

The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Colportage work. Published semi-monthly by the Committee of the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick.

All communications, except money remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,
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Carleton, St. John.

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we are to eat our meals, so that we may enjoy them. This is just what my text was written for. I wonder whether anyone who will read this, ever shrugs their shoulders and turns up their noses at their dinner? "Oh, it's cold meat again"; "I don't like this kind of pudding"; "We're always having this." You know how cross mother has been sometimes when you have said this. It's hard work, perhaps, to get it for you, and it's not so nice to hear you complain. Then there are others who never know what they want, and who, when cook has done her best, only grumble. Just let love come into your hearts, just let love have its way with you, and you will be surprised how you will relish your meals, and how happy you will make your mother and how pleased cook will be, and how joyful and delightful some will be the moments you spend at the table.

"Little Buttons"

No. V.

(Continued from last issue.)

So the days passed on, and nothing further was decided as to what should be done with Teddy. In his innocent answers to her questions she gathered by degrees his pitiful story.

He had been but poorly cared for as far back as he could remember, and seemed to have no recollection of any one who was dear to him. A man who last had care of him told him he had been left to him at the death of a friend, and this man seemed to be the only one of whom he could talk connectedly. It was a tale of dissipation and poverty that made her heart ache. As Teddy said to her in speaking of him, "Sometimes he drank dreadfully, Mrs. Clyde, and then he used to sleep for hours in the daytime," and he told her how he had been sent out for food when funds were short. "Sometimes Mr. Hamor made a lot of money at a time, after working hard all night long, and then we used to have plenty to eat," he said, in a tone that told her more than his words. "But he was always good to me," he said, in his old-fashioned, common-sense way, as if anxious to give him all the credit he could, "and he never whipped me but once, and I always remembered it!"

Mrs. Clyde caught her breath with a sob, got up, and came to him, and he could not tell why it was there came such a great lump in his throat, when she laid her hand on his shoulder, and looked into his eyes so searchingly. It seemed to him she looked for something for which her heart was hungering.

When he tried to tell her a little about a woman that he dimly remembered, and thought she might have been the man's wife, she became greatly excited. Putting her arm about him, she eagerly, "Try and remember more—try hard, Teddy!" But he could only tell her disjointed bits of a wandering life in England and France, and could give no definite locations, as they changed their home so often. He remembered the woman dying suddenly one night, and then this same wandering life went on and on, until they came over in the steerage of a ship to America. "Then, a short time after that," he said, with simple pathos, "I was all alone. Mr. Hamor went out one night to try and make some money, and he never came back again. Then I had to look for little jobs of work, such as sweeping sidewalks and running errands; and

then Mr. Blake, you know, put me in 'The Grosvenor' as bell-boy; and now—here I am with you and Flossie!" he ended, brightly.

His child heart put by all the misery of the past and revelled in its present happiness. As he looked up he found the tears streaming down her face. Laying his hand softly on hers, he said, "Did I make you cry, dear Mrs. Clyde? I'm so sorry! I never want to tell you any more about those dreadful times."

"No, Teddy," she answered, "we will try to forget it all. We will not talk about it any more."

* * * * *

"Oh, mamma! what do you think?" cried Mrs. Hunt's madcap little daughter, bursting in upon her a few days after that, her brown eyes dancing with excitement. She tried to catch her breath long enough to tell the wonderful news, "Little Buttons is Mrs. Clyde's own, own little boy" and that dear little Flossie is his own sister! she triumphantly announced. "Now, mamma, I am sure you are sorry that you tried to make me stop playing with him. I didn't thought," wickedly added the unruly child.

"Marion, hush," angrily said Mrs. Hunt. "What are you talking about? Who has told you this nonsense?"

"'Tisn't nonsense, for Thomas was telling it to Mr. Benson down in the hall just now," and she waltzed about the room in her delight.

At this juncture the bell rang, and Mrs. Benson came in, saying:

"I suppose you have heard the news, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Marion, do be quiet, and let me hear the story connectedly, if you can," said her mother, sharply.

Mrs. Benson then related the story as Mr. Benson had learned it from Thomas.

Mrs. Clyde's husband had died when Flossie was a baby. Afterward she was very ill, and the maid who took care of little Teddy became very careless and insolent, and Mrs. Clyde, unawares told her that on her recovery she would dismiss her. The woman took it quite calmly; soon after dressed the little boy, and took him out, ostensibly for his usual airing; but the hours slipped away, and when night came she had not returned. From that day to the present the distracted mother's life had been one incessant search for her lost boy.

