

## The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Temperance work, and a repository of church and ministerial activities, and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly. All communications, except money remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,  
14 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.  
All money letters should be addressed to  
REV. I. H. HUGHES,  
Charles Street, St. John North.

Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

Rosecroft.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

### CHAPTER I.

"**T**HINK of those two cold-blooded heartless women! Looking us over through their gold eye-glasses as if we were samples of dry goods instead of being their own nieces, see them whispering together and shaking their heads! And that little old maid in the corner eyes me in such a frightened way, as if she fancied she might have to adopt the 'black sheep' in spite of herself. She needn't be frightened—I'd rather be whipped than go with any of them, and I'll tell them so too! It would do me good, they've showed so unmistakably that they don't want me. Aunt Diantha was the only one who offered to kiss me, and she did it in a frightened way, as if I were a cat that might scratch her.

"How pretty she is, though," mused Eliza Hardy, after another hasty glance at the lady in the corner," and looks as meek as a lamb. But her gentleness may be only skin deep, and she's so aggravatingly prim! Neat as a pink after that long journey, looks as if she'd traveled in a hand-box all the way! If she carried me off, I'd be the death of the poor lady, or she of me, before a week was out! And then Rags, poor Rags, he'd surely die for want of me! No, I'll hire out as a cash girl, or to work in a factory, and then my poor dear dog can share a room with me, somewhere."

A tear was gathering in Eliza's eye, but she forced it back, looking all the sulkier because she fancied "those aunts" would notice her emotion. The scowl on her thin, dark face certainly made it very unattractive; what a contrast she was to her pretty half-sisters, who, seated apart from her upon a sofa, their arms about each other's waists, looked like three apple-blossoms in a row. All three had delicate white and rose-complexions, blue eyes and soft flaxen hair curling in ringlets. Gertrude and Gladys were twins, seven years old, but so large for their age that they looked nearly as tall as Maud, a fairy-like creature of ten. She had not their cherubic plumpness, and her face had decidedly more character than her sisters.

All three were in white, for their late father, Claude Fullerton, detested mourning, and would not allow the four children to be dressed in black even when their mother died two years before. And as he had made a special stipulation in his will that no one should wear mourning for him, his wishes were respected. Not that he had any religious scruples upon the subject; it was only his natural shrinking from anything lugubrious or funereal. He had died as he had lived, believing that death was an "eternal sleep," his only regret that he must leave so soon this pleasant earth, where he had led an easy, self-indulgent, epicurean life for nearly forty years.

Unfortunately for the four children, their mother's influence had been almost as pernicious as his. A handsome woman, brilliant in a super-

ficial way, passionately fond of society and amusement, she found little time to spare for her family. Yet in her own selfish way she was fond of her gay, good-natured husband, and her three youngest daughters. For Eliza, the child of her first marriage, she cared little; perhaps she reminded her too much of Mr. Hardy, that morose hard-featured man, of whom both mother and daughter were very much afraid. Though Eliza was only three years old when he died, she retained for some time the painful remembrance of his harsh looks and tones, and the severe whippings she often received from him in spite of her tender age.

Mrs. Hardy was married again in a year. Her second husband was just the opposite of her first, and little Eliza might have learned to love the gay, easy-tempered man, if he had seemed to care for her. But though he never punished her in any way, and supplied her liberally with money, bonbons and playthings, the secret yearning of her heart for his affection was never gratified. The quick-witted child felt instinctively that her presence annoyed him, that she was too plain and awkward to please this beauty-loving father, and as she grew older she learned more and more to keep out of his way. "There, run off and play, little girl; papa's busy," he would say, as he patted her head without looking at her; but often a few minutes later, stealing past the arbor where she had left him with his book and cigar, she would see him showering caresses upon his own beautiful little Maud, who was always brought to him when he took his "after-noon coffee" alone in the garden. It was a pretty sight, the handsome young father frolicking with his "Queen Titania," as he playfully called the tiny creature on account of her elf-like beauty, and the little imperious airs that amused him so much. The nursemaid, hovering near, thought him the nicest father and the most good-natured gentleman she had ever seen, "so free with his money, too!" None of the trio noticed the tragic little face peering through the vine-leaves a moment, nor observed that Eliza had sped away, to sob out her grief and anger in some secluded corner.

