

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. All communications, whether containing money or other wise are to be addressed to

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Rosecroft
CHAPTER X

In an open carriage, hired by Miss Hathaway at the Berwick station, the little lady and her two proteges were on their way at a brisk pace to her cottage home.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and the loveliest of June days was at its height of beauty. There had been much rain the week before, refreshing showers that had left a spring-like sparkle on the air, and brought the roses out in rich profusion. They bloomed in every garden, covered the walls of houses with their beautiful and fragrant tapestries, made fairy bowers of rustic arbors, and filled the air with their perfume. The afternoon sunshine bathed the earth and air in its mellow brightness, and the singing of the birds ceased from every garden, grove, and orchard. No wonder that Elsie exclaimed in delight at the beauty of the town, and that Miss Hathaway's heart was aglow with happiness as she found herself again in the place she loved so dearly. She had lived here so long that every object seemed familiar, from the humblest cottage to the mountains that in majestic, yet graceful beauty overlooked the town.

As for Rags, he was in ecstasy at his release from the hated car, and Elsie found it hard work to hold him in her lap. Two or three times he nearly escaped from her arms so great was his anxiety to spring into the street and chase the birds and butterflies that flew across the roadway.

"Don't worry, dear," said Miss Hathaway good-humoredly. "No wonder he is wild with joy to escape from that car and to find himself in the fresh air again. We'll soon be home now, and he'll have a chance to stretch his legs."

"Aunt, I think Berwick is the prettiest place I ever saw. The air is so fragrant, and the birds sing so sweetly. And Rosecroft must be lovely, I'm sure."

"Well you will find it a very simple little home after your father's big house and extensive grounds; but it is pretty, and I hope in time you'll come to love it as I do. The house was built by two maiden ladies, sisters, whose parents came from Holland to America when their daughters were little children. Some years after their parents died, the sisters—they were then middle-aged women—lost the bulk of their property through the mismanagement of the man who had charge of it. They resolved to sell the old homestead in New York City—hard as it was for them to leave the house where they had lived so long, and to move to Berwick, where they had friends. One of these, an architect whom they had known for years, agreed to build them a cottage in the Dutch Colonial style at a very reasonable price. The house was built, and the Misses Siebold were delighted with their cottage and garden. They lived here happily for ten years or so when the news came from Holland that they were heirs to a large property left by a wealthy relative. They resolved at once to return to their native land, and sailed as soon as possible, leaving the cottage and grounds in charge of their friend to be sold or rented as he judged best. The place stood vacant for ten months and then was bought up by my Aunt Grace, who had been left a young widow with a small property. She had come to Berwick, looking for a home where she could bring up her little daughter in the country air. The cottage and grounds took her fancy at once, and, as they were offered at a reasonable price, she bought them. Everything was in good condition except the bit of pasture ground adjoining the house. Here weeds and grass were running riot together,

but Aunt Grace was delighted to find a sweet-brier bush in a corner of the pasture, growing most luxuriantly and covered with lovely buds and flowers. Roses were the delight of her heart, and she at once named her new home Rosecroft."

"Ah! I see how it came to be called so; such a pretty name, too!"

"Well, the little croft ceased to be a pasture after she took possession of the place, and with cultivation became the pleasantest part of the garden. Sweet-brier and other roses grow there luxuriantly still, as they do on all sides of the house. I try as much as possible to keep everything about the place as it was when my beloved aunt was with me."

A tear trembled in Miss Hathaway's eye and Elsie nestled up to her as she whispered:

"Now you must have missed her, dearest aunt!"

The tear overflowed, yet a smile broke through as Miss Hathaway replied, putting her arm around her young companion:

"I could not tell you how much, darling, but I thank my Heavenly Father I have nothing but the sweetest remembrances of her and of our life together. Even during her long illness she was a sunbeam in the house. And then I know that we shall meet again in a world even more beautiful than this where there is no more death, no sorrow, nor crying—"

The sweet voice faltered, and there was silence between them. For Aunt Diantha's words were a mystery to Elsie—a mystery that awakened vague hopes and yearnings, but which she could not understand as yet.

"But there is Rosecroft!" suddenly exclaimed Aunt Diantha as they turned into a side street lined with pretty cottages and gardens. "Look, darling, there's our home, that gray stone cottage, about two blocks away. In talking with you I quite forgot to watch—"

She spoke with almost a girlish eagerness and delight as she pointed out the home she loved so dearly, and Elsie replied impulsively:

"Dear little aunt, I believe I'm as happy as you to get home. And what a lovely place!" she exclaimed as they stopped at the garden gate.

