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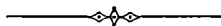
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the representative body, strictly speaking, save by enlarging the number of Diocesan Proctors. And on this ground the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation has acted in its recent sessions. The value of representation, indeed, depends upon its being adequate and not partial. An insufficient representation may prove the greatest snare, inasmuch as it gives the appearance of the consent of the represented, and the legal sanction of their consent, whereas they are not really present by representation, but only apparently so present. Should the Convocations be considerably extended in their representative part, they will probably be able to perform in the future much useful work, which in their present state they could hardly accomplish with satisfactory results. The Church of England is now full of life and energy, and struggling to find a vent for its awakened earnestness in many ways. We want a variety of new services, which, if framed and sanctioned by adequate Church Synods, might be invested with sufficient authority for use. We want an enlarged and amended body of Canons, which shall recognise and regulate the new agencies for usefulness which have sprung up in the Church. We want an extended Diaconate, and the ordering of the office and work of lay helpers. Hymn books, manuals of prayer, missions, all need synodical attention and action. Much, indeed, has been done in most of these subjects, but the clergy look on somewhat superciliously, and do not altogether recognise that they are personally affected by the actions of their Synods. Should the representation be made more of a reality, this could hardly continue to be the case; and therefore we welcome with much satisfaction the definite action lately taken in this matter by the Convocation of Canterbury.

GEORGE G. PERRY.



#### ART. IV.—FOURTEEN DAYS AMONG THE FISHING FLEETS IN THE NORTH SEA.

“WHO'D 'a thought folks 'ud 'a cared for us like this!” ejaculated a rough, unwashed fisherman, the tears welling in his eyes as, clad in greasy oilskins, battered by the tear and wear of many a winter's gale, he leant against the capstan of the new Mission-smack, the *Edward Auriol*, fairly overcome by the thought of kindness shown to fishermen. The

coming of the Mission-ship; the efforts made by the Thames Church Mission to win the men to Christ; the plentiful supply of cuffs and comforters—the work of loving ladies in many parts of the land, who in this practical way evince their interest in the men of the fishing fleets—all these seemed to move the heart of this man, by many deemed too uncouth and untutored to be touched by gratitude; yet genuinely grateful he was, as he took care to make plain.

A trip to the breezy North Sea, fourteen days spent among fishermen, have indelibly written three facts upon my mind: 1. The intense gratitude felt by the men for the efforts being put forth on their behalf. 2. Their exceeding readiness to listen to, and by God's grace accept, the Gospel, when clearly preached. 3. The marvellously abundant measure of Divine blessing being granted on the labours of those who in the Mission-smacks tell amongst the fishermen the glad tidings of salvation. I begin with these facts because they are unmistakably salient features of this new and enterprising service on the North Sea.

Two years ago I had the pleasure of visiting the Short Blue fleet, formed by Messrs. Hewett and Co., and seeing the work done on board the *Ensign*. Fragrant still are the memories of that visit, all the more precious and fragrant now that in my recent trip to the North Sea I met with scores who found peace with God in the hold of the dear old *Ensign*, formerly, many of them, "swearers, gamblers, drunkards, and awful men," to use their own words, now devoted and downright followers of Christ; "out and out" for Him, and not ashamed to be known and noticed as being so. To one who knew them in the past the change seems nothing less than marvellous; and it has been accomplished simply by the preaching and pressing home of the Gospel on board the Church Mission-ships.

Tidings from afar had reached me of the blessing being granted; and, as "seeing is believing," I slipped on board the *Edward Auriol* on her first mission-trip to the North Sea. Joining her at Southend one Saturday evening, I found on board Mr. G. L. Dashwood, who, stirred by the published accounts of the labours of the *Ensign*, came nobly forward, and is now part owner of three Mission-smacks, the *Salem*, the *Cholmondeley*, and the *Edward Auriol*. Having been set apart by the Bishop of London as lay preacher, and specially for this service on the deep waters, he was bent on spending his vacation, for the second time, in missioning on the North Sea.

