

The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Temperance work, and a reporter of church and ministerial activities and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly. All communications, whether containing money or other news are to be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,
Canard Street, St. John, (North) N. B.

Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

Rosecroft
CHAPTER IX.

And now the long journey was nearly over, and Elsie and her aunt were seated in the train bound for Berwick. The little lady felt devoutly thankful for though in many ways her adopted daughter was a comfort to her, she was still indisputably considerable of a care to her. For instance, she was so anxious to visit Rags, and to see how he bore the journey, that her aunt, though nervously anxious lest she should "fall off the train," allowed her to go in charge of a good-natured trainman to the place where he was stowed away. The little dog looked so pathetically unhappy, and was so transported with joy at the sight of Elsie, that she could hardly tear herself away from him. Yet he seemed to be well cared for, had his rug on a comfortable bed of straw, and plenty of food and water. This was partly perhaps because Miss Diantha had given a liberal fee to the man who looked after him, but partly also because he was a good-natured fellow, really interested in the dog and his kind-hearted traveling-companions.

"You don't think he'll die or go mad?" asked Elsie, in a half-choked voice, as she looked up into her escort's round, good humored face.

"Bless you no, Miss—he feels a bit strange with the noise of the train and all, but he'll settle down and go to sleep by-and-by. He'll be all right at the end of the journey—don't you be afeared! I come in to keep him company every once in a while, and am looking after him like he was my own dog. Bless you, he's as thick with me now as if he had known me for years, ain't you, Rags?" stroking her pet's shaggy head while the little dog responded by gratefully licking the mate of the rough, but kindly hand.

Elsie felt relieved, though Rags' parting melancholy whine rang in her ears, as she went back to Aunt Diantha. That gentle lady was so touched by her account of the dog that she resolved to pay him a visit herself. But his despair when she and Elsie left him haunted her so that she lay awake a good part of the night, worrying about the little fellow. Elsie, who was up and dressed some time before her aunt, paid him an early visit, and when she came back was shocked at the sight of Miss Hathaway's pale, worn face.

"Dear aunty, you've lain awake, I'm afraid, worrying about Rags"—she did not mention how little she had slept herself—"and really he is doing very nicely."

"You didn't sleep much yourself, I'm afraid, my dear," glancing at the girl's face, "but a good hot breakfast will help to put us both to rights."

Elsie felt relieved at her aunt's cherry rejoinder, but alas, something happened while they were taking breakfast together, that quite dashed her spirits for a time. As she jumped up to look at some interesting prospect they were passing, a hasty movement of her arms upset

Miss Hathaway's cup of coffee, and though that lady rescued it deftly, half its contents were spilled into her lap.

"Oh, aunty!" exclaimed Elsie in dismay and horror, as pulling out a clean handkerchief from her pocket, she sprang to Miss Hathaway's side.

A pink color dashed into Aunt Diantha's pale cheeks, and for an instant a petulant rejoinder trembled on her tongue. But she choked it back.

"No, no, dear, not your handkerchief!" dexterously gathering up, as she spoke, the big napkin over which the coffee had poured itself, and placing it in her plate. "Reach me my bag, please."

Elsie sprang for the bag, and gave it to her aunt, her heart sinking more and more as she saw the ugly smear on the front breadth of Miss Hathaway's pretty travelling suit.

"Oh, how sorry I am! You'll wish you had never brought such a girl!" she exclaimed with tears in her eyes.

Miss Hathaway, who had taken a sponge from her handbag and was rubbing the spot with clear water, glanced up, while the slight remains of her irritation took wing as she saw the distress of her niece.

"My darling," a smile breaking through now, how can you think such a thing of your aunty! Don't feel so badly; if this water leaves a spot, I have material enough for a new dress at home."

"Was there ever such a sweet aunty!" murmured Elsie, her eyes fairly overflowing. "Can't I dry it up with this clean handkerchief!"

"Thank you, dear, but I have an old one here I can use. Drink your coffee now, before it gets quite cold, and try and eat something."

"I can't unless you take some breakfast, too," said Elsie. She looked so downcast that though Miss Hathaway had lost all desire for breakfast, she determined to gratify her charge.

