

Home Circle.

The Flower Mission.



P to date, Sept. 17th, 1644 *bunches* of flowers have been circulated at the City Hospital and Poor House this season. More text cards and flowers are needed. But how short the season for active work. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. All flesh is grass. The mower Death is ceaseless in activity. The damned in hell know the worth—*too late*—of gospel privileges.

Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the WORD OF GOD. There are several avenues to the soul. Bunyan speaks of ear-gate, eye-gate, and shows how Mansoul can be reached by men and women who watch for souls as those who must give an account.

Workers who go to the poor-house find a pinch of tea, a little packet of sugar, a helpful comfort—a *pound will make several*. Even an old collar box, etc., will afford a surprising amount of sunshine and gladness; and this work might be continued when the flowers slumber. Should the maternal be sent a monthly visit could be arranged. Papers, magazines, etc., it matters not how old, are eagerly sought by those whose minds, from the very vacancy of their surroundings, are being lulled into a state of semi-idiocy by the continual round of monotony. How dull and insipid must be such a state of existence. They live—what for? to die? Poor, wrecked, shattered, and in many cases specially sinful, specimens of humanity. Verily if poverty is no disgrace it is a thing devoutly to be shunned, and, if possible by industry and forethought, avoided. Do not destroy religious newspapers, tracts, or magazines with healthful stories. Rather see that they are given to those who will read and profit by them. We shall be happy to see to their distribution if sent to us. *post or parcel paid*, to Mizpah Cottage, Kempt Road, Halifax, N. S. Don't forget there is an eye-gate and a taste-gate to the soul. We can sometimes extract a good deal of practical gospel from a dollar—even less. Last week a poor little child in the hospital, a living skeleton, too far gone to look at the offered flowers, asked for an orange with such a grieved, disappointed look that the distributor said, "I am so sorry; what shall I do; I have not got one for her to-day." The writer said, "I am sorry, and we can't get one here." The child heard, and murmured, "Yes, you can." "If I gave you ten cents could the nurse get it for you?" She nodded "yes," and we left the small piece of silver on the faded hand, too feeble to grasp it. This is no fancy picture, but from life.

Flowers have been sent for the mission by Sir W. Young, Mrs. Frazer, Miss Barss, Miss Cramp, Miss Williams, Miss Vaux, and others. Cards from Miss Smith, U. S. Cash collected Mrs. P. Myers, \$1.15; Mrs. Gilbert Peck, \$1.00.

DONATION TO THE BUILDING FUND.—Mrs. Ch. Widden, \$1.50.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—Some one has returned a copy, giving no name or post office, asking us to discontinue sending. We suppose they did so because the

bill was enclosed. We have no objection, if they will only, in returning this copy, give us the name, so that we will strike it off the book. *Notice! Pay arrears and give name in full, if you wish to discontinue.* Our growing list will compel us to be strict in this matter. We expect continued and rapid growth from the cheering words which greet us from time to time. The following from Clinch Mills, Albert Co., dated Sept. 10th, made us glad: "Buds and Blossoms came to hand all right. A perfect gem! I cannot imagine how you manage to have so much religious reading done up in so attractive a form that even the ungodly will read it and hanker for more. It must be the means of a vast amount of good. I will try and get you a few subscribers. Wish you all joy and success in your noble work. Yours, in gospel bonds,
C. F. CLINCH."

The following have kindly given 25c. to the free list: Mr. Whitman, Mr. Mosher, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Z. Hubley, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. Aaron Hubley and Mr. Street donated \$1.00 each. This is a very practical way of helping us to do good. It costs heavily to send out, as we do, 500 free copies—20,000 pages monthly—here and there, drawing the bow in most cases at a venture. Pray the Lord to speed the arrows. *If you can canvass for us without commission we will be glad.* ANYWAY ACTIVELY CANVASS.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL PICNIC can be chronicled among our most successful, and to the many friends connected with the congregation and otherwise who patronized and helped us by their presence, we are grateful, and more especially so to our God, who has now for twelve consecutive years given us glorious weather. The safety of the little ones and the zeal of our teachers fills our heart with thankfulness. After paying out nearly ninety dollars for expenses, the school generously voted balance—forty-three dollars, fifty cents—to the Building and Repair fund.

Your Monster Temptations. Published by Wm. F. Bischoff, Springfield, Mass., U. S. This is a confidential talk for young men only; and we earnestly advise young men to read and ponder the advice given, and beware of secret as well as open sin, for, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Price 10 cents.

Olive Branches.

BIRTHS.—Aug. 7th, the wife of Mr. McEwan, a son. Aug. 26th, the wife of C. Langille, of a daughter. Sept. 12th, wife of James Hushman, a daughter. Sept. 23rd, the wife of John Bugoyne, of a daughter.

Orange Blossoms.

MARRIED.—At Halifax, N. S., Albert H. Hiltz to Jessie Caldwell, both of Halifax, N. S. Sept. 9th, Haliburton J. Ogilvie to Annie B. McCabe, both of Halifax. Sept. 16th, at Mizpah Cottage, Noah Graves to Sarah Cunningham, by J. F. Avery. Sept. 10th, at the residence of the officiating clergyman; Rev. J. G. Switzer, W. A. Chaplin, M. E., to Bessie H., seventh daughter of the late James Hubley, of Halifax, N. S.

FADED LEAVES.

DIED, Sept. 4th.—The last mail brought us tidings of the departure of Mrs. Avery's own dear mother. Often the hope had been cherished of meeting her once more on earth. But on the 4th, in the seventy-first year of her age, Our Heavenly Father called her home, and they write us, "she sweetly and calmly passed away, content to meet in the glory land where there shall be no sea to separate." It is hastening on for twelve years since we left England, and this is the first family tie severed by death.