

The Home Mission Journal

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER XIV.

After watching the East Indiaman burn to the water's edge—whereupon it became a dangerous derelict, constituting a continual menace to all other craft—the captain of the *Glad Tidings* gave orders that the course should be set for the island of Mauritius. "And we must be sure to keep an extra bright lookout, Nickerson," added Henton, "for we shall be in the particular region of hurricanes."

It was a great relief to the ship's company of the *Glad Tidings* to work gradually to the southward of the equator, toward a clime where somewhat more invigorating breezes were to be enjoyed.

The crossing of the line was marked by good-humored pleasantries. Bill Saunders, the boatswain's mate, disappeared from view several hours before the invisible line was reached, yet no cry of "Man overboard" was raised, for the older hands were in the secret. By two bells in the forenoon watch most of the green hands, who had never before crossed the equator, by one excuse and another had been collected forward. Suddenly as the bow rose on a ponderous wave, over the bowsprit came a remarkable-looking individual, neither whale, eel-serpent, dolphin, fish, fowl or man, but apparently a combination of all these forms of being, whose coming, however, did not seem greatly to surprise the older seamen on board, for they immediately, with strange familiarity, began greeting the dripping denizen of the sea, who brandished a huge trident, as "Nep," and proceeded to introduce him to the green hands in ways productive of a vast amount of mirth and jollity. After this Neptune was conducted by the old boatswain with due formality to the bridge, where he bowed with a certain marine dignity to Captain Henton and his sister, who greeted him with amused cordiality. After some ineffectual attempts to draw the uncouth visitor out regarding the precise location and character of the line, the waggish boatswain stepping quickly behind him, undid the fastening around his mask, which immediately fell off, revealing the manly features of Bill Saunders, the burly boatswain's mate, whereupon a roar of laughter arose from the waist of the ship, where most of the crew were by this time congregated.

The days passed pleasantly by while the *Glad Tidings* under full press of canvas kept steadily on its southerly way. Now and then a dark cloud lowered in the distance, but no very heavy weather was encountered. Several times, however, the order "Aloft, top-men!" was given, when it seemed to be the part of prudence to take in a reef or two, and there were a number of days when topgallant sails and royals could not be carried. Captain Henton knew enough of the art of navigation not to clap on too much bellowing canvas, with the result, perhaps, of blowing the masts out of the ship or at any rate of snapping a yard and alike in his sailing and in the conduct of his worldly affairs generally, he was content to make haste slowly though steadily.

At last the shores of Mauritius were sighted, where a stop was made for coal, water and fresh provisions. The crew of the burned ship had never lived so well at sea as they had been faring while messmates with the crew of the *Glad Tidings*, for while Henton did not coddle his men by providing them with luxuries—in which, indeed, he indulged only moderately himself—he took pains to see that all reasonable demands of his crew were met both as to wages and general living.

"Say, is your cap'n a' easy fool?" asked "Hoggy" the Lascar, who knew a little English, one day of Bill Saunders.

"What do you mean by that kin of talk?" demanded Bill, sternly.

"Oh, I thinkin' he big fool give you uns so much eat!" rejoined the Lascar.

The Yankee sailor thus addressed felt like throwing a bucket of water over "Hoggy" for his ingratitude and impudence, but his religious principles restrained him, and he contented himself with saying severely, "No, our captain's a Christian man. Do you know what that means, Lascar? If you don't, you'd better find out!" And after that the boatswain's mate thought he would keep an eye on "Hoggy."

While the *Glad Tidings* was at Port Louis, Mauritius, a fearful hurricane broke over the coast and the town, and John Henton devoutly thanked his Maker that the *Glad Tidings* had not been caught approaching the shores of the island during such a gale. In the harbor, with all anchors out, steam up, and everything snug aloft and aloft—for the topmasts, in pursuance of the advice of the experienced captain of the East Indiaman, had been sent down in a hurry just before the storm broke—the *Glad Tidings* was enabled safely to ride out the gale, which seemed to blow from all quarters at once, and swept many smaller and less protected craft in batt red ruin on the beach. When the storm subsided, Henton went ashore to see what he could do for the victims of the storm, many of whom were practically penniless, as well as bruised and bleeding—thus practicing, in that out-of-the-way region of the world, the gospel of the "Inasmuch." In serving these needy strangers at Port Louis John Henton felt that he had been serving Jesus-Christ.

