

## The Home Mission Journal.

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his family has sought to move in fashionable circles, or he has aspired to fill some office of trust and responsibility which he has not the ability to fill, or has received applause and honor which he knows he does not deserve. These are the utmost results for which he can hope in return for all the labor, pain, fear, and degradation to which he has submitted. Even these can last but a short time. The thin disguises he has assumed will soon be penetrated; the small gains he has extracted will be wrestled from him; his poverty of purse or mind or character will be exposed, and whatever real merit he may possess will be buried beneath the ruins of pretence. From such a downfall how few are able to rise to a life of honest reality.

### A Little Loving Life.

By ELEANOR LESUEUR MACNAUGHTON.  
CHAPTER VI.

THE task proved unexpectedly easy, for Philip Marshall had one of those rare characters which combine in almost equal measure tenderness and strength, and men came to him, not only with their sorrows, but with their sins. One noticed the strength first. Here was a man, indeed, one felt to be trusted, if need be, with life or death; but the tall, commanding form, dark, penetrating eyes and rugged, resolute features were, at the first glance, somewhat awe-inspiring. A closer acquaintance revealed sympathies so far-reaching that no form of human suffering could find him indifferent, and a depth of tenderness that was practically inexhaustible. There are hearts like the ocean, "feeding and bearing all," and Philip Marshall's was one of those.

So Mark, more easily than he could have thought possible, told him all his sad and sinful story, even to his purpose of self-destruction, from which the hands of a little child had gently drawn him back. Here he broke down.

"I can never tell you, sir, what that little fellow did for me, or how his words sounded to a man where I was then. It would ill become me to underrate your kindness; yet if I retrieve myself, I shall owe it first to him. It was the clasp of his little hand that dragged me from the mire. Oh, that I could have seen him again! It was a great blow to me when nurse Bell told me he had gone home." The tears stood in poor Mark's eyes. Mr. Marshall turned away as if to give him time to recover himself, but when he returned to the couch his own lashes were wet.

"Nurse tells me he was never in this room," said Mark, "and yet so often I fancied I saw him, all radiant as he stood in the sunset light. I suppose that my mind was wandering. Is it long, sir, since he went home?"

"He went home just ten days after you were taken ill," said Mr. Marshall, gravely. "But I may see him again some time," said Mark, "and the thought of him may keep me straight. If you will give me work, sir, no matter what it is, I shall try, as I never tried before, to do right, if only to be more fit to touch his little hand again."

"You will not be strong enough for some time to undertake such work as I could give you here," said Philip, "but in my lumber offices in Chester I hope to find you a place. My brother, Dr. Marshall, lives there, and—" he hesitated—"what I have to tell you will surprise you, but it is well now that you should know. A year

after your mother's death, your sister Evelyn married my brother, to whom she had long been engaged, and they have since lived in Chester, where he has a large practice."

"Then she is—can it be possible?" said Mark.

"Tell me, is she Toto's mother?"

"She is Toto's mother," said Philip, "and she helped to nurse you while you were unconscious. When reason returned the doctor advised us to wait till your strength had in some measure come back before making known to you her presence, but I think you might now see her. She is in the next room;—shall I ask her to come in?"

"Oh, do, sir," said Mark. "I believe I felt her near me through illness."

Philip opened the door of the adjoining room and Evelyn came in, eighteen years older than when he had last seen her, but even lovelier than in girlhood. She went at once to her brother, who held out his arms feebly. "Evelyn, Evelyn!" he cried; "oh, how little I deserve this happiness. Can you love me still?" for Evelyn had sunk down on a cushion by his side and put her arms about him. "I was never anything but a shame and a disgrace to you. Can you forgive me? Oh, Evelyn, I cannot tell you how my past life seems to me now. I was a soul in prison, bound in chains that I could not break. I was as one in a deathly, paralyzing sleep, and yet I did long for a wakening touch."

"I knew it, dear Mark," said Evelyn, "I never doubted it or ceased praying that God would send it." She lifted her face as she spoke, and now Mark noticed how white and wan she looked and how her sweet lips trembled as she tried to form a smile. He clasped her hand tightly as he said:

"And the touch came through your boy. That I should have part or lot in him seems too wonderful. I feel as if I hardly dare claim him as a nephew."

Evelyn once more lifted her woe-worn face, still wearing that strange smile, to her brother's. She tried to speak, and then a cloud of sorrow passed over her and all the mother-nature broke forth. "Oh, Mark!" she sobbed, "oh, my brother, he is dead, he is dead! My first-born and fairest, my sunshiny child! It is well with him, it must be well; but you do not, you cannot, know what towering hopes are hid in his coffin, what a treasure of love we have lost in him," and Evelyn buried her head in the cushions of her brother's couch.

