

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. J. W. MANNING, 178 Wentworth Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MAY.

For Mr. Sanford that he may have continued health and great success in his work.

For Mr. and Mrs. Gullison that they may speedily acquire the language and soon be prepared for service.

The Woodstock W. M. A. society held a public missionary meeting in the church Wednesday evening, May 12th. The President, Mrs. C. H. Horaman, presiding. The meeting was opened by the usual devotional exercises, followed by very entertaining and instructive papers on "Grande Ligne," North West, Maritime work, and the Bible rule of living; after which the pastor gave an address. An interesting feature of the meeting was the opening of the envelopes and reading of the text enclosed. The amount raised was \$13.00 for Home Missions. The choir furnished excellent music for the occasion.

Yours in the work,

MRS. T. SHIRWOOD, Sec'y.

Though it has been a long time since our Bear River society reported itself through your column it is not because we have been altogether without encouragements. Our society is small and our meetings not largely attended but they are instructive and we have reason to believe a deeper and more intelligent interest is being awakened. We have already made our Home Mission offering for the year, also an offering to the French Missions. Lately brother W. V. Higgins visited us in response to invitation and from our public meeting realized \$15.51.

Yours truly,

M. A. NOBLES.

Two Pictures From Life.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Peking, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sun-beam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman, the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on the grave.

The desolate woman wails, "My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again!"

That black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own," said the father reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly:

Jesus Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together, and Heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear songs of welcome.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," says the baby's father, while baby's mother answers: "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—Clara M. Cushman, in Gospel in All Lands.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

CORRECTION.—In the acknowledgements for the Famine Fund the Sydney church should be credited with \$22, and the Sussex church with \$7.

Other acknowledgements for this Fund will soon be made. It has reached about \$2,500. The offering has been quite general and has flowed into the treasury regularly since the Fund was started. But the question arises, "How about the regular work of the Board?" Do the missionaries have to be paid? Does the work go on as usual? Perhaps there is a let-up somehow in these Famine times and the missionaries and their helpers are practicing a system of economy and the Board is thereby relieved and the quarterly remittance will not have to be made. We would not have it so brethren, would we, if we could? Next week about \$2,500 has to be sent to India for the work. It would be cruel to let you know just how much money there is to the credit of the Board for this purpose at this writing. Somebody might get hurt seriously, brethren. You have done well in caring for the bodies of India's suffering ones; but there is a hunger and thirst of soul that must be met. If any of you have anything to meet this need kindly send it in at a very early date. If you don't we shall be in stress. Help us then just now. Our desire is that you keep this help up at least until July 31st in a continuous stream of donations. We look to you, brother pastors, to see to it that the Foreign Mission Board shall close its books this year with a balance on the right side. Heavy expenditure is before us in the near future. More missionaries and more bungalows. Get ready, brethren.

"The Great Heathen World," by William Ashmole.

"Oh Baptist disciple of Christ! wherever you are, help us to have mercy on the heathen world. You have been told how many hundreds of millions there are of them—all in the shadow of death. We are right here among them, and can confirm the worst you have ever heard about their spiritual condition. To use the language of the Scripture about them, they are 'without hope and without God in the world,'—'led captive by satan at his will.' They bow down to stocks and stones, and some among them worship even lizards and toads.

You hear some people around you say, 'The heathen are not so very bad off.' They say, 'How is it possible that such multitudes should be lost? It is awful to think of such a thing. Surely God will do something for them in some way or other. We, human beings, would do something if we had almighty power; and so we conclude that God surely will, for He is better than we are.'

In reply to all that, it is better to take the Bible statement of the case, and not what 'these men' say. The Bible says plain enough, 'Without God'—'without hope'—'led captive by satan at his will'—'dead in trespasses and sin.' It is awful to think of all these men being lost. But there is another thing that is positively shocking. It is that men who have the gospel won't do anything to give it to them who have it not. As for the hope that

God will do something—He has done something. He has done all that is needed to save the heathen except to send angels with the message. That one part of the work he has committed to men—to saved Christian men. He gives us the gospel and He tells us to pass it along. It is our duty. It is a part of our pledge, made solemnly to God when we took the gospel estate to ourselves.

By all means let us settle the question now raised. Is the gospel a trust? If it is not, but is simply a private and personal gift to ourselves, but without the slightest attendant responsibility to share it with any other poor dying creature on the face of the earth, then it is not God's gospel, nor Christ's gospel, nor Paul's gospel, nor Peter's gospel, nor John's gospel, nor the Holy Spirit's gospel. It may be a narrow, selfish, 'old school Baptist' gospel, shriveled and stingy, but it is not the gospel that runs through the teachings of Jesus and His apostles. If the gospel is a trust then by all means let some good scribe, well taught in the Kingdom of God, tell me what my share of the trust is, for I do not want to cheat my neighbor—my poor blind, dying neighbor. I do not want to keep my share and his too. Let somebody deal faithfully with me."

Multitudes are living and dying "without God and without hope." Oh, the pathos of these millions fading away like leaves touched by the autumnal frost. May God lay on our hearts the burden of souls! A young minister, settling in London on leaving a country pastorate was so overwhelmed by the sight of its perishing multitudes that he could neither rest by day nor sleep by night. A friend told him "he would soon get used to it." But what of India's teeming millions? God forbid that we should ever get used to it—callous to the sight of dying men.

Pure Blood

Every thought, word and action takes vitality from the blood; every nerve, muscle, bone, organ and tissue depends on the blood for its quality and condition. Therefore pure blood is absolutely necessary to right living and healthy bodies. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier. Therefore it is the great cure for scrofula, salt rheum, humors, sores, rheumatism, catarrh, etc.; the great nerve, strength builder, appetizer, stomach tonic and regulator. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. Cure all liver ills. All druggists. 25c.

New Music Books.

SACRED SONGS, No. 1, music, mailed, 35c.
SUNSHINE SONGS, " " 35c.
SEED SOWERS, " " 35c.

By A. F. MYERS.

ANTHEMS.

THE LEADER, BY BILHORN.

No. 1, 2, 3, separate books, each, .40c.
Easter Exercises in variety, music, each, 5c.
SACRED SONGS, SOLOS, SEARCH LIGHT.
SANKY'S SONGS, 1 to 6, and 1, 2, 3 and 4 in stock.

Just Arrived: A New Map of Paul's Journeys, size 28x42. Express prepaid, \$2.50. Net cash with order. One of the best yet.

Kindly remit amount with order.

BAPTIST BOOK ROOM,
120 Granville Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Geo. A. McDonald,
Secretary-Treasurer.

H
Vegeta
HAIR

Will restore g
ful color and
the growth of
vent baldness,
all scalp disea
The best hair
E. F. Hall & Co.
Sold by