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FROM

THE FORECASTLE TO THE PULPIT.

FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAILORS.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL REVIVAL
UPON THE SEA.

BY

CHARLES J. JONES, D.D.

CHAPLAIN OF THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, N. Y.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D., LL.D.

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1884.

TESTIMONIALS.

A few of the many Testimonials received by the Author from persons who have read the manuscript and advance sheets, are here submitted to the reader.

From the Rev. Adam McClelland, D.D., Professor in the German Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa.

“Your book is exceptionally excellent in its style and contents. The divine, the merchant, the seaman, the lover of travel and thrilling incidents; in a word, all who study the ways of God to man will find ‘From the Forecastle to the Pulpit’ a very interesting and helpful book.”

From the Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D.

“I have read your book with intense interest. You have brought graphically before the reader the personal experiences of many sinners converted to God, a testimony of great power and value to convince others. Such books should be read by Christians, with which to refresh their souls, and to meditate on God’s saving grace, instead of the philosophical books which only touch the intellect, and make no impression on the life.”

From the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

“This volume is crammed with facts and incidents, showing how the gospel has rescued hundreds from spiritual shipwreck. If the book has interested me, how much more will it interest those for whom my beloved brother has prepared it! It ought to go into every forecastle and bring Christ with it.

May your newly launched craft catch the gales of the Spirit, and convoy many sailors to the ‘desired haven!’ She is well ballasted with truth, and has God’s lamp in the binnacle. God bless her!”

From the Rev. Samuel H. Hall, D.D., Secretary of the American Seamen’s Friend Society.

“As few men have had such a life as you, out of which to

make an interesting biography, in my judgment your 'From the Forecastle to the Pulpit' will be accepted as an extraordinary book. I have been entertained and instructed in perusing the manuscript, and the more I think about it, the more my assurance deepens, that it will do great good, illustrating, as it does, in a most wonderful degree, the special providence and grace of God."

From the Rev. E. D. G. Prime, D.D., of the N. Y. Observer.

"I have read with great interest the manuscript of a volume prepared by Rev. Chas. J. Jones, D.D., entitled 'From the Forecastle to the Pulpit.' The publication of the volume, I am confident, will be the means of doing great good among seamen and in awakening an interest in their behalf."

From Mr. Wm. Garretson, of the firm of Bradley, Garretson & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

"I believe the book worthy of a very large circulation. It held my attention for two full hours, and interested me greatly. It struck me as being well written, and of great interest and value to ministers and others conducting revival work. By its numerous instances of reformations of drunkards, it will be invaluable to those engaged in Temperance work. Children from ten to fifteen years of age would like to read it. It ought to be read also by every man who wants to lead a better life, but fears it is useless to try, for there are so many instances where men have felt the same, and yet have succeeded."

From the Rev. Henry G. Van Dyke, D.D., of Brooklyn.

"Your book, 'From the Forecastle to the Pulpit,' made a deep impression upon me. Your style is exceedingly clear and vigorous, and the story you tell is a wonderful illustration of the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. It cannot fail to do good—not only to the men of the sea, for whom it will have a fascinating charm, but to all who have a heart to appreciate the triumphs of God's saving grace."

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Early life—Leave Home—Cyclone - - - - 13

CHAPTER II.

Evil courses—Awakening - - - - 33

CHAPTER III.

Conversion and college life - - - - 54

CHAPTER IV.

Theological course—First ministry - - - - 75

CHAPTER V.

Mariners' Church, N. Y., 1854-5—First fruits - - - 95

CHAPTER VI.

A word in season—The young heretic - - - - 120

CHAPTER VII.

Church work in 1856—Prayer in the hatch-house - - 144

CHAPTER VIII.

The way to the kingdom—The dying message - - - 167

CHAPTER IX.

Loss of the St. Denis—Ship Robert Parker - - - - 189

CHAPTER X.

Coadjutors—What the lightning did - - - - 205

CHAPTER XI.

Signs of the times—Chilian convert - - - - 236

CHAPTER XII.

Increasing success—Answers to prayer - - - - 265

CHAPTER XIII.

Sixty years in sin—Behold the Lamb - - - - - 282

CHAPTER XIV.

Great revival in the Navy—The faithful Swede - - - 299

CHAPTER XV.

Increased interest—The dispersion - - - - - 324

CHAPTER XVI.

Outside testimony—Wonderful scene - - - - - 340

CHAPTER XVII.

A gracious providence—U. S. S. Ohio—*The sinner* - - - 361

CHAPTER XVIII.

U. S. S. Savannah—Light spreading - - - - - 386

CHAPTER XIX.

Permanent impressions—Death of Morris - - - - - 400

CHAPTER XX.

Extent of revival—Gulf Squadron - - - - - 421

CHAPTER XXI.

The Storm, a calm—A wild Christian - - - - - 436

CHAPTER XXII.

African Squadron—Missionary volunteers - - - - - 456

CHAPTER XXIII.

U. S. S. Hartford.—Grace in the Flowery Kingdom - - - 469

CHAPTER XXIV.

U. S. S. Niagara—Gold lace and blue flannel - - - 485

CHAPTER XXV.

Pastoral letters—Resignation - - - - - 503

CHAPTER XXVI.

xxvi.—Close of narrative—Glory to God - - - - - 517

Dedication.

TO THE MEN OF THE SEA, WHOSE PERILS, PRIVATIONS AND PRIVILEGES I HAVE SHARED, AND FOR WHOSE SALVATION I HAVE LABORED AND PRAYED FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subject matter of this book is such as to commend it to all who are or may become interested in the development of spiritual life, and the enlargement of the sphere of individual influence. I have read this narrative of Dr. Jones' eventful career from "The Forecastle to the Pulpit," with indescribable and unabated interest, from the beginning to the end, covering, as his active life and ministry does, a period of more than half a century among "the men who go down to the sea in ships." This volume will more fully describe the peculiar characteristics of this class than any other work yet published. To the landsman it will reveal mysteries pertaining to the divine life of the soul at sea, of which he has not even dreamed. To the sailor it will come freighted with celestial fragrance, as the land breeze comes laden with sweet odors from the cinnamon isles, and encourage him also to keep a good lookout for "the land which is very far off." The reader will here meet with some of the most remarkable illustrations of the wonderful grace of God in the conversion of "the abundance of the sea," and in special answer to prayer, as well as in the visitation of judgment on the wilfully and finally impenitent. He will here read of bethels and mariners, churches ashore and afloat, made vocal with prayer and praise to God; of ships speaking each other at sea, for

the purpose of telling the wonderful work of God in their own midst ; of revival after revival in mid ocean, on the shores of the "dark continent," in far off islands of the sea, in China and Japan, in distant Australia, on the shores of the South Pacific, all along the coast of the United States, in the Army and the Navy, and in the merchant service ; in the bayous and tributary streams of the Mississippi, in Central America, and in Mexico, until hundreds of vessels were permeated with the blessed influence of the Spirit of life. Here and there the single convert going forth, Bible in hand, and heart aflame with the love of Christ, growing into praying bands of devout men, worshipping in the tops, in the chains, and between the guns, and burning with desire for the souls of their careless shipmates. The little cloud, which at first was no larger than a man's hand, at length covered the whole heavens, and descended upon the earth and sea in an "abundance of rain." Where God was not known, nor his name revered, witnesses to his power and grace went forth on every hand, and one song rose up from every floating sanctuary :

"Our God shall have dominion,
And reign from shore to shore,
Far as the dove's light pinion,
Or eagle's wing can soar."

How one man could accomplish the numerous and widely diversified works which the writer of this book so faithfully performed, must ever remain a wonder. In connection with his pastoral duties, and extensive correspondence among the thousands of seamen for whose salvation he labored, his office became a bureau of information, open day and night. From it, as from a great

central telegraph station, the lines of his influence have gone out through all the earth, and his words of tenderness and counsel, to the ends of the world. None were so low, so poor, or so abandoned as to be beyond the sphere of his labors, or fail to enlist the sympathies of his great benevolent heart. Unquestionably one of the greatest factors of Christian beneficence, and one of the most efficient auxiliaries of the missionary cause, is found in the untiring and self-denying efforts of those who are laboring for the evangelization of the men of the sea. No pen can fully record what God has wrought through these multiplied agencies and instrumentalities. Yet here will be found vivid representations of some of the peculiar trials and triumphs of these toilers of the sea in their way to a better life, as well as some most graphic delineations of the sublime scenery of the ocean itself—all of which the writer saw and “part of which he was;” for although he has been “in deaths oft,” and in perils multiplied, he still lives to tell the story of

“A life on the ocean wave.”

The numerous sketches of individual character and experience and faithfulness to Christ—in humble spheres and amid formidable obstacles, are of seamen whose lives became intimately interwoven and identified with his own. The historic facts and personal reminiscences seem to increase and intensify the interest to the close. In this world of selfishness it is refreshing to find a man whose entire life has been devoted so exclusively to the welfare of others. It may well be said

“Si monumentum quæris Interspice.”

W. P. STRICKLAND.

FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAILORS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE—LEAVING HOME—CYCLONE.

Parentage—First religious impressions—School days—Struggle with poverty—Newsboy—The broken pane—Bent on going to sea—Farewell to home—Life on a man-of-war—Daily routine—Sea-sports—First convictions of sin—Scenes of horror—Fall overboard—Sinful propensities—End of the cruise—Convict ship—A white squall—At death's door—Home again—Off for New South Wales—On peril's brink—A sepoy mutiny—Ship again for Australia—A trading voyage—Swarthy web-feet—A cyclone—Loss of life—A demoralized crew—Our wisdom swallowed up—Deliverance.

I WAS born and baptized in Deptford, county of Kent, England, in the year 1818. My parents were honest, industrious, hard-working people. They had ten children, of whom I was the eldest. Among my earliest recollections are those of the Sabbath-school, and its surroundings. The first scriptural idea that made any impression on my mind, was the invitation of Christ to children, illustrated by a small engraving, with the legend, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That picture of the Saviour sitting, the children gathered about him, and his hands spread in the act of blessing them,

has been like a pleasant vision to me ever since. In some of the wildest orgies of my wicked life, it has floated before my mind, and at times recalled those days of my childhood's innocence. I was sent to school at intervals, as my parents could afford the expense, from the time I was five years old until I was nearly nine. In the mean time other children having come upon the scene, increasing the family expenses, while there was no increase of income, it became necessary, in order to economize, to keep me at home. The sum of my education at that time was, that I had learned to read well, and had acquired the rudiments of writing. When between nine and ten years old my parents removed to London, that my mother might find employment more readily. She was very industrious and quick with her needle, and as my father never earned more than a pound a week, her continuous labor was a necessity. She struggled nobly to keep the wolf from the door, and although she did not always succeed, she never lost heart, nor slackened her hands. I have known her to make shirts for half a crown (fifty cents) a dozen, and she would not slight the work even though the pay was so small. I have often watched her as she plied her needle, weeping bitterly, but I could not learn from her the reason for her grief. I need not say that while labor was so illy paid, we sometimes suffered for bread.

Soon after we came to London I obtained a situation as an errand boy, at a bookseller's. My wages reached the magnificent sum of three shillings (seventy-five cents) per week. And for this I walked every morning a distance of nearly two miles to the city, carrying with me for my dinner a piece of bread and butter and a bottle

of cold tea. After running about the city all day I walked home again at night. This I did for over a year. Subsequently, after changing places several times, I found myself in the position of a news-boy, on the "Royal Exchange."

It was while thus employed that an incident occurred which, though slight in itself, bore such a relation to my after life as to give direction to my whole future destiny. I was skylarking with one of my fellow employees, and unintentionally pushed his head through a pane of glass in the store window. The value of the glass was enough to absorb the whole of my week's wages. My employer informed me that I must pay for my carelessness, and as I knew it would take that much out of the common stock, the whole of which was barely sufficient for our support, I then and there resolved that I would go to sea.

As soon as my purpose was formed, I went home and told my mother, who, for the moment, was almost stupefied. But, recovering herself, she strictly forbade me to think of such a thing, and told me to go to my work. In obedience to her wish I did so, but I was no longer the same boy. I had no longer any ambition for anything on the land; I neglected my business and lost my situation. My father then found me employment in a wholesale drug establishment, where he was engaged as packer. Here, however, it was the same story. I neglected my duties and brought trouble on my father, who being highly respected by the firm, was spoken to by the senior partner about my conduct. He revealed the secret.

I was bent on going to sea. My employer said,

“Well! let him go. My brother is a captain in the Royal Navy, he will find him a ship.” My parents talked the matter over, and concluded to let me go. I was delighted with their decision. I felt like a bird freed from its cage. My soul luxuriated in a sense of freedom. I was to realize that which before I only imagined, the great seas running mountains high; the sight of far off lands; the strange things of which I had read: all were now to become matters of real experience.

A letter to the commander of H. B. M. Ship “Pylades,” then fitting out at Plymouth, secured me a position on the ship’s books, as a second-class boy. The hurry, bustle and excitement of the preparation for my departure now absorbed the interest of the whole family. It was a severe tax upon their already straitened resources to procure me the necessary outfit. But the day of departure at length arrived. Clad in my new sailor suit of blue jacket and trousers, and low straw hat, I was as proud as any monarch could be of his royal robes; the envied of my playfellows, who had gathered to see me off, the cynosure of the neighbors’ eyes, who gazed with admiration at my rig, and pitied me as they thought of my peril and exposure.

