

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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All money letters should be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,

Carleton, St. John.

Terms, - - 50 Cents a Year

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 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)

VII.

"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 lines: Thou hast caused us men to ride over our heads. We went through fire, and through water, but were broughtest out into wealthy places."

After tea the old gentleman came in and said, with a troubled face, that he had no good news for me. That when he began telling the provost marshal about us and asked for a pass his little granddaughter, who had been playing with my boys, broke in with, "Oh, yes, you must give the poor lady a pass, she has had such a hard time and her dear little baby died and they would not, at first, let her come from Meridian because they thought she was a spy, but she was not." He said he thought she would never get through telling this. The provost marshal said he must look into my case and would not grant a pass. "I do not know what to advise you," he added, "there is a family starting for Rodney's Ferry in the morning. If able, you might go with them and escape notice, as they have passes; if you stay, the provost marshal will examine into your case and either detain you here or send you back to Jackson." Anything seemed better than that and I resolved to try. The next morning we were ready to start at four o'clock in a big, cotton-covered wagon, drawn by four mules. The family were seated upon their trunks and boxes, and offered us the same accommodations. After we were seated the Negro driver came up and said in a loud, hearty manner: "Missus, you got your pass?" I shook my head, and he replied: "Can't go no ways without a pass. Get out, young master, you will have to get your pass." Henry got out and started for the provost marshal's office. A crowd had by this time assembled and the gentleman whose family was on the wagon remarked: "A pass is indispensable; you cannot leave town without it." I made no reply, but watched the pair, the large, stout Negro and the slender boy, as they passed up the hill and out of sight, with a feeling akin to despair. Soon they returned and as they came into sight Henry waved a paper joyfully. Soon the pass was in my hands. On inquiry I found he had only asked for the pass in a frank, boyish manner, and whether the provost marshal was ignorant

of his connection with the lady whose case he proposed to investigate or whether the pass was given by a clerk I never knew. I could only lift up my heart in thanksgiving.

Every two or three miles we were stopped and our passes examined, showing what would have been our condition without them. Fourteen miles from Port Gibson we came in sight of a beautiful mansion, situated on a fine elevation. The fences and grounds were all laid waste, but the house was still in good repair. The house was spacious and elegant in its proportions. The cool veranda which surrounded it looked most inviting to our weary eyes. To my surprise our driver stopped here. At the steps a most beautiful gray-haired lady met us and made us welcome. She conducted us through the large and elegant hall into the parlor. The floor was covered with matting and leather-covered chairs and couches were in abundance. Here our hostess left us, saying that dinner would soon be ready. The servant who entered showed us into the back parlor, where we found water and towels in abundance. These were indeed grateful to our heated faces after the long ride under the August sun. All around the room mattresses were arranged on the floor at regular intervals. Soon the dinner bell rang and we were ushered into a beautiful dining-room, finely finished and so large that the dining room table, where we ate with about twenty others, seemed small. Our dinner was plain, but excellent. On offering to pay for our entertainment we were gently refused, and soon resumed our journey to the river, two miles distant, riding in a dray drawn by four yoke of oxen. Here will I give the explanation I afterward learned of these remarkable events.

The lady who so graciously entertained us was a Mrs. Daniels, widow of a wealthy southern planter. At the opening of the war her only son died, leaving to his mother's care his wife and four young children. Here these two women had lived and worked through the terrible years of the war. They were thoroughly southern in sympathy and interests, but entertained all alike, without reference to the cause in which they were enlisted. The place had been overrun sometimes by the Union, often by the Confederate troops; but from both they had received consideration and respect. One morning when the place was in the possession of the Union forces they stood at the windows and saw 111 Negroes file out of their grounds with everything they could ride, drive, carry or load. One only remained out of attachment, a Negro woman. The same day came to their doors an ambulance of wounded Union soldiers, who asked for food and shelter. They told them of their destitute condition, and that they had no food for themselves. The soldiers took the mules from the ambulance and ground corn enough for all; then killed a lamb from a flock on an island and their wants were supplied. "From that day to this," added Mrs. Bond, as she related these events, "we have been provided for, often when we did not know where our next day's supplies were coming from."

