

## 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  
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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)

#### V.

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

After landing I walked beside my guard to the point where we could take the train. I carried little Willie; Henry carried the luggage, while little Carly-head skipped on before, the only light-hearted one of our company. My position looked discouraging in the extreme. What if I could not prove the charges false. I was accused of being a spy in communication with the enemy. I had come from a bombarded town. I had no friends at hand. All the afternoon as little Willie slept I could not restrain my tears. My guard seemed sorry for me and tried to comfort me with suggestions of hopefulness, saying as soon as we reached Meridian he would see the provost marshal and try to obtain a pass for me. We reached Meridian at five o'clock, and the short run to the nearest hotel was nevertheless so long that we were thoroughly wet. I felt so hopeful that the guard would obtain a pass for us that I hesitated to remove our wrappings until he returned after an hour's absence to say that he could do nothing for us at present. Meridian had been an important place, railroad centre and headquarters of the western division of the Confederate Army. It was partially burned by the Union forces a short time before and was built again in a hasty manner with rough lumber. The hotel where we stopped was makeshift; an old house with additions and a rough dining-room. The room assigned to me was long and narrow, containing three beds and four occupants besides ourselves. That night Willie was attacked with croup, there was no fire and no way to make one. I had no remedies and it seemed to me that my darling could not live an hour.

After rummaging about I found an old iron spoon in the room, and, breaking off the end of the tallow candle, I melted it in the flame. In a few minutes after administering he was better, and toward morning dropped into a quiet slumber. Other prisoners were in the house, among them a surgeon, but they were closely guarded and I never spoke with them. In a few days little Willie became very sick. I asked and obtained permission to find more suitable quarters, and after some search found a quiet room, with well-shaded yard where my boys could play. But my babe grew no better and I was full of trouble. There was no physician, the surgeon of the division was absent, but his assistant, a young man of twenty, came to me offering to furnish remedies and assist all in his power, but he frankly admitted that I was better able to pre-

scribe for my child than he was. Fortunately, I had all my life been accustomed to the care of the sick, but nothing we could do was any avail. His cries were so piteous that only Henry and myself could stay and hear him. Sometimes a lady from the hotel would come in offering sympathy and all the aid in her power.

On the morning of Aug. 16 I was so exhausted that I slept with my head resting upon the cradle, although I knew my child was dying. Oh, mothers, you who have laid away the dear little forms amid the tears of sympathizing friends, and as the coffin lid was closed felt that nothing was left undone which skill and love could suggest, you will know how to pity and forgive, as I know the dear Father has forgiven, the hours that followed. I had prayed with such faith to that blessed Jesus who loved little children to bring me safe through my journey to my husband with all my children that it now seemed as if we were deserted and nothing but sickness and death awaited us. At the last my babe was easy and passed from the sleep of earth to rest in heaven. He died about noon. The soldier who had been in the house to guard us, a rough, kind hearted man, made the little coffin. It was of pine, but with his help I lined it with material from my trunk and made it soft and pretty for the dear little body; a sad task, and when it was done I gave way to the smothered grief that would not be stayed. The first words of comfort came from Henry, who told me he believed that we would now get through, that it was hard to leave little Willie, but he was gone from the suffering we now feared lay before us. I took these words to heart, asking myself if I was wiser than God. The next day we buried him. The soldier carried the coffin in his arms. The family went with us to the grave. One offered a prayer; then the soldier with tender thoughtfulness stepped into the grave and laid the earth quietly on the coffin that I might not hear it. There he lies now, and to-night many a northern mother's heart aches with mine to see only that little spot of earth that covers her darling far away in Mississippi.

The next day I was very ill. The young surgeon came and said: "We must get you out of this or we shall have you on our hands." He and the lady at the hotel, who had before been so kind, were very active in their efforts to obtain a pass. The next day she sent for us to come to the hotel. On arriving there she came in trembling with excitement and handed me a book in which I registered our names, ages and place of residence, and then she soon brought me a pass. This would only take us to Jackson, but she said I should have no trouble after reaching that point. At least she did not, and she had been as far as the river several times, but we might not take any baggage and must not go in disguise. I cared very little about anything except our lives. Our money was still safe in our belts. Knowing the exact amount had been telegraphed to the authorities, I was surprised that it had not been molested. Of the Confederate money I had plenty, and it was still in use in the country, although so depreciated that I paid \$100 for calico for a wrapper.