My dear mother, weeping as she pressed her farewell kiss upon my lips, said to me, “Charlie, be a good boy; be willing and obliging, and you will make many friends.” I promised, and taking my father’s hand, turned my back upon my childhood’s home to do battle with the world of waters.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, the 6th day of June, 1831. My father accompanied me to the steamer which was to take me to Plymouth, to join

my ship. He remained on board until the vessel slowed-up at North-fleet, where the friends of the passengers were to go ashore ; he then gave me a nervous grasp of the hand, pressed me to his bosom, bowed his head, and weeping, over me, said, " Good-by, my boy !" With a word of counsel and an affectionate kiss, he hurried from my sight to hide his emotions, passed over the side, and into the boat that rowed him to the shore. But so intent was I watching with childish pleasure the dancing of the waves, as the steamer forged ahead, that I was scarcely conscious until some time afterwards, that in that moment of parting with my father, I had severed myself from all that I had ever known of earthly ties. I was like a horse that had thrown his rider, and was coursing away at his own free will. No friendly hand was by to check my career. I was freed from the restraint of home, and at liberty to follow my own impulses and passions. That heart-felt " good-by," however, still rang in my ears.

" Sweet music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

The steamer, plowing her way through the waters, absorbed my attention, and I was soon lost in delight as before. Two days and nights passed rapidly away. To my memory now they seem like a dream.

On reaching Plymouth I proceeded by boat to the hulk " Victory," alongside of which the " Pylades" was to be rigged and fitted out. I was very soon initiated into the mysteries of life in a man-of-war. I need not say how different it was from anything I had ever conceived, how strongly and how strangely in con-

trast with all my earlier experience. I very soon however became accustomed to my surroundings, and adapted myself to the change.

Three months passed away before we were ordered on board our own ship. It was quite a relief to us all to hear that she was put into commission, and that we were to leave our temporary quarters and get ready for sea. On the 5th of September we left Plymouth Sound for a cruise of three years, on the coast of South America. For the first three days after sailing I suffered from sea-sickness, paid the usual tribute to old Neptune, bore the badinage of the more experienced among my shipmates, and entered with spirit into the daily routine.

At sea my station was in the main-top—in port I was side-boy, and with another about my own age, did duty at the gangway—handing out the man-ropes to persons coming alongside. At quarters I was powder-boy of one of the quarter-deck guns. Our ship's armament was sixteen thirty-two pounders, short carronades, and two long twelves. Every evening after supper the drum beat to quarters, and the crew were inspected by the officers at their guns. This being over, the retreat was beaten, the cutlasses, pistols and boarding-pikes were returned to the arm-racks, and the guns thoroughly secured. The next command in order was "all hands shorten sail, and reef topsails!" Before the last notes of the boatswain's call had died away, the men were scrambling aloft like so many monkeys—the men of the different tops vying with each other in their efforts to get their topsail reefed—and "lay down" in advance of the others. The competition was very eager. The process

was watched with interest by the officers, who, while they very rarely praised the men for the rapid execution of their tasks, were always ready to blame any tardiness of movement; and woe to the man or boy who was the last down from aloft. He was sure to be marked, and if the tardiness occurred a second time, to be punished by stopping his grog, and a month on the black list. If he escaped the "cat," he was well off.

The vessel being brought under easy sail for the night, all hands were turned up to dance and skylark—every one before the mast being permitted to enjoy himself to the top of his bent. Fun was the order of the evening; singing, dancing, boxing, wrestling, story-telling—in short anything that pleased was allowable until eight bells, or eight o'clock. Then the hammocks were piped down and the ship was quiet once more. It was on one of these occasions that the memories of home and the parting instructions of my Sabbath-school teacher came back to me with all their original freshness. I told my thoughts to a boy of my own age, who had been similarly blest, and we two crept away in the darkness to weep over our sins. We were in all probability the only two in that whole ship's company who were so affected. We wept bitterly, wishing from our hearts that some of the men could hear our good resolves, and punish us if we broke them by giving way to profanity or drinking any more.

While in the midst of our good intentions, the hammocks were piped down, and the shrill call of the boatswain and his mates interrupted our conversation and our prayers. This ended the first, and, I think, the last deep conviction of sin experienced by either of us during the whole cruise. From that time forward I imitated

without restraint the immoral practices of my shipmates.

Before I was fourteen years of age I was a drunkard, and for years drank to excess whenever liquor came in my way. Scenes of horror which would have shocked me a year or two before, now did not affect me in the least. Violence, intemperance, death even failed to make any salutary impression. The authorities resorted to the "cat" on the slightest occasion. There were no religious incentives, nor any moral restraints. Instead of Divine worship, even in form, the forenoon of the Sabbath was chosen, once a month, for reading the articles of war, which only informed us of the many ways there were leading to the penalty of death. These articles were committed to memory, and thus we were constantly reminded of the perils attached to any act of disobedience or insubordination. The name of God was never heard, except in blasphemy. The officers cursed the men to their faces, and the men cursed the officers behind their backs. If the presence of death could have moved me to fear, or induced the dread of eternity, I had not gone so far on the road to ruin, nor had I attained to that precocity in sin which made me reckless even of eternal consequences. My shipmates have more than once been dashed to pieces at my side, by falling from aloft. I saw in that vessel what few men have witnessed at sea, viz., dying on one side, flogging on the other, and cutting throats amidships; and all these at one and the same moment. Moreover, I received a blow myself for attempting to prevent the suicide of one of my young companions.

While we lay in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, I had a very wonderful escape from drowning. I had been over

the side scraping the gangway steps, but losing my hold I fell overboard ; and as all hands were holystoning the decks, my cries were not heard. I had sunk twice, and come again to the surface, but being unable to swim, I was just going down for the third time, when a midshipman providentially looking over the quarter, saw me, as the tide was carrying me astern. He threw a coil of rope over my head, which I grasped and was saved, to my great joy and to the satisfaction of my shipmates, with whom I was somewhat of a favorite. Having cruised for three years on the coast of South America, encountering heavy gales on both sides of the Horn, and passing through more than the ordinary vicissitudes of a sea life, I returned home to my mother. No longer the innocent boy I was when I left her, but a hardened sinner, and a confirmed drunkard and blasphemer, although not yet sixteen years of age. After a stay of a few weeks ashore, I left home and friends once more to resume my wanderings on the wide waste of waters.

My next ship was a merchantman ; she was chartered by the government to carry convicts. We took on board three hundred of them from a disabled ship at Cork, to be carried to Van Dieman's land. A few nights after we had received them, a fatal disease broke out among them, and thirty souls were taken from us in the course of a week. Here I was familiar with death again, but remained as careless and thoughtless as ever.

On this voyage out, while one of the lower deck ports was open for the admission of fresh air, we were struck by a white squall. The ship was thrown on her beam ends, the open port being on the lee side, and the water rushing into the between decks through an aperture some

eighteen inches square, there seemed a probability that our ship with her three hundred and sixty souls must speedily go down. She had whole top-sails and fore and main top-gallant sails on her when she was struck, and could not possibly right until the sail was taken in. The crisis was a fearful one, and was as agonizing as it was brief. It was of the Lord's mercies that we were not consumed. We succeeded however in getting the sail off her, with the aid of the prisoners, who were released for the purpose; and they worked for their very lives. In a short time the ship righted and was soon made all snug again.

While in Canton, in China, on the same voyage, we were seized with a sickness, which took off several of our crew. I was brought on deck to die, and cried bitterly to the steward to save my life, yet I never thought of the eternal world, nor of "Him in whose hand my breath is, and whose are all my ways." Instead of glorifying Him I ignored His very existence. Yet I was raised once more from the brink of the grave.

Returning home a second time, after an absence of eighteen months, I remained by the ship, and made another voyage in her to Sidney, N. S. Wales; carrying again three hundred convicts. On the passage out, the scurvy broke out among the prisoners, and by the request of the representative of the government we ran down to the harbor of Bahia, on the coast of Brazil, for a supply of fresh provisions. After remaining there long enough to change the condition of the men, and take in a supply sufficient for a month at sea, we got underweigh to proceed on our voyage. But the land-wind dying out toward evening, we clewed up the

sails and anchored for the night. The convicts, some of whom were seafaring men, who had been sent out of their country for their country's good, laid a plot to break out of the prison, massacre the crew and guard, and take the ship. Their intention was to run her ashore and make their escape into the interior. Their plans were well formed, and, but for providential interference, not one of the crew would have been left to tell the tale. The chief officer was awakened by a noise about three o'clock in the morning, and without any assignable reason, rushed on deck and ran forward to the fore hatch. Finding the light out, and the sentry sleeping, he jumped down and seized the lock of the prison door, a very large padlock, which fell to pieces in his hands. A few moments only were sufficient to rouse the ship's crew, double the guard, and secure the men, in whose possession were found the necessary tools and weapons to accomplish their ends. Thus were we saved from assassination by the merciful providence of God.

Having transferred our prisoners to the proper authorities, we sailed for the bay of Bengal, and passing through Torres Straits, and the thousand islands of the Indian Archipelago, anchored in Madras roads. Here we took a charter to carry Sepoy troops for the British government to Pulo Pinang, in the Straits of Malacca, and to bring back a returning regiment. The voyage out was peaceful enough. We landed our passengers safely and embarked six hundred others, with whom we sailed for Madras. But while on our passage up the Bay of Bengal, the troops became insubordinate and violent, and finally broke out into open mutiny. Some

real or supposed wrong had been done them by their European officers, over which they brooded, and at a concerted signal gave one wild yell, and rushing aft in a body, attacked the native officers, who met them at the break of the quarter-deck, and held them temporarily at bay. In an instant the ship was in a state of wild excitement. The chief officer, who was in charge of the deck, taking in the situation at a glance, acted with great promptness and decision. He cried out, "Lay aft, men: lay aft and man the arm chest!" The captain said to him, "Wait a moment, sir." "No sir," said the mate, "no time to spare now, sir." "Lay aft, men, lay aft!" and they did lay aft. The crew, twenty-six in number, came leaping over the heads of the mutinous Sepoys, and in less time than it takes to write this, twenty-six loaded muskets were on the poop-deck, seven feet above, pointing down into the dense mass of humanity which surged to and fro on the quarter deck below. The rushing out of the commanding and other commissioned officers, armed, from the cabin, and the sudden appearance of the armed crew in that elevated position, checked them. The officers rallying, drove them back, and the mutineers retreated, flinging burning brands of fire-wood at us; but for the time we were safe. No man slept that night, however. We lay on the poop deck with our muskets loaded, each man having a cutlass and pistol under his head. In a few days quiet was restored and all our affairs went on as before.

Thus were we again delivered; but we thanked ourselves for the rescue instead of giving thanks to God, to whom we were so deeply indebted for our courageous

chief officer, the right man, in the right place, at the right time. The captain, who was a North of England man, and brought up in the coal trade, was now for the first time in his life in command of an India trader. He had little acquaintance with the character of the men with whom he had to do. He knew of course the disparity of numbers between six hundred, and less than sixty—but he feared that the sight of arms in the hands of the sailors, would make the Sepoys more desperate. He was in favor therefore of delay, and an effort toward a peaceful solution of the difficulty.

The mate was a very different man. He knew the mutineers who were threatening the life of all hands. He was moreover prompt, energetic and brave by nature, a man for emergencies, as we had proved on another perilous occasion. It was well indeed for us that we had the man for the crisis, otherwise I had not lived to write these lines. We were endangered by the same class of men, who twenty years later at Delhi and at Cawnpore showed their treacherous nature in the massacre of the missionaries. These men needed prompt treatment and they got it. The appeal to their fears with the muzzles of twenty-six muskets at their heads was more potent than any words. If the precaution had not been taken when they first came on board of stowing their arms away in the hold, this mutiny would have had a tragical termination. We heard, afterwards, that the ringleaders were tried, and thirty of them hung in Madras.

Having completed our charter, we sailed for Calcutta, and loaded thence for home, arriving in London in Dec. 1837. The officer referred to above, had during the

voyage shown a deep interest in my welfare. He had taught me navigation, and now, desiring to advance me to the quarter-deck, offered me the position of third officer in a new ship which he was to command, on the condition that I would wait until she was ready for sea. My course of life, however, prevented this. Being still under the dominion of strong drink, I soon spent all my wages, and told him that I could wait no longer. Before going to sea, he gave me a line to a friend of his who shipped me in the barque Eden of London, bound to Australia with emigrants. This was in January, 1838. The voyage was to occupy two years. After landing our passengers in the port of Adelaide, we sailed for the East Indies, and engaged in trading voyages between Calcutta and the Mauritius.

During the passage from Port Louis to Calcutta, on one of our trips, we were overtaken by one of those fearful cyclones which are so frequent in those latitudes. On this occasion we lost six men overboard. The ship was capsized, and lay on her beam ends for several hours. It was generally admitted that had she been loaded, instead of being in ballast trim, we could not have survived the fury of the storm. In order that the reader may have a clearer conception of the perils through which we passed and the effect it produced upon the ship's crew, I will try to describe the condition of things when the storm was at its height. To do this, I must go back a little, and begin by stating that in Port Adelaide, which is some seven miles from the city, the men who shipped in London, deserted us, almost to a man. Adelaide was at that time a new settlement, laborers were scarce, and wages high. Four dollars a day was paid

for building adobe walls. The high wages proved a strong inducement to the seamen to break their contract with the ship, and leave her, that they might secure some of the wealth that seemed so abundant.

