

THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

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A New Year's Greeting.

It is the season of kindly salutations. As friend meets friend, a pleasant smile illumines the face, and the cheerful voice pronounces the words of annual benediction, "A merry Christmas!" "A happy New Year!"

It is a goodly and time-honored custom, handed down to us from venerated ancestors, suggestive of genial associations and memories of homes and hearts to which our best earthly affections cling, promotive of social intercourse and attachments.

We embrace the occasion to tender to all our readers our best wishes for their health and happiness. Grace, mercy and peace to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ! And if there be any whose eyes fall on these words whose hearts do not respond to their designation, may grace and mercy be given to them through Christ, that they may come, this year, into His blessed legacy of Peace!

How sweet and soothing is that word! How do we long and sigh for its return! For alas! While we write, confusion and strife are abroad in the land, financial and civil troubles cause sorrow and anxiety—men's hearts failing them through fear of the things that are coming upon us! How good

it is to know He who was born in a manger shall reign a king in righteousness. "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And the work of righteousness shall be peace: and the effect of righteousness—quietness and assurance for ever. And my people shall dwell in peaceable habitations and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places."

Oh for that peace which is the effect of righteousness!

But kind words do not exhaust the benevolent wishes of our hearts. It is the time for *giving of gifts*. Thus love and gratitude express themselves in numerous and beautiful forms, costly and precious. We cannot thus attest our friendship for our readers. Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have we will give. We pledge ourselves to our readers to give our best endeavors, consistently with other duties, to minister to their pleasure and improvement through the pages of the *Sailor's Magazine*.

How shall it be with them? May we not count on the friendship of all whose eyes fall on these words, if not for us as editors, yet for the cause

which we plead—for the ocean wanderers who are even now, in so many thousand instances, exiles from Home with all its hallowed joys and its tender greetings, tempest-tossed and sorely beset with dangers and hardships, with sins and temptations.

Will not all our readers extend to these their sympathies and prayers, and do what in them lies for their relief.

The American Seamen's Friend Society appeal to you for the Sailor. We ask you to give him the Gospel,—His Gospel who walked so often by the sea, and said to its stormy waves, "Peace be still!" While you fall down and worship Him who was born in Bethlehem, now King in Zion, will you not open your treasures and present unto Him gifts of love and gratitude? Forget Him not in your annual distribution; and let this Society be the almoner of your bounty. It greatly needs, in these days of panic and impoverishment, the aid and comfort of all the friends of Seamen and of Christ.

A Pastor's New Year's Contribution.

We are happy to present to the readers of the *Sailor's Magazine* an excellent sermon by a well-known pastor of a prosperous church in connection with the General Assembly (Old School.) He has long commended himself to a large class of readers by his contributions to the journals of the day, and especially by his writings for the young, over the initials J. E. R.

Mr. Rockwell has had abundant opportunity for forming an acquaintance with sailors, both on the lakes and the ocean.

We wish that all clergymen who have had similar experience and benefit of the courage, skill, and fidelity of the

sailor, and who have been safely borne abroad and brought back to their desired haven under his careful hand, and who know his toils, perils, and privations, would be equally faithful in discharging their debt to him.

How many pastors in our day, are crossing the ocean. Brethren! do not forget the sailor.

How many pastors there are who might render a most timely and valuable service to the cause of seamen by preaching a sermon in their behalf, and securing a collection from their congregations?

Thousands of congregations are doing nothing for the conversion of the sailor. Brethren, we place this sermon before you to provoke you to love and to good works. Will you not follow the example during this New Year?

A SERMON

Preached at the Annual Collection for the Sailor in the Central Pres. Church, Brooklyn, by Rev. J. E. Rockwell, D.D., Pastor.

CONVERSION OF THE SAILOR.

