

his feet. From where he lay he could not see the fight on board the yacht, but while lying bound in the cage he had overheard enough of the talk of his captors to forewarn him of what would happen. If ever John Henton had need of the sustaining and controlling grace of God it was then. His whole life plan seemed blasted in a moment. Nickerson lost no time in telling him all that had happened, but each man, divining the thought of the other, refrained from multiplying words. With clenched fist and firm set mouth, asking for grace to choke down the curses on the pirates that strove for utterance, John Henton climbed the slope to where Grace knelt praying. Dropping on his knees beside her, the brother added his earnest petitions to hers. At that great God who had so blessed them in the past would not now withhold from them the deliverance they sorely needed.

Rising from their knees, both brother and sister felt comforted. A strange sense of peace seemed to fill their hearts; for they felt sure that God would find some way to send for them.

The first duty that lay at hand was to release the boat-keepers, and to call the roll of the little company on the island. If only they had had the force on the yacht which now mustered on the beach! But regrets were futile.

So the little company bravely set to work to build a camp, to collect food, and to simulate all the ways of civilization possible. Thus a number of days passed by—and still Grace Henton kept praying and hoping for deliverance.

One glorious morning when the Pacific, stretching broadly off, seemed like a mass of liquid gold, Grace was walking pensively along the beach, picking up here and there a pretty shell, and every now and then repressing a sigh. Suddenly around a bend in the shore there swept a large man with American man-of-wars-men, and in the stern sheets stood a handsome young naval officer, who was scanning the shore narrowly as the boat was rowed swiftly along. Grace trembled and felt faint. Was this all a mocking dream? It was now the officer's turn to be astonished, and quickly collecting himself, he ordered:

"Avast! In bows! Way enough! Toss!"

With perfect precision the oars came up to the point of salute—a compliment which Grace was too astonished to acknowledge. A moment more—and dapper Ensign McPherson, cap in hand, stood before her on the beach, presenting the compliments of Captain Zeabury of the cruiser *American Eagle*, and desiring "to know if this was Miss Henton, one of the owners of the *Glad Tidings*."

And when Grace, even amid her natural agitation not insensible to the fact that she was being addressed by a gallant naval officer, murmured that she was one of the yacht's owners, the young officer told her the seemingly incredible news that the noble yacht she loved so well was even then off the island, and would warp up to the creek, if they desired, at once.

A mighty shout from many throats rang out when the news reached the camp, and the younger men of Henton's company ran a never-to-be-forgotten race to the top of the bluff to see who would gain the first glimpse of the returned yacht. A "three-times-three" was given for the man-of-wars-men, and John Henton did not fail at an early opportunity to reassemble his men, and to lead in a few hearty, manly ascriptions of praise to God.

John Henton's heart bounded with joy when at last he trod his own quarter-deck again, and very sincere were his expressions of thanks to the captain of the man-of-war, who, however, protested that he had only done his duty. Grace felt it to be a pleasant task too to express her thanks to Ensign McPherson, whose skillful pilotage had been the immediate cause of returning the *Glad Tidings* safely to her owners.

"We will hope to meet you sometime in America," said Grace sweetly, to the Ensign. "Come and call on us some day in our home in the Berkshires!"

"When—when I am an admiral?" stammered McPherson.

"No, before that!" laughingly replied Grace. And in later years the Ensign came—and came again.

Soon the blue pennant fluttered from the mast-head of the cruiser, and the different members of

its crew who had obtained shore-leave on the island hastily reported on board. Before the *American Eagle* sailed, the ringleader Antonio had begged piteously that Captain Henton might intercede for him; but John Henton felt that he had no moral right to seek to interfere with the full execution of the law in a case of such undoubted and repeated rascality. So Antonio and his fellow conspirators were conveyed away on the man-of-war to meet their fate at the first port where legal authority to deal with them could be invoked.

The *Glad Tidings* had been so strained, disfigured, and misused by the pirates, and Grace Henton's nerves had been so tried, as to make it seem unwise to continue the cruise longer in the South Seas, and so the course was laid for Valparaiso, where the ship could be put in better shape for the tempestuous voyage around Cape Horn.

On the way a stop was made at Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island, which the Hentons surveyed with a vivid reminiscence of childhood days.

At Valparaiso opportunities were enjoyed of associating with some noble workers for seamen, and enthusiastic were the meetings held on board the yacht and on shore. The yacht was a busy workshop by day, while machinists, carpenters, sail-riggers and other craftsmen overhauled it below and above; but in the evenings when the weather permitted, delightful services of prayer and of praise were held amidships.

