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There Is More Beyond

What The Heart Tells Us
In Spring

By

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

THE lover of nature enjoys a veritable feast at this season of the year. Wherever he looks, he sees thousands of eyes looking wonderingly at him, peeping from earth and bush, from shrub and tree, as if to ask whether it is safe for them to venture forth after their long and dismal winter-sleep, and enter upon a new life in a world of balmy air and genial sunshine. Wherever he turns, melodious notes break on his ear, notes of greeting from birds of song, who have come from far distant lands to enjoy the new life and light that attend returning spring. Whatever his eye lights upon, there he reads the word *Resurrection*. He sees the dead returning to life. He sees that which had drooped and withered and decayed assuming new form and vigor—budding, blossoming, flowering, prophesying new beauties and new harvests.

And the heart, too, celebrates, at this season, its most joyful festival of all the year. While eye and ear are busy feasting without, the heart within divines the answer to the greatest riddle of life. It, too, reads *Resurrection* wherever it looks, the resurrection which eye can not see and ear can not hear and hand can not touch, which the heart alone can feel deep within, the budding and blossoming and flowering anew of precious lives that here drooped and withered and decayed, that here were laid to rest, that here never awakened again.

Whatever the doubts at other seasons of the year, the hope of immortality quickens anew in the quickening period of the year. It is not accident that the resurrection of heroes and martyrs of ancient nations and denominations were placed by the loving and sorrowing heart in the spring season of the year. From the first, the heart availed itself of the language of nature to give expression to the revelations of the soul. From the very first, the mighty miracles wrought by spring in the realm of nature encouraged the heart into a belief of yet greater spring-miracles in a higher sphere, of a quickening in some other world into new blossom and flower and fruitage of them that here are mourned as dead.

And notwithstanding all the centuries that have rolled by since the heart first dared to think that daring thought, the belief in the deathlessness of life, in its elevation to a higher sphere for higher work, is as strong to-day as it ever was in the past. In vain have skeptics sought to doubt it away. In vain have unbelievers tried to laugh it to scorn. In vain have certain systems of philosophy tried to batter down its ramparts. Beyond displacing some absurd fancies which ignorance had piled up during dark ages of credulity, they have not touched the foundations upon which the heart has based its belief. If philosophy has not proven the immortality belief, science has not disproven it. On the contrary, the further the scientist has penetrated the realm of life and soul, the more awed has he stood in front of the Mystery of Mysteries, the stronger has grown his consciousness of the limitations of human knowledge, the deeper his convictions that, even though we stand upon the shore of a boundless sea, whose dark and forbidding waters no mortal craft has ever crossed and recrossed,

there is a Yonder Shore, there is More Beyond.

Spain believed herself, at one time, at the end of the world. In possession of the Strait of Gibraltar, leading from the Mediterranean out into the wild and mysterious Atlantic, upon which not even the most daring sailor had ever ventured far, she adopted as her emblem the two Pillars of Hercules, so named because of the promontories of rock on either side, and on the scroll thrown over these she wrote the words *Ne plus ultra*, "There is Nothing Beyond." One day, a brave Italian, named Christopher Columbus, sailed out upon the unknown and untried sea, which popular fancy had peopled with all sorts of monsters, and which the most learned faculties had proven to be without a yonder shore, and, by bravely sailing on and on, discovered a yonder shore, a new and undreamed of world, a better world than the one he had left behind. Spain found herself no longer at the end of the world. Ashamed of displaying her ignorance by the use of an emblem telling that there is nothing west of the Pillars of Hercules, she struck the word *Ne* from her motto, and made it read *Plus Ultra* meaning: "There is More Beyond."

It is said that on the shores of the Adriatic, wives of fishermen, who are far out upon the sea, gather at eventide to sing the first stanza of a favorite hymn. Then they listen till they hear the second stanza sung by their husbands, and wafted to them over the billowy bosom of the deep. It is their heart not their ear that hears the song of their beloved far away. That message of heart to heart across the deep assures them of their husbands' safety, and they return to their homes and duties contented. Even so does the trusting, loving heart of them that have faith hear, at the eventide, sounds across the sea of life from the Yonder Shore, sounds which ear never hears, sounds sweet and sustaining, sounds of the long-ago, sounds of beloved calling unto beloved, sounds that lighten the burdens of life, that tell of a new spring-morn after a long winter-night, of a new budding and blossoming and fruiting on the yonder side of the grave.

And those there are who go further still, who declare that science and philosophy have well-nigh established that there is *More Beyond*. The creation of the universe proves a Creator; its life proves a life-giver; its law and order and harmony prove Power and Intelligence Supreme; evolution proves a constant rise from the lower to the higher; the incompleteness of our present life, the innate yearning for the fuller and higher and better, the latent capacities for a more perfect existence whose unfolding is thwarted by the corruptibility of the flesh and by the sway of the senses, all bear eloquent witness to the declarations of heart and soul that there is *More Beyond*. All tell of a morn in a Yonder Life, after the night of the grave, of a spring in a Yonder Sphere, after the raging of the winter's storms. All confirm the comforting words of Browning:

"Death, with the might of his sunbeam
Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes."

When It Means Poverty To Be Rich

An Answer to Last Month's Discourse

By

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

THERE is an unfortunate confusion between wealth and the abuse of it.

