

The Home Mission Journal

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REV. J. B. HUGHES,
Correspondence, No. 101 N. E.

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER V.

The *Sat Gall* lay at anchor several days in the pretty roadstead of Newport Harbor, where so many coasting vessels of this class, left gathered from that time, affording many opportunities for Christian work among the seamen who lay there either because they do not venture to leave the logs that hang over the mainmast, or because they have become awash. John Henton spent much of his time at the Bible conference, but also to attend the meetings. That afternoon a child taken place in a number of times, but so far was exempt to attend to the service. Henton had never been at a child's funeral, but now his manner toward his crew was "correct," not only in point of conduct to him, but also of his good feeling, and there came for their highest welfare. Henton's conduct in the evening on board the trust that the crew was not so well understood, and yet a family of the interests of the men was so much with him, and so to make the *Sat Gall* for the rest of that summer cruise indeed a happy ship.

After a few days the wind blew from the northeast so strongly that the *Sat Gall* was obliged to take up its anchor and steam away to avoid the peril of being driven ashore. It was a short though lively run to Newport, where Henton's parents were expected soon to be, with his sister Grace. John Henton had no more to do than an ordinary notice to the crew, for he had longed to impart the good news of his own conversion.

When the *Sat Gall* dropped anchor in Newport Harbor, Henton felt a strange sensation as he stepped ashore and saw some of his home-coming to him but glad hands. His father, hardly had he landed when a captain's hands handed to him which had the effect of making the whole family come, of his father. The telegram was from his sister Grace, and announced the sudden death in a railway accident, of their father and mother.

John Henton's first thought and his whole frame shook. He felt a deep sorrow for his amiable father and his mother, and his mother had always seemed to him almost an angel. Even before his conversion John Henton would deeply have felt the loss of his parents; but now that his heart was tender with a new religious experience, and his soul was filled with religious hopes which he had been learning to communicate to his father and mother, his loss seemed doubly severe—indeed, full more than he could bear. Commending himself with a supreme effort, Henton wiped his sister when and where to meet him, and started at once for the summer place among the hills of New England, near which on a much-curved, precipitous rocky hill, midway, the fatal accident had occurred. Soon the brother and sister were alone together in the beautiful summer mansion—alone with their sorrow, their dead, and their God.

One fact which at first John and Grace regarded with listless indifference was soon made evident—and this was that their father had by his will provided royally for his son and daughter. The fortune left them was very large, it was colossal. The sum left to the two young people was so vast as to enable them both to gratify even the most expensive tastes if so disposed, with plenty to spare when the expenditures had been made, and a large income still assured for the future.

After some weeks had gone by, Henton and his sister began to make their plans for the future. Grace was not exactly a shy girl, for she had a simple dignity of her own, which pre-

served her from any embarrassment from over self-consciousness wherever she went in society; but she cared little for gaiety as such, and while not at all a bookworm, or priggish in appearance or manner, found her enjoyment in intellectual pursuits rather than in chasing rivals in the still empty round of fashion. She was likely, therefore, to second Henton in many serious plans which he might make for future work.

As for Henton, he had been converted from heathen to truck as the sailors say, and his heart burned with a fine zeal to do some great and noble work for the Master who had redeemed him, drawing him out of the many waters of sin and shame. Just what to do he hardly at first knew. After much prayer John Henton decided on his mission. He resolved to take a cruise around the world, investigating the conditions attending the life of seamen while on the high seas and also in port, with the aim of doing all he himself could while on this cruise, for the physical, mental and spiritual benefit of sailors. He would go at his own charges, on a yacht especially built for that kind of religious and philanthropic work, and able to stand the buffeting of the biggest waves and to navigate all waters.

When John broached his plan to his sister Grace, who had long been a Christian, and was a girl of decision and energy, being the sea and anxious to do good, with also a liking for adventure, she immediately approved of the project, and offered to go on the voyage too. "Capital!" exclaimed John, and at once the two began to talk over the plans for the new yacht that was to be built, profiting from all the experience they could obtain from ship builders and sea captains, and themselves suggesting such features as might lend additional comfort for the crew, or be of convenience in conducting religious meetings on board.

