

SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES

WILL PASS "WHERE THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SIN."

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

Conditions Necessary to Interpret the Holy Book—St. John's Strange Saying at Patmos Illuminated By This Method and the Facts of the Divine Apocalypse May Be Symbolized and Grasped.

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

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 7.—In this sermon the reader is taken into an enchanted realm beneath the waves, and a novel and strange interpretation is given to the mystery of the sea. The text is Revelations xxi, 1, "And there was no more sea."

Who was the writer? Where were his feet planted when he saw the spectacles which he describes in his divinely inspired apocalypse? These two conditions must be clearly understood before one can in any true way grasp the meaning of the words of my text. Indeed, to properly appreciate the words or the actions of any man we must first put ourselves in that man's place.

We all understand this condition in everyday life. Why, then, cannot we put ourselves in the biblical writers' places when we try to interpret the holy book? During the darkest days of the Civil War Congressman Dixon of New York State entered the White House with a long list of grievances, which he and some of his colleagues had drawn up against the Government. Abraham Lincoln heard him patiently until he was through. Then he said: "Dixon, I believe you and your friends were truly honest men when you drew up those criticisms against my administration. But the trouble is you fellows do not put yourselves in my place. If you did, you would do just about what I am doing. I tell you, how I will fix those matters. You go home and think up all the things you would like me to do, and then come back to-morrow and tell me the result, and I will do just what you want me to do."

Congressman Dixon said: "I went back to my hotel that evening with my head high up among the clouds, 'why,' said I to myself, 'Lincoln said he will do anything I want him to do; that makes me to-night practically president of the United States.'" But after supper that night Congressman Dixon went to his room. He laid the white sheets of paper upon his desk and began to plan what he wanted Lincoln to do. The more, however, he thought, the more difficult it was for him to find anything to write. Why? Because the more he put himself in the president's place, the more he felt he would do just as Lincoln was doing and had done. "The next day," said I, "I did not go to the White House," said Congressman Dixon, "neither did I go the next day or the next. About three weeks later I attended a public reception at the White House. As soon as I entered the room, the president saw me and he called out, 'Hello, Dixon! why did you not keep your appointment with me the day after our conversation?' Because I was ashamed to do so." "Ah, yes," said Lincoln, "I thought you would not come back. The actions and words of a man appear entirely different when you put yourself in that man's place, than when you criticize them from an outsider's standpoint."

To-day, in order to rightly interpret the words of my text, we must first put ourselves in St. John's place. In the first instance, we notice, he is an old man. His life's work was nearly done. A man at eighty looks at conditions in heaven and on earth differently from the way a young man at twenty looks at them. The struggles of life were to St. John very real and intense. For years he had been a resident of Ephesus, in Asia Minor. He had been a mighty factor in the spreading of the gospel through all those regions. He had suffered for Christ; he had almost been martyred. The second fact we must notice, is that

St. John is an exile. Like Napoleon at St. Helena, he knew that in all probability he could never again go back to his earthly work. Under the Domitian persecution, he was sent to this lonely, rock-bound island of his time, more to him than it might mean to some of us. It meant, as I shall try to show, first, the "Sea of Mystery"; secondly, the "Sea of Hate"; thirdly, the "Sea of Separation"; and fourthly, the "Sea of Spiritual Struggle." By putting ourselves in St. John's place as exiles upon the Island of Patmos, I believe we can symbolize all these facts.

First, the sea is a mysterious monster. Do we have to go to a Johannine vision to know that? Has any man, woman or child ever stood upon the beach and looked off upon the mighty deep and not wondered about what was happening away down in the depths that no fathom line has ever yet been able to sound? The scientists have unraveled a few of the sea's mysteries. They have shown the currents flowing over one another in different directions, as the different currents of the air allow the aeronaut to journey in one direction or another. By deep sea dredging they have brought up from the lowest ocean depths the primeval ooze, the deposit perhaps of millions of years. They have captured strange creatures which have never been seen before by the eyes of man. The results of their investigations have been collected into one of the greatest of all scientific volumes, entitled the "Book of Oceanography." But, after all, though some of the ocean's mysteries have been investigated, the most of those mysteries are as yet unraveled. They will always remain as mysteries until suitable apparatus has been invented by means of which divers can descend and pass at leisure through the paths of the sea now untrodden by the foot of man.

