

LOST IN LIFE'S VOYAGE

DAYS CONTINUALLY LOST BY BEING FRITTERED AWAY IN SILENCE.

THE VALUE OF EVERY MINUTE

Day Lost By Solar Reckoning in a Western Voyage Around the World. Famous Explorer With Illustration For Powerful Sermon From the Text: "Whatsoever Thy Hand Findeth to Do, Do It With Thy Might."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 8.—The day lost by solar reckoning in a western voyage around the world furnishes the preacher in this sermon with an illustration by which, as he shows, days are continually being lost in the voyage of life; text, Ecclesiastes ix. 10. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

There is a kind of loss of which I want to speak to you to-day. At the beginning of a new year its impression upon us with solemn import. Looking backward over the year that is gone, how sad is the thought of our lost days! Days there have been in which we might have done work for God which we have suffered to pass away in idleness. Days which can never be recalled which we have frittered away uselessly.

We all know the old adage that "time is money." We are all ready to grant that this axiom is true. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," wrote Horace Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between stealing a man's hour and stealing his \$5? There are many men to whom each hour of the business day is worth more than \$5." But, though time means money to most of us, time should mean more than that. It is a sacred trust committed to us, for the right use of which we shall have to give account. Little enough is the portion we can devote to our Master's service. If we waste it we defraud God.

We waste these days simply by wasting here a minute and there a minute. This thought was brought home to me in my tour around the world. In 1892 my father and I left our homes in the east and started on our journey. We followed the course of the setting sun. We traveled from New York to Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh to Chicago, from Chicago to St. Louis, from St. Louis to Denver, and from Denver to San Francisco. We zigzagged up and down, but always kept pushing toward the west. At San Francisco we set sail for the Sandwich Islands. Then we went on to Samoa. Sometimes we would stop two or three days in a town, sometimes a full week. It took us seven long months to encircle the globe. Each day, as a rule, was for us not twenty-four hours, but twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, or even forty minutes longer. Of course you cannot meanly say: "We were traveling westward. How were we to straighten out our calendar? This was the way we did it. One night we went to bed on Wednesday. The next morning when we awoke it was Friday. There, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, we lost a full day. How did that day disappear?"

As I sat that Friday morning, after Thursday was dropped out of my calendar, I said to myself: "Yes, yes. This is the way many days are lost for Christ in our great journey of life. Here it is a few minutes wasted for Christ in the morning. There it is a few minutes wasted at noon or at evening or at night. These few minutes do not seem to amount to much at the time, but in the aggregate they make up whole days, weeks, months and perhaps whole years of wasted time that might have been spent in service for the Master."

How many days that might have been given to Christ have we lost? How do we lose them? First, by starting the work of each day idly and energetically as we ought to do, by oversleeping in the morning or by dawdling through our dressing, by lingering too long at the breakfast table, by yawning and stretching and idly building air

castles in bed after the rising bell has rung, by ignoring the "get up" call which King Solomon in the sixth chapter of Proverbs pounds upon every bedroom door when he calls: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." Lord Wilmington once declared that the cause of the failure of the famous English statesman, the Duke of Newcastle, was that he never started the day's work on time. "He loses half an hour every morning and runs after it during the whole day without being able to overtake it." Many men and women are wasting precious days that might be used for Christ by not getting up on time and starting the work of the day on time and systematically and promptly meeting all demands as they come up for settlement.

This warning against the wasted minutes of the early morning is far more necessary than some of us have heretofore supposed. When we waste the early minutes of the morning we waste the very best minutes of the whole day. The old proverb says: "Beauty sleep is always taken before 12 o'clock at night. Every hour of sleep before midnight is worth its weight in gold." By not getting up on time we waste the early minutes of the morning, the early atmosphere, something about the exhilaration of the early morning, that arouses us and fires us and drives us on and clarifies our brains, so that we can accomplish at least double the work in one half hour than in any half hour of the afternoon or evening. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise" has just as much truth tacked on to the last injunction as on to the first.

How do we diminish our service for Christ by lost days? By not improving the fragments of time that lie scattered about us during the day's work, by not utilizing those extra few minutes here and there to fit ourselves intelligently by reading and study for the work God has given us to do, by supposing that God will let us interpret the passage, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you," when our lips are dumb when our feet are palsied and know nothing about the right paths to tread, when our hands are helpless in their stupidities. Can the blind lead the blind? Can something come from nothing? Can the little child run and leap like a fawn unless she has been first taught to creep and to walk?

We must have intelligence in the direction of our life or else all our work will go for naught. What would you think if one summer day I should walk upon the captain's bridge of a steamer and say: "Captain, I would like to take charge of this steamer. Would the helmsman obey my command?" "Where would you take the ship?" "To Australia," I would answer. "Do you know anything about the laws of navigation?" "No." "Then I cannot let you take command. You know not the law of the compass. The great surface of the sea is the same everywhere. You have no guideposts, as on the mountain sides. The first thing you would do would be to get the ship off its course. It would take us perhaps days or weeks to regain our course, or perhaps we would never be able to do so. We might land in China, as a dishonest captain made the pilgrim fathers land on the cold, bleak New England shores when they had set sail for the southern lands. No matter how good a man's purpose may be, if he knows not the laws of navigation he cannot guide his boat to the right harbor."

