

Sunday Reading.

TIME ENOUGH YET.

"Oh, mother! mother! it is the same old story with father. 'Time enough yet,' he says. But I am sure there will not be time enough for him to harness the horses and drive six miles to catch the last excursion train before eight o'clock; and you know how hard we have worked all summer on the promise of being taken to see the Falls—and Ida burst into a flood of tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her mother, "but finish dressing Charlie and Kate; and as soon as I have packed the lunch baskets Freddie and I will harness the horses and drive to the door, so that your father will have time to get himself ready—he probably had to repair some fence to make it safe to leave."

Mrs. Hill was quite too well acquainted with her husband's habit of procrastination to child her daughter for speaking as she did; but her love was ever ready to excuse him, and do all in her power to counteract the evil arising from his foolish habit. Thus she managed to maintain a measure of love for him, and impressed her children with the same duty. Here, however, was a most serious responsibility, and she felt alarmed for the consequences if the promise so solemnly given to the children should be broken through the father's usual evil habit.

Ida was fourteen, Freddie twelve, and both knew too well all that is implied in breaking one's word—even to children—to continue their respect for a parent who made no effort to keep his promise.

There had been an unusual growth of crops that summer, and harvest hands were scarce. The ordinary wages paid were two dollars per day, and this made men independent and indifferent. Mr. Hill had never been forehanded, especially in financial matters. Hence he had only a promise to pay, which was less acceptable than money, to offer men willing to work, and he failed to procure help. His wife and children had rendered him all the aid possible in every kind of work upon the farm. She was systematic and prompt in all her own work, and by rising before the sun and working after dark she gave her services, during the sunlight, to her husband's work; and became expert in binding grain and packing it in the barn or stack. The two oldest children were able to do the hoeing in the field, keep the garden in order, and much other light work, besides harrowing and cultivating the summer-fallow; and in harvest they had worked steadily, stimulated by the promise of an excursion to Niagara Falls, which nearly all their school companions had already seen. And now the harvest was ended, and the last "farmers' excursion" thence was to leave the station at nine a. m., on this particular day. If after all their excitement they lost this chance, through their father's inexcusable habit, serious results would follow.

No wonder Ida rebelled, and her mother felt that a crisis had come into their lives, and that unless good judgment was manifested, serious complications would arise. She therefore set every one at work, giving no time for rebellion. In a few minutes the horses were harnessed, driven to the door, and the lunch baskets placed under the seats. Just at this juncture they noticed the father coming leisurely down the lane.

The children simultaneously cried: "Hurry, father! we shall be too late for the train!"

When he came near, Mrs. Hill said: "Oh, James, why do you loiter so thoughtlessly, when you must know that we are late?"

"Time enough yet," he replied, and was proceeding to explain that he found some of the fences down, when she hastily cut him short by repeating his own expression: "Time enough yet! The old excuse. You need a powerful lesson to cure you of that wicked habit of procrastination. What respect will your children have for your promises if through your neglect we fail to keep our word to-day—it will be an act of dishonesty."

Never before had she felt so strongly or expressed her disapprobation so severely.

He felt it keenly, but hurried so fast that in ten minutes he took his seat, and whipped up the horses to a fast trot; not fast enough, however, for the impatient children. Charlie who was sitting between his parents soon possessed himself of the whip, which he used whenever the horses slackened their pace. Twice they had to stop to adjust the harness, and once to replace the long, wooden spring, which had dropped down under the jolting over rough roads, and let the ends of the seats fall. He allowed the horses to walk up the last hill, and began to remark—

"Time enough yet," but checking himself, he changed the usual expression by saying: "Excursion are always late starting."

Just then they reached the summit of the hill, and saw the long train at the station, every window filled by the excited excursionists, but very few on the platform. Charlie gave the horses a touch with the whip and they started down the hill at a gallop. Two short, sharp sounds from the

engine whistle ordered "Off brakes," and the train was put in motion.

The four children began to cry and scream. The father waved his hat and yelled to the engineer to stop. Turning too suddenly, in the mad race into the station-yard, the end of the rear axle struck the gate post. The severe shock broke the tongue of the wagon; the horses got away and drew Mr. Hill over the dashboard to the ground. The breaking of the reins probably saved him from being dragged to death. Charlie was thrown out on a grassy bank, and was but little hurt. The other four were thrown into a heap against the dashboard and were more frightened than hurt.

