

The Home Mission Journal.

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The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. Q. BRURIL.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thus came the melody in a mighty blast from the cornet, while the drum thumped ecstatically and a chorus of voices took up the grand old song.

Suddenly—almost abruptly, the music ceased. "Halt!" came the steady command of the leader. Then the little company of Salvationists stood still, first forming into a circle—a living cordon dividing off the mass of human beings thronging the street. A noisy, rough, jostling mass it was—the very scum of society; sullen-browed men with wicked eyes and sardonic mouths; hardened gamblers with hard, sneering faces; bold women staggering here and there swearing and scolding in high pitched voices. Red-nosed toppers, maudlin or belligerent as their mood happened to be, lurked in furtive groups near the saloons.

These formed the congregation of the street preacher—an aged man with a long, white beard sweeping his broad chest, a man whose face was singularly pure and childlike, though the dark eyes peering from beneath bushy, white brows, had the fire of the soldier in them and the tall, gaunt figure was as erect as a veteran's.

Fragmentary sentences of his discourse floated up to the window where little Caroline leaned, listening. "Friends," he said—"aye, I call you friends, though I know not your names. Even more, I call you brothers and sisters! For we are of one family—children scattered here and there. But ah, some of you look sad and friendless, so let me tell you of a Friend":

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him?
He drew me with the cords of love
And thus He found me to Him!

rang out the clear, sweet voice of one of the "hallelujah lasses."

"Yes, some of you look sorrowful," continued the preacher. "Bitterly sorrowful as though you had lost all things—home, friends, money, good name, honor—even your souls! Let me tell you of the pitiful One who will wipe all tears from your eyes; will take your bruised hearts and apply to them the balm of his forgiveness, his comfort and his love. But"—here the speaker's voice thrilled with earnestness, while his glance of penetrating power was like a flash of lightning piercing the darkness—"my dear friends, so many of your faces are the faces of sinners! I see the 'mark of the beast'—the scars of moral wounds, the signs of soul leprosy—the cancer of foul moral disease eating into your very life! Oh, I speak truth! You need not tarry away! You carry your face with you. It is the same face when you put out your lamp in your room tonight and all is in darkness—the same face when you hide it in your pillow. Perhaps some of you may have no pillow, only the cold stones like Jacob of old! If so, then God grant that like him, you may see the visions of the angels. I repeat, your face tells its own tale and that same face shall lie in the coffin some time, wearing the death seal and the sin-seal mingled. Do you want to bear the mark to your graves? Or, do you want the great Healer to come to you, to purify you and make you as a little child again, meet for the kingdom of heaven? I say, do you not want Him? He will come to you, oh, so willingly! Reach out to Him! Believe on Him!"

The crowd thickened, pushed forward, jostled each other, laughing good-naturedly, then hooted derisively and moved on, one by one, curiosity gratified. But amid the laughter, low sobes were sometimes heard, and figures in filthy rags and tatters knelt on the hard stones of the pavement.

Ah, some victories were gained by these Salvationists, these humble soldiers of the Cross, who were so nobly fighting against the hosts of sin. Strange, unthought, startling though their methods might be, work in their hands met with many a success, for, as one of England's noted men has said, "These people are a great company and a great fact. They are doing with their refugees, their homes, their workshops, and their colonies, the greatest work that has been attempted in our time. They will endure and not turn to crystal like the Franciscan friars, their predecessors, because they ask no alms and take no money and live on the poorest wage that will support them."

But little Caroline was not thinking of the great forces battling, the great issues at stake. To her the well-known uniform represented sympathy, help and protection.

Eagerly she gazed from the window, her soft hair drenched with night-dews.

"Ah, if the Captain were only there!" she exclaimed. "Then"—she paused and listened intently.

For the white-haired preacher had ceased speaking now, and a woman's voice had taken up the theme—a penetrating voice, wondrously magnetic—every tone clear and musical, vibrating with intense feeling.

The first notes brought a startled look to Caroline's countenance. She peered down, hoping to see the speaker. Just then there was a little rift in the crowd made by one or two persons who knelt down and over the bowed heads, Caroline caught a glimpse of the "hallelujah lass."

