

# The Home Mission Journal.

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## The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH.

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### CHAPTER V.

**A**FTER much deliberation and many qualms, she made the attempt. She resolutely laid aside the Battenburg bureau cover a lady in the city had engaged her to make as a wedding gift for a remote cousin, and betook herself, instead, to pen, ink and paper and the fabrication of a little tale.

Caroline fancied herself of great assistance. She sat on the green cricket and listened to the reading of paragraph after paragraph, and was most frank in her criticism of the same. She named the principal characters; her small fingers placed the manuscript in its envelope; her little red tongue moistened the requisite stamp and her willing feet trotted down to the post office to mail the same.

Then both the collaborators betook themselves to the harder task of patient waiting. A week, a fortnight, a month and more passed by, and then, to Mrs. Rossman's surprise, for she had given up what little hope she had, there came a letter containing a pale blue slip of paper. Caroline was standing by her knee, looking up wistfully and disappointedly as the envelope was opened.

"Oh, not a dollar in it! Not even a twenty-tawny, little silver dime!" she exclaimed with a little suggestion of a sob in her tone. "Don't you feel real sorry for mammy? Why, you don't seem to! Your eyes shine!"

"Good reason have they to shine, Caroline!" was Mrs. Rossman's gay reply. "Just look here, dear," and she waved the blue slip over her head like a tiny paper flag. "That is just the same as money, dear! It is five dollars! Just think—five dollars!"

Five dollars! An insignificant sum in itself to many a rich, indolent woman of fashion, who, oblivious to the fact that hundreds of little children are hungry, homeless, lacking love and care, would spend ten times that sum to gratify some trivial desire. But to this woman who yearned to do her best for the little waif who had come to her door, the sum meant a great deal. Caroline, too, appreciated that fact. She stroked the blue paper lovingly.

"It'll buy a ton of coal, mammy!" she said solemnly.

"Yes, or get you a nice little eiderdown cloak, a tippet and a wee muff, with enough left over, maybe, to buy the pretty red sled marked 'Reindeer' that you saw in the store yesterday."

But poverty had taught Caroline to be wise and provident beyond her years. She shook her head gravely.

"I don't know about that, mammy! The winter is almost gone. The snowdrifts are fast melting away and yesterday I heard Mrs. Saltzby singing 'St. Patrick's day in the mornin'' and she said it would soon be here, March seven-tenth, and then there'd be the 'wearin' of the green!' February's almost gone. But maybe, maybe there'll be a few more snow storms, enough for me to use a sled—But!—with a sudden burst of enthusiasm—"there is another thing I want to get mammy! It's for yourself!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes! I'll tell you!" Here Caroline stood up on tiptoe, and placing her lips close to Mrs.

Rossmann's ear, whispered in deep, sepulchral tones, "It's a—'t's a—a—*bonnet*. Not a dingy black one like that you've already got, but a sat, pretty gray one with a tiny fly white feather on it and some lovely velvet vilit's tucked here and there! Won't that be fine, dearie mammy?"

Mrs. Rossmann laughed.

"Why are you so ambitious for me, childie?"

"Well," here Caroline settled back in the chair with an important air, "well, you see, if you have a bonnet, you can go to church. We haven't been once since I've been here. Mrs. Saltzby wanted me to go to mass, but I thanked her and said, 'N, no, ma'am! I've wanted to go to church with you, mammy, oh, ever so many times! Every Sunday morning, when I hear the bells ring, they seem to say, *Go, to Church, Go, to Church!* And there's been a big lump in my throat 'cause I couldn't come! I've spoken about your going, mammy, but you said you couldn't, because you hadn't any nice bonnet. Now *thi—* get you one!" and Caroline patted the fly check.

Mrs. Rossmann stirred uneasily in her chair. Her eyes were not shining now; a gloomy look had crept into them. Her tone was a little sharp as she replied:

"You're only a little girl, Caroline, and don't understand everything. There was a time when I went to church. I had plenty of money then and folks welcomed me, but I couldn't pay a good big subscription. But now—well, now we are poor, and poor folks find a hearty welcome even at the church!"

"The Captain was always welcome," was the eager rejoinder. "I went to church with her almost every Sunday; that is, when Mag was good natured and let me. Oh, everybody was glad to see the Captain!"

Mrs. Rossmann nodded carelessly. She had learned by this time who the Captain was, and what she was. A worthy young woman of the lower class, doubtless, wearing the plain, quaint uniform of the Salvation Army, one who, with the aid of the fanatic had marched to the sound of file, drum and tam-tam, and heeded not at kneeling in mud and slush to pray for seeking sinners. Ah yes! A "hateful lass!"

