

PAY TOO HIGH A PRICE

GREAT WEALTH AND SOCIAL POSITION MAY BE DEARLY BOUGHT.

ALAS, JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

Case in Which a Noble and Legitimate Goal Was Sought But With a Deceitful Disregard to the Cost of the Attainment—Curse of Gold Rusts and Dyes and Stains With Human Blood.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 17.—In these days of eager desire for great wealth and social position, when multitudes are absorbed in the struggle for worldly success, this sermon comes as a wholesome and timely warning that it is possible to pay too high a price for fortune's favors and that fame may be too dearly bought. The text is Judges xi, 35, "Alas, my daughter!"

An old trite saying declares, "What is worth getting is worth paying for." But the payment demanded for what we want is often more than mere silver and gold. It may cost the pound of flesh near the heart of an Antonio, and it may mean silver or gold, crimsoned by having been dipped and rusted and dyed in human blood.

"Yes, I will own that land. I will yet be master of Daylesford manor house." These were the words uttered by a young pauper, then being educated in the charity school of the little hamlet of Churchill, in Oxfordshire, England. That Daylesford manor house had once been the property of Warren Hastings, great-grandfather. Warren Hastings, for that was the pauper's name, was then a motherless lad, and the son of a good for nothing, shiftless father, who had fled to England to find his grave ultimately in the far-off West Indies. Aye, Warren Hastings as a man fulfilled the pledge he made as a boy but he paid dearly for what he was after. He paid for Daylesford manor house with money purchased by years of exile, years of toil, years of persecution. What was worth having was worth paying for, but the price for the Hastings ancestral home came very high.

Well, to-day we find General Jephthah having a great ambition. He was not only seeking a noble and a legitimate goal, but he was rashly and recklessly ready to pay any price to reach that goal. Jephthah had two objects in reaching this goal of his ambition. The first, to wipe out the stigma on the record of his birth. Like Alexandre Dumas, he could never mention the name of his mother without bringing a blush of shame to his cheek. Secondly, Jephthah wanted to drive out the invading Ammonitish hosts who were threatening to destroy his people. So the night before the great battle opened General Jephthah in his military tent made a pledge something like this: "O God, if to-morrow thou wilt only give me success, if thou wilt allow me to atone for the awful record of my birth by being a deliverer of my people from these invading herds of cut-throats, I promise thee that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace from the children of Ammon shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

Hardly had the roar and din of battle ceased when the messengers on swiftest of horses sped everywhere. They rode as fast as Nathan Mayer Rothschild rode to reach London the night after Wellington's triumph at Waterloo. Everywhere the hard riding couriers shouted the news to an excited people: "The land is free! The land is free! The land is free! Jephthah has won!"

When the Roman generals came back from their conquests, they were given a triumphant entry into the "capital of the seven hills." No more enthusiastic ovation was ever awarded to the military chieftains of the Caesars than that which now welcomed the liberator of the Israelitish people. The maidens came forth to dance before him, and to strew flowers in his way, and to sing

their sweetest songs. Such music and songs and flowers as afterward welcomed King Saul after the destruction of the Philistines were surging over General Jephthah in great tidal waves of harmonious sound or surrounding him with huge floral rainbows, dyed in the richest of colors, with this one exception—General Jephthah had no taunting name of a shepherd boy to imbitter him with jealousy. But as the Israelitish liberator comes nearer to his house we see a great commotion. Suddenly this mighty leader stops and staggers like a drunken man, for there, coming out of his house, Jephthah sees his beautiful daughter, his only child, stopping forth to greet him, and by the terms of his vow she must be the sacrifice for his great conquest.

This pledge which Jephthah made to God was a very foolish one, God did not want General Jephthah to slay his daughter, neither does he want us to make the foolish sacrifices some of us are willing to make in order to win temporal success in life. Therefore I shall try in this sermon to catalogue some of the foolish sacrifices some of us make upon the altar of fortune and to protest against them.

First, God would never have us, like Jephthah, destroy the spiritual and physical and temporal lives of our children. He would never have us so engrossed in our work that we would neglect our own "flesh and blood," and care not how our boys and girls might turn out. He would not have the minister or the lawyer or the merchant or the inventor say: "I have no time to look after the nursery. I must work and work and work. I must work and work and work. I must work and work and work."

