

The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XVI.

Elsie had rung the bell but a few minutes when a crowd of men and boys came rushing into the yard, shouting excitedly to know what was the matter. Meantime, Miss Hathaway had come to, though still dazed from the chloroform, and was asking in bewildered tones what the trouble was.

"It's all right now, dear Auntie," said Elsie, as she stopped ringing. "Help has come. No, it's not fire," she replied to the crowd below. "But a burglar whom I left locked up in the closet in Aunt Diantha's room. I only hope he hasn't broken down the door."

There was a laugh and a cheer at Elsie's coolness, though in reality the girl's nerves had been strained almost to the point of collapse, and she was ready to succumb as soon as the necessity for courage and self-control should have passed. She was not aware of this herself, however, and when a burly constable, stepping forward, asked: "Which room is it, miss?" she answered in the same composed tone as before: "It's the room opposite this—overlooks the garden in the rear."

"Come on, Jim!" exclaimed the constable to a companion, and the two hurried to the rear of the house, followed by some of the men and boys. A few firemen who had come to the scene with an engine, divided their forces, some joining the constables, others keeping watch over the front of the house. Mr. Hunsdale, who had come to the rescue promptly with two dogs and a revolver, had followed the constables.

"Elsie, dear child, you're sure you're not mistaken, that it wasn't a nightmare?" asked Miss Hathaway, who, though still sick and dizzy, had regained full consciousness. "It would be terrible to have aroused the town for nothing! How could a burglar have got into my room and I not know it?"

"Well, Auntie," replied the girl, with the slightest touch of tartness in her voice. "I locked him into the closet myself, and am sure I didn't do it in a nightmare. There's Rosie!" running to the door and unlocking it. "Come in quick, Rosie, for the burglar may have escaped from the closet and he wouldn't be pleasant to meet just now!" As she spoke, she locked the door again.

"I hope it's not your wits that have broke loose, Miss Elsie," said the agitated Rosie, who, hastily dressed in a calico skirt and jacket, held a lighted candle in one hand and the detested pistol with its muzzle turned toward the ground in the other. "A pretty story it would be for the papers—how we had our yard full of constables, fire engines and dogs, at this hour of the morning, and all for a false alarm!"

Before the indignant girl could reply, there was a shout from the rear. "They've caught him, Elsie!" cried the kind voice of their friend, Mr. Wooley, who had been one of the first arrivals upon the scene. "Can you come down, you dear, brave child? They want you to identify him."

Elsie took a step forward, but to her amazement her limbs gave way under her. "Why, what's the matter?" she gasped out, toppling into a chair. "I never felt so—till this minute."

"You poor child!" said Miss Hathaway, rushing to her. She was trembling from head to foot, herself, but all her womanly solicitude was aroused at the sight of Elsie's drooping form and pallid face.

"Bring my salts from the stand near my bed, Rosie!" she exclaimed.

"There, there!" sprinkling water in Elsie's

face. "No wonder you have given out at last, after all you must have been through? You dear, brave child, and to think we fancied you were dreaming!"

"Ah, she's a brave lassie!" said Rosie, re-entering. The smell of the chloroform in Miss Hathaway's room had told its own story, and had been a great shock to the faithful servant. If she felt somewhat mortified and jealous that she had had no hand in the rescue of her mistress, she was too large-hearted to give way to such feelings. "She's a brave lassie," she repeated, "and after God it's thankful to her we ought to be!"

"It was God helped me," murmured Elsie, considerably revived by a whiff of the strong smelling-salts. "I asked him to keep me brave and cool, and he did! And Rags, dear little Rags!" as the dog jumped up and licked her face. "He waked me up from a sound sleep, barking and pulling at the bedclothes. But for him, I wouldn't have known there was a burglar in the house."

"Bravo, Rags!" said Rosie, patting the dog's head as he leaped about them, frantic with joy. "It's the fine breakfast you shall have this morning!"

"Yes, dear little fellow!" chimed in Miss Hathaway. "Oh, thank God we are safely through this dreadful night!" she went on, tears running down her pale cheeks.