The employees went to the assistance of the unfortunate party, and carried Mr. Hill into the station. A doctor was summoned, and the examination revealed some bad cuts about the head, from which blood was streaming, and a fractured collar-bone. The horses were recovered, another tongue fitted to the wagon, and, after an hour's delay one of the employees was sent home with the disappointed family, who had their sympathy, they not knowing the cause of their missing the train.

Arriving at home the wife had her husband placed on an easy lounge, where she nursed him tenderly, while never a word of censure escaped her lips. The children, impressed with their mother's kindness, also administered to his necessities and amusement every day besides carefully attending to such work on the farm as they were capable of doing.

Mr. Hill had never before experienced sickness or any cause for confinement to the house. And never had such a lesson been brought home to his conscience. Now he had time and cause for reflection, and by degrees his conscience revealed to him his natural unworthiness and acquired evil habits. While, in his youth, not a sinner greater than the average of his acquaintances, he had again brought trouble to his mother and father, particularly by that grave fault of procrastination and failure in prompt obedience to parental instruction and commands. Not only in everyday affairs but spiritual matters, he had ever urged this almost fatal excuse.

How often his sainted mother had prayed specially for him, and urged him to accept the Saviour in the days of his youth, when his brother and sisters and friends had wisely yielded to the Spirit, while his answer to every importunity was, "Time enough yet." The venerable old pastor had also pointed out the advantages of the early consecration of his talents, time and means to the Lord's service, and urged the sin and danger of delay; but his reply, parrot-like, was always, "Time enough yet." When Mrs. Hill found peace and united with the church, she urged him, by all her wifely devotion, and for the sake of the example to their children, the responsibility of whose spiritual training, she said, was laid upon their parents, to decide for Christ and His service, but the same soul-destroying delusion, "Time enough yet," still beguiled him.

It had been a sore trial to her energetic, systematic, and ambitious nature to see him always behind his neighbors in the farm-work. He was late in preparation for the short summer season, late in seed-time, late in harvest, late to secure the best market for produce, late in "fixing up" for winter comfort—either for cattle or home, late at church, late at "bees" and "raisings"; in fact, late in everything, and the result was that he was always in debt, and his family suffered in consequence.

His wife had pointed out all these facts, and many more, time and again, but it seemed a useless process, and, at length, she had given it up.

Now all the past of their wedded life was reproduced in her mind, and she wondered if God had now taken him specially in hand in this incident.

She had never ceased to pray for his conversion, and now she redoubled her entreaties for the Spirit's manifestation in his behalf. She resolved never to censure him for the disappointment to their darling children, but to encourage and assist him in every possible way to find the truth and embrace it. With this in view, in addition to his mother's bible, she placed the copy of a little work—called "The Soul and the Kingdom"—on the table within his reach, and was gratified to see him poring earnestly over the pages of each. The "seed of the Kingdom" had been early sown by his pious mother and her zealous pastor; but the seed had fallen in among thorns, or by the wayside, or on stony ground, and had borne no fruit. There was always "Time enough yet."

During the first week of his enforced confinement a great change seemed to come over him. The special kindness of all whom he had so disappointed had heaped coals of fire upon his head, and made him meek in manner and receptive in attitude.

One evening after the children had gone to bed, and the wife drew her chair near his couch while she went on with her knit-

ting, he began a conversation by saying: "Mary, dear, I have played the fool and wasted the best part of my life in the short-sighted delusion that there would be 'Time enough yet' to give my heart and life to Christ when I should be old and worn out in the service of self and Satan. I said to myself that even a death-bed repentance would ensure the forgiveness of God and salvation from hell, and that was all that I need care about. But if I had been killed by the fall, where would there have been time and space for repentance? Then, too, I have learned while lying here that a bare salvation from hell—a saving as by fire—is no compensation for the loss of the growth in grace and knowledge of the Lord, or, in other words, the 'culture of the soul,' possible, even here, by the aid and leading of the Spirit. The sacred relationship to Christ, which may be attained under such leadings, in communion and fellowship with His people, is not only a preparation for eternity, but a daily joy here, to all who are in Christ Jesus, and are, in truth, temples of the Holy Ghost. Oh, Mary! what a blessed change to be under such an influence. The Scriptures present a different meaning to me now, and the explanations, which I have read and re-read in this little book, have opened my blind eyes to behold the beauty of His word and the glory of His fellowship where before I could see nothing to admire or desire."

"Thank God," Mrs. Hill fervently ejaculated. "My prayer has been answered; you are not far from the kingdom. My heart is too full of gratitude and joy to express regrets for what might have been, in the fact that salvation has come to you. I trust that henceforth we may, together press forward, and by our example lead our darling children to accept the Saviour in the days of their youth."