And yet, to-day, see how many men neglect their own children for the pursuit of silver and gold—men who in one sense try to justify themselves for this neglect. Oh, parent, it is an awful crime to endanger the physical and temporal and spiritual welfare of your children! No crime among all recorded crimes ought to be more shunned or condemned. And yet this crime we see haunting itself everywhere. Parents seem to be too busy seeking earthly fame and temporal success to care for their own flesh and blood. Said a prominent English judge to a young man standing in the felon's dock, "Do you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth. "Whenever I entered his presence he would say: 'Run away; run, my lad, and don't trouble me. I must write now; I must write.'"

What was that father? "He was the great lawyer," said Dr. Potter, "who was the author of the famous work on 'The Law of Trusts,' and his only son in due time furnished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had discharged the most sacred of all trusts committed to him in the person of his own child."

"Ed, where is your mother?" I once asked a young school friend when dining in the home of his mother. "Oh, mother is not here to dinner to-day. Mother is very seldom at home. She is always off addressing those religious meetings." Do you wonder that in this answer I read the future doom of that son? Do you wonder that that boy turned out badly? What right had that mother to attend any series of meetings which would compel her to systematically neglect the spiritual training of her offspring by her own fireside? No temporal success of life should be allowed to demand for its altars the sacrifice of a man's children, the sacrifice of a mother's home.

For temporal success, no matter how great, God would never have us destroy our Christian integrity. He would never have us mix an alloy in with the pure gold of Christian character in order to make it harder and to give it a louder ring. He would never say to us, "Oh, child of God, you can tell just one big lie or commit one big sin if by that means you can win a great earthly success, and then you will be ready to reconsecrate your whole life to me." And yet there are many men and women who believe that in the sight of God and man a great temporal success in one way may atone for the illegitimate and dishonest means by which that success is won. To them the

clover foot of Satan may be allowed to stand in the front rank of the world's honored ones if it be only covered with the shining kid of a patent leather shoe.

"Who is that gentleman riding down the street?" I ask. "Oh," he answers, "that is one of the most influential and respected men in our town. He is not only at the head of all reformatory movements, but he is one of the pillars of Roy. Dr. So-and-so's church." "How did he make his money?" "Well," he answers, and with that he looks around to see no one is within hearing distance, "there is a dark story connected with his life. People do say he got his start by dishonest means. He is said to have been once a very poor young man and a clerk in his uncle's office. This uncle was the owner of some very valuable coke lands. This uncle was a director in one of our large private banks and had his name, with six or seven other directors, upon notes aggregating some millions of dollars in value. The bank failed. These directors were responsible for the notes. In order to liquidate those notes that uncle would have had to hand over most of his property. What did he do? In order to escape these legitimate obligations he placed his coke property in the hands of his nephew and then went into court and swore he was penniless. After he had perjured himself thus this uncle went to his nephew and said, 'Now, my boy, deed me back my coke lands.' 'Oh, no,' said the young man; 'you gave them to me, and I will keep them. If you are dishonest I can be dishonest too.' That is the way Mr. So-and-so was supposed to have had his financial start in life. But, of course, as he is so rich and generous with his money the church and the world are ready to overlook this sin of his youth." A great temporal success is held by some to atone for the sinful means by which that success is won.

It must be an awful sensation for a man who has sacrificed his Christian integrity to feel that he always has to live in the "City of Dishonesty." It must be an awful thing to feel that every person who comes in touch with you is prompted to seek your friendship with a sinister desire. I once read of a heartrending scene. During the bombardment of Charleston, S. C., a young girl in one of the principal mansions of that fair city of the south was standing with her soldier lover before the marriage altar. Just as the chaplain was about to pronounce the twain one, there sounded a ringing of a shell. It burst into the room, and the young bride dropped dead at the feet of her lover. Oh, that death was horrible, terrible! That was a tragedy. But the scene of horror which met the young bridegroom's eyes that night is not so horrible to me as must be the tauntingly agonizing feelings of a bad man who thinks that every marriage altar is built upon the hard rock of selfishness, that all friendly greetings are merely the fawning words uttered by hypocrites, that every one with whom we walk is trying to overreach us as we are trying to overreach them. God pity the man who has lost his Christian integrity! God pity the man who feels he has to live upon the "Street of Self Love" and to associate entirely with neighbors who belong to the great family of "Hard Hearts."

