

The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Colportage work. Published semi-monthly by the Committee of the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick.

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

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,
34 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

All money letters should be addressed to

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Terms, - - - 50 Cents a Year

old Dutch Church on Fulton street, New York. What a revival that was! Silent, mysterious, marvellous, the church still enjoys the ministrations and services of the men born in it. Do we dare to declare that God will never come again, as he came before, almost unheralded? May He not be as likely to come again, if we wait on him in daily service of prayer and praise, in our own sanctuaries, homes and hearts? Is He not more likely to, than if we make elaborate preparations, and forget to pray? Pentecost was introduced by a protracted prayer-meeting. Perhaps we had better imitate this ancient example. It certainly would have the merit of novelty, for prayer is almost a "lost art." Surely if we enter this century in the spirit of prayer, and continue to wait on him, the blessing can't long be delayed. The revival will then come, after God's plan, not ours; and until we are ready for God's plan, it will never come. But when we counsel prayer, let us remember that it must be genuine prayer, not the mere breath of the lips, but the sincerest language of the heart. At first we may not pray as we ought, but soon helped of that Holy Spirit, who teacheth us how to pray, we shall "move the arm that moves the world."

A Little Loving Life.

By ELEANOR LESCEUR MACNAUGHTON.

CHAPTER IV.

TOTO'S face had sobered a little. "When I speak of mother it makes me want her so much," he said. "You know how it feels to be away from our mothers. At first I thought I couldn't stay here at all. But she will be here soon," he added, brightly. "She and Lyn and Baby Phil, and then we'll have a real good feast, and I'll be sure to 'bite you."

Mark smiled grimly. "Next week; where would he be then?" But the child's sweatiness deserved a reply, and he said: "You are very kind, but I am going a long way off, and I shall not be here."

"That will be a pity," said Toto, "but I hope you will have a nice time and plenty of 'ventures; that is what I'd like, nice ones I mean, not like that bad 'venture, the man who fell among fieves. Did you every fall among fieves, Mr. Mark?"

"Yes," said Mark, bitterly, "many times."
"And did they wound you and take away your things?" said Toto, with wide open eyes.

"Yes," said Mark.
The child's eyes filled with tears. "That's dreffe," he said. "I did not know there were fieves like that now. Did they take everything?"

"They left me nothing," said Mark.
Toto was feeling in his pocket and quickly extracted a knife. "I was so afraid I'd left it at home," he said. "Do take it, Mr. Mark. Father gave it to me on my last birthday, and I never had a knife before, and I'd feel awful if fieves took it; but when I think how they took all your things I just want to give it to you, and I hope you will soon meet a S'mallitan."

"A what?" said Mark.
"A S'mallitan, a kind man that will put you on his beast and take you to a hotel and just do everything for you. There was one in the story about the fieves."

The meal was over and Toto was clearing away the dishes. "I must go now," said Mark, rising from his chair, but had he not grasped the child's shoulder he would have fallen. "Oh, you

are very ill," said Toto. "You must not go, you must lie down on my bed. Sammy lay there when he had the toothache, and he said the smell of the pine made him better. See, we fix it up this way," and from a chest in the room Toto brought forth a patchwork quilt and spread it over the fragrant heap of pine tassels and twigs of balsam fir. Then a pine pillow was dragged out and adjusted and the bed was made.

"Come now," said the coaxing yet decided little voice, and once more leaning on the child's shoulder, Mark staggered across the room and sank down upon the odorous bed. The recumbent position relieved the giddiness, and when Toto with his little handkerchief dipped in water had bathed the hot head and hands, a sense of comfort stole over him, and smiling faintly, he said, "You ought to be a doctor some day, my little man; you make me feel better already."

Toto flushed with pleasure. "Have I really?" he said, and then, "but I ought to know something, for I often hear father tell mother how to take care of sick people, and when she has a headache she lets me sit beside her and bathe her head with Florida water."

While the little lad talked Mark's eyes wandered to the picture of the Marriage Feast, and he said, "Why do you like that picture?"

"Because I think the story is such a pretty one," said Toto. "Mother told it to me when I was recovering from my illness, and I liked to think of the king and of how he wanted everyone to come to his feast. Do not you like it?" he asked, anxiously.

"No I do not," said Mark, almost fiercely. "I do not like to see that poor fellow going to be put out because he has no fine clothes."