To this fervent aspiration Mr. Hill seriously added, "Amen."

There was no longer delay than necessary in making application to her pastor for church membership, and Mr. Hill's public confession of Christ before men and his acceptance as a member of the church.

A family altar was set up at once and the expression, "Time enough yet" was banished from the vocabulary and practice of that family in both temporal and spiritual matters. The results of prompt attention to all the work of the farm, in its season, were soon manifest in better crops, better buildings, and more beautiful scenic surroundings in shrubs, trees, lawns and flowers. No more beautiful or happy home was known in all the settlement. It became a centre of social and religious influence where all the neighbors found a welcome and enjoyed a visit.

All the family have since seen the marvellous beauties of the great Falls, in winter as well as in summer, also many other places of interest in "fair Canada," but they never forget the incident which was an important turning point in their lives, when they once missed the train.

CONVERTED IN A CELL.

The Remarkable Way in Which a Man Became a Christian.

On the evening of April 18, 1882, while Roundsman Delaney was on duty as acting sergeant in the East 126th Street police station in New York, a lame man was brought in drunk, on the verge of delirium tremens, having evidently been on a protracted debauch. He shouted wildly in his cell till nearly two o'clock in the morning, when he quieted down, and spent the remainder of the time till daylight praying earnestly for forgiveness, and promised to lead a better life. Later in the day he begged the judge to release him, and vowed never to drink again, and he was released. He kept his promise. His name is Samuel H. Hadley, and for eight years he has been superintendent of the McAuley Mission in Water street, while his brother is superintendent of St. Bartholomew's Mission in Forty-second street. On April 18 the fourteenth anniversary of his arrest and conversion, well-dressed, evidently a gentleman as well as a Christian, he entered that police station, introduced himself to Sergeant Delaney, who was again at the desk, told his story, and asked permission to visit the cell which had been the scene of the most momentous event in his life's history. There, in the presence of the assembled policemen, he kneeled down and thanked God that he had been locked up there fourteen years before. What is there remarkable about this story? Nothing; nothing but the inherent marvel and miracle of conversion. The man who

has been a drunkard becomes sober; or the man who has been a thief becomes honest; or the man who has been stingy becomes benevolent; or the man who has been selfish comes to love to deny himself; the man who has cared nothing for God comes to love God with all his heart, and fears more to offend him than he does to offend all the world besides. How does all this happen? What creates the change in his nature? Does the current turn of itself and flow the other way? Mr. Hadley thinks not. He says it was not of himself, but that it was the pure grace of God, the Holy Spirit pleading with him, whose voice he heard and obeyed; and with all the energy of his nature he followed the voice within his soul. God called him; he obeyed—that was all. God turned him; he turned—that was the secret. And now the love of Christ constrains him. He is a new creature, and old things have passed away. Regeneration, conversion and all the other theological terms which designate God's part and man's part in the mightiest work done in the human soul mean no more than the scene in that police cell when the man prayed and resolved and turned from sin to God. It is very simple; it is beyond explanation. It is the privilege of every soul that is not Christ's. It is the duty, it is the only salvation of sinful man. Tens of thousands, did we say, there are of such experiences? Nay, that is the door by which all the blood-bought saints in heaven have entered in. "Ye must be born again."

THE FAVORITE THREE.

Known All Over Canada—Everybody Has Words of Praise for the Three Great South American Remedies—Absolute Specifics for Kidney, Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles—They Relieve in a Few Hours.

THE KIDNEYS.—Distressing kidney and bladder diseases are relieved in six hours by South American Kidney Cure. This remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceedingly promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. It will cure Bright's disease and diabetes after all pills and powders have failed; as it being a liquid and solvent, dissolves the sand-like particles which always appear in the blood of persons troubled with these disorders. A dry powder or pill can not possibly do this, as neither is a solvent. Use South American Kidney Cure if you would live and enjoy health. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

RHEUMATISM.—"For the last year," writes William Marshall, of Vardon, Ont., a resident of that district for 40 years, "I was confined almost entirely to my bed with rheumatism. Nothing gave me relief, and I had finally given up hope, when South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended to me. The first dose gave me instant relief, and I was out of my bed the following day. I have used three bottles, and I must say I am completely cured, as I suffer no pain whatever now."

