

## The Home Mission Journal.

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Paul Crandals' Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.

CHAPTER VII.

The minister was conscious of a feeling of relief. Now it would not be necessary for him to intrude himself upon the family at this trying time.

No explanation was needed. A muttered oath broke from the father's lips. A moment later he said, half apologetically:

"I intend no insult to you, Mr. Crandal. I realize there are two classes of those who call themselves Christians, and I am sure you belong to the same class as my wife and daughter. Perhaps you can overlook my indignation when I tell you that the saloon here is supported and shielded by the church."

Not by the minister," Paul's voice rang out, clear and firm. "I have had a lesson tonight, Mr. Baxter. If you will bring action against French, I will aid you in every possible way."

The father shook his head despondently. "It would be useless. Several trials have been made to convict him, but all in vain. Milo is only one of many. My boy is only nineteen. He tasted intoxicants for the first time a year ago when he was employed by Deacon Hardy. There is always cider there, and it was cider which first tempted my son. Then French's soon completed the lesson."

Paul uncovered his head and turned his face to the steel-blue wintry sky. "It may not be God's will, Mr. Baxter, that mine shall be the hand to do away with this giant evil. It is his will, however, that I do all in my power, and to this I pledge myself. One thing more: Do not judge Christ by us, his imperfect followers. Only by learning of him can you know the completeness of his life."

Mr. Baxter did not speak. He pressed the hand of the young minister. Milo's incoherent mutterings had ceased, and he leaned heavily against his father. Paul bade the sorrowing parent good-night and hurried away.

On arriving at home he found his mother reading. He drew a chair to her side and told her all.

"I am convinced, mother," he said, in conclusion, "that this is the first duty which presses upon me. I may lose friends, I may even invite dissensions in the church, but I must cry out against this sin."

Mrs. Crandal's hand stole into that of her son. They sat for a time in silence; then Paul went on, a strange note of longing in his voice:

"Tell me you will help me, little mother. I crave human sympathy tonight."

She rose, and, coming to his side, drew his head to her bosom. Her words were few and broken, but they gave him the unspeakable comfort of mother love, and also pointed him to the Divine One who alone can fortify the soul against hours of loneliness and fear. Together they knelt in prayer. When they rose, the light of a holy purpose shone in Paul's eyes, and he murmured:

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Paul stopped Mr. French on the street the next morning. The minister's words were few. He narrated the events of the previous evening, and when the saloon-keeper began to make light of it, interrupted him:

"Mr. French, further conversation is useless. You know and I know what you are doing. I am going to wage war against your saloon and

shall show you no quarter."

"You!" and the face of the man darkened with wrath. "What can you do alone?"

"I am not alone. My people—"

A harsh laugh broke from French's lips. "Just try them. I've the money and the influence in this village, and it won't be well for the church to turn against me."

Paul lifted his hand. "Neither I nor the church can do aught without God's assistance, and I claim that in the battle between you and me."

The minister hastened on to the postoffice. He had written a brief statement of the case to his presiding elder.

The next evening Mr. Carveth's reply came:

"I secured your appointment at Danesville for two reasons," he wrote. "First, I saw the church there was doomed to spiritual death unless it could be roused. Second, you were in danger of drifting into an absorbing love of culture and study. You may suffer much, the church may suffer more, but the Lord's work must go on in Danesville. Never falter; God will give you strength and wisdom."

Sunday morning was clear and frosty. The church was crowded, and even the most thoughtless could not but note the rapid look that rested on their pastor's face.

His text consisted of the words he had repeated to his mother, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

It was a sermon long remembered by those who heard it. Paul touched upon the joy and beauty of true worship, soon passing on to show how useless was attempted worship without service. "Him only" was a prelude to a searching test applied to service. Serving God was serving humanity, and serving was life and delight. The service of evil—ah, some present cringed when he turned fearlessly to them.

Nor did he pause at general principles. Paul Crandal opened his heart to his people that Sabbath morning. He told them of the impression that came to him when he first knew he was to labor among them, following this with a recital of his convictions concerning the state of things in the village.

"I have promised God to wage war against the single place here where drink is sold," he said.

