

## W. C. T. U. Column.

## FLOWER MISSION WORK AND ITS AIMS.

PAPER READ BY MRS. S. A. BAKER AT THE W. C. T. U.  
AT FREDERICTON.

We are all familiar, probably, with the origin of this Department of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; how, in a darkened room, racked with pain, a young girl who was consecrated to God and wanted to do work for her Master, was led, no doubt by His loving hand, to see in the work of sending flowers to the sick and suffering, an opportunity for service; and how, under her direction, the work enlarged until our beloved Frances Willard saw how it might be combined with our national and local departments.

The aim then, as now, is not only to bring cheer and comfort for the present—although those of us who have watched for weeks, yea, months, beside our loved ones, would think that worth while, just to see the smile come to the countenance and to see how they were cheered by a kindly remembrance for a brief period of time. But flowers are God's messengers to the soul and as the eyes rest lovingly upon them and their minds revert to the One who created them, they serve as a wedge to open the heart to God's word, and as they read the scripture text attached to the flowers, it may be the means of bringing some weary soul to Christ. And those who are polluted by sin, as they behold the purity of the sweet flowers, see the contrast between their lives and these beautiful creations of God, and turn to Him for salvation.

Thus the flowers speak in various ways to hearts, and if given under the guidance of the Spirit will prove a blessing in many ways. Jesus said, "If ye give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple ye shall receive your reward."

They speak of hope to those who are losing their hold on this life, and they see Jesus, who died and rose again as a living Saviour, and think of Him as the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. They impart courage to bear the pain and suffering; and I could recall many instances of this in my own ministry upon the sick, when a bouquet of carnations, or even the sweet white violets gathered in early spring by school children seemed to give strength to bear pain and weakness.

They truly are a bond that unites us to each other in our times of testing and sorrow, for many times all we can do to show our sympathy and love is by sending forth these silent messengers of God with a prayer. Tender memories link around us as we recall roses sent from Virginia, mayflowers from Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, and thus our sympathies are enlarged and we feel like sending out a cheering ray to brighten any life that may be darkened by sickness and suffering. The flowers may wither and fade, but the fragrance remains to keep our hearts warm and tender toward others, and the fruit, flowers and other delicacies sent to the sick should serve a double purpose in cheering them and also blessing our own souls. When Jesus said "I was sick and ye visited me, naked and ye clothed me, in prison and ye visited me" and the disciples asked when they did these things, Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

## THE SERMON OF THE LILIES.

There were no printed text-cards, but each stately cluster of those beautiful Easter lilies which were sent to the city by the King's

Daughters bore a card on which was written in round girlish script, "Consider the lilies," and by what seemed one of the incongruities of fate, those floral emblems of purity found their way to the Crittenden Mission and fell into the hands of other girls whose youth seemed the only point in common with the donors. Then the matron remembered the young creature dying in a wretched Clark street tenement. She was so young and death so near, yet when the city missionaries would have talked to her they were met by the foulest curses. Would the lilies preach their sermon to her? The fairest, most fragrant of the great clusters was chosen, and climbing the five flights of the rickety stairs the matron held it before her and silently waited for her welcome. Lilies never looked so fair as against the darkness, discomfort and squalor they sought to dispel. "They are from Michigan," finally said the matron, holding them closer to her.

"Take them away, take them away!" cried the girl wildly, her excitement increasing until the luckless lilies were placed outside the door. For the first time the sick girl was in tears. Gently and lovingly the matron soothed her. A way to her heart had been found at last. She had lived in Michigan, and lilies like those had bloomed by her mother's door!

It was the simple, oft-told tale of failure to get employment in the great city, and wilfulness and pride which withheld the girl from acknowledging her defeat and returning to the home against whose restraint and discipline she had chafed. But the floodgates of her heart were opened and a great sweeping torrent of love flowed out to home and mother—where she was mourned as dead.

"You may bring the lilies in," and stroking their petals she spoke in caressing tones of the mother whose hair was as white as the flowers. Then there was a time of silence. The lilies were preaching their sermon, and the fragrance of it filled the room. "She used to say she gave me their name that I might be a lily in the King's garden," she sobbed, as a tide of remembrance overwhelmed her and crimsoned the pallid face. "Will you, will you pray for me—as mother used to?" It was the voice of a timid child, and with hands clasped about the lilies the sick girl followed while her visitor prayed, and late that night a sin-soiled soul became as pure as the lilies ere it winged its way to the forgiving Christ.

Just a dainty basket filled with Autumn bloom,  
But it brought the sunshine to a darkened room.  
All the week seemed brighter for those shining hours,  
Laden with the sweetness of the smiling flowers.

Let us all be helpful, let us live to bless,  
Little deeds of kindness magic powers possess.  
Scatter beams of sunshine o'er the darkest way,  
Soon the midnight gloom shall change to brightest day.

## HANDSOME PURSE FOR REV. AND MRS. W. B. WIGGINS.

The annual Christmas concert of the Reformed Baptist church, which was held in the church last evening in the presence of an audience which filled the house to its utmost capacity, was a decided success, all the numbers being presented by the school in an appreciative manner.

Following the programme there was a presentation to Rev. and Mrs. Wiggins of a purse of \$55 each and an address, as follows: Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Wiggins.

Dear Brother and Sister,—Once more, through the kindness of our Heavenly Father, we are permitted to see the close of another year; a year that has been filled with blessings

and manifestations of God's love to humanity, for which we are truly thankful.

Several times we have met together on occasions of this kind, and at each meeting we are reminded in many ways of the swiftness of time, the uncertainty of life here, and that each meeting of this kind brings us nearer the end of our journey, and also one less opportunity of showing in a tangible way our love for one another. With these facts before us, we hasten to take advantage of the festival season, and show to you that through all the changes of the past year our love for you has not grown less. Therefore we would humbly ask you to accept as a small token of our love and esteem of you this purse of \$55 each.

In closing we extend to you the compliments of the season, and trust the future holds for you something better than you have ever yet experienced. May God's blessing rest upon you both is our earnest prayer and desire.

Signed on behalf of the church, Sunday school and congregation.

MOSES SOMERS  
E. M. TINGLEY.

Moncton, N. B., Dec. 30th, 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins made fitting replies, thanking the church, Sunday school and congregation for their kindness and thoughtfulness, and expressing themselves as being very kindly treated by the city churches and citizens since they have resided in Moncton, Mr. Wiggins being pastor of this church for some fifteen years, while Mrs. Wiggins has been here some seven years.—*Daily Times, Moncton.*



EVANGELIST A. P. GOUTHEY

## THE EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

On account of the deep interest awakened in Fredericton, Evangelist A. P. Gouthey decided to recall his engagement at St. John and resume the services at Fredericton January 4th. We were very sorry to disappoint the pastor and people at St. John, but Brother Gouthey felt he would be doing wrong to give up the services at Fredericton so soon. His other engagements we expect will be as follows:

Woodstock, Jan. 21-Feb. 8.  
Hartland, Feb. 11-March 1.  
Fort Fairfield, Me., March 4-22.  
Caribou, Me., March 25-April 12.

Two or three places have asked for April 15-29, but we will only engage those provisionally, for fear that some of those churches would wish to extend their time.