

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

INDIVIDUAL HUMANITY IS WIKENED
TO THE PASSING SHIP.

THE LONE NAVIGATOR'S FRIEND:

How These Passing Ships of Human Life
May Be Rescued From the Shells
and Storms and Stress of Living—
Human Derelicts—The Safe Harbor of
Peace at the Close of the Christian's
Life.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-
ada, in the year 1903, by William Baily, of To-
ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, July 19.—The glories of
the sea and its moving panorama of
white sails furnish a theme for the
preacher at this season, when the
multitudes are leaving the heated
cities for seashore and lake. The
text is Psalm civ., 26, "There go the
ships."

I always feel sorry for one who has
not been lulled to sleep by the low
moaning song of the sea. Fascinating
is the seashore on account of its
endless variety. The ocean's beauty
is never twice the same. Sometimes
its colors are a white foam or a
light green or a dark emerald or blue
and black. Sometimes its surface is
covered with broad highways of gold,
when the light of the rising sun gilds
it, or with that other highway of
silver, when, in the midnight hour,
the flush of the moon is reflected up-
on it. Sometimes the sea will do
nothing but smile. Like a golden-
haired baby, its cheeks are dimpled
and wrinkled, as though it is trying
to keep back a hearty laugh. It will
look as harmless as some innocent
lake cuddled up in the huge lap of a
crooked backed mountain. Then the
sea gulls, as white doves of peace,
will hover over it.

But, after all, one of the most ab-
sorbing diversions of the summer
tourists living by the seashore is to
watch the passing of the ships. For
over a quarter of a century my pri-
vilege was to spend every summer by
the Atlantic coast. My father's
country home was near the end of
Long Island, at a small town called
East Hampton. There, upon the
sand dunes, I used to lie hour after
hour, watching the great steamers
and the sailing craft heading toward
New York Narrows or starting upon
their long trips to the distant har-
bors of the world. I used to watch
them just as the psalmist did when
he cried out in the words of my
text, "There go the ships." How
like those voyages are, with their
unknown incidents, their calms and
their storms, their successes and
their wrecks, to human lives!
Who can tell as he looks at an in-
fant calmly sleeping in its cradle
whether the voyage of its life will be
like the ship skillfully steered safe
into harbor or like the ship carelessly
navigated that strikes the sunken
rock or by collision with another
ship is shattered and sunk into the
depths of the sea? Let us see this
morning what those points of re-
semblance are—what kind of a ship
each human being ought to be, what
kind of cargo he is carrying and to-
ward what kind of a port he should
be heading. The ships! The ships!
There go the ships! There go the
ships!

Every human vessel should be dis-
tinguished by some flag. Going down
to New York harbor and examining
the shipping, you will find the name
of each vessel clearly marked upon
the stern. You will also find the
name of the city in which that ves-
sel is registered. And if upon the
high seas two ships approach each
other, one captain will put the trum-
pet to his lips and call: "Ship ahoy!
Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"
Then the other captain will call
back: "The Kensington of Antwerp,
bound for New York! What ship is
that?" The meaning of all this?
Simply that when a ship is regis-
tered in a certain country that Govern-

ment pledges itself to protect that
ship. A British ship is under British
protection; a French ship is under
French protection; a German ship is
under German protection; an Ameri-
can ship is under American protec-
tion. Therefore, if a nation dare to
molest any foreign ship upon the
high seas, that nation must answer
for the insult to the flag which is
flying above the stern of the outrag-
ed vessel.

Each human vessel always carries
a very valuable cargo. Have you
stopped to consider why a great
steamer spends so much time by her
dock as in traveling the high seas?
'Tis true some of that time must be
given to cleaning up the ship, but
most of it is spent in loading and
unloading the cargoes. The massive
walls of a building rests upon deep
foundations. The huge masts and
upper decks of a great steamer must
have a deep hull. This hull must be
filled with ballast, or else the ship
would soon topple over. This ballast
is composed of boxes filled with mer-
chandise or hundreds of bags of
mail, of steel from Birmingham
works and linens from the Irish
mills, silks from France and wines
from Italy, art treasures as well as
expensive furniture and clothes.

Then food must be provided for the
passengers and the crew and huge
cargoes of coal to keep the engines
in motion. One is amazed at the
thousands of tons of coal which a
ship like the Kaiser Wilhelm II. car-
ries at the beginning of its passage
across the Atlantic. The great stom-
achs of the furnaces seem to have in-
satiable. Their hunger is never sat-
isfied. Relays of dust begrimed sto-
ckers are shoveling the coal day in
and day out. But what about the
enormous mass of food which must
be provided for the hungry human
passengers and crew? Those who
live above and below a great ship's
deck are not to be numbered by the
scores, but by the hundreds. The
average steamer plying the Atlantic
is not to be despised. Its successful
voyage means life to hundreds. Its
destruction may mean death alike to
passengers and crew and destruction
to all the freight.

