

The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Temperance work, and a reporter of church and ministerial activities, and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly.

All communications, whether containing money or other wise are to be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,
Cunard Street, St. John, (North) N. B.

Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

Rosecroft.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

CHAPTER V.

MISS Diantha had other qualities beside her sterling Christian character and dainty housewifely qualities that won for her the admiration and respect of the literary people of Berwick. She was a natural student, with a rich and well furnished mind and an intense desire for knowledge. Her Aunt Grace, herself an accomplished woman, with an exquisite gift for painting, had carefully trained her niece, and in her own quiet, unselfish way, had made real sacrifices to send Diantha to an excellent private Academy in Berwick. The young girl graduated there at eight and, for some years after was a teacher in the academy, enjoying the work, and delighted that she could now assist the dear aunt that had done so much for her. But a great sorrow was approaching them, and when Diantha was twenty five Aunt Grace had a stroke of paralysis that deprived her of the use of her hands. It was a great affliction to the active, capable woman, who had spent her life caring for others, but she trained herself to look upon the bright side even of this infirmity. She accepted it as she had all her innocent joys and pleasures, with an unflinching trust in God. She was the most uncomplaining of invalids, while on the other hand, Diantha and Janet were all devotion to her. Diantha had resigned her position in the academy that she might give more time to her aunt, but in order to eke out their income, and procure comforts for the invalid she gave lectures on English literature and art four times a week to classes of ladies who found in her the most delightful of teachers. English literature she had taught successfully for years, and her knowledge of art was remarkable. Her pupils often declared that they believed she knew more about pictures and sculpture than half the people who visited the galleries in Europe, and then, besides, she illustrated her art lectures so admirably with engravings and casts that she and her aunt had been collecting for years. Her gift of language also was so rich and plentiful and her enthusiasm sincere and infectious. Yet, with all her rare intelligence, Diantha Hathaway was always modest and happy in imparting knowledge, never making a pedantic parade of her attainments.

With a mind that shrank from the faintest suggestion of coarseness, with a nature so charitable that she seemed the very embodiment of the love that thinketh no evil, no wonder Diantha won the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. Yet it was in her own home and with her few intimate friends that her character exhaled its richest fragrance, and those who knew her best loved her most. For, sincere and tender-hearted as she was, she was naturally reticent and unobtrusive. She would never be one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, for days to peck at."

When she was thirty years old, her aunt gently "fell asleep" one winter afternoon. Diantha felt as if she had lost her own mother. She had been so brave and cheerful during the last five years that not even Aunt Grace, so unselfish and considerate had dreamed what a strain these years had been upon her niece, in body and mind. And now came this crowning sorrow, for if Diantha's body had been weary sometimes her love and courage had never failed, and she had always found it a delight to minister to the beloved aunt who had done so much for her. And how she missed her gracious presence and her motherly sympathy and counsels. There was not a rebellious thought in her heart, and

she could rejoice in her aunt's happiness, but the reaction came after the strain, and Diantha fell an easy prey to an epidemic of pneumonia that was just then raging in the town. By means of kind nursing and the aid of a skillful doctor, she escaped with her life, but she was not able to go out till mild spring days set in, and she never became as strong as before. The following winter she was ordered South by her physician, and when she returned she found things considerably changed. Other lecturers on literature and art, ladies who had won quite a name for themselves in the great city an hour's journey away, had appeared in Berwick and become very popular there. Diantha was crowded out, but she accepted the situation gracefully. She was not strong enough now, and was too much attached to her home to apply for a situation in a school, but she was a graceful, charming writer, and her articles from time to time found a place in various journals, and in this way she managed to add something to her slender income.

Such was the little lady who, on this eventful September afternoon, sat apart in a corner, waiting for her sisters to speak out their wishes. Mrs. Shell-drake, she was sure, had already made up her mind to adopt Maud, while Mrs. Honeywell, a rich, childless widow, was certain to carry off the twins. How Miss Diantha's heart yearned over those three children, pretty as rose-buds! But Minerva and Gertrude never dreamed of consulting her wishes, and besides, why did her own heart, that gentle, unselfish heart, set up a plea for Eliza in spite of secret fears and trembling? Eliza, unruly, scowling, unattractive—what a discordant element to introduce into her peaceful, well-ordered, pretty little home! Would it not really be wiser to agree to her sisters' suggestion, send her to some good boarding school, to remain there till she graduated? Why did the gentle little Christian lady's heart and conscience rise up in reproach against her at the thought, and again put in their plea for the unfortunate child?

Mrs. Shell-drake glanced again at Eliza, then at the three girls, who though flushed and excited during these moments of suspense, felt comfortably assured on the whole that they would be well taken care of. If they had been ugly and bad-tempered, like Eliza, the pretty little Pharisées argued to themselves, it would have been a different matter; no wonder nobody wanted her, the disagreeable girl, who had never been allowed to study or play with them.

