

The Home Mission Journal.

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the inmates told them there were no foreigners there. Mr. Argento was put in a corner, and although the Boxers remained in the room long enough to eat rice, they supposed the pitiful-looking creature in the corner only a Chinese beggar, and left him unmolested.
Yokohama, Japan, August 17.

"Little Buttons"

No. IV.

(Continued from last issue.)

"YOU can't guess what it is, Thomas, but I know you'll be glad, because you've always been so good to me. Only just now I felt so bad about going away from you and dear Mrs. Benson and little Marian, and thought I might never see little Miss Flossie again, and here I am going to be right with her!"

"Well—well—well!" ejaculated the surprised Thomas.

"Did you ever know such a lucky boy, Thomas?"

"Bedad, I never did," said Thomas. "Good luck go wid ye, me boy," he said, huskily, giving the little hand a squeeze that made its owner wince.

Then James delivered the remainder of his message, which was that Mrs. Clyde would pay for a boy in Little Buttons's place until they found one to suit Mr. Blake and the occupants of "The Grosvenor," as she wanted Little Buttons to come right away.

"I'll come over and bring back these clothes, Thomas, as soon as I can," he said, cheerily. "Your new bell-boy ought to have them."
"No, no," said Thomas; "they will not fit the new boy, I am sure; keep them to remember us all by, Little Buttons," and he drew his hand hurriedly across his eyes.

He begged James to wait a few minutes while he ran up to say good-by to his good friend Mrs. Benson, and to leave a message with her for little Marian.

Mrs. Benson was rejoiced at his good fortune, and made him promise he would come and see her.

"Yes, indeed, I shall," he said, wagging his small brown head wisely. "I shall tell Mrs. Clyde and Flossie all about you."

After bidding him good-by she watched him go across the street, holding James by the hand; the door closed behind them, and Little Buttons was ushered into his new home.

"How I shall miss the little fellow!" she thought, as she turned away.

It turned out that good fortune was on the way to Little Buttons when he thought it was the darkest hour of his life.

Mrs. Clyde had often told Flossie of a dear little brother she had when she was a baby. She always had been very tender toward little boys, and had felt a growing interest in Little Buttons since the day he brought the flower to Flossie.

She had a half-formed plan in her mind regarding him, at the very time of Flossie's accident, and his ready thoughtfulness in that emergency pushed it toward completion. At Flossie's importunity for him she resolved to have him come, and to complete her plan afterward.

As he now came in with James she met him in the hall, and, taking him by the hand, thanked him warmly for what he had done, and led him in to Flossie.

Little Buttons thought she had the sweetest smile he had ever seen, yet there was something so sad in her face that he felt that she must have some great trouble.

She left him to play with Flossie a while, and then showed him the cosy room next the nursery that he was to occupy.

A happy little boy slept there that night, and dreamed of a beautiful princess hovering about him. Lower and lower over him she bent until her lips touched his cheek, and then he slept dreamlessly until morning.

When he woke he thought at first he was still dreaming, till in a flash came the remembrance of the eventful yesterday.

Here he found himself in the very place he would have wished, if some good fairy had given him his choice.

It seemed too much to believe, and, while dressing, he kept repeating, "But it is true!"

Mrs. Clyde, coming in through the nursery-door, heard him, and asked with a smile, "What is true, Teddy?"

With a blush and a happy little laugh he answered, "I am only trying to make myself known I am truly here."

He was not to be called "Little Buttons" in the Clyde household, although Flossie could not at first understand why.

When told to call him "Teddy," Flossie shook her silky head, saying, "No—no; Button Boy." Mrs. Clyde had given Teddy instructions how to win over her young ladyship to the new name, and when Flossie found that he did not heed her if she called him anything but his real name, she soon yielded.

Mrs. Clyde watched Teddy so intently that she sometimes seemed to forget herself, and sat with her eyes fixed dreamily on his face, until recalled by his softly asking her, "Did you speak to me, Mrs. Clyde?"

"No, Teddy, I was only thinking," she would answer, and sigh so heavily that his kind little heart longed to comfort her.

"Most every one has some trouble in some way or other, don't they, Mrs. Clyde?" he said one day.

"Yes, Teddy, I think they do; but what makes you think of that?"

After a little embarrassed pause, he said: "Well, I often hear you sigh, and your eyes most always look so sorry."

She walked out of the room, making no reply, but as she passed him patted him softly on the head. His tender sympathy had apparently touched her deeply.