The usual mistakes and delays in pursuing the wrong clues gave the woman a chance to escape out of the country. Partly from spite, and also for the large reward which she knew was sure to be offered, she had quickly formed a plan for temporarily abducting the child. She had a worthless husband who followed her about, and he found her just as she was planning her return to America to claim the reward she had seen offered through the columns of a prominent journal. She then changed her plans and tried to evade him, and then she had been taken suddenly ill and died without giving him the slightest hint of her plans and intentions. He gambled and drank up every penny of her earnings and his own as fast as he got them. The pretty child, which she pretended to him was her dead sister's, had won his affections to a certain extent, and he tried to keep him from starving. He had managed to shift along until a few months before, when they had come over to America, as Teddy had been telling Mrs. Clyde.

(To be Continued.)

We are really becoming old when we outgrow our enthusiasms.

Fraternal Greetings To The Baptists.

AT the annual gatherings of Baptist churches we frequently receive fraternal greetings from paedobaptist bodies. As these greetings differ somewhat in outer form, in country places where our cause is weak, I think it my duty to publish a copy of one received recently by the Baptists of this district. I give this to show our position in every case where the conditions give the same advantage, and I hope our people will profit by it. The following is a copy of the letter I received. "Wishing you continued success" by the body sending it.

"EMERSON, September 17th, 1900.

Rev. H. G. Mellick,
Pastor Baptist Congregation,
Emerson.

DEAR SIR,—

I am directed, by the Trustees of the Methodist Church, to inform you that the services conducted by you in the Methodist Church at the Marais, must cease on Sabbath, September 23rd, 1900.

Under an arrangement with the Trustees, the Church buildings will be occupied by the Episcopal Body, Rev. John W. Gartyn conducting the services at the hour and dates formerly occupied by yourself.

Wishing you continued success,

Sincerely yours,

DAVID WRIGHT,

Secretary-Treasurer Trusts Board.

A few words may be needed to explain the situation.

Nearly 25 years ago, Rev. D. McCall, a Baptist minister, settled in this Marais district, eight miles west of Emerson. He commenced the first religious services held in the district. These services have been continued winter and summer until our expulsion from the building on the above date. Some years ago, this building was drawn to this place. Baptists shared liberally in the expense of fitting it up and building sheds, with the understanding they would have a right to hold their services in it at the usual hour of their services. This right was conceded, but the Methodists secured the deed in their name. A year ago the building was put in good condition, the Baptists helping liberally.

Having left themselves at the mercy of this body for a place of worship, this letter indicates the mercy they received. The Baptists did not intrude on their hour or day of services, nor intrude their doctrines upon them, nor is there any unkind feelings against the Baptist pastor or people personally. The only provocation is *we are Baptists*. The letter conveying these "greetings" to us was registered, although dropped in the office where I get my mail. The evident intention of this legal procedure was, that in case I ignored the notice to "cease," I would be prosecuted for trespass, and made to pay a fine or go to jail. I feel in duty bound to make this known, as our people have been and will be deceived and defrauded by such unions.

I have had considerable experience and observation in the Ministry, and as far as my knowledge goes, every time such bodies get the whip handle, we get the lash with a vengeance equal to their strength and advantage.

All this soft talk about wishing us success is not founded in a spirit that will bear a test. That our differences are unimportant, and only bigotry on our part keeps us from communing together and having church union with these bodies are descriptive sentiment. There is a great gulf between Baptist and paedobaptist doctrines and principles, and the conflict unto death; they cannot live together! Our people must awake to the tremendous responsibility resting upon them, to contend for the truths that distinguishes us from these bodies as well as those in which we are agreed. Our pastors should keep these vital truths before their congregations. We should shun every form of union with these denominations; where our mouths will be closed and the door shut against us if we express our conceptions of the Word of God.

These few Baptists are now turned out, after exhausting their means in a union, and as it is a matter of vital interest to the whole denomination, recalling the history of our ancestors, this little flock should be assisted to build a chapel of their own. A few dollars would do it, and the work would be established upon a proper foundation.

Emerson,

Sept. 24th, 1900.

H. G. MELICK,

—Northwest Baptist.

It is an abiding comfort to remember that the Most High cares more about the advance of His Kingdom in the earth than we by any possibility can. In our moments of discouragement and weakness, we have to throw ourselves back on that fact, and it should be more constantly present in our minds, in our time of strength and hope.