We must have intelligence to fit ourselves for the duties of life. How do most successful men get that necessary intelligence? I will tell you. It is by improving the few moments, the few stray moments of the day and the evening, which, as sacred fragments, crowd around them. Young man, be careful about the few moments which you have been wasting each day. Guard those extra few moments for intelligent study. Look out for that wasted half hour during the midday meal. Look out for the time you have been accustomed to spend every morning and even-

ing in the street car on your way to business looking idly around or trying to pass it away in reading the advertisements or the sporting columns in the daily newspapers. Look out for that half hour which you fool away in your room before you turn in for the night. A gigantic work of intellectual growth can be done if only the few wasted moments of each day are gathered up for close application to books. One day Philip of Macedonia, father of Alexander the Great, was talking to Dionysius, the son of Dionysius, the great general of Syracuse. He said to the son: "I do not believe your father could have ever written the odes and tragedies attributed to him during his busy military life." "My father," the son replied, "wrote those masterpieces during the time you and I have wasted at our tables in feasting." Young man, better improve your stray moments as did Dionysius the Great than fritter them away as most folks are doing, with their lips pressed against the chalice of pleasure. Better concentrate whole days in life's journey to making yourself better and truer than to drop them into uselessness, as we lost our Thursday in the smooth waters of the Pacific in our journey around the world.

But, though many minutes, which in the aggregate amount to many days, are lost to the service of Christ on account of our own follies, how many are lost to Christ by reason of people who seem to have nothing to do themselves and who seem to be possessed with the idea that we have nothing to do? Alas, how many mornings there have been when we arose with clear minds and hearts anxious for study! These thoughts, like a great flock of flying doves, seemed ready to roost on our study desk. Then ideas came not as solitary scouts, but marshaled in great armies, ready to wheel in line to attack at our command. Then horror seemed to paralyze our fingers. The doorbell rang. In came a threatening nomad ready to incamp upon our premises for the next two hours. Though a squatter, he came not as a lone wanderer, but had piled upon his back all the gossip and the "small talk" of the neighborhood. He had great caravans halted in your front yard, with all the scandals and the besotted reputations of the homes he had been lately visiting. And he talks and he talks until he drives away all our ideas and all our desire for work and all our ambition, and he leaves in his wake a wrecked day.

How many errands of mercy and pressing duties in the home have been ruined by the busy housewife's life by a prolonging of time. These "daughters of iniquity" called these "destroyers of time!" They criticize your husbands and your children. They find fault with the arrangements of your home. They find fault with your dressmakers, and they try to persuade you to change. They find fault with everything, yet they stay on. They are respectable thieves of your time, who cannot be landed in jail, but they are a bigger nuisance to you than if they stole the most out of your ice chest or the bread and cake from your cupboards. Ah, these destroyers of time! How many precious moments, which in the aggregate have amounted to precious days of work, have been lost for us in the journey of life, with its vital opportunities, through their unwelcome visits! Well wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes in reference to such as these:

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves And of thy dial write, "Beware of thieves." Felon of minutes, never taught to feel The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal; Pick my left pocket of its silver dime. But spare the right—it holds my golden time.

God says: "Work, work, work! Work for the night when no man can work." That means we must fight against those who would waste our precious moments as well as against our own slothful natures, and of all warnings for busy men I think this one of the most important. Where there is one to a company who would voluntarily waste his time there are ten "lazy fellows" who are ready to waste it for him. Look out that these despised "nomads" may not ruin any more of your days of usefulness.

In heathen mythology there lived a god by the name of Baldur. His mother, Frigg, wanted to make him immortal. She demanded from the stones, the trees, from fire and water and all metals and reptiles and birds and poisons, an oath that they never would harm him. These all gave a willing oath. Then the gods, believing that Baldur was immortal, began to strike him with swords, spears, battleaxes and darts, but they harmed him not. At last one of the gods picked up a piece of mistletoe. He threw it at Baldur. The little twig pierced the skin and the heart, and Baldur dropped a corpse. Many of these visits of the "destroyers of time" may seem to be harmless. But are they? Like the despised mistletoe of heathen mythology, they may be fatal for whole days, whole months and years, that should have been used in service of the Master.

Would God we might one and all fight relentlessly against these "destroyers of time." You cannot afford to give away what is not your own. Your time belongs not to you, but to another. "Go with me to a concert this afternoon," said one salesman to another who was employed in a large warehouse. "I cannot go this afternoon," was the answer. "My time is not my own; it belongs to another." "To whom?" "To my employer." The following Sabbath afternoon the same salesman said to the clerk, "Come and go riding with me this afternoon." "I cannot," said the other. "My time is not my own; it belongs to another." "To whom?" "To God," the clerk said. "Yes."

members the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Will you and I waste our precious moments hereafter? Shall we not always feel that in reality time does not belong to us? It belongs, in the higher, nobler and purer sense, to them whom we are sent to serve and to the great God, who will demand at the judgment an accounting for every moment we fritter away.

This thought flashed upon me as I sat upon the deck of the steamship Alameda, trying to figure out how I lost that day. If instead of following the setting sun I had been going toward the east, I would not have lost a day, but gained an extra day; if instead of going from New York to San Francisco and New Zealand I had been traveling from London through the Suez Canal to Australia, instead of having lost a Thursday, I would have gained a Thursday in one week. It mattered nothing on our voyage which course we took, but in the voyage of life it matters a great deal. They who take the "star in the east" as their guide in the journey of life, who follow the early morning star, shall have infinite delights and in the end eternal life.

What Sulphur Does

FOR THE HUMAN BODY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall. It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect. Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur. In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health. Sulphur acts directly on the liver, and excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material. Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with syrup and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used. They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin disease as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

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