Does not each human craft carry a
valuable cargo? What about the mon-
ey which is entrusted to a man's
care? If the cashier of a bank ab-
sconds and the bank has to close its
door who suffers? Is it not the
poor widow and orphan, the old man
who has trustfully placed in the
bank the savings of a lifetime so
that he can have something in his
old age and money enough to buy
him a casket and a grave when he
is dead? What happens when a hu-
man craft founders and sinks into
the great sea of sin? Does it not
nearly always destroy many human
lives which are dependent upon its
existence? What became of nearly
all the ships' crews and passengers
which were sunk at sea? Those
ships not only went down, but they
took with them the passengers and
crews with them. Oh, I know life-
boats and life preservers are provid-
ed by law on every boat to guard
against accidents. But, as a rule,
they do but little good. By the time
the hurricane has completed its
work the lifeboats are splintered,
and by the time the tornado of sin
has wrecked a human craft it not
only destroys a father and a hus-
band, but also all those whose ex-
istence are dependent upon his life.
Let us, as human crafts, beware how
we allow ourselves to sink into the
sea of sin and destroy those loved
ones who are standing upon our up-
per decks.

The human vessels should be will-
ing to stop and help those sister
crafts which are lifting their signals
of distress. Why? Because distress and
need give a man an inalienable claim
on the help of his brother. Nowhere
is that claim recognized so surely
and so promptly as on the high seas.
A sailor on the ocean will never
turn a deaf ear to a booming gun
or shut his eyes to an inverted flag
or to a white handkerchief or cloth
fluttering over a raft or a derelict.
No sooner does the lookout cry,
"Ship on starboard bow, and I be-
lieve it a wreck!" than the captain
and the mates and the boatswains
and the common sailors will turn
their anxious faces toward the black

horizon. If there should be but one
human being aboard that doomed
craft, five, ten, fifteen—ay, I believe
practically all the members of the
crew will be willing to risk their
lives to save that one life. I never
yet read of a ship upon the highways
of the sea that would not go, if pos-
sible, to rescue the crew of a sink-
ing ship. I never yet heard of any
captain compelling his sailors to go
to the rescue. All that the mates
have to do under such conditions is
to call for volunteers and every life-
boat will be manned and every oar
held in a firm grip.

Oh, my dear friends, why is not a
human being upon the land ready to
answer signals of distress raised by
his fallen brethren, as the sailors
upon the sea try to help those who
are in distress? Do not the whirl-
winds of disaster shriek and howl
and sweep up the streets of a great
city as well as among the archipel-
agoes of a Mediterranean? When,
some years ago, a dark, funnel shaped
cloud swiftly approached St. Loui-
s and in an instant broke and de-
stroyed whole streets and buried
many a corpse under the debris, did
it wreck any more lives than do the
cyclones of sin which are daily de-
stroying the hundreds and thousands
of young men and women? Every
city has its two sides—its light side
and dark side; its pure side and its
morally diseased side; its Christian
side and its infernal side; its happy
side and its despairful side. Shall
we who profess to love God and are
living in health and strength have
nothing to do with those who are
flying the signals of distress?

Be not afraid, my brother, that
you will never have an opportunity
to save men and women upon the
land who are flying signals of dis-
tress. If you will once consecrate
your lives to his service God will re-
veal them to you, the same as he led
old Captain Pendleton, many years
ago, to save the passengers and the
crew of a sinking ship. The old cap-
tain was a neighbor of my father's
and a friend of my childhood. He
had upon his wall a picture com-
memorative of this rescue. He again
and again told me this wonderful
story. He had been to the far east.
After a voyage of many months he
was nearing New York harbor. He
was only two or three days from
home. Suddenly, as he lay in his
cabin, a strong and even imperative
command came to him from on high.
He seemed to hear a divine voice
saying: "Go back! Go back! About
ship and go back!" He was not in
the least a man given to vagaries.
He shook himself and went upon the
deck. The stars were shining above.
The sea was calm. The wind was
brisk, and the sails were well filled.
He went down to his cabin and
again tried to sleep. Again came
that strange command: "Go back!
Go back! About ship and go back!"
So forcibly did this second command
come that Captain Pendleton gave
the command to all his ships' crews
and sailors to get ready, for he was
going crazy. He said nothing, but
sailed on for two hours, I think,
when, lo, a sinking ship hove in
sight, and he was able to rescue
many lives. That picture upon the
wall was presented to the old cap-
tain by the rescued men and women.
So God, if we consecrate our lives
to his service, will lead us in strange
and devious ways. He will so guide
us that we may be able to save im-
mortal men and women from sin upon
the land as old Captain Pendleton
rescued those men and women upon
a watery grave.

