

## The Home Mission Journal

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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Long and earnestly the two men—the one young, cultivated, debonair and wealthy, and the other older, bronzed, poor in this world's goods, and abrupt in speech—talked in that cabin which before had been the scene of many carouse. Henton had no Bible on board, but Captain Perkins, who was never without a Testament, pulled one out of his pocket, and in a real sense opened the Scriptures to the rich young inquirer. Presently the two knelt in prayer, Henton joining in with broken sentences. Then after a long time spent in conversation, Henton showed Captain Perkins in his stateroom, where that worthy man was soon sleeping the sleep of the just.

But John Henton—a new John Henton—went on deck, and then and there, as the shimmering stars looked down in glad approval, he vowed that he would dedicate himself and all that he possessed to the Lord, who had had mercy on a reckless sinner, fast traveling the downward way. And then there stole upon his heart such deep peace as never before in his life had John Henton known.

Captain Perkins was on deck early the next day, and as it was not often his privilege to be a guest on such a handsome yacht, he ran his eye admiringly over the beautiful lines of the trim little vessel, while he chatted with the crew who were washing down the decks. The glory of the new-born day seemed very fittingly to symbolize the joy that the worthy man felt over the conversion of his young friend. Captain Perkins had been instrumental in bringing many to Christ, but hitherto such converts had been mainly from the humbler classes, and he took great satisfaction in the thought of the great possibilities for usefulness that were involved in the future career of the favored son of fortune, now a Christian, who only the evening before in the cabin below had knelt in earnest prayer, showing every evidence of a heart broken for sin.

It was not very long before John Henton joined his new acquaintance on the quarter-deck, and as he met him he grasped his hand most warmly, while his eyes filled with tears.

"I can never tell you how profoundly I bless you for having led me to the Saviour!" exclaimed Henton.

Perkins caught his hand with a grip of iron—which meant just so much compressed affection—as he replied, "Do not give me the praise, sir! I am only a poor weak tool in the hands of God, I never converted anybody (or, if I did, they didn't amount to anything afterwards), but I bless God that he has deigned to convert some people—yes, I say it in all humility—many men through my instrumentality. Yet, sir, I hardly dare to say even this, lest my tricky heart should take therefrom some excuse for pride!"

For some moments both men paced the deck, engaged in earnest conversation respecting the joys and yearnings and inquiries of "a soul in its earliest love." So engrossed were they with these religious themes that they scarcely remembered—until the steward called them—that they had had no breakfast. As the worthy captain followed Henton into the cabin and saw the table covered with spotless linen of the daintiest sort and set with the most costly cut glass and china, he gave an involuntary start. Henton's face, too, flushed. The explanation was afforded by the fact that at each place were set several wine-glasses, while butler, as was his habit, stood expectantly by, holding in his hand two suspicious looking bottles. Like a flash Perkins, who had a perfect horror for strong drink in any form, having seen so many

evidences of its destructive ravages among seamen, thought to himself, "Is this, after all, a sham conversion? Will this young yachtsman, while professing religion, formally deny its real power to transform his habits?"

Henton may have instinctively divined Perkins' meditations. But the worthy captain little appreciated as yet the moral manhood that was latent in Henton, only requiring divine grace—and time—to bring it out.

With a quick wave of his hand and in a decided tone of voice Henton bade the steward banish the bottles and wine glasses from the table and side-board forever. "Break them against the gun-whale, and leave them overboard!" he cried. Then turning to Perkins he added: "They were the symbols of my shame. The steward, obeying former custom, put them on without orders this morning. He did not know that I have no use for such snares and follies longer. But," he added with a smile, such as the steward had never yet seen on his master's face, "we will have a good breakfast, nevertheless, even if a wireless repast!"

With that the two men fell to with a will. Perkins had never had such a breakfast in his whole life. He did not follow his Master for the loaves and fishes, but he knew a good thing when he saw it, or ate it—and the breakfast on that well-appointed yacht, for which the day before the steward had laid all the neighboring markets under heavy tribute, was quite in contrast with the sometimes meager meals which the hard-working missionary (through want of means, not of management) enjoyed in his narrow home in the Bethel.

