

The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Saturday evening came swiftly round. The spare room, an airy, pleasant chamber, upstairs, and the cozy little alcove room downstairs, now called "Mr. Adams' study," were ready for the expected boarder. Miss Hathaway had received a note from the young minister in which he expressed his delight that he was to become an inmate of Rosecroft, and his hopes that he should prove a harmonious and helpful member of the family.

In charming order, already like the rest of Miss Hathaway's house, that motherly soul had added some special touches to the rooms that she thought might conduce to the young minister's comfort.

"I do hope he'll feel at home here," she said wistfully to Elsie, as they stood together in the large spare room that afternoon. "You see I've grown up so among women that I know scarcely anything about a man's tastes and habits."

"Well, Auntie," replied the young damsel, emphatically, "if Mr. Adams doesn't feel at home here, it is isn't just charmed with everything. I shall consider him an ungrateful, unappreciative person! Such a lovely room as this is," gazing about her, "a perfect chamber of peace and you've made it even more attractive than it was before, with the things you've added to it."

"Well it is a very pleasant room, I think myself," replied Miss Hathaway.

And in truth, the guest chamber seemed like a peaceful retreat, well adapted for the comfort of its occupant, who ever he might be. Over the writing desk, a handsome piece of old furniture, abundantly provided with pigeon-holes, drawers and shelves that so delight the hearts of scholars, Miss Hathaway had hung a fine engraving of Amy Scheffer's "Christus Consolator," while Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper" appeared above the mantelpiece. There were several other engravings and a number of pictures in water color or oil. Landscapes, in various figure and flower pieces, painted by Aunt Grace or her sisters. Above a long row of well filled book shelves screened from dust by dark blue curtains, stood a few fine casts in Parian marble, while a capacious divan, well supplied with cushions, and an arm chair offered most inviting lounging places for a weary home comer. The two large, cheerful windows were draped with white lace curtains; it was late in the afternoon, and the gray shutters that had been closed during the heat of the day were thrown wide now to let in the cool evening air. Like Miss Hathaway's room, this chamber of peace overlooked the rear garden and a neighboring orchard which formed a restful picture for the eye and heart.

Besides a capacious closet there was an alcove which could be curtained off from the rest of the chamber when desired. In this alcove stood the bed, with its snowy draperies and ruffled pillow cases, dressing table, and various other comforts and conveniences.

Frank Carew, who had occupied a pretty little hall room during his brief visit at Rosecroft, openly confessed in his laughing boyish way to a mortal jealousy of the young minister, who was so soon to step into his shoes.

"I declare, Miss Hathaway, if I were not booked for South America on Saturday I would ask you to ship the young Dominic in my favor, or to take me as a second boarder! You do make everybody in your house so enchantingly comfortable!"

"Well, Frank," said Miss Hathaway smiling (she had known him since he was a child at

brooks, and was very fond of the brig's) faced, frank-hearted young fellow), "I'm glad if you've been able to make you happy, and I assure you it has been a great pleasure to have you here. You've brightened us all up, and been such a companion for Elsie, and for all your high spirits you are so considerate and thoughtful to everyone. We shall miss you very much, and I'm sorry you will always be ready for you, if ever you return and want to come and see us. I'm sorry you are going so far away, though I think it may be an excellent business opening for you."

"Well, I hope so; my employer holds out that prospect, if I satisfy him, and of course I enjoy the thought of the journey, the new scenes and and so forth. I shall write you all about my experiences, as I promised, and I hope you and Miss Elsie will write me often, tell me all the family news and how you and the young Dominic get on together. I hope and believe that the burglars will let you severely alone for the future, but if they should come, you couldn't have two braver champions than Miss Elsie and Rags. And I judge Mr. Adams is one of the plucky sort, too."

"I think so, but let us hope that a kind Providence will mercifully spare us any further trials of that sort," Miss Hathaway replied. She smiled as she spoke, but could not repress the shiver that always came when she thought of the peril to which her young niece had been exposed.

"I am writing my sisters about our adventure, dear," Aunt Dominic had said on the following day. "Have you any message to send?"

"My kind remembrances to them as usual," said Elsie, who, though too honest to be very effusive toward her aunt, no longer cherished bitter feelings toward them, "and my love to my little sisters, and I shall try to write them soon." And she went on, a twinkle of good-natured mischief in her eyes, "do tell Aunt Sheldrake what a faithful little guardian and watch-dog Rags was! She thought he was such an 'ugly, vicious little cur,' and scolded so at the idea that he could be of any use! I do want her to know how well he behaved."

