

The Home Mission Journal.

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER II.

Henton listlessly turned back to the stateroom to complete his toilet. Presently, after a few moments of indecision, he put his head out of the door to send a message by the cabin steward to the sailing master, to have steam up, ready to slip the moorings at noon. Henton was not a man of weak will, but of weak morals. It was not that Oakes had overpowered him by force of a mightier resolution, but he had tempted him with the prospect of another giddy carouse.

At noon both yachts were churning the waters of the bay. On reaching the light ship they took a spin for some leagues seaward, both boats putting on forced draft, regardless of the sufferings of the sweating stokers in the boiler rooms, whose labors were rendered the more arduous from the use of soft coal. A gay party from the deck of the dancing *Carenaught*, waved handkerchiefs or shouted jeers at the slower *Sea Gull* paralleling its course. All the while the breeze was freshening and the sky becoming overcast. The sailing master of the *Carenaught* ventured to remark on the fall of the barometer, but Oakes only cursed him and intimated that he did not care for God or devil, wind or wave, nor did he mind whether he swam or sunk.

After a desultory attempt at fishing, for which none of the two parties had any real love, the two boats were headed for Block Island, where the launches put them ashore, just as many of the decorous residents were wending their way to the afternoon church service. Seeking out the gayest and ungodliest resort on the island, and bringing along some of his own liquors from the yacht, Oakes acted as host to a small company of young people who could not by any stretch of the imagination be called ladies and gentlemen. Folly and frivolity reigned supreme at the "festal" board, and it was dark before the party sought their boats to return to Newport. Meanwhile there was quite a sea on in the outer harbor, and it was only by great effort that the decks of the reefing and pitching yachts were gained. Orders were given at once to start at once for Newport. It was well along in the evening before the outer harbor was cleared. Henton stood by his sailing master, keeping a sharp lookout, for the weather was very thick. A heavy mist, almost a rain, was driving down hard against the cresting billows. Henton, whatever else he was not, was a born seaman. He had not partaken so freely of intoxicants as had the others, and, clad in a Cape Ann suit, he felt the first real enjoyment of the day, as with hand on the wheel he held his boat on her way.

Still Henton kept a sharp watch on the somewhat erratic movements of the *Carenaught* close by, whose action he could not well understand, for her sailing master was an able seaman. The *Carenaught* did not appear to be steering her usual steady course. And then, too, Henton's conscience continued to trouble him. He wished that he had gone to church that morning with plain Miss Goodrich—it might have been stupider, but again, it might have been safer, so he thought to himself.

So things went on for an hour or so. Henton every now and then being compelled to change the course of the *Sea Gull* to avoid a collision with the *Carenaught*, on whose sailing master even the megaphone could not seem to make any impression. Henton swore a few strong oaths, and then wished he had not. Somehow that conscience of his would trouble him! He did not like the looks of things—way out there on a Sunday evening, on a dirty night, after a wretched

carouse with a batch of people as misguided as himself. Even his easy going and worldly parents had probably been to church at least once that day. Even they would have been disturbed to think of the situation in which their son was placed at that time. Meanwhile, some of the pet-sipping stokers in the boiler room were swearing too. The *Sea Gull* was by no means a paradise at that juncture, and the madly rushing *Carenaught* was but a floating sepulchre of character. On board that craft, in the brilliantly lighted cabin, the champagne corks were still popping and coarse jests were still being cracked. Henton, of course, could only surmise this, nor did he know that the dictatorial Oakes, with brain fuddled with drink, was on the bridge at that moment, interfering with the sailing master, alternately cursing and cheering him, every now and then sending down an order to the engine room for more steam, and otherwise making himself even more the fool than he had been before, while his pampered guests below, those of them who were not deathly sea-sick, were drinking mandlin toasts in his honor.

As a consequence of this extra forcing of the boilers the *Carenaught* after a time, drew ahead of its rival and disappeared into the mist, a number of boats' lengths ahead. Henton now slightly reduced speed, as the sea was still getting up and, the wind being from the southward, he did not wish to run before it too rapidly into Newport harbor. Another half hour went by. Meanwhile extra lookouts had been posted forward on the *Sea Gull*, as there was risk of overhauling the *Carenaught*, if for any cause she slackened speed, to say nothing of the danger of collision with shipping crossing their course at right angles.

