

## The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XV.

Rosie was sure in her own mind that she should lie awake half the night, but as usual fell sound asleep the moment her head touched the pillow. As healthy as she was active, work was a perfect joy to her, and she only laughed merrily at her mistress's gentle injunctions to spare herself a little. Naturally, the night's sleep that followed these active days was profound and dreamless, and even now no visions of burglars disturbed her rest.

But Elsie, though a courageous girl, was of a more high-strung nervous temperament, and she felt little inclined to sleep that night. Rags seemed to be infected by her mood, for he went sniffing about the room as if in search of something, pausing at times to look wistfully into the face.

"Come here, Rags, I've something to say to you," she exclaimed suddenly, laying down the brush with which she had been brushing out her long, unbraided hair.

Rags bounded to her side with an excited bark, but she checked him instantly with uplifted finger, and went on with low, impressive voice:

"Little Rags, you must keep one ear open during the night, and if you hear any unusual noises in the house, you must come and wake me. But don't make a disturbance for nothing, for we want Aunt Diantha to have a good night's sleep, you know. Now go and lie down upon your rug," patting his head affectionately, "and be as quiet as a mouse, unless you hear strange noises in the house. Don't bark, now!" checking him again; "lie down upon your rug and go right to sleep, like the dear, good little dog you are!"

Rags went obediently to the rug at the foot of her bed and laid himself down to sleep with his nose between his paws and a concluding blink at Elsie, that seemed to say, "Go to bed yourself, now, like a good girl, and depend upon me to take care of you and the little Aunty."

Elsie made haste now, and crept into bed. In a moment more she heard Miss Hathaway's voice repeating the verses which hung framed in each bedroom in the house, and which have brought reassurance to many anxious hearts:

"Sleep sweet within this quiet room,  
O thou, who'er thou art,  
And let no mournful yesterday  
Disturb thy peaceful hair;

"Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest  
With dreams of coming ill,  
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,  
His love surrounds thee still.

"Forget thyself and all the world,  
Put out each feverish light,  
The stars are watching overhead,  
Sleep sweet—Good Night! Good Night!"

"Thank you, dear Aunty," murmured Elsie, "Those are beautiful verses to go to sleep on. Lie still, Rags!" for he had stirred and raised his head at the sound of Miss Hathaway's familiar voice. "Go to sleep again like a good doggie."  
Rags obeyed, and Elsie kept repeating to herself Mrs. Gats' beautiful verses until she dropped off to sleep. For a time, however, her slumbers were haunted by feverish dreams, from which she awoke with a start every once in a while. Gradually her dreams became more peaceful till they merged into a slumber so profound that she did not wake till nearly half past seven! Rags had

vanished, beckoned quietly out by Miss Hathaway, who divined that her young niece's night had not been a refreshing one, and wished her to sleep later than usual.

All this past through Elsie's mind like a flash; she sprang up with a feeling of tingling shame, and was dressed in a few moments. Her aunt, whose protector she had meant to be in case of need, had probably passed a most tranquil, peaceful night, and was up long before her! She went down stairs, hoping that Miss Hathaway had not waited breakfast for her, that she might even for once scold her a little. But no, the morning meal was not yet served, and there was the dear aunt, her face serene and bright, arranging flowers in the vases. Elsie's own face brightened, but she made fun of herself unmercifully, and soon they were seated at the table in the best of spirits, while Rosie waited upon them red checked and smiling; and all had a pleasant feeling that their fears had been groundless.

But the "terror by night" is apt to come when least expected, and Elsie's devotion was to be more severely tested than ever she had dreamed!

That night passed quietly away, and the next, and the one following. They had begun to feel quite secure, and Saturday evening when they retired, it was with sweet anticipations of the coming Sabbath, to which Elsie looked forward now as joyfully as Miss Hathaway and Rosie. Scarcely had her head touched the pillow when she dropped into the sound sleep of healthy girlhood, while Rags seemed locked in as profound a slumber.

But just as the dawn began to peep Elsie was awake and by his frantic barking. He was springing upon the bed, tugging at the clothes, and between his excited marks growled savagely as if he sensed some lurking enemy.

Elsie started to her feet. "Robbers in the house!" flashed through her brain, and as quickly the words sprang to her lips, "Oh God! now help me to be brave for Aunt Diantha's sake!"

She lit her candle in an instant, threw on her wrapper, and ran to the door, followed by Rags. Aunt Diantha's door was closed! Was there someone in her room?

