

The Home Mission Journal.

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thus used; the position must be secured, and though the successful one is perfectly aware of the unworthy elements entering into it, and others about him are likewise aware of this, it seems to many to make little difference. The thing aimed at is to accomplish the purpose determined upon, and, as we have said, the means of securing this may be far removed from the approval of the good and true.

It would be idle to deny that there is something about success which carries inspiration with it. No one enjoys defeat; it matters not along what line his efforts may be directed, he likes to achieve a triumph. If he fails, if he is ambitious, he will rise from his disappointment to try again and will keep on trying until, if possible, the goal be reached. But the triumph to be of worth must be worthy won. It seems to this writer that if any man, if any woman, uses unworthy means to accomplish a given end, the very consciousness of that fact must destroy the real pleasure of the triumph. Political position, for example, won as a result of faithful and long and upright service is something in a very high degree to be valued. To be summoned because of character and because of service, and because of the promise of doing of that which is needed to be done a man is summoned by the people to high position, he has a right to feel a certain degree of elation at the fact. But the position that is won in the face of righteous opposition, and by means which will not bear the light of day, cannot carry with it in the thoughtful moments of a man, any real cause of satisfaction. We should not fail to impress upon the youth of our land that after all there is something greater than mere success. If it does not carry with it the approval of the best elements in the community; if it does not carry with it above all the approval of the better part of the man or woman's nature, then this success is not worth having. It is purchased at too great a price, and sooner or later the fruit it proffers will turn to Dead Sea ashes in the grasp. Winning triumphs may be wonderful, but the winning of them worthily is after all that which makes them so.

Paul Grandel's Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.
CHAPTER V.

BECOMING ACQUAINTED.

The next week after his appointment Paul Crandal went to Danesville. He missed the afternoon train, so took a freight which landed him at his future home at half-past seven.

He glanced quickly around. He was the only passenger, and was eyed curiously by the men and boys who were lounging around the depot.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Deacon Hardy?" Paul asked of one of these.

"Course I kin. You must be the new minister, hain't you?" was the equivocal reply.

Paul smiles. "I am, my friend. I hope we shall become better acquainted. Now if you will kindly tell me in which direction the deacon lives, I will be much obliged."

"Right straight along that street, a right smart ways. When you come to a big square house with lots of evergreens in front, that's the deacon's. Goin' to board to the deacon's, be you?"

The face of the young minister flushed. He thanked his inquisitive new acquaintance and

strode off in the direction indicated without replying to the last question.

A fine rain was falling. Paul paused midway up the street and peered about him.

"Not much of my new field of labor visible to-night," he said to himself. "Ah, here is the church, and it is lighted for prayer-meeting. I will go in."

He crossed the muddy street and entered the little vestibule which was lighted by a single flickering kerosene lamp. The door into the main room was ajar. Paul advanced, then paused.

The room was large. Two lamps on the pulpit made a little oasis of light rendering the gloom of the rest of the room more impressive. A dozen figures were kneeling in prayer.

It was a woman's voice to which Paul listened, a low, sweet voice that trembled with a weight of earnestness as the petitioner asked that God's Spirit might come and dwell among them.

"A co-worker in thy cause, my Master," was the cry of the young clergyman's heart.

The prayer was finished. A nasal voice began singing "On Christ, the Solid Rock, I Stand," and the worshippers rose to their feet.

Paul walked down the aisle and took a seat. After the singing of the hymn, a tall, spare-looking man, whose hair and beard had been silvered by the finger of time, said:

"We will now take a little time to tell of God's goodness."

A strange feeling of solemnity settled upon the little congregation. One after another spoke of God's love and grace. The voice of Lucile Baxter broke when she told of her trust in Christ, but the tones of Marion West filled the room with sweetest music as she dwelt upon the joy of living in his presence.

Paul's gaze lingered upon Mrs. West's face. Hers was the voice which had so thrilled him in prayer. What had brought to this woman that marked look of serenity?

After all had spoken, he rose, and in a few well-chosen words told them who he was and what his mission was among them.

"I accept it as a happy augury of my labors among you," he said, in conclusion, "that we first come together in this manner. This meeting has been a blessing to me. I have come to Danesville to do, with you, the work of the Lord."

He sat down. For a few seconds that eloquent silence, that tells more than words can, reigned. Then Lucile's sweet soprano voice rang out in "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

When the meeting was over, all lingered to bid their new pastor welcome. Mrs. West's words lingered long in Paul's memory:

"I have been asking God to send us the right man for the work here. Now I have begun to thank him for granting my request."