When ready for sea, it was with great difficulty that we secured men enough to work the ship to Calcutta. On our arrival there the beach-combers, as they are called, deserted, as our former crew had done in the last port. It became necessary therefore to ship a crew of Lascars, or native sailors. We then became what the sailors call a "country wallah." A few Europeans were kept to steer the ship, while the swarthy webfeet performed the actual labor of working her. We had thus a composite crew, consisting of thirty-six Lascars, with their own native officers, Serang and Tindal, and four Europeans in the capacity of "sea cunnies;" also a carpenter, sailmaker and boatswain. The need of this detail will be seen presently. Early in the morning of the day in which the storm struck us, we were bowling along at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, with the wind about a point on the port quarter, carrying lower topmast and top-gallant studding-sails forward, and topmast and top-gallant studding sails aft. About four bells in the morning watch, the wind freshened considerably, making the booms top and crack, and driving her through the sea splendidly. In another hour, so rapidly had the gale increased and hauled at the same time, that we had all the studding sails in. By noon the royals were furled, and the ship close hauled. By supper time she was plunging heavily into the sea under single-reefed topsails and main top-gallant sail, together with the jib and spanker. By this time, however, the jib boom began

to show signs of weakness. This the mate reported to the captain and suggested the propriety of taking in the jib and reducing sail generally. The captain acquiesced at once. As the gale was evidently on the increase, the order was given to the mate, "Take all hands forward and get in that jib. Be lively about it—have the men ready to lay out as soon as the sail is spilled." The mate went forward to obey the order. The captain directed the man at the wheel to put the helm up, "Hard up! let her go well off!" "Hard up, sir," responded the helmsman, and she paid off beautifully. At this juncture the jib was hauled down, and sixteen of the crew laid out to gather up the sail. The captain, thinking there had been time enough to get the jib on the boom, sang out to the man at the wheel, "Meet her, meet her, my man!" The wheel came rapidly down, and the ship flying to, plunged heavily into the sea, as she did so, the wind getting under portions of the sail which had not been secured by the gaskets, tore the canvas from the hands of the men, and bellying out over their heads, knocked six of the poor fellows off the boom, five of them falling overboard; the sixth fetching up on the back ropes, held on until he was rescued and taken in-board. At the same instant that the men were slatted into the waves, the jib, split in pieces by the force of the wind, went flying away to leeward, with a noise like a clap of thunder. As soon as the men fell, the agonizing cry went aft, "A man overboard!" One of the Europeans sprung into the starboard quarter boat, to clear her away for lowering. The captain, observing his efforts, commanded him to stop, as it would only be a sacrifice of the boat and six or eight more men in a vain

attempt to save the already lost, for no boat could possibly live in such a sea. We were compelled therefore to leave the poor fellows to their fate. We strained our eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of them, but the relentless sea had swallowed them up, and they sank, with their pagan prayers on their lips, to rise no more until the sea gives up its multitudinous dead. It required but a short time to get the canvas off the ship, and make her snug for the night, as we fondly hoped. But, as the darkness deepened, the force of the wind increased.

The sudden death of five men who a few moments before were in the full vigor of life, could not but cast a gloom over us all. So far however was the wind from abating, that it rose from a gale to a storm, and from a storm to a hurricane. It seemed as if it were impossible to blow harder, yet it raged even more fiercely through the first and middle watches of the night, so that by the time the morning watch commenced, our laboring craft was hove to, under bare poles; not so much as a tarpaulin in the weather rigging could we show. The men had been sent below, out of the way; the petty officers alone were on deck, and the mate walked the weather side of the poop. The sea was mad, the ship almost unmanageable; her helm was lashed a-lee, but having no after canvas on her to keep her head to the wind, she fell off into the trough of the sea and fairly wallowed; she made very bad weather of it all night. About four bells, six A. M., a tremendous sea struck her from stem to stern-post, on the port side, springing every stanchion of her bulwarks from the forward part of her forechains to the afterpart of her mizzen-rigging; and striking the rudder with great force, parted the line which had held

the helm a-lee. The wheel, thus released, spun rapidly round, and hurled the helmsman overboard. He was the sixth of our crew snatched away by death within ten hours. Alas! he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

The sea that had struck the ship with such violence broke aboard of her and flooded the decks. Everything moveable was started. The sailmaker was washed under the keel of the longboat; the carpenter picked himself up in the lee scuppers, up to his chin in water, with the coil of the main brace around his neck. Having crawled up to windward, he noticed that the helmsman was gone from the wheel, and was the first to report the fact. The mate was thrown into the lee quarter boat, in which the goose coop, torn from between the after skylights, bore him company. It was evident that the situation was more than serious. The vessel was on her beam ends, her ballast shifted, and holding her down. The Lascars were below, demoralized by the loss of their shipmates and the imminent peril they were in. The condition of affairs imperatively demanded that something should be done and done quickly. The sailmaker suggested to the captain to allow him to get up a new forestay sail from below and set the head of it on the lower part of the mizzen stay, for the purpose of keeping her head to the wind. The captain ordered him to do so. The sail was brought up and bent, and had the desired effect.

The vessel lay easier after that, but there was no abatement of either wind or sea. The force of the hurricane was simply tremendous; the wind fairly shrieked through the rigging, which, on the weather side, was as

taut as a harp string. It gave one the idea of sea and wind in wild chorus, sounding the requiem of departed souls. The force of the storm culminated at about four bells in the forenoon. At that hour the general aspect was wild and unearthly. We were in the condition described by the Psalmist, "Our wisdom was swallowed up." Everything that human ingenuity could suggest or human power accomplish had been done, yet the forces arrayed against us could neither be lessened in their fury nor moved to pity. We seemed to be in the grasp of a merciless fate, in the relentless clutch of powers, we could neither direct nor control. The only being who could have aided us we did not recognize, nor think of. The shrieking blast, the angry sea, the groaning ship, as she struggled to resist the terrific onset of the mountainous waves marshalling themselves against her, following each other in rapid succession, as if they had rallied for a final charge. These things, on the one hand, and the weak and worn out crew on the other, made our situation truly appalling.

Just at this point a Lascar, one of the largest and most stalwart of the ship's company, rushed upon deck, mounted the after part of the spars, and standing with his back to the mainmast, raised his face and his right arm toward heaven. Poising himself, he began to scream at the top of his voice, as if he were shouting to his gods for help. The unearthly sounds that came from his throat startled the whole ship's company. The first impression was, that the man was insane. The crew gathered in groups and gazed on him with wondering eyes, doubting what he could mean. The captain came and ordered him to stop and come down, but he paid

no attention to him. The captain then sprang up alongside of the Lascar, seized his arm, and attempted in vain to get him down. His muscles were tense and firm as those of a trained athlete. The captain, though a strong man, could no more move his extended arm, than if it had been that of a bronze statue, which in color, in rigidity, in drapery and in pose it most resembled. He continued in that position for some minutes, uttering the same wild and unmeaning cries which rose above the howling of the storm. He seemed the impersonation of some rapt prophet or seer, holding converse with another world, such a one as Elijah was, when he invoked the judgments of heaven on idolaters and persecutors of God's covenant people.

There was a peculiar impressiveness about the whole scene. To the sailor's mind it was ominous of evil. The attitude of this swarthy sailor, pleading with some real or imaginary god, or hurling defiance at him, the pitiless storm venting its rage, the superstitious awe, and the sense of utter helplessness depicted on the faces of the crew, combined to make a picture which left an ineffaceable impression on every one who witnessed it. It failed, however, I fear, to produce any salutary effect on the heart and conscience of the godless crew. The heathen called upon his god, but the so-called Christian sailors were insensible to devotion, and were, Jonah-like, "in the sides of the ship." By evening however the storm lulled sufficiently to enable us to right the ship by heaving her ballast to windward, and we made sail and proceeded on our way.

CHAPTER II.

EVIL COURSES—AWAKENING.

Evil courses—Satanic suggestions—Arrive in the United States—Ship “Harkaway”—My first Bible—Encouragement to faithful workers—the brig “Billow”—the Swearer’s Prayer—Distressed and anxious—The Midnight prayer—Broken resolves—Sailors’ Home—The secret of failure—Insane purpose—The dark preceding the dawn—Invitation to church—“Consider your ways”—The terrors of the law—Too late—The open Bible—Write to mother—The great Physician—A ray of hope—Asking prayer.

IN Calcutta my evil courses were continued. My only wonder is that the Lord did not leave me to sink in the vortex of vice into which I was daily drawn. There were times in which conscience awoke and alarmed me, by exciting my fears. But these were only lucid intervals in my moral insanity, at which times, evil suggestions would present themselves in such forms as these: “Why trouble yourself about these things? You are young yet—leave such foolish thoughts for old age. How do you suppose you can get along in this world if you give way to such nonsense? What is the use of living, if you cannot enjoy life’s pleasures now? Take your shipmates’ motto for your own, “A short life it may be, but a merry one let it be, at all risks.” Thus Satan continued to deceive and blind me, and I to believe and be led by him; and giving way with reckless

stupidity to temptation, I sank deeper and deeper in sin.

On our arrival at Port Louis, in November, 1839, we found an American ship, the "Girard," of Philadelphia, which had been disabled in a hurricane and abandoned to the underwriters. The "Eden" was chartered to bring her cargo to New York. This resulted in sending our "Lascars" back to Calcutta. As we were now bound to the United States, it was necessary to re-ship the few Europeans who remained on board, as well as to obtain new hands. The captain offered me higher wages, and I signed the new articles with the rest. We arrived in New York in February, 1840. Here I left my ship, took up my quarters in a rum-hole, in Water Street, and dashed on with unrestrained appetite, until the landlord, finding my money gone, told me it was time to ship, although I had not been in his house a week. I shipped for Savannah, my effects consisting of an oil cloth suit, "a donkey's breakfast" for a bed, and two gallons of rum. The rest is briefly told. Eleven days on the passage to Savannah, in a leaky ship. I ran away from her in the night, was put in jail, kicked out in the morning, and spent several days in drunkenness, during which I sold my clothing, and spent the proceeds, together with my month's advance, for rum, and then sailed in the "Olive Branch" for Liverpool, arriving in May. I left her there, only to pursue the same course. In a few days I was outward bound again in the ship "Harkaway," Captain Augustus Proal, for New York.

Up to this time I could truly say, "Refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." But blessed be my ever dear

Redeemer! He had followed me in all my wanderings from the path of righteousness and virtue, and now was about to interpose for my salvation. He led me by a way I knew not. I shipped before the mast as an able seaman, and "turned to" on Wednesday. On Saturday afternoon the captain came forward, and calling the crew around him, said, in a pleasant voice: "Men, to-morrow is the Sabbath day, and I should be very much pleased to have you all attend church;" giving as a reason, that we were about to sail on the following Tuesday, and that we ought all to take the love of God to sea with us in our hearts. He told us of the Saviour's calling the fishermen on the shores of Galilee, to be his disciples, and of their immediately leaving their ships, and following him. He spoke also of the willingness of Christ to save sailors as well as all other sinners, now, and closed by exhorting us all to become Christians. We all listened attentively as he unfolded to us the precious promises of God to save sinners, who repent and forsake their sins. The result was, we promised to go to church. But, when we met in the fore-castle on Monday morning, a rehearsal of Sunday's doings revealed the fact that but two of us—of whom I was one—had kept the promise. I had been to sea for nine years, in men-of-war and merchantmen of different countries, leading all that time a wild, reckless and sinful life, and had met no man who gave expression to religious views, or who manifested any interest in the eternal welfare of his fellow-men. Captain Proal was the first who had ever brought divine things to my attention.

Efforts to follow up the good impression were made during the passage to New York. Religious services

were held every Sabbath on the quarter deck, wind and weather permitting, and weekly meetings for Bible reading and prayer, in the cabin, the captain officiating. The crew and passengers were invited to attend. He gave me the first Bible I ever had ; and when at the end of the voyage, I was called into the cabin to receive my wages, he again affectionately invited me to turn to the Lord. I did not follow his counsel, at that time, but it is due to his memory to say, that his effort to secure the salvation of my soul, though not crowned with immediate success, was nevertheless the first link in the chain of providential circumstances that led me ultimately to the foot of the cross, to a personal consecration of my life to Christ, and to a ministry of the word among seamen.

“Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth !” “Let no man despise the day of small things.” What encouragement does God offer to faithful workers, “to cast their bread upon the waters,” and how often do we see the fulfilment of his promises, in its return “after many days.”

After leaving the “Harkaway,” I again took up my abode in a rum-shop in Water street, and lived a life corresponding with my surroundings. My time was divided for the few days I remained on shore between the theatre, the dance-house, and other places of evil resort. But I was not satisfied to go to hell alone. The third officer of the “Harkaway” had been impressed by the teachings of our good captain, and had gone to the Sailors’ Home to board. I determined that he should not remain there, and therefore led him into such company as I kept. Under my tuition he soon lost all serious impressions. Instead of the prayer-meeting, to

which he intended to go, I took him to the theatre. In a day or two we separated, but not until I had led him as deep into the gall of bitterness as myself.

I then shipped in a brig called the "Billow," bound to La Rochelle, on the coast of France. We were about midway of the Atlantic, when, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, it pleased our Divine Lord to arrest my attention again. One of my shipmates, while overhauling his chest, threw out of it a couple of tracts, saying, as he did so, "See what a fellow gave me in New York." The little messengers fell at my feet. I picked them up and began to read. One was the "Swearer's Prayer," or "the Oath Explained," and the other, the "Seaman's Chart." The Swearer's Prayer went through me like an electric shock. I trembled from head to foot. I saw my soul in great peril. I never had realized that I had been praying for years that God would "not only shut me out from heaven, but also shut me up in hell." Never before did I see that my oaths, which were blurted out on every occasion, and with almost every breath, were prayers to God. I was thrilled with horror for myself and for my shipmates. I turned to them and said: "If this tract is true, we are all in a fearful condition." They all laughed at me, and turned what I said into ridicule. "Ha! ha!" said one, "Jones is religious!" This I did not admit, and yet in my heart I wished it were true. I was distressed and anxious for the safety of my immortal soul. What if God should answer my prayer? How often I had prayed, "I hope God will strike me dead," and called upon him to damn my soul. What if he should now take me at my word! I felt that something must be done; but

what I did not know. I began to read my long neglected Bible and to reprove my shipmates for their profanity. This however only brought me more determined opposition. I was indeed alone. What would I have given at that moment to have had some one to guide me in the right way. It seemed as if my burden was greater than I could bear.