Leaving Southend in the evening we reached Gorleston on Sunday afternoon, in time to receive a hearty welcome, and permit of Mr. Dashwood preaching to the fishermen in the

evening. Our rudder having been unshipped by the working of the vessel in the Thames mud, we had to go into dock, necessitating a delay of a few days. Not lost, however, were these days: services were held on board; our deck, hold, and cabins were invaded by interested and delighted fishermen, amongst whom we had the privilege of sowing the good seed. Souls were, so far as man may judge, born again during our stay; and, beside all this, I had the opportunity of meeting and visiting many who had been converted to God through the North Sea service of the Thames Church Mission. My heart was touched—deeply touched as in the *Bethel* I listened to glowing testimonies from fishermen who spoke of the blessing the Gospel ships had proved to them. And when, again, in some of the Gorleston homes I sat beside wives and mothers as they told, with tears of joy, how husband or son had been changed—how he who had well-nigh broken their heart was now their comfort and delight, I felt it was good to be there, and grudged not the undesigned delay which afforded opportunity of hearing such testimonies. The gratitude of the people seemed to know no bounds. Their mission-room bore the motto, “God bless the Mission-ships;” no prayer ascended to God without fervent remembrance of the Thames Church Mission; and, finding that our leader loved flowers, they overwhelmed him with bouquets, spending ungrudgingly time and labour, and stripping their own little plots in the warmth of their hearts.

But the best of friends must part. Our good ship was ready, the blue flag was run up to the main, and the deck was covered by people who had given up an afternoon’s work in order to join in the farewell service. Hearty and delightful did that service prove, for everyone had husband, brother, son, or other dear one in the fleet to which we were bound. Service over, our Gorleston well-wishers crowded on board the tug *Cruiser* that they might accompany us to the Roads and cheer us on our way.

What a trip that was down the Yare! The quays were lined, “Farewell” was shouted from either bank, and every right hand was raised as we passed in token of goodwill. Before us puffed the tug, while from her laden deck sounded the voice of praise. Soon we were out of the river, and entering the Roads; the heavy sea-swell made itself felt; the breeze filled our sails, and like a thing of life our bark seemed to bound from the control of the little steamer. Tow-ropes were cast off, the tug put about, a general salute, a shout of “God bless you!” rang from her passengers; and amid the waving of handkerchiefs the vessels parted, the white flutter of these signals of friendship gleaming afar from the quick-

dimming steamer. It was a wonderful and enthusiastic farewell, and spoke volumes for the real blessing they had found to accrue from the labours of such vessels to their loved ones at sea.

Our crew were a fine set of fellows—eight all told, and all, save one, decided “out-and-out” lovers of the Lord; and that one had begged engagement on the ship expressly, as he confessed, that he might find the Saviour. “Do you love the Lord?” “No; but I want to, and mean to.” It was not long ere this hearty seeker after Christ found himself face to face with the Saviour, Who was seeking and by His Spirit drawing him. “Our boy,” the youngest of the crew, having left the vessel at Gorleston, a fine Christian fisherman, who had been captain of a fishing smack, actually begged the boy’s place that he might have the joy of serving in the Mission-ship. His request was not refused; and boy or no boy, it was good to have him with us. Of skipper Jones and mate Goodchild it would ill become me to write; tried and true believers, men strong in faith and prayer, able to speak for the Master in the absence of clergyman or missionary, wise in personal dealing, and withal good fishermen, they, together with the whole crew, impressed me as well and wisely chosen for Mission service amongst their fellow-fishermen.

Our sailing orders were to join Morgan’s fleet, one of the larger Yarmouth fleets, and as yet without a Mission-ship. Many of the fishermen had sent home earnest entreaties for such a messenger of the Gospel in their fleet. Favoured by a fair wind, we ran in twelve hours about ninety miles, and early the following morning made out in the offing a Yarmouth smack sailing eastward. About noon the *Edward Auriol* having gained ground, we ran up our large Mission-flag, eliciting a responsive signal from the distant ship. Both skippers slightly altered their course, and before sundown the vessels were within “biscuit-throw;” a boat was dropped from the *Bessie*, and in a few minutes Captain Wilkinson sprang over our bulwarks, exclaiming: “Thank God, I’m first to welcome the Gospel-ship.” After a friendly cup of coffee, we had a delightful prayer-meeting—first foretaste of coming experiences.

