THE BEAUTY OF THINGS

King Solomon Says, "He Hath Made Everything Beautiful in His Time."

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, by Wm. Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Los Angeles says:—Rev. Crank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Ecclesiastes iii., 11. "He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

The Solomic 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 hillsides under the blue dome of the sky, when a great thought is divinely inspired within his brain, he jots that thought down in memorandum. 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 stenographer write them out again in full. In other words, King Solomon's verses for the most part are like freight cars that can be side tracked or uncoupled from one car and attached to other cars. Each verse stands out as a distinct entity. An average verse is as appropriate in the sixth chapter of Proverbs as in the twentieth chapter. The verse is the car. The chapter is the freight train. 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. They are like great round bowlders of rock imbedded in the sands. These bowlder verses in a glacial age have been carried by the ice from afar and have found a resting place amid entirely different elements from those among which they were created.

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 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."

COLERIDGE'S DEFINITION.

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." When standing before a great picture like that of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," or Murillo's "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," or Raphael's greatest picture, his Sistine "Madonna," we find that there the many lights and the shadows, the gold and the silver and the green and the yellow and the blue and the saffron and the violet and the purple, all blend in one common purpose. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of times, Michael Angelo, with his brush, may have touched the wall in the Vatican where to-day is seen his "Last Judgment." But not one of all of those thousands of times when he laid on the paint did he do so without having one great idea in his mind. "Perfection is composed of many trifles," wrote he, "but perfection in art is not a trifle." A great picture is always "multitudes of different colors in blending unity." That unity is the cause of beauty, when seen upon the canvas of the masters of old, and the masters of the present day.

"A MULTITUDE IN UNITY."

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, paving 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 sepulcher in the mighty deep, whose waves beat themselves into pieces on the Gibraltar crags. We see an artist's "multitude in unity" in the portraits of a Sir Anthony Van Dyck and in the mighty mountain peaks of a Bierdstadt and in the pastoral dreams of a Millet. But, though there may be many different tints blending in the colors of a rainbow or in the poetic 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 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 pictorials of an autumnal leaf let us learn the spiritual lesson for man that God hath made and can make everything beautiful in its time.

EXPRESSED IN SOUND.

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, a great 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." So symmetrically perfect may the lines and the curves of a great group of statuary be, that when you look at some of the best examples of sculpture in the Louvre, the Vatican or the British museum, the figures almost seem as though their lungs are breathing and their lips are ready to speak.

Let us loiter for a little while in the "poets' corner" of Westminster Abbey. As we listen the sweet bards 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." It is man's most transcendent hopes and noblest ambitions, with the highest peak of the Mount of Ascension for a footstool, or it is man's wail of eternal despair when, as the results of his sins, he is heading toward a Dante's "Inferno" or he is compelled to join in the moans of a Milton's "Paradise Lost."

THE REDEMPTION OF JOHN.

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 malformation. 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?

OLD AGE MICROBES.

In a lecture on "Old Age," delivered by Dr. Menchnikoff in Paris recently, the speaker expressed the opinion that senility was produced by certain physiological states which cause the beneficient species of microbes called "macrophages" to increase too rapidly. Then in their turn they become injurious. These parasites flourish in the large intestine, which mammals possess, whereas in birds it is almost entirely lacking. The result was shown in the person of the doctor's own dog, which was decrepit at eighteen; while the doctor's parrot, aged seventy, appeared to the audience hale and lively. "It stands proved," says the doctor, "that senility is an infectious disease, and it should be possible to treat it like other maladies—to cure it or prevent it. The hope was expressed by Dr. Menchnikoff that a serum would shortly be discovered to counteract the macrophages, and prolong human life; meantime, says the "Figaro," he recommended the consumption of curdled milk.

TICKETS AT ANY PRICE.

What Japanese Railway Trains Are Like.

