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### Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days—  
The days when we were youthful!  
When humankind were pure in mind  
And speech and deeds were truthful;  
Before a love for sordid gold  
Became man's ruling passion,  
And before each dame and maid became  
Slaves to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—  
Against the world I'd stake 'em!  
As buxom and smart and clean of heart  
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!  
They were rich in spirit and common sense,  
A piety all supportin';  
They could bake and brew, and had taught  
school, too,  
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—  
When we were boys together!  
When the grass was sweet to the brown  
bare feet  
That dimpled the laughing heather;  
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn  
Of the bee in the billowy clover,  
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will  
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—  
The love that mother gave us!  
We are old, old men, yet we pine again  
For that precious grace—God save us!  
So we dream and dream of the good old  
times,  
And our hearts grow tenderer tender,  
As those dear old dreams bring soothing  
gleams  
Of the "yea-ay" of yonder  
field.

BY O. B. MACK.

The Woman's Baptist Missionary Aid Society of Milton, was organized in April, 1872, with 13 members, 19 others joining before the closing of the first year; and from that time till the present, with the exception of one year the meetings have been regularly sustained.

"Our object," to quote from the constitution, shall be the evangelization of the heathen, by raising funds for the support of Christian women as missionaries, for sustaining schools and native teachers among the Tolo-

gus. The pioneer organizer of this movement, which has been such a mighty power for good, was Miss H. Maria Norris, of Canso, N. S., now Mrs. Armstrong, and we are indebted to her pen for the interesting account contained in the following:

"I was teaching in the Seminary at Wolfville till near the close of 1896. It was during that year that the thought first came to me that I was needed in Burmah. It was a still small voice that made itself heard when I prayed alone, and that rose up to disquiet me amid present activities. Not that I wanted a change; I dearly loved the work I

had, but I was ready to go wherever the Master pleased. I thought it a mere fancy at first, but I could not shake it off, and as the unrest continued I thought one evening I would go and talk with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. R. Crawley, who were there in Wolfville, and who probably would convince me of the undesirability of single ladies going to Burmah. Mrs. Crawley encouraged me to go when I expected she would counsel me directly the other way. I then wrote to Dr. Tupper, Secretary of N. S. Mission Society, asking if there was any probability of the Board sending me. His answer was that there was barely funds enough for the work already undertaken, absolutely nothing for any new enterprise. It was the answer I had expected, still the pillar of cloud within pointed me to Burmah. So I again laid the matter before the Master. I was ready to go wherever He pleased to send me, but there was no money to pay my passage to Burmah. If He provided that then I could go. I then and now firmly believed the Lord was able to provide for His own anywhere."

She goes on to say that eventually the money was promised her, to be returned in two years.

She was on her way to prepare for her journey when all ready to go she presented herself for the money it was refused her, on the plea that the party had changed his mind. He feared he would be blamed for helping her forward in a wild adventure. She had no means of subsistence after arriving there, &c. "I thanked him," she says, "and came away, I felt sure the Lord had used him to get me already to go and wished to provide the means in some other way. I returned to Halifax, and with private means in my possession, engaged my passage to Boston in pursuance of my previous plan. The steamer was to sail at midnight and I went on board early in the evening, my friends supposing I had received the money I had expected. During the evening a deputation from the city churches came down to the boat. They had heard that I was going and were anxious that I should not leave so quietly. They thought it most advisable that I should visit some of the churches before I left, and should be known to them so that they would feel a bond of union with me afterwards. They felt sure it would be helpful to me afterwards to know that there were many at home praying for me.

"The result was that I went again to the Foreign Mission Board and was accepted as their delegate to go out among the churches and ask my sisters to send me. With Mr. Rand's help she formed a con-

stitution for missionary circles and organized her first circle or Aid Society at her home, Canso, June, 1870. This was speedily followed by 33 others, as with indefatigable zeal the young lady went from place to place arousing the interest of the women of the churches in the condition of their sisters in heathen lands, until the required funds had been raised to send her forth as their representative in the foreign field.

Of our own Society, in Milton, organized two years later, we cannot report any great work done, but we can find strong evidence of the unswerving interest of many of our number, 9 of our present members having their names enrolled during the first year. Consulting our Treasurer's book of the past six years, and counting membership fees of the 22 years previous, we find over seven hundred dollars has been raised for the work. The past year \$36.10 was forwarded by our Society and our membership numbers 18.

Twenty-five dollars paid at one time constitutes a person a life member, and during the past year 34 names have been added to the list in the Maritime Provinces: 23 from Nova Scotia, 8 from New Brunswick and 3 from Prince Edward

Island. The number of villages, or some missionary to 286,000 people. Is it enough? Think what it would mean to us, friend, to have but one minister to the whole of Nova Scotia. Surely their needs are great. And this is why we meet together month by month to consider these needs. In our lives so full of freedom and pleasure should we not pause, if only for one hour a month, and try to bring ourselves to face the fact that all the world is not as America, that heathen darkness is something more than a name. So we meet together and listen to letters of interest from our workers in India, realizing how they are giving the best of their lives to this grand work, and how they are looking to us for material aid and sympathy; and as we unite our prayers to God for His blessing in their efforts, we feel a new interest in missions and new sympathies awakened for those so much less fortunate than we. Sisters, should we not strive to overcome our apathy and indifference, and if we are members of a church be also members of this most important branch of our church work, the Woman's Missionary Aid Society, for as we live and strive wisely to use our influence, so may our children grow up with a knowledge and interest in this work, thereby hastening the time when God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

### INGERSOLL'S EULOGY OF WHISKY.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast, or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Think it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starred dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

### DR. J. M. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural state, and it will find a trail as it chases

shadow as Arctic midnight, in which the breath of Jura grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' 'babbling,' and 'wounds without cause,' 'your eyes shall behold strange women' and your heart shall 'utter perverse things.' Drink it deep and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long, and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs; for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may 'put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' And yet I call myself your friend."—[Ex.

### Living by Giving.

There came a request to give,  
Of my scanty means to the Lord;  
I said, "But then I must live,  
And to give I cannot afford!"

I thought then of God's great love,  
How His gifts abide with me still;  
His home kept for me above,  
And my heart then said, "But I will."

Oh soul, do you long to know,  
Of the very best way to live  
In this vale of tears below?  
It is this—"We live as we give."

Those readiest to criticize are often least able to appreciate.—Joubert.