"I dare say the church I used to attend is not like the service at the Salvation Army barracks, Caroline, dear! And you know the church nearest to us now is the fine new brick one just at the other end of the Extension, that has been erected by some of the wealthy and aristocratic people who live in the select suburbs on Elm street and the Avenue. Oh St. John's is not for poor folks, such as we are! And, besides, 'tis ministerial matters here that are so there's no thing for me to do but let them alone, which I shall most certainly do! The minister is a stately, dignified gentleman, shepherd over a stately, dignified flock. I haven't heard him preach, for he was away the Sunday I went to church. I *did* go, once, Caroline, I'll tell you that secret! I did go once, just after my little girl died, but I never wanted to go again. In all the proud, richly-furnished throng, there didn't seem one to give me a hand clasp!"

"Maybe you hurried away so soon that you didn't give them a chance," was Caroline's wise comment.

"Well, maybe I did hurry away! But see here, dear! don't you worry your head about such things!"

But Caroline did worry; she thought long and gravely, and at last came to a decision as to what must be done. Accordingly, one day in March—it happened to be the seven-tenth and Mrs. Saltzby was gay with "wearin' of the green"—this day, when the sun was shining so brightly that all the sidewalks were bare and the drifts on either side fast melting away, the crows up on the hillsides were cawing jubilantly, and there was a dear, faint touch of spring in the air, a small figure might have been seen climbing up the gray stone steps of the very pretty parsonage where lived the Reverend Maurice Leonard, pastor of St. John's.

It was Caroline, and she had come to call on the minister on a little matter of business!

To be Continued.

# The Sunday School.

—OCTOBER 12.

## Crossing the Jordan.

Josh. 3:9-17.

**GOLDEN TEXT.** When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43:2.

### ON THE LESSON TEXT.

1. Joshua's Orders for the Crossing. Ver. 1-7. Joshua now, as Joseph does in his lecture (Gen. 45:17), calls some of the Israelites near to him that he may give them an opportunity of Jehovah's blessing at this time. What Joshua tells them is gathered up from previous messages and commands here in these verses. He says you shall know by the proofs of your nation's divinity, and you shall know by the "doing God," in demonstration from the "doing" of our gods, of the deity, in leading you on. As he will drive out before you by his Angel (Ex. 23:20) the seven Canaanite nations, man, man, and stronger than you (Deut. 7:10). These were minor peoples, occupying cities, fortresses, and countries, with no central government, but acting separately apart and apart. Now the first step toward the conquest will be by the wake of the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth, as it passes down into the river Jordan. The ark would precede, as on former occasions (Num. 10:33; 14:44), and as it did afterward (Josh. 6:6, 11, 14), as a symbol of Jehovah's presence. The same supremacy of the Lord is nowhere else set forth in the Pentateuch and Joshua. Michah (7:13), Zebachiah (11:14; 6:5), and other prophets present the same idea. Being the Lord of all the earth, he can use all nature and all spiritual forces to accomplish his purposes. Twelve tribes, out of every tribe a man, the purpose of this selection appears in 14:5. As soon as, and not before, their feet touch the waters of the Jordan, the river would be cut in two, the upper part be dammed up into a heap and the lower part flow on to the Dead Sea.

11. Events of the Crossing. Ver. 14-17. Soon after Joshua had described what would happen, the hosts of Israel struck tents and moved to wade the Jordan, in the wake of the ark, bearing the ark. When the priests had come to the edge of the water and had dipped their feet into it, the river being at flood height at Chum, 12:15, the water was divided, the upper part rising in a heap, whose back-water reached as far as the city Adam, which lies beside Zerinan. This latter city is mentioned several times (1 Kings 7: 6; 1:12), and also with modified terms of the name (Judg. 7:22; 2 Chr. 1:17). It lay on the west side of the Jordan, opposite Succoth, somewhere in the region of Bethshean. It is thought to be identical with *Qana Succoth*, six hours north of Jericho, on the upland west of the Jordan Valley. The city Adam is identified with *Tell Damie*, at the mouth of the *wady Farran*. Those, the waters, that came down toward the sea of the plain (that is, toward the Dead Sea, of the salt sea (Josh. 12:3), flowed on until the bed of the Jordan was dry. The boats passed over just opposite the city of Jericho, which stood on the upland west of the Jordan. The priests who bore the ark stood in the middle of the dry bed of the river until the hosts of Israel had passed over. The place where they stood was marked by Joshua (4:9), by setting up twelve stones for the twelve tribes. Also from this place the twelve men, appointed for the purpose (4:4-5), carried out twelve memorial stones, as a mark of Jehovah's great favor to Israel. These stones were to be put in some prominent place in Israel's sight.

### THE LAND OF CANAAN.

1. Promised. When Abraham first came into this country from Haran and built altars to Jehovah, he was promised (Gen. 12:7; 13:14-17) that his seed should in later days possess it. These promises were not forgotten by his descendants (Deut. 34:4), but remembered through the long patriarchal period, the period of Egyptian sojourn and bondage; and when the