

The higher their fee the better their chance of crowding the little fellows out of the business, and creating a monopoly by which a few will make large fortunes.

The president of the Liquor Dealers' Protective League says:

The true policy for the trade to pursue is to advocate a high license as they can in justice afford to pay, because the money thus raised tends to relieve all owners of property from taxation, and keeps the treasuries of the towns and cities pretty well filled. This catches the ordinary taxpayer.

Mr. Peter Her, the leading distiller of Nebraska, after several years' experience of the high license system, in a letter written for the guidance of liquor dealers in another State, says:

High license does not hurt our business, but, on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it. * * * * I believe somewhat that high license lessens the quantity of liquors used * * * * I would be in favor of high license rather than trust to the non-enforcement of law under prohibition.

Father in Heaven I Cry Unto Thee.

By Henry Harvey Stuart

Father in Heaven, I cry unto Thee,
Bending low the adoring knee,
Look not in anger upon Thy child
Who by the tempter has been beguiled.

Father in Heaven, O hear Thou my prayer!
Where but in Thee is there refuge—O where?
Where but in Thee can my spirit find rest?
Naught! But Thy voice can bring peace to my breast.

Far from the narrow way, Father, I've strayed;
Devious pathways in sin I have made;
Far from the Cross have drifted away;
Satan hath bound me for many a day.

But to Thy service I fain would return;
Shelter me, shield me, my prayer do not spurn.
Lay Thou upon me what seemeth Thee best,
But on Thy bosom allow me to rest.

Why He Cobbled.

It is told of William Carey, the pioneer of missions in India, that after cobbling shoes in his little room all day, he would go from village to village at night preaching the Gospel. One day, in the midst of these itinerant preachings, a friend came into his room, where he was stitching away, and with a very serious face began to remonstrate with him: "Mr. Carey, I want to speak with you very seriously." "Well," said Carey, "what is it?" The friend replied: "It is this—by your going about so much, preaching as you are doing, you are neglecting your business. If you only attend to your business now, you would be all right, and would soon get on, and prosper; but, as it is, you are simply ruining yourself by neglecting your business." "Neglecting my business?" said Carey, looking at him steadily. "My business, don't you know, is to extend the kingdom of God! I am only cobbling shoes to pay expenses." A little more of the spirit of William Carey in our day might make things move.—*Religious Intelligence.*

"When you save a man, you save a unit; when you save a child, you save a multiplication-table."—*John Wanamaker.*

There can be no stability without ability.

When it rains it is better to smile and say, "it will lay the dust," than to grumble and say "it will make mud."

It is a sad thing when the heart is a sepulchre of dead resolutions and departed ideals.

Religious News.

CHIPMAN. Four young men were baptized at Chipman on May 1st. Our meetings continue and the work of grace is deepening. We expect to visit the baptismal waters again next Sunday May 9, 1904. E. T. M. P. S.—The church is greatly revived and strengthened and the members are taking up the work in good earnest.

Baptized two on Sunday, May 8th. "The 'Four Party,'" which began its itinerary in St. John last week, meets with the Charlotte Co., S. S. Convention, to be held in St. Stephen 13, 15. It is believed the visit of these brethren will intensify the zeal of all Sunday School workers who are fortunate enough to attend. A large delegation is expected. W. C. GOTCHER.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B. About the 2nd week of Feb. we increased the number of prayer meetings from two to four. The first few nights

the extra meetings were not very well attended but they so grew in interest that by the end of the 2nd week our vestry was well filled every night and some twelve or fifteen had confessed Christ for the first time. At this stage Rev. J. Harry King came to us and assisted for a fortnight. His visit was greatly blessed. The whole church was much refreshed and about fifty in all surrendered to the Lord. We have had baptism nearly every Sabbath since the 20th of March and up to the present twenty-eight have been received into the church, and there will be several more at our next communion. To God be the praise. J. W. KIERSTAD, Pastor.

LEINSTER ST., ST. JOHN. Two persons were baptized on Sunday May 15th by Pastor Christopher Burnett.

CARLETON, Since last report three have been received into our fellowship one by baptism and two by letter. B. N. NOBLES.

HOULTON, MR. Rev. J. A. Ford, M. A. received 62 persons into the First Baptist church, Houlton, during the months of March and April. This makes 125 additions to the church in a little over two years.

