

Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

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THE EARL OF ROSEBERY,

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It is Decided to Build the Tabernacle.

Tour last quarterly church meeting it was stated the temporary roof which covers our basement had given out and during the summer something must be done to preserve our vestry. It was reported to effectually stop the leaks for another winter it would require a new roof, and as it covers the entire floor of the Tabernacle proper, the expense would be quite an item. As the voice of one, all agreed, "let us raise it higher, that is, let us build over the superstructure for which we have long hoped, worked and prayed."

Thus it will be seen there is a multiplying without extra visible recourses of my responsibilities. Nevertheless, thank God, faith rises in proportion, and we can say, yes we dare to attempt great things for God, because from Him our expectancy of help and grace sufficient.

We have not yet matured our plans, but we write, to awaken the sympathy and prayers of our many friends and readers, with the hope, that God will move many of them to say, every little helps, and we

will be among the many, who can thus make the burden light, and the undertaking a success.

My heart is cheered by the unanimity of feeling among the people. It has seemed as much as we could do to sustain the regular work, and not a few are giving to the full extent of their ability regularly and constantly, yet as the voice of one, all say, "let us do it, our God is able to supply our need in response to earnest united efforts; we will ask the Divine blessing on our plans and work."

Dear friends, we have no extravagant notions, we do not aspire to high steeples or gaudy showiness within or without. But simply to build an upper room, neat and substantial in its appointments, pleasing in its proportions, roomy and comfortable as to its lighting and ventilation.

This we feel is a justifiable desire and design, and no one can accuse us of undue haste in our purpose or vain ambition. It is speeding on to ten years since we went into the unfinished, unfurnished basement, and toiled unto success amidst the fears of friends and banter of foes. God made the cellar, so-called the birth place of many souls, and very Bethel of comfort to the saints. About three years since, the Lord led us to arise and finish the basement, so that now when the upper structure goes up, few of the King's houses in this City will have a more goodly or honored cellar than have we, or one more noted for its rich experiences and hallowed memories. Its rough stones, long before covered with plaster were witness to the tears and prayers, and the dedication of very many souls to God. Not a few are in glory now. Others are scattered far and near. Meet at the Tabernacle when you will—passing strangers not a few are generally there in the public assembly. Now lovingly we ask you to consider our case, spread it before the Lord and help us as he may prompt. Do not be ashamed to send because your gift is small, it will help us, and be thankfully received and acknowledged.

Somewhere in America a member of a church has been "withdrawn from" on the charge of "general cantankerousness." We have heard of some brethren in the churches this side of the Atlantic who have the same peculiarity of character. It would be well if they could have the advantage of similar discipline.

Some one asked Sam Jones, "Where is hell?" He replied, "I don't know, and, by the grace of God, I never will know." The man then asked, "Is there really genuine burning brimstone there?" Sam replied, "I am so afraid there is I am never going there to see." Can we go much beyond this?