

## 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.

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Rosecroft.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

### CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE three great-aunts who had come out to Colorado to attend Claude Fullerton's funeral and look after their nieces were seated in the large handsome library, where we found them at the opening of our story.

Mrs. Sheldrake, Eliza's particular aversion, was a tall, imposing-looking woman of about fifty-eight years. Her hair, once jet-black, was now thickly threaded with gray, but her large, tall figure was perfectly straight; in fact, she had quite a military bearing. Her keen, black-berry-tinged eyes scrutinized you through the gold eyeglasses perched upon her Roman nose, in a superior, critical way, quite embarrassing to a diffident person. She looked what she was a hard-headed, business-like woman of the world, as thoroughly satisfied with herself as she was imperious and critical toward others.

Mrs. Honeywell, three years younger was short and stout. Her round-shouldered pillow figure was the secret despair of her fashionable dressmakers; but she had a handsome face, large lustrous eyes, much the color of a black pansy, and a profusion of light-brown hair, in whose rippling masses there was scarcely a gleam of white, despite her age. Mrs. Honeywell had a voice soft and musical, quite a contrast to her sister Minerva's imperious, high-pitched tones, and a gentle manner that was misleading. For at heart she was as selfish and as keen to look out for her own interests at the expense of other people as Mrs. Sheldrake.

The third sister and the youngest, Miss Diantha Hathaway, looked quite unlike the others; for she was petite and graceful, with a face like a white rose that has lost its first freshness, but has still a fragile beauty of its own. Though she was barely fifty, her hair had an exquisite silver hue. She looked like a pink, as Eliza had reflected, somewhat caressingly, even after her long journey. Her gray traveling suit, and the little black bonnet with its cluster of violets in front, the black kid gloves upon her tiny hands, all looked as fresh as if she had just started. Her expression was full of kindness, and there was something almost childlike in its innocence and purity, something timid and appealing, too, though this lovely face had character, and the little lady bore herself with gentle dignity.

Her mother, a noble Christian woman, had died when Diantha was only two years old. Among her last requests was an urgent one that her baby might be given to her only sister Grace, who was a childless widow. Mr. Hathaway was willing, and Grace Vernon gladly adopted the child, and found a balm for her own sorrow in bringing up this motherless little girl. When she died, nearly thirty years after, Diantha felt that she had lost a second mother. As her father had passed away two years before, and her two sisters were married, she determined to

remain in the little vine-wreathed cottage which her aunt had bequeathed to her, and in which they had lived so long and happily together. It was situated in a pretty country town in New Jersey, and Diantha had no wish to leave this rural home and the beloved church of which she had been a member so many years for new scenes in a great city. Her sisters had both suggested, in a half-hearted way, that she should rent or sell the cottage, and make her home with them by turns. But Diantha would have preferred her independence, even if the invitation had been more warmly worded. Besides the cottage her aunt had left her a legacy in money—not large, for Mrs. Vernon was not wealthy—and her father had bequeathed her a few thousands, leaving the bulk of his immense property to his son and the elder daughters who had pleased him by making what he called brilliant marriages. He had never forgiven Diantha for refusing to marry a friend of his whom she had met while on a visit to her father's house. This man was not only a decided skeptic, but coarse-minded and tyrannical. That mattered little, however, to Mr. Hathaway. The suitor was immensely rich, and that was enough. Exasperated with Diantha for her gentle, but firm refusal and with her aunt for upholding the young girl in her disobedience he resolved to punish his daughter by leaving her but a small legacy, and that only for her mother's sake. For he had really loved the gentle, Christian woman, though he was so unlike her, but instead of trying to fill her place by another marriage, he invited a maiden sister to live with him, who was as worldly-minded and ambitious as himself. Under these influences the two elder daughters grew up very unlike their mother, for though Gertrude seemed to have inherited her gentleness, she was really selfish at heart. Mrs. Fullerton was the daughter of their only brother, and we have seen what her training must have been.

