

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. All communications, whether containing money or other wise are to be addressed to

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Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Daight.

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CHAPTER XI.

It was a night's run over the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople. Henton and his sister were early on deck, that they might enjoy the experience of the approach at sunrise to the city of the Sultans, which defies description for beauty and weird charm. Before them rose the gray old towers, the ample domes, and the tapering minarets of Old Stamboul the gilt crescents on the tips of the minarets glinting brightly in the steadily increasing light, as the sun rose over the rounded hills of the Asiatic shore. On the star-board quarter were the famed Princes' Islands, while off the port bow the San Stefano point of Russo-Turkish War renown appeared, marked by its graceful light-house. Ahead was the mouth of the Bosphorus, with its beacon, "Leader's Tower." When the gray dawn, which had seemed to enfold the dim outlines of the "Gate of Felicity"—as the Turks call Constantinople—with a cloudy haze of dream legend and fancy, gave way to the clear light of a full-glowing morn, the mosques, kiosks, and fire-towers of the Turkish capital came out in sharper outline, and seemed to gleam as though with burnished gold. It was a scene to live long in the memory, and threw Grace Henton into a flutter of excitement, which increased as the *Glad Tidings* tied up to a buoy in the Bosphorus—to which it was assigned by a pompous Turkish officer, the very tassel of whose fez seemed to bob about with an air of extreme importance, as he boarded the yacht from a caique to examine its papers. On the one side of the yacht, as it lay moored just above the mouth of the Golden Horn, was Europe and on the other side Asia. Wheezy little steamers went puffing across its bows, while every now and then a deep-laden tramp steamer carrying grain or oil from Black Sea ports, dropped anchor near by. Occasionally a big Turkish, Greek, Austrian or French steamer would steam by, bound up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea; and each evening, before sunset, there would be a general exodus of steamers bound out toward the Mediterranean, timing their start so as to arrive at Chanak-Kalesi by daylight—past which point no vessel is allowed by the jealous Osmanlis to creep at night.

The Hentons' visit to Constantinople was full of pleasant incidents and many useful ministries. Of course, they visited the Bible House, Robert College, the American College for Girls at Scutari, and paid their respects to the United States Minister. They were taken to many meetings of the Armenian and Greek Protestants, and made the rounds of the churches and schools. The Annual Meeting of the Western Turkey Mission was in progress, whose sessions they attended with much interest. The Hentons made charming guests in missionary homes, and in turn entertained with abundant hospitality on board their yacht—giving many parties on board, conducted in such fashion as to make it most natural that before the company broke up songs of praise should be sung and a few fervent prayers offered. There were rides and excursions in and about Constantinople, and caique trips by moonlight, which were greatly enjoyed. Meanwhile Henton did not forget to visit the "Rest at Galata, where faithful English workers were carrying on against many difficulties an effective work for seamen; nor did he neglect to

learn all he could regarding the particular features of such work as carried on under the shadow of the Sultan. Henton contributed liberally to the work of the Rest, and took great pleasure in sending his own launch around to the various steamers anchored near the *Glad Tidings* to gather as many of the members of their crews as would come to gospel meetings on board the yacht.

Finally the moorings were cast off and the *Glad Tidings*, using its engines to stem the strong current of the Bosphorus, steamed up into the Black Sea. It was a pleasure to the Hentons to take with them a party of missionaries returning to the interior, who found the opportunity to travel in this superb yacht, in the company of Christian fellow-countrymen, a most refreshing and delightful experience.

Some of the missionaries left the yacht at Samsoun, whence they took their departure by springless native arabas over the steep hills to Marsouan, Sivas, and Cesarea, while others of the party continued on the yacht to Trebizond, where centuries ago Xenophon and his worn warriors greeted the sea with cries of "Thalatta! Thalatta!"

At Trebizond the Hentons mingled with the Armenian and Greek Protestants. But dark clouds of trouble had gathered over that little group of Christians. Not many days after the arrival of the *Glad Tidings* a riot, instigated by Moslems, broke out in the town. Many innocent Armenians and Greeks were wounded, robbed, or killed outright. One bright merchant was especially the object of the hate of the Turks because of his fearlessness in testifying to his Christian faith. The young man had escaped the first massacre, and after the excitement had subsided a little, obtained his passports, properly viséd, to leave for Europe. But in Turkey one official in hope of receiving backshish, or from motives of spite, will often seek without just cause to frustrate the action of another. So it happened that the merchant soon learned that opposition would be made to his leaving, although he had a clear right to go.

In this dilemma, John Henton, learning of the Armenian's danger, offered to give the man passage in his yacht. Plans were laid accordingly.

