

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.

36 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

All money letters should be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,

Carleton, St. John.

Terms, - - 50 Cents a Year

Notice.

The Southern New Brunswick Baptist Association will hold its twenty-first session with the First Baptist Church in Johnston, Queens Co., commencing on July 7th, 1900, at 10 a. m.

W. Camp, *Moderator.*

J. F. Black, *Clerk.*

Within The Lines.

Reminiscences of The Civil War.

By MRS. M. M. HUNTINGTON.

(Continued from last issue)

VI.

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

The room given us at the hotel was a large one, containing three beds. A door and window opened upon a veranda. There were no fastenings upon the door, and the short curtain to the window left two feet of the lower sash exposed. A chair was extemporized as fastening for the door, and removing our heavy belts, which by this time had become burdensome, I threw myself down by the sleeping children, resolved that no nervous fears should prevent me from obtaining the much-needed rest. Very soon there came a tap at the door. Opening it and being answered by a female voice, I admitted a lady in night wrapper, one of the passengers on the train that day. She informed me that from her window in a wing of the building she could look upon the veranda and door of my room, and that a large, burly Negro was watching us below the curtain of that window. She immediately conjectured that we had money and were in danger; as soon as my light was out he left, and she had come as soon as possible to give me warning. I dressed, took my light and went down to the clerk and acquainted him with the facts, telling him I must have fastenings and lights to last through the night. He professed not to credit the story and himself came up, fastened the door and left a supply of candles. Soon after he came again and brought a lady, he said, to occupy the room with me. Her face was completely hidden by a huge sunbonnet, and she threw herself heavily upon the bed without removing the bonnet or the cowhide booths that protruded from her dress. No answers could be elicited to my questions, so that I was not greatly comforted by her presence. By dawn he or she was gone.

The vehicle the German sent for us was the shabbiest old carryall imaginable, literally in rags. Two mules and a boy constituted our team and driver. Altogether we looked like poor white folks, and it was well we did, for we were out of town only a short distance when we began to meet squads of cavalry. They scarcely gave us a glance. Once the officer in command of a squad stopped and eyed us suspiciously and bade us a civil good morning. My heart was in my mouth, but I managed to answer pleasantly and asked him about a field of a new kind of sugar cane close by, all in a rude dialect of the uneducated class of whites. He seemed satisfied and passed on, much to my satisfaction. We stopped to eat the lunch which I had procured at the hotel at a shady place by a stream, and reached the plantation at

dusk. I gave a pleasant-looking man a letter the German had directed me to deliver, and he took us into the house. It contained four rooms, all very comfortable; a cheerful light wood fire burned in the main room. The man and a Negro and his wife were the only occupants. Soon after we reached there a company of cavalry rode up and demanded to stay all night. The proprietor told them that he could not keep them, for he had a family staying with him over night. One of them in a rude manner questioned Henry, who was helping the driver attend to the team, asking our names and destination. Henry told them we were going to Fort Gibson, and answered his other inquiries as shortly as possible. Another came into the house and looked me over without a word as I sat by the fire with tired little Curlyhead on my lap; then he went out and they soon rode away. We had supper and a comfortable room.

I was ill all night and when morning came could hardly rise, but we must go on. Ordering breakfast for the boys and then settling our bill, we started. The old carry-all was comfortable, if shabby, and the roads were good. Reaching Fort Gibson about noon, we found there was no hotel or place of public entertainment. To be left in the streets of a strange place in the heat of the day seemed forlorn enough. Looking around I saw a pleasant cottage on a rise of ground not far distant. Leaving the boys in the carry-all, I went up alone. The door was opened by an old, grey-haired gentleman, who, in answer to my inquiry if I could stop with him a short time and could get some dinner for my boys, said: "Certainly you can; bring in your boys!" I called them and he went for his wife, a pleasant, dignified lady. As she left the room he closed the door after her and said: "Now, who are you and where are you going?" I had never thought of any way but to tell the plain truth, that I was a northern woman; my husband, if alive, being at the north or west, having left us in May; that we had not heard from him since that time; that we were anxious to reach him or hear from him, and that we were now hoping to get to the river and be put upon a transport.

