

## The Home Mission Journal.

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REV. J. H. HUGHES,  
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Paul Crandels' Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.

CHAPTER X.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It was sometime before order was restored. After a few heart felt testimonies, Mr. Carverth took the meeting in charge, and made a fervent appeal to the unsaved. It was not in vain. Soon four penitents were upon their knees, and among them was Milo Baxter.

When the services were over, Paul made his way to Mr. Baxter's side.

"God is verifying his promises," he said, cheerily. "Will you not give Milo the greatest help mortal man can give him now—a Christian father?"

The strong man turned aside his head. "He has the best mother in the world, that must do," he said, trying to smile.

Lucile heard. Ah, how she had prayed for that father and brother! Might she not hope on after this?

During the next few weeks Danesville was shaken out of its usual calm. The meetings were continued, and night after night souls were born into the kingdom of grace. Nor was this all. Gradually the estranged members of the church were coming back—coming to join heartily in all the plans proposed for work by their pastor, coming into a fullness of God's presence undreamed of in the olden days.

It was easy for eyes sharpened by love to see that Marion West's strength was fast failing. There were times when no medicine could ease her suffering, and these occasions came more and more frequently. Still, so great was her joy in the good work being done, that she seemed quite unmindful of her own condition.

"I have so little time," she said gently to Lucile one afternoon when the young teacher stopped her on the street to warn her against the damp air. "So little time, and there is so much to be done."

Lucile sighed a little despondently. "If we could only reach men like Tim Hanna! He isn't sober long enough to even think. Oh, Mrs. West, if we could only shut up French's!"

The widow smiled and bent her head to kiss the girl's rounded pink cheek. "Be patient and brave, dear. Ah, you are both, Lucile! How patient and brave, you know."

It was the first time she had referred to George Landis' falseness. The color in Lucile's face deepened; but, frankly meeting her friend's eyes, she said:

"It was very hard at first. It hurts now and always will. Your own courage has helped me and God has shown me what a satisfying portion a life given to His service may be."

"I am so glad, Lucile! Remember what I say, for in after years you will see its truth. Some day a love may come to you that will show you the unreality of this. If not, there is all eternity—the eternity I am so near."

She passed on, and Lucile looked after her with eyes brimming over with sudden tears. How she would miss this kind counsellor and trusty friend. Yet could she wish her sufferings prolonged?

The words of the girl lingered long in Marion West's mind. "If we could only shut up French's!" Why not? How could this be done? Was there here one more task which the Lord was ready to let her do for Him?

That same evening Silas French sat at his sup-

per table. The great dining-room was bright with lamp light and the glow of an open coal fire, and the table was spread with an abundance of the creature comforts so dear to the saloon-keeper.

He was alone. In an upper room lay his invalid wife; out in the world were his sons, men grown now, and both of their lives already tainted with the curse of their father's business.

A maid entered the room. "Please, sir, Mrs. West is here, and desires to speak with you." "Mrs. West," he repeated wonderingly. "What can her business be? 'Well show her in.'"

He hurriedly drained a glass of wine and left the table. When Marion West opened the door, she found him standing before the fire. He greeted her politely, and motioned her toward a chair.

"Silas French," and she came close to him, "I have come to see you on business of the utmost importance. In a few months, and it may be only a few weeks, I shall stand in the presence of your sainted mother and Elaine. What shall I tell them of you?"

He started. Elaine, his only daughter, who had for sixteen years been the joy of his home, and had then gone out of his life,—how dared any one mention her name to him? But Elaine had loved this serene-faced woman, and for the sake of his daughter he would bear with her.

Mrs. West came still closer, and laid one thin hand upon his arm. "In the past few weeks, Silas French, we have been striving to overcome the evil done by you. We have not thought it possible to reach your heart. But tonight I have come here to entreat you, with my failing strength, to pause and look at your work. Think how it will appear to you at the judgment day! Think how it looks in God's sight!"

He muttered something about it being nobody's affair but his own. She shook her head.

"Don't say that. It is a fearful responsibility for you to assume. So many homes you have made desolate, so many young lives you have ruined. Death may be as near to you as me. All my past rises up to confront me. Many lost opportunities reproach me; but God is merciful, and will pardon. Oh, I wish I could tell you of the joy which His presence will surely bring!"

He turned upon her savagely, and bade her, with an oath, to be gone about her business.

