

The Home Mission Journal.

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is the best and purest man that ever lived. That complicates rather than solves the problem. What did Christ think of himself and whom did he claim to be? Nothing is plainer from the four Gospels than that Jesus in speaking of himself always claimed oneness in knowledge, power and glory with the Father, an intrinsic affinity with him in essence. Christ was what he professed to be, or he was an impostor. There is no middle-ground, either we must curse him as an impostor, or crown him as a King. There is no evading the issue. He either was the guiltiest of impostors or he was God manifest in the flesh. If he be a deceiver we are bound to be his pronounced foes. If he is the way, the truth and the life, we are bound to confess his beauty and do our best to lead others to bow to his supreme glory.

My Refuge.

"And I said, This is my iniquity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Psalm 77: 10.

I

I'm tired tonight, dear Lord, Thy knowest all;
My faith is weak, my power to serve is small;
My soul refuses to be comforted;
I seem as one in doubt and darkness led;
My waking eyes feel not the touch of sleep;
The living night sad vigils I must keep;
"So troubled am I that I can not speak!"
No memories cheer me while I lie so weak,
So hopeless that I say it o'er and o'er,
"Will the dear Lord be favorable to more?"
Will every promise He has given fail?
And never more a prayer of mine prevail?
"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Oh,
I must not utter words that hurt me so!

II

To Thee whose love still rules my passing years!
To These, Most High, I hasten with all my ears
My God, I thank Thee for the light divine
That evermore will on my pathway shine,
As from myself I turn Thyself to see
Thy rod and staff alike shall comfort me,
Thy blessing mean life, Thy thunderbolts for fell
The blessed sunshine and the glad "Aid's well,"
"Thy footsteps are not known," but Thou dost lead,
Thou Shepherd kind, Thy people in their need
From desert sands and mountains wild and bare
To pastures green Thy fulness, Lord, to share,
So help me, Lord, to trust Thee "all the days,"
Cease all complaining to give gladstone praise,
And know, however rough my path may be
Strength and deliverance are ordained of Thee
And when heart sick from self to Thee I turn
Thy hidden glories will be seen to burn
With brilliant light in every care and pain,
And I will learn that discipline is gain
Boston, Dec. 23, 1902.

Lift your head to heaven and see that not one of the mortals who are there immerged arrived thither except by continual afflictions and troubles. Say often in the midst of your contradictions: This is the way to heaven. I see the harbor, and I am sure that storms cannot hinder me from reaching it.—Saint Francis de Sales.

Notice.

We are sending out sample copies of this paper, some to some of those who need to take it, but have given it up some time ago. We hope they will renew their subscription again, and some are sent to people who never had the paper before. If any of those to whom these copies are sent will subscribe for the paper they can have any time from now to July next to pay the fifty cents, and will get the paper up to that time free, and pay will run on until July 1904; only we want them to let us know by post card if they intend to subscribe for it so we will know who to send the paper to up to July without pay. But they may send in the pay at any time between now and July next.

The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH.

CHAPTER XVI

MAG SMITH! Mag Smith!" The words burnt themselves into Mrs. Rossman's mind. Such a homely commonplace name! Why need she dread to hear it—to say it? There might be a dozen persons bearing a name so common. It need not be the one connected with little Caroline. Why it must not be, for if it were! Mrs. Rossman shuddered, overcome by a sickening dread. If it were! Back came the words of the young man hurrying past her in the darkness, "Mag Smith's killed her young one!"

Mrs. Rossman glanced up at the minister's face. Did it not look strangely pale and worried? Ah, he too feared the worst!

But his voice was steady, his smile reassuring, as he looked down at her.

"My friend, it is later; you are worn out with excitement; I will take you home. There is no use of lingering here!"

But instantly she turned and faced him determinedly.

"Ah, let us not disguise the truth! You need not pander to my weakness. My love for the child will make me strong. I shall not cry out—faint. I am ready to endure anything—the worst, even. But alive or dead Caroline must be found. And you, if you will, take me home, get me out of the way through kindly consideration, and then hasten back across your stream, over to the Blackthorne Tenements, to find out who Mag Smith is—who the 'young one' God pity us!—is. Whether it is Caroline—my Caroline. Speak out, is not this your intention?"

The sweet, pure face was all a quiver with strong emotion; the slender figure swayed in its intense agitation.

Mr. Leonard looked down at her in silence. Then he reached out and took the small hands in his own strong ones. A great pity, a wondrous tenderness glorified his face.

