

impossible of fulfilment. Then came the order from Captain Henton, "Let go the anchors!"—when with a roar and rattle the anchor chains paid out, until they were stopped just short of the end. Then sending down an order to the engine room to steam slowly against the sea, in order to take the strain off the cables, Captain Henton gave his attention to lowering the boats. His orders came in sharp succession: "Clear away the stanch and cutter and the life-boat! Lower away! Look alive now! Let go, clear the falls!" By this time two full crews had tumbled into the boats, of one of which Henton took charge, while First Officer Nickers sat in the stern sheets of the other. It was a task of great difficulty to clear the ship in the raging sea without being dashed to pieces against its heavy sides. But soon the boats were swept astern by the wind and current, and almost before their crews realized it, were alongside the brig. An exciting scene followed. The women of the boats, catching the lines thrown them from the brig, hung on as best they could, while the coxswain and men amidships gradually, by means of boat-hook and oars, worked the boats to the lee side of the brig.

With the greatest difficulty the passengers and crew of the brig were taken off one by one from the slippery deck, the women shrinking from the ordeal of entering the barge and cutter—so frail and small seemed the tossing boats—while all around the big waves were rolling. But the brig itself was rapidly becoming uninhabitable. It was only a question of time when it would break up. With many short, earnest prayers accordingly the women passengers committed themselves to the refuge of the rescuing boats, while the sailors of the doomed craft, used to tumbling about in dirty weather, philosophically stowed themselves away between the thwart.

It was a desperately hard pull, and a long one, back to the *Glad Tidings*, which had been left in charge of the second officer. Grace Henton stood on the bridge and waved her handkerchief to her brother as he sat in the stern seats of the cutter, while he in turn cheered on the cutter's crew, toiling like Trojans at the bending oars. For a time it seemed as though the boats would be swept back to leeward and dashed against the weatherside of the brig, and again at another instant as though, heavily laden as they were, they would be swamped by the water washing over the gunwale. But by careful steering and by dint of constant bailing the stout little craft were kept afloat until they came near enough to the stern of the yacht to allow of lines being hove to them, when the exhausted oarsmen obtained relief from their severe exertion. It was not long before willing hands on board the yacht hauled the boats alongside, whereupon, with the utmost care, one by one the passengers were drawn with slings up the side of the yacht and lifted to its deck, the nimble sailors following afterward in quick order. Even when the boats were lightened of their previous cargo, it was no easy job to get them aboard without staving their sides in or twisting a stanchion. But finally the cutter and barge were swung in-board and snugged down in their accustomed places.

Then while Grace busied herself in caring for her new and unexpected guests, Captain Henton, with the aid of his experienced first officer, saw to getting the yacht under way again—a delicate task, with two anchors down, the gale increasing and a great amount of chain out, while the engines steamed none too well. But finally the anchors broke water, and the barkentine, obtaining a good slant of wind, stood off clear of the reef on which the brig, both of whose masts had gone by the board, was rapidly pounding itself to pieces.

When a good thing had been made and the *Glad Tidings* was bowling along over the deep sea, with a good mile of water under it, Captain Henton left the bridge, and, seeking the cabin, looked for Grace, to see what more he might do for the strangers whom he had been the means under God, of rescuing from the sea. To his surprise and pleasure Grace told him that the passengers, both men and women, were missionaries to Micronesia, who had been traveling to their different stations on the chartered brig, whose skipper had blundered in his navigation, having, as it appeared afterward, only indifferent charts on board and a poor chronometer.

Long and joyful were the songs of praise that rolled up that night from the main cabin of the *Glad Tidings* when the young Christian shipmaster and his sister joined with their English guests in giving hearty thanks to the Supreme Ruler of earth and sea for the timely deliverance brought to his servants, who otherwise would have perished.

For a day or two the weather continued stormy, and the rescued passengers of the brig kept below, seeking a welcome rest after their hard experience of exposure amid the breakers of the reef. The missionaries felt very grateful to their American friends who had been the means of saving their lives, and all that they asked was to be put ashore at the nearest island from which they could find passage in time for their various posts in the South Seas. But John Henton would not listen to any such proposal, for he considered that God had given him the means to be of greater assistance than that to the devoted laborers for Christ, with whom his lot had been temporarily cast; and so, after an earnest prayer-meeting, held one fair day on the quarter-deck, a council was held, in the course of which Captain Henton learned more particularly the plans of his friends which had been formed when they had left their home land.