The railway traveler in Japan buys a first, second or third class ticket; or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him simply to stand on the platform. Many of the cars can be entered either from the side or the end. The principal difference between the first and second-class coaches is the color or the upholstery. None of the cars are very clean. Many of the third-class coaches could serve, without much alteration, as ordinary pigsties. This is all the more remarkable when the incomparable cleanliness of the Japanese home life, even of the humblest, is taken into consideration. An explanation of this may be that the Japanese have little regard for the cleanliness of any place where they keep their shoes or clogs on. The European room, for example, which has been established in a few Japanese homes, is the only apartment in the whole house that is not kept scrupulously swept, dusted, oiled and burnished. So, too, with the Japanese inns. Those that are maintained in native style are sweet and clean; those that have become Europeanized are usually littered with cigaret stumps, fruit peelings and cores and other debris.

At Pullman, with its crowded and unavoidable intimacies, is a decent and polite hermitage compared with a packed coach in Japan. All sorts of unexpected things happen. Daring ablutions are performed and complete change of raiment is frequently effected, the constantly recurring tunnels serving to screen the astonishing character of these programs.

The floor of third-class coaches is an unswept riot of the flotsam and jetsam that usually follows in the wake of certain kinds of human craft the world over. A Bowery picnic crowd abandoned to peanuts, popcorn, bananas, never marked a more conspicuous trail than a lot of Japanese peasants en route. Only, with the Japanese, it is all a very solemn affair. Travel seems to afford fitting opportity to discard all kinds of personal wreckage. All forms of abandoned odds and ends of things begin to identify the itinerary from the very start. Of course, the foreign traveler who wades through this car-strewn waste does so to gain experience. It is not a pursuit of happiness.

KILLED BY CIGARETTES.

Boy Succumbs to Nicotine Poisoning in England.

That cigarette smoking by boys is a dangerous habit has formed the text of many a medical sermon, but it is notorious that the evil has greatly increased within the last few years.

Now, however, that a schoolboy, Patrick Snee, aged 11, living at Halifax, England, has lost his life through smoking cigarettes—"poisoned by nicotine" was the verdict of the coroner's jury—the efforts made by clergymen, doctors, and publicists to "discourage this vice may meet with some success.

After smoking several cigarettes on Saturday afternoon the lad became sick on the following day, and died on Monday, after partial paralysis had set in. When a doctor was called he at once diagnosed the ailment as nicotine poisoning.

In every town and village boys of from seven to twelve years of age may be seen smoking cigarettes with apparent enjoyment. Penny packets containing five and six are, it would seem, put up with the idea of attracting the custom of these children and, worse still, small children pick up half-consumed cigarettes from the streets, beg a match from a passer-by, and then puff contentedly.

Discussing the dangers of cigarette-smoking when indulged in by boys, a physician attached to one of the great London hospitals said the evil was none the less real because the effects were not as a rule very noticeable at first.

"Cases of chronic nicotine poisoning among boys," he said, "are becoming more and more common. The heart is the organ first affected. There is a rapid pulse, dangerous weakening of the heart, the digestion is impaired, and there is trouble with the eyes.

"In acute cases, which are more rare, the poison is exceedingly rapid in its effects. As to the evil caused by juvenile smoking, much depends upon the constitution of the boy. Some lads are peculiarly susceptible to nicotine poisoning. Then again, the dangerous habit becomes more dangerous if the smoke is inhaled."

TALKING AT MEAL-TIMES.

The old theory that it was rude to talk at meal-times, which has come down to us from our ancestors, seems to have received a severe shock, according to a medical man. "Make sure, in partaking of hospitality," he says, "that you are able to discharge the obligations it imposes. Hunt out conversational coin from the crannies of your brain. I know a family in which, from the youngest child to the eldest, each member is required to contribute something to general conversation at meal-times. They have never been allowed to regard this as a mere stop for stoking the physical engine, to be made as brief as possible. Each treasures up some incident of the day; no one forgets that he has met an old friend, or even watched a fire-engine, and the excitement it aroused. They have become more observant; their sense of humor is sharpened in little street comedies because of the applause of the family circle. They are always sure of a friendly interest in their individual adventures and misadventures. They all keep in touch with each others' pursuits. Mealtimes are not dull in that family. The mind, as well as the body, is refreshed."

