

## The Home Mission Journal.

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

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while I leave you to yourselves." After speaking thus, first one, then another fell upon their knees and besought him not to do as he had resolved; but to pray for them now, for they were ready to give their hearts to the Lord. They did so. They were all converted; and the covenant fulfilled. Family prayer was a great blessing to that family. It may do as much for any family who read these lines.

Indiana, Pa.

### "Little Buttons"

NO. II.

(Continued from last issue.)

When Marion got outside with the maid, she asked: "Why, Bettine, why does mamma say I must not speak to such a nice little boy as Little Buttons?"

Every one called him Little Buttons now, and he nearly forgot that he ever had any other name. "He's ever so much nicer-looking than Bertie Travers," she continued, "and more polite; and mamma doesn't care how much I hug and kiss him."

With the sweetly unreasoning reason of a child she argued on: "S'posin' he is a bell-boy, Bettine—what's bad 'bout bein' a bell boy? I've heard Bertie Travers say awful naughty things, and Little Buttons never does." In a horrified whisper she related Bertie's saying to Leunie Townsend: "You bet my terrier can lick your Dixie like blazes." "Wasn't that dreadful talk, Bettine, for a boy that's got a nice mamma?" Evidently Marion had been considering the advantages of other children having mammas, even if she forgot her duty to her own.

Bettine could not well explain matters to Marion's satisfaction, so she only begged of her as usual to be "une bonne enfant" and obey her *maman*. But the spoiled child persisted in showering her caresses and attempting frolics with Little Buttons every chance she could get, her mother laying the blame in the wrong place, as usual, and making it very uncomfortable for him.

However, he found one staunch friend in Mrs. Benson, a kind little woman, who carried a smaller purse but a much larger heart and longer pedigree than Mrs. Leo Hunt. Sometimes, under pretence of warming herself after coming in, she lingered about the steam radiator in the hall and talked with him, as she thought he had a pretty dismal time of it for such a little fellow.

She said to her husband at dinner one evening: "Ned, have you talked with Little Buttons at all? He is very quaint, and, though he is always so bright and cheery, there is something infinitely pathetic about him."

"Yes, he is a bright little fellow, and seems merry enough, too," responded Mr. Benson.

"He has no mother or father," pursued Mrs. Benson, "and has had a dreadfully rough sort of life, I imagine, from what he tells me; but see how refined and gentle he is."

"Hard on such a little chap to be knocking about so," he replied. "Give him some money occasionally, Fan, and I will, too."

"But I've tried to, and he seems reluctant to take it," she earnestly said.

"Wouldn't take it? What is the boy made of? He is a very uncommon boy if money does not tempt him."

"Indeed he is an uncommon boy. When he crushed his poor little finger the other day, shutting the carriage door for me, he scarcely even groaned aloud, and never once complained after-

ward, though he had to carry his hand in a sling for days."

"Lots of grit, and no mistake," said Mr. Benson; "but those youngsters learn to endure from their babyhood; and the next minute he had forgotten all about Little Buttons in reading up stocks and shipping news."

The day of the accident that Mrs. Benson had spoken of was a red-letter day for Little Buttons, notwithstanding the suffering attending it.

Mrs. Benson, seeing his face contract with the pain, sprang out of the carriage, took him to her apartment, tenderly bathed and bound up the wounded finger in soft linen, and then carried him in the carriage to her doctor, to learn whether the bone was injured. Luckily it was not, and, with a healing lotion which he prescribed, and which she daily applied, it got quite well again.

When she dressed it, he looked up in her face so bravely and said: "Mrs. Benson, I think I could stand it real well if it hurt more yet; you handle it so softly." It brought tears to her eyes, and when with a faint laugh he added, "Your fingers are just like satin," she could feel him cringe with the soreness and pain, and she could only kiss the bruised hand in silence.

In telling Mr. Benson about it, she said: "I declare, Ned, I came so near crying over the brave little soul that I just took him by the other hand, and pretended to laugh as we ran down-stairs as fast as we could, and forgot all about the elevator."

Her husband laughed, too, and touched his lips to her cheek as he said: "What a tender-hearted little woman you are, Fanny! What was there to cry over in that, my dear?"

"Why, Ned, it seemed to me he was longing for the tender care only a mother can give. Think of the poor little wail taking care of himself; and she hurried off, fearing her husband would laugh again at the quaver in her voice.

From that time she and Little Buttons became fast friends, and he was not so badly off after all. She found ways of helping him; made little errands for him to execute, so as to give him a run in the air, while she playfully took his place as door-opener, and managed to repay him for all he did in ways which he could not refuse. So he soon came to look upon her as his particular friend and ally in the house, and adored her in proportion.

