generalizes all his statements in one great conclusion. He practically says, "All the different heart beats of joy and sorrow, life and death, peace and conflict, hope and despair, have their purpose to serve, if they only come to man in the right way and at their appointed seasons." For God "hath made everything beautiful in his time." This is the keynote of Christianity. Man in his sinful state is a monster of ugliness, a blemish on creation, a discord, but man redeemed, is haloed with divine beauty, and, as Ralph Waldo Trine has said, "He is in tune with the infinite." He becomes part of the universal harmony, and his thoughts are in spiritual symmetry with the thoughts of God.

We find an analogy for man's spiritual beauty in the painter's brush and the artist's easel. According to Samuel Coleridge, the English poet and literary critic, the true definition of "beauty" is "multitude in unity." Let me illustrate what an artist's "multitude in unity" means. When Paul Gustave Dore first painted his famous picture, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the judgment hall was bathed in the glowing sun of the noontide. The hillsides about Jerusalem were blustering under the heat of a Syrian mid-noon spring. The people who had come to hear the verdict of that trial had left their work in the heat of the day. In that first picture you could almost hear above the spectators' taunting words, the shrill cries of trade in the busy marts of the Hebrew capital. Just before Dore was about to send his picture to the French Salon he called in a friend who was a great Bible student as well as art critic. When Canon Hartford stood before the canvas, Dore saw he was disappointed. "What is wrong with the picture, Hartford?" he asked. "The picture has a wrong setting," said Canon Hartford. "Christ was not tried at noon. Christ was tried in the early morning. The blazing light of that sun should be darkened in order to make the picture historically true." Though Dore had worked on that picture already for nearly three long years, because in that praetorium there were not the "multitudes of colors in blending unity," Dore changed the whole type of that picture. He overcast the sky and represented Christ leaving the presence of Pilate in the early morning.

An artist's beauty is a "multitude in unity." We know that Samuel Coleridge's definition in reference to the painter's easel is true. We see a "multitude of colors in unity" when Turner, the most brilliant artistic colorist England ever produced, makes the sea a creature of life. Now it is a beautiful boulevard of gold, paying its way to the throne of a setting sun; now a perfect pandemonium of furies; now it is a burial scene, when Sir David Wilkie finds a sepulchre in the mighty deep, whose waves beat themselves into pieces on the Gibraltar crags. But, though there may be many different tints blending in the colors of a rainbow or in the hectic flush of a rose, did you ever stop to realize that all colors come from but three primal colors? Just the same as all nature. All the animal and vegetable and mineral kingdoms have but sixty-six different basic elements, of which they are all composed. So in the artistic world we find that all colors are originally come from but three primary colors—the red, the yellow and the blue. Now, if God can form the artistic beauty of the sky, the sea, the land, out of the simple red, the simple yellow and the simple violet, is it absurd to suppose that God can spiritually make us artistically beautiful, no matter how crude and sinful we may be, if we only allow our thoughts and lives to be combined in symmetry with his thoughts and with Christ's life. Oh, the beauty of blending colors! From the brilliant pictorial of an autumn leaf let us learn the spiritual lesson for man that God hath made and can make everything beautiful in its time.

But what, according to the law of sound, do we mean by being "in tune with the infinite?" I went hunt-

ing some time ago. As I lay in a dugout by a water hole, hidden by the leaves, waiting for the birds to come down to drink, I asked myself this question, "What is music? Why is it that all these voices of the woods have such a wonderful influence over me? Why does not the harsh call of the fishmonger hawking his food at my city door, or the deep voice of the fog-horn on shipboard off the banks of Newfoundland, or the rasp of a saw, or the whining cry of a spoiled child, enchant me as now do the voice signalings of the pheasants, which I can now see way off under yonder trees, or the chirp of the swallows flying over my head, or the beautiful sounds that come to my ear as the harpists of the winds finger the long, slender vines as though they were harp strings? I know that some of the repellent cries I have heard from the fishmonger Richard Wagner has reproduced in his matchless operas. I know the deep voice of the fog-horn rolls and thunders and swells and dies away in the choruses of many a great musical master.

In order to answer this question I made a study of the laws of musical sound. Dudley Buck, the great American composer, taught me that "sweet music" was merely a succession of combinations of sound arranged with such connection and mutual relations as to express to the ear some distinct form or train of thought and awaken certain corresponding emotions." He told me that music is thought expressed in sound, even as a great painting is thought expressed in color. A jumble of colors is a daub, not a picture; a riot of sounds, promiscuously pushing and jostling each other, even as the stronger limbed members of a stampeding mob knock down and trample upon the weaker, is merely a collection of discords. It is only when "multitudes of sounds" are marshaled together in "harmonious unity" that we have music. So when I began to know what true music meant, then I said to myself: "Yes, yes; I now know what Ralph Waldo Trine means when he speaks of man being 'in tune with the infinite.'" Man in himself may be so distracted by sin as to be like a discord in music. His voice in nature may be so discordant by reason of his corrupt condition as to render the ear as does the shrill cry of the vulture on the street. But when his nature is redeemed his voice goes into its right place in the song of creation and of Moses and the lamb and becomes harmonious and melodious.

