

shadow of our poor reason coming across its face! These dreadful "bats" are always arising in our hearts, to cloud our rising faith. Yet, truly, apart from Jesus' power, "What are these among so many?" What are all our resources in comparison with the vast needs of poor shepherdless humanity? What are our science, our philosophy, our philanthropy, our civilization, our organized schemes of help and deliverance? How little headway we make against the world's sore need! Truly all we have is but five barley leaves and two small fishes, which are nothing until placed in His Almighty hands, who can multiply them indefinitely; but, if brought to Jesus, and then used with His blessing will prove more than enough.

Now for our little fishes and our few barley leaves. Let us not be ashamed of them; but above all, let us not begin to distribute them as they are for surely they will fail. Give them, not first to the multitude, but bring them to the Lord, and put them in His hands. He will not despise them, but accept them from us. Jesus will feed the multitude with our bread, but it must first be placed in His hands. The widow's mite cast into the treasury with her whole heart, given to the Lord and not for ostentation, is more than the unconsecrated wealth of the rich. Bring your poverty, your weakness, your lack of aiming or worldly influence to the Lord; place it in His hands, and see what will come of it, for "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. The waters of Shiloah that go softly" are better than the armies of Egypt. If we could only learn this lesson, what multitudes of poor, hungry, starving souls we might feed! It is not that if we all bring what we have, and continue to make much, but each bringing our little, and giving it into the hands of our Lord, the supply is multiplied and blessed.

Religious News.

PENNSBORO. It is only right that I should acknowledge the goodness of God and kindness of the people in this place. In Jan we enjoyed a series of meetings here assisted by the pastor Rev. W. Camp. His old friends will be pleased to know that he is doing good work and being much loved by his people in this section. I must say that he is very earnest, active and agreeable. We had our share of storm and very cold weather but the meetings were well attended. One was received for baptism and a number of others expressed a desire to become Christians. We are sorry the service had to close so soon on account of the pastor being unwell.

GEO. H. BEAMAN.

CENTREVILLE. The work on this field is moving along encouragingly this winter. At the beginning of the New Year we organized a B. V. P. U. with a substantial membership. We are following the Sacred Literature Course outlined in the Baptist Union. Both pastor and people are feeling the stimulating effects of this splendid course of study. The regular weekly prayer meeting and other services are well sustained. We are hopefully looking for a great blessing in the near future. Ere long we expect to build a new meeting-house. One thousand dollars have already been gathered by the women of the church, and congregation. And upwards of another thousand has been subscribed by the men. This church owes a debt, hence we are making every effort to collect money enough to defray expenses before we build. This is our third year on this field. The people have ever been kind and thoughtful. Frequent gifts to the pastor and his family is the rule not the exception. May we get ready for the "showers," a result that must assuredly follow "ready hearts" else the promise fails.

R. S. FREEMAN.

On a Lehigh V. Ileg Train.

By Tallie Morgan, Scranton, Pa.

It was the morning after election
The Lehigh Valley day coach between New York and Buffalo was pretty well crowded, and naturally the general discussion was the election. The attention of the passengers was attracted

to a clerical-looking individual who sat about the center of the car and who was talking in a rather excited tone of voice to a man in the seat just ahead.

The reverend gentleman was saying:

"No, sir, I did not throw away my vote, but you and every other man who voted the Prohibition ticket did. I believe in prohibition, preach for prohibition, and pray for prohibition."

"But vote for whisky," quickly interrupted the man in the front seat.

"You insult me, sir!" replied the preacher in a voice that startled everybody in the car, and at once all the passengers ceased their conversation and gave their attention to the preacher. "No man shall tell me to my face without being rebuked that I vote for whisky. I have preached for twenty years, and my voice has always been for prohibition, but I do not believe in bringing the matter into politics. I have voted with any party for over twenty years and don't propose to throw away my vote on a party that never can elect its candidates."

Just then a man sitting in a rear seat, who had been an interested listener to the discussion, came forward, and listening two bright black eyes, which looked out through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, on the preacher said:

"Pardon me, sir; did I understand you to say you are a preacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"That you believe in prohibition?"

"Yes, sir. I have preached it for twenty years, and I believe the liquor traffic to be the curse of this nation, and that every rumseller ought to be behind prison bars."

"You also said you voted yesterday for the candidates of one of the old parties?"

"Yes, sir; the party I have always supported."

"Is your party in favor of license or prohibition?"

"I don't think the question has anything to do with political parties."

"Probably not, but did any rumseller vote the same ticket as you?"

"Oh, yes; probably many thousands of them."

"Do you think that a single rumseller in the United States voted the Prohibition ticket yesterday?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, because they would be foolish to support a political party that would, if it got into power, sweep away their business into everlasting oblivion."

"Oh, I thought you said the question of prohibition was not a political one. The rumsellers evidently think it is. Now, sir, if a liquor man who believes in license, defends license, spends money for it, takes it and votes it, would be a fool to vote the Prohibition ticket. I would like to know what you are, who believe in prohibition, preach it and pray for it, but vote the same ticket as the rumseller?"

