

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

"Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the world with fruit."

VOL. VIII.—No. 5.

MAY, 1884.

WHOLE No. 89.

Study Dust.

SOLOMON said, "Of the making of books there is no end." Is it not wonderful that a few alphabetical characters can, by means of ingenuity and power of thought, be made to continually express in ever changing and pleasing variety, things both new and old? What memories cluster around the dear old volumes, although the dust and rub of years has destroyed their external beauty, they call to mind scenes and friendships long since past. Many thoughts were awakened, as, during the past few days, wearied by the dust and confusion consequent upon a good clean up in the study, we looked into books almost forgotten and saw therein the familiar writing of school-boy days, and remembered fingers long since stiffened by death; the dusty tomes seemed almost to speak as we tenderly replaced them on the shelf. Others would have cast them out to give place to the bright and new, but memory called up the time when they did good service and prepared their owner for the present time of enlarged opportunity. Time may and will destroy them, but as at this moment we handle a volume, Calvin's Institution, and read the publisher's date, 1599, still almost as good as new, save a worn hole, which has scarce destroyed a letter, the thought comes with vividness and power, what is man? How short his heritage of time? Nevertheless, what opportunities for good or evil living affords. Let us be *living epistles known and read of all men,* for such writing neither time nor worms can destroy. The influence of a consecrated life shall live and have a being in the eternity of God.

"Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Long time ago;
Now he calls me to confess him
Before I go.

"My past life, all vile and hateful,
He saved me from sin;
I should be the most ungrateful
Not to own him."

A Ribbon of Blue.

"Bismark has given up his beer and taken to cold tea. What is the trouble with the beer?"

The membership of the Church of England Temperance Society now numbers 432,674, Manchester heading the list with 40,000, and St. Asaph being at its foot with 2,000.

A dinner at the Mansion House is rather a gorgeous affair. The simple man with the unmunipal mind

is apt to be a little bewildered by its grandeur. However it does not seem to require much genius to listen to good music; to relish the succession of dishes; to be waited on by the retinue of servers; and in general, to have a good time on such an occasion. Whilst some olden customs are observed, they seem to take new forms. Of course, there was a dazzling array of glass, and continual offers of wine. But, amidst the decorations worn, the blue ribbon was to be met with. When toasts were proposed, it appeared to us that more than one-half the glasses held up contained lemonade. "My father told me," said a gentleman sitting near, "that when he went to big city banquets he used to give a waiter a handsome tip to keep his glass filled with cold tea or toast and water; not to appear to take wine freely would have subjected to unpleasant social penalties." Happily, matters have changed, and one can now refuse wine, even at the Lord Mayor's banquet, without a remark.

"As you make your bed, so you must lie on it." He promised before marriage that he would reform. All the world knows that such promises, made by a drunkard, are *always broken*. In a few words, the woman who knowingly married a drunkard must be content to be a drunkard's wife.

"I was out, said a minister, and thought I would call and see how you are getting fixed for winter."

"Well; you can see for yourself, sir," she replied. "We're getting fixed for winter, the way whiskey has a habit of fixin' drunkards' folks; fixed with rags and bare cupboard, and holes in the windows, for the wind and snow to blow in at; and no prospect of fire."

The following is the way an American humorist, Robert Burdette, puts it:—"Just quit. Without oath, resolution, or promise. Simply quit. If you have a young man's weakness for wine or whisky, as the railroad men say, 'Shut her off.' There is no trouble about it. Let me tell you there is no harm in whisky. It does not, and cannot hurt you—if you don't drink it. That's all you have to do. Don't be a fanatic. Don't be a reformer. Don't be a prohibitionist lunatic. Just simply don't drink, and all the whisky in America can't make you drunk if you don't drink any of it. Whisky never yet hurt a man who didn't drink it."

Will you sign the pledge on this blank line. I solemnly promise by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage

Signed.....

The appropriations for the Indian Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States for the year 1879 are \$36,875.