

## Selected.

## THE COST OF A LICENSE.

Little Willie came in with a glowing face,  
And his questioning eyes showed just a trace  
Of excitement and, may be, of envy, too,  
In their sunny depths so sweet and blue,  
And he said as his curls from his brow he tossed,  
"Auntie! what is a license and what does it cost?  
Ned Baker's father, he told me at play,  
Was going to buy a license to-day;  
Papa's as rich as the Bakors, I know,  
Why couldn't we have a license too?"

O'er her soul there swept a cold, dread wave,  
Such as we feel by a yawning grave—  
A look of terror stole into her face,  
She clasped the child in a close embrace;  
As if she feared that he might be lost.  
"I don't know just what licenses cost,  
But the license that Baker will buy, I think,  
Is a license to sell his neighbors drink.  
Fifty dollars, I think, that Ephraim Stone  
Paid for one in the days that are gone;  
I paid more, ten thousand times,  
Though 'twas not all in dollars and dimes;  
My husband, your grand uncle, Cyrus Jones,  
Used to go over to Ephraim Stone's,  
At first just to pass an hour away  
And hear what others might have to say.  
But, by and bye, he began to drink;  
Oh, my heart grows sick when I stop to think  
How the dark storm gathered as time went by,  
Till no light was left in my life's dull sky.  
Slowly hope was crushed, for never more  
Could I trust and believe as I did before.

"But there were the children, Bessie and Jack,  
And I hoped for a time they might win him back.  
Sometimes remorse would o'er him sweep,  
And he'd promise while I would pray and weep  
That for the sake of those children and me  
He would be the man that he used to be;  
And that meant much—never prouder wife  
Than I till that license wrecked my life.  
But the promise was broken, and day by day  
The darkness grew denser about my way.  
His love seemed a thing of the long ago  
And at last one day he struck me a blow.  
Years have passed since then, but on my brow  
I seem to feel it burning now;  
Joy and gladness were long since fled,  
Hope in my heart lay crushed and dead,  
And when he struck me that bitter blow  
The last faint spark of love died, too.  
He died very soon in a drunken spree;  
I was almost glad, for it set me free.  
My very life was wrapped up in Jack—  
Sure he could not follow his father's track;  
But, o'er I know it, my brave bright son  
Was a slave to that license of Ephraim Stone.  
Oh, Willie! my darling! I cannot tell  
How the night of horror over me fell,  
And storm clouds gathered thick and fast  
O'er my helpless head, till they broke at last,  
And my beautiful boy was brought home dead—  
'Slain by a comrade's hand,' they said.  
Over there in the shadows dark and deep  
He lies, while I still live and weep.

"And Bessie, you say: Well, there came to our place

A gay young man with a handsome face.  
He was bright and pleasant and winning, too—  
Such as girls are apt to fancy, you know.  
I begged and pleaded; for it was known  
He liked the tavern of Ephraim Stone.  
'Twas all in vain—these tears will start;  
She married him—and—he broke her heart.  
Scarce two years and she lay at rest,  
With my only grandchild on her breast.

"I'm childless and hopeless and all alone—  
All for that license of Ephraim Stone.  
All alone I live, and I sit and wonder  
If, when I search the home over yonder,  
I shall find even there all I've loved and lost—  
God only knows what that license cost!"

—Mrs. A. A. Rolfe, in *The Voice*.

## Home Mission Notes.

At the request of the Westport church, the Board is assisting them in supporting Bro. Murray in a meeting which will do much good.

Bro. Ford has been in Halifax a month, and we are glad to report two added to the church. We feel sure the church there will be greatly strengthened.

We are pleased to announce that Bro. Shaw, who will graduate in June from Eureka College, and Bro. Hope, who will do likewise from Kentucky University, have expressed themselves as willing to come to the provinces and labor. We have the best of recommendations from these young men, and hope to secure them.

The Board paid Bro. Stewart for salary and travelling expenses for the two meetings at Keswick \$24.65. Keswick contributed \$14.50. This is more than they were asked for. The St. John church paid the salary for the first meeting. Bro. Chas. Devos did Bro. Stewart's work while he was away.

Bro. Northcutt's meeting of three weeks in Cincinnati resulted in forty-five additions. He is now in St. Louis, Mo.