Oh, the mysteries of the sea! Who has ever been able to describe them? It was my privilege, some weeks ago, to see some of the wonders of the mighty deep. I took ship and went to the famous Catalina Islands, off the southern coast of California. I went there for the fishing. I had heard away back in the east of the wonderful sea sport at that place. I heard it was no unusual sight to see there three and four or five fish brought in each weighing upward of 300 pounds; that some fish had been caught there weighing over 500 pounds. These fishermen had told me that there swam the tuna, the gamet fish of all the seas. There are the yellowtails and the barracudas, and the rock bass and the whitefish and scores of other fish. But though I saw fish caught at Catalina weighing 300 pounds, the most marvelous sight by far that I ever witnessed there was what was revealed to me in the depths of the sea by the glass bottomed boats.

A strong muscled oarsman, who knew every nook and corner of that coast, rowed us out. The centre of the boat had no keel, but, instead, a glass flooring. As we rowed on we could see down and down, fifty, sixty, seventy and eighty feet. Here were the rocks, piled up in incongruous forms, like unto the Bad Lands of the Dakotas. There were walls of rocks, dismantled fortresses in rocks, crumbling cathedrals in rocks, shattered masonry in rocks, whole fallen Jerichos in rocks, pyramids and palisades were in rocks. Rocks in column, rocks aslant, immensities and infinities of rock. In yonder cavern a fish, hermitlike, was dwelling. We could see his head as he silently kept vigil, watching the other fish swim by. Now darted past hundreds of thousands of sand-dinners, chased by a larger fish. In those depths, as on the land, the "survival of the fittest" is the law of life—the big fish eat the smaller fish.

Now we seem to be pushing our way into the marine farmlands. Whole gardens of vegetables seem to be planted upon the rocks. Many of those forms of vegetable life are named after the table foods we grow in our country gardens. There are the waving wheatfields and silken bearded corn just ready for the husking and the meadow lands green and red with clover tops. Now we seem to be entering the Indian and African jungles. The seaweeds are matted and snarled together. They seem to take upon themselves all colorings. Here are the long, clinging vines, there the broad leaves and the narrow leaves, the short leaves and the long leaves. Now the bare rocks ap-

pear again and seem to be like unto mighty mountains in their impressiveness, crying: "Come, man, come, and take my gold! Come and take my silver! My bones are copper, my heart is iron; come and take my wealth!" As we wandered on, peering into this strange and unknown world, I say to myself: "There are the revealed mysteries of the sea seventy feet deep. What must be the mysteries of the sea hundreds of feet deep, miles deep, unfathomably deep? What must be the mysteries of the sea when the 'jew' fish, weighing one-half thousand pounds, rubs up his side against the whale, weighing thousands upon thousands of pounds? Yes, the sea is a mystery, a great unfathomable mystery. What the mysterious sea was to the lonely exile looking off upon the Mediterranean God always has been and always will be to us on earth. He is a mystery. We know that he created the world, but how? We cannot tell. We know that in the beginning Christ was, and yet he was born a helpless babe. How? We cannot tell. We know that John, as the beloved disciple, walked and lived with Christ. Yet concerning many facts about the personality of Jesus John was as much in the dark as was Nicodemus when he said, 'How can these things be?' Paul compares our knowledge of God to a little child's knowledge of a human parent. We know that our babies cannot fully understand us. Therefore Paul says: 'Now we look through a glass darkly. Now we know only in part.' Do you wonder that when John began to use the mysterious ocean as the symbol of a mysterious God he cried out in the words of my text in reference to heaven, 'And there was no more sea?' All the mysteries of earth shall receive heavenly solution when the seas shall vanish away.

Do you suppose that if Carthage had been situated only a few miles from Rome there would have ever been a Hamitic fighting at Mount Eryx or a Hamilcar's greater son, Hannibal, being defeated by Scipio the Great at Zama, in 202? The reason Carthage hated Rome and Rome hated Carthage was because they were separated by a "sea of hate" called the Mediterranean, two thousand miles long and seven hundred miles wide. The "sea of separation" became, like the Dead Sea, "a sea of blood." Do you suppose England would ever have treated the American colonies as she did during the eighteenth century had she not been separated from them by an Atlantic Ocean three thousand miles wide? Why, the American colonists were of the same blood as those who lived on English shores. The children of the Virginia planters and of the Massachusetts aristocrats were all sent over to the English schools to be educated. But no, England would not treat her American subjects as she did those who were earning their bread on the London Strand. The "sea of separation" became the "sea of hate," and the bloody Revolutionary war was merely the echo of the Atlantic's moaning waves lapping Plymouth rock and Dover cliffs.

