

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 45

\$50.00 GIVEN AWAY

A FEW years ago several publishing houses in Maine and Massachusetts made an offer similar to this, but they only swindled the people who worked papers for them. But we purpose to make the following offer, and will faithfully carry out all we agree to.

To anyone who will make the largest number of words spelled with letters in the words, HOME MISSION JOURNAL, we will give twenty-five dollars; to the next highest number we will give ten dollars; to the third highest five dollars; and to the next five two dollars each. No letters not found in the words HOME MISSION JOURNAL, must be used in spelling words. Nouns, verbs, and proper names, singulars and plurals, will be admitted; such as horse, horses; journal, journals, etc.

This offer will be held open until the first day of January, 1901, on the following conditions: That those who send in spelled words enclose fifty cents, for which they will get in return the paper. THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL, for one year, that is all through 1901.

WHO MAY ENTER THE CONTEST? Anyone who has not been a subscriber; anyone whose subscription expires first of January, 1901. Anyone whose subscription is not paid up may be paying up to January 1st, 1901, at the rate of four cents per month of this year, and fifty cents for the year 1901; that is to say, any person whose subscription ends on the first of January and is not paid up must send one dollar—fifty cents for the present year, and fifty cents for next year; also anyone whose payment has been made to any month in this year may by adding to the fifty cents for 1901 at the rate of four cents per month for what time remains of the present year. If a subscriber's time ended the first of July last, and was paid up to that time, they will need to send 75 cents; and anyone whose time was paid to September will need to send 66 cents, and at the same proportion for any fraction of this year.

This is not a lottery. Everyone will get the worth of their money in receiving the paper at fifty cents a year, and also a chance to earn the premium for making words with the letters in HOME MISSION JOURNAL. Besides this it is a profitable exercise in dictionary words. Now let us have a thousand new subscribers besides all the old ones. We will need a hundred new subscribers as contestants to make these prizes secure.

J. H. HUGHES.

Cheerfulness.

JOHN GORDON, D. D.

THERE are many persons whose hearts and homes are beclouded, because of a sullen, gloomy disposition which unfits for the active duties of life and robs them of its pleasure and sweetness. Cheerfulness is like sunshine, and by it darkness and fog are dispelled, and health and joyfulness are promoted. Melancholy drapes earth's fairest scenes in sackcloth, and fills our cup with wormwood. Cheerfulness brightens our vision, and like the sun, transforms the darkest clouds into objects of beauty.

Cheerfulness, like all other graces, must be

cultivated; discontent and melancholy will spring up like weeds. The trials and difficulties of life are very apt to lead us into darkness and despair, but cheerfulness, if allowed to guide us, will trim our lamp and sing her song of hope.

Melancholy hides our harps amidst the willows; cheerfulness brings them from their seclusion and quickens us to praise God from thankful hearts.

A mother while watching half the night with a sick child, arose in the morning weary and worn. Cares and anxieties pressed heavily upon her. Opening the window to let in the morning sun—a breath of the fresh air and a glimpse of God's beautiful world brought to her mind His "exceeding great and precious promises." Her soul was uplifted and strengthened, and casting her care upon Jesus, who is not only the sin-bearer, but care-bearer of His people, she began singing a familiar hymn, and almost before she knew it, her voice rang out in grateful praise, bringing to her heart a new sense of God's loving care, and unknown to her, blessings to her household. Her husband—not a Christian—overwhelmed with business cares, and anxieties about his oldest son, for whom he had such bright hopes, but who had commenced the downward road was gloomily dressing. Hearing his wife's voice he listened, the shadows lifted, things did not look quite as dark as he had thought, and he said, "If she can bear her burdens so cheerfully, surely I can bear mine for her sake, and perhaps Tom is not such a bad boy after all. I'll give him another chance anyway." Tom lying on his bed was dreading to meet either father or mother, yet while, well knowing that he deserved rebuke was ready to resent it. Hearing the old familiar hymn, his heart was touched and memories of his parents' love rushed upon him; he commenced dressing hurriedly saying, "Mother does not believe that I am wholly bad or she would not sing," and ere he came from his room he determined to ask forgiveness and try again. Passing along the hall his father met him, but instead of the harsh reprimand which he intended giving, said, "My son, between your behavior and my business troubles, I am almost broken-hearted." Then followed a conversation which brought both into closer relationship than ever before. Bridget, too, was having her troubles, the fire would not burn, and even the kettle seemed perverse, and she had decided to give warning after breakfast, but as she too heard the cheerful song, things seemed to right themselves; and she concluded at least to wait a while before leaving so good a mistress.