"Oh," said Toto, "do not you know? The king had a wedding garment all ready for him. In that country the kings gave wedding garments to the people they invited, and when they were so kind, it was rude to go to the feast in their sailor suits or their highway clothes. If you were asked to a lovely wedding feast, and were offered a wedding garment, would you not go in your highway clothes, would you?" said Toto, earnestly.

"No, I would not wear these clothes," said Mark, "but perhaps that poor fellow did not know about the wedding garment, and anyway, I think it was cruel to put him into the outer darkness." He waited with an interest that surprised himself for the child's reply, which was slow in coming.

"I—I wish mother was here," he said. "I'm afraid I cannot explain it well; but the man did know, for the king was, oh, so kind, and he was sorry to send the man out. Even when he saw him in his common old clothes he did not get angry and say 'get out of my palace.' He said 'Friend,' and asked him why; and when the man heard him say 'Friend'—the sweet voice thrilled over the word—he couldn't make any 'scuse, he was speechless."

Toto wet his little handkerchief again and spread it over Mark's hot brow and brought him a glass of cold water; then, seating himself in the old rocking-chair, he said, "I'm sure you'll be 'sprised, but mother says we all have wedding garments and can wear them every day."

"What do you say?" said Mark.
"I know it would astonish you, but it is like this: God is a king, and he loves everybody and makes feasts for them. When I was small" here the little fellow straightened himself, "I thought a feast meant only something to eat; but mother says our eyes and ears and hearts can have feasts too, and God gives them to us—flowers and birds and trees and clouds—and he wants to give us some of himself, too, some of his own spirit, and that is our wedding garment, for when we have it we see how lovely everything is, and we love everybody and want to do right; but, if we won't have it, we can't enjoy the feast any more than I could enjoy my picture if I kept my eyes shut."

There was silence for a few minutes, during which the child looked straight before him with a far-away look in his deep blue eyes. Then he said, "I know I do not explain it well; I cannot remember it all; but I feel it, I feel it here," and the little fellow pressed his hand on his heart.

(To be Continued.)

The highest manhood resides in disposition.

Doing and Not Doing.

"SIR," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston and addressing a well-known merchant. "Have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.
"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

What have you done?
I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years.

What have you not done?
Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That is enough," said the gentleman. "You may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff.—*Christian Leader.*

The Power that Subdues Selfishness.

SOME Christians are bountiful fruit bearers and the reason is that they draw all their supplies of grace and all their inspiration of daily conduct from their deep-graven heart union to Jesus. Love of Jesus is the motive that subdues selfishness, and loyalty to Jesus holds them as stout roots hold a tree amid the blast of Winter's tempests, or under the Summer's parching droughts.

Glorious old Paul was always abounding in the work of the Lord, and he tells the secret of it when he said, "Christ liveth in me." A drought never effects a well rooted Christian whose soul is in constant connection with the fountain head of all spiritual power.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

Pilgrims With Shining Faces.

A young man who had listened without repentance to many sermons intended to convert sinners, once heard a sermon by Dr. Addison Alexander on 'A city which hath foundations,' read aloud in a parlor full of Christians. In a short time he called upon the pastor to ask what he must do to be saved, and said he had had no peace since hearing that sermon.

What was there in that sermon to bring you to repentance? asked the preacher.

Ah, said the young man, I looked around and saw a room full of people on their way to heaven; their faces shining with joy and hope; but I had no part in it, and I stopped and asked myself for the first time, 'Where then, are you going?'

Prof. I. A. Baker, of Huntington University, told us he recently paid half a dollar to go in and witness a football game so that he might be able to judge for himself, and in a practical way, as to whether he would allow it in his excellent school. His conclusion was that the game was too brutal and barbarous to be tolerated among civilized people. In our judgment his verdict is a correct one. We are entirely unable to see how Baptist colleges reconcile themselves to the toleration of such a barbarity.—*Baptist Flag.*

A Baptist church must do better work than other churches in the community or its existence there will not be favored. A Baptist College must do as good work as the State University or retire from the field. We must not ask our young people to take poor equipment for life in the name of piety. It is not pious. We must make Baptist Colleges as inviting in every way as any other school, no matter what the cost. Some think if our people do too well for education they will neglect some other phase of our work. Not at all. Baptists have all the money now that God sees they use properly. When we do well with this, God will give us more. 'Give and it will be given unto you.'