"You know of what I am talking. Among you are those whose hearts have bled because of this. As a beginning, I am going to ask every man, woman and child in the village to take a pledge of total abstinence. Alone I am weak. I need. I expect your help. There are fifty persons present whose names are enrolled upon the class-book, besides many others to whom I look for assistance. This is the Lord's work. Remember, I do not insist that you shall work in my way. God will lead you. Let all present who will join with me rise."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Roland's Present.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked mamma, when she went into her room and found a very dismal looking little boy standing by the window.

"Nuffin' much, mamma," answered little Roland. But brave as he tried to be, mamma knew that he was almost crying, and taking him on her lap she questioned him tenderly.

"The boys don't want me to play with them," he said at last; "they say I'm too small, and they are whittling splendid things, and I wanted to whittle, too, and they said they couldn't have me wasting their wood, and I couldn't get the littlest piece, nor any knife nor nuffin," he sobbed.

"Don't cry, dear; mamma has some nice wood, and you can sit right here and whittle. Let's spread a paper down, and you and I will have a fine time making things; let's make a boat."

Roland soon forgot his grief, and, with mamma's help, he made a nice little boat, that floated very well on a basin of water.

"I am sorry, boys," said mamma, later, "that you are not nicer to your little brother. I hope if Roland ever has any wood he will be more generous with it." The bigger boys, Fred and Charlie, hung down their heads and looked ashamed.

For their Christmas present Fred and Charlie had a nice Sloyd work-bench with knives and many other tools. Little Roland had a Sloyd

knife, too, but what do you think he had for his biggest present?

Why, he had a whole bundle of shingles! Just think of it! Two hundred and fifty shingles, all his very own!

Now he had plenty of wood, and did not have to ask any of the big boys for any; instead, they often begged wood of him. I am glad to say Roland is very good, and gives them all they want.

Such nice times as they have playing together now, all cutting and whittling boats and many other things.

"I think I had just the nicest kind of a present," said Roland, one day. "I wonder who tells Santa Claus just what little boys want. I think the mamas and papas must have something to do about it, don't you think so mamma?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma "I really think they do."—Elizabeth Robinson.

The Drunk-ard's Share.

The products of one bushel of corn made into whisky is four gallons, worth \$16, out of which the government gets \$3, the farmer gets 40 cents, the railroad gets \$1, the manufacturer gets \$4 and the saloon keeper gets \$7. The drinkers share is delirium tremens. But there still remains much to be apportioned. The drinker's family has a share—misery, poverty and suffering.

Sabbath Desecration.

A Paris correspondent of a New York daily paper gives the effect of the continual Sabbath. A stronger secular proof could not be desired: "Sunday is not a day of rest in Paris; it is a day of activity." I have heard some Americans applaud this manner of spending Sunday, as they ridiculed the old-fashioned American way of halloing this day. They do not know the sequence of this feverish activity. There is no old stone-mason, no old shoe-maker, no old carpenter, no old painter, no old artisan in Paris. Medical men say this premature decline is owing absolutely to the want of a day of rest once a week.

True Riches.

As certain persons were returning from the burial of a friend the remark was made, "What a sad life our friend lived! How unfortunate he was! Poverty seemed to accompany him. He died poor." "Had he not some little success?" one inquired. "No," was the answer; "everything was against him; his life was a failure." "I do not understand you," said a voice which had thus far been silent; "I was with him in his last moments, and I thought he died rich." "You are mistaken; his estate amounts to nothing at all." "But surely he left a good name, and a legacy of noble deeds, and a holy example, and lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence, when no sunbeams fell upon his path." "Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration, "richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day, miserable in all but his gold."

Love in the Sunday School.

The absence of love has broken up many a class, and made barren much teaching. Its absence has turned teaching into a weariness of the flesh, and Sunday School attendance into an early morning funeral occasion. Christ the Master must be loved, the scholars must be loved, work must be loved for their sakes. But the love springs not up at will for this or that, God or man. True, but the love of which we speak is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. If love speeds not your footsteps, opens not your lips with warm messages, warms not your heart into a glow of desire—then—then where is your personal standing in the love of God.—Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.

Mingled praise and tears make up the religious history of God's people.