But temporal success is again bought at too high a price when the desire for one earthly good obliterates all the temporal and spiritual blessings with which we are surrounded. It is bought at too high a price when a man, to gain that end, is willing to sacrifice everything else he has on earth, and, in the end, may lose the prize for which he has struggled.

I can imagine how Jephthah brooded over the evil chapter of his father's and mother's life which gave him birth. I can imagine how he wanted to wipe out that stain, especially to wipe it out among a people that kept the records of family births generation after generation and century after century. I can imagine how he might have said, "Oh, God, if I only may be honored among my people I will give to thee as a burnt offering the first person that comes out of my house to welcome me." But when his beautiful daughter, robed in white, was being bound to a stake, the glowing of his sword was sung among the fagots piled around her beautiful limbs, and when the tresses of her hair floating in the winds were eaten up by the hot, hissing flames, and when her dying shriek was heard above the wailings of the multitudes that surrounded her funeral pyre, do you believe the death of his only child could in any way make Jephthah happier because the disgrace of his birth was forever wiped out? Instead of Jephthah being the head of his family, now, by the death of his only child, he was the last of his race. I can imagine how a man reared in poverty and one who knew the glimmings of hunger, long for unlimited wealth—aye, and be ready to make almost any sacrifice to achieve wealth—but when wealth must be purchased at the price of his own life's blood is that wealth worth the struggle and the death?

That is a magnificent business block. I say to you, "That property must be worth a great deal of money." "Yes," you answer, "a fine property. That property was built with flesh and blood. The man who owned it is now dead from overwork." Yes, that is the sad commentary upon the methods by which scores and scores of our great fortunes were gathered. The men who made them were the men who were not allowed to live long enough to enjoy them. Oh, my brother, like Jephthah, are you so anxious to achieve a temporal success that you are willing to sacrifice your heart's life in order to win it?

But though it is a common custom to regard Jephthah as one of the wildest characters of the Bible—as Dr. Blaikie once said—"a rough, headless man, a fierce man in vowing and fearless in fulfilling," yet by the burning pyre built by this man's sin we see in the dying girl's face one of the sweetest characters in all history. The father represents the man of the world, the man of ambition, and in one sense the man of selfish ambition and the man of sin. The daughter represents, in an humble sense, the type of Jesus, as he died for sin in which she was not a participant. The one character signifies eternal disgrace. The other character represents a daughter's sacrificial blood flowing to wipe out that disgrace. "Upon the gloom of Jephthah's painful history an ethereal brightness shines. What can be more beautiful," said Dr. Wiseman, "more wonderful than this pure and lovely maid, brought up among bandits and far from the tabernacle of God, thus, freely offering herself as a thank offering for the victories of Israel? And who can fail to see in the story of the meek and self-sacrificing maiden a marvelous and mysterious adumbration of a better sacrifice of another soul of an only child, perfectly free and voluntary, and of virgin holiness and heavenly purity, the sacrifice of Christ, who gave his spotless soul to death for our sakes." In this sweet story of the lovely maiden dying for her father's sins can you not, O man, learn the lesson of how Christ died that you might live? Will you not accept that divine sacrifice as an atonement for your sins?

The human and divine sacrifices of life! Who can overlook them? We glory in the fact when a hero physically dies to physically save mankind. When Dr. Robert Koch, the noted discoverer of the bacilli of tuberculosis, advocated the idea that the tuberculosis of cattle was not infectious for man, and a young bacteriologist, to prove that theory false, inoculated himself with the cattle tuberculosis germ and died as a result of the inoculation, we said: "That is glorious! That is grand! That young man died in order that we might physically live. He died in order to prove the necessity of our guarding against the tuberculosis of the dumb brute." But this young maiden of my text died more than to die in order that her father might live. I can imagine that in the crude belief of those days it may have been held that the man who failed to fulfill his deliberate vow would perish eternally. It may have been that Jephthah's daughter yielded her life to avert that dreadful fate from her father. If so, how heroic was her sacrifice! How he must have loved her for doing so, while he bewailed the vow that had made it necessary! Have we no love for Christ, whose death was rendered necessary by our transgressions? He who died to save us from the penalty of our sin asks us for our grateful love. Can we withhold it? Let us ever hate and renounce the sin which he died to wipe away, and let us give to him our heart's adoration and consecrate our lives to his service.