There was a pause. The sharp, black eyes of the questioner were fixed on the reverend gentleman, who evidently was not prepared for such a direct thrust.

Finally he managed to say: "I refuse to answer such an insulting question, sir. I vote according to the dictates of my conscience and—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you do nothing of the kind. Every time you cast your ballot for your rumseller liquor law party you vote in direct opposition to your conscience, and you know it. You also know that the liquor business of this nation is licensed every year by law. You know that your political party could not, if it would pass or enforce prohibitory laws. You know that fully one-half of the saloonists and brewers and distillers of this land vote the same ticket as you do."

"You know that your vote yesterday will be counted as being in favor of the saloon. You

know that the only way you can inform the government that you believe in prohibition is through a Prohibition ballot. You know there are 4,000,000 Christian voters in this nation who profess, like yourself, to favor prohibition, but the vast of whom vote every year with you for whisky. You know that the angel Gabriel could not pick out your vote from that of a rumseller as I try in the box yesterday."

"You know all this, I say, and yet you raise your hands in a holy protest when this gentleman here ventures to remark that you voted for whisky. Let me tell you, sir, that the rumseller who votes with his license party for the protection and perpetration of his business is a thousand times more deserving of respect for honesty and consistency than you, who profess to favor prohibition but vote directly for whisky. Your profession in that line, sir, are a lie, your preaching a farce, your prayers a mockery, and your vote a protest against your own conscience, your church, and your God!"

Just then a brakeman opened the door and in slow, distinct, and sonorous voice cried out:

"Attention! Change here for Reading and Harrisburg! Do not overlook your baggage!"

The preacher made a dive for his coat and valise and disappeared into the car, saying as he went: "Sorry I can't stay with you longer. I'll think over what you have said."

Married.

JUSTASON JUSTASON.—At the home of the bride's father on the 5th of Feb. 1904, by the Rev. T. M. Munroe, Angus M. Justason, and Annie A. Justason, both of Pennsboro, Charlotte Co., N. B.

WAMBACK MEISNER.—At Pleasantville on the 13th of Feb. by Pastor J. E. Hakney, John B. Wamback, of Mount Pleasant, to May S. Meisner, of New Cumberland, both of Annapolis, Md., N. S.

HAWKINS THOMSON.—At the home of the bride's father, Chance Harbor, St. John Co., Jan. 27, by Rev. J. B. Cowell, A. B. Hawkins of Pennsboro, to Charlotte G. Thomson.

DESSON WRIGHT.—At Dover, Feb. 10th, at the residence of Mrs. James Wright, grandmother of the bride, George E. Wright of Gillespie, N. B., and F. Deason of Eastport, Me., were united in marriage by Rev. W. N. Demings.

WELLS.—At Riversville, Albert C., Jan. 13th, Ethel Wells, aged 21 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Wells.

GOODS MILLER.—At the parsonage, Maugeville, by Rev. N. B. E. G. H. Hooper, Goodine of Onondaga, N. B., to Lillie Miller of Dillhousie, Restigouche Co., N. B.

DOUGHERTY O'CONNOR.—At 51 Queen St. St. John, on 23d inst. by Rev. G. O. Gates, Robert Dougherty, of Fredericton, and Ellen O'Connor, of Halifax, N. S.

SMITH SMITH.—At the residence of the bride, Clear View, Car. Co., N. B., on Feb. 10th, 1904, by Rev. C. Stirling, Zechariah Smith to Lina, widow of the late James Smith, both of Clear View, Car. Co., N. B.

Died.

CARR.—At St. Martin's on Feb. 8th, Deacon Charles Carr, of paralysis, aged 71 years. Our beloved brother was baptized in 1861 by the Rev. James Austin Smith, and elected deacon in 1868. He was a consistent and useful member of the church, and served well in that important office to which he was chosen though for nine months, owing to failing health, he has not been able to attend many services, yet he will be sadly missed from our church circle as well as in his home and among his neighbors. He leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters to mourn their loss.

CHESTNUT.—On Jan. 30th at her home in Sussex, Mrs. Charles Chestnut passed to her rest, aged 83 years. Mrs. Chestnut was a charter member of the Sussex Baptist Church. In 1871 she, with ten others united to sustain the worship of God in this place. She has lived a consistent Christian life, maintaining her fellowship with the Church all these years. She leaves an aged husband, two sons and two daughters to mourn her loss. A memorial service was held in the Baptist Church, Feb. 7th. The pastor preaching from II Cor. 5:1.

PICHEL.—At Forest Glen, Feb. 4th, S. Celestine Pichel, aged 62 years. He leaves a widow, two sons and four daughters to mourn their loss.

DROST.—Mrs. J. one Drost, in her 87th year at Hardwood Ridge Jan. 26, 1904. Sister Drost suffered for months but at last the messenger came. She was ready and went up on high.