Immediately Henton made up his mind what he would do. The *Glad Tidings* should live up to its name, and if its owner did not himself go as a missionary to the islands of the South Seas, at least he would carry each missionary in turn to the post assigned to that worker in the original plan of the missionary society by which all had been sent out.

This decision of Henton's was hailed with great joy by the self-denying missionaries, whose hearts were cheered unspeakably by the further opportunities thus afforded to associate with two noble young Christians on a roomy and well-appointed yacht, enjoying luxuries which for many a year thereafter would never be theirs to possess. Tears were freely shed as one by one—or in some instances two by two—the workers were left at different points in Micronesia, to take up their life-work among people who were well-nigh savages, although, some of the missionaries went to islands where Christianity had already obtained a lodgment, as was evidenced by the little white sanctuaries that dotted the landscape here and there. As the *Glad Tidings* cautiously felt its way into this or that harbor, the natives in their canoes would crowd about the shapely vessel, sometimes ejaculating phrases of welcome in broken English, which brought a smile to the faces of the Americans on the deck of the yacht, while they caused the hearts of the arriving missionaries to thrill with joy, realizing as they did that, though so far from their home land, they were yet among "brethren," even if of a dusky type.

That was good work which the *Glad Tidings* did in the South Seas, locating consecrated missionaries at many a lonely and desolate spot; and ever afterward John and Grace Henton carried with them the memory of the sweet, brave faces of those devoted laborers, self-exiled for the sake of Christ, for whom they had given up all, and in all their future days they felt the inspiration which came from such near contact in a remote part of the globe, where heathenism reigns almost unchecked—with men and women of whom the world is not worthy.

(To be continued.)

#### Living and Giving in the Light of the Cross.

By Charles A. Cook.

A true vision and proper appreciation of the sacrifice made by Christ on the Cross will inspire to holy and heroic living. Contemplation of what Christ endured and accomplished for us, by the shedding of His blood, constrains and impels to the fullest and gladdest self-sacrifice for Him. The whole of the Christian's life needs to be lived in the presence and under the power of the Cross. As a rule we live too far away from the spirit of the sacrifice of which that Cross speaks. We allow the spirit of the age to influ-

ence us rather than the Cross of Christ, and the spirit of the age is neither heroic nor self-sacrificing. It is easy-loving, money-grasping, pleasure-hunting, self-seeking.

He who stands in the same attitude as that taken by Isaac Watts when he wrote that peerless hymn—

"When I survey the Wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,"—

must be moved to the same humble devotion to Christ which followed that survey. After saying to his soul—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

his soul will be moved to say—

"Were all the realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The life of the redeemed man should not be taken up with trifles. It was no trifle for Christ to die for us. It cost him infinitely beyond anything the human heart has ever yet measured or imagined. Can we meditate upon that cost and then live at ease, spend our time and strength for things that sink into insignificance in the light of the Cross, and do our utmost to escape making sacrifices for Christ's cause? Should we not rather say with all sincerity, as we think of Christ's sufferings and death for us,—

"All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood."

Some people wear a little cross as an ornament. It would be well for us all to do so if thereby we should be constantly reminded of Christ's sacrifice for us, and be led to bring all our daily doings, all our getting and using of money, and all our dealings with men into relation to and under the power of that sacrifice. With, or without it, thus should our lives be lived. The Cross should sanctify all life and unite it all to Christ's sacrifice for the salvation of the world.

Men may measure the value of Christ's Cross to themselves by the measure of the same spirit of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world which they possess. If they are never moved to make sacrifices, in order that men everywhere may be saved, the Cross of Christ has come to mean very little to them. The Cross of Christ means most to those who, having made the greatest sacrifices for Christ, do not think of the sacrifices they have made because their hearts are so occupied with Christ's sacrifice for them. What Christ has done for them is seen to be so great that what they do for him is as nothing.

One of the great needs of the age is a mighty baptism of the spirit of the Cross. If the church of Christ throughout the world should receive such a baptism, and abide under it for a decade, the whole world would be evangelized within that time. Millions of dollars would be devoted to the spread of the gospel where now only thousands are given, thousands would go to proclaim the good news of redemption where now there are only tens or hundreds. The spirit of sanctified heroism would seize the church, and instead of one quarter of one per cent. of the church's actual wealth being given for the evangelization of the heathen nations, while open doors and crying needs call for greatly increased reinforcements and a decided advance movement all along the lines, there would be an abundance of means and men to literally give the gospel to every creature.

It was surely something of this baptism of the