

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

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Incense from the Temple Censer.

GRUMBLERS AND GRUMBLING.



EW habits are so easily formed and few are so inexcusable and hateful. If a thing is wrong, make it right. If you can't do this, then let it alone. At any rate, grumbling can't make it a whit better.

Some people find fault for the sheer love of it, for this reason, that they cultivate the disposition to look for the faults of others rather than their virtues.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "Those complain first in our churches who have least to do. The gift of grumbling is largely dispensed among those who have no other talents, or who keep what they have rolled up in a napkin."

Again, he says: "There is no love among Christians," cries the one who is destitute of true charity. "Zeal is vanished," cries the idler. "O, for more consistency!" groans the hypocrite. "We want more vital godliness," protests the false pretender, and so they hunt down in others the sins they shelter in themselves.

The refrain of these people is, "O, how much better things used to be." There is an alarming tendency for them to get off the hooks. They are a have-their-own-way-or-make-a-fuss-about-it kind of folks, bent upon the impertinent mission of making others as uncomfortable as possible.

They are in church what Momus was among the gods. The difference is that these fault-finding, grumbling Momuses stay in the church, whereas Jupiter sent Mr. Momus flying from Olympus, saying to him, a fault-finder could never be pleased, and that it was time to find fault with the work of others when he had done some good himself.

It is generally true that he who grumbles most at the merits of others has none of his own.

O, this miserable habit of being forever "out of sorts!" What a pity such people cannot remember that there is always more reason to find fault with themselves than with any one else. Grumbling has been well defined as a "mercy-embittering sin." The grumbler has one inscription for every mercy—"marah!" As thunder sours milk, so this spirit of evil makes every sweet thing bitter.

What a spectacle a congregation of the world's grumblers would present! How huge! how nameless! What a lazy set—doing nothing themselves, they whine at what others are doing; always lagging behind they must be dragged along. Alas! what independent souls they are! They "don't care what

others think!" They always fiddle on one string; even if they change the string at times, still it's one string. They are "just as good as any body." They will "do as they please." They "ask no favors of any body." If "people don't like them they can let it alone." And as people *don't like them* they would be most happy to let them severely alone. But the grumbler seldom lets any one alone.

In a Methodist love-feast one of these hark-from-the-tombs unfortunates had been sawing away on his grumbling string, and was followed by a brother who said, "I see my friend lives in Grumbling Row. I lived there once myself, but had wretched health, the air was bad, water bad, everything was bad and gloomy, but I moved into Thanksgiving street, where both my family and myself have splendid health; there the air is pure, the water is pure, and the sun shines all the time. I never was so happy. There are plenty vacant houses in Thanksgiving street, and I advise our brother to move into one." Come my brother or sister, move out of Grumbling Row into Thanksgiving street; you will feel better.

The Tabernacle Flower Mission.

The glad sunshine and genial showers have at last awakened, in this somewhat Northern clime, the flowers, and a resurrection of brightness, beauty and sweetness has commenced. We plan, by aid of our flower mission, which has distributed during the past few years thousands of bunches, to gather up the sunshine as reflected in varied hues in every opening flower, and to carry these reflectors and reminders of heaven's gladness to the bedsides of the sick and suffering. As in years past, we shall be glad if friends will prepare and mail us *Scripture text cards*. They can be written, printed and gotten up in many and various forms; it will add to their diversity and usefulness.

Any one who lives at a distance and would help us to gather flowers, will please remember that *money will answer to this end*. We can purchase them at the nurseries and market, fresh and as needed. Moreover, we should hire one or more teams to take out the distributors, as the poorhouse is quite a distance away since the fire. One brother has regularly sent his carriage for this purpose. The editor will be glad to know of any one who will aid us thus. The work is unsectarian. We want help, and workers who will assist us on Wednesday afternoons in scattering the *smiling flowers* amongst those who otherwise cannot gather them. Pray that thoughts may be awakened and kindled by this means, to the comfort and salvation of souls and the praise of Him who causeth the flowers to spring up in such sweet variety.