

## 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.

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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER III.

JOHN HENTON did not recover for months from the nervous shock of the awful experience that wild, dark night when through the frenzied folly of its drunken owner the *Carenage* sank off Newport—indeed the impressions of that frightful catastrophe followed him in all his after life. Henton had no longer any heart for gaiety, and declined all social invitations. He kept to himself on the *Sea Gull* or strolled along the beach, pensively watching the billows rolling grandly in, and only languidly regarding the gay throngs that hurried by, bent on various pleasure quests. The gaiety of the world now seemed to John Henton an empty show. Of what avail would it be to spend giddy days in a whirl of selfish indulgence, if only at the end to sink into oblivion?

Yet John Henton was not yet becoming religious. He was only a very much bored and disgusted individual, for whom pleasure had lost its charm, who had seen about all there is of the world and loathed it all. He was also a badly frightened man, who had come to close quarters with death, and while he professed to discredit the prophecies of the preachers, yet he did not feel "ready to die," as they call it. For Henton, unlike Oakes, had been to church often enough to learn the phraseologies of religion. Such expressions as "conversion," "regeneration," "the higher life," and so forth he had often heard, but they were to him like an unknown tongue.

So the days of the week passed slowly and unhappily away. Still, all the while though Henton knew it not, God's Spirit was striving with him, and this very feeling of dissatisfaction with the best pleasures that this world can afford was a sure sign that a spiritual blessing was on its way to him.

Toward the end of the week Henton, knowing nothing better to do, weighed anchor and ran out toward Gay Head, and standing up Vineyard Sound put into Vineyard Haven harbor. It was to him—as a mere worldling—a dull place, save that it was interesting as a rendezvous for all sorts of shipping.

An accident happened while the *Sea Gull* was there which had great influence on Henton's subsequent life. As the *Sea Gull* rode at anchor in the harbor, rolling on the incoming swell, a staunch little craft was noticed coming toward it, bobbing up and down on the waves in a comical fashion. "A water-boat, I guess," thought Henton, who was promenadeing on the deck of his yacht. But as the launch drew nearer a pleasant faced man stuck his head out of the queer little pilot-house and called out.

"Mission meeting tonight at the Bethel at eight o'clock. If any of your men can come, will be glad to have them! I will call for them at quarter before eight, if they can go!"

"I will give them liberty ashore!" replied Henton god-humoredly, for there was nothing of the churl about the young fellow, who had always been popular wherever he went.

Then the little launch, whose skipper was Captain Perkins, an earnest mission worker for seamen, bobbed off in the direction of some lumber-laden schooners, where the same invitation was repeated, and after making the rounds of the shipping returned shoreward.

After a hasty meal with his family, Perkins about dusk again started out with his launch, to pick up his congregation from the schooners in the offing. As the launch poked its nose out into the outer harbor, it was no easy matter to come alongside the clumsy sailing craft at just the right moment and take off the sailors, agile though they were. When the *Sea Gull* was reached,

Captain Perkins was surprised to find not only most of the crew, but also her owner preparing to go along with him. "Sorry we have so little room aboard!" sang out the missionary skipper, "but we will be glad to have you all come!"

The truth was that Henton, jaded with the conventional pleasures of society, welcomed a quaint adventure of this kind, and so, not standing on any ceremony, he quickly tumbled aboard the mission launch.

The Bethel in which the service was held presented an interesting sight that evening. The wife of the missionary, aided by her daughters, led the singing. The bronzed sailors present joined heartily in the choruses. Many of them had evidently become accustomed to such meetings. Captain Perkins read a passage from the Scriptures, commented on it in terse, telling style and then left the meeting in the hands of the men. One man after another rose and poured forth his testimony to the power of a saving Christ in a way which would be enough it might seem, to make the most hardened sinner repent. John Henton looked on, and listened in astonishment. This was a new language to him. He felt strangely moved. There was a reality, a downright sincerity, in the testimonies and appeals of these humble men which seemed to mock the social shams in which he had had such a leading part. The power of an endless life seemed to move in the meeting from beginning to end. Henton's eyes began to fill with tears—strange experience for John Henton! "These humble men," he reflected, "have something which make them rich, which I with all my money cannot buy. How can I get it? Can I get it? Ought I not to have it? Am I right with the God with whom they seem to be on familiar and affectionate terms? How their words seem to make the Bible a new book to me!"