"Well, I'll take a cup of coffee—in a different way, this time—with her silvery laugh that sounded like music in poor Elsie's ears, and a roll, but that's all I could have managed, even if we hadn't had this mishap."

Elsie's appetite was gone, too, and after they had swallowed their coffee and a roll apiece, they left the dining-car, the young girl too subdued to recover her spirits for a time. She guessed what a trial it must have been to Miss Hathaway, dainty as a white roseleaf, to have that accident happen to her pretty gown, and fairly adored her for her gentle forbearance.

"What is the secret of it all, I wonder?" mused Elsie, who had coaxed Aunt Diantha to take the nap she so much needed, assuring her that she did not feel a bit sleepy herself. As soon as the little lady dropped off, Elsie gently laid her head upon her own strong young shoulder, where she had placed a folded shawl. As she looked with a feeling of mingled reverence and protection into the pale, sweet face, the thought came to her again and again: "What is the secret of her beautiful life?"

"She is lovely by nature, of course, but sometimes it seems as if there were some secret influence at work I can't understand." Then a recollection flashed upon her. "Was it Aunt Diantha I heard mamma laughing about to my stepmother when I was scarcely nine years old? Yes, I remember now, distinctly; she said, 'Oh, Mrs. Fairchild has brought Aunt Diantha up to be a saint like herself; you would find it a fearful bore to have her here!'"

"She did not know her—she must have loved her if she had! Yet her own sisters do not seem to care much for Aunt Diantha, and Mrs. Shill-drake looks down upon her, and lords it over her so!

"Well, if to be a saint—I suppose mamma meant a Christian—is to be like her, I could almost wish to become one myself. I a Christian! Now I would have I grieved at the idea two weeks ago! Oh, dearest aunty, you have taught me so much already, perhaps you may teach me to believe in God, a God whom I can love and trust!"

(To be Continued.)

New Brunswick Convention.

The tenth annual session of this body will be held with the Oak Bay church, Charlotte Co., beginning on Friday, Sept. 25th at 10 a. m. Delegates coming from St. John will take the N. B. Southern, on Carleton side, at 7.50 a. m., arriving at Oak Bay at 1 p. m. Those coming from the west side of the province by C. P. R. will arrive in St. Stephen 11.30 a. m.; then taking the N. B. Southern for Oak Bay, five miles distant, will reach there at 2.30 p. m.

Delegates attending the Convention will have abundant time also to take in the Young People's meetings in St. John, Tuesday and Wednesday, 29th and 30th, on their return that way.

The programme of exercises for the Convention and fuller traveling arrangements will be announced later.

Amounts Collected by H. M. Supt.

1st Johnston Church,	\$2 00
Mrs. J. Hetherington,	2 00
1st Chipman Church,	1 30
Jemseg "	7 04
1st Springfield "	5 74
1st St. Andrews "	4 01
L. Kingsclear "	2 94
1st Hillsborough "	7 41
Rolli g Dam "	2 84
Oak Bay "	2 82
Bayside "	2 38
Steeves' Mountain "	2 22
1st Salisbury Church,	5 49
J. McIntyre,	1 00
I. T. Hetherington,	1 00
2nd Johnston Church,	3 90
Rothsay "	2 00
L. Cambridge "	1 82
2nd St. Andrews "	2 60
M. Ivilley,	4 08
L. Kingsclear "	1 02
Mrs. C. Plummer,	1 00
Bartlett Mills Church,	1 55
Pt. Elgin "	2 64
Lutes' Mountain Church,	11 78
Boundary Creek,	1 15
Kars Church,	2 75

Total, \$84 39

Aug. 1st, 1903.

Personals.

Rev. Alexander White, former pastor of Main St., is at present supplying College St. church, Toronto. We wish our brother every success in the west.

Rev. W. W. Field of Hatfield's Point, King's Co. supplied Hampton Village, and Norton on 26th inst., in the absence of the pastor, Mr. Shaw who was on vacation.

Rev. C. W. Townsend visited Salisbury on 26th 26th inst., exchanging with Pastor Daires. He also lectured on Monday evening to a large audience, his subject being "Marriage and Giving in Marriage." Those who heard the lecture speak of it as characterized by rich humor as well as filled with homely truths interspersed throughout. Bro. Townsend has much of the genius of John Ploughman and turns his talent to good account.