Sailing in company, we shortly after made out, about five miles to leeward, and just at sundown, the fleet we sought. Seeing by signals shown that trawls were “down,” we dropped our gear and became *ipso facto* a fishing-smack; for all the Mission-vessels fish *six nights a week* for their own maintenance.

Next morning we hauled up at 4 a.m.; my first experience of deep sea-fishing. A curious medley that night’s sweeping

from the North Sea depths. Turbot, sole, plaice, haddock, gurnet, lachet, crabs, lobsters, and even oysters. A few beautifully-spangled fish, bright with all the colours of the rainbow, attracted the attention of the landsmen. Surely they must be some rare and valuable species. In my ignorance, I bent to examine them, and began to finger the curious prickly spine, when a friendly shout warned me they were exceedingly dangerous, and a prick meant a poisoned hand. Ah, methought, not the first time I have found a fair and lovely exterior masking the malignance of poison.

Meanwhile our good ship has been speeding on, and we are fast nearing the fleet, overtaking, first of all, the *Frolic*, the master of which, well disposed to our work, drops his boat and comes aboard to welcome us. Eager eyes, keen as sailors' usually are, have long sighted us, and before we are aware, and almost in the grey dawn, our deck begins to swarm with rough but thoroughly hearty fishermen, who crowd around to bid us welcome. A praise and prayer meeting is at once held in the hold, and one after another the men pour out their thankfulness to God for the coming of the "Gospel-ship." One enthusiastic skipper shouted, as he sprang into our midst, and shook hands all round, "Hallelujah! long may she reign!" Once a cursing, drinking, gambling, fighting fellow, the power of God laid hold of him on board the *Ensign*; he now flies a Mission flag by way of public testimony, and seeks to make known to others the grace that has reached himself. Another of our early visitors, Roller of the *Mary A. Morgan*, is an African. Seldom have I seen one so jet black, and curious it is to find him skipper of a fishing-smack in the North Sea. He is a hearty and earnest Christian, and much respected. He was delighted to hail the "Gospel-ship." A capital sailor, too, he is, for when our large Mission flag had "fouled," *i.e.* twisted round the mast, he flung off his cap, mounted the rigging, clambered without hesitation up the bare topmast, and cleared the flag.

Looking back now, I feel this first day with the fleet was one of the best and most interesting we had. It was certainly a busy day. Smacks, miles off, ran for us. The Christian men boarded us, others sailed close by us, in order to see the new ship, and many in response to our invitation, shouted over the billows, came on board. Nor was our welcome only from Morgan's fleet, for working some miles off was the Columbia fleet (formed by Mr. Burdett-Coutts in connection with Columbia Market), and fishermen's keen eyes were not long in making us out, so from that fleet also we had many visitors, Lowestoft and Brixham as well as Yarmouth men. At one time we had cruising around us no less than three smacks with the blue

Thames Church Mission flag, and two with the red Church Mission Army flag, forming an interesting North Sea Gospel squadron.

About 10 a.m. we boarded the fish-carrier s.s. *Perseverance*, and while one of us had a long conversation with the captain, others of our party interviewed the crew, and finding two of the deck hands in need of medical treatment, induced them to drop into our boat and visit the *Edward Auriol*, there to inaugurate the medicine-chest. During the day, skipper Jones found plenty of medical work to do, for no medicine-chest had previously been accessible, and what between colds, colics, wounds, strains, and ulcers, a goodly number of sufferers reached our vessel; and none were treated without hearing the Gospel, and bending in prayer that God would heal soul as well as body. The medicine-chest is undoubtedly one of the most useful auxiliaries for attracting the utterly opposed and downright ungodly.

One incident from another of the Mission-smacks will illustrate the usefulness of the medical chest. The *Salem* had just joined a fishing fleet in which were two iron smacks (disliked by fishermen). The skippers of these smacks were dubbed "Ironclads." At the first prayer-meeting on board the *Salem*, the leader said to the Christian men who had come on board to unite in prayer:

"Now, let us be definite. We have come here to seek and save the worst, if we can; for whom shall we pray specially to-night?"

