

## The Home Mission Journal

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Temperance work, and a reporter of church and ministerial activities, and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly. All communications, whether containing money or other news are to be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,  
Cunard Street, St. John, (North) N. B.

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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER VII.

#### HOW PRAYER SAVED THE SHIP.

After battling with winds and waves for many days—for the skipper of the *Glad Tidings* did not want to burn up his coal supply too fast, and so far as was practicable used sail power instead of steam—the American barkentine worked its way up the English Channel, passing on the way many a wheezy tramp steamer, stately man-of-war, or trim looking yacht, until it came to anchor at the mouth of the Thames.

The Hentons soon took a train for London, where they heartily enjoyed themselves for ten days, not simply seeing the sights of that great city but also making the acquaintance of experienced workers for men of all classes and nationalities, from whom they learned many facts useful for them to know in their own work for seamen.

Near the *Glad Tidings* as she swung at anchor at the mouth of the Thames lay an American training ship, and the crews of the yacht and of the man-of-war interchanged compliments in many ways. There were some earnest Christian Endeavorers among the apprentices and older petty officers, and good fousing meetings were held on the berth-deck of the man-of-war and on the main deck of the yacht. One week the officers of training-ship arranged an excursion to London and back for the young sailors, whose exemplary conduct both going and coming, received the warm praise of some English naval officers who marked their bearing. Henton arranged that his own crew should have shore liberty at the same time, and the two sets of American sailor-men got on finely together. While in London the Young Men's Christian Association of that city gave them hospitable entertainment at their headquarters, and directed them as to how to see the best points of London life. Work on both the training-ship and the yacht went easier for weeks thereafter because of these days of pleasant outing in the famous English capital, and the kindness shown by so many Christian residents to those strangers in a strange land.

One breezy morning the *Glad Tidings* hauled up its anchor which had been peacefully resting in the mud of the Thames for some weeks, and with a dip of its colors to the American training-ship—whose officers returned the salute with lifted caps—stood out down the English Channel. The yacht called at Portsmouth, where abundant opportunities were afforded to observe the methods of the English missionaries who were working there, through the agency of "Rests" and otherwise, in behalf of the men of the Naval service of whom the port was full. Another stop was made at Plymouth, and then the yacht, spreading its broad white wings to the freshening breezes, sped out past the Lizard and Land's End, and began rolling and pitching on the heavy Atlantic swells.

While crossing the Bay of Biscay, what seamen call the dirtiest of weather was encountered, and the *Glad Tidings* sometimes nearly stood on end and then again almost rolled its yards under. It bobbed about like a mere chip on the choppy waters, while some near-by "tramps" wallowed like lumbering whales in the rolling seas.

Henton felt in his element. He was a born seaman, accustomed to salt water all his life. He did not know fear, and spent hours at a time on the bridge, relieving his faithful watch officers, and managing the swaying, tumbling yacht with

a skillful hand. It was not long before all hands were sent aloft to shorten sail, but even when the barkentine was snugged down to a few bits of canvas, it surged ahead before the sweep of the northwester as though driven by all the winds that anywhere blow. Now and then some noble Peninsular and Oriental steamer, bound in from the Cape of Good Hope by way of the Suez Canal, would be passed, and the greatest interest was aroused when a fleet of British torpedo boats shot by, like racing sharks, for whose officers and men Grace Henton, as she looked out from the cabin window of the deck-house, felt the sweetest pity—so intense were the strain and the discomfort to which she felt they were subjected.

At last Cape Finisterre was rounded; and after awhile, through smoother seas, the course was laid around Cape St. Vincent and not very long after the Strait of Gibraltar—the gateway of the broad blue Mediterranean—was entered.

It was a relief to Grace to have the deck of the yacht now anchored under the historic old rock, steadily once more as a parlor floor. The natty craft, nestling close up under the lee of a ponderous British man-of-war, lay securely swinging at its moorings under the protection of the beetling cliffs and frowning battlements of the grim old hill for whose possession and defense great Britain has expended so much blood and treasure. It filled Grace with awe to look up at the mighty rock, honeycombed with hidden galleries concealing murderous engines of war, and to think of all the history that was stored away in those cliffs, and of the mighty, far-reaching power of the British Empire of which that fortress was a silent, majestic symbol. At any moment, if occasion called for it, from that rock huge rifled guns might belch out a fiery destruction to all vessels lying anchored at its base—or even steaming by in the farther distance. "So much will men do," thought Grace, "in order to destroy their fellow-men; how few there are who will take equal pains that they may save their fellows, made like themselves in the image of the Almighty God!"