Do you suppose Rome would have ever placed her iron heel of tyranny upon the neck of the prostrate Hebrew had Jerusalem not been separated from the capital of the Caesars by the same waves which separated Rome from Carthage? The greatest separators of nations always have been the mighty seas. Thus, when St. John looked off upon the waters of the Mediterranean and said, "And there was no more sea," he meant practically this: In heaven there shall be no hate, no bitterness, no fault-finding, no bloodshed, no Jew hating Roman, no Roman hating Greek, no Japan fighting Russia and no Spain sucking the life-blood of a prostrate Cuba. Then love and kindness and sympathy and mutual self-sacrifice will bind the human family together, because the "sea of hate" shall forever disappear.

But as the "sea of separation" is sometimes the "sea of hate," so it may be also the impassable barrier which separates friend from friend, Napoleon, fretting life away in St. Helena, or Captain Dreyfus, suffering on Devil's Island, or Victor Hugo, in exile on the Island of Guernsey, were no more separated from their friends than is St. John on Patmos, separated from his friends. Legend tells us that he was sent to work in the Patmos mines as the Russian exiles are put to work in the Siberian mines. But when the day's work was done St. John was allowed to freely roam over the Patmos rocks. No prison walls were more secure than this prison of the apostolic exile. And now, methinks, I can see him, his white hair being tossed by the winds. He strains his eyes as he looks over the Mediterranean waters to Asia Minor, where he knows his Christian co-laborers are working among the churches of Asia. "Ah," says the old patriarch, "in heaven I shall never be separated from those I love. I shall never have to part again from those who have labored by my side in the gospel vineyard. I shall never be compelled to have the silver cords of affection snapped at the grave. These waves of separation shall forever and ever be licked up. There shall be no more sea."

Is not this re-union vision of the Isle of Patmos to you a transcendent thought? Is it not an uplifting hope that those who were once snatched away from us by death shall be given back in all the beauty and love of the redemption? Sometimes we must be separated from those we love, even as St. John on the Island of Patmos was separated from his friends in Asia Minor. But in heaven God will give us back our loved ones. Yes, there will be no separations, no partings there. For in heaven, according to the inspired Apocalypse, "there is no more sea." But the Mediterranean waves beating against the Patmos rocks were not only symbolic of external troubles, but also of an inward spiritual strife. When St. John gave his heart to Christ, in one sense he was emancipated from sin. But Satan never for an instant, this side of the

grave, leaves off his struggle to capture a gospel stronghold. The Bible declares a Christian shall not be tempted by a sin greater than he can bear. But Christians always have to be going to Christ for more spiritual strength in order to repel the Satanic onslaughts which are daily being made against the strongholds of their hearts.

When sailing upon the ocean, some days its surface seems as calm as Lagoon Lake asleep, as a smiling child in the broad lap of the Adirondack Mountains. But that is only a slumber. Within a few hours she may awake with a scowling face, with the fire of the lightnings in her eye and with the shriekings of the tornadoes in her voice. In our lives the spiritual struggles keep on to the end. We have the "good angel" whispering in one ear to be good; we have the "bad angel" whispering in the other ear to be bad. St. John, even up to the end of his life, had to fight by the power of the Holy Spirit against the restless sea of temptations. So have we.

About the best illustration of my thought that I know is the simple one which Dr. Frederick Goss told to his Cincinnati people a few months ago. One day one of his Sunday school teachers was trying to explain to her class that there are two kinds of lives to live, the good life and the bad life. "Now, children," she said, "all those little girls who want to live the 'good life,' will they please step over on this nice warm carpet, and those who want to live the 'bad life' will stand on that cold, hard oilcloth?" Much to the teacher's surprise, her own little girl put one foot upon the carpet and the other upon the oilcloth. "My dear," said the mother in surprise, "you are standing upon both." "I know it, mamma," said the child, "but you know 'thetimes' I want to be just a little bad." So in every Christian life there has to be a continual war against the world, the flesh and the devil. And when St. John looked off upon the troubled waters of the Mediterranean, he not only looked off upon his own spiritual struggles, but at the same time he looked off in vision to the time when those spiritual struggles should forever pass away, when "there shall be no more sea."

Thus my text means more than a mere figure of speech. It has more than a mere literal interpretation that heaven is to be a place without atmospheric moisture. It means that the "mountain of Calvary" shall be large enough to hold all peoples who give their hearts to Jesus Christ. It means that this "mountain of Calvary" shall not only be a wide mountain, but a high mountain. It shall lift us up and up and up until it lifts us to the very gates of heaven itself. Oh, my brother and sister, will you not stand upon this mountain, this blood red Calvary mountain? Will you not to-day lay the island of Patmos to you a stepping stone to a heavenly throne? There you will never again hear the surging waves of temptation beating against the rocks of sin and threatening to sweep you out into the unfathomable depths. May the sunrise of a gospel hope shed to-day its yellow beams over life's troubled waters and have for you a golden boulevard which shall lead up to the streets of a new Jerusalem, where there shall be "no more sea."

