

The Home Mission Journal

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER IX.

Henton's face grew very grave. The yacht was well into the harbor, and if its anchors dragged, there seemed no hope for it. Suddenly a big lubberly brig began to drag its anchors and to bear down upon it. Down, down, down came the brig! It seemed certain that it would strike the barkentine and shatter it like an egg-shell. The looming sides of the brig, which was light in ballast, seemed already to be towering above the low decks of the yacht. Grace's blanched face appeared above the companion-way, but Henton motioned her to keep below! A few awful moments of suspense—during which Henton sent a few prayers lightning-like to heaven, meanwhile watching the brig closely—and suddenly the approaching ship was lifted on a wave more than usually large, and swerved a trifle to one side. That gave Henton his chance.

"Haul in on the hawsers!" he shouted—through the megaphone—for the wind was howling at a terrible rate about them. The steam-capstan was set going, and by hauling aboard a few fathoms of the cables, the *Glad Tidings* just managed to escape the brig, which swept by to its own destruction on the rocks just off the sea walls of the city. As the brig was carried past, a big spar fell crashing on the deck, near by the companion-way—so it was just as well that Grace had gone below!

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henton, "one danger passed!"

Getting a firmer grip on his cables with the steam-capstan, Henton anxiously awaited developments. He closely scanned the shore, which was lined with anxious throngs watching the tossing ships to see whether their anchors were holding. Suddenly Henton's face grew more anxious yet. The anchors were dragging! He had his only two anchors down, big ones both, of the most improved type, but they began to slip through the ground as though through so much mud. What could be done to save the yacht? Absolutely nothing, now it seemed. The breakers, scarce a half mile off, were thundering against the rocks at the base of the city walls, where already a half dozen ships were beating to pieces. Nearer and nearer drifted the *Glad Tidings*. There seemed nothing to do—except to pray. That might be done—and must be done!

Calling the crew hastily together—those of them who were not actually at the post of duty—Henton assembled the men under the lee of the deck-house and prayed fervently that God, who holds the tempests in his hands and can overrule the raging of the deep and make the storm a calm, would even in that hour of direct extremity interfere to save the *Glad Tidings* from utter destruction amid the jutting rocks.

When he began to pray Henton's mind seemed confused, agitated, almost irresolute, but as soon as he concluded his prayer his judgment seemed to clear at once, and a deep calm came over his spirit. A thought shot through his mind as by an inspiration. He had put out already his only two anchors, but there was a little kedge, stowed away in the fore-hold, which had never been used. It was seemingly an insignificant factor in the ship's equipment. A kedge might be useful in a quiet way to warp a boat in or out of a harbor, but of what avail could it be in a howling gale? Nevertheless, Henton felt a strong impulse, evidently sent to him in direct answer to prayer,

to make the experiment of seeing what the little kedge could do. He ordered a hawser quickly bent on and one end made fast aboard the ship. Soon the kedge—with almost hopeless desperation—was hove overboard.

Now occurred the marvel of the whole experience. No sooner had the cable been paid out sufficiently than it tautened, and to the wonder of the whole ship's company, who could scarcely believe the testimony of their eyes the yacht bowed obediently to the tension of that single strand, and while one neighboring craft after another drifted by to destruction the *Glad Tidings* under the protection of God, and held by the little anchor passing within the watery veil, triumphantly and securely rode out the gale.

The little kedge plus prayer had accomplished what the big sheet anchors had been powerless to effect. It had held tenaciously while they had dragged ignominiously.

Towards the evening of that memorable day the wind abated its violence, and the next morning the harbor was calm again. Then Henton bestirred himself to get the yacht towed to a neighboring shipyard, where he could have repairs made to the engines. The two big anchors were readily hauled aboard, but the kedge could not be so easily moved. In vain the crew tried this and the other device to lift it. Finally they were obliged to call in the help of a tug, which bent a cable onto the hawser from another direction, and after a great deal of labor the kedge at last was started from its holding ground in the harbor's bed. How heavy that kedge had become! With much toil and exertion it was finally hoisted to the surface of the water, when the mystery of its tenacious hold was explained.

The kedge had brought along with it a huge old Spanish anchor, lost over from some proud galleon a hundred years or so before. Through the ring-bolt of that heavy old anchor one of the flukes of the tiny kedge had passed and caught. The kedge would never by itself alone have held in the slippery bed of the harbor. Thus it had not been so much the kedge itself as its grip on the strength and immobility of the old anchor deeply embedded in the silt of the harbor that had saved the *Glad Tidings* from drifting on the rocks.