Isaiah 60th v. Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto Thee

These words have especial reference to the future triumphs of the Gospel. They form a part of that prophetic view which the rapt Isaiah hath given of the glory of the Church, when the fullness of the Gentile world shall be brought in, and the triumphs of the Redeemer be complete. Amid the glowing imagery of the Prophet, he addresses the Church as already in the midst of her final triumphs, and, calling upon her to arise and shine in the reflected light of her God and Saviour, points her to the objects of interest that everywhere denote her deliverance from the long night of her captivity. On every hand are seen gathering the wealth and glory of the nations, all of which is to be laid at her feet. The riches of earth, so long in the possession of the God of this world, are now all brought into the treasury of the Church, and devoted to the ser-

vice of her great Head. Amid all these wonders the Church beholds the *multitudes of the Sea*, once her most powerful foes, coming to aid her triumphs, while the ships of Tarshish assist in bringing her sons from far, and their wealth with them. Commerce, sanctified by the power of the Gospel, is made one of the most potent engines for good; so that the forces of the Gentiles are soon brought to aid in the final glorious victories of the King of Kings. Fixing the eye on this promise, I purpose to call your attention on this occasion to the claims of the sailor.

No class of men deserve more our sympathy and the efforts of the Christian world in their behalf. Yet, until within a few years, their spiritual wants were almost wholly neglected, and they were looked upon as almost beyond the reach of Christian effort and influence; and yet, none are more open to the gospel, none more susceptible to proper impressions, and to the power of Divine truth. In directing your thoughts to this field of Christian effort, I notice—

1st. Its extent. Our text speaks of the abundance and the multitudes of the sea. It is estimated that there are more than two millions of men engaged in a sea-faring life; or one out of every five hundred of the earth's population, is thus enduring the hardships and perils of the sea to supply the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine with the comforts and luxuries of life, or in defending the rights and the honor of the nation which he represents. In English vessels there are 300,000 men. There are 150,000 American seamen engaged in foreign commerce, and nearly the same number are found upon our inland waters. The whale fishery alone employs 20,000, and the navy 7,000 to 8,000. Nearly one half of the whole number of seamen are open to the truth as it is conveyed in the English language. Of this large class of our fellow men it may be truly said, their field is the world. Go where you will, you find the sailor.

"Where'er the breezes sweep, or tempest breath prevails,"

there is he seen who does business upon the great waters, and beholds God's wonders in the deep. Amid the icy

barriers of the Northern and the Southern seas, and beneath the burning beams of a torrid sun, the sailor is to be found, and the flag of our own America floats upon every breeze, and our canvass whitens every sea. Go to China, to India, along the Mediterranean,—at every Atlantic port—among the Leviathans of the Pacific, and all the islands of that broad ocean, and there you will find the hardy sons of this western continent, bearing our name, and defending our commerce and our flag. While on all our inland seas, and our mighty rivers, a number equally as large are establishing these strong links of internal intercourse and commerce which bind together in indissoluble bonds the widely separated portions of this great Republic.

The extent of such a field of Christian effort cannot but convince us of its importance, and the only wonder is that the Church allowed so many years to pass, before she entered upon a field already white for the harvest. It is for the salvation of 2,000,000 of men, 300,000 of whom are our own flesh and blood, and who are, by the nature of their employment, shut out from the ordinary means of grace, that the Great Head of the Church calls on us to labor. And as the word of God brings to our wondering eyes the latter-day glory of the Church, it points to them, even to the "multitudes of the sea," and bids us extend to them the invitations of the Gospel, and to give them that knowledge which makes men wise unto eternal life.

2nd. I notice the peculiar dangers of seamen. Of all classes they are truly in perils both by sea and land. Even their physical dangers demand our sympathy. How uncertain is their tenure of health and life? How proverbially treacherous is that ocean on which they trust themselves. Man sometimes boasts of his control over the elements, but let him once behold God's power on the deep, and he will feel that he is but a puny and insignificant being. A few hours will suffice to demolish, oftentimes, the proudest monuments of naval skill. A few swells of the ocean, as it is lashed to fury by the tempest, will scatter over its bosom the broken fragments of the stoutest ship that ever rocked upon its

waves, and bury deep within its caverns the adventurous men who have trusted themselves to its mercy. The storm that rocks our dwelling, and howls amid the forests and passes us by, leaving upon our minds and hearts only a pleasing sense of security and comfort as we draw around the blazing hearth, and listen to the war of elements without, compels the tempest-tossed mariner to battle with it for his life, and when he has struggled most bravely, how often alas! is all in vain, and amid darkness and storm, he meets his fate,—sinks to the sailor's grave, and is seen no more.