"Now," he said, "you are all right to tell me this, although I am a southern man heart and soul, but you must not tell this to any one else, if you do you will never reach a gunboat; this is the most difficult part of your journey; to go farther you must have a pass. The river and the roads are so closely guarded; the provost marshal boards with us, and I will try to get you one. You and the boys, meanwhile, keeping quietly out of the way. Have you no friend down the river?" I replied that my husband had an uncle in Louisiana. Turning to the boys, he said: "Now, remember, you are going to your uncle's in Louisiana; that is all you must tell any one."

When dinner was ready I sent my boys to the table, but was too ill myself to desire any food. The lady of the house came to me and, finding me feverish, recommended my retiring to my bed. She took me to a cool, quiet room and sent for a physician and directed a colored woman to attend to me, while she herself took my boys into her back yard, where they could amuse themselves with safety. When I expressed my gratitude, she said: "My husband has told me you are a northern woman. I have a son in a northern prison. I hope some one will be kind to him."

(To be Continued.)

The Anglican ministers in Ontario have been endeavouring to get the co-operation of "the denominations," as they would call them, in an effort to secure the establishment of sectarian schools. The Methodists have just taken action, declaring themselves against the project. Earlier, the Baptists and Presbyterians had declined to co-operate. Acting with out the support of three so important religious bodies, the Anglicans are not likely to succeed in having sectarian schools established.

But if thou give thyself to favor of spirit thou shalt find much peace, and feel less labor, through the assistance of God's grace, and the love of virtue.

If you begin to wax lukewarm, it will begin to be evil with thee.

"Unfit for the Ministry."

The other day a decision was rendered by certain authorities in the Methodist Church concerning one of its ministers against whom certain grave charges were made. The verdict was "Not guilty, but unfit for the ministry." Of the accusation we know nothing, nor of the reasons for the decision. It suggests that grave moral defect is not the only reason for refusing a place in the ministry to those who desire it. The charges affecting the moral conduct of ministers are very small considering their number and the peculiar temptations they are exposed to, and the number of ministers who fail in their ministry on account of moral defect is almost infinitesimally small. Many of those who do not succeed in their pastorships are men of unblemished character, deep sincerity, and considerable mental ability. There are certain qualities essential to fitness which lie outside these things. The faculty of "getting on with people" is sometimes hard to define, but it is one of the prerequisites to success. Common sense is not distributed to the many, but to the few. Tones are not as vital a thing as orthodoxy, but in so far as they pertain to success they are often more important. We do not know why it should be, but somehow well regulated beliefs are two frequently found in company with insufferable dullness. There are qualities of character which awaken confidence every where—openness, sincerity, spontaneity, unselfishness and earnestness. The absence of these and kindred qualities determines one's unfitness for the ministry. An ugly man with a fair soul inside will win his way, but a man of good appearance who has an ugly soul inside will, by and by, be without friends or a church. There are many who have supernatural facility in doing and saying the wrong thing. There is not a corn within twenty feet of them which they do not tread upon. If a little fire smoulders among their people, instead of letting it alone, or trying to prevent its spreading, they dilate their abdomen and blow upon it with all their might. It strikes us that our Educational Boards and ordination councils limit the scope of their inquiries concerning the candidate's fitness to a few theological matters. A man's belief should never be taken apart from what he is. There are certain idiosyncrasies that are incompatible with pastoral fitness.

Faith Will Triumph.

Missionary work has many phases, but at all periods essentially one problem and resisting human heart. While in the first century of modern Christian missions a large part of the work was accomplished among the lowest of tribes, the church now confronts the more intellectual, but not less essentially sinful ancient religions of the East. The fight was once against coarse animism, while now it is largely directed against subtle theories and decrepit philosophies. But the foes and the forces really reduce to one style of desperate spiritual combat against the carnal-heartedness of man. And if Christianity conquered in the first century of the Christian era, when it encountered not only Roman and Grecian animism, but as well the most subtle and specious of old-world philosophies the church of God may encourage itself with the reflection that the faith that Jerusalem, Athens and Rome could not successfully resist will never be extinguished by the pagan propaganda of the present day.—*New York Observer.*

One reason why we do not find more new things in the Bible is because we do not search it expecting to find them. There is not a single chapter or verse which we have exhausted.

"They shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy." They shall be arrayed in those garments of glistening purity which were with difficulty kept white in the world, but which in the world to come divine favor shall keep free from every stain.—*WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D. D.*

Be watchful over thyself, admonish thyself, and, whatever becomes of others, neglect not thyself.