

The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Colportage work. Published semi-monthly by the Committee of the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick.

All communications, except money remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,
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Notice.

The next session of the Queen County Quarterly meeting will be held with the Second Grand Lake church at the head of Cumberland Bay, beginning on Friday evening, June 8th. Sessions continue over Sabbath.

Notice.

The Southern New Brunswick Baptist Association will convene with the First Johnston Baptist Church, at Thornton, on Friday, July 6th, at 10 a. m. Will the clerks of all the churches in the Association kindly see that their church letters are sent to the undersigned at Fairville, St. John, not later than June 25th. The different committees will kindly attend to their reports, so that all will be in readiness.

W. Camp, *Moderator.*

J. F. Black, *Clerk.*

Within The Lines.

Reminiscences of The Civil War.

By MRS. M. M. HUNTINGTON.

(Continue I from last issue)

VIII.

"Thou oh God has proved us: Thou has tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net: Thou laidst affliction upon our loins: Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads. We went through fire, and through water, but were brought out into wealthy places."

On our return we were made welcome for the night and assured they were not surprised that our attempt had been a failure since all such efforts were accompanied with difficulty and danger. After supper, while I sat upon the veranda with my boys, tired and half sick, dreading to go into that large room with so many others, Mrs. Daniels came to me and said, "Madam, my daughter and myself have decided to give you a room on our floor." I gratefully accepted the offer and we were shown to a large room provided with two beds well covered with mosquito nets which were at that time a great luxury.

The morning found me sick indeed. The younger lady came to see me and said she feared I would have a fever, and added that she had in the house a small dispensary of medicine and if I wished she would prescribe for me. I was only too glad to have her take me in charge, and after three or four days I began to mend under the kind treatment. My boys remained at home playing with the children of the family and a Negro woman waited upon me. During my stay Confederate officers came and went every day and my pass was frequently examined. At the end of the week I was well enough to resume my journey and was most restless to get away. Thus far I had represented I wanted to go down the river, but I felt guilty in deceiving these kind friends longer, and one day I told the younger lady my whole story—my northern birth, interests and destination. She was deeply interested, and said, "Now I am glad you have told us just as it is. You do not want to go down the river and we have all the time been trying to get you a pass that way." After that she tried to get me a pass to the river, but without success. A Union gunboat lay in the river a mile away and in plain sight from the observatory of the house. If I

could only reach the gunboat she thought I might be able to induce them to take me on board, as it was rumored they held themselves in readiness to take refugees and send them up the river on transports.

At last she came to me and said, "If you feel able to ride I am determined to take you to the river, and to do this I shall have to run you through the lines." "But you may suffer for it," I said. "I think not; I have done them so many favors," adding, "we must start at daylight and pass the picket line at their breakfast hour." I sought the elder lady and thanked her warmly for her kindness and offered to pay her for our entertainment, but she would take no pay. "If you receive nothing from all these people whom you entertain," said I, "how can you take care of so many?" "We are always provided for," she said, and then repeated that precious promise, "Do good and so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

That evening we all gathered in the library, a beautiful octagon room paneled in oak and walnut, with cases of books and rare pictures and curiosities from all lands. During all the trying years and terrible scenes through which they had passed this room had been their Bethel. Here every morning and evening were gathered all the household and guests for family worship, and here they gained that strength and fortitude which enabled them to endure all the changing vicissitudes of their eventful lives. An old, white-haired clergyman read from the sacred word and commended us all to God in a solemn, impressive prayer. I noticed that my kind hostess and family seemed unusually sad, and I was able later to account for their depression when I learned that it was about that time that Atlanta fell. Bidding all good-by we retired. At day-break a plain covered wagon, drawn by mules and driven by a Negro, stood at the door. Mrs. Daniels and ourselves entered and were driven toward the river; as we came near the lines she ordered the driver to drive as fast as possible. We almost held our breath with excitement, but soon passed the post, apparently without notice. We drove immediately to the bluff, at a point overlooking the river where the Union gunboat lay, and signalling with our handkerchiefs were gladdened by seeing a boat put off, bringing the captain.

