

## 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 business remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,  
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### 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)

#### IV.

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

Mr. Banks had made a bomb-proof of a small cellar under the southwest corner of his large, two-story mansion, and when the shelling seemed coming near we all, black and white, huddled into it like frightened sheep. Henry seemed to be fearless. The fireworks were always an interesting sight to him, and he would laugh at and mimic the terror of the Negroes. He was of the greatest assistance to us all. I was obliged to send him twice a day for milk for little Willie; the distance being three blocks; it was always with a silent prayer that he might return in safety, for I knew how fraught with danger the journeys were and I waited in dread until his return. Once a little friend accompanied him; coming in he said: "Oh, mother, you should have seen Willie R. when a shell burst over us." "Over you?" I exclaimed. "Yes, and great pieces went down in the ground around us." "Oh, Henry, and you were not frightened?" "Why, no; what's the use, they didn't harm us." "But they might, my child; only by God's mercy you are here to tell me."

We generally retired to our rooms thinking that as we had not been harmed, we should not be, and tried to sleep. About twelve o'clock it seemed as though the shells came thicker and faster, and, too nervous to endure it longer, we would waken the children, drag our mattresses with us and go down to the lower floor and try to rest. No shell ever entered the house, although they dropped and exploded in the wash house, completely demolishing it, and one tore down the front gate and posts, and while standing for a moment upon a veranda opening from my room one fell in an adjoining yard and tore up the turf for several feet around. A neighbor related that while feeding her poultry a shell dropped beside her, taking a large turkey with it into the ground. Another friend lay down to rest, but could not feel at ease. A few minutes later a shell entered the room and went through the bed she had vacated.

One day Mr. Banks came in with a more than usually troubled face and said we must stay in the bomb-proof all we could, for sad things were happening around us. The night before a gentleman whose wife had died during the war came home at twelve o'clock to his boarding place. As he threw himself down on a pallet on the floor his little daughter came and lay by his side. Soon after a shell went through the house, in its passage killing both. The skirmishes constantly going on between the pickets were a source of fear

to us, seeming sometimes so near we expected to be involved. I never think of the terrible twenty-third and twenty-fourth of July without a shudder. On those days so many Confederate soldiers were killed, and incessantly the heavy guns boomed and the small arms rattled. The courthouse on the next square was used as a hospital, and there, so near we could hear the groans, they brought the wounded and killed. If we could have done something for them! But we were powerless and could sit and shudder and mourn for misery we could not alleviate.

It was confidently believed by the inhabitants that Atlanta would endure a long siege, even if it eventually capitulated, and the most sanguine believed that it would not be given up by Gen. Hood until the last extremity. Naturally people began to be uneasy about provisions. Mr. Banks' family consisted of himself, wife and four children and three black people, and I could not be blind to the fact that provisions in the family were becoming scarce, although never by word or look did they make it manifest. I began to think that if I could possibly get away from Atlanta I ought to do so. As the southern troops held a railroad through southern Alabama, there was a way out of Atlanta on the south. Ten days passed. Provisions were still more scarce, and I thought anything better than further sojourn in a besieged city. I learned by bitter experience there were worse things than that. I applied to a northern friend to procure for me a pass from Gen. Hood through his lines and a recommendation to Gen. Maury, who had charge of the lines beyond. He did so, and Gen. Hood sent me word to come to his headquarters, where I would receive a pass. I went with my boys and was courteously received, and given the pass. That evening we took the train for Montgomery. Mr. Banks, accompanying us to the depot, as if he could see our troubles ahead said: "Mrs. H., whatever comes don't give up."

We traveled all that night until we reached a part of the road that was torn up. Over that we were carried in large open transfer wagons. It rained in torrents and my babe was wet and cold before we could reach shelter. The third night after leaving Atlanta we reached Montgomery and took the night boat for Selma. Laying Willie, who was asleep, upon my berth, I left him in charge of the cabin girl, and with the two older boys went down to supper. Returning, I found the babe awake and his face scarlet with bites of the river mosquitoes. I made no attempt to sleep that night, but fanned them off the children until morning, when I awoke Henry to take my place and obtained a few minutes' sleep. On reaching Selma we found we must climb a steep bluff and in a field some distance away take a train; everything in shape of a depot or station being destroyed. We could get nothing to eat and no milk for Willie. Some ladies on the train kindly gave me some crackers from their lunch, which I softened in water and tried to feed him, but he moaned and cried all forenoon with hunger and the pain of his feverish face. About noon we reached a point on the Alabama River where we were ferried across and up the river half a mile or more. The ferry-boat was a large one with open decks and awnings. A cool, pleasant breeze was blowing, Willie had gone to sleep, the shore opposite looked lovely and I felt cheerful.