"Let's pray for the 'Ironclads,'" was the unanimous response; and earnest prayer was accordingly made for the skippers and crews of these two smacks.

Early the next morning, before our friend from London was out of his berth, Skipper Cullington shouted down the cabin skylight: "Come on deck directly, sir."

Scrambling up the companion, he asked: "What's the matter?"

"Look there, who's a-comin'."

"Who is it? What do you mean?"

"Just look at that boat a-pulling here; that's Armstrong (one of the "Ironclads"). I don't know the other man yet; but here's one of them we were a-praying for comin' right aboard."

Soon the boat indicated was alongside, and the two "Ironclads" clambered on board the Mission-ship. One of them had got his head badly cut in a drunken bout, and his friend and boon companion had brought him to the Gospel-ship "for repairs." Thus the very men prayed for the preceding night were brought on board at dawn of day, and brought on board

through the attraction of the medicine-chest. The Mission-skipper took the wounded man in hand, and our London friend walked up and down the deck with Armstrong, "talking straight to him." As he did so, he could hear Cullington address the injured fisherman thus, while using the scissors to clear the clotted hair from the wound :

"Look here! Who sent you these shears to clear yer hurt?"

"Don't know, I'm sure."

"God sent them. Here you've bin a-fightin' agin Him, and He's a sent you these shears and this plaster to help you."

Such was the conversation ; I have given part to show the style. To be brief, the first men converted in that fleet were the two "Ironclads," and next was the admiral's son. Thus powerful did the medicine-chest prove in attracting men who otherwise would have been likely to give the Mission-ship a wide berth. Precisely similar was our experience with Morgan's fleet, for some of the worst characters in the whole fleet came on board for medicine, bandages, etc., and when on board heard the Gospel pretty plainly.

Busily engaged in tending the sick and wounded, we hardly noticed an old friend approaching. The *Ensign*, sailing with the Columbia fleet, had sighted us from afar, and was fast running toward us. About noon her skipper, Smith, was on our deck, with his passenger, Mr. Forrester of Falmouth, out for a week's Mission service. After a hearty praise and prayer meeting on our own deck we revisited our old ship, and were welcomed by a splendid crew of young Christians. It may be stupid, but somehow I felt sorry I boarded the *Ensign* ; it broke the spell of memory. She seemed so small after the noble proportions of the *Edward Auriol* ; but small or not small, she has done, and is doing, a grand work for time and for eternity ; and hard would it be to tell the number of souls who, on her deck and in her hold, have been led to Christ. And beside all this, was she not the pioneer of the North Sea Mission-vessels ?

Back to our own ship to find the hold pretty well filled, and an address expected ; and so it went on the whole of that day. It was between seven and eight o'clock in the evening before our deck was cleared, and the last friendly visitor departed. Thus a busy and happy day had it proved. There were many amongst those who boarded us whose hearty greetings and bright faces I shall never forget.

Sunday morning : fagged out by the long day's work on Saturday and the many meetings, we were fast asleep when the fishermen assembled on board for the early morning prayer-meeting. All day there was a dead calm, not a ripple on the water, not a motion in the air ; that seems good to



landsmen, not quite so good to sailors. There being no wind to sail by, smacks that had drifted apart could not get near us, and hence our services were smaller than they might have been, but full of blessing for all that.

At the morning service there was plenty of singing. Fishermen like good spirited hymns that go well, and many simple child-like prayers. After service we had an inquiry meeting: only it was this way—instead of our having to seek the inquirers they sought us. Nearly half an hour I stood for'ard in the bow talking with a mate, while aft Mr. Dashwood was busy with an anxious skipper; here and there, in knots on the deck, were Christian fishermen pleading with, and reasoning with, unconverted companions; while up from below rang every now and then the voice of praise, telling how a company was engaged in the hold. Our congregation were waiting their boats, and good care was taken that the time should not be mis-spent.