The human vessel, in order to reach
the harbor for which Christ intended
him to sail, must be able to see in
alone. He must be able to see in
sister to make the voyage of life
sense to mean by that that he must
steer his own course irrespective of
what other human vessels may do.
A great harbor like New York's al-
ways teams with life. The many
trees which cover the mountain sides
do not seem to the imaginative eye
to be denser than the forests of
masts which are crowding about the
docks. When the great steamer is
being pulled out of her berth, the
little tugs shriek and puff and grunt.
The multitudes who have come to
bid their friends goodbye wave their
handkerchiefs. The river boats salu-
tate the huge ship as she slowly
moves down the bay. But after
awhile the surrounding ships become
less and less in numbers. Then if
you are sailing upon the Pacific, or
even upon the Atlantic, you may find
days and weeks and not sight another
craft. If you are on a sailing
ship you will get head winds as well
as those from the stern. Then you,
as a sailing master, will have to
tack and beat up against those head
winds. You will have but one pur-
pose—always working ahead toward
the harbor, always pressing toward
the one destination to which you
wish to go. The voyage of the
Christian's life is very similar to a
sailing ship's journey across the
seas.

Similarly, in reference to its soli-
taryness. When we start out we have
plenty of friends. But if we deter-
mine to do right, if we are set in our
purpose to follow the course which
Christ has laid out for us, we shall
find that our friends will often leave
us, one by one.

Similar in reference to the head
winds and side currents which have
to be fought against. It would not
be so bad if in the voyage of life
the human vessel had to make its
journey alone, and that was all.
But no sooner do our friends begin
to leave our sides than the hurri-
cane of abuse and the undercurrents
of slander begin to work against us.
When a noted reformer at the end of
his life was given a great popular
demonstration of approval and pre-
sented with a beautiful gold watch
he stood looking at it with embar-
rassment. Then he said, with a
smile, "Friends, if it had been a
brickbat or a bad egg hurled at me
I would know what to do, but this
beautiful watch in my hand abso-
lutely takes away my breath." Ah,
my Christian brethren, with such
solitariness which must be endured
and with such hurricanes of abuse
which must be fought against, no
human craft trying to follow the
right course is safe unless Jesus

Christ, as the divine captain, is
guiding it and treading upon its
quarter deck. No human ship can
ever be sailed safely over the trou-
bled sea of time into a harbor of a
blessed eternity unless it has the
magnetic needle of the cross for a
compass and the great harbor of
peace for its destination. Do you
wonder that I declared every human
vessel should be under the dominion
of Jesus Christ?

Then, after a long journey of many
months, have you ever felt in head
and heart, in all parts of your be-
ing, mental, physical and spiritual,
the exultant joy of heading toward
home. Oh, then the bliss and yet
the long drawn out impatience as
the journey comes nearer to its
close! The old ship's propeller will
not revolve fast enough. You hang
around the chart which is daily post-
ed in the ship's cabin to tell you
how many miles the ship is sailing.
You bother the captain every time
you meet him, saying, "Captain,
will we be able to get in by Friday
night?" Then if the ship is detain-
ed, as ours was all night long in a
fog just outside of New York harbor,
oh, how the time does drag! I never
slept a wink that last night in my
journey around the world. I walked
up and down the deck, up and down.

I wondered if the telegram had been
fashed to my folks from Barnegat
lighthouse that the Etruria had
been sighted. I wondered if they
would be down at the docks to greet
me. And, though it was a stormy
day when we went up the Narrows,
I stood out near the bow. I was
alone, entirely alone, without kith
or kin for a traveling companion;
yet, when I saw my dear ones upon
the dock, I nudged the man nearest
to me and cried out: "There they
are! There are my folks! There are
father and my sisters! Yes, there
they all are." And the tears of joy
rolled down my cheeks. That is the
way the Christian voyager shall enter
the harbor of peace. The physical
ship in which he sails may be bruised
and battered by many a storm,
but that will amount to nothing.
Then all our loved ones will come
down to meet us. Oh, how many,
many, many, dear ones are there!
They shall all come down to the
banks. I wonder if we will know
them at once. I wonder if they will
cry when we wave back. The Bible
says there are no tears in heaven,
but I do not think that statement is
literally true. I do not believe we
can see our own dear ones for the
first time without crying just a lit-
tle. But, mark you, in that great
welcome they will only be tears of
joy and not tears of sorrow.