As the father and son came into the breakfast room, arm in arm, tears of thanksgiving filled the mother's eyes, but she did not know until long after what an influence had been exerted by her song of praise.

Reader, have you a joyous, cheerful disposition which sweetens your life and that of others, or are you gloomily morose and discontented, and thereby causing others to be sad and disheartened? Perhaps your troubles are largely imaginary, or perhaps they are of your own creation and ought to be removed by your own performance of duty or confession of wrong-doing against God or man.

True cheerfulness can only exist in the heart of one who is at peace with God. This peace is found by accepting Christ. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and to all who have accepted the Saviour, His endearing words are: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Philadelphia.

The balances of the sanctuary are adjusted to determine different values than those recorded by the balances of the market places. It is the part of wisdom not to deceive ourselves with the notion that the balances of the market are final authority in the Kingdom of God.

"Little Buttons"

No. I.

"R-r-r-r-r," sharply rang the door-bell of "The Grosvenor." A brief pause, and again it whirred yet more loudly, and a third time it began its importunate din, till every one in the house impatiently ejaculated, "Where is Thomas?" Then the door opened and shut with a clang, and there was loud talking in the hall.

Mrs. Leo Hunt had been caught out in a driving storm without an umbrella, much to the detriment of her fine new tailor-made suit. She had found the vestibule door closed, and was kept standing fully five minutes at her own threshold before being let in. Who could blame her for forgetting to maintain the calm indifference upon which she always prided herself?

"The Grosvenor" had not always been so pretentious a dwelling-place as now. It first had the tiresome patent door-openers and man-of-all-work; but apartments more convenient and elegant had sprung up here and there, and the owner had found that he was losing many of his best tenants.

After due deliberation a small army of workmen were called in, and the result was something like a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis. Stucco, stained glass, tiling, and all the et cetera of modern embellishment worked a wondrous change; and it shone quite resplendent amid its aristocratic neighbors, and blossomed into an attractive apartment-house, bearing its owner's name.

As it filled with desirable occupants, and its increased rental came rolling in with gratifying regularity, he felt that he had done a wise thing, and soon started off on a long projected trip to Europe.

For a time matters moved smoothly at "The Grosvenor," but the inevitable hitch came. As the agent had often remarked to the landlord, "Tenants never air satisfied;" and just as often to the tenants he said, "Landlords allus iconomize in the wrong place." So it proved in the present instance. Thomas had tried in vain to double and quadruple himself, so as to be everywhere at once; but with the manipulation of the new elevator, and other duties attending the management of a fine establishment, he could not always promptly be on duty at the door.

For some time there had been murmurings in the heart, and now the storm had burst inside as well as out. That five minutes' tardiness of poor Thomas was made responsible for the terrible drenching of Mrs. Leo Hunt.

"You shall be reported to Mr. Blake, Thomas," she bitterly exclaimed, as she surveyed herself in the mirror, bedraggled and forlorn.

"Indade, I couldn't help it, mum," feebly protested Thomas. "I was—"

"No matter where you were," she cut in sharply, "so long as you were not at the door. Just look at me," she said, in injured appeal, as she took in the fact that the beautiful green feather that waved so majestically from her crest as she started out, now lay flattened over her forehead—a "bang" of most unbecoming cut and color!

It was useless to attempt any explanation, so Thomas beat a hasty retreat, divided between an inclination to laugh and a resolve to get the start and make his own plea first to the agent.

It was simply impossible to perform all that was expected of him, yet the house-agent felt that he was too honest and faithful a man to lose, notwithstanding the complaints that now poured in from every side.

Mrs. Dowell had lost a most desirable new acquaintance, because, after repeated ringings in vain, she had gone away disgusted, and had made it known to a friend of Mrs. Dowell, who, of course, told her of it.

Mr. Graham had lost the management of an important law-suit, from the client failing to get admission according to appointment with him one evening.

Mrs. Fields could not display her rich 'new gown at the great ball of the season, because of a severe cold contracted by standing on her own