Finally the ship's course was laid for Cape Horn. As the barkantine worked to the southward, warm wraps were brought out from the lockers and the crew donned their heaviest coats. As the yacht beat its way to the southward of the Cape furious gales were encountered.

The barkantine bowled steadily on, the freezing spray coating its rigging with ice. With utmost difficulty the men handled the suff canvas, and it was dangerous work laying out on the yards. The engines were used as much as practicable, two bags of cotton waste soaked in oil were trailed from the catheads on either side, which, spreading a thin film of petroleum over the waters, preserved the yacht from many a hard buffeting by the waves.

At Valparaiso the sailors had clubbed together and purchased enough silk to make a long and gorgeous "homeward bound pennant"—to be unfurled to the wind when at last they reached New York harbor—but there was more than one day off dark Cape Horn when it seemed even to Nickerson, accustomed as he was to hurricanes, that the yacht would never survive to fly that pennant off Sandy Hook.

But finally the yacht made its easting, weathered the wintry tempests which rage off the Cape, and, obtaining the advantage of a more favorable slant of wind, worked its way steadily up the South Atlantic coast.

In due time Rio was reached, then Cape St. Roque was doubled, and after that the shores of Puerto Rico were sighted, and a call was made in Havana harbor. In every port visited John Henton sought, as before, to bear some testimony to the saving truth of the gospel, or to leave behind him useful books and tracts of a kind that sailors would be sure to want to read.

The run up from Havana to the Hook was uneventful, and when at last the gallant *Glad Tidings*, battered and bruised, and not so gracefully sparred as when first it steamed out of Long Island Sound, but proudly flying from the main-masthead the long homeward-bound pennant, passed in and anchored off Quarantine, John Henton fell on his knees on the deck, thanking God for all the way he had been led, while entreating the divine blessing to rest on the good work he had tried to do, in all parts of the world while cruising for the Cross.*

THE END.

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

* My Bible and I.

BY REV. FORREST E. DAGER, D. D.

"I am here not to give you an exposition, nor am I here as a professor, but simply as a lover of the Bible, a book to which this denomination has ever tenaciously clung. My Bible and I are lovers, we meet together every night, and we have many secrets between ourselves. There is and never can be any suit brought for divorce. I love this book because of its messages, because of its victories. I want to tell you how we came into touch with one another. It is through belief. I believe that the book is not that it was, but is. There is a tendency to relegate the book in its purity into the far-gone past. It was then pure, but through the ages it became contaminated. I have no sympathy with that sort of belief. I cannot believe in a kind and loving God allowing His book to become materially injured. No disciple questioned that the marred body of the Christ as He was laid away in St. Joseph's tomb was other than the body of his Lord. This book may have passed through its Gethsemanes and Calvaries, but it is still the word of God, throbbing with infinite life. For myself I believe in verbal inspiration. I think in words. A word to me is only an audible idea. It is impossible for me to get away from just that line of thought. Why is the Bible so cold and dead to so many people? I think I understand it. There is not temperature enough in cold criticism to generate the life that is in this book. What I am here for to-day is to press home the necessity of God's spirit working in harmony with this word of God. What is done by simply a touch of God's spirit with this word it is impossible to exaggerate. Do not let us yield to what is sometimes called a superior scholarship that seeks to undermine this word of God. It is not a professor's honor that is at stake, but the welfare of humanity that is at stake. I love this book by knowledge. We must know the book as well as to know about the book. It is not enough to believe in the book—we must know the book. The more and more we get hold of the book we will find that the charm of it comes in knowing it as a whole. I look upon the four evangelists as the biographers of Jesus Christ, but I look upon Isaiah in exactly the same way. I love this book in all its parts and think of it as the book of my King. In all its parts it comes to me again and again as the portrait of my Lord. If you want to get into touch with this Bible of mine, read it before you read any commentary on it. Sit down with this book and read it, ponder on it, and the spirit of God will brood over you until the truth of God is generated in your soul. Let us get a more comprehensive knowledge of this book. Another thing—I come to love my Bible through use. I use it for myself and for others. A clean Bible don't amount to much. The fact is the more your Bible is soiled through use, the less strain there will be on your soul. We are apt to stand apart from others and criticise, but we ought, like Philip, to hear the voice of God saying to us, 'Go join thyself to this man or that and tell him the message of the book.' This book has more thoroughly impregnated itself into the history and literature of the world than the writings of any other man. If you and the book would be lovers, *believe, know and use it.*"

The general centenary of Evangelical Christian missions in China will be reached in 1907, Rev. Robert Morrison having landed in the Empire in 1807.