No thrill of fear for herself now, only the thought of that beloved one's peril! "Come Rags, let us save her!" she exclaimed, and with another agonized prayer, she sprang to her Aunt Diantha's door. As she opened it she met the sickening odor of chloroform, and was confronted by a rough-looking man, his face half concealed by a black silk handkerchief, who held a pistol in his hand.

"Be quiet, girl!" he hissed out fiercely. "She ain't hurted none, but she will be if you so much as open your mouth again, you or your dog either! Hush up, you little brute!" pointing his pistol at Rags, who shrank away from it, growling however, and showing his teeth.

Elsie stood there, strangely calm, though the burglar's rough hand grasped her arm, and he had blown out her candle. All her thoughts were concentrated on that motionless figure in the bed. She made a motion to Rags to be quiet, then said in whispered tones to the ruffian:

"Let me go to my aunt, you have given her chloroform, and I'm afraid she will die!"  
"She won't, she went off to sleep like a lamb!" said the robber, his words showing that even his hard heart had been a little touched by the sight of that kind face, framed in silvery hair.

"Sit down in this cheer!" pushing her into one opposite the closet. "Take up your dog and keep him quiet, or I'll shoot all three of you! Now where's the silver basket, up here or down stairs?" he went on, resolved to take her with him if the basket was below.

"In that closet," Elsie whispered, while at the same time she muzzled the growling dog, with a handkerchief she took from the pocket of her wrapper. "At the farther end."

"Well, you are a cool one," muttered the burglar grinning in spite of himself. He went to the closet and took the keyhole, then first shaking his finger menacingly at Elsie, who, however, seemed quite occupied with Rags, disappeared from sight. But Elsie had her own plan, though her heart beat quicker at the thought for fear of failure. There was a spring lock to the closet door, only to be opened from the inside by a peculiar key kept always in Aunt Diantha's pocket.

She did not allow herself to hesitate. The mo-

ment the robber disappeared from sight she made a spring for the closet door and shut it with a bang. In a twinkling she was by the bedside, had caught up her Aunt's frail form, and, as if gifted by supernatural strength, carried it to her own room, while Rags followed at her heels. The robber, after fumbling with the lock a moment, was trying to break open the door (fortunately a very strong one), filling the air at the same time with the most dreadful threats and execrations.

But Elsie was locked in her own room with her beloved aunt and little Rags. And there was an old brass bell there, too, one she had brought up herself every night since Miss Woolsey's call. Placing her aunt, who seemed reviving, tenderly in an arm chair, she threw open the shutters, and began ringing the bell out of the window with all her strength.

(To be Continued.)

## SATISFACTORY TESTIMONY.

By Mrs. A. H. Bronson.

In a New England town, bordering upon the sea, lived a family from Portugal. It is a known fact that those who have come from a seafaring town in the old country drift naturally to a similar location in the new one of their adoption, being thus able, in many cases, to carry on the pursuits which had occupied them at home under better auspices.

The two boys of the family attended the public schools, where their young minds eagerly drank in knowledge and broadened in many ways. After a time they began attending a Protestant place of worship, there being no regular service of their own faith in the town. Without special efforts being made to interest them in gospel truths as presented by the pastor and Sunday-school teacher, and they became members of the church.

After a time their family was called upon by a priest of its own church, who was sent occasionally to look after these isolated members of the flock, and it was not strange that he was excited over the indifference with which the parents of these boys seemed to regard their defection from the "true church," and spoke in no measured terms of what he considered their "great wickedness."

The old mother bore it awhile in silence and then in broken but vigorous English spoke her mind: "You no talk to about my sons; they good boys; they no lie, they no steal, they no swear, they no drink, they good to him (pointing to the father), they good to me, they no Catholic, but they good boys. You no say they are wicked, for they are good!"

"We may add that these 'boys' are now successful business men of the town and prominent 'burden bearers' in the church to which they joined themselves in their youth. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

## What Baptists Believe About Baptism

By Madis-on C. Peters.

Baptism does not save. It is no sacramental efficacy. We do not baptize men to save them; we baptize them because they are saved. We make less of baptism than any other church. We dare not say with the Episcopalians, that baptism makes us "members of Christ," or with the Presbyterians, that it is not only a "sign," but "a seal of engraving into Christ, of regeneration, of remission of sins." Baptists believe that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Baptism while not essential to salvation, is essential to a complete obedience and a complete satisfaction of mind and heart. Were you christened