A bargain was "cut," as the Orientals say, with some hardy Turkish fishermen, whose cupidity was stronger than their fanaticism, to row the merchant out to the American yacht the first dark night. The embarkation was to be made from a point a mile up the shore. On the appointed evening not long after sunset—when all things come to a stop in Turkey—the Armenian ran fleetly up the beach to the designated spot. The surf was rolling in quite high, and it was no easy matter to launch the clumsy boat. But the difficult feat was finally accomplished. Captain Henton had promised to have his launch meet the boat a half mile off-shore.

All went well for a half hour as the caiquejees bent vigorously to the oars—urged on by the promise of a small bag of clinking gold liras which the merchant gripped tightly in his hand. The fishermen were slowly making headway toward the yacht, whose lights were barely discernible in the offing, when suddenly a sharp hail rang out over the waters.

"Dour! Dour!" (Stop! Stop!)" Here was a dilemma! Somebody—perhaps one of the fishermen—had betrayed the Armenian refugee. The hail came from a Turkish patrol boat. The men in it were the kind to fire first and explain afterwards. They had abundant means to make trouble. If the Armenians once fell into their clutches he would forfeit his life, or at any rate would languish for the rest of his days in prison. While his caiquejees were backing their oars the Armenian thought fast and hard. He gave one rapid glance around. The yacht was far away—miles it seemed to him then! He knew he had a legal right to leave port, and his conscience was clear. These Turkish officers were abusing their privilege. Yet they had him in their power. He tried a word of parley—

"No harm, gentlemen! We are not rogues!" He began another sentence, but never finished it—for at that precise instant was heard the whir of the screw of a tiny steamer. A launch—its helm turned dexterously by the tried hand of Captain Henton—swirled alongside the boat.

Henton motioned to the Armenian to jump in, and into it the merchant sprang, not forgetting, as he did so, to toss his bag of liras to the boatmen. Like a flash, a sailor in the bow of the launch shoved off with a boat-hook, and the boat with the fishermen in it quarreling over the gold drifted off, as the launch under full speed shot ahead into the darkness, almost brushing the sides of the slow Turkish launch as it went. So quickly was the whole thing done that before the Turkish officers could cock and fire their revolvers, the American launch was several fathoms distance to seaward. The balls from the discharged revolvers, rattled off in the general direction of the Crimea, but beyond tearing through the canvas hood of the launch did no other damage. Only the impotent rage of the officers disappointed of their prey, followed Henton's fleet little launch, as it fast disappeared into the thicker darkness seaward. The other launch indeed made at first a feeble attempt to follow, but it could no more catch the spry American-built launch than a turtle can catch a hare.

Long before daylight the *Glad Tidings* was far away on the Black Sea, and after awhile dropped anchor at Sebastopol, where no telegrams from corrupt Turkish officials could interfere with the peace of mind of the Armenian merchant, who hoped that by the time the yacht reached Constantinople on its return the incident would be forgotten, as indeed the event proved—so many more massacres of greater horror having in the meanwhile taken place in Anatolia.

(To be continued.)

Angry Liquor Men.

The Wine and Spirit Journal expresses strong indignation over the passage through the House of Commons of Mr. Law's Bill for the amendment of the Canada Temperance Act, of which we have already informed our readers.

The Journal is specially annoyed at the idea that the men who defy law and make money out of the degradation of their fellows, should be subject to the indignity of hard labor when sent to jail for their wrong doing. It wastes no anger over the lawlessness of these offenders. It shows its desire to stand by the liquor traffic in law violation as well as in law observance and in this takes a position which must antagonize all respectable citizens whether they believe in prohibition or not. It says:

An amendment to the Canada Temperance Act has recently been introduced and passed its third reading in the House of Commons that for absurd stringency, is almost without parallel in the annals of liquor legislation. This bill makes it optional for a magistrate, in trying breaches of the Scott Act, to impose penalties involving imprisonment with or without hard labor. As is well known, there is no appeal from the conviction of a magistrate in this class of case, and to give the power of imposing hard labor—and from which there is no appeal—opens up the door to the rankest kind of persecution.

In cases of breach of the Scott Act the magistrate is usually in strong sympathy with the prosecution, and judgment is often recorded against the defendants without adequate proof. That the magistrate should have power to impose hard labor is intolerable, and this addition to the Act should carry with it a provision affording every opportunity to appeal. It seems almost incredible that a Parliament composed of men in their right senses can have passed such a bill, and it is equally hard to conceive of its receiving ratification when it comes before the Senate. It is an outrage on the British sense of justice, and The Journal trusts that something will be done to at least make it less inexorable before it becomes law.—Pioneer.

Reformer—"I'm getting signatures to a petition to do away with patent medicine advertisements. Of course, you will sign."

Doctor—"I will not. Those things increase business. People read them and come to me thinking they are sick."