Here is a little story told me by one of these fine hearty fellows as we sat in the poop, whither I had turned for a brief rest: "I was a devil-may-care, reckless, wild fellow. My wife had got 'verted, but I laughed at her and would have none of it. I'd never been aboard the Gospel-ship, though many's the time they pressed me to; but when I was home my wife asked if I'd not go aboard the *Ensign* just a once to please her. I said I would, and I did. But somehow I got cut with what I heard, and I said I'd go no more; howsomever, I got worse instead of better, though I went no more to the Mission-ship. Our time was nigh out, and I said I'd wait till we got home. I tried to laugh and swear it off, but 'twas no good. On the run home I got worse and worse, and was so frightened I got into the forepeak, out of the way of the lads, and had a good cry. When I got to Gorleston and found my wife waiting for me, I scarce knew what to say; however, we got home, and I knew it was service night, though I didn't want to say so. I wanted to go all the same, so I said: 'Will you get my tea ready?' 'Yes; but what's the hurry?' 'Make haste; I'm hungry.' 'All right,' she says, 'I will.' 'Ain't this service night?' 'Yes, of course 'tis; and if you hadn't come I'd agone, but now you're home I can stay.' 'I ain't goin' to keep you from the house of God; and what's more, I don't know but I'll come with you.' She couldn't think what had come over me, for she saw I'd changed my tune; but she was afraid to ask, so she bustled about and had tea ready in a twinkling, and off we went. Next Sunday I went again, and an old chap was a-speaking. I thought, 'He's a speaking to nobody on'y me.' After service I sat still, I couldn't move; some of them talked to me a bit, and God blessed me. You should have seen

my wife! She didn't know what to do: she was so glad when I got back to the fleet. First thing I did was to hail the *Ensign*, and shout out: 'Jones, thank God for the Mission-ship! He's saved me!' 'Bless the Lord!' he cried; 'come aboard and tell us about it.' I did, and we had a rare time that night. God's been with me ever since in storm and tempest; He's been faithful to me." To many such stories of grace did I listen. I give but one by way of illustration.

At the afternoon service the company was larger than in the morning. Our leader spoke on Noah's ark, a type of Christ; and I followed on the death of Christ, as the sinner's substitute. We closed with a testimony-meeting, when one after another of these hearty fellows told how God had saved them through means of the Mission-smacks, and how He had been with them in temptation and trial, ever faithful, ever a good Master to serve. Several related terrible experiences during the disastrous gale of December 12th, 1883, when so many fishing-smacks were lost. These testimony-meetings are not only exceedingly interesting, but they have a great effect on the unconverted, as they hear one and another of their fellows tell how God is able to save the worst of sinners, and able to keep amid all temptations. Looking back on this Sunday at sea, I feel deeply thankful for the work of the Mission-smacks, and am persuaded that several fishermen date from that day their entrance into newness of life. Long will I retain the memory of "Crown Him Lord of all!" as sung by fishermen at the close. After sundown the trawl was put down, and, tired out, we sought repose, rising betimes to see the nets hauled in.

A startling and solemnizing scene, however, awaited us. A small boat was observed pulling over the calm sea, and while speculating on the reason for such an early start, one of our party noticed a smack on our lee-quarter suddenly rise upwards, and just as he called our attention to her strange behaviour, she plunged downward, and with all sail set sank into the depths! A few bubbles on the surface, and all was over! The *Morning Star* (so the smack was named) at dawn of day had sunk to rise no more. But what of her crew? They had been in our hold the previous evening—had they gone to the bottom? No; that boat contained the crew, who found a refuge on board the *Hunter*, the nearest smack. It seemed strange—it certainly was startling—that, on a calm morning, scarce a ripple on the water, scarce a breath stirring in the air, a vessel should thus suddenly founder. Of a truth, those that go down to the sea in ships have but a step between them and death; a two-inch plank, that pierced or broken, and the vessel sinks like lead. An impressive reminder had we that morning of the dangers of the deep, of the instability

of things present, and of the urgency of working while it is called to-day. Well is it these Gospel-ships should carry to men exposed to such dangers the tidings of a present and full salvation, whereby sinners are prepared to meet their God.