The child saw almost as little of her beautiful young mother as of her step-father. Mrs. Fullerton was too absorbed in balls, receptions, garden parties and the Library Club, of which she was a member, to give much time to her family. Why, she asked superciliously, should she make a domestic drudge of herself when she had a capable housekeeper, and several servants, with two nursemaids and two governesses to look after the children?

Her husband owned a beautiful place in a suburban town of Colorado. The large, handsome house was surrounded by three acres of land, most tastefully laid out. The grounds included a large grove in the rear, that was the delight and solace of Eliza's heart. Here she spent much of her leisure time during the pleasant months, and here, even in winter, she and "Rags," a homely little dog whom she had ransomed from some boys who were going to drown him, would sport and frolic for hours. For Eliza was too hardy and robust, too much of a young Spartan, to dread the frost and snow, like her delicately nurtured sisters.

We have called her plain; but if she had not been so thin, the description would scarcely have suited her. When twelve years old there seemed scarcely any flesh on her bones, and perhaps the servants were right when they declared that she worked it off, rowing, swimming, skating, tramping around the country like a little wild girl. Yet an artist might have made a picturesque study of her face, with its brown gypsy complexion, its background of magnificent black

hair, and the brown eyes full of fire, yet darkening often with a pensive shadow. A sympathetic observer could have read in their depths the story of a clouded childhood, of love and aspirations as yet unsatisfied. But her own mother never understood the girl, never dreamed that she had natural gifts that needed to be trained and developed, and a warm, generous heart that yearned to love and be loved in return. When she thought of her at all, it was with a feeling of impatience, almost of repulsion, as a sulky, intractable child, so homely, awkward and brusque that she was ashamed to have her seen by her fastidious friends. Eliza was early made to understand that when her mother was entertaining guests, she was expected to keep entirely out of the way.

To be Continued.

### How to Reach the Masses who do not Attend Church.

The Salvation Army method is one way. Go out and seek them. If need be, use drum and cornet, anything to draw the attention of the careless and win a hearing for the message. This is successful up to a certain point and with a certain class. But it will not avail with the great mass of those outside the church. It does not and can not reach the many educated nonchurchgoers. The use of proper and improper devices in the modification of the church service to suit imagined demands also in some places has swollen audiences for a time, but rarely with any permanent advantage. Experience proves that nothing draws so well or holds steadily as the old Gospel. The churches best filled, and with the largest proportion of those desired to be reached, are those where the Cross of Christ is held up most constantly as the one hope of the sinner. This indicates the one hopeful method of reaching the unchurched. It is by faithful preaching, so enthusiastic with zeal for Christ those who are of the Church, that every member of the Church becomes a seeker of souls. Every preacher must be a pastor as well; each Christian a seeker after those without. The use of social prestige, friendly persuasion, wise tact in influencing the one nearest us, will go far, farther than aught else, in winning to the Church those who are without.—*Christian Intelligence.*

### Preaching to the Unconverted.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

I am convinced that with happy exceptions there has been a decline of direct, pointed, faithful and persuasive preaching to the unconverted. Too many discourses are addressed to nobody in particular; preaching to Christians has been relatively overdone, and preaching to the impenitent underdone. I do not mean denunciations that only irritate, or mere hortations that are often a waste of breath. I mean that the preacher should hold up the ugliness and the doom of sin before the sinner's eye that he should feel his own guiltiness, and so present Jesus Christ that that sinner should flee to Him as his only Saviour. "Warn them from me," is God's solemn injunction to every minister, he has therefore no more right to cap Sinai or conceal hell than he has to hide the sin-atonement cross of Calvary. In short, I mean logic set on fire by love.

Ministers ought to go back to the fountainhead, and remember that 'esus Christ ' began to preach, and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." They ought to remember that Peter began the great apostolic campaign by preaching repentance to the unconverted, and Paul ceased