Wealth is a benefactor of society, as is also he who uses it wisely. To it we owe almost every blessing of civilization, and but for it we might still have grovelled in savagery, where grovels to-day the wealthless savage. Literature, art, science, commerce, industry, schools, and a thousand other blessings and comforts are products of wealth, and the contributions of them who accumulate it. The word "weal" from which our word wealth is derived, clearly indicates the meaning which the word wealth originally possessed for the wise. It constituted the basis of the common weal. It stood for food, clothes and employment, for education, government and law for home, society and general happiness.

And for what it stood then it stands now, and he is his own, as well as the commonwealth's, worst enemy who rails against wealth and would content himself with nothing short of its abolition. Notwithstanding all the abuses, the uses of wealth are so much greater that only the voluntarily blind and the hopelessly stupid can fail to see what would become of society in which wealth and wealth-producers were suppressed.

And yet more than stupid it is to attach taint to all wealth and to regard every man of wealth as a man of evil. There is but envy and viciousness in such an attitude; frequently it is but a mode of revenging one's self on others for not possessing what others possess. For, consciously or unconsciously, nearly every breadwinner is trying to accumulate wealth. It constitutes the most engrossing of human pursuits. It is part of our instinct of self-preservation, and that some succeed better than others, and some not at all, is part of a divine plan, that has predetermined that human society shall possess a diversity of talents and interests to assure it a diversity of achievements.

Not a firebrand or sharp-edged sword in the hand of a child is as dangerous as is wealth in the hand of him who knows not its uses and dangers. From the moment such a one acquires it, it becomes his master, and no tyrant has ever enslaved his subjects as mammon enslaves him. It is indeed as the psalmist says: "The prosperity of fools destroys them." Oh, if we but knew all the cankers that gnaw deep within and eat out the joy of life, if we but knew all the skeletons grinning in the closets of palatial mansions, if we but knew all the scandals for which large hush-mones are given, if we but knew all the sorrows hidden beneath tinsel and glitter and all the shames concealed behind make-believe faces, if we could but hear the frequent self-confessions "I was infinitely happier when I was poor and little known than now when I am distracted by a thousand social cares and bowed down by no end of financial burdens," if we but knew that, like the children of Israel of whose six hundred thousand, emancipated from Egyptian bondage, only two entered the promised land, probably of an equal number of envied and decried rich people only one or two are really, truly happy, we would pity where we now envy, and instead of hurling malicious epithets at them, we would, in all sincerity, say: Poor, poor people of wealth! They have nothing, nothing, but money!

The causes that make for such unhappiness are many. One of the chief is a want of that wisdom that will keep men from

slaving on, after an ample fortune has been secured, and that will urge them to devote their wealth to its proper uses and to secure for themselves the happiness that is their just reward. Forgetting that wealth is but a means toward an end, they make the slaving for it an end in itself, never enjoying aught of their accumulation nor causing others to enjoy it, laboring only the harder the more they acquire, giving only the less the more they can spare, evincing their ownership of it only in the responsibility they have to guard it and to bear its burden, bearing to it no other relationship than that of the camel towards the treasure on its back, or that of a sentinel who stands guard over some treasure not his own.

Another fruitful source of unhappiness is the other extreme that enslaves people of wealth. Having acquired riches, many of them recognize no other use for it than that of serving their own pleasure, than that of gratifying any and every whim that holds out the promise of a new excitement or diversion. Even distinction is sought and found through avenues of vast expenditure. They who spend the most, or better, they who waste the most, are deemed the richest, and are, therefore, the most sought and the most talked about. No extravagance is too great if it can only attract attention, and furnish the latest sensation of novelty. Dinner parties are gotten up, each course of which is taken at a different hotel or restaurant. Theatre-parties are gotten up obliging people to travel to another city to see, at a large expense, a show that can be seen more comfortably at home. Beautiful homes and halls are turned into barnyards to create a new sensation. There is a feverish unrest, a mad rivalry in extravagance, dissipation, and exhaustion stations. Unrest turns such poor rich folks into birds of passage, and keeps them almost constantly on the wing. Verily there is no rest for the rich.

Neither is there health. Restless greed, breathless toil, ceaseless anxiety, on the one side, in the accumulation of wealth; on the other side, ceaseless exhaustion in the spending of it, exact their tribute from the rich. Go to the health resorts at home or abroad, enter the private hospitals and sanitariums, note the mental break-downs among the men, and the physical wreckage among the women, and the feebleness and degeneracy among the young, and you will no longer envy the rich, nor utter a word of malediction against those so weak and blind and selfish as to turn one of the greatest of blessings into a curse.

Money is mighty, but not so mighty as to make healthy what is marked for death, as to make innocent what is branded with guilt, as to make sterling what is but superficially plated, as to make beautiful what bears the stamp of sin. It may buy clothes, but they will not give warmth when the heart is cold. It may buy houses, but they will not afford a haven, when the soul is without anchorage. It may furnish brilliant illuminations, but they will not give light when the mind is dark. Happiness is never a product of external treasure; it can spring only from within, from a clean heart, from a pure conscience, from an innocent mind, from a consciousness of having wisely used one's labor and one's profits in serving the true ends of life. He who so lives may be happy with little; he who lives otherwise lives wretchedly even though he possess treasures untold.