Soon afterward the prow of the *Glad Tidings* was pointed seaward, and its course was laid almost due west, which brought it before long to the port of Tamatave, on the east coast of Madagascar. Here Henton took advantage of the opportunity to go ashore and in the company of an English missionary took a short trip into the interior. It greatly impressed the young American Christian to observe the result in modern Madagascar, of the pioneer missionary work accomplished in that wild country years ago—a work which, before it bore the richer fruits of these later times, was hallowed again and again by the blood of martyrs. It greatly strengthened Henton's faith to talk through an interpreter with some of the gray-haired converts, whose memories ran back to the days of persecution, and who had often endangered their own lives for the sake of the Master, and to hear them tell in quaint phrase, with many a curious idiomatic turn, the story of their faith in Jesus. Truly, thought Henton, believers on earth have many tongues, but all speak one common language of love and faith toward the redeeming Son of God.

In Henton's program of his cruise a visit to the Cape of Good Hope had a place. It was not long therefore before the *Glad Tidings* was again at sea. Captain Henton thought it well to give the coast of Madagascar a wide berth, so he laid his course southeast by east until he had left the island many leagues astern. Then when he had made a sufficient casting to avoid any danger of being blown upon a lee shore, he laid the course first southerly, and then finally south-westerly, for the Cape of Good Hope.

(To be continued.)

The New Brunswick Convention.

The annual session of this body met with Lower Wickham church, Sept. 24th. Some of the delegates and ministers in attendance went by the Elaine on Friday; others came by the Crystal Stream on Saturday. The day of opening proved somewhat unfavorable for those driving, but on Sunday the weather cleared away, and large audiences, utterly beyond the capacity of the house of worship to contain them, assembled at all the services.

The business of the convention began at 10 a. m. on Saturday, and was continued until 4 p. m. when the Annuity Association held its annual meeting. As the convention had resolved, in event of union with the Free Baptists, to merge itself into the united body, it was thought best to have the Annuity Association to meet next year in the city of Fredericton. Accordingly a resolution was passed that that society should meet with the Baptist church in Fredericton on

the fourth Wednesday in September, 1905, at 4 p. m. Its reports and constitution are to be included in the *Annals* of the present year.

On Saturday evening Elder Hughes preached from Matthew VII. 29: "For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." It was evident that the veteran preacher had lost none of his former vigor and grasp of Scriptural doctrines, and the occasion was a treat to all present.

The treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$52.88, which was ordered to be expended in the publication of the *Annual*. Reference having been made to the proposed suspension of the *Home Mission Journal* at the close of the present year, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing appreciation of the labors of Elder Hughes who has been managing editor of this paper during the six years of its publication.

Also resolved that the Convention tender its deepest sympathy to Rev. S. McCully Black, D. D., editor of the *Messenger and Visitor*, now in enfeebled health. The *M. & V.* also came in for a hearty endorsement, as the standard organ of the body. Fitting reference was made to the departure of Bros. Hall, Coombs and Irvine, who had passed away since the last meeting.

At 9.30 a Sunday morning an interesting social service was conducted by Elder A. B. Macdonald, who, though somewhat enfeebled, appeared as actively interested in the Master's work as in the days gone by. This service gave way a little later to a funeral occasion—the burial of Mrs. Albert Day. Pastor Ganong preached from Luke XXIII. 33. Elders Thorne, Worden, Perry, Gordon and others were also present.

In the afternoon a large congregation came to hear the convention sermon, which was preached by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, from II. Thess. III. 1. Rev. W. J. Gordon read Scripture lesson in Ephes. IV: prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Perry. An offering was taken for Home Missions.

At 7.30 p. m. a mass meeting and evangelistic service was conducted by Rev. H. D. Worden. Theme—the "Fair Faces." The building was filled to overflowing, many having to remain outside. Fully one hundred took part in public testimony.

Rev. J. H. Hughes also preached during the day across the lake at Lower Cambridge, Macdonald's Corner and the Narrows. Thus closed one of the most interesting and profitable meetings ever held in the locality. The attractive scenery and surroundings of the place contributed much to the pleasure of all present, while the unbounded hospitality of the people made every one feel perfectly at home. An excellent choir, composed chiefly of the young people, furnished suitable music at each meeting, adding much to the tone and spiritual uplift given. Miss Bessie Macdonald of Charlestown, Mass., gave some fine renderings of pieces which were highly appreciated. Most touching indeed was the final chorus "God be With You Till We Meet Again."

Centennial Anniversary at Nashwaak.

On Sunday, Sept. 26th, large congregations gathered at the Baptist church to extend their congratulations and unite with the Nashwaak Baptist church in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the organization of the church. The services began Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock when the Rev. J. A. Cahill of Jacksontown, Carleton Co., preached "an able and interesting sermon from the words found in John 13th chapter, last part of the first verse on the eternal and unchangeable love of God having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

In the afternoon the Pastor stated that the Rev. Dr. Manning of St. John who was expected to be present and speak on missions had sent his regrets at not being able to be present and the Rev. Mr. Cahill again preached from the words found in Matt. 6: 33. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

At the close of the sermon the pastor, Rev. C. W. Sables presented a partial sketch of the history of the church, after which deacon Chris-