THE STOMACH AND NERVES.—Mrs. Capt. Hackley, of Owen Sound, was one on whom La Grippe had left its marks. She seemed never to have completely recovered from an attack, and nervous prostration took hold of the system. All the doctoring had only a temporary effect. She tried South American Nerve, and says the first bottle gave her hope, and, continuing its use, in a short time she completely regained her strength. Use South American Nerve if you seem to be wearing out. It will rebuild the life forces with surprising rapidity. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Fully Explained.

Simpson "You bought the stock on your broker's advice, didn't you?" Thompson "Yes; he gave me four excellent reasons why it should go up." Simpson "What has he to say now?" Thompson "He has given me four equally good reasons why it went down."

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Clara—"He says I sing more beautifully than any girl he knows. What do you think of that?" Maud—"I think he should extend his acquaintance."—Tid-Bits.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

THE SHARK AS A GAME FISH.

The Fight They Made for Their Lives During a Fishing Expedition.

Some years ago I had the temerity to advocate, I think in the Forest and Stream, the shark as a game fish, describing some of my experiences with these creatures in Florida from the mouth of the St. Johns Loggerhead, says a writer in the New York Dispatch:

When a dozen men are arrayed against a shark it is an unequal fight, but let one man challenge an ordinary ten-foot shark and there is sport for either one and sometimes for both.

Some of the finest sport I have ever had with a rod was with a small oil shark at Santa Catalina Island, Southern California. Vicious sharks are unknown here, but on the west side of the island, in perfect miniature harbor that almost cuts the island in two, is found a harmless member of the family, known as the oil shark, which affords fine sport. It attains a length of about 5-12 feet, and a weight of from 40 to 70 pounds, and apparently frequents the shallow waters of the upper harbor to feed.

One morning we left Avalon, the little town of the island where the hotels are, for Catalina Harbor, making the trip of about 15 miles in an hour and a half, and anchored in Isthmus Cove, walked over the narrow isthmus to the harbor where we soon took our places on the beach. I had a 16 ounce bass rod which I had fitted with a short split bamboo trout tip. The line was 500 feet of 18 strand cuttyhunk, very small and light, two feet of piano wire leader, and a stout, though not large, hook about the size used for cod and hake in the East.

The fish were well out from shore and it was necessary to unreel about 100 feet of line and throw it out, as the bait was a three pound fish, too heavy to cast with the rod.

There were five in the party, all trying to break the record for the largest fish on the lightest rod. I had fastened my line to a small stick as a tell-tale and it was not long before it dropped and began to run out. I gave it about 20 feet, then hooked my fish.

As it felt the cold steel, the shark, a finely shaped, harmless fellow, at least 5 feet in length, dashed clear of the water in as fine a rise as I ever saw a black bass make, shook its head a moment, falling back with a crash and making the reel sing and play. A companion timed me, and doing my very best, it was about 10 minutes before I could bring this gamy fish to the beach in foot or more of water and within reach of the gaff. It fought me at every turn, taking in all 400 hundred feet of line, making desperate rushes in every direction, and several times almost taking me into the water to save the rod. Repeatedly the fish, which is known to science *Galeorhinus Gypserus*, went into the air; then it would rush at the beach quicker than I could reel in, and turn and make a run down the harbor that threatened rod, reel and line. It was a good pull for a boy to haul the thrashing fish out of water, but finally we had it on the sands, where it was found to weigh a little less than 60 pounds, which I consider a good catch for 20 minutes, when the trout tip of a split bamboo and 18-strand line is taken into consideration.

Each of the party caught a shark. One completely demoralized a rod, while many hooks and much tackle was lost on others, but I think I could have managed a six-foot fish with ease.

If we had not known the fish to be sharks we would have considered the fishing fine sport—in fact it was. Certainly no game fish made a better fight for its life than did these sharks of Catalina Harbor.

This section of the island has no hotel, but there is a good one eight miles away, at Little Harbor, and others at Avalon, reached by launch daily, or if one desired to camp, the isthmus, winter and summer, is a good locality, quiet, dove and wild goat being plentiful in the immediate vicinity. There are no dangerous sharks here, the place being famous for its bathing, the sharks being small-mouthed oil shark.

HAY FEVER AND CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness.

East Side Ostentation.

"Mary, will ye look across th' airshaft now, at the pitcher of ice water the Hanrahans have in the windy?" "It aint ice at all. It's nothin' but a chunk of glass. Oh, the hypococrisy of some people that wants to put on style when they ain't got the price."—Truth.

Solomon got a wide reputation for wisdom, but Solomon lived before the day of the modern college sophomore.—Somerville Journal.