## RECEIPTS.

Previously acknowledged, . . .	\$247 87
A Friend, per Miss C. Payson, . . .	1 00
Tiverton—	
Per H. A. Devos, . . . . .	3 00
St. John Mission Band—	
Per Miss B. Barnes, . . . . .	3 75
Milton—	
Per Miss Collie, . . . . .	3 00
Halifax—	
Per E. C. Ford, . . . . .	25 00
Lord's Cove—	
Per R. E. Stevens, . . . . .	4 00
	\$287 62

J. S. FLAGLER,  
Secretary.

Post Office, St. John.

## Foreign Missions.

## Maritime C. W. B. M.

Expect great things from God.  
Attempt great things for God.

## SHALL WE HOLD THE ROPE?

A hundred years ago two preachers were in earnest conversation about a country whose millions had never heard of Jesus and His love. One of them said: "There is a deep, wide mine where jewels could be gathered for the Master." "Will you go down into that mine?" asked his brother. "I will," was the reply, "if you will hold the rope." "By the grace of God I'll hold the rope," and the two were pledged to God and to each other. The one went into the mine for life and gathered many thousand souls to Christ. The other travelled and lectured, and wrote to gather money and helpers for the mission till his death.

A number of our brethren and sisters have recently gone into that heathen mine, while their brethren and sisters have promised to hold the rope. The work has been successful, the number of laborers has increased from year to year, so has the money for their support, while heathen men and women are turning to the Lord. But last year there has been a falling off of funds, owing to the depression prevailing throughout the United States, where the money is principally raised. The contributors seem as anxious as ever to support the work, but hundreds of them are "hard up." In view of the hard times, it was hinted to some of the missionaries, for the time being, to suspend labor, but this seemed to them worse than death. They could suffer hardship and want, but could

not consent to leave a field where the enquirers for salvation were continually on the increase. They are now laboring uncomplainingly with but a part of their pay, while the board is borrowing money and doing all in their power to keep up the work until the revival of trade will enable them to replenish an empty treasury.

We are very anxious for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN not to ignore this matter, nor, like the Israelites at Sinai, entreat that the word should not be spoken to them any more. Shall we refuse sympathy or aid to those missionaries and leave them to suffer? Or shall we entreat a merciful Father to give them success in turning the heathen to Christ, and to put it into the hearts of His people to support them in the work? Is it not worth our while to seek a partnership in this grand enterprise and do what we can to assist those who are laboring to let the heathen know that Jesus bought them with His blood?

There are missionaries in the field who think it more scriptural to labor without a missionary society. Those who may be of the same opinion have the privilege of supporting them, so that there seems to be ample room and work for all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

This country at present is favored financially above many others, and our churches should awaken to a greater amount of Christian liberality, as Bro. David Fullerton has very properly shown in the last CHRISTIAN. In the past we have been doing something for foreign missions, and we are happy to say that this department of Christian work has grown in interest and magnitude from year to year. Would it not be well in this time of extreme need for each to ask himself, or herself, Can I not, by planning in time, do more than I did last year? Can I not induce others to give? Would I regret it in future years? at death, or at the judgment, or when I meet the missionaries with their heathen converts at Jesus' feet?

We are not without hope that these provinces will yet take a noble part in mission work. It is but a few miles from where this is written that A. McLean, the indefatigable secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, was born and received his early training. Near this, in boyhood, he consecrated himself to that Saviour who has been with him and who, we trust, will stand by him and make him a victor in the present struggle.

D. CRAWFORD.

## GOOD NEWS FROM JAPAN.

In response to several requests to let the sisters generally know anything of interest in relation to the work in Japan, I copy the following from a recent letter:

"In my last I told you of O Kura San's baptism; a week later her mother was baptized, and yesterday, January 11th, one of our Bible class, a particularly intelligent young man, was also buried with our Lord in baptism, and rose to walk in newness of life. Everybody is rejoicing with us.

"With all our happiness there is a cloud, and yet I should not look upon it as such, but cannot help it. The girls have gone!

"You remember that when I reached Japan, Mr. and Mrs. Garst were in America, and Mr. Smith, leaving shortly after, left Mr. and Mrs. Stevens with all their work. When Miss Harrison left we took up her work. On Mr. Garst's return, he said: 'This will never do. You are next to helpless without the language, so we must take your burdens ourselves.'

"I did my best to keep the girls; as I did not want to give them into another's hands, but I had very little say in the matter. Miss Wirick was placed over the girls, leaving us with our charity schools, etc., as we wished to keep them on, and it was not convenient to exchange, as we live in a different section of the city from the others.

"My four girls are only to be with Miss Wirick till I get the language. Poor girls! they cried so when told they had to go. Although I could only speak a little to them, we loved each other. I miss them sadly. I feel restless, and the house is so