

The Home Mission Journal.

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"He disengaged his hand from mine and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander; he called his mother.

"I'm sleepy, mamma, and want to say my prayers."

"Do so, my darling," replied the sobbing mother.

"Now I lay me—down—to sleep; I pray Thee, Lord, my soul—to keep. If I—sh—mid—die—"

"And then he was beyond the river of death. On the wings of that simple prayer that had borne so many of the lambs into the good Shepherd's bosom his soul had sped to him that gave it. I can see his little pale figure, with clasped hands and closed eyes, like a sleeping angel. Before me this moment, though more than nine years have passed since the incident occurred."—*Unknown.*

Soul Savers.

THE report of the Italian government, describing a great shipwreck, said: "A large ship was seen coming to shore last night; we endeavored to give every assistance through the speaking trumpet, nevertheless 402 bodies were washed ashore this morning." That shows the futility of attempting to save men by speech. It is not the whole truth, but it is a part of the truth. In saving men it is very often a life for a life; you have to give your life to the men whom you are trying to better. About the last Christian act a man can do for his brother man is to talk about Christianity; the case is of a man having down his life as Christ laid down his life.—*Henry Drummond.*

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Have faith in God, for he who reigns on high
Hath borne thy grief, and hears the suppliant's sigh;
Still to his arms, thine only refuge, fly.
Have faith in God!

Fear not to call on him, O soul distressed!
Thy sorrow's whisper woee thee to his breast;
He who is oftener there is oftener blest.
Have faith in God!

Lean not on Egypt's reeds; shake not thy trust
At earthly cisterns. Seek the kingdom first.
Though man and Satan fight thee with their worst,
Have faith in God!

Go, tell him all! The sigh thy bosom heaves
Is heard in heaven. Strength and grace he gives,
Who gave himself for thee. Our Jesus lives.
Have faith in God! ANNA SHIPTON.

A Little Loving Life.

BY ELEANOR LESUEUR MACNAUGHTON.
CHAPTER V.

The shrill shriek of a steam whistle sounded through the air. Mark started up, but Toto said, tranquilly, "That is just the whistle of Uncle's mill. It blows at six o'clock for the men to leave work, and Uncle will be here in a few minutes to take me home."

"Do you live near here?" said Mark.
"No, it is nearly a mile to Uncle's, but the mill is just across the river amongst the trees. Uncle brings me down with him in the afternoon,

and then I go and get Sammy; he lives quite near. I thought perhaps Uncle would have come before," he added; "cause I left word at the mill that Sammy had gone to fish and I was going to have a tea party in my little house; but Uncle had gone out, and I 'spect he wasn't back in time. He will be here soon."

He sat down on the doorstep, and Mark let his eyes wander idly around the room. Its adornments were of a varied character. A huge wasp's nest was fastened into one corner, and in another two or three shelves had been set, and on these were placed a china mug holding bluebells, a woolly lamb, a drum and several other childish toys. A sort of trophy of wooden swords, popguns and pea-shooters was arranged against the wall near the window, and below these a series of pictures, evidently colored by childish fingers, had been pasted. A horseshoe hung above the door, and gay Christmas cards were everywhere. His gaze came back to the picture of the 'Marriage Feast,' and now he noticed that it was surmounted by a beautiful illuminated text.

"Can you read it?" he said to Toto, who at that moment turned from the door with a disappointed air.

"Yes," said the child. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

"You can't understand that," said Mark.

"Why do you like to have it?"

"Well, mother likes it," said Toto, "and I wanted to have something that would please her; and it makes Sammy and me feel comfortable playing here on Sundays to have a text up. But I like it too," he added, "it makes me see things and hear things."

"What do you mean," said Mark. "What do you see?"

"I see a man asleep, oh, very fast asleep, so that people all think he is dead; but God knows he isn't dead, and wants him to wake and do things and come into the light; and so he says, 'Awake!' and I hear it; it sounds like a trumpet. I hear it now," said Toto, his eyes flashing, "and the man has to wake when he hears that call; something falls off his eyes, and then the light flashes on him; it covers him, and he is never in the darkness any more."

As the child spoke, the sunset glory streamed in at the open door, wrapping him in its radiance, till the little form seemed transfigured, and Mark, gazing at the eager face, saw it as if it had been the face of an angel. But fever was gaining on him. His last words had been spoken with great effort, yet he must say one thing more. "I cannot get up, I must stay here; but you must leave me, Toto. Go home; your friends will be anxious."