Who can paint the horrors of the scene?—the struggling of the proud bark with the winds and the waves—the anxiety depicted on every face,—the tender thoughts of home and friends that never may be seen again—the countenance wan and worn with the watchings of the night—the strange, unearthly moaning of the wind as it sweeps through the rigging, and which, when once heard, can never be forgotten,—the awful thunder of the surf, as, lashed to fury by the wind, it breaks upon the shore,—the sickening motion of the staggering vessel, as wave after wave rushes over it—the groaning of its huge timbers as they yield to the superhuman power of the tempest,—and the fearful crash that at last announces the fate of the ship and consigns so many to a watery grave, or casts them, bruised and breathless upon some inhospitable shore, and strews the waves with the fearful tokens of the treachery and the power of the ocean on which multitudes make their home, and where many find their graves. O, who would not, as they see one thus leaving his home for a life upon the waves, or a land beyond the sea, bid him a hearty God-speed, and place within his reach the means by which, if destined never more to return, he might carry within him a hope that would be as an anchor to his soul. But should the sailor escape the perils of the ocean, it is only too often to encounter, on the land, those which put his soul in jeopardy. Scarcely has his ship cast her anchor in the harbor, ere he is surrounded by a crew of unprincipled wretches who consider him and his hard-earned wages their lawful

prey; and too often a few days serve to strip him of all his money and to leave him destitute and wretched, and, worse than all, with his morals debased and his character gone; and a squalid drunken being,—perhaps the inmate of a prison,—is all that is left of the brave, generous-hearted man who but lately sprang on shore from his long voyage, light-hearted and rejoicing in the hope of once more seeing and making happy the friends who have long watched for his coming. The theatre, the gambling-table, the tavern, and the haunts of “her whose house is the gate of hell,” have dissipated his wages,—have debauched his morals, and have sown the seeds of vice and disease, which will spring up in a harvest of shame and death.

These facts are of too frequent occurrence to have escaped the observation of the least observant.

Our large cities abound in men whose sole dependence is the wreck of the sailor. Surrounded by such dangers it is no wonder that the seaman becomes proverbial for his depravity. With no kind friend to stand by him,—to warn him of his peril—with all the promptings of a heart from which restraint have just been removed, he falls an easy prey to the destroyer, and sinks into the arms of vice and sensuality; and without a struggle he finds the chains of sin thrown around him, which at length eat into his soul. Deprived of the refined and mellowing influence of domestic and social life, removed from the means of grace, and with no man to care for his soul, he sinks down into deeper and deeper degradation, until, cast out and despised, he dies and is forgotten.

Such has been the sad history of many a brave and noble heart; and the view which it presents, of the perils of the sailor, both by sea and land, should awaken the Christian world to ceaseless vigilance, and to adequate effort for his salvation.

3rd. This motive is augmented by a sense of our obligations to the sailor. But for him, the nations of the Earth would be as distinct from, and as ignorant of each other, as though they inhabited separate worlds. The Ocean, now the great means of easy and rapid communication, would be a barrier as

insurmountable as the space between us and the stars. It is a mistaken notion that only our seaports have an interest in the sailor. The most remote hamlet of this western world depends on him for its luxuries and its comforts. Little does she who wears her silks and drinks her tea, or he who pores over the news of foreign markets and the history of foreign politics, think of the expense of toil and danger at which their enjoyments have been purchased. Through how many nights has the sailor watched, and amid what wild tempests, has he struggled, and how many fears and hopes has he incurred, as he has made his way homeward with the luxuries of other climes and tidings from other lands. And while the landsman has heard the wind howl, and looked out from the casement on the drifting snow, and then drawn around the cheerful fire, and lain down on his peaceful bed, and been lulled to sleep by the sighing wind, little has he thought that, to provide him with the comforts and luxuries of life, many a poor sailor is braving the storm and tossing upon a boisterous sea, exposed to all the rigors of winter, and to all the horrors of the tempest, and that some are clinging to a wrecked and dismantled vessel for a brief respite from death, and then going down to their fathomless graves uncoffined and unpitied. O who, who is there that can look around his own dwelling and say that we owe nothing to the sailor? And who best supports our honor and defends our flag? Who but him has made our name known and respected by every nation and in every sea? And shall we refuse him the return of Christian kindness and sympathy, and coldly turn from him to bestow all our charities nearer home, or to nurse our own selfishness while he is left to perish?