We unfolded our situation and desire to go on board his boat and await a transport up the river. He replied that the gunboat was no place for a woman, and made many inquiries in regard to the lady in the carriage. I answered as little as possible, fearing to compromise my friend, and he ended by positively refusing to allow me to go on his boat. I pleaded with him. "But they tell me transports seldom pass except at night." "With this shore within the Confederate lines how could you send a boat for us?" "I cannot," he answered, "and you must wait for a day boat." "For how long?" I asked. "A day or two, perhaps." "And where shall I stay meanwhile? The town is out of sight of the river." "Perhaps you can find accommodation at the house on the bluff. A boat may pass to-day and you will have a good chance to see it." "But if no boat comes to-day, to-night I shall be in the Confederate lines without a pass." "Can't help it," he roughly answered, and pushed off from shore.

With a sinking heart I returned to the carriage and told Mrs. Daniels. She seemed surprised and said, "The gunboat captain at our land was very humane and cared for all refugees, but see if you can be admitted to that house." I found only two little girls and a Negro man who seemed to have charge. They said their parents were down the river for a few days and that they did not occupy the house at night, and we were welcome to stay, although they had not much to eat. Hoping it might be only for a few hours I decided to stay, and returned to bid Mrs. Daniels a tearful good-by and watch her until out of sight. After we returned to the house the Negro man came in to do some errand and I eagerly questioned him in regard to the movements of the river boats. He replied that none would go up the river until Monday afternoon. It was then Friday morning. Henry was sitting by the window watching the river. "No use, young master," said he, "I tells you true, get mighty tired watchin' that old river 'fore dat." The prospect of staying there until Monday and alone

at night seemed fearful. We watched and waited the rest of the day.

(To be Continued.)

The Book Of Job

REV. A. J. HUGHES.

PART IV.

The purpose of the Book of Job demands final attention. The author who writes without a purpose writes to no purpose. The author of the Book of Job wrote with a purpose. What was it? It would seem to have been fourfold: 1st—To contradict the devil's slander that Job was serving God for worldly profit. "Doth Job serve God for naught?" was his question. "Hast thou not set an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" he continues. "But put both thine hands now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face," is his verdict touching the Patriarch. To which God replied; Behold all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand. Agreeably to the privilege thus given him, Satan goes forth from the presence of the Lord, and upon a certain day, never to be obliterated from the memory of Job, he directed two marauding bands against his property, and a tornado against his children, with the result that the Patriarch was suddenly stripped of possessions and children alike. But the devil was disappointed, for instead of the Patriarch opening his lips in malediction against God, they were opened in noble resignation to His will. The devil, however, was hard to convince as to the singleness of Job's religious motives, and so, when he stands before the Lord a second time, he alleges that if God will afflict Job in his body, the disease being all-inclusive, his bones and his flesh coming under its loathsome sway, then, for sure, he will curse God to His face. God permits Satan to carry out this fell design also; the Patriarch is smitten with his deadly and repulsive scourge; but instead of cursing the Almighty, he submissively asks, "Shall we receive good from the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And thus the devil's slander is contradicted a second time. But Job refutes the devil's charge not only in what he says in the Prologue; he does it, with greater emphasis, in the attitude he maintains throughout the entire Book. He is enveloped in darkness, and loses the sense of the Divine Presence; but his heart turns to God as the needle to the pole through it all, thus making it manifest that his piety was real, and not assumed, and that his motives were disinterested and pure.

Now, this was a worthy purpose for which to write a book. The world is full of slanders, because it is full of people who impugn motives. And the man who makes a practice of attributing sinister motives to his fellows thereby incriminates himself as a dissembler. "Religion pays," say some men, with a sneer. They said it back in the days of Job; they say it now. And, unfortunately, there are some who give warrant to the sneer, inasmuch as their religion is a self-centred, and not a Christ-centred thing. But to say of all men, and the best men, that they are time-servers in their relations with God, is an impeachment so degrading to humanity in its best estate, and so derogatory to the holy ministries which God has established with human lives, as that, to believe it, would mean the nullification of all divine effort in behalf of men, and all power of response thereto in human nature. Religion a matter of pelf! The man who retails that slander, impugns the honesty of the world's best people, and the good sense of God, and eliminates from human nature all honor and hope. The truly good resent the slander, for they know its falsity. The author of the Book of Job resented it for the same reason, and gave to it a living contradiction in the hero of his splendid drama.

2nd—Another purpose of the Book seems to have been to prove the falsity of what was known as the "Wisdom Philosophy" of that time. The teaching of that Philosophy was that if a man was good, he would be prosperous; if bad, he would be the reverse. It would seem to have been the orthodox creed of Job's time, as it was of centuries later. Christ dealt it a withering