

# 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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 All money letters should be addressed to  
 REV. J. H. HUGHES,  
 Carleton, St. John.

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do step so long one bitter cold day. And the changes were rung with tedious iteration. Besieged from every quarter, and the owner away, the agent at last thought of an expedient that would not add materially to the expense. "A small boy in buttons is the very thing," he said. "Why haven't I thought of that before?" and he began rummaging among his papers for an address.

A very small boy had come into his office some time before and asked him if he knew any one who had any use for a boy of his size, and the agent had smiled grimly, and said he thought not, but promised to enquire. "I had forgotten all about the poor little chap," he said, "and now I will go and hunt him up." He found him after some trouble, glad enough to secure a good home, and pleased at the idea of wearing a nicely fitting cloth suit with rows of bright buttons. Accordingly, with but short delay, beheld the new bell-boy, duly installed. "Poor little fellow!" "Ah, what a shame!" "What an absurd idea!" the ladies ejaculated to each other, when they first saw the little figure in its many-buttoned livery.

A sort of instinctive mother-pity moved their hearts as they saw him take both slender hands to turn the big brass door-knob; but he looked up at them with such a cheery, triumphant smile, as if to say: "You see I can do it," they could not but smile in return; and they soon found he performed his duty well.

He had the manner of a tiny courtier, as he swung the door widely open, and bowed a smiling acknowledgment of any little pleasantry addressed to him.

Thomas had not always been in very good trim to appear in public, often bearing marks of his servitude at the coal-bins below stairs. Now there was always the trim, neat little figure, with fresh white skin, and bright brown locks waving back from his forehead, looking sometimes almost like a halo when the sun fell on them from the colored glass window.

"I want you to take particular notice of our Little Buttons," the ladies began saying, proudly, as they brought friends in with them; but they needed no such prompting, for, invariably, every new-comer would ask about him.

"Where did you find that dear little bell-boy?" "What a jolly Little Buttons!" "Isn't he too cunning for anything in his livery?" Each one had something to say of him. Yet he would not be patronized, and maintained a certain sweet dignity remarkable in such a child.

"A wonderful manner for a boy like that," even Mrs. Leo Hunt admitted in the privacy of her apartment; but when, on the day following, she found her little daughter chattering with him in great glee, she frowned and called her away. Bettine, the maid, was rebuked for allowing Miss Marion to be so unladylike, and turning to the innocent offender Mrs. Hunt said: "And you, sir, should not take such liberties. You forget you are only a bell-boy!" A deep color suffused his usually pale face, but he looked calmly at her, and bowed, as he answered, respectfully, in a low tone: "Yes, ma'am, I'll remember after this." And he did so, although little Miss Marion persisted in showing her jolly friendliness for him.

She evidently did not inherit her mother's caste prejudice, and it was hard sometimes to resist the bright, roguish face; but when she stopped hereafter on her way out with Bettine, and grew talkative, he tried to check her by saying: "Remember, Miss Marion, what your mamma said;" and added, wistfully, "a mamma must be the best friend a little girl or boy can have." Kind-

hearted Bettine tried to give him a comforting word in her broken English, and Marion, fuller than ever of questions, paid little heed to his good advice.

"Haven't you really, truly, any mamma? Is set—is she—dead?" she asked, in a frightened tone. Then brightening: "Maybe she only went away, like Cissy Howard's mamma, and will come back in a year or two," she said, with her curly head cocked to one side, and a sorry look in her brown eyes that went far toward comforting him, and made him wish he dared kiss her. But he had such a wise little head, he knew it would not do; though a gentle little boy's kiss seems a sweet and harmless thing enough.

(To be Continued.)

## The Feeding of the Five Thousand

This action of our Lord throws a clear light upon the attitude of the Saviour in regard to the necessities of men. We know that the thought of the spiritual wants of men was always uppermost in His mind; but that did not cause Him to overlook the needs of their bodies. The pains of hunger are by no means the worst. At the cost of a little suffering, most of the five thousand to whom our Lord ministered on this occasion, could have returned to where their wants would have been supplied; but the mental picture of their privation that Jesus must have formed seems to have affected Him profoundly, and He took means to provide for their necessities. This is the thought of Himself that Jesus would impress upon the world. His sympathies were not restricted to one department of human life. He took in its whole sweep and all of its interests. Everything that pertained to man was of concern to Him. May we not believe that it is the same to-day? We are to make known all of our wants to Him. He is not disregarding of any of them.

