

## 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, except money remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,  
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### The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. Q. BRURIL.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

"Yes, it's Mag Smith," said one of the bystanders, in reply to Mr. Leonard's inquiry. "Mag wor a tough one, she wor—a reg'lar holy terror. An' tonight she wor on a big spree, sir. Mad as a hornet on account of her man Bill who was nabbed by the p'lice for a party job he done some months ago—a beak-in' into a gentleman's house up the river a-ways. Mag wor awful upset, an' she's been drinkin' like a fish ever since. Come home here an' went fur her young one, but her towerin' passion was too much fur her, an' she had a fit or suthin'. Bust a blood vessel, I guess. They're waitin' for the doctor of the coroner now to tell what it was."

"But the child, the little child—" Mrs. Rossman began, eagerly. "It was the Salvationist captain who stepped forward and took the lady's hand. 'It is little Caroline whom you wish to see? Dear heart, do not look so sorrowful. The Lord is ever merciful. Caroline is not dead. Come with me.'"

She led them past the silent body of poor Mag—poor, sinful Mag!—toward the door of a tenement-house a few rods farther up the street. Its doorway was as noisome and forbidding as that of the other, but after passing up two flights of stairs, the captain threw open the door of a room in strong contrast to its surroundings.

For the apartment was most exquisitely neat. Every board of the floor was white and smooth with much scrubbing, while here and there lay a strip of bright carpeting; clean curtains were at the windows; a pot or two of plants on the sill, a bird asleep in its cage overhead. A small, round table, a few comfortable chairs, a tiny stove with a shining tea-kettle—these were the simple furnishings. And there, among the clean, white pillows of the little iron bedstead, in one corner, was the face of a child, whose eyes opened and closed drowsily as the captain brought in the lamp from the entry way outside. Then into those same eyes came a look of startled recognition and wondrous joy as their glances rested on Mrs. Rossman and her companion.

"Mammy! Oh, mammy!" cried a voice as sweet as a bird's song. "Caroline! Little Caroline!" and the next instant Mrs. Rossman was kneeling beside the bed, her eyes raining down joyful tears on the soft silken curls.

"God be praised! God be praised!" Mr. Leonard murmured, reverently.

"You may well say that, sir," said the captain, as her clear, earnest eyes met his. "The child had a miraculous escape. Aside from the shock and a bruise on her shoulder, she is unharmed. What might have happened," she shuddered "who can tell? Poor Mag! may the Christ who is always tender have mercy on her! Poor Mag's evil hand was held by death before it wrought its cruel will on little Caroline."

The captain paused, then, with an expression of great sweetness, touched Mrs. Rossman's bowed head, as it were, with gentle benediction.

"Thank God, dear lady, that this night you have found your own! Yes, your very own. You look surprised? Do you want to know who Caroline really is? Ah, she is of your own kin, dear madam! You had a brother, did you not, who, years ago, left his home?"

"My brother Robert?" Mrs. Rossman exclaimed. He died at sea."

"And you never knew that he had a wife, a sweet English girl, who did not long survive him? An orphan she was, and her last request was that her little daughter might be taken to you. Margaret Smith was entrusted with the child, but she proved faithless to the task, for she was strangely under the influence of this wicked man, Bill Sanders. Together they spent the money left by the dying mother for little Caroline spent it in wicked, riotous living. They dragged the child from city to city, never wholly casting her off, for we must give Mag, the credit of a little affection for Caroline—that is, when not under the influence of drink. There was a time when, in an outburst of contrition and confidence, Mag told me the whole wretched story. I urged upon her that the only thing she could do to atone for her crime was to take the child to you, and this she promised she would do. Now, this was about the time I expected that the dear Lord was to call me home, for I was suffering from what I supposed was a incurable disease, and was taken to the hospital. I remained there several months, and when I came out I found no trace of either Mag or the child, but I comforted myself with the hope that little Caroline had been taken to her own people. Yet I wanted to be sure. I heard recently that Mag had come here, or, at least, a woman answering to her description. This is one reason why, tonight, I persuaded our leader to march down here. Was it not the leading of God's providence? Tonight I heard Caroline's appeal for help. I saw her dear face at the widow. And now she is restored to you."

Mrs. Rossman was sobbing, yet a great joy was shining from her misty eyes.

