

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 wise are to be addressed to

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Notice.

This paper, **THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL**, will hereafter be published at Fairville, St. John county. Our patrons will therefore address no more communication to **THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL** at 14 Canterbury Street, St. John. But until further notice, all correspondence and papers must be addressed to me at 2 Canard Street, St. John North. All matter for insertion in the paper should reach us not later than every second Monday in each month to insure prompt publication. Correspondents will therefore govern themselves accordingly. Subscribers when moving will please give us their new and former address, that we may know who they are, and where to address their papers.

J. H. HUGHES,
Managing Editor.

Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER VI.

As the newly named craft took the water and glided out into the stream with a proud grace, a tug made fast to it with a line, as though to remind it that its mission in the world was a very practical one, in which mere sentiment had only an incidental part.

After the launching a bountiful lunch at Henton's expense was spread in a big building in the yard, to which all the visitor's were invited. Speeches outlining the purpose of the cruise were made, Gospel songs were sung, more prayers were offered, and then the exercises concluded with the singing of the patriotic hymn:

"My country, 'tis of thee!"

On the workmen in the yard, the occasion and the manner of its celebration made a deep impression. And as the happy crowds, still singing Gospel hymns, dispersed, one of the veteran foremen was overheard to exclaim:

"Well, that beats all! That's the strangest launching I ever saw in this old yard!"

The months went by, and finally the new yacht fully rigged and appointed, was pronounced ready for sea. As it rode at its anchor a short distance off shore it was a very pretty sight, attracting the admiring comments of passengers on steamers passing by. Although John Henton was abundantly able, unaided, to fit the yacht thoroughly it was a pleasure to him to feel that many of his friends had contributed to its equipment. The people of the church he attended furnished a beautiful church pennant, to be run up to the main masthead when service was being held aboard; the Christian Endeavorers supplied a fine cabinet organ; one of his relatives provided a plentiful supply of hymn-books; while a few of his society friends presented a splendid American flag.

Henton himself took an ardent pleasure in looking after every detail of the yacht's equipment, supplementing the gifts received by a plentiful supply of Bibles, tracts in all languages, books of general interest to seamen, medicines, surgical supplies, dainties for the sick, comforts for the convalescent, comfort bags," clothing, including "Cape Ann" suits of oil-skins, and provisions of all kinds. Everything that careful and prayerful forethought could foresee would be necessary, was provided for the long cruise.

Finally, one fair spring day a farewell service was held on board the *Glad Tidings*, in which many well-known Christian workers participated; much good counsel was offered to the Hentons,

who, remembering their own youth and want of experience, accepted it all in good part, and many fervent prayers were offered for a voyage that should be successful in the best sense. John Henton felt happy indeed that memorable day. (He—the new John Henton, saved by grace—was the owner of a noble yacht, consecrated to the cause of caring for seamen of all nations, and fitted to serve as a floating headquarters for all kinds of Christlike work.

It was with a beating heart that Captain Henton, after bidding the last of his visitors good-bye, stood that May afternoon on the bridge of his superb boat, and with a quick, decisive motion of his arm, signalled to the engine room, "Full speed ahead!"

Soon the screw began churning the waters, and the *Glad Tidings* was off on its long cruise for the Cross.

It was a curious sensation to Henton to leave behind him the busy scenes of American life in a great metropolis. He was not sorry to part from the serrated rows of skyscrapers in Manhattan Island, and to draw apart from the babel of the world of business, although he gratefully acknowledged that, if it had not been for the business enterprise and integrity of his father, he would never have become possessed of the means to carry out his mission of a world-wide cruise.

As night descended on the Sound, Henton and his sister Grace paced the quarter deck for hour after hour, enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene, as the moonbeams falling on the water before them seemed to furnish a silvery pavement up through which the yacht kept steering. Henton was reminded—almost with a shudder—of that moonlight night in Newport Harbor when he had had his last long talk with the godless Oakes. Now he was in better company, on a holier mission, and that former life of sin now seemed like a nightmare.

By the next afternoon *Glad Tidings* was running by Newport, but its master did not stop, for Henton had small interests in those gay scenes now. The first stop was Vineyard Haven, where Henton renewed his acquaintance with good Captain Perkins. He encouraged the crew of the *Glad Tidings*, all Americans and all picked men, to attend the Bethel meetings, where many professed conversion, including the first mate, William Howard—who had served as sailing master of the *Sea Gull*—a staunch and true seaman, whom Henton had always regarded highly.