"I shall certainly sing his praises to her and your Aunt Gertrude, too. And what shall I say about my darling who so bravely risked her life for me?" Her voice broke and tears started to her eyes. The color rose in Elsie's cheeks as she went to Miss Hathaway and put her arms about her neck.

"Dearest Auntie," she said, kissing her affectionately, "you make me quite ashamed! What sort of a creature would I have been, if I had thought of myself with my precious little Auntie, who has done everything for me, was in such a peril! And then there was so much in my favor, Rags to wake me, that blessed spring lock to shut the burglar in! Above all, I had prayed that God would help me to be brave, and he did!"

Early Saturday morning Frank Carew left the little home, where he had been so happy. Elsie, as well as Miss Hathaway felt very sorry to have him go. She had regretted his coming much as she liked him; now she felt as if she were about to lose a brother, as kind, intelligent and considerate as he was merry-hearted. As he clasped Miss Hathaway's hand at parting he whispered in her ear:

"Your home has been like a little heaven to me; I feel as if I should be a better Christian all my life for the week I have spent here. Don't forget to pray for your boy; you know what temptations I am likely to be exposed to away from home and in such a country as that to which I am going."

Tears sprang to Miss Hathaway's eyes as she whispered back her promise, and kissed him as if she had been the tender mother he lost three years before. Since then he had boarded with a well-to-do friend of hers who took boarders to eke out her scanty income. She was a capable woman, but too busy from morning till night, too full of house-keeping cares and anxieties to take a personal interest in Frank. No wonder Miss Hathaway's heart had seemed so like a little heaven to him, that he resolved to own some day such an earthly paradise for himself, with a dear little mistress at the head, whose meek and quiet spirit should equal her pretty housewifery.

(To be Continued.)

Honor the Church

We have thought a great deal of these words of late, and especially since we heard Dr. Robert S. McArthur as he delivered an address at the corner store laying of Blockley meeting-house. "Honor the church," he exhorted us, and repeated it with reiterated emphasis, and pointed out the ways whereby as he thought this might be accomplished. Dr. McArthur struck a chord that rings responsive in many hearts and minds. The church of the Lord Jesus Christ is the one institution that has to come down practically continuous from the past. In some form it stands as the sponsor for human progress through the centuries. In it are found the springs of modern civilization, and within it grip are the forces that make for righteousness in the working out of human destiny. It is the institution to which all others may legitimately pay homage, and from which all others, to a very large extent, derive their vitality and power.

There have been times when there has been a turning away from the church. It has been criticized for its shortcomings and held up to contempt often by its opponents because of its spirit and methods. Even by its friends there has now and then been a loosening of allegiance thereto. Organizations have been formed, not called churches, but really churches, and movements have been inaugurated, not dated to take from rather than to draw to the church proper. Recently, we think, there has been a coming back to increased loyalty to the church itself. It has been seen by many that the real strength of Christianity has not been increased by these new devices; and as men are seeing it, they are finding their way back to the church itself. Christian Endeavor has reached its height, one has recently said, and we are inclined to believe it true of all Young People's movements, distinctively so called. They have their places, and they have had their uses. But we fancy their importance has often been unduly emphasized, and their independence of the church out of which they sprang too clearly asserted. Often, likewise, their true relationship to the church has been reversed. They have been placed first, and the church has had to take a subordinated position. Many a pastor has realized this to his grief, but has often been unable to give expression thereto, or to correct that over which he has mourned.

We rejoice in the prospective return to the true order of things. The church's cause is likely once more to come into possession of her own. She ought to do this. Her eternal promise-crowns, and in her is centered humanity's hope. She it is that is to stand forth at last victorious, and it is against her alone that the gates of hell shall not prevail. Let us honor the church and uphold her in all her movements for the glory and advancement of her Lord.

God Bless our Cause.

God bless our sacred cause,
We plead for righteous laws,
Our homes to shield,
Our land has suffered long,
From an accursed wrong,
Whose roots are deep and strong,
Nor do they yield.

We plead, but all in vain;
The people's deep-felt pain,
Finds no redress,
This deadly Uvas tree,
Spreads out, despite our plea,
And plants its rootlets free,
To our distress.

Now let the people come
And vote for God and Home,
And temperance laws;
We'll be no more deceived;
Our land must be retrieved,
And from this curse relieved;
God bless our cause!

American Issue.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.—F. W. Faber.