His Conscience.
Fierce as he was, the infamous Chief Justice Jeffreys did not always escape the sting of a reprieve. He went to a country assize once where an old man with a great beard came to give evidence, but had not the good fortune to please the judge, so he quarreled with his beard and said, "If your conscience is as large as your beard you'll swear anything." The old blade was nettled and briskly returned, "My lord, if you go about measuring consciences by beards your lordship has none."

Why Is It?
"Did you ever notice," said an observant young man, "that men as a rule run down the heels of their shoes on the outside, while women run them down on the inside?" He was asked to explain the reason, but said he had no reason, as he only mentioned it as being singular, with no means of explanation.

Heading Them Off.
Mrs. Villadom—Why do you want to call on the Borems tonight? Mr. Villadom—Because if we don't they're certain to come over here. It will be easier to go home when we're tired of them than to ask them to go home.

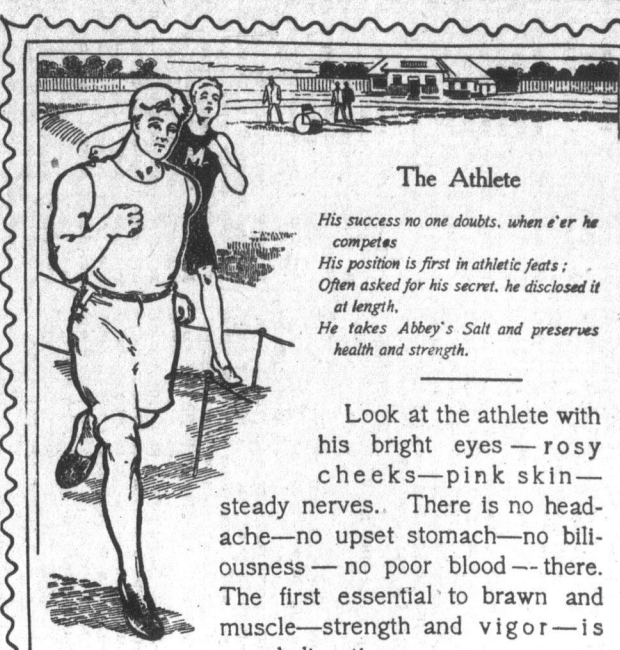
Too Candid.
Miss Hignup—I think Miss Globetrot ought to be ashamed of herself. She says she found the paintings of the old masters dreadfully stupid. Miss Wayup—So do many others. Miss Hignup—Yes, but she says so.

A Hint to Headquarters.
Head of the Firm—I don't see how you are going to support a wife on your present salary. Smart Clerk—Neither do I, sir.—London Punch.

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THE SUPERLATIVE GIRL.
She is a superlative girl;
She says it is simply absurd
That her tongue takes a terrible twist
Selecting the littiest word.
She knows it is perfectly wrong
And thinks it is splendid advice
That she shun words so horribly long—
But they are so horribly nice.
However, since others object,
She feels there's but one thing to do;
That short words she will have to select.
It makes her atrociously blue.
She says, though, she's certainly sure
She'll use but the tiniest sort,
And that thus she her habit will cure,
And use words deliciously short.
—Chicago Tribune.



Forgot Himself.
The Soubrette—How do you like these ties?
The Tragedian (absentmindedly)—I really prefer the path at the side of the track.—New York Evening Journal.

Communing a Sentence.
Judge Gary at the recent meeting of steel trust stockholders in Hoboken, N. J., said in the course of an argument:
"Your objection reminds me of the objection a lawyer once made to a judge's sentence. This judge had given a prisoner convicted of second degree murder thirty years' solitary confinement, whereupon the lawyer cried out: 'But, your honor, my client is old. He won't live thirty years.'
"Well, then," said the judge, 'I'll shorten his sentence to life imprisonment if you prefer it.'—New York Tribune.

Complimentary Copies.
Miss Quilling—I wrote a novel last summer, and it has made quite a stir in the literary world. Everybody says it is just splendid.
Mr. Synnex—H'm! And how many copies have there been sold?
Miss Quilling—I don't think any copies have been sold yet, but of course that has nothing to do with the fact that it has created a decided sensation in the literary world, don't you know.
—Boston Transcript.

Blood will tell, for a blush often gives a girl away.

The man who sighs always enjoys sorrow.

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