

THE AYLESFORD UNION.

Published on the last of every month
by the

B. Y. P. U. of the Aylesford Baptist Church,
AYLESFORD, N. S.

J. B. MORGAN, Editor-in-Chief.

Departmental Editors:

W. E. HARRIS, Local News.
MRS. J. B. MORGAN, Religious News.

Contributors:

N. H. PARSONS, E. W. COGSWELL.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:—

If paid within 30 days, 50c. per year
If not so paid, 75c. " "
Single Copies, 5c. each.

ADVERTISING RATES (with a guaranteed minimum circulation of 500 copies per month) furnished upon application.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief,
P. O. BOX 33, AYLESFORD, N. S.

EDITORIALS.

The burning of the beautiful and prosperous town of Windsor on Sunday the 17th inst., was the most serious disaster of the kind that has ever swept a Nova Scotia town. To those who have never had the misfortune to pass through such an experience the facts and figures which have been given to the public through the persevering industry of press representatives can convey but a very inadequate idea of the real truth of the situation. Much of the suffering and hardship that will be endured by those who have thus had all or nearly all of their earthly possessions snatched from them in an hour will never be described nor even imagined by the most sympathetic. The great sympathetic heart of the Infinite alone will fully understand their untold sorrows.

The spirit of optimism which has already asserted itself and promises to possess the town, is a cheering indication that Windsor is to have a future as well as a past. With many others we are satisfied that courageous and patient industry coupled with strong faith in God is alone needed to regain what has been lost. Not only so, but in this as in all the misfortunes of life "we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill," and that many blessings may here-

in the ashes of destruction.

Already great blessing has come to the many people all over the country who have opened their hearts and hands in generous response to the demands of Windsor's need. Not a few have learned for the first time that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and are better men and women than they were before. It is gratifying that our own community has not been behind in this good work. The Baptist people of Aylesford have sent forward food and clothing to the value of over one hundred dollars through their pastor, beside what has been sent by others. On the 26th a beam supper was given by Glendale Lodge, I. O. G. T. and neighboring community, and \$31.30 realized for the same purpose. Further contributions of food stuffs, clothing and cash will be received by Pastor Morgan and forwarded promptly to the relief committee.

Another result which we venture to hope and pray may follow from this calamity is the suppression for all time to come of the accursed liquor traffic in the Windsor of the future. Surely, none can be indifferent to the object lesson afforded by the developments of the investigation of the causes of the disaster. Even amid the general silence of the press upon the subject the dullest must perceive the logic of the situation. The rum-seller is an expensive luxury at all times, but has proven strikingly so in this instance.

The brethren of Melvern Square have placed a telephone in the parsonage for Pastor Parry's convenience. We presume that in unfavorable weather he will hereafter make "pastoral calls" over the wire.

We regret that our esteemed sister, Miss Maggie Barss, lost heavily by the Windsor fire.

Brother and sister McBride, who have returned to their old home at Victoria, will be greatly missed in our church work.

A Lost Conscience.

Many are making war against their conscience, and a large number have conquered it. A man would be called a fool if he were in a dark mine or cavern and blew out the only light he had. And one who kills his conscience is no wiser. When conscience rebukes, they suppress it and excuse and palliate their sin. And this is repeated day after day until conscience is throttled and becomes quiet. It is a dreadful condition for a man to get into when he can do wrong and not feel bad; do an injustice and not know it. What is wrong? That man's conscience was killed and he attended not the funeral, because he knew it not, neither did he miss it, because he had so little use for it.—*Rev. L. E. Ferth, Coldwell, O., in Ram's Horn.*

W. M. A. S.

Continued from page 7

tion light, fully half a mile away. The red light was burning and by this we knew the train had not gone but was expected every minute.

Mr. Gullison turned up the bottom of his pants, took his umbrella and slid out of the old bullock bandy again; this time not to walk, but to run, and make the bullocks run too. We were coming nearer and nearer and yet no signs of the train. Encouraged by this Mr. Gullison ran on ahead to buy our tickets, and, if possible, to get the station agent to hold the train a minute or two if we did not get there in time.

After he left I determined that the bullocks should walk no more until they got me to the station. Getting my umbrella I began to punch one of the bullocks, while the driver took charge of the other. He caught our spirit of enthusiasm and thus with the present he was to get made him quite anxious to arrive at the station ahead of the train.

Things were now looking very interesting. I began to breathe more freely when we got within sight of the station and yet no train. But it was only for a minute. A shrill whistle told us that the train was coming.

My umbrella was used more vigorously than before. The poor old bullocks ran as well as they could and stopped before the station house just as the train came rumbling in.

As my letter is already very long, I will leave the rest of our adventurous journey to be told another time.

I remain,

His and yours,

NETTIE GULLISON.

AARON HODGES, Sec.

Treasurer.—CLARA PALMER.

Treasurer.—MRS. LEVI GATES.