Are we not also to see in this narrative a hint of how our Lord's provision for men outran even the faith of disciples? On this occasion, those who knew Him do not seem to have had a suggestion of how ample and gracious His power was. Do not many of our anxieties and distresses arise from the weakness of our faith? Of course it is impossible for us to pray just how any situation will be relieved; but the way in which our Lord constantly responded to the exigencies of human necessities must gradually have created in the minds of the disciples the conviction that He would be equal to any emergency. On a stormy sea His word brought peace. They saw that the meagre supply of food multiplied under His blessing. They had witnessed the restoration of the dead to life in obedience to His command. They had known that He Himself had conquered death and risen from the grave. No wonder that they came to believe that He was equal to all situations, emergencies, and perils. That is the faith that should live in all Christian hearts to-day. There is no difficulty or peril beyond His loving power; and when our faith has reached its utmost limit, we shall find, not only that our confidence in Him was not misplaced, but that His love and power outran our utmost imaginings.

And then, too, are we not to see how the divine power cooperates with human effort? The Lord took what they had, and it became the channel and the instrument of blessing. We can easily imagine Him as commanding that the stones of the field be made bread. But if there were something that man could do we should expect that He would make requisition on that. That was His method on this occasion. The five barley loaves and two small fishes were very little, but they were all there was. And when they were surrendered to Him, they became the tangent point between human effort and divine blessing is waiting to be bestowed on us, we fail to receive it, because we think the case so hopeless that we fail to take all that we have, and exert our best effort? The five loaves and two fishes were not enough to feed the multitude, but, inadequate as they were, if they had been withheld, the multitude might not have been fed.

One of the fine arts is to say an unwelcome thing acceptably.

## New Brunswick Convention Receipts.

	H. M.	\$	¢
M. S. Hall,		5	00
E. M. Sipperrall,		322	14
Rev. C. J. Stevens,		8	00
Rev. C. W. Sables,		5	00
First Grand Lake Church,	F. M.	3	25
Second Grand Lake Church,		5	24
Young's Cove Church Edifice Fund,		11	40
First Grand Lake Church,	H. M.	1	76
Second Grand Lake Church,		13	51
Wiggin's Cove Church,		5	50
First Chipman Church,		2	20
Second Chipman Church,		1	00
H. J. Perry,		5	00
Queens Co. S. S. Convention,		5	40
First St. Martins Church,		2	08
Brussels Street Church,		2	10
W. M. McVicar,		1	00
G. A. Watson,		5	00
Second Johnson Church,		7	56
Rev. Calvin Currie,		1	00
Lower Canterbury Church,		2	25
Third Canterbury Church,		3	00
Mrs. J. E. Titus,		1	00
Jemseg Church,		3	00
Plate collections at Convention,		28	16
Second Grand Lake Church, Robert Elkin, F. M.		2	00
Rev. R. M. Eynon, a special offering,	H. M.	5	00
M. S. Hall,		5	00
J. S. Titus,		5	00
Rev. W. E. McIntyre,		5	00
Capt. D. Wasson,		5	00
Geo. Branscombe, \$2 00, A. H. Clay, \$2 00,		4	00
A number of one dollar donations,		13	00
Brussels Street Church,		16	48
		\$506	64

St. Martins, N. B., Oct. 2, 1900. J. S. TITUS, Treasurer. We are still owing our missionaries a balance. Will the churches and individuals friendly to the N. B. Baptist Convention continue to hand in funds to meet these bills.

## Health Column.

### Concerning the Baby

The celebrated Frenchman who made the sage remark that "Life is one continuous button and unbutton," might justly receive sympathy from the babies! These mistles of humanity would, if they could, testify that in their case life is a continuous pinning and unpinning, varied by an occasional nap, and an all too infrequent luncheon. But a placid routine is the best thing for the nerves of Master Baby, and does more than early rising to make him "healthy, wealthy and wise."

**THE DAILY BATH.**—Usually his bath is the first event of consequence in his day. If it isn't, it should be, for the daily tub is a wonderful tonic to a robust infant. Healthy babies are usually eager for it and enjoy splashing about as much as a duck. The tub bath is much the easier and quicker method of washing the child, but if it is a source of fright, a sponge bath must be substituted.

**TEMPERATURE.**—The temperature of the water should be 100 degrees in winter, and about 80 in the heat of summer. If a thermometer is not used to ascertain the temperature of the water, try it with your elbow, as one's hand is not a trustworthy guide. It will be a surprise to discover how differently the water feels to the sensitive elbow.

**PUTTING HIM IN.**—Should baby be frightened at being plunged into the both, try placing him in the empty tub seated on a dry towel, then gently pour the water in—it usually succeeds in pleasing him.

**SOAP AND CLOTH.**—A baby's skin is very delicate, so only a pure unscented soap should be used on it. Genuine castile, or the best quality of tar soap are unequalled for this purpose. A soft piece of linen damask makes the best wash cloth, and it should be strictly kept for this purpose alone, and must be well aired and dried each time after being used.

**DRYING.**—Dry the baby carefully, especially in all the creases. Avoid using much powder. A little lightly shaken on absorbs and moisture inadvertently left after drying, but too much merely makes uncomfortable ridges, and chafes the tender flesh. A flannel blanket or apron should be used to wrap the baby in while drying him, as if his wet body is exposed to the air too