That Sabbath was a long day. Night however came at last, but it brought no relief to me. I was crushed under the sense of the greatness of my sin. I tossed in my bed, while others slept. I cursed and prayed, and prayed and cursed alternately. I swore I would drink no more, and prayed God would strike me dead if I ever touched it. I had the middle watch that night. The captain, in whose watch I was, came on deck at twelve o'clock. My watchmate had taken the wheel and I the lookout (there were but two of us in the watch). After scanning the heavens a few moments the captain called me aft and said, as he turned to go down the companion way, "Charlie, keep a good lookout for the brig, and call me if there is any change." I answered "aye-aye, sir," and he returned to his cabin, leaving me in charge of the deck. I was now free from all human eyes, and felt I had a good opportunity to pray. I had learned that if any one asked God, in Christ's name, and for his sake, he had promised to hear. I resolved to ask him to forgive me. But a difficulty arose. I was too wicked; He would not hear me. I had sinned against light and knowledge, and he could not forgive me and be true to his own word. I found that I had in my own heart an enemy I had not dreamed of before. My pride rose up and forbade my kneeling even to God. I had to battle

with myself half an hour before I could consent to bend the knee. Even then I compromised the matter by kneeling on a spare spar, instead of getting down upon the deck. I then and there poured out my soul in supplication to God, for the pardon of my sins, in the name of Christ, as my Sunday-school teacher had taught me years before. I arose, somewhat calmed in my mind, and resolved to do better in the future. But I did not go to the throne of grace again—I was going to do it all myself. Had I not resolved? Was that not sufficient?

I continued to be the target for the shafts of contempt and ridicule hurled at me daily by my shipmates. It need not be wondered at, then, as my heart was but partially subdued, that after two or three days of hopeless resistance in my own strength, I fell back into my old ways, and my heart resumed its wonted hardness. All my good resolutions to abstain from drink were abandoned. The very first evening ashore, at La Rochelle, notwithstanding all my oaths, I gave way again to the temptation to drink. In the midst of my indulgence, however, I was filled with terror. I trembled, as I remembered the fearful oath I had taken. Having swallowed the brandy, I stood still, waiting to be struck dead. After a second or two, I drew a long breath, and said, "It is all over." My shipmates asked, "What is all over?" I replied, "O, never mind, go ahead." And then plunged with an utter recklessness into the most fearful orgies of my whole life.

I lived two weeks in that condition, scarcely daring to become sober, lest conscience should wake up and assert its power. Those were the darkest days of my dark life. I expected death to come and prevent me from the

further violation of God's holy law. But death came not, and I felt that there was nothing for me to do but to go on, and fill up the cup of wrath, as I thought I had gone too far on the road to hell to be recalled. The passage in Matthew xii. 43, 44, was in a measure fulfilled in me, for "the unclean spirit returned with seven others worse than himself."

Just as we were ready to sail, I began to reflect, and make resolves for the future. But, alas! resolves made only to be broken again and again. O, how true it is, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can sound the depths of this shoreless, fathomless gulf of iniquity?

From La Rochelle we sailed for Boston. On this passage my mind was torn to pieces. I was in constant fear lest God should cut me down in my sins. I made many resolutions, in my own strength, for the next voyage, but God showed me that my strength was weakness, and my wisdom folly. On reaching Boston, I made up my mind to go to a Sailors' Home. But to gratify a shipmate by taking a parting glass, I went with him to a rum-shop, was induced to take up my quarters there, and as a result, spent all my wages, and all my advance pay. I left again in debt (as usual), taking with me as a sea-stock, a gallon of gin, and two pounds of tobacco. I was bound to Malaga, in the brig "Byron," of Boston. On the voyage I began to think more seriously of my future, and resolved to do something toward bettering my condition. Other men, especially such as boarded at sailors' homes, were comfortably clothed—I was destitute. The contrast, to me, was very painful. I had worked hard for more than nine years,

and had nothing to show for it. I heard others speak of home and friends, but mine were thousands of miles away, and there was little probability of my ever seeing them again. I had separated myself from them by my own bad conduct, and could not hope to reach them while in the course I was then pursuing. What seemed worst of all, however, was that my shipmates could lie down, and as far as I could judge, sleep soundly and comfortably, while my mind was tortured with fears of death and hell. When they were sleeping in their watch below, I was weeping over my sins, and trying to pray. But alas! I could not pray. My mind, even in the midst of my tears, was filled with cursing and blasphemies. When engaged in ship's duty, my waking thoughts were occupied with other matters. But on going below to rest, I was again troubled about my soul. To quiet my conscience I again brought up my Bible from the bottom of my chest, where, by a sort of strange fatality, I was sure to find it when I needed its counsel. These frequent convictions set me upon trying to do something to make myself better. Like every poor sinner, when convicted of sin and danger, I wanted to purchase with good works what God has said every one must receive "without money and without price." I read in the word of God, "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." I therefore brought out my Prayer-book and committed to memory the one hundredth psalm.

I was very fond of singing songs. I now substituted in their stead this psalm, which I sang with tears in my eyes, and sorrow in my heart. But I did not thus make myself acceptable to God. My heart was like

adamant still. Finding no benefit from this mode of proceeding, I made new resolves to board at the Sailors' Home, on my return to Boston, thinking that if I lived with well dressed people I should be ashamed to act differently from them. In short, I desired to effect a change in my ways, yet could not let go the world. This too I found to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

On the ninth of January, 1841, the Lord brought me back safely to Boston. As soon as the vessel was fast alongside of the wharf, I took my chest over to the Sailors' Home, on Fort Hill. The Home looked as if it was too respectable a place for men like myself to live in, and it would have taken but little to have turned me away from the door. Yet here I was, by the mercy of God, in sight of port. I took courage, rang the bell, and waited the issue. The keeper, Captain Joshua Buffum, himself a converted sailor, opened the door. It was an unpretentious dwelling-house, and looked more home-like than anything I had seen for years. As soon as he appeared I apologized for coming to seek a home there, and thought I must at least give a reason for my presumption; so I said, "I would like to board here sir, if I could, and I will tell you why. I have boarded in rum-holes until my dunnage is gone, and my wages all spent in drunkenness and debaucheries. I have thought therefore that if I could get here I might escape these things and better my condition." He replied, "You are just the man we want. Walk in, sir."

"Sir?" I thought to myself; how long is it since I have had a handle to my name? Captain Buffum led me into the reading-room, and told me to sit there for a moment and he would show me my room. I

came to an anchor as close by the door as I could get, and began to reconnoitre. My first conclusion, after glancing around the room at the boarders, was, that I had no business there unless I could be as respectable in appearance. At that time I had not a jacket to my back. I had sold my last one in Savannah for rum—my only pants were split across the knee, and my wardrobe generally was of little worth. I made new resolutions. First, I would be a sober man, and secondly I would spend my money in procuring better clothing. Such resolutions were kept only until some one tempted me to break them. One resolve, to abstain from drink, I kept a whole hour—another, five days; but on the sixth day a woman urged me to take some cordial, and I had not the moral courage to say no. O, that women knew the power for good they might have over the mind of the sailor!

It may appear strange that I should so often determine to do good and avoid evil, and yet so often fail. The secret is not far to find. I did not see it then as I see it now. I visited the theatre, dance-house, circus and bar-rooms. I was continually in the whirlpool of temptation. If I was drawn into the vortex, would it have been a miracle? When I attempted to carry out my purpose of amendment, I became the butt of my companions, who jeered at my weak efforts. In fact I could not stand without divine assistance, and that I ignored. Breaking my resolutions from time to time, only left me weaker than before. I began to feel that it was useless to make any further attempts at reform, as it was but a system of lying, at best. Having reached this conclusion, my conscientious scruples were relaxed.

Instead of resisting the evil and seeking help from above, I simply squared away and ran before it. My insatiable thirst led me to break away from all barriers and restraints, and to resolve that resistance was useless. I must accept the inevitable, and never attempt to do good any more.

With this insane purpose, I made what seemed to me the final plunge into ruin. I became furious and reckless, roamed the streets on Saturday night like a madman, seeking for some dance-house where I could gratify my cravings for unnatural excitement. From such a place I reeled home after midnight, and on the Sabbath morning was out early to renew my debauch. But the liquor stores were closed until after church time, and as it was snowing hard, I went back to the Home, farther from God than ever before, as I supposed. But, O, the sovereign mercy of God! "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." "Truly his ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts," or he had left me to fill up the cup of wrath against the day of wrath. "God, who is rich in mercy," dealt not with me as I deserved. To me, the darkest hour had indeed come. But it was the dark that immediately precedes the dawn.

It will be remembered that I landed in Boston on the 9th of January. This Sabbath day was the 17th. With the exception of the Sabbath of the 10th, on which day I heard "Father Taylor" preach, and was pricked to the heart, because I could find in myself no witness for Christ, the interval had been spent in revellings and drunkenness. The theatre was preferred to the prayer meetings, and this Sabbath day found me as reckless

and impenitent as before. But O, the depth of mercy, boundless compassion, undying love! Christ sent his servant with another invitation.

Captain Buffum, at about ten o'clock, came into the reading-room and asked who would go to church with him. The men generally responded, rose, and went. I sat still, watching the snow-flakes beat against the window. After closing the door, and going out with the men, the captain came back again, and in a pleasant and kind tone, said to me, "Come along, Charlie." But as I have before me a letter from my friend of 1841—who is now a minister of the Gospel—under the date of January 8th, 1880, I will let him tell the story. He says:

"I was in Salem, my native place, some weeks ago, and had an opportunity to preach in the Bethel church. I related the circumstance of my early acquaintance with you, and what had grown out of it; and I spoke of a phase of that matter which has always impressed me very much, namely, the importance of what we call "trifles." But no events, however small, are trifles in the sight of God. Do you remember the auspicious day when you went, at my invitation, to church, and heard from the lips of the Rev. D. M. Lord, the words: 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways'? Well, if you remember, when I asked you to go church, you at first declined, and I went out, closing both doors behind me, and then of a sudden impulse, without one serious reflection, I went back, and said to you, 'Charlie, come along!' and up you got, and went with me to church. Now see! how much depended on that comparatively trivial circumstance of my going back to you a second time. Yet how much has grown out of it, and how many souls have been born to God through your ministrations for so many years, and all turning on that point that looked so small and inconsequential. Nothing is trifling to God. Out of the merest incident, God is able to bring, and often does bring forth stupendous re-

sults. This is and always has been an impressive lesson to me. I have often made use of it in my preaching."

I do remember that I consented rather reluctantly, adding, "I might as well go there as anywhere else, to pass the time away until noon."

So far, however, from simply passing the time away, the good Lord that day, taught me that the true value of time is to prepare for eternity. The text was from the prophecy of Haggai, i. 5: "Now therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Consider your ways." I heeded the sermon but little, until the speaker addressed sailors in particular. Then my eyes and ears and mouth were opened at once, as if the message was for me. So graphically was the perilous condition of the sinner described, and the danger of his ways, that the truth pierced my heart. The arrows of the Almighty drank up my spirit. Wounds were made that day for which I found no healing balm until Jesus brought comfort to my soul by his peace-speaking blood. When I felt the pains of hell get hold of me, I listened attentively for the remedy, and heard that the only way of peace was to give my heart and soul to Christ without reserve and without delay. I thought this was not necessary, and went in the afternoon and evening again, hoping to find some way in which I might be saved without so wholesale a concession. Why could I not serve God and be good without so absolute a surrender of the world? To give up all pleasure, I thought too great a sacrifice. My shipmates would laugh at the idea. I should be isolated, cut off from their companionship. All these objections were

set before me in their liveliest colors by the enemy of my soul.

In the evening, at the monthly concert of prayer, the pastor read letters from pious seamen who had been converted under his preaching. They affected me very much. I longed to feel as the writers expressed themselves as feeling. New sensations crowded in upon me. I was filled with a sense of my own absolute nothingness; I saw myself a lost soul, ruined, guilty, depraved. I had no words to describe my wickedness. I felt that there could be nothing for a rebel like me but the blackness of darkness forever. If anything was wanting to convince me of the long-suffering and forbearing mercy of the Lord toward my guilty soul, it was provided in the scene which followed the reading of the letters. I saw with surprise several well-dressed and respectable seamen rise, in different parts of the house, and declare their allegiance to the King of kings, and claim him as the Lord their righteousness. They told of the deliverance from hell and the grave through the merits of Jesus Christ their Redeemer. They spoke of joy arising from a sense of pardoned sin, and peace experienced under the sheltering wings of the Almighty.

Here new wonders burst upon my soul. I shrunk from myself. I wanted to look up, but I dared not. A mountain of sin crushed me down. A sailor pious? It could not be. How could he live in the fore-castle but as the result of a perpetual miracle? I loathed myself. The terrors of the violated law appalled me. I saw myself guilty, condemned, hell-deserving, and acknowledged the sentence that condemned me, just.

As soon as the services were over, I returned to the

Home and crept to my bed, almost in despair. I wanted to pray before retiring, but the fear of man proved a snare, and prevented me. Willingly would I have quieted my soul with promises for the future, but conscience reminded me of too many unfulfilled promises, too many vain resolutions, too many futile efforts, too many broken vows already ; and that promises for the future could not condone the past. I would have slept, but I could not. I tried to banish all thought of the past and future, but my convictions of sin set all peace and rest at defiance. In the darkness of that sleepless night, while suffering untold agonies of guilt, while the mountains of my sins towered upward to heaven, and hid God's face from me, the tempter came to goad my already burdened conscience by suggesting "You are too late now." O, how often before he had told me it was too soon to think of these things ! Now he tells me, "You are too late ; you have sinned away your day of grace, to pray is useless. You cannot be forgiven." All this I was only too well inclined to believe. I called to mind the proffered mercies neglected, the invitations of grace rejected, the prayer-meeting given up that I might enjoy the theatre : and I felt that all these things were against me. Yet notwithstanding all, I desired to serve God with all my heart, and I resolved to begin life with the new day.