Mrs. Shell-drake took off her glasses, and turning to her sisters, said in her abrupt, decided way:

"I'll take Maud and bring her up as if she were my own child. With five sons at home, that's all I can undertake, but it will be nice to have a daughter in the house, and if Maud is a good dutiful child to me and her uncle Shell-drake, we shall do well by her. Eh, Maud, do you want to go with me?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Minerva, and thank you very much," Maud answered promptly. Though a little afraid of her aunt Shell-drake, the shrewd child, too shrewd for her years, felt pretty sure she could get on with her. And then Mr. Shell-drake was good-natured and indulgent, and it would be nice to have five big brothers. What a pet they made of her when she made them that three-months' visit soon after her mother's death! They all wanted to adopt her then, and her uncle and aunt were very angry because Mr. Fullerton would not consent to the arrangement.

"Very well, that's settled then," said Aunt Minerva, pleased with Maud's prompt response. "And now, Gertrude, it's your turn to choose. I suppose you want your namesake in any event, but it would be a pity to separate the twins, and as you have no children—"

"Dear me, Minerva, suppose you let me speak for myself," said Mrs. Honeywell, in a tone of drawing protest. "You always want to settle things for everybody."

"It will be a good deal of care for me, she went on, "adopting two small children, and I not in the best of health either. But if I find the burden too great, perhaps Diantha will take Gladys off my hands—"

"Oh, please Aunt Gerty, take us both!" whimpered the twins in one breath. For though they often squabbled, they were fond of each other in their phlegmatic way, and did not like the idea of a separation.

"We'll be so good, Aunt Gerty, never make

you a bit of trouble," said Gladys. Then stealing up to their aunt, and gently putting their arms around her neck, the little girls stood there, making a pretty and touching picture. Mrs. Honeywell's heart swelled agreeably at this demonstration upon their part, and she said in a voice of good-natured chiding:

"Then, there, what a to-do, when I said I would keep you both if you were not too much care! If you are good, obedient little girls and never make any trouble for me, your teachers and the servants, we shall get on nicely together." She looked complacently at the lovely pair, thinking how many pretty costumes could be devised for them, and what a sensation they would create, when dressed exactly alike they would make their debut in society.

"I suppose, Diantha, you are relieved not to have the care of a child," she said turning to her sister with a patronizing air. "You have lived in that old madish way so long that it would quite upset your prim little establishment."

Diantha did not seem to notice the slight sneer in Mrs. Honeywell's velvet tones. She was looking intently at Eliza's tragic face, in which some hurt feeling at being completely ignored seemed mingled with hatred and defiance.

"I was just thinking," said Miss Hathaway, in a gentle, somewhat faltering voice, that I would adopt Eliza, if she is willing to come with me."

(To be Continued.)

God is Not Poor.

OH, this ignorance of God, of the Christian life, of the blessedness of consecration to His joyous service! Alas, most Christians are enduring their religion, instead of enjoying it.

God is not poor. Yet the majority of His people act as though He were, as though He could not "open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing as there shall not be room enough to receive it." They seek pleasure elsewhere than from Him whose "blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow," whose "commandments are not grievous."

True Christians find their life their proper element—the world has nothing to give them. Just as a bird finds the air suits its wings and a fish finds the water suit its fins, so we Christians find that God, who made our hearts, from which come the issues of lives, has given them perfect joys to suit them. Yes, this He does if we only yield ourselves to Him we will find His ways inexpressibly blessed. This is life. Any other way is existence.

I plead for God to be given a chance to bless our lives and our churches. And this can only be done by leaving Him tune the strings of our hearts so that He can strike upon them and make melody and harmony akin to that of heaven. And if our hearts are thus attuned by Him, the lives we live together in our churches will be as harmonious, perfect and effective as possible, and our singing, praying and speaking will be the expression of this. Then there'd be no more dull prayer-meetings, no more useless church services, but the people's hearts would burn within them as they spoke one to another and sinners would be converted.

For me, I'd done with the world at conversion. I found that the friendship of the world was enmity against God. *And I never forgot it.* I want nothing from the world; I need it has nothing to give; but as a Christian I want, O, how I want to give it my life, as the Master gave His. God help me. And I know all loyal souls say the same.

Now about our work as churches. Are we not making a mistake in asking the world, as we do so much, to pay for the sustenance of the Lord's work? It appears that we are endeavoring to make the "goats pay for the pasturage of the sheep." Dr. Josiah Strong said some years ago that the church members of the United States possessed not less than fifteen billions of dollars, and that this was increasing at the rate of \$500,000,000 annually. Yet with the enormous amount at the disposal of Christians today, the churches are begging and enticing money from the people of the world through oyster suppers, Washington teas, Old Maids' entertainments, etc., etc. Our dear Brother C. A. Cook, who is God's mouthpiece to bring the churches