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The Coming of Caroline.

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CHAPTER VI.

HERE had been a time, when, if an angel had passed up and down Stubbs' Extension and looked with clear, penetrating eyes into the hearts of the dwellers on that thoroughfare, he would doubtless have seen some that were weak and silly, some weak and wicked, others, it is to be hoped, kind and forgiving, but possibly he would have found none harder nor more indifferent to the welfare of those around her than Mrs. Rossman.

But the coming of Caroline had changed many things! The innocent, childish eyes had pierced to the very soul; the touch of the little hands had unlocked the floodgates and a stream, warm and gentle, had gradually begun to spread its healing beneficence over the woman's whole being; and, through the benign influence of the Holy Spirit, was germinating seeds long dormant the seeds of kindly interest in others, of charity, good will, and helpfulness. The glances that were directed toward Mrs. Saltsby and Miss Spooler's were less fraught with contempt, when Mrs. Rossman came face to face with the dames, there was gracious and gentle comeliness instead of coldly averted looks, and she began to find beauty hitherto unsuspected, in the lives about her.

"Poor Miss Spooler! she is working her fingers to the bone and blinding her eyes, sewing until late in the night, in order to give support and comfort to her bedridden mother. And that Mrs. Saltsby, she's not so bad, after all, poor thing! They say she had to go out to work when she was only a little thing not ten years old! She never had a chance to go to school, or to learn anything, so it's no wonder that in her ignorance she enjoys a bit of gossip. But she seems so good and respectful to her husband's father, who must be a great trial to her, for he is only an idle drunkard. Then, she is up night after night with her sister-in-law, who is dying of consumption!"

Gentle consideration begets gentle consideration, and Mrs. Saltsby's opinion was likewise undergoing a change.

"That Mrs. Rossman do be more neighborly than I thought her! She used to pass me by as if I wasn't more than a pump or a street lamp post—and me, that has a husband what gets forty-five dollars a month as an expressman—yes, an expressman in one of our oldest concerns in the country, for doesn't it say so on all them red labels, shure? It's meself that can howld as high a head as anybody on Stubbs' Extension! But now, Mrs. Rossman passes the toime of day as well as the next one. And it was only last Friday that she was so obligin' as to send over the nicest recate for petaty salad that yez ever laid eyes on or the mouth of yez ever tasted! Well, it's the comin' of that little fairy, Caroline, that's been kind of warrumin' to her, I do be a-thinkin'!"

Now, this being the comfortable and amicable state of affairs between herself and the neighbors, it was not surprising that when an event of dire importance took place in the home of the spouse of the "expressman," that she took the liberty of appealing for help to Mrs. Rossman, whom she

felt instinctively to be a person of superior intelligence.

"Mammy! O, mammy!" Caroline ran in tearfully one afternoon. "Mrs. Saltsby's Tommy has upset the teakettle over the baby. And can you come over right away, she says?"

Mrs. Rossman promptly laid down her pen! She was writing another little story, and plot and characters were just at a most exciting juncture, so that she had an author's reluctance to leave them—but, then! a poor scalded baby! Did not that appeal to her far more than any pen-and-ink individual?

So she hurried out of the back door and across the yard, Caroline close at her heels.

As was to be expected, of course, they found the Saltsby household in an uproar. Mrs. Saltsby, with the strides of an infuriated Amazon, was walking up and down the kitchen floor, calling on all the saints in the calendar, with the shrieking baby clasped tightly in her arms, regardless of the fact that its little body was still clothed in the steaming garments. A circle of open-mouthed children were snuffing sympathetically, and above all, dodging here and there, like little boats hurrying to get out of the way, as their mother, like a stately battleship, sailed past them. Tommy, the culprit, with salty tears, making pinky-white channels down his begrimed cheeks, had crawled in silent misery under the table and was giving nervous pulls at the fringe of the turkey-red spread, thereby inviting a disastrous avalanche of gilt-edged cups and saucers—his mother's pride, penitents donated by an enterprising tea agent.

Into this scene of confusion, Mrs. Rossman came, bringing the quieting influence of a reassuring, helpful presence. She took the baby from its distracted mother's arms; she carefully removed the hot, wet garments, cutting off the faded, sattered sleeve in order to spare the blistered arm more pain; then a soothing lotion was put on, with a soft, cooling linen cloth she had brought from home, and by the time the doctor arrived—the "expressman" having gone for him post-haste as soon as the mishap occurred—the Saltsby household had nearly quieted down to its normal condition, and the luckless Tommy had ventured to emerge from his turkey-red retreat.

