

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 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.

(Continued from last issue)

IX.

"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 broughtest out into wealthy places."

I found flour, honey, and tea in the house. I made some biscuit of flour and water, which the children ate with the honey. Nightfall slowly came and no boat up the river yet, while two or three had gone down. About nine o'clock a beautifully lighted boat went up. I was almost in despair. If I had only been upon the gunboat how quickly my troubles would have vanished. We fastened all the doors, shut and secured the windows, although the night was sultry, and sending my boys to bed I began my lonely vigil. I scarcely know how the night was passed. I imagined several times I heard the pickets near the house, their footfalls growing louder and then their voices startling me again. One terror died away only to give place to another until toward morning I fell into a sleep. When I woke to my great relief and gratitude it was daylight. Henry went down during the day to the river bank where the soldiers from the gunboat were drilling. They inquired for us, cursing their captain for a brute to keep us there, and gave as a reason the company he had on board. Henry asked them if they could come to our assistance if we were molested. They said it was contrary to orders to go on shore after nightfall.

Another weary day passed, oh, so slowly; another night came on to my dread, but not having received harm as yet we tried to take courage. The third day (Sunday) was passed in watching and fear. In the evening one of the girls of the house came in with the news that the company of Confederate soldiers which were stationed at the bayou where we attempted to get a boat the day we came from Port Gibson, had been taken, the Negro driver of Mrs. Daniels was killed, and some smuggled goods were taken. This was distressing news to me, as I feared that those kind ladies might think I had given information leading to their trouble. Moreover, I felt sure we should be in greater danger to remain on shore another night.

How I lived through that night and kept my senses I never knew. Every sound rang through my brain with terrible distinctness. The morning of the fourth day dawned clear and bright. Henry said to me, "Mother, I never want to see

the shining river again; it seems to mock me." He had been watching hour after hour for three days. At five that afternoon, as the Negro had said, a northbound boat hove in sight. We paid the little girls to their satisfaction and went down to the river. The gunboat sent off a boat and put us on board the transport. I cannot express the feelings of relief, happiness and safety that filled my soul when I stood once again under the folds of the old flag. I went into my stateroom, fell on my knees and poured out my thanks. I had seen people in religious excitement and heard them shout and wondered at it. Now I could have shouted with all my heart. My boys soon ran in to tell me of the nice supper they were spreading in the large saloon. They had been so long on short rations it looked like a feast. Curlyhead, in particular, ate through two tables to his own satisfaction and the amusement of the captain and visitors.

Our trip up the river was pleasant. We stopped at Vicksburg to change boats and take the oath of allegiance. All this time I had no news from my husband and was tortured with fears that he never gotten through the lines. Still I tried to put my fears away, and hastened direct to Iowa where he had sisters living. Reaching Cedar Rapids I sent Henry out to inquire for him. He came back in great glee, saying "father is all right," "but had started to look for us." A telegram soon recalled him. He did not look for news from us until after Atlanta had fallen. Not hearing from us, he started for Atlanta, or the nearest point possible, for information. Our greetings were joyful, but remembering Willie, he gave me an inquiring look. I could only shake my head and sob from sorrow and joy.

He had a toilsome, dangerous journey through the lines. One little incident I will relate, pertaining to the past. Nine years afterward, Henry, whose tastes lead him to a soldier's life, was returning to West Point from a vacation, spent in our Iowa home. On the road between Fort Wayne and Pittsburg, he took a seat by an elderly gentleman, who, noticing his military cap, began talking of the late war and its features. One of the saddest, he said, happened under his own roof. He then went on to relate a part of our story. Henry recognized it and asked him his name and residence, and was told Mr. R., of Meridian. Henry then told him of us, and that he was the eldest boy. He was so much elated that he embraced him, sent many messages of kindness to me and was so glad to know of our escape and that we were still in the land of the living.

I have not written this because I think my experience harder than that of many others, but I am sure no one could have seen and felt the leadings and direction of our Heavenly Father more than I did. Believing that this may find an answering emotion in many sad hearts and comfort them as it has me, I close my story.

(The End.)