It was a happy occasion for both men. Henton appreciated the downright honesty and the self-devotion of his humble guest, while Captain Perkins was now thoroughly convinced that the rich young convert had indeed consecrated himself without reservation to the Lord and to the highest ideals of Christian duty. The meal over, the two men dropped on their knees in the cabin, and after more of earnest conversation, Perkins took his departure, and as his day's work pressed upon him, Henton sent him to the Bethel pier in the *Sea Gulf's* pretty launch—a far speedier and natter boat than the Mission launch, useful as the latter was in its way.

And as a gray-haired colored pantryman, who had witnessed the smashing of the wine-bottles and had stumbled in upon the two men while at prayers, started to clear away the dishes from the table, he exclaimed in a half-scared voice, while his eyes rolled with astonishment: "I does declar! Young massa's got religion, suah!"

(To Be Continued.)

#### A Penitent.

Angus McDonald of Charlottetown, P. E. I. was sometime ago convicted of a second offence for rumselling, and a charge laid against him for a third offence. Before he could be brought to trial he was stricken with pneumonia; while sick he made a promise, if restored to quit permanently, the business. Those prosecuting have withdrawn the charge and have sent a letter of sympathy. We sincerely hope he may recover and be as good a man as he has been bad.

Often we are put to the necessity of prosecuting those who violate our laws, and they make the mistake of thinking we are their enemies. We may be their prosecutors, but never their enemies. In fact we could scarcely wish a greater curse upon an enemy than that he should be a rumrunner and the best wish we could make for one of them is, that like McDonald, they might see the error of their ways and get out. We make that wish for them all. Woe to him that placeth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.

#### When the Sermon Hits Ycu.

Rev. O. C. Peyton.

When the sermon hits then, be sure, comes the test of divine grace in your soul. Yes, sermons do hit—some of them do. Nathan's sermon fitted David's case exactly. David saw

and loathed himself and repented. Paul showed Felix his baseness, as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. Felix trembled, but the devil won the victory and he did not act. John spoke before Herod of the baseness of that adulterous ruler and Herod put him to death. Mary, Queen of Scots, said she feared John Knox more than the army of Elizabeth, but she cast his earnest words from her and did not repent. Sermons do hit! The faithful man of God in his pulpit is preaching the truth with the object of hitting. That is the work of the preacher and the mission of the truth he preaches.

Can I ask you, then, a more practical and important question than the one in my heading—"What will you do when the sermon hits you?" It is, assuredly, a time of victory for or conquest over Satan. He is where he destroys many an unsuspecting soul.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

Some people read their Bible as some people visit a picture gallery. These hurry through the rooms, casting a hasty glance at the pictures, and going away without any clear idea of what they have seen. So may people hurry through the Bible—God's Picture Gallery. The most divine teachings are there before their eyes, the most wonderful warnings, the most perfect examples, and yet they miss them all; "eyes have they, but they see not." They are like the dull, soulless people, who look upon a famous picture, and it fails to touch them, to move their heart, to whisper a lesson. But as the man with an understanding heart can find "sermons in stones," so the devout man will find in the Bible living pictures of God's dealings with man, living object lessons of what He would have us to do.

Thankfulness is one of the most beautiful traits of character, and an ungrateful person is always despised. A graceful and courteous expression of thanks for even the smallest favors is a mark of the true gentleman or lady, while receiving a benefit without any expression of appreciation proclaims anyone a boor.

Thankfulness has two ways of finding expression—in speech and in action. Sometimes the circumstances limit the expression of our thanks to words only, but whenever possible the thankful heart will always express itself in deeds. Our thankfulness to God can always express itself in action, for we can devote our lives to His service.

Dr. Holland in his will wrote these reverent sentiments which reveal to us the great and good heart of the man: "I am thankful for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my success. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my own heart, I have forgiven all my enemies. For the great hereafter I trust in the Infinite Love, as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

#### Workers With God.

I passed over a bridge lately, on the keystone of which are inscribed the words, "God and We." A humble girl in danger of perishing in a storm, when the stream was in flood, vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and the inscription on it gives the secret of every Christian worker's success. It is not "God" alone, for that would mean human idleness, or "We" alone, for that would be human presumption. It is not "We and God," for that would be human pride; but "God and We" gives the Scriptural way of success.—T. F. Robertson.

It is a mistake to suppose that a Christian is not to use all the tactful resources of the mind to carry on God's work. Piety and good generalship go well together. Many a good enterprise has come to grief because God's people seemed to proceed on the assumption that religious and spiritual work did not require the best of earthly care and talent to guide it. We often put good men on our boards and committees who have no tact of practical business qualification, assuming that because they are good they are wise.