Caroline's soft, little arms were clasping her neck with loving fervor.

"I really belong to you! I really belong to you!" the child kept repeating, a beautiful expression on her face. "Oh, isn't it wonderful, mammy? Nobody can part us now! Oh, can it be true?"

"It surely is true, dear child," said the captain, smiling, and from the table near by she took a small bundle of soiled papers.

"I found these in Mag's possession, that is, they had evidently fallen from the waist of her gown as she lay on the stairs tonight, poor creature. They are all the necessary legal documents to prove Caroline's identity, I think, sir." And she held the bundle out for the minister to take.

Mr. Leonard scanned one paper after another with a critical eye. When he laid down the last one turning to Mrs. Rossman, he said, impressively:

"Yes, it is all true. Caroline is undoubtedly your brother Robert's child."

"Oh, I belong to her!" Caroline broke in with rapture.

Presently a thought came to her. She raised herself up again and reached out a hand to Mr. Leonard.

"It seems as though I sort of belonged to you, too, my dear 'Jesus preacher'! Yes, I belong to you. Oh, we'll all be happy together! Shall we not?"

The minister's eyes sought Mrs. Rossman's. Something there made his face glow with sudden joy. He reached out and drew her hand, as well as the tiny one of the child, into his own firm grasp.

"Yes, we'll all be happy together, please God!" he said.

And Mrs. Rossman did not draw her hand away from its safe keeping, for to her, as well as to the minister, the coming of Caroline had brought among many other beautiful things, the strange, ever-old, yet ever-new, story of a true, pure love!

[THE END.]

Receive what cheer you may:

The night is long that never finds the day.

—*Mabeth.*

The past is a good nurse but we must be weaned from her sooner or later.—*Lowell.*

There are conditions that we cannot know concerning the victorious Christian life until we have definitely surrendered the will to God.—*B. Fay Mills.*

### Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of the York and Sunbury Baptist churches met with the Gibson Baptist church March 6th and 8th.

The first session opened at 7:30 on Friday evening, Rev. M. P. King gave a practical and eloquent address to a large congregation. A social service was held at the close which betokened a promise of refreshing. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

The forenoon and afternoon sessions on the 7th were devoted to the transaction of business. Of the meeting of the Women's Aid, at the close of the afternoon session, of Gibson and Fredericton we need not report. The prospects and conditions are of an encouraging nature in an advanced degree.

Saturday evening session was conducted by Pastor Robinson, and Pastor C. W. Sables preached a sermon of sound Gospel truth, which was followed by a service of prayer and praise led by Rev. M. P. King.

Prayer service at 10:30 a. m. Lord's Day was a season of refreshing and when we adjourned to the main audience room to hear the quarterly sermon we felt how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Rev. J. H. McDonald preached an able and interesting discourse from Heb. 6:19. We need not say that the audience listened with much interest and profit as the speaker unfolded the need we have for an anchor; its properties and the condition of good anchorage.

The S. S. session in the afternoon was led by the Superintendent and Bro. Bradley, who shows an increasing adaptability for his work. Addresses were given by Pastors C. W. Sables, N. B. Rogers and Bro. F. P. Knight.

The main church was filled on Sabbath evening, Pastor W. R. Robinson preached. At the close a most helpful social service was conducted by Rev. M. P. King, which brought to a close one of the most successful quarterly gatherings in this county. N. B. ROGERS.

### THE ERVINE FUND.

The following amounts have been forwarded to me on this Fund:

Rev. R. M. Bynon,	\$1 00
Mrs. James Kennedy,	50
Mrs. Joseph E. Miller,	50
Oswald Barton,	1 00
Samuel Barton,	25
Hopewell Cape S. School,	5 00
L. R. Hetherington,	1 00
C. W. Newcomb,	2 00
Willis C. Newcomb,	2 00
Nettie Secord,	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Branscombe,	2 00

Total, \$16.25

Will all who intend to help kindly remit amounts as soon as possible. We ought to make up \$100 again this year to aid our brother.

W. E. MCINTYRE.

Chipman, April 1st.

FROM REV. S. D. ERVINE.

In a recent communication from his present home at San Jacinto, California, Bro. Ervine thus writes:

"The little church near us here is made up of Eastern church members, not a single one in it that was born in California. This country too seems to be full of preachers looking for churches, and this reminds me of Bro. Howard's remark