

Tabernacle Flower Mission.



THE Floral Band at Wolfville have continued to send supplies of flowers. In true christian unselfishness, doubtless with some pangs of feeling, many a cherished flower is plucked and given to cheer the weariness and dreariness of some poor sufferer. The doctor met one of the floral band last week and said, "it is kind of

you to bring these weekly supplies of flowers. I know the patients appreciate them. I often notice them gazing at their flowers when they seem to notice naught else." To those in health, doubtless a flower may seem a trifle, especially when and where one can walk abroad and pluck them at will. But we know by experience their sweetness and beauty is intensified and magnified when left by loving hands in the prison chamber of affliction. Under such circumstances there are few saints or sinners who fail to value a flower. During the month we received a letter which illustrates. Mrs. L. J. Walker writes, "enclosed find \$2.00 to help you in your flower mission work; I want to send a flower to some sick one. During the illness of my dear and only daughter, now gone home, where everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers, I learned how the sick enjoy a flower, by observing how gladly and eagerly my own dear child showed her pleasure and appreciation of the flowers left for and brought to her by loving friends." We would here state we seldom go to the Hospital without noticing a change in some of the beds. Some with a cheerful face say, "I am getting better. Doctor says I can go home next week." But on many faces can be traced the lines of anxious hopeless pain. They come to die. We never enquire their religion, but make a practice by a few cheering words to preach "Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life" to all.

We appreciate the thoughtful kindness of the sister above who sent the \$2.00 for this work, we have need of means, and often sigh because we lack, especially when we visit the poor-house. In the old peoples' and invalids wards there are so many to whom we could take, had we a fuller purse, many a needed and deserved comfort. Even a few candies they receive with all the gladness of second childhood. A piece of cake hardly large enough to feed a robin will bring forth a shower of thankfulness.

Beware of the Serpent, or Temperance Notes.

We have taken these notes from a sermon by the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, Eng. The extract was first copied from his own MS. for publication in an English magazine. It is part of one of his regular morning sermons, and was preached at Myrtle Street, Liverpool, 1852. We give it the above heading, and feel it is too good and pungent to be lost sight of. Speaking of the wine cup and drunkenness he said:

"Perhaps there are few sins against which a special warning could be more appropriately sounded. Unhappily it has, in innumerable instances, disgraced professors of Christianity; it is the most common

cause of the exercise of Christian discipline and exclusion from Christian communion; it has been the ruin of many a promising minister of the Gospel; and it is to be feared that, in various degrees of excess, it secretly exists in quarters where it is least expected. Of the physical wretchedness, the moral degradation, of the absolute ruin which follow in the train of intemperance, I need not speak at length. It is the nurse of indolence, the parent of crime, the henchman of death, and the purveyor for the grave. Surrounding itself with the charm of wit and the fascinations of joviality, it draws the unwary within its whirling eddy, and in comparatively few instances the victims of its dreadful power escapes the vortex of its desolating horrors. Meanwhile it debases those whom it is about to destroy. Prudence and economy, diligence and prosperity, conscientiousness and generosity wither in its sight. It poisons the cup of domestic happiness, and character, property, friends, and family are, without scruple and without remorse, sacrificed by the maddened votary at its shrine.

It is a sin which has pervaded and unhappily still pervades all ranks of society. It finds a standing alike in the crowded city and the most secluded rural hamlet; it betrays not only the most savage "boor" and the polished scholar are equally liable to its domination; it numbers its slaves not by hundreds but hundreds of thousands. Even in the limited population of the British Isles, every year it consigns myriads to a premature grave, making wives widows, and children orphans, and although this is a large assembly I do not hesitate to say that there is scarcely an adult person, indeed scarcely a child in this congregation, who, in the range of his own intimate connection of the present or the past generation has not seen, and perhaps indirectly felt, the results of this fearful and self-inflicting scourge. Of this sin, as of the great plague of Egypt, it may be said that it is so general that there is not a house where it has not left one dead. In addition to all those horrors and desolations with which this sin covers the earth, there is yet another and a darker scene which I pray God may ever be hidden from our view. How often in the last hour the victim of intemperance may, through grace, look unto Christ, and like the dying thief be pardoned and accepted we cannot tell; for him, as for others, there is mercy and plenteous redemption, but still it is written, as in characters of fire, "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

Unhappily, then, the desolation and the misery which are the visible effects of this vice are but the awful types and portentous shadows of a ruin still more to be deplored, and that shattered, shrivelled, sunken frame, the ghost of what it was, that, like a haggard spectre, lurks about those haunts of pestilence and death, is but the emblem of a soul lost and destroyed!

A GOOD THOUGHT

FOR SAINT AND SINNER.

"Thou God seest me, always and everywhere."