To return to the events of the day. We found it rough riding at first, holding on as best we could, for there were no sides to the dray, but we soon struck a swamp, and as it was the last of August, very hot and dry, we were able to drive through it. I had often heard of those Mississippi swamps, but now that I found myself really in one I saw how far beneath their wonders my imagination had fallen. It was three o'clock when we entered, and once in, it seemed a soft, deep, almost gloomy twilight. The trees were large and far apart, but their branches were thickly interlaced overhead and the moss and decayed foliage was so thick and velvety that the oxen and the vehicle made no noise as we proceeded. Not a sound of a bird or living thing broke the solemnity of the stillness. We spoke not a word. I think we all felt that it would be sacrilege to break the spell wrought by magic silence and mystic shadow. We came out upon the bank of a bayou where a company of Confederate soldiers were stationed to send goods across to Arkansas, which they did, chiefly at night, the river being so closely guarded. They did not seem pleased to see us, examined our passes and told us there would be no possible chance that night, as a steam tug from a Union boat had been up the bayou and they must keep very close. There was nothing

to do but go back to Mrs. Daniels and try again in the morning.

(To be Continued.)

Health Column.

Ever since we began the publishing of this paper we have had in mind the setting apart of a column for instructions concerning health sickness and recovery, believing that we can from time to time give our readers some information that will be of great service to them. The matter that we shall give will be taken from the most modern discoveries and decisions of physicians. We do not propose to give lengthy discussions on health, or disease, but brief tid-bits, that have point and force, and will be worthy of note and beneficial if put into practice.

Dr. J. A. Crister, in the *Mississippi School Journal*, shows rather strikingly some of the peculiarities of our modern educational system. He says, speaking to teachers: "you would have your pupils name the capitals of land and clime, but deny the importance of familiarity with the bones in their own body. You have them trace the great rivers and watercourses that begin in a tiny spring and end in a surging sea, but their knowledge of the blood-vessels in their own bodies is so very imperfect that many thousand have bled to death on the battlefield and playground from a simple wound, like a child drowning in a tub. You would have them travel over the great northwest and review the golden fields of grain, and show them the mighty mills that make bread, and yet never teach them the first step in the digestion of starch.

You do teach them in daily object-lessons to eat the flesh of beasts and birds, and to slay and eat, yet look with pitying eye on the fading of a flower; forgetting this flesh may and does frequently contain the germ of deadly fever, the seed of tapeworm and cancer, or the bacillus of tuberculosis.

By example you teach them to stimulate on spices, condiments, tea, coffee, and wines, thus forming the groundwork for an insatiable thirst for liquors and tobacco; and then wonder why they fill drunkards graves, or end their lives by their own hands, or do even worse than this."

Here is a fine formula for health and long life. Leave work before you are tired.

Stop eating before you are stuffed.

Think less of the troubles of the world and naught of your own.

Let nothing come between you and your God to keep Him out of your heart.

And last, but not least, in the words of the immortal Irishman, "If you can't be aisy, be aisy as you can." Eleanor Kirk.

The secret of happiness and longevity, in my judgement, are to cherish and cultivate cheerful, hopeful, and buoyant spirits. If you haven't them, create them. Chauncy M. Depew.

Why are there dyspeptics? Why? Because, through fashion, there is a craving for liquor, tobacco, strong coffee, strong tea, spices, etc. Because our stomachs are abused being filled with stuff they can not digest, and then the nerves are so starved that they are weak because they are not fed with rich pure blood.

Marion A. McBride.

"I Cannot Leave Him Out"

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father when she offered up her petitions to the Lord. Suddenly that father was removed by death.

Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side for an evening prayer, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes she sobbed:

"Oh, mother, I cannot leave him out. Let me say, 'Thank God I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

How sweetly this dear child honored her father by her tender love!

Strict attention does not always imply faith.