Suddenly, without warning, the shriek of whistles was heard ahead, there was a dull sound as of two heavy bodies crashing together, and then—was it imagination?—the echo of human cries seemed to float back on the surges. Henton's blood chilled instantly. He knew—or he feared he knew—what had occurred. His hold on the wheel tightened and he rang for full speed ahead. It seemed hours—it was really only minutes—before the *Sea Gull* reached the spot—out there on the dark, rolling waters—where something had happened. The explanation was afforded by the dark hull of a coasting steamer, a freighter running from a Southern port to Boston. A part of its bow was carried away, and some of its spars were missing. Men were running about the decks and peering over its sides. Two or three dark figures appeared to be clambering up over the bowsprit. Around on the sea certain white objects—broken pieces of wreckage—were bobbing up and down. It needed no aid to the captain of the freighter to reveal to John Henton the awful truth—the *Carenaught*, with all its company of gay, godless souls had been in collision with the freighter and had sunk instantly, carrying crew and guests to a sudden and dreadful death.

Henton's face turned white as ashes. Instantly, however he backed his engines, and with the freighter stood on and off over the black rolling billows for hours. But beyond those white planks and casks that rolled about in mockery of the untimely fate of the reckless pleasure-seekers no vestiges of the once proud and staunch *Carenaught* remained visible.

According to the story told later in court by the officers of the freighter and the three surviving members of the crew of the *Carenaught*, it appeared, that Oakes, crazed with drink, had seized the wheel of the yacht, driving the sailing-master off, and not seeing the freight steamer looming through the mist, had driven the *Carenaught* directly across its bows.

There could be but one judgment by the court—the captain of the freighter was exonerated from all blame, while upon Oakes, if he had been alive, would have been visited the penalty for manslaughter.

But George Oakes had gone, to answer for the mad misdeeds of a short and sinful life, to one who makes no mistakes in all his appraisements of human conduct, who will by no means clear the guilty, and who—the revealed Word declares—is a "consuming fire."

(To be Continued.)

The sure result of opposition to missionary work, whether at home or abroad, is spiritual degeneracy.

In Memory of Lulu.

How fair and lovely looks the world,
Today all robed in white,
While merry children play about,
With face and eyes so bright;
And naught but beauty meets the eye,
While gazing here and there,
And causes one to raise his heart
To God in thankful prayer.

And yet within our little town
Today one home's in gloom,
As a loved one, a maiden fair
Has left it for the tomb
A mother mourns for the dear one,
A father's heart seems broken,
And all around loved friends shed tears,
When Lulu's name is spoken.

And yet this thought of joy have they,
E'en though they're sad and lone,
Although the body moulders here,
Her spirit's safe at home.
At home with Jesus safe in heaven,
Where all is peace and love,
Where at the last, if God they trust,
They'll dwell with her above.

She bid each one a fond farewell
Before her spirit fled,
And left a gift to each loved one
Of those around her bed.
Then with a willingness to go
The soul its clay did leave,
Into the Father's glory went
To never more be grieved.

So look to God sad-hearted ones,
Your cross with patience bear,
As God has promised those His aid
Who on Him cast all care;
And may your path to heaven be
With God's love filled complete,
Until you reach the pearly gates
And there with Lulu meet.

Written by a Friend.

The Church Versus The Saloon.

To be a child of God is to be an enemy of the saloon.

The stain of bar-room blood dishonors Christian government.

Any alliance with the liquor traffic will be an unholy alliance.

The Church should see that civil law be brought in harmony with Divine law.

To evangelize the ballot box is the high commission given Christian citizenship.

"No more license, but suppression," is the battle-cry voiced by every Christian tongue, and heard in every Christian home.

The Church is the divinely commissioned leader in all moral and social reform.

Shall saloonists dominate our churches, our schools, our culture, our enterprise, our capital, and subordinate the rights and interests of a patriotic and righteous majority to the lustful gainings of a selfish minority?

When the pulpit seeks to make men good, and leaves it to the law to make them bad, the work of the church is undone.

REV. DR. RANKIN writes: "Whiskey must go; and if every preacher in the State will do his duty, the time of its going is not far off."

The Canadian pulpit is commissioned to go up and conquer for God the temple of Canadian manhood.

If God has instituted civil government for moral ends, the Church should see that it is not used for immoral purposes.

Rum not only pulls the Church from men, but pulls men from the Church.

If a man's name has the right to be on the church license petition, it has no right to be on the church list.

A licence ballot has no place in the hands of a Christian man.

The temperance reform stands to day "upon the heights of answered prayer."

"Forward!" is the word that comes ringing along the lines from the Divine side of the conflict.

Every vote for the saloon is a vote against the Church. Therefore, vote for prohibition.