4th. I notice again, as a motive to Christian effort in behalf of seamen, the evil which may be prevented by securing in them a respect for the authority and law of God. Perhaps no class of men has such facilities for accomplishing wide-spread evil as the sailor. The influence of a landsman, however bad, is confined usually to a limited sphere. His own immediate

neighborhood is affected thereby, and there the evil is confined. But how incalculable is the mischief which a vicious and ungodly sailor may accomplish. Let him enter a ship, among a crew of young men, leaving home for the first time, and ere the voyage is accomplished he may have poisoned their minds and prepared the way for their ruin. Shut up to each others society, removed from the restraints of social order and life—deprived of the means of grace,—compelled by the very nature of their business to labor upon the Sabbath, and sometimes unable to make any suitable recognition of it,—they grow familiar with vicious thoughts, and are prepared, when on shore, to commence a course of folly and sin which will destroy them. But the evil stops not here. In foreign lands, and especially those yet unchanged by the Gospel, the people look at us through the sailor. He is our representative, and to the eye of a Heathen is the only example of a Christian. How fearfully does his influence operate against the Gospel when exerted, as it too often is, against all that is pure and holy! What scenes of riot and profligacy, what influences tending to degrade and destroy would for ever cease, were but the sailor brought within the reach of the Gospel and made to feel its power!

5th. I hasten to notice lastly, the good that the sailor is fitted to accomplish when under the controlling influence of the love of God. His very character, acquired by long habit as a necessary qualification for a seafaring life, fits him for extended usefulness.

Proverbially daring, brave, and generous, he has natural endowments which, if sanctioned, will qualify him eminently to accomplish good wherever his influence is felt. Perhaps no class of men are more open to the influences of the Gospel than the sailor. It needs only the evidence of a kind heart, that sympathises with him, to gain access to him; and when this is done he is ready and willing to listen to the messages of divine truth.

A missionary in the Port of New York says: "When the Packet Ship Oxford was about to leave the dock, I watched a favorable opportunity to speak to one of the seamen. Presently

I said to him, 'Friend, I want to say a word to you;' 'Two if you please, Sir.' 'You are going to sea in the Oxford.' 'Yes, Sir, I am.' 'I wish you would accept a few tracts for yourself and shipmates in the fore-castle.' 'I thank you, Sir.' Here he was going away, but I took him by the button. 'Friend, you have an immortal soul—this may be your last voyage, are you prepared to meet your God? As he made no answer I proceeded, 'You see the first Tract in the parcel is "The Spirit Grieved." You have often grieved the spirit of God, and He will not always strive. Think of what I have said when upon watch at sea. Do think of your soul.' 'God bless you, Sir, indeed I will! O, how came you to speak to me about my soul?' He now became so much agitated that I drew him aside to prevent observation. He was no longer in haste to go on board. I took his hand in mine and said, 'I am a stranger to you, but you cannot suspect me of any harm, I do not ask you to a grog shop, nor do I want your money, but I do wish to draw your soul to Christ.' 'O, Sir,' said he, 'my heart is full, I cannot tell you what I feel, I cannot talk, but if God will hear a sailor's prayer I will say "God bless you." 'I thank you, and I will pray for you too.' 'Will you! will you! O, do Sir.' 'Yes, my friend; but God will hear a sailor when he prays for himself: will you not pray for yourself?' He was more agitated, and trembled exceedingly. After a pause, he said 'yes, Sir, I will; and may God help me to pray!' I said 'amen,' and let go his hand, but he was unwilling that I should leave him. 'Remember your promise and pray for me, I have not a friend in the world, I am a Dane, and may never see you again, but do not forget your promise to pray for the poor sailor.' He turned away weeping, and went on board. He knew not that I was watching him, but I saw him pass the gangway, and as I saw the emotion that his countenance indicated, I said 'there is a subject of special prayer for many days.' Such interviews between the sailor and the missionary are numerous, and very often the bread thus cast upon the waters, returns after many days. And many a hardy and once hardened sailor comes back from his voyage a subdued and