"And now, Auntie, I can go down perfectly well," said Elsie, standing up with great resolution, though she still felt very weak and her limbs were still shaking.

"You are not able, child, I fear; we can have him brought up stairs," shuddering at the thought, however.

"No, no, I couldn't bear it to have him up here again! See, I can walk quite nicely."

"Wait a minute, dear, till I put on my wrapper. Then Rosie and I will help you downstairs."

Dressed in a pretty white wrapper, Elsie lay upon a capacious divan in "Aunt Grace's room," for Miss Hathaway had established herself and her niece there for the morning, thinking that a change of atmosphere might be beneficial to them both.

After identifying the burglar, Elsie had succumbed to the exhaustion that naturally followed such a strain upon her nerves. Miss Hathaway would not have liked to leave her, even if she had not been quite weak and nervous herself, and she accepted gratefully Miss Ellen Hunsdale's offer to take charge of her Sunday-school class that morning.

Rosie, whose robust nerves had soon recovered from the shock of this morning's events, had gone to Sunday school and church at Miss Hathaway's urgent request, for she was somewhat loth to leave her beloved mistress and Elsie after the experiences they had been through. After securing all the doors and windows, as was her custom, she solemnly instructed Rags to keep careful guard over the house and grounds, and to allow no tramps so much as to approach the gate. "But don't bark and disturb your ladies for nothing, Rags!" was her parting injunction, as she closed the gate behind her.

Miss Hathaway and Elsie spent a quiet, restful morning in the airy, pleasantly shaded room upstairs. What a lovely chamber it was! The tint of the walls was a most exquisite pink, with a cornice and dado of pink and white briar-roses twining amid green foliage and brown thorns. There were choice paintings and engravings, fine casts and well-stored shelves of books, while the antique furniture, an inheritance from Aunt Grace's mother, added a quaint charm to the room. Aunt Grace's portrait hung above the mantelpiece, a beautiful, most noble face—just to look into it was an inspiration. There were three other portraits in the room, two of them representing her parents, strong, benignant heads full of character, and an exquisite water-color of Diantha Hathaway when she was seven years old.

Elsie, too feverishly exhausted after the severe strain she had been through to fall asleep at once, had at length dropped into a slumber, haunted at first by greswome dreams, but by degrees becoming peaceful and profound.

When she awoke at length, the bells were

chiming for the church service at half-past ten. The sweet sounds fell upon her ears like heavenly music, and again she whispered fervent words of thankfulness to God for preserving them through those perilous hours of darkness, for allowing them to see the cheerful sunshine again, and for the blessed rest and peace of that Sabbath morning.

(To be Continued.)

Here is what God says concerning spiritism. Modern spiritism is the same as ancient witchcraft and familiar spiritism. It is the Devil trying to imitate God, to deceive souls; the spirit of error opposing God's truth. Modern spirit mediums are the same in kind as the magicians and necromancers in Moses' time. God's frown and curse rests upon the whole affair. If you believe the Bible shun spiritualism.

Spiritualism, Palmistry and Other Fads.

WHAT THE WORD OF GOD SAYS.

Ye shall not eat *anything* with the blood; neither shall ye use enchantment, nor observe times.

Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God.

And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go awhoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people.

A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them.

When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations.

There shall not be found among you *any one* that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch.

Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.

For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners; but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do.

The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken.

And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?

To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because *there is* no light in them.

And the spirit of Egypt shall fill in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof; and they shall seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards.

A Rural Baptism

The "Second Sunday in June" is a great day at the old "Plain Meeting House" in West Greenwick, R. I. The congregation was also at the baptism, the people standing on the road and the brother with a camera behind them. The spot where the baptism took place is one of rare beauty and the morning reminded one of ancient days when the people gathered on the banks of the river. Bro. and Sister W. B. Wilson were present to lead the singing and the ordinance was administered by the Field Secretary, Rev. John Stewart, who had previously held evangelistic services. Many noble men and women have been given the Word by this rural church, among them and still living are one of the Judges on the Supreme Court Bench, a successful city pastor and a large number of prosperous business men—these men found the Lord there and while they