

## The Home Mission Journal.

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Paul Crandal's Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas passed quickly. A few days after, an incident occurred which added fresh fuel to the flame of Paul's zeal.

Late one afternoon a message came from a poor woman whose dissipated husband had been induced by Paul to take the pledge. Mrs. Kent asked the minister to come, and he set off at once.

On reaching the shabby little home, he found a rough, hard-faced man busy carrying out the poor furniture. Mrs. Kent was crying, while a couple of women were vainly trying to comfort her.

Paul was soon in possession of the facts. The house belonged to French, the rent was past due, and the saloon-keeper had found in this extreme measure a means of wounding Paul and also of revenging himself upon Kent, his escaping victim.

"Where is your husband?" Paul asked. "Oh, sir, that is the worst of all! When Hiram learned what was coming, he grew desperate, and said there wasn't any use of trying. He started off, and I am afraid he went straight to French's. Oh, Mr. Crandal, my poor heart will break. I thought better days were coming."

"Better days are coming, for God rules." Paul Crandal's voice rang out like a trumpet blast. "Mrs. Crane, you take Mrs. Kent and her baby to my home. Mrs. Lee, here are two dollars. Get a man to take the furniture out to Amos Shedd's. I will write a note asking him to let it be stored in his empty tenant house for the present. Keep up good courage, Mrs. Kent. I am going after your husband. Ask God to go with me."

Hiram Kent had fought long and fiercely against the demon that was striving to regain dominion over him. Slowly he yielded and, after wandering aimlessly about, drew near the saloon. He stood staring hungrily at the light which the curtain only half veiled. Silas French caught a glimpse of him and hurried out.

"Ah, you see which are best after all, Kent—new friends or old ones. Come in and have a drink and we will talk it over."

Just then a firm hand was laid on Hiram Kent's arm. "Come," Paul Crandal said, in a tone of command. "In God's name, come with me."

Even Silas French shrank before the young minister. Kent made no resistance, but allowed Paul to lead him away.

"I must go home," he exclaimed. "Oh, I have no home, and I left my wife alone."

Paul hurried him on. "I have cared for your family. There is another matter you must consider now."

They had reached the church, and the pastor led his companion up the steps. Within was a fire and a single lamp, in readiness for choir practice an hour later.

Paul turned to the man at his side. "Hiram Kent, there is only one help for you. If—"

Kent stayed the words of the speaker with a sudden fierceness. God knows I want to reform, sir. You don't understand. This cursed appetite! There are times when I'd barter my soul for drink."

"And you will do it left alone. God can take away that appetite; all other methods will fail. Will you ask his help?"

Hiram Kent had once known the joy of serving Christ. Before his mind's eye flashed his life—a wasted and useless manhood, following close after a bright and happy boyhood. His wife's pleading face, sadly changed from that of the merry girl whom he had wooed, rose before him. He had tried so many times and failed. There was no hope for him, unless God would hear his cry. "Pray for me," he said in a hoarse voice.

They knelt together in the dim church. The wind dashed a sudden gust of rain against the windows, almost drowning the voice of Paul. He prayed as only one can pray who lives close to God, confidently, yet submissively. When he ceased, another voice took up the strain Hiram Kent's words were broken, but into them crept a tone that stirred the heart of the single listener with joy.

After a little the two men rose and clasped hands.

"I am safe," Hiram Kent said softly. "Oh, my heart overflows with rapture! Thank you, thank you. I must find my wife and tell her all."

"Mrs. Kent is with my mother. You and your family are to be my guests until some other arrangements can be made."

The following day it was announced that special evening services would be commenced in the church the next Monday evening. Before that time arrived Paul had settled the Kents in the tenant house of Amos Shedd. The old man offered Hiram Kent employment for a year, and the offer was gladly accepted.

There was a great deal of talk in the village concerning French's treatment of the Kents. Paul began to receive an occasional encouraging word from those outside of the church who had thus far held themselves aloof from the affair.

The evening for the beginning of the services arrived and the church was well filled. Paul preached a short sermon and closed by saying that before he addressed the unsaved he would give the Christians an opportunity to testify of God's goodness.

He had hardly ceased speaking when Deacon Hardy was upon his feet. He began by saying:

"I wish to call the attention of the church and pastor to the position in which we are placed. Tomorrow the mortgage upon this building, which is dedicated to the worship of God, is about to be foreclosed. We are powerless. You all know what we have to thank for this state of affairs."