A few moments later Paul found himself walking along the dark streets in company with the leader of the meeting, who had proved to be Deacon Hardy. The rain had ceased, and a few stars shone fitfully out through the light clouds which the rising wind sent rapidly across the sky. Paul quickened his steps and threw back his head.

"Somehow, Deacon Hardy, I feel strongly that God is about to give us power to do a mighty work for him here."

The deacon sighed. "I hope you are right," he began, in a tone which plainly expressed his doubt, "but do not build your hopes too high. I am older than you, and know Danesville better. The work here requires great caution, for there are many strange obstacles in the way."

They had reached the deacon's door by that time, and no more was said. Paul was led to the sitting room and introduced to the wife and daughter of his host.

Mrs. Hardy inquired hospitably if he had had supper. Even when the minister assured her he had partaken of this meal in Knowlton, the deacon sent Carrie to the pantry after "a bite of something for us all."

The girl came back with a tray upon which was a plate of doughnuts, a golden-brown pumpkin pie with its rim of flaky crust curiously crimped, a pitcher of cider, and glasses.

"It's almost sweet," the deacon exclaimed, apologetically, when Paul declined the cider. "Only a bit of tang; not enough to hurt a baby."

Paul was firm. He never touched intoxicants,

and it surprised him to see the relish with which the deacon replenished his own glass.

The clock had struck ten when the guest was shown to the "spare room" of the house. He looked at the staring red and green figures of the carpet, the sepulchral-looking marble topped dresser, and the bed covered with a gay patch-work quilt.

"It's like the deacon," he murmured, a grim smile parting his lips. "Comfortable, useful, and all that; but it grates on me a little."

He threw up the window and sat down where the fresh, damp air fanned his face. "It may be a hard battle, but victory is sure," he said, "because of the promise 'I am with thee.'"

Attraction, n't Propulsion.

A VERY general desire seems to obtain among our ministers and churches for a revival of religion. Efforts are being made to secure this, and doubtless these efforts will multiply as the weeks go by. The results, however, that will be secured will depend very much upon the methods that are used. Oftentimes the nature of a true revival is forgotten, and means are employed to propel the church and congregation into a more advanced position in the Kingdom. Things are not very encouraging in the thought of those in charge, and something must be done, and hence sometimes efforts are made to drive the work into a more flourishing condition. Meetings are held. Exhortations are delivered. Motives perhaps not the highest are appealed to. Hence, sometimes, without an inner feeling, an external advance seems to obtain. The experience of the church of Jesus Christ, written on many a disencouraging page in its history, will show the real futility and barrenness of such an effort.

A better way by far is that which is brought about by attraction. Draw the church and congregation to Christ rather than drive. The thought of doing this will prompt pastor and people to get so near to Christ, and become so fused with his life and spirit, that no magnet can be more charged with attractive power than are they. It was ever in this way that Jesus Christ wrought when among men. Come, he said, not go, and as they saw his wondrous power they followed him. That was the thought that Christ impressed upon his disciples. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth," he said, "will draw all men unto me."

We want the church in a more spiritual frame of mind. We want for it a more consecrated service, but we also want those who come with us, and yet are not of us, to yield all, and crown Jesus Christ King. We want, it as pastors, and in many instances we want it as people. For that today prayers are being offered; for that desires are being unpraised. Let us be sure then that there is only one true way in which to bring this about. We cannot force the result. We can not propel to the cross. Propulsion was never more out of place than here. We must draw and not seek to drive. Come must be our invitation as it was our Lord's. We must get so near to him, and get so alive with him that, with the same unwavering power as that with which the sun draws its train of planets, we shall draw those about us to Jesus Christ. No blighting reaction will come then. No abortive efforts will bring discouragement then. Then no careless worldling will be able to say Ha! Ha! The advance thus secured will be normal, and the fruit will abide.

Soul Liberty.

A FEW days ago the Boston Globe published a series of contributions from eminent clergymen on the question: "Is it ever necessary to use force in the spread of Christianity?" To a Baptist the very form of the question betrayed a fatal misconception, for we, who believe in the doctrine of religious liberty and the separation of Church and State, hold that it is morally evil to use force to spread Christianity in any conceivable circumstances whatever. To us the Globe's question means, Is it ever necessary to do wrong?