The two-story cottage was painted a warm gray hue, the shingles of the roof, gables, and dormer windows a brownish red. A Virginia creeper climbed the east side of the house, a graceful rose vine the front, both growing luxuriantly, though skillfully pruned for, like her Aunt Grace, Miss Hathaway did not wish to shut the sunshine from her windows or to have the walls of the cottage too thickly mantled with flowers and vines. But although the rose had not entirely its own sweet way in that pretty garden, it was easy to see that it was the established favorite. True, there were other flowers, among them lilies, peonies, geraniums, pansies, hollyhocks, and violets. But turn where you would, you saw roses, smiling in every garden, and a doermer, scattered at intervals upon the vines. I was and draping a rustic arbor and the trellised walk that led to the garden gate.

(To Be Continued.)

Ordination

In response to a request of the 3rd Harvey Baptist church, a number of pastors and delegates assembled in Council at Water-side, Albert Co., N. B., on Aug. 12 to consider the advisability of setting apart to the work of the Gospel Ministry Mr. Ritchey Elliott, B. A.

After listening to Bro. Elliott relate the story of his conversion and call to the ministry, the Council proceeded to the examination led by Pastor J. B. Ganong. That the candidate was sound in the faith and doctrine of the Baptist Association was proven by his answers which were of a very satisfactory nature.

After Bro. Elliott had retired, the Council gave expression to the highly favorable opinion they had formed of the candidate and was unanimous in advising the church to proceed with his ordination.

At the evening service the following programme was carried out:—Rev. R. Hurst read

ing of Scriptures, Pastor J. N. Thorne Prayer, Pastor J. B. Ganong Ordination Sermon, Pastor M. Addison Ordaining Prayer, Pastor J. N. Thorne Charge to the Church, Pastor A. A. Rutledge Charge to the Candidate, Pastor J. B. Ganong Welcome to the Ministry, Benediction, Pastor Ritchey Elliott. Bro. Elliott begins his work among kind people and we trust that great blessing may attend his labors with them.

M. ADDISON, Moderator.
A. A. RUTLEDGE, Clerk.

New Brunswick Convention.

The tenth annual session will be held with the Oak Bay church, Charlotte Co., beginning on Saturday, Sept. 20th, at 10 a. m. Delegates coming from St. John will take the N. B. Southern line, on Carleton side, at 7.50 a. m., arriving at Oak Bay, 1 p. m. Those coming from the west side of the province by C. P. R. will arrive in St. Stephen 11.30 a. m.; then taking the N. B. Southern for Oak Bay, five miles distant, will reach there at 2.30 p. m.

Delegates will please forward their names to pastor H. D. Worden, Oak Bay, for entertainment. At the close of Convention those who wish can attend the Young People's meetings to be held in St. John, Tuesday and Wednesday, 27th and 30th, on their return that way. The usual traveling arrangements will be provided for.

Casting Down Strongholds of Sat. n

By Rev. Arthur S. Burrows

The relation of the churches to the world-wide Christian mission is one of the important questions of the day. Pagan strongholds are apparent. The help of the Lord against the mighty must be invoked and obeyed. A recognized statistician gives the following interesting figures, to which are added brief definitions, concerning the present religious condition of the world, the earth's population being estimated as 1,600,000,000.

Christianity, Protestant and Roman Catholic, 477,000,000. Confucianism, Chinese moral code, by the philosopher Confucius, born 551 B. C., exclusively aimed to fit men for honorable and prudent living, 256,000,000. Hinduism, the religion of India, composed of hymns of the most remote antiquity, materialistic, not rising above earthly necessities and objects, 190,000,000. Mohammedanism, the religion of Turkey, by Mohammed, born 570 A. D., whose foundation principle is, There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet, 176,000,000. Buddhism, philosophy of northern India, established by Gautama, born 463 B. C., a belief that, after physical death, one's spirit immediately appears in some new form, animal or spiritual, according to merit or demerit in former life, 148,000,000. Polytheism, belief in more gods than one, a plurality of divine beings superior to man and each having part in the government of the world, 177,000,000. Taoism, religion of Laotze, Chinese philosopher about 500 B. C., 43,000,000. Shintoism, Japanese nature, ancestral, and hero worship, possessing no ethical code, no doctrinal system, no priests, no public worship, and its temples and shrines contain no idols, 14,000,000. Judaism, the religion of the Jews, 8,000,000.

For the world's evangelization Protestant churches give annually about \$15,000,000. This sustains a missionary force of 14,200, of which 4,300 are ordained native helpers. About 80,000 toilers in all. Stations and outstations exceed