The Lord is blessing us. It was my privilege to baptize fifteen believers, five a week ago and ten yesterday. Others are seeking the Lord. I wish also to mention the kindness of the people. In Feb. last a large number of the church and congregation met at the parsonage and made us a donation amounting to nearly \$50. May God's blessing rest upon the people. MILTON ADDISON.

Surrey, N. B., May 16th, 1904.

A Midnight Alarm.

By Rev. C. W. Townsend, of St. Martin's.

In the tower of our Church at St. Martin's the town clock is placed, which was given to the community several years ago by a wealthy citizen, who was also a Baptist. The clock is thus a striking symbol of a Christian who, while adhering consistently to one communion, is a blessing to all sorts and conditions of men. On each of three sides from which a view of it can be obtained a large dial tells the unceasing march of time. Connected with the clock is a powerful bell which sonorously sounds forth the passing hour, and also serves to announce our Sunday and week-night services. I may explain that our Parsonage faces the Church, on the opposite side of the street.

On one of the coldest nights of last winter, my wife and I were suddenly roused from our slumbers by the sharp, loud, somewhat jerky, but continued ringing of the aforesaid bell. We knew by the manner and continuance of the sound that it was more than the ordinary stroke of the clock. To be awakened thus, in what Shakespeare calls

"The dead vast and middle of the night," is something more solemn in such a season as this, lying on a cold winter's night. In my past experience, it strikes me that when the great dramatist, ere the appearance of the ghost upon the platform at Elsinore made one of his characters exclaim "Tis bitter cold," it was not accidental, but part of his design to prepare us for the shuddering fear which the sight of the dread apparition should occasion. Anyway, it is far from comfortable to have to leave a warm bed when the thermometer is below zero.

Then there was something mysterious about the alarm; we knew not what it foreboded. At first we thought it might mean fire, or that, perhaps, a ship was in distress (for on this coast several disasters have happened), and that some one on shore who knew of it was summoning a rescue party. As we hastily dressed we could say with Edgar Allan Poe:—"Hear the loud alarm bells—

Braken bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!"

I may add that after some minutes of agitated ringing the bell ceased. We were speedily downstairs, and I was soon on the street. The Church door was closed and locked, so that if any one had entered the tower for the purpose of ringing the bell he must quickly have left again. No glare of fire was anywhere visible. Not a person was in sight. So after satisfying myself that no real cause for alarm existed, I went indoors, and concluding, which proved to be a correct surmise, that something had got wrong with the works of the clock, we retired again. Soon we heard once more the now familiar sound; but this time we refused to heed the "mad expostulation" of an irresponsible and unreasonable bell, and betook ourselves to sleep. We learnt next day that, through the cold, the works had become disordered, which accounted for the automatic ringing of the bell. Others had heard it, several of whom, remembering a similar occurrence in the past, judged rightly as to the cause; while a few, like ourselves, had got up, and, living at a greater distance from the Church, had appeared upon the scene after our investigation was over.

Such a circumstance set me thinking of the time when the real summons shall come to each of us to meet our God. It may come very suddenly, perhaps when we are least expecting it: what will it mean to us to leave the warmth, cheer, and comfort of life, and enter upon the cold of death? If we are reconciled to God through Christ Jesus, and are faithfully doing the work He gave us to do, we need not fear. In answer to a remark—"That death which we all dread," Frances Ridley Havergal wrote, "I do not fear death. Often I wake in the night and think of it, look forward to it with a thrill of joyful expectation and anticipation, which would become impatience were it not that Jesus is my Master as well as my Saviour; and I feel I have a work to do for Him that I would not shirk, and also that His time to call me home will be the best and right time, and therefore I am content to wait." And she tells how she was once in the dark, and felt it might be her last conscious hour on earth, and she adds, "I never spent a calmer, sweeter hour than that." So should it be with every believer, since Jesus came to deliver those who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage. But if we are without Christ, and consequently without hope, death surely will be to us the King of terrors. When we are called to meet Him—"How that summons will the sinner's heart confound."

Many Christians, however, do not look for death; but are longing for the glorious appearing of their great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He will come as a thief in the night. "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" How will that cry fall upon our ears—as the sound of wedding bells, or with a melancholy menace in its tone? When He cometh, will He find us watching or sleeping? Oh, let us all examine ourselves and seek to be ready! It has been well said that the voice of corrupt nature to Christ is "Depart"; the voice of luke-warm profession says, "Linger"; the voice of longing love says, "Come." Let us each watch with the glad welcome on our lips: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing!"