

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 23.

OCTOBER, 1850.

NO. 2.

Miscellaneous.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Claims of Seamen.

It is sometimes urged in the country that the support of the gospel among seamen is not an object that has any particular claim upon those living away from the seaboard. It is not an object, some suppose (or say,) to which country churches ought, or can be expected to contribute, or to which they should make *regular* or large contributions. I will not deny that the maritime, and especially the *commercial* community, should be peculiarly active in contributing and working for the salvation of seamen. But I think, both from reason, and from the principles of God's word, that our country Christians are by no means exempted from bearing their share of these efforts.

Christians in the country may say they should be excused from aiding the seamen's cause: *because they do not profit by their labors*,—the profit is confined to the merchant and the ship owner, by whom the sailor is employed. Upon this principle, profit is the creator of benevolence. The rule would be, we must preach only to those from whom we profit. Now, brethren, upon

this principle, *who* are to have the gospel? I fear it would be confined to but few. Certainly it would quench a missionary spirit in any direction. What *profit* have those who contribute to the various foreign Missionary Boards gained by the idolatrous Chinaman, the savage Fegeian, or the superstitious Brahman? How many dollars and pounds have been contributed, and with the greatest propriety, for the spiritual benefit of these millions of heathen, though not a cent has ever been received from them in profit of trade. And the same may be urged upon home missions. These Boards must not be sustained, because their contributors have *never received*, before hand, any *pecuniary advantage* from the persons to whom they now give! I am convinced that the principle here involved and carried out is wrong;—it is not the spirit of benevolence at all. If allowed to operate, it would dry up the springs of every benevolent enterprise in existence. They have never arisen from it,—but from a purer, nobler source. In truth, it is the expression of extreme selfishness; and I am obliged to say, though with regret, that it betokens something closely akin to a narrow mind.

VOL. XXIII. No. 2.

Thoughts by the Sea Shore.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL.

About two miles above the southern point of New Jersey, is a neat, beautiful village, once the quiet abode of the families of the Pilots of Delaware Bay—now the summer resort of thousands, who are seeking for health, or flying from the heat and malaria of the city. The surges of the Atlantic thunder and dash upon its broad beach of white sand, and the rude breakers here practice their wildest gambols, and in their hoarse murmurs speak of Him “whose way is in the sea.”—Commend me to this spot, of all others, as the means of restoring the wasted energies of the body.—What music in the deep and solemn bass of Nature’s anthems, as the winds and the waves mingle their voices together! What health in the fresh breeze, that curls the billows of the ocean! What strength does the system receive from that surf, as it rears itself for its last effort, and lifting on high its white crest glittering in the sunlight, dies upon the shore! Look out upon that trackless ocean—

“That glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form
Glasses itself in tempests:
The throne of the Invisible, the image of Eternity”—

and think of Him “who gave the sea its bounds, and who measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand.” Never seem the follies and dissipating scenes of fashionable resorts more inappropriate, than here, where every thing proclaims the power and majesty of Jehovah, and calls us to the contemplation of his greatness and wisdom.

Through how many ages has that ocean rolled on in its might! The storm has swept over it, yet it is unchanged. Time has been busy—yet, though the marble monument and the impregnable fortress have crumbled beneath his touch, the sea bears no mark of age or decay.—The Indian stood here, and looked out upon this waste of waters, and thought of the Great Spirit and

passed away; but the Ocean still is here. These happy groups, now full of life and hope and joy, will fall before the destroyer, and others will take their places, to die in their turn: Yet these dark and fathomless waters will swell and flow, and the wild billows sing their requiem over the dead.

Far out upon the deep, are seen the lessening sails of a proud ship, soon to disappear from our sight. How many anxious hearts accompany her, and what earnest prayers ascend for her safe return! How many wives and mothers will watch each gathering cloud, and as they hear the howling of the tempest, will and think of loved ones far out at sea, and tremble in fear, and watch for the hour when they shall be restored to their kindred and their home. Shall not the Christian, when he prays, remember oftener those who do business upon the great waters, and see God’s wonders in the deep?

Yonder lies a wreck, fast bedded in the sand. There has it lain for months, a skeleton through which the waves freely play, and on whose huge timbers the sea has hung its green mantle of weeds and slime.

What an eventful history might be written, had that desolate ruin a tongue. With what care and expense were the materials brought together, of which that once stately ship was constructed. How nobly she glided into her destined element, amid the cheers of a thousand witnesses. Again and again she crossed the ocean in safety.—Once more she was made ready, and her wings were stretched out for her flight across the waters.—Her broad, white sails kissed the freshening breeze, and like a thing of life, she bounded joyously over the waves. Many an eye, moistened with the tear of parting, watched her lessening form, until the last sail sunk beneath the horizon.—Days and nights passed away, and the brave hearts within her were dreaming of a safe and speedy return to the homes they had left behind them. The dwellers on the land, as they reposed in peace up-

on their pillows, heard the voice of the rising storm, as it howled by the casement, and felt only a pleasing sense of their own security. Onward it swept in its work of ruin, and that noble structure, that for years had braved the perils of ocean felt its power, and fled from before it. Hours passed on, and still she struggled for life amid the warring elements. Who can describe the horrors of that scene—the darkness that had settled like a pall over the waters—the anxiety depicted in every countenance, wan and worn with the watchings of the night—the strange and unearthly moaning of the wind, as it swept through the rigging, and which, when once heard, can never be forgotten—the awful thunder of the surf, as it lashed the shore—the sickening motion of the staggered vessel, as wave after wave swept over it—the groaning of the timbers, as they yielded to the superhuman power of the tempest; and above all, the fearful crash, which at last announced her fate, and which cast forth those who had trusted to her, either to find a watery grave, or bruised and breathless to reach the shore.

