

THE AYLESFORD UNION.

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EDITORIALS.

WE are living in a day when education has become so widely diffused through the agency of our public school system that the individual who cannot read with ease his mother-tongue, is regarded as a rare anachronism. And not only *can* everybody read, but in point of fact everybody *does* read something. What the nature of that something is, determines in very large measure the thought and ideals, conduct and character of the reader. How important is it then that the matter read should be carefully selected and wisely appropriated. Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man." If this be true, and we believe it is, some people must be "full" of very questionable material. Indeed, if their contents may be judged by the literature which lies upon their tables, they must be making of themselves veritable trash-boxes, if not something worse. Christ once said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Is it any wonder then that so many very worthless and very silly things weave themselves into the daily conversation of many very good people whom God evidently intended to speak forth His wisdom and truth? And does not herein lie the explanation of

why so many Christians have little or nothing of worth or interest to say when they come to the prayer-meeting? If the fountain sources of your inner life are the pure springs of eternal truth and goodness, the streams of your conduct and converse cannot but be pure and rich and wholesome. If on the contrary you are continually drinking at the foul fountains of false ideals, disordered thought and diseased imagination, your soul will surely sicken, your language become vain and your whole life exhale malarial and death-dealing vapors. Then let the yellow-covered novel and family story-paper be thrust out of our Christian homes, and instead of the false and the vicious, let us give our boys and girls the true and the pure. Instead of fiction give them fact, instead of the novel and serial story give them history and biography, and instead of the over-drawn tale of doubtful moral flavor give them the faithful picture from real life of the good, the noble and the true.

The sad death by drowning of Rev. Alexander Grant, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winnipeg, on Aug. 4th, which has removed from earthly service the foremost Baptist of the west, has called forth wide-spread expressions of grief. His place will be no easy one to fill, but God has always found men to marshall His hosts when leaders have fallen and we have faith in Him still. We would join the large number of friends who have tendered their sympathy to the bereaved family and church, praying that the "God of all comfort" may minister to their needs in the dark hour. For the benefit of interested readers we give below a short biographical sketch copied from the *Winnipeg Tribune*:—

"Rev. Alexander Grant was born in 1855, in Granton, Scotland, and was educated in the public and grammar schools there, graduating from Edinburg. He came to Canada in 1876 with his family, and settled at Prescott.

Deciding to enter the Baptist ministry he took the course at Woodstock college.

His first charge was at Pembroke, after which he went to Kincardine, and to Talbot Street Baptist church, London, where he labored with great acceptance for eight years. In 1886 he became superintendent of Baptist missions for Ontario and three years later came to Winnipeg, where he has labored with increasing success up to the present, refusing calls to other churches with larger salaries in order to remain in the young west. He was married while working in Ontario to Miss Cameron, who with a family of eight children survives his untimely end. He has two brothers living in the city, William and John, and a sister, Mrs. Wright, and his mother. An elder brother, Rev. James Grant, is stationed at Ingersoll, Ont."

We beg to call attention to our special coupon offer on page 13. This is not really a lowering of the price of our paper, for that we cannot afford to do. We cannot continue to maintain the superior excellence of our little paper in type, paper and general mechanical make-up, to say nothing of adding as a permanent feature, which we purpose doing, illustrations by half-tone cuts, at a subscription price lower than fifty cents per annum. The offer which we now make you is simply to allow you to act as your own agent in forwarding your own subscription. Instead of sending a paid agent to you, we allow you a fifty per cent. commission on the regular rate. If you already have the paper, there is some absent friend to whom it would be a most welcome monthly visitor. Send along your quarter and help sustain a home enterprise which only lacks your support to perpetuate its existence.

Klondicitis, the new disease which is baffling all medical skill, has already made its appearance in Aylesford. The cases as yet are we learn of a mild type, and it is to be hoped may not prove fatal. The symptoms are general restlessness, dissatisfaction with present surroundings and desire for travel. The patient has a decided preference for yellow and at times his eye assumes a jaundiced hue. "Distant fields look green" to him, although really robed in snow. It is said that no sure remedy has been found except starvation or a temperature of 60° or 70° below zero which destroys the disease germs.

