

Regions Beyond Notes.



OUR article to do-nothings is long and curtails this. But it supplies the place of our usual missionary suggestions. INDIA. We are sorry to learn that drinking and drunkenness is cruelly spreading in India. At one time it was confined to the low caste, but the English and other settlers are making it popular and common in the higher castes. The evil and misery is only too apparent. Rev. W. Powell is now on his way to Madras under the A. B. M. Board. May his life be one of long and consecrated service.

AFRICA.—Mr. M. Richards, writes from the Congo. Every branch of our work is progressing, Mr. Percy Comber is in excellent health. Our cry is, Africa for Christ. The missionary steamer, so noted and useful in this work, ran aground, and it cost much toil and anxiety to get her afloat and to repair the damage. Mr. George Grenfell whose name is already famous, tells us that the "Henry Reed," the American Missionary Steamer helped to pull his boat off. It is pleasant to note that English and American missionary steamers are befriending each other. The last mail tells of the first baptism on the Congo. The candidate had waited two years, and given evidence of the Spirit's work. The fruit is being seen. God bless the Congo and all other missions and missionaries. Christ is a King. He must reign King of kings, and of all kingdoms.

When Admiral Foote took dinner with the King of Siam, he leaned over the table to ask a blessing. The king looked at him with surprise, saying, "I thought only missionaries did that." "Sire," said the admiral, "every christian is a missionary."

The American Missionary Union has 209 missionaries labouring in Burmah, Assam, India, Siam, China, Japan, Africa, and Europe—in countries containing about three-fourths of the population of the world. In all the missions there are 1,720 native pastors and helpers, 1,160 churches, with 111,491 members; and 10,514 converts were baptised in the year 1884.

In the Province of Shantung, China, the birthplace of Confucius, there were no Christians twenty-five years ago. Now there are 5,000 adherents to the different missions, thirty ordained and thirty-three female missionaries, and 300 places of worship.

Tabernacle Flower Mission.

This branch of our service for Christ was organized in Halifax in 1881, since that time thousands of bunches of flowers and text cards have been distributed. Often the distributors regret their lack of silver and gold for service. We wish some of God's stewards would supply. A very small part of an abundance would make many glad. It is most noticeable how thankfully the smallest gifts are received. To our knowledge not a few deserving poor are there. Men and women who have been shifted from the hospital, where disease and accident had taken them, and being incurable, like other drift and wreckage they are sent to the poor-house to be broken up by time and circumstances. I would not

say a word about the persons in charge they doubtless do the best they can under the difficulties of their surroundings. But it does seem that active christi-unity should at least shed occasional rays of benevolence amongst the poor and outcast to be found in a poor-house. Doubtless most of the inmates sometime in their life's history were somebody's loved ones. Time has made a change, broken, useless, helpless, many of them have drifted to the common poor house to stay, until the daily round of dull listlessness and meagre fare wears them out, and they go the way of all flesh. They are thankful for a flower, papers of any kind, especially for a few late newspapers. But as we give them these and drop here and there a crumb of comfort otherwise, we do wish that sometimes there might be for them a break in life's dull monotony. Often we think what a place for some people to cast of their abundance. Luxuries could here be so thinly spread that many a rich dyspeptic would find their selves heartier and healthier by the change. Do tless many are the devil's poor. The sin and folly of youth is yielding harvest. But even the most blighted of poor fallen humanity calls for some pity. At the drink creators and vendor's door lies an awful responsibility. Much of the wreckage of humanity is brewed by those who are licensed to sell.

FLOWER MISSION.—The supply of flowers since last report has been up to July 21st 612 bunches, distributed in the Poor-house and the Military and City Hospitals. Still both in flowers, cards, and papers, the supply is short. We are encouraged by a large increase of helpers. The Wolfville Floral Band is one of our main stays for text cards and flowers. Their leader, Miss Barss, went with our workers personally to visit and report to the home band. We have received floral contributions from Mr. McQuin, Mrs. Mitchell, Misses Jackson, Mrs. Wm. Myers, Miss Stephens, Mrs. C. Hubley, Mrs. Hiltz, Miss Waddell, Miss Barnstead, Mrs. Nodwell, Mrs. Byers, Mrs. T. A. Covey, Mrs. Murry, T. A. Hubley, Lillie Collishaw, Mrs. Grierson, Miss Beamish, Miss Spiry, Mrs. Frazer, Miss McEachern, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Naylor, Ethel Mason, Miss Strong. Text cards from Mrs. Hart, Annie Byers, Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Bennett.; packages of tracts and several Watchman, Baptist Book Room.; cake for poor house, Mrs. Burgis, Miss Spiry, Misses Jackson.

Sensible Nonsense.

A writer in a Baptist contemporary says that he has known "people who could write column after column about Melchizedek's father and Cain's wife, but could not repeat the names of the twelve apostles."

Whatever else you omit, girls, do not omit to learn to prepare food properly, for

"You may live without friends, you may live without books. But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

A little boy was told at Sunday-school that when he died he would leave his body here. After he returned home he was much troubled with regard to it and questioned his parents. His mother explained by saying: "You will take all the good with you, but will leave all that is naughty here below." He thought a moment, and looking up said: "Well, I guess I'll be awfully thin when I get there."

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—L. W. McKay writes, 'Of the . any papers I take B. and B. is I think the best.' Mr. J. Harnish, 'I wish I could send you many new subscribers. If people only knew the worth of Buds they would take them, I could not do without.'