The tempest has accomplished its work—the moon and the stars look forth to smile upon the scene, and a ragged and shapeless wreck is cast upon the beach to tell its sad and impressive story of the power of the elements, and in mute and voiceless eloquence, to bid us remember the sailor.

Alas, is there no counterpart to all this in the moral and social world:—and are we not reminded in the appliances of fashion and dissipation which surround us, that many whose lives have been ushered in with the fairest promise, and on whom the fondest hopes of parents and friends are centered, will make shipwreck of character and of soul, and like this broken and stranded vessel, become a beacon to warn life's voyager of the rock on which they have been lost. Oh, that these happy groups that pass and gaze upon this scene, might obtain

that hope which shall be an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. It is only with this that they can ride out in safety the storms of life. He who has Christ with him in the vessel, can sing while he views the gathered clouds around, that in the midst of the tempest his voice, even the winds and the sea obey.

It is evening: the quiet stars look forth from their hiding places, and the wild breakers are lighted up with their phosphorescent flashes, and roll in like waves of fire upon the shore. The light-house, as a faithful sentinel, keeps watch thro' the long night, and sends its bright glare across the waters. So shines the lamp of life to guide and cheer the wanderer. And the soul that looks towards it shall find light even in darkness, and following its direction, shall finish its course with joy.

Night is upon the waters. And the thoughts undisturbed, turn upwards to him who rolls the stars in their courses. Who can stand and gaze upon these wonders and feel no emotion of love and gratitude to the infinite and all glorious one, who inhabiteth eternity and the praises thereof? Oh, thou whose heart hath inclined thee to say there is no God—tell me by what power these waters roll and who gave the sea its bounds. Seest thou no God in all this—learnest thou no lesson of thine insignificance—of his grandeur and glory—feelest thou no desire to acquaint thyself with him who is of old, even from everlasting? That mighty ocean whose giant surges are breaking at thy feet, is his workmanship, and obeys his voice. Its boundless expanse is but a faint image of the infinitude and the eternity of God. Its waters shall at length be dried up and there shall be no more sea—but thy Maker shall live on, unchanged; and thy soul must launch forth upon that eternity, to which life is but the portal. Canst thou doubt, when every voice that comes to thee, proclaims the truth of God's existence and thine own immortality? Canst thou fail to adore and love him, whose glory shines in every work

of nature? Shall not thy soul join in the chorus of praise which those winds and waters are singing.

Let these wild elements instruct thee and let thy heart, subdued and softened, look up in penitence and love to him, who though infinite in majesty and power, the proprietor of earth and sea, will take up his abode in the heart of the humble, and of him who trembleth at his word.—*Christian Observer.*

Who Rob Orchards?

In a certain village of the far West was an Atheist. He was a great admirer of Dale Owen and Fanny Wright; but he could see no beauty in the Sun of Righteousness. This man of course never entered any place of worship. Indeed, in the fruit season, he was specially busy on the Sabbath in defending his orchards from his great enemies, the wood-pecker; and the idle profligate persons of the village, who on that day usually made a sad havoc among his apples and peaches.

One day, while at work with his son-in-law—an Atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he very rudely thus accosted the minister:

"Sir, what is the use of your preaching? What good do you by it? Why don't you teach these fellows better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing, in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchard?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied: "My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed, and I would most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on thieving, but the truth is they are so like you and the Major here, that I never get a chance."

"Good, good," replied the Major laughing; on which the elder Atheist, blushing a little, and in an apologetical, tone, said:

"Well, well, I believe it is true enough, it is not the church-going people that steal my apples."

Providential Rescue

OF SEVEN PERSONS FROM A WHALE-BOAT IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

At day-light on the morning of the fifth of February, (1850) one of the hands of the schooner Wanderer (Royal Yacht Squadron) on her passage from the Society Islands to the Hawaiian, reported what appeared to him to be a boat, but this was for some time considered to be impossible, as no boat, it was thought, could have lived in such a sea, the Wanderer herself being under storm canvass, it blowing a severe gale. A man having been, however, sent aloft with a glass, it proved to be a whale-boat about three miles to the windward, with signal of distress flying; the schooner then beat up to her near enough to hail, but at first the only intelligent word that could be heard was, "water! water!!" Her canvass was blown away and her rudder gone, and having no steering oar, she was unmanageable. After three attempts, the Wanderer succeeded in passing sufficiently near to heave the end of a whale-line to the boat. A running bowline was then passed to them, by which means one after another of the people were hauled on board the schooner over the taffrail. The party consisted of Jose Davis, a Brazillian man of color, two men and three women; natives of the Sandwich Islands, one of the latter being the wife of Davis. It appeared that they had left the island of Molokai, where they had called on their passage from Oahu to Maui, and had nearly reached the latter island, where they resided; but being caught in a heavy gale and their boat disabled, had driven 300 miles to the southward. They had been nine days without water; subsisting entirely by sucking small pieces of pumpkins, a few of which they had on board, and which Davis doled out to them sparingly, as he said he had determined if the boat survived the gale, to have made sails out of the women's dresses, and endeavored to rig a new