Toto cast a wistful look at the door, and then said resolutely: "No, I must not leave you alone while you are so sick, and Auntie would not like my walking home by myself. There must have been a mistake; but Uncle will be sure to come, and he will know what to do. You cannot think how kind he is—just like the Good S'mallitan. I suspect he will just put you on his horse and bring you right home."

Mark moaned and put his hand to his head, and Toto once more moistened the handkerchief; then seating himself in the rocking chair, he said, with all the gravity of an experienced nurse:

"Now I'm going to sing you to sleep. I know 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Little Bird, You Are Welcome,' but hymns put people to sleep best, so I will sing 'Jesus Loves Me.'"

So the last image Mark's brain received before he slipped off into unconsciousness, was of a sweet serious child-faced framed in bright-brown curls, and with deep blue eyes that gazed earnestly at him; the last words he heard, borne to him on a clear bird-like treble, were—

"Little ones to Him belong:
They are weak, but he is strong."

Mr. Marshall's non-appearance was owing to the fact that the boy with whom Toto had left his message had misunderstood and told his employer that the little fellow had gone fishing with Sammy Forbes, and would remain at the rectory for tea. Mr. Marshall had, therefore, returned home alone, and not till an hour or so later, when Mr. Forbes happened to come up about some parish business, did he learn the true state of the case. He hastened down at once to the cabin where he found Toto asleep in the rocking chair, and a man, apparently a tramp, lying unconscious

on the pine bed in the corner.

At his Uncle's touch, Toto opened his blue eyes and gave a cry of joy, but instantly checked himself. "I forgot" he said "that poor high-wayman is very sick I'm afraid, and must be quiet and not 'sturb' him; but you'll take him home, Uncle, won't you? I told him you were just like the S'mallitan."

"Wh'ere did you meet him, Toto?" asked Mr. Marshall.

"I found him, Uncle, just by the roadside. When Sammy 'scused himself, I went to look for somebody, like the king's servants did; but it was a long time before I found him. There are very few highwaymen here, I think."

Mr. Marshall put a wrap which he had brought with him on the little fellow and sent him home with the servant man, whom he told to drive back at once. He also sent a few lines, hastily pencilled on a leaf from his pocket-book, to his wife. They ran as follows:

"DEAR AMY: I shall be returning almost immediately, bringing a protegee of Toto's, who is, I fear, seriously ill. Have the room in the west wing prepared so that he can be easily isolated, if necessary, and send for nurse Bell. Toto can inform you further; and, by the way, it would be well to give him a hot bath and use some disinfectant before putting him to bed."

"PHILIPS."

Mark lay between life and death for weeks at Philip Marshall's house, never during all this time being wholly conscious. As in a troubled dream sometimes he saw Toto's radiant face, again it was a man that looked down gravely at him or felt his pulse. A fresh-faced motherly woman seemed constantly about him ministering to his comfort. Sometimes he fancied his mother was in the room gliding about in the black dress always worn after his father's death, and more than once he thought he heard her voice. Then all would become a blank once more; but he was carefully nursed, and a day came when he was allowed to do as he had long wished, and tell his story to his kind host.

(To be Continued.)

HOPWELL. Two sisters were received into the Hopewell church at Albert, Saturday, Feb. 9th, one by letter, and the other by experience.

F. D. DAVIDSON.

SURREY, ALBERT COUNTY. I have received and accepted a call to the Surrey field. The Lord blessed our efforts in Alma and Waterside. A new meeting house being built in each village and sixty-six added to the membership, fifty-seven of whom I baptized. There is harmony in both churches. I resigned to take up the work on this important field. I am favorably impressed and believe that God has blessings in store for us here.

MILTON ADDISON.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Without any assistance from outside we have been holding special services since the middle of Jan. The interest has deepened from week to week. Already twenty have been received for baptism, seventeen of the number receiving the ordinance last Sunday evening. There will be another baptismal service next Sunday. The church is greatly rejoiced over the accession of its membership of so promising a company of young men and women. All branches of church work seem to be in a healthy condition. The Sunday School especially continues to do excellent work. The attendance is large, 211 were present last Sunday. Two Normal classes are well sustained. We have much to be thankful for. May the Lord continue to bless us.

W. C. GOUCHER.

We have been holding a few special meetings, with encouraging results: Bro. Hugh McLean, Singing Evangelist, has been with us two weeks, and, with his sweet and consecrated voice, has been singing the Gospel into our hearts. I have found him to be very helpful, not only in singing, but also in witnessing, and doing personal work. I can highly recom-