Just as we started an officer tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Madam, I think this means you," putting into my hands a sheet of paper. At first I stared at him in blank amazement, but at last, collecting my thoughts, I read a very minute description of myself and children, even telling of my little boy's curls, giving me the compliment of being a smart little Yankee woman, capable of doing damage to the southern cause and accusing me of doing so, stating that my husband was North and unfriendly to the government and that we were in correspondence; telling what money I had, even to the exact amount. It was in the shape of a telegram sent to Meridian, the headquarters of Gen. Maury, who commissioned the officer to take us in charge. How unjust and cruel the charges seemed. The ladies who had been so kind and shared their lunch with me looked, to say the least, disgusted.

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasures takes joy, even as thought it were his own.

### The Book Of Job.

REV. A. J. HUGHES.

#### PART I.

A day or two after the great St. John fire, in 1877, the late lamented Dr. Carey, who was out of the city when the fire occurred, and whose church, residence and library were all consumed, met a friend and said to him, "We can all read now, as we never have before, the Book of Job." The stricken soul, in every age, finds comfort in this Book. Dr. Carey had evidently found comfort therein for himself. The reasons for comfort are not far to seek. "Misery" it is said, "loves company." The patriarch Job was in misery, appalling and tormenting in its effect upon his life. The suffering soul, who turns to the Book of Job, has company in the Patriarch whose sorrow are therein described. Then the company found in this Book is of the very best. The Man of Uz was a man of blameless life, and to the self-respecting soul that is treading the wine-press of sorrow, there is exquisite comfort in this thought.

But the mission of the Book of Job is not limited to the children of sorrow. Carlyle is right when he calls it "All men's Book." The character disclosed, the problems discussed, the experiences recounted, the lessons taught, are of universal interest, and no man, whatever be his situation in life, can read the Book, and not be lifted to the higher tablelands where move the personages who participate in the discussions.

The integrity of the Book of Job has been assailed. Certain portions of it have been adjudged spurious. But its integrity remains unimpaired notwithstanding, thus indicating its right to a place in the sacred Canon, and to the reverence felt for it as one of the oracles of the Eternal.

In dealing with this Book its hero first claims attention. He was doubtless a real, and not a mythical, personage. The prophet Ezekiel refers to him as a historical character, saying to the stubborn idolaters of the captivity, "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel and Job, were in the land, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord God." The Apostle James affirms the patriarchs' vality in the words, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." If Job were a mythical, and not an actual, personage, it is unreasonable to suppose that Ezekiel would have grouped him as he did in company with Noah and Daniel, for Noah's place in history was unquestioned, and Daniel was the great prophet greater co-temporary. Moreover, James would not have cited Job as an example of patience under suffering, to the Christians of the Dispersion, if he had been simply a legendary character. What these Christians needed, and what James knew they needed, was encouragement, based, not upon legend, but upon fact, the Apostle mentions his patience as worthy of their imitation. Thus is there strong presumptive proof that the patriarch of Uz was a man, and not a myth.

Job belonged unquestionably to the patriarchal age. The system of religious worship, devoid of temple, consecrated altar, or priest; the tranquil surroundings of the patriarch; his great age; the reference to but one form of idolatry, and that the worship of the heavenly bodies; the allusion to sculpture as a kind of writing; the reckoning of noise by cattle; and other primitive characteristics, all point to Job having lived and moved amid patriarchal surroundings.

Job was a man of vast wealth, and high social position, some Bible writers identifying him with Jobab, one of the kings of Edom, mentioned in Genesis 36:33. His life was clean and scrupulous to the last degree, even an accusing devil being unable to pick any flaw therein, though he did impugn his motives, in which business many of his imps, in human form, are most proficient.

To this man there came reverses, sudden, complete, crushing. Thrilling are these verses in the first chapter of the Book which report to him the succession of woes that laid waste his life, in a moment reducing him, the man of substance and family, to a pauperized and childless condition. Following these reverses came the loss of his health, the patriarch being smitten with the most dreadful of all known