I requested a friend to call me early in the morning, that I might be present at the family worship. He called me before daylight. I went down at once to the reading-room, and as I entered, noticed an open Bible upon the table and a lighted candle standing beside it. My first thought, as my eye fell on the open page,

was, "Perhaps some passage in that good book may bring peace to my soul." I walked up to it, and read these words: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." I burst into tears and felt truly it *is* hard. I turned to my friend, who had called me, and said, "I am in a fearful condition, and unless the same power that converted Saul, shall have mercy upon me, I am lost forever." He tried to comfort me by pointing to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." But my will was not yet fully subdued. The wound was not so deep, nor my case so desperate as to lead me to the great Physician.

I attended worship, and while Mr. Buffum was praying, I gave way to convulsive weeping. Fearing the men would notice me, and being ashamed of my weakness, I swallowed my breakfast and rushed out of the house, hoping that other scenes would bring some change of feeling, alleviate my pains, and quench the fires that were burning in my spirit. Just as well might I have striven to fly from myself and seek annihilation, as to fly from either the spirit or presence of God. After leaving the house I steered for the wharves and strolled about among the shipping, without any fixed purpose. I had not gone far when a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned to see who addressed me, and found it was one of the boarders of the Home. He said, "Charlie, what do you say for New Orleans?" I responded, "Anywhere, to get out of this." "Well," said he, "come along. The 'Birmingham,' a Bath ship, wants eight hands before the mast. Let us ship." I agreed—shipped, and went back to the Home for my dunnage.

On my way back I began to reflect on what I had done,

and to think of my poor dear mother. To me she represented "all hands" in the family fleet. *Mother* meant home, and all it contained. I had been away three years, and had seldom written. Home claims now presented themselves for recognition. So I sat down and wrote a long letter, in which I remember acknowledging that "the way of the transgressor is hard." I had a strong presentiment that I should be lost in that vessel. Yet I had no idea of leaving her, for I felt that I richly deserved all that the Lord could inflict. I resolved therefore that my mother should know what had become of me. While writing, my mind was racked with fears of death and judgment. I went into the office of the landlord and gave him the address of my mother, requesting him to inquire for my effects when the vessel reached New Orleans, and send them with my wages to her. So strongly was I convinced that the Lord would not spare me any longer.

He promised to comply with my request if I should not arrive with the ship. After eyeing me for a moment with apparent concern, he rose and left the office, beckoning me to follow him to another room. With mingled fear and shame, I accompanied him. I was afraid he had noticed my emotion, and I was ashamed of my own weakness; but I might well have laid both aside. He spoke to me very kindly, and asked me if I was not concerned for the salvation of my soul? I told him I was, and I listened while he described the misery of a soul cut off from Christ. I wept bitterly. I thought my very heart would break with grief when I saw myself in the condition of an unbeliever. I do not remember that I ever wept so convulsively before. I was a great sinner

in the presence of the angry Judge. The sword of justice seemed suspended over my head by a single hair. I was lost ! lost ! forever ! The thunders of Sinai seemed ready to burst on my devoted head. I believed and trembled.

But my friend was ready to apply a healing balm to my wounded spirit, and to point me to the Great Physician, who alone could relieve my distress. He told me of the forgiving love of Jesus, of his unwillingness that any should perish ; of his desire that all might partake of eternal life, and of the sacrifice he had made to secure the desired end. These truths, beautiful and comforting as they are, threw but a momentary gleam over my dark soul. He is a great Saviour, but can He save me ? I had sinned against light and knowledge. I was not ignorant, as many were. I knew the right, and had pursued the wrong all my life. Could He, would He save me ? O, the agony of that moment ! That gleam of light revealed me to myself as I had never seen myself before. It made the darkness of my life visible. It exposed my hidden corruptions. I shrank from myself—how much more would a holy God shrink from me ! I did not yet see any efficacy in the blood of Christ to wash out my stains. How could he forgive so vile a creature—a fit object for divine wrath ! I had slighted the sure mercies of God in Jesus Christ, and was now even only grasping for that which was forever beyond my reach. I had sinned against his most holy law for twenty-three years. Would he now condescend to return and love me freely ? Was his anger indeed turned away ? Yes !

My friend told me “ The blood of Jesus Christ cleans-

eth from all sin." Said he, "I sinned against God for thirty years and he forgave me. He is willing and ready to forgive you now." He told me, moreover, how he had carried Christ in the ship, and was enabled by his presence to endure the jeers and scoffs of ungodly ship-mates. His experiences inspired me with courage. A ray of hope at last dawned upon my soul. Perhaps he will accept my plea, perhaps will hear my prayer! O, how I would delight to serve such a Master, if he would only accept my poor services! If only I might sit at his feet!

Observing some indications of the change which was passing over my mind, my faithful friend urged upon me the necessity of making Christ my confidant, and telling him all my sorrows and sins. He exhorted me to seek counsel of him at all times, to open to him the secrets of my very soul, to seek wisdom from him in all things, whether temporal or eternal, to study the Scriptures, to drink from the sacred fount itself: assuring me that He, my Lord, would never leave me, nor forsake me. Before that conference broke up, I had secretly resolved to seek the Lord, and to strive to serve Him with all my heart. Had He not given Himself for me? Could I do less than give myself to him?

Instead of sailing, as we expected, on the afternoon of Monday, the "Birmingham," was delayed until the next day. As I was leaving the house on Tuesday morning to go on board my ship, I felt very sad, because I was now turning my back on Christian privileges and going forward into untried paths. I was resolved to live for God, come what would; and therefore accepted with gratitude some books given me by my good

brother Buffum. The Pilgrim's Progress I had a desire to read, and this he gave me, with a small volume called "The Christian's Daily Food." This last he begged me to read whenever I found an opportunity. "But above all," said he, "seek Christ, the sinner's friend — and take my advice, hoist your colors as soon as you go on board, and let your shipmates know that you intend to fight under his banner." He added, "Keep this little book in your bosom. You will find in it passages of scripture. When you have a spare moment, read some of them; they will help to keep your thoughts on God, and at the same time banish evil from your mind."

A few moments after receiving this counsel, I left the house to go on board, with a bundle of clothing under my arm, and a pair of sea-boots in my hand. But, when only a few yards from the door, I dropped my bundle and boots and ran back to ask the friends I was leaving, to pray for me when they met at evening prayer-meetings, that I might prove faithful to my new Master, that I might be a bright and shining light to my shipmates, and be finally saved through Christ my Redeemer. I felt I was leaving my home. Had it not been a sailor's home indeed to my soul? Was it not my birth place unto righteousness? I went away encouraged by the promises of a good brother to hold me up in their prayers. In about twenty minutes I was on board my ship and ready for duty. The crew were ordered to get breakfast, and I went below with them, thinking it was better to begin my Master's work at once, and let them know I was on the Lord's side, instead of leaving it until the ship was out at sea.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION AND COLLEGE LIFE.

The Bible in the fore-castle—My ensign a-peak—My eyes opened—Consecration to Christ—Man overboard—Prayer at the topmast-head—Trials and conflicts—Missionary effort—In the army of the Lord—Schooner "Roanoke"—Ship to pray—Santa Cruz—Christian sailors a curiosity—First idea of the ministry—The way open—Joy unspeakable—Schooner's crew—Rum jug—New experience—Wicked resolutions—Fatal result—Sole survivor—Brig "Delight"—Happy change—Under care of Presbytery—Student life—College prayer-meetings.

AS soon as I had shifted my dunnage and put my bunk in order, I took from my chest my long-neglected and long-buried Bible, determined that it should be no more an unread book. I sat on my chest and began at the first chapter of Genesis, reading to myself, but by no means unnoticed. I need not say here that I was laughed at for so singular an act. The very fact of my possessing a Bible was sufficient to bring upon me the contempt of the silly and godless ones; but to dare to read it in the presence of such men, and in the fore-castle, too! was to expose myself to their derision. But, blessed be God! the day in which a blaspheming ship-mate could drive me from the word of God, had already passed away. I felt that their opposition would not hurt me, while the living God was my friend. I was

now identified fully with his cause and knew what I was to expect.

I asked divine help in that crisis, for it was a crisis in my life, on which depended my all for time and eternity. If I should be driven from my ground now, I need never expect to recover it again in that ship. I did not wait long for the first broadside from the enemy. But my own guns were now run out, and trained, and my Great Captain was by to give courage and precision.

I will state here, for the better understanding of the position, that, with the exception of one man (he who had put his hand on my shoulder and proposed my shipping with him), the entire crew were strangers to me. We therefore knew nothing of the weight or range of each other's metal. The first acts on both sides were necessarily tentative. The first fire was evidently intended to draw mine. It was well aimed, but fell a little short of its purpose. I heard the whistle of the shot across my bows, and it said, "Helloa: are you religious?" The accent on the last word was such as to show that the question was not altogether friendly. It conveyed a slight tone of bitterness, but it brought my ensign to the peak. I replied with blank cartridge, having only the kindness and pity of the Master in my heart, and desirous of avoiding pain. "No," said I, "I am not religious, but—(without a pause)—by the grace of God I mean to be a Christian. I have served the devil for twenty-three years, and found him a hard master. I fought 'long and well' for him, with a zeal worthy of a better cause. Now I mean to serve God, if he will be my helper." My shipmates smiled derisively, as though in doubt as to my stability or strength of purpose, and

said, "O, that is all right if you can stick to it." I replied, "God helping me, here's stick to it!"

Shortly after this conversation we were all engaged in clearing up the decks and getting ready for sea. I had coiled up the running gear on the quarter-deck, and was for a moment unoccupied. I thought of my little book, "Daily Food," and took it out of my shirt bosom to read a passage. On finding the pages marked with the days of the month, I turned back to see what portion was selected for that day, the 19th of January, and found these words: surely they were written for me: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (1 John ii. 1, 2). Beneath the scripture were these lines:

" He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt a Father's grace."

Here my eyes were opened. A mystery was explained. I had been doubting a Father's grace, and had been pleading my own cause, instead of putting my soul fully into the hands of the great Advocate. I saw myself guilty of two evils, and resolved to avoid them hereafter. I went immediately forward. The time for the one consecrating act of my life was now come. Passing down into the between decks I crawled in among some bales of cargo, knelt down on the deck, leaning my head against one of the stanchions just abaft the fore-castle bulkhead, and gave myself to Jesus; saying, "O Lord Jesus, I am a great sinner; and if I must perish, as I de-

serve to perish, let me perish where no man ever did perish, at the foot of the cross, pleading for mercy."

At the close of this prayer there came over me a sweet feeling of confidence. I had no great joy, but a feeling of relief from past anxieties, somewhat as a captain who has been on a dangerous coast and without sleep for two or three nights, resigns his vessel into the hands of the pilot, and goes below, with a sense of security not felt before. I arose from my knees and resumed my duty with more hopefulness than ever I had felt before. I could now realize the meaning of the words of the hymn,

" 'Tis done—the great transaction 's done ;
I am the Lord's and he is mine."

There was a sweet comfort in the assurance. I breathed more freely, believing now fully, that God would, for Christ's sake, have mercy on my sin-polluted and heavily burdened soul. Now that the great God had smiled upon me, I determined to serve him with all the energies of my soul, or perish in trying. I embraced every opportunity I could get, without neglecting my duty, to go to my Bethel and pour out my soul to God for his guidance and support. We left the wharf about eleven, A. M., and with a strong north-wester, by night we were well clear of the land. The watches were chosen and set. I fell to the chief mate. While walking the deck with my watchmates, I found their conversation was such as I could now take no part in. I broached the subject of religion, and was told for my encouragement that I should surely become a hypocrite. While I could not accept their conclusions, I nevertheless had some fears lest there might be truth in their pre-

dictions. I knew there was but one who could save me from such a result, and I clung to Him with increasing fervor.

Two days after leaving port, we lost a man overboard. I went aloft to try to keep him in view if possible, while the boat was pulling after him. But he was not to be seen; and my eyes were so blinded with tears that I could scarce see at all. I then and there, at the mizzen-topmast head, cried aloud unto God, fearing that I might be the next, and praying that if he should please to take me in that way, he would prepare me for a dwelling at his right hand. I now made away with all cards, dice, novels, song-books, dream-books, and intoxicating drinks, and prayed that the temptations to either of them might be kept from me. My soul yearned for the souls of my shipmates, and I turned my attention to their instruction in divine things. I longed for their conversion; I plead with them, and they persecuted me.

One of the crew only paid any attention. He promised to abandon his sins, and live for the Saviour. We were to travel together heavenward. We prayed together. But scarcely had we turned our backs on the "City of Destruction," when he fell into the "Slough of Despond," and in his eagerness to return, came very near ruining me. But by the grace of God I pushed on alone. I warned him of his backsliding, and he declared that he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and therefore it was impossible for him to be saved. I continued, however, to do what I could in my weakness. I gathered my shipmates on the Sabbath, in the forecastle, and read to them tracts and good books. Some of them listened attentively and reverently, and some cursed me for read-

ing what they called "Christ-killing tracts," expressing the fear that the ship would be carried to heaven in a hurry. The good ship, however, sped on her course, keeping to her watery way notwithstanding, while each day brought new cursings and slanderings on account of my religion. When reading my Bible, some would come and sit beside me and sing ribald songs, or relate some obscene story, to draw me away from the Word of God.

In order to study the Word in peace, I resorted to an original mode of keeping the precious truth before me, while they were off their guard. I wrote with the point of my knife, passages of Scripture from the Psalms, all over my tin pot, and plate, and spoon, and so was enabled to feed body and soul at the same time. We were forty-four days on the passage, and before reaching New Orleans I had several severe trials and conflicts to pass through; but by the covenant love of my Saviour, I was brought out of them all, more than conqueror, through "Him that loved me and gave Himself for me." My firmness in the right, and my steady devotion to my duty, gained for me the friendship of the entire crew and officers; so that when the vessel was discharged and I was about to leave her, they all expressed their reluctance in parting with me, and even those who had been most inimical to my Christian efforts, bade me God speed.

