

Tabernacle Flower Mission.



Often think the Wolfville Floral Band are very unselfish and consistently christian in their continued service because they have not the excitement of distribution. Weekly they collect and send us flowers. Their text cards are always specially neat, and well adapted for the purpose. The variety in design and shape gives them an additional charm. During a recent visit we said to one of the nurses, 'do you think they value the text cards?' He said, 'I know they do, and take care of them too; they gather them up when they leave for home, some send them before they go.' As if to confirm this statement, the next ward into which we went, a patient brought out a newspaper with a pile of cards in it and said, see I take care of them; haven't I got a lot; I have been here more than twelve months."

For the benefit of those who cannot go in person and who are interested, it will interest to describe our going, and a visit. Around a table piled with flowers gather a happy group; some brought and collected not only a few flowers, but all the papers, etc., they could, others a little tea, sugar, candy or cake. These little things are reserved more particularly for the old ladies in the poor house. After an hour or an hour and a half of busy sorting, bunching the flowers, etc., a start is proposed, bouquets are counted, and the anxious question is, who shall go? raised generally not by any unwillingness amongst the workers, but on account of their eagerness and our lack of teams, and accommodation to carry them. But to-day we have a special treat for them. Mr. W. Crowe has sent his large express, and will take just as many as can get in. Strange what a capacity, but even it had limited room. Why so much eagerness to go to the poor house? Surely the sights and surroundings are not enchanting. Why do they sing in the open court and with a cherry woid hasten from ward to ward, regretting we have so little to give, and surprised that such small favours are so thankfully received. Many compare their home, lot, and comforts, and say, 'Well I ought to be thankful.' Sometimes a quick-witted patient will give us cause for a hearty laugh. One young sister was very kindly and modestly passing around papers and said who can read? I can, said one, 'give me some large ones I am very fond of reading.' That is right said the visitor, 'you must read to those who cannot.' The reply was a little funny and amusing. 'My dear pretty little miss, do you think my lungs are made of leather?' One dear old soul wishes us luck, and said, 'the Lord make your judgment easy.' They are always anxious to know of Mrs. Avery's welfare since the new comer has prevented her visits. In all sincerity when the child was sick they said, 'we will pray God for his recovery.' The first time we went out they said, 'is the child better.' Evidently showing that in their prayers there was expectancy of receiving.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman charms the heart.

Stay not until you are told of opportunities to do good; inquire after them.

Regions Beyond, or Mission News.

"Why is it?" was the question which arose a few days since we read of the destructive fire which has just taken place at the B.M.S. Arthington Stanley Pool, Congo, Africa. It will doubtless be the most interesting way of giving the news to give extracts from the missionaries letters:

"My dear Mr. Baynes,—With this you will receive from Mr. Whitley the news of our terrible disaster at Stanley Pool—all our Arthington stores burnt to the ground. The loss is simply appalling. All the the goods ready for three new up-river stations, stored at Arthington, to be at hand directly our numbers would permit of our going forward (the time is now at hand) are destroyed. This alone means over £1,000. All the barter-stock (Congo moneys) of Arthington Station and for the *Peace*, certainly £800. All the gear, extra fittings, tools, etc., of the *Peace*, value of which can only be correctly estimated by Mr. Grenfell; and also a large quantity of the personal belongings of Messrs. Grenfell, Whitley, Charters, Biggs, and Davies—food, stores, clothing books, etc. I question very much if £3,000 will cover this terrible loss. It is so fearful that I shrink from the figures as they stare at me from the paper I am now writing upon.

The stores appear to have caught fire from the annual grass-burning, which is sometimes prematurely and carelessly carried on. Who fired the grass is impossible to say. Our houses being all of wood, bamboo, and grass, they ignite very readily. It is almost a wonder that this is the first fire we have had in our mission, save two insignificant conflagrations at the same station. It teaches us that we must have permanent buildings of brick or stone, corrugated iron, or entirely of plank. These we are pushing forward, as I think you know. At Underhill Station we have our beautiful plank house, and a small iron store; at San Salvador our old stone house, though with thatch roof; at our new Arthington site (Nshasha), one house, at any rate, of corrugated iron and wood, also thatched; and here at Wathen the pretty little clay and timber house (thatched), built by Mr. Darling. At Arthington brick-making has commenced. Here we have many thousand of bricks already made, and five thousand are to-night burning in our kiln. I hope we shall soon have some brick houses built.

The stores for new stations are destroyed, we shall use up here anything at all available, such as nails, etc. In the meantime we are absolutely without supplies of any sort for barter stock, except damaged wire, which, I fear, the people will not take.

"Friends at home, I pray you come now to our help, and come at once. It is not so interesting as to subscribe to a new station or a new steamer, I know, but it is our great and pressing need, and this surely will excite sympathy.

"But what is to be done about this terrible loss of mission property! We must appeal to our special Congo Mission friends.

"The *Peace* is just 'safe home in port' after her long four months' cruise. Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell and Charters all well. Grenfell writes me: 'the whole of the upper river, which was so uneasy,' is as quiet as pastoral Wilts—no single sign of hostility anywhere,