The symmetries of straight lines and curves in sculpture and architecture also form analogies for man's spiritual beauty. Wandering among the famous buildings of Europe, I find that, architecturally, the building has a symmetrical unity, just as a perfect statue is chiseled after the physical formations of a perfect man. Many years ago there was exhumed from the buried ruins of old Rome a marble leg, broken from off one of the statues of old. That broken fragment is still preserved in the Vatican. Michael Angelo, as a sculptor, used to study that leg by the day, the week, the month and the year, "because," said the great Italian master, "I consider that piece of stone the most perfect formation of physical anatomy ever carved by the chisel of man."

Now, the symmetrical laws observed in true sculpture are also found to exist in true architecture. A great builder like Christopher Wren did not start in the erect St. Paul's cathedral at haphazard. Every part of the walls, the dome, and the capstones were carefully and harmoniously designed and properly proportioned before one spadeful of dirt was dug out of the heart of mother earth to excavate the cellars of London's architectural pride. And the wonderful part of the masterfully designed buildings of Europe, is how deceptive they are as to their size when first seen by the human eye. When one sees the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, lifting itself toward the skies or the spires of the Cologne Cathedral, like the unfettered finger of an orator pointing heavenward, or the roof of the Milan Cathedral, peopled with myriads of saints and apostles carved in stone, the lengths and the breadth and the heights of those structures rarely impress the tourist at first. Why? Because all are in perfect symmetrical proportion. A truly great building is "multitudes of stones arranged in unity." It is thought expressed in stone, as a painting is thought expressed in colors, or as music is thought expressed in sound.

Now, as true architecture is beautiful thought expressed in the curves and lines of the roof and the walls and the foundation stones of a building, I would go one step further in my subject. I would say to the designers of the great Episcopalian Cathedral now being built in New York city: "Oh, architects, of what material are you building these walls? Where are to be found the mighty beams to hold up yonder roof?" Then these architects take me down into the quarries, and amid the dust and the dirt I see the mighty rocks being hewed out. Then they take me to the foundries, where the steel beams are being molded. Then they take me out into the forests, where the great tree trunks are being dragged to the sawmills. Then they say: "Oh, preacher, we are making this beautiful Cathedral of St. John the Divine out of such materials as these. All these rocks and steel beams and tree trunks, a multitude of different elements, shall blend together in beautiful architectural unity."

Then I turn to the architects and say: "Oh, designers, if you can make yonder stone beautiful by placing it in symmetrical harmony with other stones, cannot my Lord and my God make redeemed man beautiful when he becomes part of the heavenly temple by union with Jesus Christ? For 'I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.' As the apostle says, 'Ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual house.' Is the one achievement from

an earthly standpoint any more wonderful than the second achievement from a heavenly standpoint?" Yes, I see to-day, by the beautiful in architecture, analogies that show that God has made and God is now making and will continue to make redeemed man beautiful in his time.

Let us loiter for a little while in the "poets' corner" of Westminster Abbey. As we listen the sweet tales of the English language seem to lift their heads from their pillows of dust and begin to sing, and we find man's spiritual beauty in the analogies of poetry as well as in painting and music and sculpture and architecture. For as painting is rhythm in color and music is rhythm in sound and sculpture and architecture are rhythm in stone, so poetry is rhythm in words. Aye, poetry is more than mere rhythm. An English writer once well said, "Poetry in the flower garden of human language is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions and emotions."

But though poetry is rhythm in words, yet words themselves, as individuals, are not poetry. The words Burns used in his poems, and William Shakespeare used in his poems, and Longfellow used in his poems, and Whittier and Holmes and Lowell and Bayard Taylor used in their poems were for the most part only the simple words we used in everyday life by our own firesides. The beauty of these poets' words are entirely due to their juxtaposition with their surrounding words.