After disposing of our wardrobe, selling some, giving away some and leaving the rest, we started on the afternoon train for Jackson. The beautiful farming country through which we passed was uncultivated, desolate and almost depopulated. The people upon the train wore an air of dejection which I had never before seen. The evening brought us to Jackson, and a most wretched hotel received us for the night. Soon after supper a servant informed me that a gentleman wished to see me in the parlor. With much surprise I went down and found a plain-looking German in waiting, who inquired if I wished to go to the river, saying he would take me for a certain sum and would send a conveyance for me early in the morning. He thought by taking no baggage and dressing like poor white folks we could get through.

(To be Continued.)

Those who are trying to set their lives to the standard of the question: What would Jesus do? should devote themselves earnestly to learning what He did do when He was on earth. The careful study of the Sunday School lessons for 1900 will aid in this direction.

## Religious News.

### RICHMOND, CARLETON CO.

We are plodding along but making slow progress. The congregations at Union Corner are good, but very small indeed at MacKenzie Corner. The latter, known as the South Richmond Church, is so much depleted by removals and deaths that they will soon need help from the Home Mission Board to enable them to keep a pastor, otherwise they cannot maintain one. The people are willing to do all that they are able, but there are not enough of them to pay a pastor a sufficient salary. The present pastor has for the last two years been receiving considerably less than three hundred hundred dollars.

### C. CURRIE.

UPPER QUEENSBURY,  
YORK CO.

Three months ago I came upon this field to look it over with a view of settling as pastor. I found there were quite a number of obstacles to be overcome. We have been working on patiently looking to the great Head of the Church for guidance and help. At times the clouds gathered thick and fast, but God has heard our prayer, honored the faith of his children, and the way begins to look brighter, the clouds are lifting and we are looking and praying for complete victory. We have good congregations and the people seem to appreciate and enjoy the gospel message. Last Sabbath morning the pastor preached at Upper Queensbury from the words: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever." At the close of the service the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. In the afternoon the pastor preached at the Barony, and in the evening to a large and attentive congregation at South Hampton. The theme of the evening was by request 'Eternity.' We hope in the future to be able to report greater progress. We ask for the prayers of the Church that our efforts may be crowned with abundant success, that God's children may be quickened, and the unsaved be led to repent and turn to God.

April 7th.

### C. W. SABLE.

HARTLAND, N. B.

God has been pleased to bless his Zion in this place. Twenty-one have been baptized, and the church much strengthened and encouraged. We praise God for it.

### J. D. WETMORE.

HAVELOCK, N. B.

The Rev. J. W. Brown of Nictaux Falls, N. S., has accepted an unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Have-lock, the pastorate to take effect on May 1st. Rev. F. T. Snell has been engaged to supply the church until that time.

FIRST HILLSBORO, N. B.

On Wednesday evening, March 28th, a large representation of the friends from the Salem section of our field met at the home of Mr. Harris Steeves and gave us a very generous donation. A spirit of genial kindness seemed to animate everyone present. With happy converse, pleasant games, and cheerful music the time passed quickly by. The central point of interest was the presentation to the pastor. This was made in a kindly speech by Mariner Steeves. After a grateful response from the recipient, some excellent speeches were given by Deacons O. and M. Steeves, Jeremiah and Benjamin Steeves. The amount handed in was \$29; \$19 being in cash and \$10 in produce.

### C. W. TOWNSEND.

GERMAIN STREET, N. B.

The interest in this church continues good. Two were baptized on the 1st inst.

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

Last November I resigned the Hartland Church that it might unite in calling Bro.

Wetmore to that field in connection with Rockland. God is blessing our brother's labors on that field, he has baptized twenty at Hartland during the winter, and is now at work at Rockland. I am now closing up my 10th and 11th years' work on this field expecting to leave it at the end of the year. On Sunday, March 25th,