God's Forgiveness.

If a branch be sawn off from a tree now budding in the garden, an ugly scar will be made, but the scar will soon be covered by the fresh growth. In a few years there will be no mark at all to show that an amputation had been made. Thus trees know how to overgrow and hide their injuries. And God says He forgives in the same way. He will never again make mention of sins which He has forgiven, for they are blotted out and entirely done away.

Help Now.

A physician at Bath once discovered a clergyman there of whom he was told that he was both sick and poor and had a large family. He at once gave a friend \$200, asking him to deliver it to the poor man in the most delicate manner and as from an unknown person. The friend said, "I will go to him to-morrow morning." "You will oblige me, sir," he replied, "by calling directly. Think of what impartment a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

Men will seek the healing of their bodies while refusing the saving of their souls.

The Book Of Job.

REV. A. J. HUGHES.

PART V.

3rd—Yet another purpose of the Book seems to be to show that God deals inscrutably with His people. We are to remember that Job was a stranger to the devil's slander about him, and also to God's permissive decree that he afflict His servant as he did. When the patriarch's afflictions come, he knows of no reason for their coming. It is all a mystery to him. The attempt of his friends to explain it on the basis of his sins he repudiates and resents. In his own attempt to seek an explanation he is baffled. It was like his endeavor to discover God. "Behold," he says, "I go forward, but He is not there; and backward but I cannot perceive Him." So was it with the Jew to the mystery of his trials. It eluded him in his every search, and he found it not. And where the Theophany occurs, and God talks to His servant, there is the shining of no ray of light that illuminates that darkness. Not a single word was spoken as to why Job was afflicted. God makes it very plain, indeed, that He is not to be called to account for what He does, and rests the matter there. And what the glory of His presence disappears, and His voice is no longer heard, the reason of Job's trials is just as inscrutable to him as it was before. Nor is there any thing to indicate that the secret was ever disclosed to the patriarch while on earth.

"Ah, little else than mystery
Around our pathway lies
And Heaven alone can lift the veil
To our untutored eyes."

To some lives it is no mystery that "sorrows of a full cup are wrung out" to them. They know, or ought to know, it is to be but the fulfilment of the proverb that "The way of the transgressor is hard." They have broken laws of health, laws of honor, laws of purity, laws of humanity,—in short, the law of God as related to the whole of human life—and violated law is avenging itself in them, and they know it. For such there is no hope, save in the evangel of Christ's forgiving and restoring Gospel. But there are other children of sorrow like the patriarch Job. The cause of their trials is unknown. They have lived circumspectly, religiously, in the world, and yet have been made targets for the arrows of earthly adversity. They ply themselves, they ply the heavens above them, with questions as to the cause of their calamities; but there comes back no response. The Book of Job is a teaching to such souls that the ways of God have always been inscrutable: that He will appear to His suffering ones; that He will befriend them; that He may vindicate and restore them; but that He will not assume the roll of an inter-reter of His doings. The interpretation of these things will come to them in the fuller light and the larger comprehensiveness of Heaven.

4. The final purpose of the Book of Job seems to have been to teach the spiritual gains that accrue from earthly losses. Before Job was afflicted he seems to have entertained the traditional conception of God, viz, that He opened His hand with gifts to the righteous, and closed it in denial to the wicked. It was a poor and a false idea of God, which was bound to yield and go to pieces under the pressure of sorrow. It did that in Job's case, and he came near to being sucked down into a vortex of unbelief and despair. Happily for him, however, along with his traditional view of God, there was a personal acquaintance with Him, and that saved him in the day of his calamity. But it was a partial acquaintance only, and while it held him to his moorings during the storm that wrecked his earthly fortunes, it did not save him from arraignment God in a way that He would not have done had he more fully known and trusted Him. But when the Theophany occurs, with all that is involved therein of tender interest, as well as of surpassing wisdom and power, Job's language is, "I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now my eyes behold Thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And this confession means that Job's knowledge of God is no longer meagre and inadequate to his need, but ample and satisfying. True he spoke of self-abhorrence and repentance, but every truly enlightened man knows that the experience of these emotions