

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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my direction, and has done good service as a Baptist evangelist. He has founded and built up a church in the island of Guernsey, and has proved himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. If a hard-working, zealous minister is needed, who can initiate work and carry it forward—well, Mr. Snell is the man. I can recommend him without reserve. He is the man to succeed among a living, enterprising people like our American brethren. The Lord be with him! Mr. Snell stayed less than two years in Wisconsin, being compelled to seek a warmer climate. Four years were now spent in Georgia, and then after a year's rest in England he and his family went to Canada, from whence he has come about ten weeks ago. In all these places testimonials to hand show much successful effort for God. It is not too much to say that Mr. Snell has not only brought with him a good record of splendid work, but the loving esteem of his brethren in the ministry both in the States and Canada.

Is Your Soul Insured?

"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face so earnestly, as if he understood the importance of the subject. "Pa, is your soul insured?"

"What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?"

The father leaned his head on his hand and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul.

On that which was to waste away and become part and parcel of its native dust he had spared no pains, but for that which was to live on and on through the long ages of eternity he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Little Buttons"

No. III.

(Continued from last issue.)

As Flossie came down the street one day with the nurse, she suddenly spied her little "Button-boy" peeping out of the door, and, dropping the nurse's hand, she started to run to him, but stumbled and fell, striking her head against the curb.

Little Buttons dashed out, picked her up, and was halfway up the stoop of the big house before the nurse could reach her. The sweet blue eyes were closed, and the little dimpled hands hung limp and lifeless. Mrs. Clyde stood at the window as Little Buttons came up the steps, and met him at the door with a face like marble. She took the child from him gently and carried her in, while Little Buttons rushed down the street for a doctor, and was back before any one

had gathered their wits enough to know what to do.

In his fright and anxiety he forgot that he had left "The Grosvenor" door standing wide open.

As soon as Flossie became conscious and the doctor pronounced her not seriously injured, only that she must be kept quiet for some days, Little Buttons suddenly thought how he had deserted his post. No one in "The Grosvenor" had witnessed the accident but he. But Mrs. Leo Hunt had unfortunately been the one to find the door standing open and Little Buttons nowhere to be seen. She, of course, made it her business to inform the janitor, and poor Little Buttons found himself disgraced, and shrank from the withering glance of his ever-stern judge as he faced her in the hall on his return.

"This settles it for you, sir," she emphatically announced. "How dare you leave the door open in that careless way, for thieves to run through the house?"

Of course it was true that thieves might have come in, but they had not, and, under the circumstances, she might have spared her severity.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Mrs. Hunt," he tearfully said; "but I could not help running to pick up little Miss Flossie;" and his sobs nearly choked him, for, after all, he was only a very little boy.

Mrs. Hunt took the matter seriously in hand, although Thomas tried to mollify her by saying, with a knowing twist of his head, "O'll attend to the thing, Mrs. Hunt;" and he made an errand to Mrs. Benson and informed her that he felt very bad "down dape in his mind." Motioning toward the floor, he said, "she intends him to go, Mrs. Benson, and go he will, in spite of us all. Och, we'll not find another loike him, Mrs. Benson. Those missinger and bell-b'ys do be mostly a bad lot." Having thus freed his mind, he went away sorrowfully shaking his head.

Mrs. Hunt kept agitating the matter, as she thought this was a good pretext for getting rid of the bell-boy. She had a good deal of trouble with Marion nowadays, who, in spite of everything, would still show her admiration for him. Mrs. Hunt did not mind changes so long as she did not suffer by them, so she enlarged upon the risk of having so young and irresponsible a person in that position. She met with little sympathy from the others, but was politic enough to know where her power lay, and did not hesitate to affirm that if the agent chose to keep him, out would go Mrs. Leo Hunt and all her belongings. This threat settled the business, as she meant it should, for it was not a desirable time of year to lose a tenant, especially one who was paying nearly double the rent of the former one, and Mr. Blake felt that he could not afford to displease her. Therefore, in spite of his own compunctions, for he was not a hard-hearted man, and in spite of the copious tears of Marion, and the indignant protestations of Mrs. Benson, it was decreed that poor Little Buttons must go.