In New Orleans I found many of the dear people of God, who proffered the hand of Christian fellowship, and who gave me such assistance on my heavenly way, as I at that time so much needed. After leaving the ship I took up my abode at the Sailors' Home. In my intercourse with the people of God here, I gained strength, and had new

experiences of the value and preciousness of my new treasure. Here I was encouraged to take part in the public services of religion, and to open my mouth for the Lord. Here too, I met with some who have been fast friends and faithful brethren in the Lord ever since. I found here, also, many opportunities of doing good, going from ship to ship, with tracts, and speaking with men I met in the streets and on the levee. I have reason to know that some of the precious seed here sown brought forth plentifully after many years. My initial experience in this city and some of the lessons I here learned, have not been without their salutary effect on my after life. I became acquainted here with two pious seamen, with whom, after rolling cotton on the levee for a time, I shipped in the ship "Cumberland," of Boston, bound to Philadelphia. We had been on board but a few days before the Lord brought one of our shipmates to himself in penitence and faith. He afterwards, with myself, became a part of the schooner's crew, mentioned elsewhere.

On board of this vessel we held meetings regularly in the house on deck, every morning and evening, and prayer-meetings on Thursday and Sabbath evenings, at which officers and passengers attended, as well as the crew. As a result of these services the second mate was converted, and has been up to this day a devoted Christian, and a useful man in the M. E. Church.

On the 16th of May we reached Philadelphia, where we were received with open arms and full hearts by the Rev. Orson Douglass and his church members. On the 23d of May, three of my shipmates and myself entered into a covenant with the Lord by uniting with the "Eastburn Mariners' Church." Here I assumed for my-

self the vows made for me by my parents at my baptism, viz., "to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Here too I sat down for the first time, at the table of the Lord. It was a season of great joy to my soul. "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." I was now enrolled in the army of the Lord, henceforth to be recognized openly as one of his devoted servants and followers. A blessed work was inaugurated here by our pastor, Rev. O. Douglass; a work in which we all took part, namely, open-air preaching, and addresses from ships, at the wharves. Large numbers of people heard the Word, and not a few were converted and saved. I also addressed the seamen of the Navy in the U. S. Receiving Ship, by invitation. Some of these men were anxious about their souls' salvation. Our pastor set us all at work, and as the interest spread we were invited to visit the churches of the city, and speak in behalf of the moral interests of our brethren of the sea. By these means an impetus was given to the seamen's cause in Philadelphia, which is operative to this day.

On the 2nd of June, I shipped, together with four others of the Cumberland's crew, on board the schooner "Roanoke," bound for Santa Cruz. The peculiar feature of this transaction was that we shipped to pray. Two of the men before the mast and myself were church-members. The other two agreed with us to meet daily, morning and evening, to ask God's blessing upon our vessel and crew. On that voyage there was neither cursing nor rum-drinking in the fore-castle. I cannot say as much for the other end of her. The cap-

tain and mate would occasionally give way to a burst of profanity. The captain having one day ripped out an oath, turned to the Christian sailor at the wheel, and apologizing for having offended his ears with blasphemy, said, "John, I have been enabled to knock off swearing some since you men came on board, and I hope to be entirely cured of it before you leave me." As soon as we came to an anchor in Santa Cruz, I sought out the church and found many of the friends of Christ, who, on learning that there were other Christian seamen on board, requested me to bring my shipmates ashore. I saw then that the Christian sailor was sought rather than shunned, and I longed for the day when the sons of the sea shall be known in all lands as the sons of God.

One of the planters, a Mr. Stevenson, sent his carriage to bring us to his house, and invited us to address his slaves. He had converted his still-house into a school-room, banished rum from the premises, and had given his hundred servants Saturday to themselves, in order to dispose of their produce, so that they might keep the Sabbath sacred to God. On reaching the plantation, on the north side of the island, we found in the planter and his wife two devoted Christians. After taking tea with them, we were led into a school-room, where the servants were gathered in a Bible class. By the answers they gave to questions proposed to them, they gave evidence of an acquaintance with the scripture that was creditable to themselves as well as to their master. We each addressed them, and exhorted them to live for Christ and try to meet us in heaven. They were much affected by our visit.

It was while we were lying at Santa Cruz that I was

first led to think of becoming a minister of the gospel. I was enjoying a season of private devotion, when the suggestion first entered my mind; but I was afraid to entertain it even for a moment, lest it should have sprung from pride or self-esteem. But whatever might hereafter appear to be duty, it seemed evident that I could not indulge the hope, because I was without the necessary means. Having squandered my money in riotous living, how could I expect to devote myself to so important and sacred a work? Besides, I had no adequate intellectual fitness; in short, the office was too high for any aspiration of mine. Taking this view of the situation, I prayed the Lord that if the thought was not from him he would strangle it in its birth. On the other hand, if he had suggested it, I would humbly look to him to provide the means. At all events I resolved that I would neither seek it nor shun it; but that I would offer special prayers for guidance and direction in the matter.

During one of those devotional seasons, while pleading for divine aid, I was wonderfully overcome with a sense of the abundant mercy of God to me, unworthy as I was, and had such a realizing sense of the divine presence filling me, and absorbing my whole soul, that on rising from my knees I felt assured that I should one day stand between the living and the dead, and proclaim the glad news of salvation to a lost and ruined world, through Jesus Christ the Lord. I continued in special prayer for the divine guidance all the passage home to Philadelphia. Immediately on our arrival, and before the vessel had come to her wharf, I went ashore with the captain, ran up to the Sailors' Home to announce our arrival, and thence to pay my respects to my pastor at his house. I

had not been there more than twenty minutes before sufficient was said to indicate to me that the way was prepared for me to enter upon a course of study, with a view to the holy ministry. Although I had not opened my mouth to a soul on the subject, I learned afterwards, that while I was at sea, the Holy Spirit had suggested to my pastor ashore the same thoughts that had occupied my own mind. He had communicated his plans to some of the friends of seamen in the city, especially to the lady managers of the Female Seamen's Friend Society, and they had assured him that they would contribute to the expense of my education if I should enter upon the work.

I need not say how intensely my soul was filled with thanksgiving when the glad news was communicated, nor with what eagerness I anticipated the hitherto unexpected privilege of consecrating myself, spirit, soul and body, to the work of the holy ministry. I was in an ecstasy of joy. My cup was running over. Now then, farewell, a long farewell to my foster-mother—the sea! Many, many times I had sat on the windlass end in my night watches at sea, and sung

“Death, whenever he comes to me,
Must come on—must come on
The wide and open sea.”

Now, however, all my unsanctified purposes were overturned. I had been “bought with a price.” My duty and my pleasure were now to glorify God in my body and in my spirit, which are his. Rapturous thought! What language can adequately express it? I—for years a poor outcast, a mere waif on life's ocean, drifting

with the current of worldliness, driven by the strong winds of passion, a drunken blasphemer, a child of sin! Yet now, not only a son of God, a joint heir with Christ to the heavenly inheritance hereafter, a prince of the King of the kings of the earth, but, marvel of marvels! on my way to an appointment to the exalted office of an ambassador for Christ! His representative, to be commissioned to persuade men, in His stead, to be reconciled to God. My wildest imaginings had scarcely dared to soar so high. Yet already was the goal in sight!

As I have spoken so fully of myself, it may be well, before leaving this part of my subject, to say a word concerning the future of my shipmates, who, together with myself, composed the crew of the schooner "Roanoke." The captain and mate I lost the run of after entering upon my studies. But of the foremast men, I may say, one of the unconverted died shortly after I left her. Of the two professors in the forecastle, one went to Havre, in France, and while there engaged as sexton of the American Chapel for seamen, under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. N. Sawtell. He has been doing missionary work among sailors as colporteur and tract distributor for something over thirty-five years. The other, after making a few voyages and rising to the position of chief officer, left the sea, married, and was employed as city missionary, under the auspices of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia. He afterwards became keeper of the Sailors' Home in Front Street, where he and his good wife did much faithful missionary work for years. Subsequently, failing in health, he purchased a farm, and moved into the north-

eastern extremity of Pennsylvania. Here he cleared a tract of woodland, and built himself a home. Looking round for avenues of usefulness, he organized a Sabbath-school, which under his fostering care, grew into a Presbyterian church, of which he became an elder. Through his faithful labors, a large portion of the community were brought under the influence of religion. After some years, his yearnings for the sailor brought him once more to the seaboard. In New York he took charge of the Sailors' Home, became a member of the Mariners' Church, under my care, and did efficient work among his brethren of the sea. He is, at this writing, a successful manufacturer in the city of New York, and contributes with a true sailor's liberality of his substance to the cause of Christian benevolence. The fourth, who, when I left the "Roanoke," was yet "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity," found his way into the church after a very bitter experience. But I will let him tell it in his own way. In a letter to me, dated January, 1858, he says :

"Dear old ship ! Nearly eighteen years have glided by since you and I were sailors before the mast in the ship "Cumberland," at New Orleans, bound for Philadelphia. I well remember the day when I went on board that ship, and how I introduced myself by opening my rum-jug, and asking all hands to drink. But only one man could be found, to help me. I have never forgotten the moral courage you displayed when I offered it to you, and the rest of the crew, who were all sober. When I began to swear, and give expression to my indignation, you calmly reprov'd me. I was angry at the time, but the lesson I never forgot. At that time I did not believe that there was a man going to sea, who did not drink liquor and get drunk sometimes. As for religion, I did not know anything about that at all. I

never heard of the new birth. I never saw a Christian sailor, never was inside a sailors' home, before that voyage. But I bless God to-day that I ever was a sailor. Especially do I thank God that I ever went on board that old ship, where I found the first religious sailor I ever saw. Under God, I owe my all to the man I am now writing to, and from whom I received the first admonition and invitation to come to Christ. O, my brother, where will our influence end? We have to do with the men whose home is on the deep; who, when converted, do not become a terror to the missionary in foreign lands, but aid him in building up the kingdom of Christ. It must break the heart of the man of God, who has labored for years among the heathen, to have an ungodly ship's company, of so-called Christian sailors, come on shore on the Lord's day, and by their drunken orgies destroy the effect of his life work for their good. If on the other hand the seamen are converted, we shall have missionaries indeed.

“But to return. You know that we had a long and tedious passage from New Orleans to Philadelphia, and that through your persuasion, I was induced to ship again with you, and a portion of the same crew, for the West Indies. During that period of two months I was the most miserable of men. Three-fifths of the crew were religious. Their daily service made me truly unhappy. I wished, a thousand times the voyage at an end, and myself clear of what I called a dead-and-alive set of men, though they were really the very best men I ever sailed with. But their good example was a standing reproof of my own life. That experience proves to me that if a sinner were placed in heaven with his sins unrepented of, he would be miserable in the extreme. On our return from the West Indies, I made a very wicked resolution and carried it into effect. I resolved to ship in the first vessel that offered, and go anywhere, to get rid of religion and praying sailors. We returned to Philadelphia in August, and I shipped on the day we arrived in the brig “Oglethorpe,” for Savannah. I remember that you entreated me like a brother, not to go, as it was the sickly season there. I excused myself by saying

I never had been sick, and therefore had no apprehensions. The real reason however was, I wished to avoid religious seamen, and get among men of my own way of thinking. God, however, arrested me in my mad career. I was taken with the yellow fever, as we were going out of Savannah. Three of the crew were already down with it, and so bad that they were compelled to keep their berths. When we sailed, being short-handed, we gave a "beach-comber," as the sailors called him, a passage. It was well we did so, for he and I were the only two of the crew that could do a hand's turn. Off Tybee Light, we sent down the royal yards, the mate going up to the main, and I to the foretop-gallant mast-head, but as there was no one on deck to hoist or lower away, we had a hard time of it. I was seized while aloft with violent pains in the neck and back, which so weakened me that I thought that royal-yard and I must come down by the run together. I reached the deck however, with great difficulty, and was compelled to sit down on the coamings of the hatch; but I felt determined not to give up. Yet I soon became so helpless that I had to be carried below.

"For several nights the fever raged so fiercely that I was out of my mind. The Spirit of the Lord seemed however to be pleading with me. I have a distinct idea of a dialogue being carried on between myself and some unseen personage. I was questioned very closely, whether I would give up my sins if I were permitted to live? I responded, honestly as I believed, that I had not done any great sin. But that did not appear satisfactory to the unseen, so the question was repeated. I found a direct answer was necessary, and I gave it, rather reluctantly, admitting at the same time that I was not as bad as some others. This finished the colloquy for the time, and I made a desperate effort to get on deck, and do something, fearing lest we should catch the line gale, and lose the vessel.

"I was the best of the four, but I could not walk alone. The captain was very angry that we could not work the ship. We managed however to get into Norfolk. One man, the "beach-

comber," had died and been buried at sea. The rest of us were taken ashore to the hospital. Here two more died. After a week, I resolved to make an effort to get to Philadelphia. The only survivor of the crew besides myself and the cook, was then dying, and went to his account.

"The cook and I left Norfolk together, and arrived safely in Philadelphia. After seven weeks the cook died, and your humble servant was the only living remnant of that hapless crew.

"My old shipmates found me a living skeleton—a perfect wreck of my former self. But they found me more ready to listen to reason than before. I have often asked God why I was spared alone, of that brig's crew? I, who had despised so many privileges? After resting a few weeks, another rare chance was offered me. I shipped with a pious captain in the brig "Delight," accompanied by some of my former shipmates. During fifteen months in her I did not hear a man swear. It was on board that vessel, far out at sea, away from churches and ministers, that I was led to see my error, and to obtain the knowledge of God, as he is manifested in Jesus Christ. This shows that God is not confined to temples made with hands, and that whenever or wherever he is sought, on the sea or on the land, if called upon sincerely and in truth, he will reveal himself to the soul that seeks him.

"I have often heard it said, and so have you, that a sailor cannot serve God at sea. This does not correspond with my experience. I am sure that they who make this statement have never fairly tried it. I have enjoyed the real comforts of religion at sea more than I ever did on land, and I feel encouraged today, and am assured that Christ's is the only way. I am resolved, by His grace, still to steer for the beacon on Mount Calvary. We may be forced by an adverse wind to work tack and half-tack to windward, and sometimes under stress of weather to heave her to. But I mean to keep her close at it until I fetch in between the headlands of hope, and bring up forever, safe moored in the haven of eternal life."

