

Do Not Fail

to immediately inform us if your paper does not promptly reach you.

WE WANT YOU

TO DO YOUR UTMOST TO EXTEND THE CIRCULATION OF
BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

You will do a favour by sending on your subscription. We have now a *hundred dollars* over due. Do your own part of it.

Buds and Blossoms is 75c. if pre-paid, after 6 months we can claim as per notice \$1.00. But our anxiety is to exercise patience and kindness to all in this our work for the Master, having launched out in faith with a large free issue so far 20,000 pages monthly. Believing that God will stir up friends to increase our *paying circulation*, that we may still enlarge this service for Jesus.

We rely upon and expect payment for Buds and Blossoms from our regular subscribers, thus they help us and share in the good work. We hope in the future, as in the past, few very few will say, *please stop my magazine*. Our grateful encouragement lies in the fact, our friends old and new do not like to do without their "Buds and Blossoms and Friendly Greetings." We doubled our circulation for 1884. Will you help us to do so for 1885? Now is the time to look up new subscribers, tell them they shall have Buds and Blossoms from now until the end of 1885 for \$1.00.

Many friends ask for the Editor's Portrait. We are now through the generosity of a friend enabled to promise an engraving thereof at an early day. And moreover by the same generous assistance we expect to improve our magazine by publishing each month a brief Biographical Sketch with reliable portrait of some eminent divine, or other prominent person. The price will continue the same, 75 cents. So far we have put all our receipts into the magazine, trusting in the Lord, Ebenezer.

For 6 cents we will send specimen copies anywhere. We want canvassers, and are willing to pay them. Those who can help us for the work's sake have our warmest and hearty thanks.

Home Circle.

TABERNACLE FLOWER MISSION.—We shall be glad to receive flowers and scripture text cards for the same. So far the supply is not equal to the demand. If each reader who is too distant to send flowers, and desires to share in the work would forward to Mrs. Avery, Mizpah Cottage, Kempt Road, Halifax, N. S., a few stamps, it would be greatly aiding this work, and then flowers as needed can be purchased. Some one writes from Tusket: "Christian friend, I enclose stamps, it is small, but I see how a word may thus reach a sin-sick soul, and may God's blessing rest upon your work. Miss L. G. 25c., Mr. W. D. 25c. We have to thank Mrs. G. Frazer, Mrs. Bennett, U. S. for packets ornamental text cards, also Miss A. H., flowers from Miss Steven. The British American Book and Tract Society sent this week as a donation to the work a dozen packets of very choice ones. The above are enough to supply one week, so that our friends can see that the work makes quite a demand. We opened our Mission July 9th had not quite enough for the hospital, the second week we had a more bountiful supply of flowers, some very choice indeed from Mr. Smith of the Cornwallis Nursery, flowers came from Miss Eaton, North Kingston, and reached us in excellent condition. Others nearer home sent, but flowers in a city are few, and it calls for great self-denial to pluck the window plants and treasured blossoms. We wish our friends who have flowers could see the joyous and feverish delight of

some of the very sick ones, as they eagerly and gladly grasp the flower. The text is scanned as soon as they have looked at the flowers. One said on our first visit this year: "That is true of me, I have a *little strength*," enquiring and examining the card we found it to be part of Rev. iii, 8. *Thou hast a little strength*—reading the remainder of the card, "and hast kept my word, and not denied my name." We said, friend is the latter part also true of you, "no, he sadly replied, it is not." We know not who wrote the card. Evidently it was shot at a venture, but who could doubt the Divine controller sped the arrow to its mark.

In the poor house an aged one said, "Thank you, it is the first flower I have seen this season. Pray God to bless the mission and workers, they are often very tired before the bunching and distribution is through.

A few flowers can be sent by post in a card box, cut holes or slits to show contents, prepaid, and notify us by postal card.

THE Tabernacle association letter reported for the year. Baptisms 41, received by letter 11.

THE Strawberry Festival was one of our pleasantest. Receipts, \$91.00, cleared, \$66.00. Our young people deserve many thanks for their hearty christian deportment and co-operation. Donated, Mr. J. K. Hubbley, \$3.00; Mr. J. Mason, \$2.00; Mr. Peddle, 40 boxes of strawberries; Mr. Francis, syrup, \$1.88. It was by the liberality of our friends we attained unto so large a success, otherwise the mass meeting at the Rink must have brought failure.

Grange Blossoms.

MARRIED—July 8th, John J. Eitter to Mary F. Corkum, 14th Albert Simpson to Harriet Boutlier. Both at Halifax by J. F. Avery.

FADED LEAVES.

We have to add to the list of departed friends the late Capt. Dutton, commander of the Allan fleet, he died July the 6th, aged 57. He was a man of God, and quite a remarkable character, he was ever full of zeal, and always ready to speak to saint and sinners, of the Saviour's love. Many times he has spoken unto edification for us at the Tabernacle, and we shall miss his hearty hand shake and his gem smile and greeting. May the Lord comfort the mourners, and teach us to apply our hearts unto wisdom. *We must die. Ready or unready.*

Died at Mount Uniacke, June 18th, Joseph McLare, aged 85. He suffered much agony, but died in the full assurance of a joyful resurrection. "Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" He must be somewhere; all do not go to one place.

From the end of Brighton pier they were watching the sea-gulls whirling in graceful circles, while the rays of the sinking sun covered the water with a flood of gold. Finally he turned to her, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked, "Darling, if we were sea-gulls, would you fly away with me and be at rest?" To which she answered, with her gaze fixed on a far-off mass of castellated clouds, "No, George; I'd let you fly away, and then I should have all the rest I wanted here."

SCANDAL, when it has truth in it, is like a greasy spot on new cloth; but when there is no truth in it, it is like a splash of mud, which will come off easily when dry.