Are you and I ready to become part of God's beautiful creation? Are we ready to become beautiful in ourselves by becoming beautiful in him? Even the lowest and vilest, saved by his grace and redeemed by his blood, can become a true part of Christ's beautiful life. Many years ago when the yellow fever plague was raging in Memphis, Tenn., a rough looking man applied to the city relief committee and said, "I wish to nurse." It was at a time when most people who could were fleeing from the stricken and desolated homes. The death carts seemed to be going everywhere. At first the physician declined the rough man's services, but as he could get no one else to do the work this man was sent to one of the most filthy and dangerous wards of the city. Wherever he went he was a messenger of love. He would not tell his name; he said simply, "Call me John." Time passed on, and after awhile John, whose name was now famous through the city, sickened and died. While his body was being prepared for an unmarked grave, suddenly upon his arm was found a livid mark, which proved that John was an ex-convict. John had been one of the most dangerous criminals of all the south. Once he was a murderer, but now, through the blood of Jesus, he became a ministering angel. Once he was horrible in his depraved malediction. Now he was made beautiful by bringing his life in symmetrical touch with Jesus' life.

My friends, will you not let Christ fill you with his spiritual beauty? Will you not only in the future be spiritually beautiful, but beautiful now in your present life? Will you not become transformed as was John, the redeemed nurse, laboring for his Master in plague stricken Memphis?

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JEN AND JOE.

Dear wife, it don't seem long ago Since you were Jen and I was Joe, And as the happy thoughts go back To where we started on life's track. I can not find along the way One cloud that darkened any day, But that our love soon put to flight The hideous monster from our sight.

And so I thought while sitting here Of these old days to us so dear, And now beneath the moon's pale glow Your lips first dared to whisper Joe; Ah, wife, how happy was I then As I replied and called you Jen; But that was fifty years ago.

Yes, wife, fully fifty years have gone Since life was full of dreams and song, Without a thought of any fears But that we'd love through coming years; And though love dreams are oft untrue, We guessed much better than some do.

You said we'd love all through our life, And so we have, my precious wife. But time so alters everything That thoughts alone can old times bring.

And when I've nothing else to do I bring them up in sweet review; And I suppose 'twill ever be While life shall cling to you and me, We'll not forget the long ago When you were Jen and I was Joe.

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The Wise Mother

The day's duties over she rests in her chair, And thinks of the doses that doctors prepare To her children when sick no doctor she'll bring; She has proved beyond doubt "Abbey's Salt" is the thing.

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THE NORSE NIGHTINGALE.

Ven Romeo and Juliet
Ban making plenty love
He say to her, "Ay lak to bet
Yu ban my turtle dove."
She say, "Val, Romeo, Ay guess
Yu ban high card in deck,
But of my dad ban catch yu bar
Ay tenk he'll break yure neck."

Den Romeo get gude and mad
And say: "Dey ant no Evee
(Ay ant care ef he ban yure dad)
Can mak my nose to bleed!
Ay ban gude smart Norwegian guy
Without no yellow streak,
And Ay skol black yure fader's eye
And tak gude smash at beak!"

Miss Yulle tenk dis ban all right,
And so she tal her beau,
"Ef yu ban having any fight
Ay'll back yu, Romeo."
Den out on porch in rocking chair
She stick so tight lak bur
While Romeo give her gude hot air
And making love to her.

Her fader tenk dis ban a sin,
And dey skol have some spats;
Miss Yulle give him lots of chin
Den tak some rough on rats
And Romeo grab big butcher knife
And cut himself clean tru.
Ven yu ban looking after wife
Look out for fader tu!



"What are you doing, my lady?"
"Why, I read dis land was worth
\$800 a foot, an' I need the money."

The Same Old Difference.
Two flies stood close together on a screen. "It's pleasant weather," said the first fly. "I'm glad you think so," buzzed the second fly. "It's well enough, I suppose, but it looks like rain."

"Let her rain," said the first fly. "Who cares? I believe in making the best of things. What's the use of kicking all the time?"

"I admit," said the second fly, "that there's no use in kicking, but if you don't kick there's little else to do. I tell you this is a hard world. I see mighty little in it. I'm disgusted with the whole trouble."

"The trouble with you is," said the first fly, "that you are a pessimist, and I'm an optimist. I naturally look on the bright side of things, and you look on the dark. It's a question of temperament. I can't help being happy, and you can't help being unhappy. We were born so. It's fate, pure and simple. That, my friend, is the difference between us."

The second fly buzzed satirically. "That's where you're way off," he replied. "As a matter of fact, the difference between us is simply this: I'm on the outside and you're on the inside of this screen."

Financial.
Hicks—I've got to borrow \$200 somewhere.

Wicks—Take my advice and borrow \$300 while you are about it.

Hicks—But I only need \$200.

Wicks—That doesn't make any difference. Borrow \$200 and pay back \$100 of it in two installments at intervals of a month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will think that he is going to get the rest of it—Somerville Journal.

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