Mrs. Leo Hunt's haughty airs never hurt his sensitive little heart any more, now that Mrs. Benson's bright eyes beamed on him with warm approval and sympathy. Even the cold visage of Mrs. Hunt thawed into something like a smile, as Mrs. Benson swept open the door for her one morning, with precisely Little Buttons's manner, saying, "Little Buttons, *pro tem.*, Lady Hunt; the little man is out taking an airing."

Mrs. Hunt said afterward, to some one: "Really, that little Mrs. Benson does the most absurd things; if she did not come from so good a family I should scarcely care to keep up her acquaintance."

It was a very tiresome, monotonous business, doing nothing all day long but open and shut a big door, while the boys' voices rang out merrily from their games in the street; and Little Buttons sometimes looked out very wistfully, and a sigh involuntarily welled up from his lonely little heart.

He soon began to notice a wee, round face and fluffy flaxen head in the window of a big brown house over the way. When the time hung rather heavily he got to watching for it, and, when it appeared, would softly open the door, peep out, and give a quick little nod of recognition. Child fashion, he was "making b'leeve" that he knew her. He often wondered what it could be like to be cared for so tenderly as she was, and tried to imagine her surroundings, and when one day he discovered that she saw him and bobbed her fluffy head in return with great glee, he was wild with joy. "She sees me—she knows me," he whispered exultantly, and was happy all day over it.

Mrs. Hunt caught him nodding and whispering to himself, and remarked to Thomas: "Do you think that child is quite right, Thomas? I sometimes find him gesticulating so strangely, and talking to himself in such a disagreeable way."

"In his roight moind, do yez mane, mum? Indade that he is. He's a wise little fellah, and he is just amusin' hisself a bit, quite loike-

"Faix! what a woman that is," muttered Thomas, as he scuttled down the basement stairs. "Bedad, she'll tak' the cake for foindin' folt." So Little Buttons kept up his pretence and meagre amusement undisturbed.

Whenever the little face appeared at the window he somehow felt comforted. Its little owner came out on all pleasant days for a walk with her nurse or a ride with her mamma in her carriage. She was as dainty as a snow fairy, in her soft white hood, cloak, and furs, and Little Buttons often wished he could just life her in his arms.

"She looks like a little white feather, and I believe she is almost as light," he said to himself. "Don't blow away, little white feather," Mrs. Benson heard him say, as she came up behind him just then.

When she returned from her walk she handed him a beautiful great pink rosebud, saying, "Would you like to run over and leave that at that door for 'Little White Feather,' as you call her?"

"May I? Oh, Mrs. Benson, how good you are to me!" he said, gratefully, his eyes sparkling, and his face flushed with pleasure. And Mrs. Benson felt as happy over it as if she were but nine years old herself.

"Just say as you leave it, 'For the little girl at the window,'" said Mrs. Benson.

Away he ran, and was quickly back again, watching for her. "There she is!" he excitedly exclaimed, clapping his hands with a childish delight that Mrs. Benson had never before seen him manifest.

There she was, sure enough, tossing him a kiss with one dimpled hand and holding the beautiful rosebud in the other. Then her mamma looked out smiling over the head of her darling, took the rose and touched it to the baby lips with a sweet gesture, and helped both little hands to toss kisses.

Little Buttons never forgot that day. It made him glow all over whenever he thought of it, and Mrs. Benson felt it the happiest investment she had made in a long time. Afterward the little maiden always recognized him, and he almost began to feel she partly belonged to him. As the weather grew warmer, the nurse brought her over the street occasionally for a minute or two, as Flossie so often teased her to go and see the little "Button-boy."

He thought her sweeter than ever, and learned from the soft pink lips that she was called "Mamma's dollin' tumfit," but the nurse told him that she had been christened Florence Fairbanks Clyde.

(To be Continued.)

### Garpered Thoughts

The presence of God with his people in heaven will not be interrupted as it is on earth, but he will dwell with them continually.—Henry.

A pure heart at the end of life, and a lowly mission well accomplished, are better than to have filled a great place on earth, and have a stained soul.—J. R. Miller.

Good men are God's latest self-revelation. It is a kind of revelation difficult to neglect, and impossible to dispute. Sainly character is unanswerable.—Zion's Herald.

A wry-faced woman is a canker-worm which eats out the peace of her husband, and that of her household. But a cheerful woman is a light in her home.—Ruskin.

It is better to be defeated unjustly than to achieve victory through wrong-doing. But there are many people—among them very well meaning people, who cannot understand it.

Dr. Parkhurst suggests that if the perseverance of the saints were equal to the perseverance of the sinners, this would be a greatly different and improved world.

It is a high achievement to love the truth, not only when the truth is welcome, but when it is unwelcome; not only when the truth favors our interests and assists our party, but when it destroys things that were making for our advantage and puts our pet cause in peril.