

## The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

### CHAPTER III.

AND the child kept her word, in spite of blows and threats. The dis-comfited Ann appealed to Mrs. Fullerton as a last resort, but that lady only laughed.

Don't plague that baby about her prayers. Put her to bed in good season and let her go right to sleep: it's the best and healthiest thing she can do. Are you really simple enough to fancy that the Almighty concerns himself about Eliza's prayers?"

"Faith" she's no better than an infidel," muttered Ann, as her mistress glided out of the room.

"Well, if the child grows up a hathen, it'll be her mother's fault, not mine. I wash my hands of the blame of it."

And so Eliza grew up a prayerful child, at an early age began to feel the subtle influence of her stepfather's skepticism. True, she saw little of him, but those sharp ears of hers caught up careless words of his from time to time, that she treasured in her heart. What if there were no God? The thought gave her pleasure, not pain for a grewsome fear was the only feeling this poor, little girl had for her Heavenly Father. She had never even looked into the Scriptures, and was as ignorant of the Gospel as a heathen child.

Between her mother and herself there had never been but one direct collision. When Eliza was about ten years old, she had, in a moment of rage and passion, poured out the bitterness that had been fermenting in her heart so long. She upbraided her mother for not loving her, for preferring the younger sisters, just because they were prettier than she. There is no knowing how long she might have gone on, but Mrs. Fullerton cut her short in five minutes.

"Come into my room!" she said in a tone of cold severity, as she walked Eliza before her into her own luxurious chamber. She sat down, and releasing the child, bade her look into her face, and pay strict attention to what she said. Eliza shivered as she gazed into that cold, beautiful face; there was not a sign in it of mother-love or pity.

"I'm not going to whip you, that is not my way," she went on in the same freezing tone, nor shall I waste time reasoning with a child of your age. It is of no use to tell you how bad hearted and how ungrateful you are, but I'll see to it that you don't give me any more impertinence. The next time, the very next time you say a saucy word to me, Miss Eliza, I'll pack you off to the strictest school I know of, and there you shall stay for years. You wouldn't have the liberty you enjoy here out of study hours, I can tell you; you wouldn't find those teachers there as forbearing and indulgent as your parents and governess have been!"

Eliza stood white as a little snow image, chilled to the heart by her mother's coldness, and the threat that seemed terrible to the liberty-loving child. For it was true that, the morning lessons

over, she was permitted to run wild as she pleased; her stepfather was too easy, her mother too indifferent to her, and too engrossed in society to care what she did with herself. As for Eliza's special governess, the weak-spirited, characterless Miss Trump, she had scarcely any authority over the girl, whom she feebly disliked, without understanding how to discipline her or to win her affection. The hoydenish, self-willed child was a bright scholar, however, learned what was taught her with surprising quickness, and had a most retentive memory. Miss Trump was proud of her as a pupil, though she mourned to herself and lectured Eliza on account of her unpolished, hoydenish ways. But she never complained of her to her parents, not wishing to lose a profitable situation. Mrs. Fullerton sat silent a moment after the threat to Eliza, and as for the child, she could not speak a word; her tongue seemed frozen.

"You understand me?" asked her mother feily. Eliza nodded in silence. "Then mind you remember! Now you can go."

To be Continued.

### A Few Words About Revivals

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

During the forty years of my pastoral life, the churches under my charge were blessed with several precious revivals. The awakenings during my early ministry, in Burlington, N. J. (in 1848), and in Brooklyn (in 1866), were attended with "most remarkable manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Not one of these seasons of refreshing began with any special preaching to arouse Christians. Not one of them was predicted; they all came as suddenly and unexpectedly as a copious shower on a summer day. Not one of them was the result of the labors of an "evangelist," or any one outside of the church. They all began and were all carried on under the regular agencies of pulpit and people.

It was always my custom to deliver quite frequently an earnest and pungent and persuasive discourse to the unconverted. When I discovered several cases of souls under conviction, I rightly concluded that the Holy Spirit was at work among us. I aimed at once to co-operate with the Holy Spirit. The officers of the church were called promptly together and special evening services were appointed, with after-meetings for inquirers. These services were all under my own charge, or that of discreet officers of the church.

The great awakening in Brooklyn (in 1866) continued for four months, and one hundred heads of families were among the converts!

This is the season of the year for spiritual harvests. I would fraternally suggest to my ministerial brethren that they deliver faithful, arousing and guiding discourses to the unconverted. That is directly in the line of apostolic precedent. The sight of inquirers going in to meet the pastor will do more to awaken the sleepers in the church than the visit of any itinerant of any "Evangelistic Committees." If you expect sinners to be converted, you must give them God's message red-hot with the fire of love and the Holy Spirit will bless your efforts. Preach for souls, and pray for the power on high!

In this day of activity there is great danger, not of doing too much, but of praying too little for so much work. These two—work and prayer, action and contemplation—are twin sisters. Each pines without the other. We are ever tempted to cultivate one or the other disproportionately. Let us imitate him who sought the mountain top as his refreshment after toil, but never left duties undone or sufferers unrelieved in pain. Lord, teach us to pray.—A. Madaren.

### Two Ways—Which?

One evening in a parlor at a summer watering place, the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother. "No," was the reply. "Why how will she get on in the world?" "I am bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer. That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city. But for what are you bringing up your daughters, dear mothers of other young girls? What aim have you for them? Are you bringing them up for the Lord, or for the world? What are your dreams and ambitions for them? What do you want to see them become? Do you want them to shine in society, to "marry well," to live in wealth? Is that the vision that fills your soul when you think of them? Look on a little further. Life is short. Suppose your dream is fulfilled—is it anything more than a dream? What lies beyond? The curtain is drawn, and there is the hushed chamber of death. What do you want for your child then? The curtain is drawn again, and eternity opens. What would your fond affections choose for her then? It is better to think matters of this kind through to the end.—Westminster Teacher.

### Preach the Sinfulness of Sin.

Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D., before the Long Island Methodist Preachers' Association, March 2, 1903, said in part: "There is not so much preaching as there used to be in our evangelical churches, directly for the conversion of sinners. Mr. Gladstone said he regarded the decay or decline of the sense of sin as one of the serious indications of the time. We must hold up the fact of the sinfulness of sin. We must go to the root of things. The sinner must feel the sense of sin and the need of pardon. The preacher must have something more than tears in his eyes; he must have tears in his soul."

Dr. Cuyler referred pathetically to Charles G. Finney as a revivalist, who had some extravagant remarks in his "Lectures on Revivals," and stated that Sir George Williams had said that it was the study of these lectures that led him to organize the Young Men's Christian Association. "And now see," said Dr. Cuyler, "to what it has grown. Finney's arguments were chain-lightning. He had most profound faith in the Holy Spirit. He excelled in prayer with boldness, fervency, yet with familiarity." Dr. Cuyler, in referring to Finney's directness in prayer, quoted one he made after he had been somewhat disturbed by a hymn sung by a choir: "O Lord, didst Thou hear that singing, and didst Thou understand it? If Thou didst we are glad, for we did not."

"We are to deal with sinners," continued the speaker, "as sinners for the love of them. There is considerable talk now of a new evangelism. I do not know of any new Bible or any new Christ. There is no new way of receiving salvation. The old evangelism is good enough. There are no men who surpass the fathers, who were successful in evangelism. I sometimes think you may have gained in learning, but lost in lungs. I believe in hearty singing by the people, but the methods of Spurgeon and Matthew Simpson are not obsolete. The preacher should employ personal efforts. One of my hobbies has been pastoral visiting." Dr. Cuyler emphasized the need of it and the profit from it and illustrated its success from personal experience.