BROKE IN TWO IN THE MIDDLE.

I, the writer, was riding in a railway coach one day in the autumn of 1886. The train was speeding swiftly and smoothly on its journey. Suddenly three of the carriages left the metals, mine being one of them. We all rolled down a low embankment together. No body was killed, but several were more or less seriously hurt. On my left leg there is a long and broad scar that I shall carry to my grave—the result of a wound received on that occasion. The cause of the accident was this: The front axle of the first of the three coaches broke squarely in two in the middle—an absolutely new piece of iron, the coach being then on its fourth trip.

"Nothing remarkable about that," do you say? There is a lesson in it, my friend; a lesson in it, which even a well-informed fellow like you can afford to make a note of. I'll tell you what it is in a minute. Perhaps you can guess it right off the reel. Anyhow, you will be willing to read Mr. Marsden's evidence as to a similar mishap.

"In the autumn of 1892," he says, "I found that something was wrong with me. I felt drowsy, heavy, and tired—which was a new thing in my experience. The whites of my eyes turned yellow and my skin was dark and sallow. There was a nasty, copperish taste in my mouth, particularly in the morning, and I spat up a great deal of phlegm—thick, slimy stuff it was. I had no proper relish for my meals, and often enough I could not even taste of any of my favourite dishes."

"This was bad, but worse was coming. One day in the early part of January (1893) whilst at dinner a dreadful pain took me in the right side. For some minutes I couldn't move on account of it. I was in agony. The sharpness of the attack abated presently, but it left its mark on me. After that I had difficulty in getting about, and although I struggled on with my work it was a great punishment to me, as I was in constant pain. In fact, it was a trouble to get in and out of bed."

"As time went on the pain in my side increased. Every breath I drew pained me, and I had to sit doubled up; I couldn't straighten myself out. For nearly a year I was in this condition, and for months I was under medical treatment. The doctor said there was a stoppage in the bowels, but his medicine did nothing to case me."

"In August (1893) I heard from Mr. B. Bell, the Grocer, Brompton, of the good Mother Seigel's Catarrh Syrup had done in a case something like mine. I sent for it and began taking it; and in the short space of fourteen days I found great relief. This encouraged me to keep on with the Syrup, and I did so. The result was that the pain left me by degrees until it was all gone, and I had no feeling of illness at all. I am now well and strong as ever I was. I am perfectly willing you should publish what I have said if you think it is worth the trouble and expense. Yours truly, (Signed) Thomas Marsden, 2, Hodgson Terrace, Brompton, North Allerton, October 26th, 1893."

We do decidedly think it worth the trouble and expense, and we'll tell you why. Hark back to what was said about the railway accident. Very well. Now when they came to examine that new axle they found a bad flaw right in the centre of it—not visible on the outside. It was fatally defective from the day it was made, yet nobody could know it. When it broke it broke suddenly and without warning—of course, it was God's mercy a dozen people were not killed by it.

Well, our friend Mr. Marsden had always been a healthy man—so he thought. He broke down suddenly. Why? Because of the deadly poisons in his blood engendered by latent and slow acting indigestion and dyspepsia. Slowly but surely the poison spread until it reached the vital spots. Then he fell as the railway coach did—from a hidden flaw. Happily for him Mother Seigel's Syrup was able to cure (to repair) him.

What, then, is that lesson we promised you? It is this. Watch out for the early signs of weakness and take the remedy then. Don't wait until you are down the bank, as for the coach axles we shall have to trust to luck.

Encouraging.

Curate who wishes to encourage local industry.—W. L. Adams, how are you getting on with my watch?"

Adams—"Why, it is nigh finished now, zar, an' 'e do z-em to go mortal well, but dang me, it there bain't a wheel as I can't find a place vor summin'!"—Punch.

A Good Story.

A story is going the rounds at the expense of the best known men of this place. We shall not mention his name, but you know him. Of rather determined mein, he has of late been showing signs of mental agitation. He wears a full beard, but a few days since his wife, much to her alarm, found him sharpening a razor. She thought his mind was unbalanced and went into hysterics. Explanations followed and it was found that life had for him still some charm. He intended to use the razor upon painful corns. A friend who had used Putnam's Corn Extractor with success advised its use, with the following results: Man quite happy, wife ditto, razor sent away. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor.

"Is marriage regarded as a failure in Chicago, where they are so many divorcees?" "Oh, no. It is regarded as a temporary embarrassment merely."—Truth.