The solemnity of this early scene seemed to rest on the meetings during the whole day. We were invited to dine on board the *Bessie*, and, on reaching that vessel, found a considerable number of fishermen assembled to hear the Word. Great pains had been taken by captain and crew to fit up the hold for a service. Spare sails were spread on the floor; fish-boxes served capitally as seats; the pulpit was a beef-barrel covered by a flag. A very pretty picture, indeed, did that hold, filled by fishermen, form; many of them strangers—that is, men who had not been on board the Mission-ship. The service lasted two and a half hours—none too long for the fishermen—and a very happy service it was. The addresses were on “Four mountains of the Bible,” and “Fools.” In both, the Gospel was clearly told forth. After dinner (and we were hospitably treated), we returned to our own vessel, promising to hold a similar service on the following day on board the *Love and Unity*. Following the admiral’s lead, as in a fishing fleet all the smacks are expected to do, we ran that day nearly forty miles farther to the north-east, seeking a more plentiful fishing-ground.

Next morning I was compelled by exigencies of professional duty to bid farewell to my Christian friends on the Mission-ship, and go on board the s.s. *Endeavour*, expected to start that day for London. The captain, however, saw fit to remain with the fleet another day. Meanwhile, a few hours after I quitted the *Edward Auriol*, a smart breeze sprang up, and she broke her main halliard block, necessitating her return to Gorleston to refit. That night the *Emily* lost her nets—a heavy pecuniary loss; the admiral’s smack the *Sylvia*, and two other smacks, fouled their nets; but, favoured by the brisk breeze, the remainder of the fleet made good hauls, and quickly filled up the steamer.

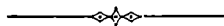
Standing on the bridge, I watched for some two or three hours a strangely animated and somewhat noisy scene. Around the steamer clustered like bees the boats of the fleet, each with its cargo of well-filled boxes; the men shouting, pulling at the painters, and struggling to get near the steamer, and put their boxes on board. One moment on the crest of the heaving billows, level and even above the bulwarks of the steamer, next moment far down in the trough of the waves, the little boats danced about like corks, knocking, thumping, groaning, but standing it all like staunchly-built North Sea boats should; some almost knee-deep in water, others perfectly dry and

tight. And the men: what a study for the Christian philosopher! Grey old fishermen, young and agile boys; some stamped with the heraldry of vice and dissipation, others calm, bright, happy Christians—all kinds were there, all busy about their lawful toil, albeit the most dangerous branch of their calling, for it is in this small-boat-work more lives are lost than in any other part of the fisherman's labours.

The rush around the steamer begins to slacken; there are fewer boats hanging on our quarter, and fewer smacks dancing around us in the merry breeze. Our decks are piled high with fish-boxes; these are rapidly being transferred to the hold, where they are well iced for preservation. No sooner has the last boat parted from us, than, without loss of time, we go right ahead for London. Away through the mist and spray, the green billows washing our deck from stem to stern, the waves leaping over our bulwarks and rendering it well-nigh impossible to stand on deck. But no matter, trifles like these cannot be regarded, the market must be saved, and off we go, reaching Billingsgate after thirty-eight hours' quick steaming. On the voyage, I find companionship with one of the crew, who I discover is a devoted Christian; in the midst of men who care for none of these things, he is endeavouring to bear his testimony and witness to the Master.

So ends my North Sea trip, and I jump ashore, praising God for the cheering experiences of the past fourteen days, for the many godly men I met at the fleet, and the direct and effective evangelistic service of the Mission-smacks sent forth by the Thames Church Mission.

F.



#### ART. V.—A NEGLECTED VIEW OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"GOD'S people are knit together," says Bishop Pilkington,<sup>1</sup> "with two bonds: the one is Christ their Head, Who giveth life to all members of the body; the other is brotherly love among themselves." Both these bonds are in a very simple and striking manner set forth to them in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. For therein, first of all, in eating the bread and drinking of the cup, they are vividly reminded of

<sup>1</sup> "Exposition upon Nehemiah" (Works, p. 367).