Such thoughts and feelings as these rushed through Henton's soul like an emotional flood, and when at the close of the meeting Captain Perkins—somewhat timidly it must be confessed—approached the rich young man with a question as to the state of his soul, to the missionary's surprise Henton requested a chance to talk with him quietly on board his yacht—a request which Captain Perkins, who knew what it augured, was only too glad to grant. Accordingly when the mission launch, carrying back the seamen and distributing them to the various ships, came alongside the *Sea Gull*, the sailors belonging to the latter were surprised to see Captain Perkins jump aboard, and, with Henton leading the way, disappear down the companion-way—while an assistant took the launch back to Bethel pier.

(To be Continued.)

#### Keep Still.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. Even when slander is getting on his legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an agitated eye. Doctor Burton relates how once, in a commotion, he wrote a letter and sent it, and wished he had not. "In my later years," he said, "I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed."

"Time works wonders. Wait till you speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge is twice as easy."

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelouw.

A truly converted man gets a vision of God, and a satisfaction of soul which he never entirely loses and can never forget, however far he may wander away from God. The world can never again show a truly converted man anything that compares with the vision of heaven he has had through Christ, and can never give him any pleasure to equal that he had in communion with God.

#### From Our Evangelist.

I came to Charlotte Co. March 15th and have since been at Brockway, assisting Bro. C. J. Steeves. I preached three times on Sunday 20th while Bro. S. attended other appointments. We have had good meetings and there is some interest. I do not know how it will be about organizing at Brockway as some of the chief members are talking of moving away. This will be a great hurt to our cause. We think of going down to York Mills about ten miles from here to see what can be done there. There are other places on this field that may need special work, but I suppose we cannot reach all.

Before I left Nashwaaksis, Bro. Robinson, whom I was assisting, had received fourteen for membership; we expect also some others. While that way I visited Bart's Corner and found that the people were anxious for me to come in April and hold some meetings. It seems too bad not to be doing something there; a new mill is being built and not a vacant house can be found. I could go from there to Carleton and Woodlands, but all this would not be of much use unless we could get a man to take up the work for the summer at least. It would be a good field for one of the young men, and I hope one can be spared for them. I fear some of the pastorless fields will still have to go without care as there are so many now idle.

I attended the Quarterly Meeting at mouth Keswick and preached on Sunday in Fredericton, Marysville and Nashwaaksis, while Bro. Currie supplied Gibson. This allowed Bros. Macdonald and Robinson to be present at Keswick.

I do not know how long I shall stay here; that will depend on the interest manifested. We felt the earthquake very plainly at Brockway on Monday 21st. Some of the people were very much stirred up about it.

A. H. HAYWARD.

#### From Bro. Ervine.

Again I wish to thank my friends in New Brunswick for their sympathy and continued efforts to help me in temporal things. I trust my Heavenly Father will richly reward all for their kindness to us. I do not know how we could have kept pace with the expense of living here if help had not come so constantly from our New Brunswick friends. As it is we have never yet had to suffer from real want, although we deny ourselves many of the comforts we would have had in a regularly established home.

Since my last attack of hemorrhage I am very weak, and have only strength enough to walk out a little around the yard, but am not able to feed my cow or horse. I am now trying to dispose of my little ranch, but there are few who desire such property, as most buyers want places bearing fruit. My ranch is one half in alfalfa, about one acre in orchard and garden, one and a half acres a truck patch, five acres in all. Last year and year before I raised corn, fodder and potatoes, but I have not been able to do anything this year, and to hire everything done would more than eat up the value of a crop of that kind. If I could make a sale and was able to face the long trip east I would most certainly go, but as it is I know I would never live to reach New Brunswick.

I noticed in the St. John papers the account of Bro. Richard Hetherington's death, and also that of the widow of the late deacon James G. Hetherington, old acquaintances at home. I am glad to learn that Bro. John Williams is at the Rag. God bless him; he has been very useful hitherto. I often feel a yearning in my soul to go and preach the truth, but all I can do is to pray for those who are in the field, and also to pray that others may be sent. I trust the coming months may be to the Home Mission work a season of great refreshing from on high.

I am now tired and must close. Pray for us. Oh, how I wish I could see the face of one of my brother ministers from New Brunswick, grasp his hand and hear him pray. My family are in fairly good health now, colds excepted. Kind remembrances to all.

Ever your brother in Christ.

S. D. ERVINE.

San Jacinto, Cal. Mar. 18, 1904.

The sins by which God's spirit is ordinarily given are the sins of small things—laxities in keeping the temper, slight neglect of duty, lightness, sharpness of dealing.—Horace Bushnell.