The writer of the above subsequently shipped in the

revenue cutter "Legare," for the purpose of laboring for Christ, and was greatly blessed in his efforts. Having served out his time, he returned home, married a wife, bought a farm and settled down for life. But he, like the rest of his shipmates of the schooner, could not content himself away from the seaboard. He therefore returned to Philadelphia, was appointed superintendent of the Sailors' Home, became a shipping-master, an officer in the Mariners' Church, and labored long among his former companions of the sea. He still lives (in 1884), to work and worship among that class of men, in the midst of whom his eyes were first opened to the light of spiritual life, which is eternal.

As a fitting sequel I here state a pleasing fact in connection with the visit of my brethren and myself to the island of Santa Cruz. In May, 1847, while laboring in New London, I was invited to make an address at the anniversary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. After the address, and as I returned to my seat, a gentleman came upon the platform, and told me that a lady in the audience wished to speak to me. On reaching her side, she introduced me to a young gentleman who had that day arrived from Santa Cruz. I found in him, a young man, who at the time of our visit, in 1841, was a teacher to Mr. Stevenson's slaves. He said to me, "I wished to see you, as I recognized in you one of the crew of the "Roanoke." All you have stated concerning the effect of your visit at our island is true. I can substantiate every word and more. I can tell you, what you do not know, that since you left several of the slaves have been converted as the result of your visit, and and some of

them have fallen asleep in the arms of Jesus, with a bright hope of a joyful resurrection. One boy, only twelve years of age, was converted and became the instrument, in God's hands, of the conversion of his father from Popery."

He further stated, that he, himself, had been converted, and was now on his way to Nashotah, Wisconsin, to enter upon a course of study for the ministry. I am happy to say that this gentleman still lives, and though he never entered the ministry, he has given his life to Christian work, as a layman, and for the last twenty years has been superintendent of a Sabbath-school. In a letter to me, in 1881, I learn that he is still engaged in special labors for the salvation of the young.

The belief that I was called of God to preach the Gospel which had saved me, being firmly fixed in my mind, so much so, that I felt a woe would follow if I did not obey the call, I determined to study for the ministry. My pastor applied to the Presbytery of Philadelphia to take me under its care with a view of entering upon studies preparatory thereto, and to recommend me to the Board of Education, as one of its beneficiaries. At the meeting of the Presbytery at which I was to be presented for examination, there was, as I subsequently learned, a doubt in some minds as to the propriety of taking a sailor under its care for the responsible duties of the ministry. Some said to my pastor, "What does this sailor know about the matter?" He replied, "Good brethren, the candidate will come before you, and you can satisfy your own minds on that point."

This will account for the course pursued on that occasion. The moderator appointed that venerable man, Dr.

Ashbel Green, to conduct the examination, who, instead of asking me questions as to my religious experience, and call to the ministry, said to me, "Mr. Jones, be kind enough to take the platform, and tell these brethren why you desire to be a minister, and why you think you are called of God to enter upon so solemn and important a work."

This gave me an opportunity of telling the whole story of my eventful life, and recounting the dealings of Divine Providence with me, from the beginning. When I had finished my narrative, which was listened to with tearful attention, Dr. Green said, "You have answered all the questions which I had intended to ask. The Presbytery have now an opportunity to ask the candidate any questions they may deem necessary." Two questions only, were asked; one was, as to the particular field of labor I had in view? To this I replied, that there were two fields which presented themselves. The first was to preach the Gospel to sailors. My heart went after the men who go down into the deep, and do business in great waters. The second was to go as a missionary to India, as my knowledge of the Bengalese, picked up in my frequent intercourse with Bengal sailors, was such that I felt I could soon acquire the language sufficiently well to enable me to preach in the popular dialect without the tedious process of learning the language grammatically. But I was ready for any field God in his providence should assign me. Dr. John McDowell, then asked me if I had ever read the life of John Newton; and on my replying that I had not, he urged me to procure the book and read it, as there were many features in my life which bore a striking resemblance to his.

I was then requested to withdraw a few minutes. Shortly after my pastor came out and told me I was accepted, and would be recommended to the Board of Education. I thanked God, and re-consecrated myself to his service.

Near the close of September, 1841, at the age of twenty-three, I entered the academy of Mr. Joseph P. Engles, in Philadelphia, and for the first time in my life was made acquainted with the mysteries of the English grammar, geography, arithmetic and history. In connection with these studies, I also recited in the Greek and Latin grammars. In the June following I was transferred to the Model School of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. Here I was prepared for College, and in eleven months from the time of entering the Academy I passed my examination and entered the Freshman Class. As soon as I had taken possession of my room in college, I established a Saturday evening prayer-meeting, which students were invited to attend. That meeting was continued during term time, until our class graduated, 1846. Many precious souls were stimulated and comforted. Some were hopefully converted there who have since entered into their rest. One of those converts was for many years a Rev. Professor of Greek Literature, in one of our colleges. He died recently in triumph of faith.

I also served in teaching a class in a Sabbath-school, some two years from college. Subsequently I became its superintendent, and am not without assurance that good was done to souls with inquiringness of Christ on the effort. During my stay with me, I was often hard up for means to purchase Professor Williams' *Principles of Life*. The seven-

me annually from the Board of
 ty-five dollars a year. But it was necessary to
 Education was a help. In this direction I
 supplement it from various sources. In this direction I
 was materially aided by Mrs. Maria, who supplied me
 men's Friend Society of Philadelphia, who supplied me
 from time to time with new articles of clothing.
 Among these I would mention Mrs. and Miss
 Mrs. Sarah A. Potts, Mrs. John and Mrs. and Miss
 Caroline Tate, all of whom have been to their reward.
 I replenished my finances some by lecturing on
 Biblical History and Biography, and also taught
 subjects by the aid of a magic lantern. I spent my
 school in the first term of the junior year. In Sep-
 vacations in missionary work and on occasion wrote
 tember of 1846, I graduated, and on that occasion wrote
 and delivered a poem, of which the subject was the sub-
 ject. I then bade a long farewell to the scenes and
 college life, in order to ascend the plane of theo-
 logical study.

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CHAPTER IV.

THEOLOGICAL COURSE AND FIRST MINISTRY.

Theological seminary—Prayer-meeting—Revival—Presbyterian Church—A reminiscence—Among the whalemén—Revival in Monmouth County, N. J.—Large ingathering—One convert a missionary to seamen—Licensed to preach—Vacation work—Call to St. Louis—Taken in tow—Introduction to boatmen. Sabbath desecration—Work interfered with by fire—On a collecting tour—Death of wife—Boys' meeting—Ordained an Evangelist—First boatmen's church organized—Dedication of new church—Doom of an infidel—Call to New York—Affectionate farewell—Public approval—Gathered results—Two converts enter the ministry—Their impressions—Voluntary efforts—Co-workers with Christ—Testimony of a Christian merchant.

AT the close of my collegiate course, I removed to Princeton, N. J., and on the 27th of August entered the Theological Seminary. I found my studies here somewhat more congenial than the classics, as they bore more directly on the work of the ministry. In October of that year I established a prayer-meeting in a private house in the lower part of the town. But, as it grew in numbers and importance, it became necessary to remove to a larger place. A school-room in the neighborhood was offered for the purpose, and it too was often crowded to repletion with inquiring souls. Other students became associated with me, and took their part in the labor of love. Professor William H. Green also became

deeply interested in it, and often came and preached the Word to us. This blessed work continued to live and grow during all my Seminary course, and resulted in the conversion of precious souls. Many of these subsequently united with a colony from the First Church to organize a new enterprise, which is now the Second Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Some thirty souls, at least, were hopefully converted by the joint efforts put forth. Some others moved to Virginia, and maintained their Christian life and consistency during all the dark and troublous days of the civil war. How many more were benefitted, eternity along will reveal.

It may not be out of place in this connection to insert an extract from a letter recently received from Professor W. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., containing a reminiscence of that work. He says:

“I have always felt an admiration for your Christian zeal, manifested in seizing every opportunity, during your course of study in the Seminary, to labor for the spiritual good of all whom you could reach and benefit; and here express my sense of the great value and lasting consequences of the meetings which you conducted in the lower part of Princeton. The awakening, which, under the Divine blessing, followed your earnest and faithful labors, laid the foundation of the Second Presbyterian Church in this place, of which I have always considered you the spiritual father, and this church is a standing monument of your pious zeal in the Master’s cause. It carries with it a most important admonition to do with our might whatever our hands find to do, and an assurance that our blessed Lord will not let humble and sincere endeavors to spread His kingdom, fall to the ground.”

During the three years I spent in Princeton, I devoted all my spare time to efforts for the salvation of others.

To this end I went into the outlying towns and villages, making temperance addresses, preaching in an informal way, and doing good generally as I found opportunity. I had a two-fold object in view in following this course. I was desirous of glorifying my Saviour by bringing sinners to His feet, and cultivating my own powers at the same time.

At the close of March, 1847, I received a letter stating that the people of New London, Conn., were expecting a large fleet of whale ships in port during the summer, the crews of which would number from nine hundred to one thousand souls. To meet the spiritual wants of these men, to point them to Christ, and seek the salvation of their souls, I was invited to minister to them as a lay chaplain, and made an engagement for three months, under the auspices of the Female Seamen's Friend Society, a noble band of self-denying and benevolent women, of whom Mrs. Commodore Rogers was the honored First Directress. Entering upon my work in the latter part of April, I visited ships and boarding-houses, distributed the Word of God, scattered tracts, preached on board vessels and in the various churches, and in every other way, by personal appeal and public address, labored for their salvation whenever and wherever I could get access to them. Some of the fruit of this effort was visible at the time, though much less than I desired. The Divine seed, however, went forth on the wings of the wind to the whaling grounds of the South Seas, and to other parts of the world, whither the out-going vessels were bound. Some of the living bread thus cast upon the waters was found after many days. Before I left New

London, almost every man to whom I brought the Gospel had shipped and sailed again.

While on a visit to that place, in 1849, I learned from a captain that several of those whalemens had, on their return, connected themselves with evangelical churches in New Bedford, in parts of Maine, and elsewhere, who stated that their "convictions of the truth were the result of sermons preached by the Rev. Chas. J. Jones in the old Methodist church of New London, in 1847." I learned also, that there was a degree of seriousness on board of the ship *Julius Cæsar*, from the time she left port, in 1847, until her return; that religious worship had been observed daily, and that some of her men had united with the church.

I returned to Princeton in the fall, and during the winter of 1847-8, our prayer-meetings were resumed with blessed results. In March, 1848, while we were rejoicing over the gracious in-gathering, Rev. L. H. Van Doren, of the old Tennent Church in Monmouth county, New Jersey, being in the midst of a precious revival, came to the Seminary for help. Two of the brethren and myself, at his invitation, accompanied him home. On reaching the neighborhood we found the people everywhere hungering and thirsting for the Word. After a week of hard work, I returned to my studies. We heard subsequently, that in addition to nearly three hundred converts who joined Mr. Van Doren's church, the congregation at Freehold was increased by over fifty members. At Hightstown the Baptists received one hundred and two. At Cranberry, fifteen were added, and at Spottswood as many more.

One result of that blessed revival ought to be mentioned

here, because it is associated so closely with the work among seamen at the present day. On an evening in which I preached at one of the school-houses, a farmer of some wealth was converted, and became at once a worker in the gospel field. After eleven years of faithful service for Christ in his own neighborhood, he sold his farm, came to the city of New York, and while engaged in business has thrown himself with all the ardor of his new love into missionary work among seamen, where he continues to labor with unabated vigor and zeal unto this day. Thus, in addition to the souls actually born into the kingdom by that initial effort, an impetus to labor for others was given, which has lost none of its original potency in a period of over thirty-five years. Who could have anticipated that the preaching of a converted sailor, in a country school-house, far away from the seaboard, would have ultimated in a faithful, voluntary and self-supporting effort at soul-seeking along the wharves, and among the ships and sailors of New York city for a period of twenty years! Yet so it is, and the end is not yet. Well may we exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "Verily He sendeth by whom He will send."

On the fifth of April, 1848, after the usual examination, the Presbytery of Philadelphia licensed me to preach the gospel of Christ. Blessed privilege! Great responsibility! "O that God may enable me to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ to lost souls!" was my heartfelt prayer that day.

The vacation of 1848 was spent in travelling through the State of Pennsylvania as an agent of the Philadelphia Seamen's Friend Society, collecting funds and endeavoring to awaken an interest in the spiritual welfare of sailors.

In the spring of 1849 I was called to take charge of an enterprise for improving the moral and religious condition of the boatmen of the Mississippi. Being excused from attending the closing exercises of the seminary, I married in Philadelphia, on the 9th day of April of that year, Miss Martha Baker, to whom I had been betrothed for eight years—she having generously waited for me that I might not be obstructed in my studies. We reached St. Louis, the field of my labors, on the 22nd of April. My movements were thus accelerated, that I might be present at the opening of the spring navigation on the western waters.