It John Henton had come into his great fortune before his conversion he would have ordered built for his own selfish use one of the most superb yachts that could be turned out of an American shipyard—the acme of size, luxury, display and artistic embellishment, a craft that would have been but a floating palace of sin. But now that the yacht was to be built for philanthropic use, Henton took particular pains, while sparing no reasonable expense, to order such a vessel built as would be staunch, spacious, sturdy in a sea way, decorated in a style simple yet most truly artistic, and equipped with every appliance for safety, and every convenience for its proper handling at sea, that modern ingenuity could suggest. The handsome furnishings were all in the best of taste. The cabins were roomy, the staterooms—which might sometimes be occupied by mission workers—were thoroughly comfortable, while the fore-cabin was capable of being both well warmed and ventilated. The best arrangements were made for supplying fresh air to the fore-cabin. One marked feature of the yacht, which was broad of beam, was a large open ramparts, suitable for holding religious meetings in inclement weather.

One question gave Henton considerable perplexity, and that was whether to depend most on sail or on steam power. After careful thought, having in mind the fact that he would be obliged to cruise not infrequently in regions where a coal supply could not readily be obtained, Henton decided to order the yacht to be rigged as a barkentine—a handy rig suitable for all round work at sea. Yet it would hardly do to depend entirely upon sail power, and so the new boat was equipped with auxiliary engines, the best possible make of their kind, which could be made to turn the screw when the wind failed, or in case of other emergency. This plan allowed of economy of coal—an important consideration when a vessel is hundreds or thousands of miles from any coal mine or depot of supply.

While the boat was building, Henton, who had been a practical sailor for some time, studied like a Trojan at navigation, and after a time took out a Master's Certificate, giving him a clear right to the title "Captain." Both John and Grace also took a course of training in a noted school for Christian Workers. It was while attending one of the meetings at this school that the brother and sister decided to call the new yacht the *Glad Tidings*.

"That will describe its mission very well," said John.

"Yes," replied Grace, "and may it carry the good news of redeeming mercy into many a now dark corner of the world!"

Finally, the day came for the launching of the

new boat—from a shipyard on the Atlantic coast. The staunch and shapely hull was scrutinized with knowing glances by all the old salts in the neighborhood. "That boat will do in a sea-way," was the general comment. Bunting fluttered from jury-masts temporarily raised on deck. On the staging about the bow of the little ship John and Grace with a few near friends took their stand, one of those friends being their pastor, who offered a fervent prayer that the Almighty would keep from disaster the new vessel in all its cruises, and that it might prove to be an instrument of blessing to many voyagers over life's tempestuous sea. As the clergyman concluded his prayer, many fervent "Amen!" arose from the company of guests and well-wishers assembled in the yard, many of whom were members of the church which the Hentons attended.

As the props were knocked away beneath the hull and it began slowly to slide into the water, Grace Henton, with a quick motion of her hand, broke across the prow, not a bottle of wine, but a calice of pure sea-water brought from the vast deep, as she did so crying:

"I name thee *Glad Tidings*!"

(To be Continued.)

Why the Baby Wasn't "Baptized."

A True Story.

Rev. L. T. Carroll.

It was Sunday morning at a quiet farm house in southeastern North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll were earnest Christian people—the one, a deacon in a Baptist church nearby, and the other, a member of a Presbyterian church a mile further off. For a year or more, a boy babe had gladdened their home. On this particular Sunday morning the regular monthly sermon fell due at the Presbyterian church, and Mrs. Carroll, with an anxious look, yet trying to smile, said as pleadingly as she could to her husband: "I think it's time we were having the baby baptized. Aren't you willing to go to church with me this morning and have it done?"

"Yes, wife, most willingly," he instantly responded. "If you will only show me any authority in the Bible for it, and not only will we take the baby, but I also, will join the Presbyterian church."

"Oh, very well," she beamingly replied, "I'll soon show you the authority."

"Well, I'll get the buggy ready while you are finding it," he said, and walked out to the barn.

Mrs. Carroll tripped joyously across the room to the table on which she kept her Bible and, seizing it eagerly, began to turn its leaves rather rapidly, at first, feeling sure that her eyes would fall upon the words that she wanted; then more slowly, stopping to look here and there at special passages.

Mr. Carroll, in the meanwhile, had hitched his horse at the gate and returned to the house. "Wife, have you found it?"

"No husband, not yet."

He quietly seated himself on the piazza and after having waited patiently for some minutes remarked:

"We'll be late, wife, if you don't mind."

"Really, it seems I cannot find it as easily as I thought. Suppose I get Mr. Tate [her pastor] to tell me where it is—would that do?"

"Certainly, wife, all I want is to see the authority for what you propose to do. It matters not who finds it."

"Well, we'll go at once then," she said, feeling greatly relieved and believing the matter to be as good as settled; for she did not doubt her pastor's ability to refer her to the authority at once, and taking the baby in her arms she joined her waiting husband and they were soon rolling briskly toward the church. Mr. Tate had driven up just a few minutes in advance and