Thus, my dear friends, as voyagers
upon the great sea of life, to-day I
greet you. I signal you with the
warmest feelings of Christian joy
stirring my heart. I feel that it is
due to the providence of God that
we have been brought together for a
Christian purpose. The sea of life is
so wide that many of us only meet
each other this once before we sail
into the harbor of peace. When a
vessel becomes a wreck and floats
aloft upon the seas as a derelict it
sometimes takes months and even
years for it to be found and destroy-
ed. It may take all that time, no
matter how many ships may be
hunting for it. Therefore, what I
am to say to you I must say quick-
ly. Human vessels voyaging over
the sea of life never allow any sinful
current to turn your prow from your
Christly destination. Never allow
your sails to be stretched for a pop-
ular wind. Never allow your reckon-
ing to be made from any star but
that which once gleamed over the
Bethlehem manger. And never feel,
Christian voyager, that the storm of
persecution will founder you if you
have Christ in the hinder part of
the ship. Christian voyager, if we
should never meet again this side of
the harbor of peace, I send you my
Christian salutation and love—"Hail
and farewell!"

That makes you suffer from Dys-
pepsia When Others Tell You Dodd's
Dyspepsia Tablets Will Cure It,
Sure.

I have always had very strong ob-
jections to patent medicines, but the
cures of Dyspepsia by Dodd's Dys-
pepsia Tablets are wonderful. For
two years my life had been a burden.
I could not take the simplest food
without having a pain across my
stomach. Doctors did me no good.
One box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets
completely cured me. The Dyspepsia
has never come back.

This in brief is the statement of
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naventure County, Quebec. Does it
not strike home to you? Are not
your prejudices against the so-called
"patent" medicines causing you mis-
ery? Can't you overcome your prej-
udice and your Dyspepsia at the
same time?

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will as-
suredly cure any case of Indigestion
or Dyspepsia. They will digest the
food themselves, giving the stomach
a chance to rest up and return to its
normal condition.

Lines of human beauty all grow
from within outward.

A musical composition is often sold
for a mere song.

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Sure.

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"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea by its absolute purity
and delicious flavor is displacing Japan tea just as SALADA
Black is displacing all other black teas. Sealed lead packets
only. 25c and 40c per lb. By all grocers.

Stories from the Moon

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites
prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo
one mass is mentioned which exploded
in the air and fell in widely dispersed
fragments, portions of it being found
in three places at the angles of a tri-
angle whose two longer sides were
some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in
length. In one of these places two
plates of stone were discovered, lying
about 250 yards apart, which had evi-
dently once formed one huge block.
Measurements and estimations place
the combined weight of the two blocks
at eighty tons. In this one shower of
"moon stones," according to M. del
Castillo's paper, not less than 3,000
tons of rocks fell.

IS IT PREJUDICE

That Makes You Suffer from Dys-
pepsia When Others Tell You Dodd's
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I have always had very strong ob-
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This in brief is the statement of
Marie Ann Bujold, of Maria Cap, Bo-
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ery? Can't you overcome your prej-
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or Dyspepsia. They will digest the
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Lines of human beauty all grow
from within outward.

A musical composition is often sold
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PICNICS

Yes, they are all the rage. Yours
comes next and you will want
some of these choice meats for your
lunch basket.

Potted ham, potted tongue, lunch
beef, chicken, ham and tongue in
cans, ranging from 5 to 15c.

Choice lunch biscuits always in
stock.

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which we are bound to
sell regardless of price.

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\$1.50 and we will reduce
the price of them each
day until all have been
disposed of.

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There is an old Chinese proverb,
"The brain is in the stomach."
A simpler Anglo-Saxon maxim is,
"A clean stomach makes a clear head."

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Effervescent
Salt

Is a wonder rectifier of that weary, tired-out feeling
that comes to us all in the

Hot Weather.

It clears the bowels regularly and without the slightest
discomfort. Keeps the stomach clean and sweet,
quicken the action of the liver, clears the head and
and tones up the whole nervous system.

Abbey's Salt is made from the juice of fresh fruits
and contains no minerals. It is at once the simplest,
most natural and most effective remedy for all the ills
and ails of the Hot Summer Months.

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