penitent man, with his heart full of love to Christ, and saying to all around; 'Come, and I will show you how great things God has done for my soul,' and from the hour that he becomes a new creature, he is just the kind of Christian that the Church and the world need; fearless, warmhearted, acquainted with human character, shrewd, and possessing ardent desires to be useful in the sphere of his influence. Convert a sailor, then, and you send a missionary around the world. Wherever he goes Christ is preached. Divine Grace is made manifest. The Gospel is proclaimed. One of the most potent appliances for the conversion of the world is a sanctified Commerce. When the abundance of the sea is converted, the forces of the Gentiles shall also come. Who can estimate the change which will take place, when all our vessels of Commerce and of War shall be filled with men fearing God, and desiring to make known to the world the glad news of pardon. The reception of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, so unexpected and so grateful, was the result of an interview of one of Captain Cook's sailors with the people years before. Let our seamen be brought to feel the power of the Gospel, and soon would the desert blossom as the rose.

A Sea Captain, in a voyage along the Pacific coast of South America disposed of a hundred and ten copies of the Spanish Scriptures besides a number of tracts. A sailor ordained as a preacher has organized a Church with eighty or ninety Catholic converts on an island near the coast of South America. When the Priest came to reclaim them from their heresy, they told him to begone! Two converted sailors shipped a few years ago, from Boston to Calcutta. An impenitent shipmate who thought piety in a sailor a ludicrous thing, and who expected often to make himself and companions merry at their expense, said to a stranger, soon after he came on board, "Well, I learn that there are a couple of pious fellows in our crew." The stranger looked up with a meek and earnest glance, and said "yes, Sir, and I hope I am one of them." Before he could reply, a third sailor stepped up and said, "I hope I am another." "My sport," said the seaman when relating his experience

afterwards, "was all over. Surely, said I to myself, these men are Christians,—the genuine kind,—they are not afraid or ashamed to show their colors." He was led to reflection, and soon to Christ.—They then established a prayer meeting in the fore-castle, and before the voyage was over six others were rejoicing in hope. Moreover, while in India, sailors from other ships attended their meetings, and several of them also were converted to God. Who will say, with such facts before him, that there is no hope for the sailor? Who can doubt the power for good which he possesses, or fail to see the important part he is to perform in the conversion of the world. Who can calculate the results which the world shall witness when that fearless and enterprising spirit shall all be sanctified, which has led man to cross wide oceans, to explore unknown seas, to brave the tempest, and find pleasure in the pathless deep. O there is something in the very business of life of the mariner which would lead any mind, suitably trained, to devotion and love to God. Who, with a heart subdued by grace could fail to have the most exalted ideas of the Great Supreme as he looks out upon the sea, restless, boundless, and sublime! Give the sailor the Bible, and fill his heart with its precepts, and what ennobling thoughts will crowd his mind as he views

"That glorious mirror where the Almighty form
Glasses itself in tempests, in all time
Calm, or convulsed in wrath, in gale or storm
Icing the pole or in the torrid clime
Dark, heaving, boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne of the Invisible."

O, the Christian sailor must of necessity be a noble example of the power of the Gospel. He cannot fail to be a christian of high thoughts and benevolent actions.

If it be asked by what means he is to be reached, I answer that those means are simple and effective.

The Seamen's Friend Society has assumed the direction of this all-important part of benevolent effort.

Its object is first to establish Mariner's Churches, and to support Chaplains or Missionaries who shall care for the sailor, visit him in his ship, preach to him upon the Sabbath, and provide him with the means of moral and reli-