Now the Romans Took Meals. The Romans took their meals lying upon very low couches, and it was not until about the time of Charlemagne that a stand was used, around which guests were seated on cushions, while the table made its appearance in the middle ages, and with it came benches with backs.

THE INCURABLE CURED AGAIN

J. J. Perkins Owes His Life to Dodd's Kidney Pills

Manitoba Man Helpless From Kidney Disease Made Strong And Healthy by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tyndall, Man., April 18.—(Special.)—Among the many in the great West who confidently state that they owe their lives to Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. J. J. Perkins, a well known resident of this place.

"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys," Mr. Perkins states, "and at last became so bad that the doctor gave me up and said I was incurable."

"At times I had such severe pains in my back and kidneys that I thought I would have to give up all hope and die. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute."

"While in this condition a friend persuaded me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had little faith in them, and it was more to please him than anything else I gave them a trial."

"To my surprise the first box did me so much good that I felt like a new man. Five boxes cured me completely."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life and I cannot praise them too much." Thousands of cases similar to that of Mr. Perkins are the proof that any Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease yields readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The milkman believes that to the pure all things should be pure. Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

The match-making mamma works overtime during leap year. Coughs, colds, bronchitis, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Cassell's Tablets, ten cents a box. All Druggists.

If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable. —Pimples, blotches, and all other skin troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—the most effective of all purifying medicines.

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

Come Do Not Delay

Delays are dangerous. If you are suffering from any form of kidney disorders, you should at once take steps to cure yourself. Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, will cure you, no matter in what form the disease manifests itself. If you are affected by any of the following results of kidney trouble, then take Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill: Lame back, rheumatism in its various forms, pallid complexion, puffed face, swollen feet, dropsical conditions, sick headache, sick stomach, weak eyes, loss of memory, brain fog, tired feeling, loss of ambition, sleeplessness, melancholy, and many other ailments. A cure is absolutely guaranteed.

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

Is for sale by all druggists, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price; 50 cents per box.

The Claffin Chemical Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y., AND
MINDORO, OZ.

Fast Direct Service

BETWEEN

Canadian Points and Pittsburg,
Cincinnati and St. Louis

VIA THE

LAKE SHORE
& MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RY

FROM BUFFALO.

Through sleepers from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto, over the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk R. R.'s, connecting at Buffalo with the Southwestern Limited at midnight. The Southwestern Express at 8:55 A. M., and The Exposition Flyer at 1:25 P. M. Dining car service—unexcelled equipment.

J. W. DALY, Gen'l Eastern Agent, BUFFALO, N.Y.

HAVE YOU TRIED OUR

WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

AND OUR

Genuine Graham Flour?

We have just recently installed New Machinery for making WHOLE WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOURS.

All our bakers are using them and pronounce them "THE BEST EVER."

Our "Gluten Grits," a product of the "Square Sifter," is praised by all users. Our Grocers claim it is the best Breakfast Cereal on the market. For sale by all grocers or Phone No. 1.

Beaver Flour, the best blended flour on earth. "Milled in a model mill for the model Canadian housewife."

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited.

Furniture H. McDONALD & CO Carpets...

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF

Carpets and Rugs

From James Templeton & Co., of Glasgow, Scotland. This firm is one of the largest British Carpet Manufacturing Companies, and their Carpets have a world wide Celebrity. They are sold by all the leading houses in Canada and the United States. Delicacy of design, harmony of colors and perfect workmanship make these Carpets ideal.

H. McDONALD & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR JAS. TEMPLETON & CO'S CARPETS.

DR. OVENS, London,
SURGEON, SPECIALIST,
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Visits Chatham Monthly.
Office properly fitted. Office—Radley Drug Store.
Next Visit, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

CHATHAM FARMER'S HOUSE
Opposite the market.
25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or table board. Special rates. \$1 per day

J. W. MILES, Proprietor.

Minard's Lament for Sale Everywhere.



Dirty woodwork or any other part of the house that requires cleaning can best be cleaned by using

SUNLIGHT SOAP

It will remove every particle of dirt and make the whole house bright and cheery. Absolutely pure, and every bar possesses remarkable cleansing power.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.