The Home

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Devilled Ham.—Take lean, boiled ham, chop it very fine, season with red and black pepper and a little mustard; press solidly into a pan, weight, and leave over night. Slice ham when wanted. Nice for lunch.

Spiced Salt.—A spiced salt that is an excellent seasoning for soups, stuiling and veal loaf, requires one quarter ounce each of thyme, bay leaf and pepper, one-eighth ounce each of sweet marzoram and cayenne pepper, and a half ounce each of cloves and nutmeg. Grate the nutmeg; dry, powder and sift the other ingredients, mix thoroughly and add one ounc of salt to every four ounces of the mixture. Keep tightly bottled. An ounce will season three pounds of stuffing.

Gooseberry Sauce.—Five quarts of gooseberries, four pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Put vinegar and spices together, let come to a boil, put in the fruit and cook one hour. Bottle and seal. Nice for meats.

Fried Oysters.—For one dozen and a half of oysters beat two eggs and season with salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup if the flavor of the tomato is desired. Drain the oysters and season with salt and pepper. Dip them in bread crumbs, then into the beaten eggs, and again in the bread crumbs. Have olive oil about four inches deep in the frying kettle, and when very hot place the oysters in the frying basket (a single layer on the bottom) and plunge into the oil. Cook for one minute and a half and serve immediately.

Pea Soup—One pint split peas, 4 onions, 2 heads of celery, 2 turnips, a handful of shaved cabbage, ½ cup ground peanuts, salt, pepper and sage. Soak the peas over night in plenty of water. In the morning remove all the peas that swim on top, pour off the water, wash through fresh water and put over the fire in salted water, simmer for two hours and a half, adding water as needed. At the end of this time add the vegetables, pared and minced, and the ground peanuts. Let cook 1½ or two hours longer, add the seasoning and serve with fried bread or toast.

Tomato Fingers—Reduce by boiling one cupful of stewed tomatoes to two tablespoonfuls—or buy the tomato paste, put up in small tins. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the tomato paste, and three tablespoonfuls of crushed peanuts. Mix and spread on narrow strips of stale bread, sprinkle with the crushed nuts, and crisp in a hot oven.

Fish Savory.—Cream a teaspoonful of butter with the same quantity of flour, thin with a cupful of milk, to which a pea-sized lump of baking soda has been added; cook until smooth, and then add half a cupful of strained tomato juice, three drops of onion juice, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir in three-quarters of a pint of cold flaked fish, heat thoroughly, and serve on zwieback slightly moistened with hot milk.

For baked tomatoes, make a dressing of fine crumbled bread, pepper, salt, and summer savory, marjoram, thyme, or a trifle of all three. Heat in the frying pan with a liberal amount of butter, about a tablespoon to three cups of dressing. If not sure of your seasonings, taste and make just right, a little on the highly seasoned side. Now take the top of the tomatoes, just a little lid, remove the watery insides, and fill with the dressing. Replace the lids, and bake half an hour more or less, according to the heat of the oven. By having the dressing heated it is not the soggy mass usually found in this otherwise delicious dish.

Corn Vinegar.—Take 10 gals fresh, clean rainwater, and add to it 10 lbs. brown sugar; next add 1 gal. hop yeast sponge, which has been "set," the same as for bread, and let get light. Cut from the cobs 1 gal. green corn, put it into an open keg or jar with the water, yeast and sugar; tie a piece of double cheesecloth over the top and let stand in the sun or in a warm room for two or three weeks, when you will have the best of vinegar. Shaking or moving around does not injure this vinegar, and it is best to pour off the clear liquid and remove the corn and other dregs from the bottom of the vessel at the end of three weeks. If only a small amount of vinegar is wanted, it may be made as follows: Cut from the cobs 1 pint green corn; put into a jar 1 gal. clean rain water, add the corn, stir in 1 pint molasses or sugar and place in the sun or near the stove. Vinegar made by either of these rules will be found quite as good as the best cider vinegar.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Never shake or rumple the tablecloth. Fold every time in the original creases.

See that the plates and dishes are wiped underneath before they are placed on the table.

Pieces of bread should be substituted for the ordinary slices at a dinner or luncheon party.