A man from the back part of the room pushed his way down the aisle. A murmur of surprise ran through the congregation when the face and form of their well-known presiding elder was recognized. He raised one hand, in which he held a folded paper. Instantly the room became perfectly quiet.

"I was called here on business today," Mr. Carveth began in his usual abrupt way. "That business detained me until I was late at church, so I took a seat near the door. I hold in my hand the mortgage Deacon Hardy speaks of. It is paid, cancelled, and presented to the church. This has been done by our brother, Amos Shedd."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Use What You Have.

"What is in thine hand, Abel?"

"Nothing but one wee lamb, O God, taken from the flock. I purpose offering to thee, a willing sacrifice."

And so he did. And the sweet smell of that burning has been filling the air ever since, and constantly going up to God as a perpetual sacrifice of praise.

"What is it thou hast in thine hand, Moses?"

"Nothing but a staff, O God, with which I tend my flocks."

"Take it and use it for me."

And he did; and with it wrought more wondrous things than Egypt and her proud king had seen before.

"Mary, what is that thou hast in thine hand?"

"Nothing but a pot of sweet-smelling ointment, O God, wherewith I would anoint thine Only One called Jesus."

And so she did; and not only did the perfume fill the house in which they were, but the Bible-reading world has been fragrant with the memory of this blessed act of love, which has ever since been spoken of "for a memorial of her."

"Poor woman, what is it thou hast in thine hand?"

"Only two mites, Lord. It is very little; but then it is all I have, and I would put it into thy treasury."

And so she did; and the story of her generous giving has ever since wrought like a charm prompting others to give to the Lord.

"What is it that thou hast in thine hand, Dorcas?"

"Only a needle, Lord."

"Take it and use it for me."

And so she did; and not only were the suffering poor of Joppa warmly clad, but inspired by her loving life, "Dorcas societies" even now continue their benign mission to the poor throughout the earth.—*Christian Budget.*

### REV. THOMAS TODD.

Another veteran among the workers in our denomination has passed away, the oldest by ordination on the ministers' list for this province, in which his entire service has been given. Scarcely had the news of Father Springer's death appeared in the press when the despatches announced the sudden removal of Bro. Todd. They had long been companions and co-laborers in christian service, and in death they were not far divided.

Bro. Todd was a native of Londonderry, Ireland, where he was born in 1824. When but a lad of fourteen he came to America, following his brother, the late Henry Todd of the Narrows, Queen's Co. Having been shipwrecked on the voyage out he landed on the coast of Nova Scotia without clothing or money, and it seemed at first as if nearly everything went against him. Being possessed, however, of an indomitable will, combined with unusual natural ability, he soon rose superior to circumstances, and at length found remunerative employment in one of the banks in St. John.

His early religious training had been among the Presbyterians, but before attaining manhood his investigations led him to accept immersion as the scriptural ordinance, and without wavering he obeyed the Master's command as soon as the light had been revealed to him. He professed religion under the labors of Rev. Samuel Robinson, who had himself some years previous also been a Presbyterian, and who like young Todd had yielded to the overwhelming evidence of truth in favor of believers' baptism.

Not long after his conversion our brother felt that he was called to preach the word, and after manifesting his gifts among his brethren he was duly licensed by the Brussels street church in 1844. His ordination took place four years later, since which time he has enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health in the prosecution of his ministry. He held pastorates at Woodstock, Sackville, Moncton, Sussex, St. Stephen, Hampton, and several other places, only retiring from active pastoral labor a short time before his decease.

During his ministry he baptized over 1,300 candidates and attended over 1,700 funerals. He leaves a widow, who was formerly Miss Shaftner of Nova Scotia, and one son, Rev. F. S. Todd of Brunswick, Maine, Dr. H. C. Todd, also of Maine, and Rev. Thomas W. Todd of Nova Springs, Iowa, are grandsons.

For some years Elder Todd has resided in Woodstock, where his death occurred on the morning of Friday, July 5th. He was 77 years of age.

### USEFUL TO KNOW.

Ice-cream is said to be an infallible remedy for hiccoughs.

A writer in one of the scientific periodicals recommends walking backwards as a cure for nervous headache.

To tell good eggs, put them into water; if the butt ends turn up they are not fresh. This is said to be a certain test.

A convenient substitute for a corkscrew, when the latter is not at hand, may be found in the use of a common screw with an attached string to pull the cork.

For bee stings salt at all times is a good cure. Sweet oil, pounded mallows, or onions, powdered chalk made into a paste with water, or weak ammonia are also efficacious.