The *Glad Tidings* took daily spins out in the waters of Nantucket Sound, where the crew were exercised at the boats, until they could cast off the lashings, swing out the davits, and lower away on the falls as handily and as rapidly as a boat's crew on a man-of-war. Henton never knew when he would be called upon to order the boats away—for he was now to attempt deep-sea sailing in earnest. Then a final adieu was said to the Bethel, and to Captain Perkins—whom Henton would gladly have taken with him on his voyage, as a missionary worker, but the captain was wedded to his work among the coasts. An excellent man by the name of Joel Nickerson, a Nantucketer, was engaged as first officer in his place.

Soon the Highland Light on Cape Cod was dropped astern and the *Glad Tidings* was breasting the surges of the Atlantic. Nothing eventful happened until the yacht reached the banks of Newfoundland, when heavy fogs were encountered. Henton ordered the engines slowed, from fear of collision. After running some hours through the fog the lookout forward gave a sharp cry, "Disabled craft on the starboard bow!"

Instantly "Stop!" was signalled to the engine room, and Henton and Nickerson rushed to the right of the bridge. A few moments more and a fishing schooner, dismasted and water-logged, was sighted drifting slowly toward them on the waves. Three men were clinging to the stumps of the masts—evidently the rest of the crew had been drowned. The men were too exhausted to haul the yacht, but there was no need of advertising their extremity. A boat was immediately lowered in charge of the first officer, and was quickly alongside the schooner. The three men were carefully helped into the boat and brought on board the yacht, where they received the kindest care. Soon they recovered their spirits, and told Captain Henton that their schooner, a Gloucester fishing boat, had been dismasted in a furious squall, and all hands swept overboard except the three who were picked up by the *Glad Tidings*. Henton tried to impress the

hardy fellows with a thought of the goodness of God in sparing their lives. He told them that they would be carried to England and a passage home secured for them. The men were deeply affected by the serious speech and kindly words of the manly young Christian skipper. They had not been used to anything but the harshest treatment. They more than hinted that there was no good reason why their boat should have been capsized. The truth was that it was unseaworthy, and a drunken captain was at the helm when the squall struck them. With brain fuddled with drink the drunken fool did just the wrong thing when the tempest swept over the Banks. "Such shipowners and such skippers ought to be sent to prison!" exclaimed Henton, with righteous indignation.

No sooner had the *Glad Tidings* gotten under way again than it had a close brush with a huge Atlantic liner that came recklessly rushing through the mist. Later the ship's company felt the chill of several big icebergs, past which the yacht crept cautiously.

A big storm was encountered in the "Roaring Forties." The noble vessel stood the punneling of the huge waves finely, though she tossed around like a chip on the waters. Henton and Grace were fine sailors, and did not mind the weather so far as that was concerned, but Henton's look became serious as the storm increased. Now and then when he could be spared from the bridge he stole aside a few minutes for prayer, and encouraged the men off duty to do the same, for, as he was fond of saying, "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." He would have altered the adage, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" into "Trust in God and keep the engines going!" The staunch triple-expansion engines of the *Glad Tidings* kept its head steadily to the surges, so that it never fell off into the trough of the sea, and finally came through the storm undamaged except for the loss of one boat and some of the forward rail—though at one time it was necessary to heave to, head on to the sea, keeping the screw turning just enough to maintain that position until calmer weather was experienced.

(To be Continued.)

Maine Leads.

A conclusive answer to the oft repeated liquor cry that Prohibition is a stumbling block to prosperity, is shown in the savings banks' reports for this state during 1902. Maine does not produce large fortunes, yet its savings banks show 183,108 depositors out of a population of about 650,000, with deposits amounting to \$66,132,677, or more than \$360 for each depositor. This does not include the money deposited in commercial banks and in the loan and trust companies, aggregating nearly \$50,000,000 additional. No other state in the Union can show such a record of General saving. —*Religious Intelligencer*.

High License a Failure.

This is proven by the liquor dealers' own testimony.

The *Brewer's Journal* says: "High license reforms nothing, and wherever it has been given a fair trial it has been to the liquor dealers eminently satisfactory from a financial point of view."

The *Bar*, the official liquor organ of Chicago, says: "A good high license to help pay the tax of the temperance fanatics will pacify their conscience."

A Boston liquor dealer believes in high license because it puts his business on a more respectable foundation, and he says: "The State offers me something which protects me in my business."

Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, referring to the Brooks law, says: "Increase of the license fee in Pennsylvania from \$500 to \$1,000 will be the best investment the liquor interests ever made."

The *Vine and Spirit Gazette* says:

It must be admitted that the Philadelphia liquor sellers, whose stores are at present bonanzas, favor the increase of the annual license fee to \$2,000.