If the handles of table knives become discolored rub them with brickdust and vinegar.

When giving a dinner party arrange that every alternate course can be, at any rate, partially prepared beforehand.

To clean bronze ornaments take one drachm of sweet oil, one ounce of alcohol and one ounce and a half of water. Apply quickly with a soft sponge, but do not rub.

Wet umbrellas should be put on their handles to dry. This allows the water to run out of them, instead of into the part where the ribs and the silk meet, thus causing the metal to rust and the silk to rot.

The home bright and cheerful, a

WATER AND TOBACCO.

It is undoubtedly true that the majority of men smoke, and when we see how much contentment and pleasure a man gets out of his cigar or pipe, and especially how it tranquilizes him and promotes amiability, it will seem a foolish wife who objects to the habit and drives her husband off down town because she will not permit him to indulge his favorite vice at home. A good many girls who never said a word about disliking smoke before they were married develop an antipathy to it afterward and make things unpleasant in consequence. Better not marry a smoker unless you can stand smoke, for the habit grows on a man, and there are precious few who will not cling to "the Indian weed" in spite of all their wives can say or do. Moreover nagging only hardens a man and makes him more obstinate.

It isn't very pleasant, to have the room full of stale smoke, and it seems to linger in spite of open doors and windows. We want to tell you of a very effective way of getting rid of it. After an evening of smoke, remove all the cigar ends and ashes, then place a large bowl—washbowl—full of water in the room. By morning the water will have absorbed the smoke (if you don't believe it taste the water), and the air will be free from impurities.

This is a good lesson to us not to drink water that has stood in the house all night.

WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

In Russia and Japan They Are Praying for Peace.

Terrible as the miseries of the battle-field and the hospital, they do not equal the heart-sickening suspense which is the lot of women in time of war.

The pain which must be borne in inaction is of itself paralyzing to the will and, to high resolve. A man overboard in mid-ocean, for example, suffers a fear beside which that of the battle-field is a trifle. The bravest of men, alone in the waves, will turn coward, although he may have a life-buoy and practical certainty of rescue. But the heart which fainted at its own powerlessness before the great forces of nature moving remorselessly, on may rise to splendid feats of bravery on the field of battle.

To women war must be always like the untamable sea—a succession of billows, rising each above the other, and each capable of engulfing the world of love and hope in its bitter depth. No woman's hand can stay them. No woman's voice can calm them. And so, on the steppes of Russia and in the villages of Japan to-day, women are praying, in strange tongues and with fantastic rites, but with a world-old mingling of cowardice and courage, of love of country and hatred of war, that the angel of peace may again fold his wings over the earth.

If a person is bitten by a supposedly mad dog let him call a physician, and in the meantime apply lemon-juice to the wound. This is the advice of Dr. Lagorio, of the Pasteur Institute.

Professor Ooston says that future scientists will place the evils of sugar gluttony on a pedestal as conspicuous as the drink question, as causing a deterioration of individuals and races.

"I suppose you have encountered worse gales than this?" asked an inquisitive passenger of the sailorman during a very moderate bit of a blow. "This yere ain't a gale," responded the salt. "Why, I was onct in the Bay o' Biscay when the wind blew all the paint off the bulwarks. It took four on us to hold the captain's hat on his head, and even then all the anchors was blown off his buttons. That was a blow for yer. Why, even——" But by this time the curious passenger realized that he was being gulled, and he did not give the imaginative tar the chance of finishing his interesting narrative.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. SEPT. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Amos v., 4-15. Golden Text, Amos v., 6.