The face, seen in the ruddy glow of the torches, was pale, pure, glowing with inspiration and tender compassion.

"Oh, it is—it is the Captain!" Caroline screamed in a wild burst of joy. "O Captain, my dear, dear Captain!"

Her exclamation was faintly heard in the street below. The young woman who had been speaking left the sentence unfinished while she gazed upward.

But just then there was a commotion in the crowd: a bold, black-eyed creature with brazen countenance was forcing her way through, using fists and elbows in a reckless manner. Her painted face was purple with wrath; there was an evil gleam in her eyes; like a fierce beast, eager for prey, she made her way alone, thrusting this one and that one aside, heedless even that she trampled on the kneeling penitents.

"I'll teach the brute!" she was heard to mutter. "I'll teach her a lesson she won't forget."

She reached the low, dark doorway of the tenement; went up the rickety stairs—a very demon of wrath! Unsteadied by drink, her hand could hardly unlock the door, but at last the key turned.

"I'll teach you"—but May, for it was she did not finish, for before the door was barely ajar, a small figure had forced its way through and lit Caroline, her feet winged by fear, hope, joy, desperation, went flying down the staircase! The Captain! Oh, if she could only get to the Captain!

Mag turned, a look of devilish malignity on her face, and pursued the child. Down the first flight of stairs she went and gained on her in the second; in the middle of the third flight she caught Caroline and shook her as a huge mastiff might shake a tiny kitten; she dragged her this way and that, merciless in her drunken rage; finally she threw her savagely down the half dozen steps remaining.

There was a sound of a thud in the darkness below—then all was still!

To be Continued.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

A part of the following poem was put in the last issue of this paper, half of it was overlooked by the compositor. It expresses our own feelings so thoroughly that we want the whole of it given in this number. The author is an old retired Baptist minister. He has composed many hymns, and published several valuable books.

RESTING.

"There remaineth a Rest."

I'm resting in the shadow,
The shadow of the cross;
No earthly power can harm me—
I cannot suffer loss;
My Saviour sees me resting,
He bids me trust in him;
He knows my earnest longing—
When earthly joys grow dim.

I'm resting in the sunshine,
Of God's eternal love,
No darkness can alarm me,
For all is light above;
My Saviour sees me watching,
I know I need not fear;
He knows how much I love him,
And he is ever near.

I'm resting in the morning,
Or 'neath the noon-tide heat;
Or when the day's declining,
Still resting at his feet;
I'm trusting in his promise,
Whatever may betide—
In all my joys or sorrows,
To be my friend and guide.

Still trusting then my Saviour,
I'll calmly rest and wait;
Till he shall come and call me,
And meet me at the gate;
Then resting 'een forever,
In my appointed place,
How sweet will be the ending
To see him face to face.

THOMAS L. BAILY.

Dec. 1902.

Atlantic City, N. J.

York and Saratoga Quarterly.

The York and Saratoga Quarterly Meeting convened with the Lower Kingsclear Baptist church, Jan 16th, at 7.30 p. m. Pastor N. B. Rogers preached the opening sermon, taking for his text "Rejoicing in hope." The four foundations of hope were, the atonement, the eternal choice of the Father, the possibilities of humanity and the final consummation (1 John 3:2) after which a testimony service was held.

At 10.30 Saturday morning, in the absence of the Moderator (B. W. Manzer,) Bro. M. S. Hall was elected pro tem. After a service of prayer the business of the Quarterly was attended to until noon, when the meeting adjourned until 1 p. m. The business was concluded in afternoon session with much enthusiasm, while much of denominational interest was discussed.

The Conference was led by Bro. Mallory of Jacksonville. A season of refreshing was enjoyed.

In the evening Rev. W. R. Robinson gave a stirring address on Home and Foreign Missions which was followed by Rev. G. H. Howard on Temperance. At the close of the service a unanimous vote was given in favor of the appointment of a Scott Act Inspector for York County, also that the Council be requested to proceed at once to appoint the same.

Devotional service at 10 a. m. Sunday morning led by Bro. D. F. Knight.