The big Spanish anchor with its valuable weight of old metal was sold in the harbor of Malta, and Henton gave the proceeds to a little Sailor's Rest of modest proportions which had just been established in the port by English evangelists.

But the kedge—whose use had been suggested as a direct answer to prayer—John Henton would not have sold for any price. He had it cleaned, polished and handsomely mounted on a hardwood stand, and placed as a memento of deliverance in the cabin of the *Glad Tidings*, while on a plate on the case was inscribed the verse read that morning at prayers: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that which is within the veil."

It was a glad Thanksgiving service which was held on board the *Glad Tidings* a day or two thereafter. The English evangelists were invited and made addresses, in presence of all the crew, including even the stokers from the fire-room, while hearty choruses were sung and devout praises offered to God for his wonderful interposition on behalf of the endangered yacht. John Henton in broken tones acknowledged the divine mercy—and the power of prayer in all emergencies of life, in providing deliverance as well for the body as the soul—and called upon all in the ship's company to consecrate themselves anew to the Master's service who when he walked the earth called two sailors into the membership of the apostolic band, and stilled the raging of fretful Galilee. Then the Christian yacht owner exhorted his men, before the darkness of death should come upon them, to put their trust in the Redeemer of souls, whose grace supplies the hope that enters within the veil, even as the anchor firmly grips the holding ground beneath the rolling sea.

To be Continued.

The requests we make of God interpret our character. They show us as we are.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

Ever and everywhere the religion of Jesus is a cult of hope, of brave joy, of cheery optimism.—*N. Y. Observer.*

To our Subscribers.

In the last issue of this paper we intimated that we might have to send an agent to collect what is due from each subscriber; but we find that it will cost more to pay such agent than he will collect, and therefore we most earnestly request each one who owes us anything, or will owe at the end of this year to remit the sums due before the year closes. We need every dollar due us to run the paper to Jan. next. The manager may possibly be able to visit some centers, such as Moncton, Hillsboro, Havelock, etc., but will not be able to go round and see all the subscribers in those neighbourhoods, but will ask them to come to his stopping place and settle with him while there. Now lest there should be any who may not understand what is, or will be due the last of this year, we will try and make it plain to all. The date to which you have paid will be marked as usual, either on the wrapper of your paper, or on the paper itself, if in a single wrapper it will be marked on the wrapper. But if your paper goes in a package to your postoffice then it will be marked on the paper, and it will be either Jan, or July, the beginning of the year, or the middle of the year, and we hope that all whose year ends now, July 1904, will let it continue until the end of this year, and will pay the extra 25 cts. at the close of the year. Those whose date is given Jan. 1903, will owe one dollar at the close of this year, and those whose date is Jan. 1902 will owe one dollar and fifty cents at the end of this year, and fifty a year for every year back of Jan. 1902, and those whose date is given July 1903 owes 50 cents, and to Jan. 1905, 25 cents more, making 75 cents to be paid to Jan. 1905. Any who owe for any years back of July, 1903, will need to add 50 cents for each year. Now dear friends we are hard pushed for funds to keep the paper up, and we do entreat you to send in payments for your paper to the close of this year—as soon as possible, and so help lift this burden from off our hearts. If any mistakes are made in the dates of payments please let us know at once and we will rectify it.

Yours in the work and faith of the gospel,

J. H. HUGHES.

To those who appreciate a treatment of doctrinal subjects the following paper will be most interesting and instructive. We are glad to note that among our American brethren there are found those who stand for a pure gospel and valiantly defend the true character of our Lord Jesus Christ. The piece we subjoin is divided for convenience into three parts; we hope every reader will give it a careful examination.

Deity or Divinity—Which?

PART I.

Paper read by Rev. Thomas Griffiths, of the Forty-sixth Street Baptist church, Pittsburg, Pa., before the Ministers' Conference of Pittsburg, Monday, May 9, 1904.

Both these terms are in a sense synonymous and expressive of the God-head; but the latter—divinity—is also used in a wider sense. The science which treats of God and salvation, or theology, is spoken of as "Divinity." The term is also applied to that which is supposed to partake of the nature and character of God. In this latter sense it is understood in the heading of this paper, and has reference to the Lord Jesus, Deity or Divinity—Which?—that is to say, is He God, manifest in the flesh; or is He simply a being, partaking of the nature and character of God, but not Himself God?

That He is simply divine, but not God, is a view that has been and still is held by many. To the Unitarians, who speak of Him as divine, and of His Divinity, He is a mere man, naturally