Philip Marshall hastened to her side, and raising her up gently pointed to Mark, who lay back on the pillows in a faint. Restoratives were applied at once and when he had rallied Evelyn had recovered her self-command.

"Forgive me, dear Mark," she said, "I had not meant to speak of him to-day. You loved him, I know, for you talked of him and called for him in your illness; and my precious one spoke often of you, and was so pleased to know that you were his uncle—the uncle for whose return from a far country he had always been taught to pray. We called him Torrington, and the fact of his bearing our family name always seemed to connect him with you. I arrived with my two younger children the very day on which he was taken ill, so I was with him all the time. He did not suffer much, for he had been very ill in the spring, and was still in some ways so delicate that the fever found him an easy prey. He was so happy that he found you for me, and with almost his last gleam of consciousness he asked me to give you his picture and text. After he became delirious he still spoke of you, and the last words we caught were, "and tell him to be sure an member that the King has a wedding garment for every body."

Evelyn spoke gently, but the tears were streaming down Mark's cheeks.

"Evelyn," he said, "while I thought that your dear boy lived, I said to Mr. Marshall that if I could keep on my feet, it would be the clasp of his little hand that would help me; now I know that I shall persevere. What perhaps he could not have done for me on earth he will surely do in heaven. The clasp of his little hand has linked me to the God with whom he rests. I have arisen from the dead. Christ has given me light."

When a month later Evelyn and her children returned to Chester, Mark accompanied them.

A place suited to his capacity was found for him in one of the Marshall lumber offices, and he applied himself to business with a quiet assiduity that soon procured him advancement. Temptation often assailed him—none knew with what fearful strength—but the feeling that he could not yield, that he was, as it were, grappled to heaven, always gave him the victory, and at last he had his enemy under his feet.

A burning desire to make his experience useful to others pursued him, but for long a feeling of unworthiness prevented him from putting pen to paper. Some years since, however, a series of very remarkable articles ran through a paper, the chief aim of which is to shape the lives of young people to noble issues. These articles were written with such force and fire, such delicacy and strength, such intimate knowledge of the temptations that assail the young and particularly the beginnings of evil, they gave such noble counsels as to how these dangers were to be faced, and contained such tender and inspiring words of cheer for the discouraged, that they attracted much attention, but only to a few was Mark Torrington known as the author.

He is now a rich man, but he will neither provide himself with, nor allow to be supplied to him, more than the barest necessities of life. The balance of his income is devoted wholly to the different branches of rescue work. He spends much time in his own room, which is bare of adornment, except that above the bed there hangs a print of the "The Marriage Feast," surmounted by an illuminated text; and on the opposite wall, where it catches the rays of the setting sun, a lovely oil painting of a merry little lad of six or seven. A large de I writing table stands below this picture, and much of the inspiration to be found in his articles is drawn, Mark says, from the sweet face that smiles down at him.

[THE END]

### The Three Doorways of Christian Life.

ONE of the most beautiful conceptions ever expressed in the language of architecture—a true poem in stone—is embodied in the construction of a famous Italian cathedral. To enter this magnificent structure, one must pass through two vestibules, each with an arched doorway. Over the first door is carved a wreath of roses, typifying the entrance to the vestibule of pleasure. Over the doorway to the second vestibule, which is larger than the first, is carved a cross, to indicate that this is the gateway to suffering. When one passes through the second vestibule and enters by another door the grand rose-windowed and marble-pillared cathedral itself, the first thing that meets the eye, at the apex of the magnificent arch above the altar is a circle twined with sprays of amaranth, enclosing the words, "Eternal Love."

The beautiful thought of the architect, thus uttered in stone, sinks into the mind of the beholder with touching effect. This grand cathedral, one perceives, is intended to represent the meaning of life with its varied and contrasted experiences. Joy comes first, youthful radiant unalloyed; but it is only for a little while.

The vestibule of the rose wreath is small and narrow. Soon we pass through it and enter the gateway of suffering, of self-denial, of sacrifice, of burden-bearing. This is the larger of the two rooms, the two experiences through which we must pass before life's full meaning is revealed to us. More of life is under the cross than under the wreath. Humanity bears the cross longer, and with a deeper consciousness of its significance, than it wears the wreath. Even the happiest soul knows more of suffering and sacrifice than of pure enjoyment.

But both the joy and suffering of earth are merely introductory and preparatory. Sorrow as well as joy endureth but for a season. In a little while we have passed through the vestibules of life, and the glory of its larger, its eternal meaning flashes upon us—Eternal love!—that is the purpose, the glory, the goal of our being. A little earthly joy first, as a hint of what heaven's supreme bliss may be. A little suffering—not so very much, after all except as compared with our joy—and then through these transitory, preparatory experiences, we come to understand the