Seek ye Me, and ye shall live; seek the Lord, and ye shall live; seek good and not evil that ye may live, and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you, for thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel (verses 4, 6, 14). This seems to be the central thought of our lesson. It reminds us of Elijah's "If the Lord be God, follow Him" (I. Kings xviii., 21), and of Joshua's farewell exhortation, "Choose you this day whom we will serve" (Josh. xxiv., 15), and of the words of Moses: "I have set before you life and death; therefore choose life. Love the Lord, thy God, obey His voice, cleave unto Him, for He is thy life" (Deut. xxx., 19, 20). Whether it be for Israel or the church or the individual, there is no life apart from Him who is life, who said, "I am the life" (John xi., 25; xiv., 6). Dead in trespasses and sins, without God and without hope, is the condition of all others (Eph. ii., 1, 12). In the days of Amos, as now, men would do anything rather than receive freely from God His gift of life. They would, under pretense of worship, transgress at Bethel and Gilgal and at Beer-sheba, and their sacrifices of thanksgiving were full of evil; therefore the Lord said, "Offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving with leaven, for this liketh you" (iv., 5), leaven being significant of evil everywhere in the Bible, even in Matt. xiii., 33, where our Lord in describing this present age, the mystery of the kingdom—that is, the condition of affairs while the kingdom is rejected and postponed—told us that the woman (the church) would thoroughly leaven or corrupt her food. Never was the food given to the church more corrupt than now, when nearly every fundamental truth is denied by many preachers and our Lord Jesus Himself is not counted a safe teacher, much less the Son of God; so we know that the age is drawing to a close and the time of Israel's restoration draweth near. The word of the Lord through Amos and every other prophet shall be fulfilled. "I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God" (Amos ix. 14, 15); Jer. xxxii. 41; Ezek. xxxvii. 21, 22).

They make a man an offender for a word and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate and turn aside the just for a thing of naught. They say: "Prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things. Prophesy deceits, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us" (Isa. xxix. 21; xxx. 10, 11). They know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they His counsel (Mic. iv. 12). They are full of unrighteousness and oppression, yet the Lord loved them and pitied them and by His prophets urged them to turn to Him that He might have mercy upon them. He had compassion on His people and on His dwelling place and sent them His messengers; but they mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people till there was no remedy (II. Chron. xxxvi. 15, 16)—remedy (that is, there was no remedy or, as in the margin, "healing" in anything that they could do. Yet He cries, "Deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom (Job xxxiii. 24.)

After He had visited upon their iniquites (Amos iii. 2), and allowed them to return to their land from the captivity in Babylon He in due time sent them the Ransom, the Deliverer, the Lord, their Righteousness the long promised Messiah, but what is the record? "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." (John i. 10, 11). Now is there still any hope for such a people, who because of such great sin and crying His blood be upon us and upon our children" have been scattered a byword and a reproach among all nations? We could not believe it if He had not said it, but since He has said that for His own Name's sake He will fulfill His promise to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob (Micah vii. 18-20; Ezek xxxvi. 22). He will do it, and we must believe it. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!" (Rom. xi. 29, 33.)

But those who are meek enough to believe what He has said by the prophets shall know His ways and His purposes which are sure to be performed, for surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants, the prophets" (Amos iii. 7). The Spirit through Peter says that prophecy is a light in a dark place, unto which we do well to take heed, in our hearts (II. Pet. i. 19). But there are many teachers in our day who, though wise in their own estimation, because they will not believe what the Lord has spoken by His servants, the prophets (Luke xxiv 25).

No matter what the wise of this world may think of us, let us by all means give earnest heed to the sure word of prophecy, for "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy" (Rev. xix. 10), by all means read often the book of Revelation, for it is the only one of all the books that has a very special blessing for the reader and hearer (Rev. i. 3).

A bad man is naturally suspicious of every good man he meets.

SUMS PAID FOR JEWELS

A KING WHO SPENT $5,000,000 ON BUTTONS.

Duchess of Marlborough Owns a Pearl Necklace Worth $1,000,000.

Twenty thousand dollars for a drop-shaped pearl scarf-pin, $15,000 for a pearl stud, $4,900 for a coat-fastener of white bouton pearl with gold bar, $800 for seven buttons en suite, and $775 for a pair of brilliant sleeve-links—these are a few of the prices realized at the recent sale of a noble marquis's jewellery, and they come as a revelation to the average man who has to work twenty years for the price of a scarf-pin, says London Tit-Bits.