gious instruction. Besides its Chaplains in our American ports, and along our inland waters, it has its Agents and Missionaries at the Islands of the Pacific where our American sailors are most frequently found, in the ports of South America, France, China, and the West Indies. When, therefore, the sailor enters a foreign port, he does not feel that he is wholly among strangers. He finds a kind friend to welcome him, and the 'Bethel Flag' floats over the Chapel where, in his own language, he may hear the messages of mercy. Thus the influences that now surround him while abroad, are wholly changed from what they once were, and new ties are thrown around him to bind him to virtue and to happiness. In addition to this the Society assists in the formation of "Sailors' Homes." Without these, all the other means of doing good would be almost powerless. The truth which he might hear would soon be forgotten, were he compelled to return from his Chapel to those haunts where once the sailor made his home. In the midst of vice and profligacy he would speedily lose whatever impression might have been made upon him. But now, in almost all our large seaports, 'Homes' are provided, where he can find both comfort and safety. Conducted by men of religious principles and acquainted with the sea, the sailor is there free from those temptations which once awaited his return to port. No wine-cup sparkles there—no gaming table allures him to ruin—no strange woman throws out her lures for his soul—no extortionate landlord robs him of his hard earned wages. He finds himself in the midst of friends and at home. He is permitted to surround the Family Altar and to hear the voice of prayer and praise. Books, useful and instructive, are at his command. Kind friends are ready to give him advice and counsel; and when he again bids his native land 'good-night,' it is not with a sense of degradation and a sad recollection of abuse, and guilt, and shame, but with a grateful sense of kindness received, and with new views, often, of himself and of God. The good that has already been accomplished by this means can be fully known only in Eternity. Many a sailor has doubtless sunk to his

fathomless grave with a good hope of a joyful resurrection when the sea shall give up its dead, whose salvation has been accomplished by the means of this Society.

Every year that rolls by brings additional evidence of good done to the men of the sea. The number of converted sailors is decidedly increasing. Many of the officers and men in our Navy are Christians, and their influence is wide-spread for good.

On many of our merchant ships are also disciples of Christ. The cause of Temperance is progressing rapidly among seamen, and under the means of Grace there is a visible change rapidly passing over their characters. Yet the work must be carried on with increasing interest to become fully successful.

And have not we a deep interest in this matter?

Many have a personal interest. There is scarcely a hamlet in our land which has not its representative upon the sea. It becomes us, then, earnestly to labor for the conversion of the Sailor, and to co-operate efficiently with the Society that cares for him and that provides the means for his social, physical and moral elevation; hoping and praying for that day 'when the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God.'

Maritime Relations.

Mr. W. S. Lindsay, M. P., on the occasion of his recent visit to this country, was invited by the New York Chamber of Commerce to address it on the various subjects of commercial relation that are subjects of negotiation between the two countries. In compliance with that request he delivered the address, parts of which we transfer to our pages.

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LIABILITY OF SHIP-OWNERS.

With these preliminary remarks, allow me to state to you the objects which I have in view in meeting you this evening. I will speak first in reference to the liability of ship-owners.

* * * * * The law of England with regard to the responsibilities of ship-owners limits the responsibility of our

owners to the value of the ship and freight. In most of the other countries of Europe, also, the responsibility of the ship-owners is limited to that extent. This is also the law in this country,—that is to say, if one of your ships runs down another at sea, and you pay into your courts the value of the ship and freight, your responsibility cannot be carried beyond that value. That is all very well, so far as the laws of the respective countries stand. But if my ship runs down another ship in which an American subject is interested, and enters any of your ports, I am made responsible, in your courts, not merely for the value of the ship and freight, but I am made responsible exactly for whatever amount of damage may have been sustained through the collision brought about by my ship. So, therefore, if my ship runs down a vessel with cargo and freight on board to the extent of £200,000 sterling, I would be responsible for the whole. If your ships at sea run down any other American ship, or run down a British ship, and it be brought into our courts, you are also responsible in our courts for the full amount of the damage which your ship caused. This arises from the fact, that our laws have jurisdiction only over British ships, and that your laws have jurisdiction only over American ships. Now, considering the vast trade which is carried on between the two countries, I think, at least I hope you may agree with me in the remarks I have ventured to make, and that as the legislatures of both countries have specified that the ship-owner's liability shall be limited, you will use your influence to extend that limitation to the vessels of both nations. A convention between the two countries should lay down certain principles in regard to liability which would be common to both; so that your responsibilities may be limited in our country in the same way and to the same extent as it is with our ships; and, on the other hand, if our ships are brought into your courts, our responsibilities should be limited in the same way as you are. For my own part, I do not see any difficulty in the way of framing a convention to carry out this important and desirable object.