


The Home Mission Journal.

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the thicket to take his place on the rude altar. Is not the whole scenery one of substituted sacrifice? the meaning of which we fail to discover till we turn our eyes to Calvary. There only can we see the fulfilment of that significant name that Abraham gave the place, (Jehovah Jireh)—"The Lord will provide." Yes, provide himself and his people a lamb for sacrifice, to put away sin that accrued thing that stood in the way of the bestowment of pardon to the guilty. Divorced from the views of substitutionary sacrifice, the altars and oblations of patriarchs and prophets of priests and kings, of tabernacle and Temple, are but meaningless mummeries. They can only be interpreted and explained in the light of the cross. Then they become types and prophecies of a more gracious dispensation. Now, there are several realities that center in the necessity for a substitutionary sacrifice for the sins of men. And just here comes in the governmental aspect of this necessity. For, notwithstanding the fact that God loved man, and pitied him in his sins, and determined to save him, yet he could only exercise his mercy in harmony with righteousness, holiness, justice and truth. His righteous government must be maintained; if he would sustain the integrity of his throne, its righteousness must be asserted, the justice of his law must be honored, the penalty for transgression must be meted out. Not that God is vindictive or revengeful, for his own gratification, "He does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men."

The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Oh, don't stare at me so!" Mrs. Rossman was alone in her little sitting-room, but the remark was not addressed to herself—it was to a small, waxen image attired in a blue satin gown, lacerruffled, and a wonderful picture-hat; in short, to little Caroline's doll, who, ever since the departure of her mistress had been as obedient as Casabianca of "burning deck" fame. The doll was still sitting in the little red rocking-chair in the corner, a pretty creature with blonde curls, delicately-tinted face and big, brown eyes. It was the fixed gaze of those same eyes which made Mrs. Rossman nervous and caused her to utter the impatient exclamation which has just been quoted.

There seemed something almost reproachful about those eyes as if they were asking the question, "What has become of my little mistress? When is she coming back?"

Ah, these same questions had been revolving in Mrs. Rossman's brain, day and night! What had become of Caroline? When was she coming back? Would she ever come back? Who could tell!

Since that pleasant summer afternoon when she had returned to find the child missing, life had gone on like a dull, dreadful dream! At first there had been much excitement, much hurrying to and fro. The neighbors, sympathetic and solicitous, had sallied forth to scour the country far and near; telegrams sped across the wires; the police force were on the watch and detectives employed. Now and then there came a great throb of hope; somebody fancied that he had found a clue; some detective, like a sleuth-hound, imagined that he was on the scent,

but it always turned out to be a mistake somewhere, and hope gave way to despair.

Mrs. Rossman began to realize that there might be something more sorrowful than mourning over a dead child—it was the gnawing suspense over a little one torn from her arms and taken out into a cruel, vicious world, to be beaten and abused, to grow up, perhaps, to shame and degradation! Who could tell what little Caroline's fate might be?

So it was no wonder that Mrs. Rossman felt a pang as she looked at the waxen image sitting in the toy chair, its tiny garments of blue and white smoothed down carefully just as the little girl's hand had left them.

We know that the coming of Caroline had meant much to Mrs. Rossman—an awakening from dull apathy and selfish grief, as the sweetness of dawn breaks into dark night; a lifting out of morbid moroseness—a stimulating to higher and better things.

And now the question was, would she sink back into her old self? Was "the last state" to be "worse than the first?"

She asked this question herself and perhaps the asking it was helpful to her, for it revealed the danger threatening her. It aroused her to struggle as a swimmer has to struggle against the flood ready to submerge him.

But God be praised! the struggle was a brave one and she was to come off conqueror. Never again would she sorrow as one without hope; never again could she sink into the low abyss of despair.

"I do be a thin'kin', ma'am, that it worr a pity 't it ye iver had eyes on the child and that yer heart-things got twisted around her, if she had to be snatched away like this!" exclaimed Mrs. Saltsby, tearfully.

But little Miss Spooler said softly and with a far-away look in her wistful eyes, "Oh, don't say that! It is better to lose them than never to have had them!"

And Mrs. Saltsby, thinking of her own brood, nodded assent, saying, "Faith, an' it's right ye may be, shure! But if I could lay me hands on that creature what stole little Caroline, there wouldn't be enough lift of him or her to make a mop of, an' it's the thruth I'm tellin' yez, shure!"

And Mrs. Saltsby's expressions of sympathy and indignation found an echo in every home on Stubbs' Extension—yes, and beyond, out on the broad avenue.