"Dear soul! Sweet soul!" he said, in low, earnest tones. "Trust me. I will keep nothing from you, not even my suspicions, my fears. Come, then, you shall go with me, if you will, over to Blackthorne Tenements. We will be prepared for the worst, but it may be that we shall be happily disappointed!"

In silence they turned and made their way down the road, until a blue network of iron and timber against the moonlit sky showed the structure of the bridge; this they crossed speedily. Mrs. Rossman never forgot the scene. She felt as though she were in a dream, and she stamped her foot hard on the planks of the bridge to prove whether or not she were awake. Beneath her flowed the river, a foaming stream in the sunlight. Turbid with refuse, powdered with sawdust from the adjacent mills and the rolling of sandbars; but now touched by the magic wand of the moonlight, it seemed like a pure sheet of molten silver, barred by ebony. Here and there across its surface the reflection of lights twinkled and glowed with the softness of rose and the intensity of ruby; the iron span of the bridge, dew-drenched, gleamed like a gigantic strand of diamonds and pearls. A little skiff moored near

one of the piers below—doubtless a fish-boat in the day time—looked like a silver, jeweled leaf. And over all this the sombre mystery of brooding darkness, and the silent majesty of the stars.

It was so strange, so unreal! all save the torturing suspense, the dread, the horror of what she might, perchance, be coming to. For little Caroline was dead. Caroline was dead! She said the words over and over again to her soul.

Suddenly she felt a steady force in the midst of these conflicting emotions. It was God, the All-Father, who spoke to her, saying, "Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"

Yes, she would be calm. She would trust him. Now, if ever, she must test his staying power. She would not be as a leaf, tossed about on the flood of waters. She was his child; he had redeemed her; he was a being of infinite mercy; he would not try her beyond her powers of endurance.

His little Caroline was his child, too. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." Yes, little Caroline was his child—dear to her, ah how dear! but dearest of all to him. And, whatever had happened to little Caroline, she had not gone beyond his keeping!

Mr. Leonard, walking in this woman's side, felt her take on a new strength, as it were; her step grew firmer; her figure no longer shook with tremors and her face seen in the moonlight, though white as a marble statue, was also as calm.

"Ah, she has had her battle and won the victory!" he said to himself, and he added, tenderly, "May God bless her, ever bless her!"

And thus the two made their way across the river to where the streets grew narrower and more close together; where the air was foul, not only from the reeking dampness, but from filthy humanity. Presently, led by the sound of voices and moving feet, they came to a crowd surging this way and that, in a vain endeavor to peer into the black reeking doorway of one of the tallest of the tenements lining the shore.

But a sturdy group was guarding the front of the house, keeping back inquisitive intruders—a group composed of Salvationists reinforced by a policeman or two.

Suddenly among the former a face gleamed out like a white flower; it was turned eagerly in the direction of the minister and his companion.

There was a minute's concentrated gaze, and then, led by her own keen, clear instinct, the pale-faced Salvationist held out her hand authoritatively.

"Please allow that gentleman and lady to pass!" she cried.

And an intuition quite as keen as Mrs. Rossman's murmur, "Ah that is Caroline's captain!"

And so it was. Caroline's captain—sweet, consecrated Janet Lee, who, as we already know, a short time before, had been summoned by an eager, childish voice, an innocent, appealing face, at the window above. A dear, familiar face, a dear, familiar voice, and Janet had turned quickly to seek the little one who called her.

But she had been pushed roughly aside by a wild creature, frenzied with rage and drink, and the latter had entered Blackthorne Tenement first; but seized little Caroline as the fierce hurricane sweeps over a flower, and, an instant later, the child lay crushed at her feet.

But Mag Smith's wrath—that unholy wrath—brought its own punishment, swift and sure. Nature's record of past excesses, the flaming fumes of foul whiskey, the fury of the ungovernable tempers—these brought their retribution to the unhappy woman.

When the minister and Mrs. Rossman pressed forward, following the captain's beckoning hand, and expecting to see the dead body of the little child so dear to them, they beheld, instead, lying just outside the doorway, the form of a woman with great masses of tangled hair flung like a veil across painted cheeks, whose red was in ghastly contrast to a face waxen pale in death.

To be Continued.

Your interest in the institutions of religion in your own community and your cordial support of them afford an excellent test of your real concern for the advance of the Kingdom of God in the earth.