But, after all, everything is comparative, and the marquis's gems, rare and costly though they are, would have been quite eclipsed by Louis XIV.'s personal jewellery. The "Grand Monarque" had many crazes but for buttons he had a positive mania. In a single year, 1685, he squandered $600,000 on them, and some of his purchases are well worth glancing at. On August 1st, 1685, he bought two diamond buttons for 67,866 fr., and seventy-five diamond buttons for 286,703 fr. The buttons for a single vest cost Louis $200,000. Of the 354 "buttonnieres" used 162 contained five diamonds each, while the remainder were single diamonds. In all, the "Great Monarch" is said to have spent $5,000,000 on buttons alone.

Few things are more astonishing to those who cannot afford such extravagances as costly jewels than the enormous sums paid for pearls. The Duchess of Marlborough has among her countless jewels a string, two yards long, of perfectly matched, and at the same time almost matchless, pearls, once the property of Catherine of Russia. Some of the pearls, for which the whole world was ransacked, are half an inch in diameter, and the value of the necklace is estimated at $1,[illegible]. More astonishing still was the price paid some time ago by M. Tavernier for a single pearl which was the property of an Arab merchant. M. Tavernier travelled to Africa in the hope of buying the jewel for $125,000 at the outside; but before it became his property he had to hand over no less than $550,000. The pearl is the largest and most perfect in the world.

The Shah is owner of a pearl valued at $500,000, and another, worth $225,000, is in the casket of a Russian Princess. The Countess Henckel has many lovely jewels, but the gem of them all is a triple necklace of pearls for which $250,000 was paid. One of the necklaces was purchased from a Spanish gentleman for $80,000, another once adorned the neck of the Queen of Naples, and the third, valued at $100,000, was part of the State jewellery of the Empress Eugenie. The late Empress Frederick of Germany used to wear a pearl necklace worth at least, according to experts, $250,000. And a few years ago another necklace, composed of eight rows of 412 pearls the property of the late Duchess of Montrose, was sold by auction for $53,100.

Queen Alexandra, Lady Fea Sturt, the Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Colgate, who married the late Lord Strafford, are all possessors of pearls the value of which must run into tens of thousands of dollars; and Queen Margherita of Italy has a most remarkable collection, numerous enough to make a rope at least 30 feet long, and each pearl perfect in shape, lustre, and matching.

But, enormously valuable as some pearls are, they must yield the palm of costliness to diamonds. For one of his many brilliants the Rajah of Mattan once refused an offer of $155,000, two war-ships fully equipped, and a large quantity of ammunition; the Hope diamond, an exquisite blue gem, is worth at least $100,000; the Empress Catherine paid Count Orloff $500,000 for the stone which is known as his name, and the Florentine diamond, which was once sold by a Swiss pikeman, who had found it on the battlefield of Granson, for a few coppers, is worth $600,000; while the value of other historic stones, the Braganza, Regent, Koh-i-Noor, and so on, range up to $5,000,000.

As much as $40,000 has been paid for an engagement ring—the ring given to Miss Fair by her millionaire fiance. And a wonderful ring it is, with its single diamond so large that its owner has to have a hole cut in the finger of her glove when she wears it. Mrs. Celia Wallace is the proud owner of a necklace of fifteen black diamonds, the fruit of eighteen years' collection in all parts of the world. The necklace is composed of fourteen pendants, hung on a fine platinum chain. Each pendant has a black diamond centre, set around with a row of steel-white digmonds. Between each pair of pendants is a single white brilliant, hanging like a pierced "dewdrop." While directly over the larger pendant is a nine-carat white Indian diamond, for which alone, Mrs. Wallace paid $6,000.

But one of the finest and costliest diamond ornaments in the world is that owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda—a magnificent collar of 500 diamonds, many as large as walnuts, arranged in five rows, edged by two rows of enormous emeralds. From this dazzling collar hangs a pendant, the famous "Star of the South," a diamond, the largest and purest stone ever found in Brazil.

William, Mary, John, Elizabeth, Thomas, George, Sarah, James, Charles, Henry, Alice, Ann, Joseph, Jane, Ellen, Emily, Annie, Frederick, Margaret, Emma, Robert, Arthur, Alfred, Edward. These, in the order given, are the most popular Christian names.