Miss Diantha's income, though not large, was sufficient for her simple way of living, and she always had something to spare for others. She was much beloved in Berwick for her beautiful character, and for the kindness with which she ministered to the poor, or to any who needed her sympathy and help. A competent house mistress, she had carefully trained Rosie, the young Scotch-Irish girl who came to her after Janet a faithful colored servant had been laid to rest in the peaceful Berwick cemetery. Rosie, who had entered the cottage a raw, inexperienced trembling girl of seventeen, had developed, during the years that followed into a most valuable servant. Honest, capable, thrifty, devotedly attached to her mistress, she had come to be Miss Hathaway's right hand, and the little lady was much envied by less fortunate housekeepers.

(To be Continued.)

### N. W. FORTÉ MISSIONS.

At the request of the Board I have undertaken the superintendency of the fields for the coming year. It is my purpose if spared to visit each in turn and confer with the churches and laborers directly. I shall be glad to receive information as to their needs at any time. Quite a number of promising candidates are seeking the work and with the Divine blessing upon our efforts good results may be attained.

I would like to ask the missionaries in future to direct their reports and communications to me at 29 High St., St. John. Churches and fields requiring student labor will also write at once. Will the members of the Board take note that Quarterly Meeting in June is deferred until the 9th inst? This is done in order to give the former secretary time to get in all the reports up to June 1st.

W. E. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

### Power of the Sweeter Song.

We can fight the world's evil best, not merely by trying to shut it out of our life, or ward it off, but by having our heart so full of good that the power of the evil will be more than counter-balanced. In the old legend the sirens sang so sweetly that all who sailed near their home in the sea were fascinated and drawn to their shore only to be destroyed. Some tried to get safely past the enchanted spot by putting wax in their ears, so that they should not hear the luring, bewitching strains. But Orpheus, when he came found a better way. He made music on his own ship which surpassed in sweetness that of the sirens, and thus their strains had no power over his men.

The best way to break the charm of this world's alluring voices is not to try to shut out the music by stopping our ears, but to have our hearts filled with the sweeter music of the joy of Christ. Then temptation will not have power over us, because there is a mightier power within us. A deep love for Christ is the best antidote against the debasing influences of sin.

THE KAM'S HORN.

The influence of beauty is universal, and influence to which every one will confess himself susceptible, whether it be the beautiful in nature or in art. But the beauty of the human face is perhaps the most impressive, and yet there are few who think that it depends at all on cultivation. The commonly received idea is that one is born good or ill looking, and cannot help himself, which is a very injurious notion.

There may be cultivated upon every face an enchanting beauty—an expression which will kindle admiration in every one who looks upon it, which will attract attention and win love far more than any mere physical combination, any perfection of form or coloring.

The psychologist insists that the character is indelibly stamped up on the face—that what one uniformly thinks and feels, traces itself in unmistakable lines on the brow and cheek.

It may seem a foolish motive to present to a child the desire to be beautiful, and it might very easily be misconstrued and misapplied.

To attempt to cultivate the expression without the qualities of heart on which it alone depends, would be very likely to stamp upon the face a meaningless simper, a hypocritical smile which would be anything but pleasing. Our first impressions of a person are derived from the expression of the face and manner.

We hear every day the expression, "There is a good face, I like that countenance," or "What pleasing manners," and these are generally true indications of character. And a face from which we involuntarily shrink, will be almost sure to belong to a character from which we should shrink.

A woman called one day on the late Dr. Chalmers in great distress of mind. "Oh, Doctor," she asked, "what must I do to get peace?" "Do!" replied the Doctor: "Nothing!" exclaimed the discomfited inquirer: "Nothing! is that all the comfort you have for me?" "Yes, that's all," said the Doctor, "you have nothing to do; but you have something to take. It's all done. Christ has done it. He has bought a pardon and peace for you, and you have just to take it." "I see it, I see it," replied the woman joyfully, and left in peace.—Sel.

—Prof. Henry C. Vedder, D.D., in his new book on "The Baptists," says: "According to the best statistics obtainable, which are by no means complete, there are now in the entire world 58,000 Baptist churches, with 5,454,700 members. Adding the numbers of those sects that are essentially Baptist, the grand old total is nearly 6,000,000 of whom four-fifths are found on the American continent." This shows a remarkable growth, and affords ground for great thanksgiving, especially when it is remembered that the greater proportion of this growth has taken place in the last 150 years.