His good friend began turning over in her busy brain all sorts of schemes, possible and impossible, to provide for her little protégé; but before she could carry any of them out something quite unexpected occurred.

Little Buttons stood ruefully looking over at the big house, thinking of the little girl that had so won his interest and affection.

In his own fleeting glimpse of its beautiful interior it had seemed to him like fairyland, a fitting home for the sweet lady and the little white fairy.

Almost more painful than the thought of being homeless again was the fear of never again seeing her, and a big sob came up, and out came his small handkerchief, which was one of a set given him by Mrs. Benson. Even the sight of that accelerated the flow. When, indeed, should he ever again find any one that would be so good to him as she had been? The poor, motherless, homeless little boy was nearly sobbing his heart out, all by himself, in the dark, dismal hall, when the door-bell rang.

With his eyes buried in his handkerchief he had not seen a servant coming from over the way. He hastily wiped his face, and tried to keep out of sight as he opened the door.

Mrs. Clyde's man, James, espied him behind the door, and looked very good-natured as he said, "What's up, Little Buttons? Don't cry; little Miss Flossie is all right, only she is very restless, and asks for you all the time. If you

can be spared, Mrs. Clyde would like to have you come over and help amuse her. How would you like to live over there, little fellow?" asked the good-natured James.

How would he like it? All the answer the poor little fellow could make was a simple "Oh!" like an involuntary sigh of pleasure.

He felt sure he saw a rainbow close in front of him; whether it was the colored window-glass reflected through his tears, or the sudden prospect of dwelling in that paradise across the street, he could never tell. It passed in a moment, but it left some of its radiance behind in the little face.

"Call the janitor," said James, briskly. "and let me deliver my message to him."

There was a thrill in Little Buttons's voice that brought Thomas swiftly at the summons. There he stood, with his eyes shining like stars, and his cheeks like June roses.

"Tell him about it," said James, encouragingly; and Little Buttons slid his small hand into Thomas', in a half-regretful way, and raised his eyes to his face.

(To be Continued.)

Religious News.

We are enjoying a good measure of the divine favor in our work here. We are suffering here (in the whole county) from a religious drought. However, those who can in any wise read the signs of the times, are prophesying a revival interest all along the line. In our work at Albert St. we see a marked improvement along spiritual lines. We are having excellent congregations on Sundays, morning and evening. Our prayer meetings are growing in interest and power, and we all feel a spirit of courage and confidence born, we believe, of the Holy Spirit. Our Sunday evening services are strictly evangelistic and are bearing fruit in conversions. We hold an after meeting after each service where we try to gather up the fruit of the day's work. We have an excellent male quartette which adds largely to our Sunday evening interest. Above all we have some precious saints who know God and who know how to pray.

W. S. M.

ELGIN, N. B. It was our privilege to baptize three young sisters into the fellowship of the Pollet River Church on October 14th.

H. H. Saunders.

WARD'S CREEK, On Sunday, the 14th inst., we held a very successful Roll Call and Thankoffering. The money raised is for the purpose of making repairs on the church building in Ward's Creek, Sussex. The people of this community are an earnest, devoted band of Christians. They attend the preaching services in large numbers, and are ever ready to work for the Master. Deacon Josiah Anderson is a devoted and faithful servant of Christ, and exerts a great influence for good in this field. I have found this branch of the church ever ready to work for Jesus.

W. Camp.

CUMBERLAND BAY. I wish to thank the friends of Cumberland Bay for the generous donation of \$35.00, and also express in a public way my deep appreciation of the great kindness they have ever shown me during the summer I have labored among them. They have shown me every consideration as I have endeavored to be about my Master's business. By my leaving Cumberland Bay a very important field is left vacant, one needing a pastor very much. I hope that God will send them a good man to break unto them the Bread of Life and lead them in the way everlasting.

Frank O. Erb.

LEDGE DUFFERIN. The church is moving on slowly with fair prayer meetings. Our brethren are few, and sisters are few as well, yet they are true and good. We have passed under the rod of affliction yet the banner of love has been over us through sovereign grace. We have baptized two here and received three into the church. We also