She was much pleased to see how quickly and easily he adapted himself to his surroundings, never putting himself forward, yet keeping Flossie so quickly happy and amused all the day long that she soon seemed as well as ever. The time soon came when she must decide in what capacity he was to remain as a member of her family.

Mrs. Clyde had not done this thing rashly. After taking him thus into the inner sanctum of her home, she knew she could not set him adrift again in the great world. She was becoming attached to him, as indeed were all the members of the household. He won his way all unconsciously, and was simply happy in his present security and comfort. He grew rosy and healthy, for now that Flossie was well again, Mrs. Clyde sent him out in the air a great deal to play, and took him often with her and Flossie to ride, at which Mrs. Leo Hunt smiled scornfully.

"Really, there is no accounting for tastes," said the haughty woman to Mrs. Benson, as she saw them come and go.

"He is a dear little fellow, whatever his birth may have been," bravely persisted Mrs. Benson, "and his present prosperity agrees with him. How handsome he is growing, now that he has plenty of exercise, and is surrounded by kindness!"

She was watching him as she spoke, going up the steps, with Flossie clinging to his hand as if fearing she might lose him.

Mrs. Clyde had learned a good deal about his former life through her questioning, and his fragmentary recollections strangely interested her. Mr. Lendrum, her lawyer, came often of late, and wore almost as anxious a face as Mrs. Clyde when they came from their consultations in the library.

One day, as she and Mr. Lendrum saw Flossie with her arm close about Teddy's neck, and laughing merrily, she said, "I shall adopt him! I

cannot give it up! See how fond she is of him, M. Lendrum! He has the name and he shall fill the place of my boy."

To which the lawyer replied, in a low voice, "Do not be rash, Mrs. Clyde, I beg of you. Wait a little longer, that you may have nothing to regret."

(To be Continued.)

A Model Man.

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D., LL. D.

DANIEL is one of the model men in the Old Testament; in some respects he is about the best character for young men to study and to imitate. In his youth he faced ridicule by refusing to touch the king's wine; in his later life he was not afraid to face the king's lions. There were two or three things about his course in this last matter that young people ought to notice. In the first place he did not sent any apology to the king of Babylon. Apologies for doing a right thing only belittle the act and take off the grace of it. In the second place, he did not brag about what he was going to do. There was no bluster or big talk. When I was a pastor, I used to be rather distrustful of people who, when uniting with the church, made very loud professions and promises. They reminded me of Peter's boastful speech to his Master, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I."

Daniel neither apologized nor played the braggart. He saw that there was serious business before him; he knew all about the ferocious lions in the royal park, and had made up his mind to face them when the time came. So he quickly went up to the chamber on the roof of his house; he threw open his lattice, and worshipped God in prayer, "just as he did aforetime." Actions speak louder than words. The old hero went down on his knees three times a day; busy man as he was, he took time to pray; brave man that he was, he did not care who saw him, or how soon his godly conduct was reported to the king. Daniel did not ask God to muzzle the lions; nor was there any intimation given him that if he did his duty there would be any miracle wrought in his behalf. Martyrs, when they make up their minds to suffer for the right, always expect that lions will bite and that fire will burn.

There are two roads for every young person in the journey of life. They cannot take both, and every young man must decide which of them he will take. The one is a smooth and easy path of connivance and compromise, with no lions to encounter. The other is by the air-line of duty as God's word and conscience reveal duty; whoever treads that path must expect to be battered with ridicule, and often bespattered with misrepresentation and reproach. There are two kinds of church-membership. In the one case, Mr. "Facing-both ways" tries to stand with one foot in the church and the other foot over in the world; he is secretly distrustful by both; he has to much profession of religion to suit worldly people, and too little practice of religion to please the people of God. The other type of religion is that of one who comes out squarely on Christ's side—not as pleasing men but God, which trieth the heart. This latter sort of Christianity is at a premium in these days, for it is quite too scarce. If courageous Christians encounter opposition, they are, after all, the only ones who win converts to Christ.

Daniel dared to be singular, both when he refused the king's wine-cup and when he defied the king's lions. The young man or woman who follows the fashion and runs with the crowd, counts for nothing. When they turn around and face the crowd for conscience' sake, they may encounter hard knocks, or scoffs, but they save their own souls, and are in the right attitude to save the souls of others. Every young man who determines to keep a clean conscience, and obey Christ's commandments, will encounter some lions in the course of his experience. In business he must often decide between selling his conscience and selling his goods; he must prefer to be poor rather than to put a dirty dollar into his purse.

In social life he must not be afraid of being branded as "puritanical" in his habits. In poli-