"This is my business, for it is the work of the Lord. I beg of you, in the name of the daughter you once loved, to turn to God."

(To be concluded.)

### An Act of Worship.

From a privately circulated volume by Walter R. Brooks, D. D.

**O** LORD of all the worlds! O Father of all the lights! amid the grandeur and the greatness of Thy works I humbly call to Thee. Amid the ceaseless anthems of unspoken praise ascending evermore to Thee I humbly mingle my own weak tone of a loving worship. I thank Thee, O God, for all the expressions of Thyself in these works of Thy hand; for the curtaining clouds, the tented heavens, which, bending down and enclosing all things, do thus declare Thine all-encompassing, all-sheltering presence and providence in the world, make the great and wide immensities of space and time homelike, near and familiar to my heart; for the vast and varied beauty bathing all things, even to the commonest, and declaring the tenderness and gentleness which bathes every attribute of Thy nature, every act of Thy power.

I thank Thee, O God, for all the silent, quiet places on the hills and in the fields and in the deeper haunts of silence in the woods—silent, quiet places where Thy Spirit broods and rests, untroubled by the discords of human life, and where my spirit finds and feels Thy presence as it does not elsewhere; silent, quiet places so like another world, and where the spirit of the dead gather on the outskirts of this world, and make their presence felt even to the spirit cumbered with its clay.

I thank Thee, O God, for all the wild luxuriance of all the humble plants which Thou hast created to cover the nakedness of the earth and to fill its empty places with all soft colors and forms of grace, declaring thus the overflowing bounty

and the exhaustless fulness of Thy creative power and loving goodness.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the mosses and the ferns, for the creeping vines and the gentle race of flowers which love the forest glades. O most blessed God, these declare Thine equal tenderness for all, both small and great, and cure the fear of barrenness in the long future to come. They, even more than the vastness of the world, are the assurance of Thy sufficiency for all the wants of all Thy creatures.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the subtle sympathies that bind me to Thy nature and hold me in its harmonies; for the dear feeling of kindness to me which I meet in all the elements of the world, and for the sweet sense of a home in Nature, begotten of these sympathies, even when the social home is desolate.

I thank Thee, O blessed Father of all, for all the loving care the world betrays by the perfection of its minutest parts and the beauty and joy of its smallest creatures. I need not to see Thee, but only move sensibly to feel the goodness of which the world is full.

Blessed be Thy name also, O my God, for all the truth and wisdom which Thou hast written out for me in the universe of Thy works—the endless and blessed studies for my spirit in the long ages to come.

I pray Thee, O my Father, make me worthy to appear among these pure and perfect works of Thy power. Deliver me from all selfish ambitions, I pray Thee,—from all gross and sensuous passions, from all dominion of pride and covetous longings, that I may inherit Thy peace, while I share also Thy life in Thy great Nature.

O God, am I not a part of that great Nature Thou lovest so well? I pray thee, O my Father, love me! Let thy beauty be upon me also; and through all these teachings of thy love in my earthly home, I beseech thee fit me for the higher and still more divine life in Thee in the heavenly mansions. From the growth of time and the fruit of life may my soul be strong and rich for the life that opens by the gateway of the grave; and when time shall be no longer, receive me, I pray thee, into habitations of eternity with all Thine accepted ones, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Jesus, name all names above,

Jesus best and dearest,

Jesus, fount of perfect love,

Holiest, tenderest, nearest;

Jesus, source of grace complete,

Jesus, purest, Jesus sweetest,

Jesus, well of power divine.

Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

Jesus, open me the gate

That of old he entered,

Who in that most lost estate,

Wholly in Thee ventured;

Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,

And Thy passion interceding,

From my misery let me rise

To a home in paradise.

Woe, that I have turned aside

After fleshly pleasure!

Woe, that I have never tried

For the heavenly treasure!

Treasure, safe in home supernal,

Incarnate, eternal,—

Treasure no less price has won

Than the passion of the Son.

Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,

Scourged for my transgression,

Witnessing, through agony,

That Thy good confession;

Jesus, clad in purple raiment,

For my evil making payment;

Let not all Thy woe and pain,

Let not Calvary be in vain.

When I cross death's bitter sea,

And its waves roll higher,

Help the more forsaking me

As the storm draws nigher;

Jesus, leave me not to languish,

Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;

Tell me, "Verily, I say,

Thou shalt be with me today."

It is not occasional brilliancy, but a constant shining that tells.