Judge Dent, himself, went to no little pains in the making and carrying out of plans for the rescue of Caroline.

"We'll succeed, Mrs. Rossman, never you fear!" and he added in a husky voice, as he wiped his eyes furtively and blew his nose sonorously to hide his emotion, "So sweet and bright a child as Caroline cannot long remain unobserved! Somebody will get a clue to her and before we hardly know it, we'll have her back here, playing with my little Julia!"

But of all her friends, the one on whom Mrs. Rossman most relied was Mr. Leonard. In her distress, she had turned to him instinctively, and his kindness and his calmness were most reassuring. Like a haven of rest to a storm-beaten ship, like a staunch wall against foes without, was he to this afflicted woman. Day and night his prayers went up to heaven in her behalf; he was patient with her tears and patient with her occasional rebellious outbreaks, and when she gradually gained command over herself, he was ready to carry out any plan or suggestion she might have as to the recovery of Caroline. To attain this end his labors were indefatigable! He thought, he wrote, he hired detectives, he was up early and late taking strolls in all of the thoroughfares and out-of-the-way places of the city and its suburbs. In no way did he spare himself, nor did he ever begrudge labor or fatigue on his part.

"Little Caroline is dear to me, too!" he exclaimed. "I owe much to her. Her coming was a blessing to me and her return would be another!"

As the days passed, he saw that the trouble was wearing on Mrs. Rossman. Her patient submission to her trial was touching to witness, but the sorrow was undermining her health; she was growing pale and thin; her step was slow and languid, and as we have already seen, even the staring eyes of the doll in its chair wore on the nervous system already impaired by grief

and suspense.

"The poor dear will be down sick if something isn't done for her!" said motherly Mrs. Leonard. "I am really worried about her!"

"It tries her to sit at home in the lonely house," said Mr. Leonard, sadly. "The inactivity is killing her! She seems utterly discouraged. I must go over there today with a word of cheer."

But when the minister called at the gray cottage that afternoon, he found Mrs. Rossman fully aroused from her apathy.

She hurried eagerly into the hall to meet him; in her hand she held a soiled and crumpled piece of paper.

"This came by mail today. It is post-marked 'Harmon, our city!' Perhaps, after all, Caroline is nearer to us than we think!"—and Mrs. Rossman's eyes shone with hope. "You know we have all thought that she was thrust back to New York. But read this!" and she thrust the paper into Mr. Leonard's outstretched hand.

The missive was only a blotted scrawl, and ran as follows:

"Mrs. Rossman:—If you wanten git the young one, Caroline, you've got ter plank down a cool thousand dollars and no words said. Bring the money to the old pier, east end of the river beyond the bridge, left side at Friday night half-past ten in the evening. If you bring a cop with you, or try to play any tricks, you won't have the child and I can tell you it'll be a mighty sight worse for her. But if you act fair and square, you can have her, soon's the money's paid over. I mean what I say."

To be Continued.

Religious News.

We are in the midst of a TABERNACLE, gracious revival. Rev. W. ST. JOHN, N. B. H. Jenkins of Onslow, N. B., one of our busy pastors, took our invitation as a call from God, and came to us ten days ago. The results in conversions, and in the deepening of the work of grace in the hearts of Christians, for us is blessed indeed. We have received eight into the church in the past three weeks, and others are pressing into the kingdom. The work is still going on.

Evangelist Marple in his NEW CANAAN, N. B. peregrination made New Canaan a visit. He held services for a few weeks at Fork's Stream one of the stations of this field. A rich blessing was enjoyed. Bro. Marple showed himself to be a wise and judicious leader, and difficulties of long standing seem in a fair way of being removed. On Sunday 15, I was privileged to be with him and to baptize 2 believers who had professed conversion during his work there. Others professed to have found Christ, but have not made open profession. The church is considerably revived. Havelock, Feb. 20. J. W. BROWN.

Last Lord's Day we opened FAIRFIELD, N. B. our new building at West-view. Rev. Mr. Townsend preached from Psalm 63:1-3. The sermon was one of Pastor Townsend's best and was greatly appreciated by all. The building, though small, is neat, comfortable and large enough for the locality. For the last ten years we have been holding services in private houses but last spring decided to have a house of our own. When opened last Lord's day the building was free from encumbrance fifty dollars being raised there to wipe out the debt. It is to the credit of this band of workers that they should thus present to the Lord an offering that is acceptable in His sight for with Spurgeon we think, drink, debt, dirt and the devil are things to be avoided by the Christian. R. M. BYNON.