Then Mrs. Rossman, somewhat bedabbled with olive oil and linewater, with a strong scent of carolic acid lingering around her apron, started homeward, accompanied by a volley of grateful ejaculations from the relieved mother and a terse compliment from the attending physician.

"It's nothing great that I have done, I'm sure," Mrs. Rossman said to herself. "No bit of heroism to make a fuss over! But my afternoon for writing is spoiled—that's my only regret—and I suppose it will be hard to make up the thread of my story. And dear me, how mussed and greasy I am! But, somehow, I do feel so happy about helping that poor baby! How I pitied it as it writhed in pain with that ugly scald on its dear, fat little arms! No wonder that Caroline's sympathy was so aroused that she, too, began to cry. I was wise to send her home. I do hope—why—" in sudden surprise as she neared her house—with whom is she talking? Who can be here?"

As she stood in the entry way, listening to a strange, but very musical, masculine voice mingling with Caroline's sweet voice, childish treble—the sitting room door was flung open widely, and Caroline herself appeared, her face still stained with sympathetic tears because of the scalded Saltsby, but her eyes joyous with proud satisfaction over something very different.

"Oh mammy! Come right in! We've been waiting for you so long! Is the baby better? I would have come over, but you told me to stay here; I have been doing my best to entertain Mr. Leonard, so he wouldn't go before you came. This is Mr. Leonard, mammy, the minister, you know."

Mrs. Rossman never forgot that one awful moment! There she stood, hair dishevelled, neck ribbon awry from the poor baby's frantic catches; her faded, blue apron as wet as a washer-woman's, its bid greasy with oil and smelling like a dentist's office. Before her stood the pastor of St. John's—dignified, ministerial,

in his broadcloth and spotless linen! A handsome man, withal, barely middle-aged, with hazel eyes, having a decidedly merry twinkle in them under the broad, white, scholarly brow; a mouth strong, yet tender; a chin massive and firm with character—and over all the subtle aristocracy of birth, the stamp of wealth and culture.

"Oh, why did he come here? What possessed him! How like a fright I must look!" these questions and exclamations were tumbling over each other in poor Mrs. Rossman's brain as she felt the awful flood of shame and chagrin overwhelm her.

If she had only known that to the minister she did not look like a fright at all!

Her delicate face was flushed from excitement, but it also wore the tender pity of true womanhood stirred at the sight of a little child's woe. The bright chestnut hair curled in soft confusion over the white forehead, the dark eyes had shy, half appealing glances in them; the sensitive lips were quivering like a frightened child's. But pride and early good breeding came to Mrs. Rossman's rescue. She was a lady, in spite of the soiled apron. She bowed with graceful ease.

To be Continued.

The Sunday School.

OCTOBER 26.

Cosmos and Caleb.

Joshua 14: 3-15.

GOLDEN TEXT. He wholly followed the Lord. Joshua 14: 14.

After the fall of Jericho came the defeat at Ai. This was at first inexplicable, but, finally, it was found that Achan had sinned by appropriating to his own use some of the treasures which had been devoted to the Lord's treasury. After the stern punishment of Achan and his family, success once more crowned the arms of the Israelites, and after six or seven years of conflict enough of Canaan had been conquered to warrant a division of the territory, in accordance with the directions which Moses had given to the people in anticipation of this event.

DIVISION OF THE PROMISED LAND.

The division of Canaan made by Moses gave to the tribes of Reuben and Gad and the half tribe of Manasse the land lying east of the Jordan river and the Dead Sea. The land on the west side was divided between the remaining nine tribes and a half. Among these latter was the tribe of Judah, and to this tribe Caleb belonged. The general plan of distribution was by lot, but in the case of Caleb this method was departed from.

CALEB'S REQUEST.

When Joshua and Caleb had explored the land of Canaan as spies, Caleb had visited Hebron and seen its great fruitfulness. Now he comes before Joshua and asks that this territory may be his. His words indicate that it is yet in the hands of the Anakim, but they show an absolute confidence that he would be able to dispossess them, by the help of the Lord. His request is an indication of the character of this doughty old warrior. Though he was now eighty-five years of age, he longed for the opportunity of further arduous service, and his spirit and courage are as resolute as in his earlier years.

Caleb had no sooner made his request than it was granted. Moreover, Joshua pronounced a blessing upon this indomitable warrior, whose spirit was so akin to his own. And the sequel shows us that the blessing of God himself followed Caleb in the choice which he had made.

THE HISTORY OF HEBRON.

Hebron is one of the most ancient cities in the world, and a brief sketch of its history is appropriate in connection with this lesson.

We read in numbers 13: 22 that Hebron was built seven years before Zoan (Tanis), the capital of lower Egypt. "It was anciently called Kirjath-arba and Mamre, and was a favorite residence of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and