At Gibraltar there were numerous opportunities to go ashore, to ramble about the town, and even to pass through some of the winding lanes in the fortress, though it was by no means possible to proceed at will in every direction, for here and there the glistening bayonet of a sentry suggestively forbade further exploration.

While the *Glad Tidings* lay off Gibraltar a United States troop-ship dropped anchor in the harbor, much to the surprise and pleasure of the crew of the yacht. Henton lost no time in going on board, where he paid his respects to the commanding officer, who proved to be an old friend of his father, and also offered his services if in any way he could be of use to the soldiers on board the transport. He was cordially received, for all Americans abroad, when their paths cross, draw together under the folds of the flag where ever it floats, and some of the younger officers of the Thirtieth Infantry, whose regiment was bound to the Philippines by way of the Suez Canal, found much enjoyment in visiting the yacht, where they were delightfully entertained by Grace and her brother, though the repasts which were bountifully spread for their refreshment were conspicuous by the absence of all intoxicants—a feature which the young soldiers seemed not at all to miss, so hearty and sincere was their entertainment otherwise.

(To be Continued.)

From Bro. Ervine.

Our brother has lingered beyond all expectation, his suffering apparently increasing as the end draws nearer. Yet he has been graciously upheld while longing to depart and be at rest. We subjoin a recent note received.

HEMET, California, May 17, 1904.

Dear Brother:—

I am just in receipt of your recently written letter which has brought cheer to my hungry soul. Oh, dear brother, how tired I am, now six weeks in bed. How I long to be free from this sore tiring cough, and almost constant distress in my lungs and stomach. But the time is drawing nearer; each day brings me one day nearer home. I am happy in the blessed prospect

of being absent from the body and present with the Lord. Although he is present with me in all my sufferings by day and by night, yet when I look forward to the inexpressible joy I shall with the ransomed share I can rejoice in hope of the glory of God, forever set free from all earthly worries and physical suffering. I feel a bit impatient by times, but I know very well his grace which saved me twenty-five years ago, and has kept me all this time, is sufficient for the last declining days and hours to preserve me to the end. Praise his dear Name.

I trust the students may be wonderfully blessed during the vacation season in helping the churches and in turning souls to Christ. Dear Bro. Hayward is truly a good man and useful in the Lord's work, whether in the pastorate or in evangelistic service. I am glad to hear that you are much stronger. As to the Baptist union I trust it may speedily come about. If so it must result in God's glory and salvation to many precious souls. And now, dear brother, I am so tired I must close. Love to all.

Your brother in Christ,  
S. D. ERVINE.

Rev. S. D. Ervine.

Since the above correspondence was printed a note has been received from Miss Ethel Harman, a niece of our esteemed brother, who has been with the family in California. In it she says her uncle passed away at Hemet, May 28. He was buried the following Sunday, and the funeral service was conducted by Mr. Mark B. Shal of San Bernardino. To the family of our departed brother we tender our heartfelt sympathy. A fuller sketch will appear later.

### Personal.

Rev. E. L. Steeves, well known to many of our churches, has been called to Middle Sackville, as the successor of Rev. A. T. Robinson. Bro. Steeves preaches his farewell at Glace Bay, his former pastorate, June 6th. We trust much blessing may come upon this field through our brother's efforts.

The Foreign Mission Band at its recent session appointed Miss Alberta M. Parker as missionary to the Telegus. Miss Parker is the daughter of Rev. D. O. Parker, and studied at Acadia. She especially excelled as a linguist and comes with the highest testimonials. During the last few years she has resided at Melrose, Mass., where she has been employed in an office as typewriter. Her pastor, Rev. A. E. Scoville, speaks of Miss Parker as one of the most spiritual workers in the Baptist church in Melrose, and warmly commends her application.

Rev. Wylie H. Smith, has resigned at Florenceville, Carleton Co., and expects to close his labors with the churches there in July.

Rev. J. W. Keirstead, the pastor of Campbellton has taken his wife for treatment to a hospital in Montreal. An operation had to be performed for the removal of an abscess, which had assumed an alarming character.

Pastor Bynan has been giving his people a farm sermon. Each year at about the same season our brother has publicly announced a discourse of this character, drawing many wholesome lessons from this most useful occupation. Catholics as well as Protestants come out to hear a little practical wisdom, and with it also the full gospel from the inspired word, which our brother preaches with no uncertain sound. Perhaps other brethren familiar with the sea, or forest, or mines, could in like manner give many practical talks illuminated by the Spirit of truth.

Don't forget the little things, dear, and the big ones will take care of themselves. I have seen much of men and manners in my life, and they have taught me that it is the small failings, not the big faults, which are deadliest to love.—*Ellen Glasgow, in the Deliverance.*