A few days only were required to find a place of abode, and on the 2d of May I entered fully upon my life-work, under very favorable auspices, as far as the object of my charge was concerned. I was taken in tow by one of the oldest boatmen on the Mississippi, who boasted of having been afloat on the river ever since his childhood. He had poled up against the stream in the days of keel-boats. He was full of reminiscences and anecdotes of those earlier days, and regaled me with a graphic description of the passage of the first steamboat on the river, and the exciting scenes that were witnessed on the way. He assumed the prerogative of introducing me to the officers of the boats. His introductions were rather unique in their method, but most hearty in their sincere good will. One will suffice. It ran like this: "Here, captain, I want you to be acquainted with our little minister. He is none of your fellows with their white chokers, that you can't touch with a forty foot pole. He'll come along and take you by the hand and say a good word, and pass on, if you are in a hurry. He is a sailor, he is; and knows

when to speak. If he sees you are engaged, he will not interrupt you, but will see you another time. I want you to know him, and just give him a kind word, d'ye see? to encourage him. You must come to church too when he's got a place to preach in, now, mind ye." Quaint as was the introduction, it was hearty, and did me good service; and the responses on the part of the officers and men were quite as cordial. Many expressed their gratitude that there was one man at least that was willing to think and work for the neglected boatmen. One said: "I am glad to see a minister who is not too big to talk to boatmen. Some of 'em come aboard with their stiff starched cravats, and look so sanctified, that a boatman can't come near 'em." Another said: "We all want preaching to." Another, "Well, I'll let you talk to me; I'm a sinner, I am." I found among them some truly pious and devoted men, who were subsequently my most zealous supporters and assistants in every good work.

In a few days a temporary place for preaching was secured. The Westminster Presbyterian Church was engaged for a part of the day, the other part I spent in the distribution of tracts, and in personal visitation among the men, on board their boats, for the purpose of inviting them to the house of God. The desecration of the Sabbath, at this time, was fearful. Boats were loading and discharging with utter disregard of all law and custom, human or Divine. I learned that there were eighty thousand boatmen on the Mississippi, and its tributaries; eight thousand of these connected directly with the trade of this city, one thousand five hundred of whom are ashore every day.

To meet the spiritual wants of these men, I was the only chaplain on the rivers west of Cincinnati and Chicago. The responsibilities of such a position were by no means insignificant, under the most favorable circumstances. But when it is stated that the facilities for carrying on the work were by no means adequate, it will be difficult to over-estimate the demand upon my energies. Obstacles to success seemed to multiply. If one was removed another arose in its place. I was wont, however, to look on the bright side, and was not easily discouraged, although not entirely without my fears. My young wife was dying with consumption. Some who had embarked in the enterprise, were loud in their expressions of dissatisfaction at the want of zeal in others, and seemed inclined to withdraw their aid. I was therefore thrown quite largely upon my own resources. But just as I was rallying to meet the existing difficulty, on the 17th of May, a steamboat at the levee took fire. Before she could be backed out, the flames communicated with other boats, and swept down the river side for a distance of two miles, devouring in its course twenty-three of our finest boats, and licking up three solid blocks of the business part of the city.

The loss of several millions, out of the boating and mercantile interests, necessarily precluded the possibility, and took away all hope of procuring funds for our enterprise for months to come. I was therefore compelled to change my tactics. I took my dying wife back to my mother in Philadelphia, and set out on a tour of the eastern cities, to raise funds for the work. While I was thus engaged, I was recalled to Philadelphia to close her eyes, and to lay her body away in the grave. On the 19th of

August she breathed her last, so that four months and ten days after my marriage I was a widower.

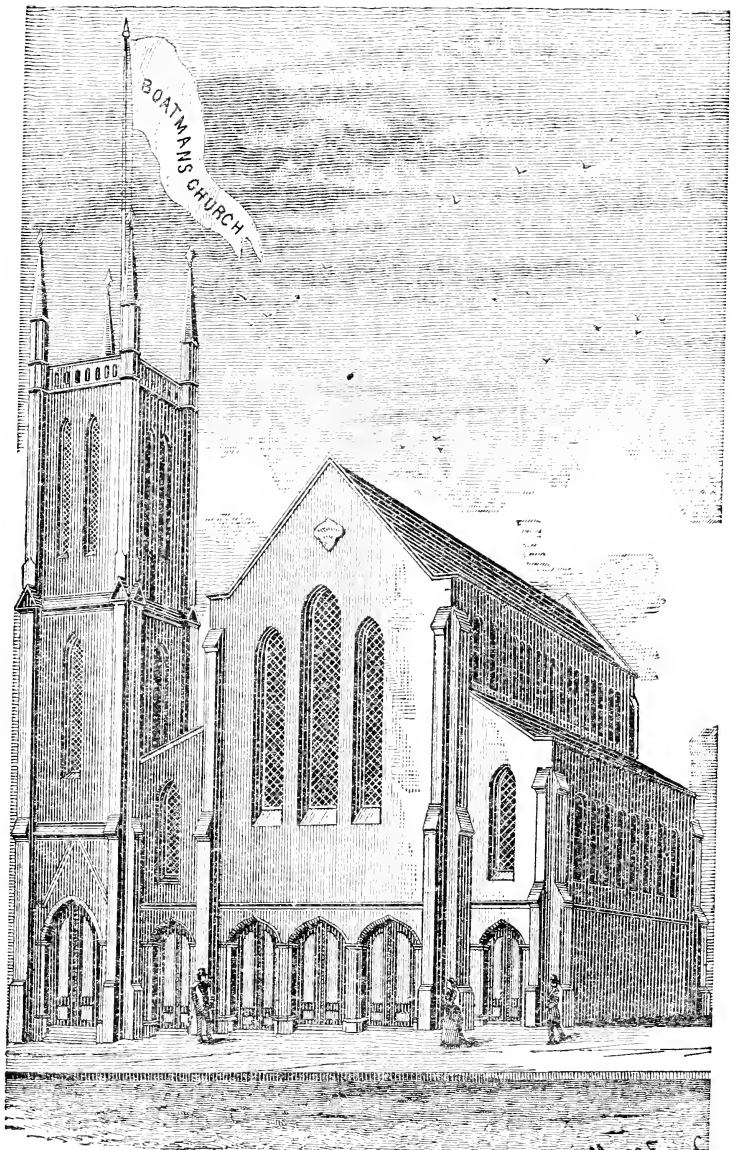
After attending the obsequies of my dear one I swallowed my grief and returned to my collectings. Having raised fifteen hundred dollars, I started for the West to pursue my work with redoubled zeal. On my return I secured Odd Fellows' Hall on Fourth and Olive streets, for regular Sabbath services. Two Sabbath schools were organized, numbering together finally one hundred and seventy scholars. I assisted in the organizing and conducting of a "Boys' meeting," which kept some two hundred urchins out of the streets on the Sabbath, and gave to them such practical Bible lessons and instruction as laid the foundation, at least, of their future usefulness. On the 9th day of January, 1850, I was ordained an Evangelist by the Presbytery of St. Louis. The Rev. W. S. Potts, D. D., preached the sermon, from Heb. v. 4; Rev. J. A. Lyon delivered the charge, Rev. Dr. Hall having proposed the constitutional questions. The service, to me, was one of peculiar solemnity. At the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, I felt my whole soul go out to God in an agony of prayer that a double portion of the Divine Spirit might be conveyed to me through their act. I found it impossible to keep back my tears. "How great the honor to be taken from the dung-hill and set upon a level with the princes of the earth. O that I may be a faithful steward of the mysteries of God to these 'men of the waters'!" Thus I wrote in my diary.

On the 17th of March a church organization was effected on a union basis. Thirteen persons constituted the First Boatmen's Church of St. Louis. In less than

nine months, that number was more than doubled. On the 6th of June I entered again upon the responsibilities of wedded life, taking for my wife Miss Emma Wood, of Boston, a member of the Episcopal Church. During our married life she brought to our happy home, over which she presided with grace and dignity for thirty years, five dear children. To her gentleness and affectionate sympathy, I am indebted for the domestic happiness of all those years. Much of my usefulness and success in the ministry, is also to be attributed to her active energy and unselfish co-operation with me in everything that my hands found to do. She was suddenly relieved from the burden of earthly care, to enjoy the eternal companionship of her Lord, April 10th, 1880. Our children are all, under God, through her faithful teachings and godly example, in the bosom of the church, and anticipate with me the blessed reunion in our Father's house above.

On the 29th of August, 1850, the corner-stone of a church edifice was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the south side of Green street, below Third. It was a neat Gothic structure, built of brick, sixty feet front, by seventy in depth, with a square tower ninety feet high, erected on ground that had been leased for thirty years. The cost altogether was about twelve thousand dollars. On the 21st of March, 1852, it was dedicated to the worship of God, for the use of the boatmen of the West.

In this church I labored until September, 1854, at which time I turned it over to the care of the Western Seamen's Friend Society, which organization assumed the responsibility of conducting its affairs, on the condition that it should come into their hands unburdened by



PAGE 84.—BOATMEN'S CHURCH, St. LOUIS, MO.

Mass Engr.

debts. This, through the liberality of the citizens of St. Louis, I was enabled fully to accomplish. When I left there was, as a result of my pastorate of five and a half years, a church capable of seating three hundred and fifty persons, free from debt, a membership of sixty-five, a good congregation, a flourishing Sabbath-school, and stores on the ground-floor, rented at a sum sufficient to meet the requirements of the lease. It was therefore unencumbered, and in a flourishing condition to await the advent of my successor.

Many incidents of thrilling interest occurred during my ministry among the boatmen; the burning of boats, collapsing of flues, bursting boilers and deaths in the most violent and painful forms, all tending to rouse the deepest sympathies and incite me to faithfulness in my Master's work; all of which, together with my conflicts with infidels, socialists and spiritualists, must be passed by in order to come to what I conceive to be the main work of my life; for the sole purpose of presenting which, with its blessed results, this book is written.

One incident among the many which came under my personal observation, I must here relate. On a Sabbath morning in the summer of 1850, while making my usual tour of the boats laying along the levee, in order to distribute tracts and invite men to church. I boarded a boat, which was to leave the next morning, for the upper Mississippi. Finding a number of engineers and pilots sitting together in the fore part of the cabin, I offered each of them a tract, with a kind invitation to attend divine service in the Odd Fellows' Hall, in the evening. They were all very courteous and civil but one, who I learned was the captain of the boat. Ap-

proaching me with a rough and unkind expression, he asked me what I brought those things for? I offered him a tract, but he thrust it from him, with an oath, and began to curse, and speak of such publications as lies made up for a purpose, and invented to order, and asked me if I ever read them myself? I replied that I had not read them all, but could vouch for them, and such was my confidence in the truth and purity of the men who wrote and published them, that I felt as safe in distributing them as if I had read every one. He still gave vent to his curses and infidel sentiments, and seemed furious in his opposition. I saw that he was not in a proper mood to be conversed with, and thought it best not to press the matter, but said to him, on leaving, "Well, captain, we will not discuss this subject further, as it is unpleasant to you; but let me say this, before I go. You and I are hastening to the judgment seat of Christ, where we must both give an account of this morning's visit." He replied in a contemptuous tone of voice, and in words more forcible than polite: "The judgment," prefixing it with a vulgar expletive, "is a —— long way off." I replied, "Captain, it may be much nearer to both of us than either suspects." He took no further notice of my remark, and I left, saying, "This may be the last opportunity you will ever have."

On the Wednesday following, I met in the street an engineer, who had witnessed the interview with the captain on board the boat. He said to me, "Chaplain, we were very sorry that Captain —— treated you so on Sunday morning. After you had gone we expostulated with him, on account of the rough manner in which he received you. We told him you had been appointed as

the minister to boatmen: that you only wanted to do them good, and we ought at least to treat you as a gentleman. He replied, he did not know who you were, and he did not want those lying tracts. By the way," said this gentleman, "did you notice the flags at half-mast on Tuesday?" I replied that I had seen them, but did not know the occasion thereof. "Well," said he, "they were for Captain ——." "What," said I, "is it possible he is dead?" He replied in a subdued tone, "Yes, he is dead. He took his wife and went to the Sulphur Springs on Sunday afternoon, died of cholera that night, and was buried yesterday." "Then," said I, "the judgment was not so far off as he had conceived. Let that be a warning to you to be ready for the call."

Having occasion to visit the East in the summer of 1854, on account of the failing health of my wife, I was invited by the New York Port Society to take charge of the Mariners' Church. Feeling it to be my duty to accept the call, I returned alone to the West, resigned my charge and settled up my affairs. On the 23d of September, 1854, I took my farewell of my dear people at St. Louis, among whom I had found warm hearts and strong hands always ready to help me. The congregation presented me, as a token of affectionate esteem, with a massive silver pitcher, two goblets and a salver. The children of the Sabbath-school added a silver-headed cane. These articles bore inscriptions expressive of the good wishes of the donors, to serve as mementos of pleasant associations, and of their good will.

As an evidence that my efforts in this field were not unappreciated by the public in general, I insert here an

extract from one of the daily papers, published about the time of the dedication of the church. It is headed The "Boatmen's Church," and reads thus :

"For several years past the community have been watching the progress of an undertaking whose objects commend it in the strongest terms to their benevolent sympathies, but whose feeble condition seemed to threaten, sooner or later, its ultimate downfall. From the date of its birth and along through all its stragglings for an established foothold, whether in the sunlight of hope or in the shadow of despair, we have seen the energies of one man, perpetually active in its behalf. A faithful pilot, he has watched, with sleepless vigilance, every approach of danger, and found the surest way of escape. An ever ready defender, he has breasted every foe, and by his tongue or pen, has disarmed or vanquished opposition. A disinterested friend, he has hesitated at no sacrifice which he had the power to make, whether of means or of labors, for the safety and prosperity of the enterprise which had his all-absorbing devotion. He did not fail of attaining his ultimate object, because he *would* not. He now sees a triumphant fulfilment of his hopes, and long may he live to enjoy it, and to be the almoner of those moral benefactions which a hitherto neglected class of men will derive through the instrumentality of the Boatmen's church. No one in this community will need be told that our reference is to its pastor, the Rev. Charles J. Jones."

Among many gracious results of my ministry in St. Louis, which are yet distinct and traceable, was the conversion of two lads, who were members of my Sabbath-school, both of whom entered upon a course of study for the ministry, and finished their curriculum with credit to themselves, and with acceptance to the church. They are now prominent and useful pastors, the one in Indiana, and the other in Westchester, in New York. Both have

been blessed in their ministry, and as preachers are above the general level. Both have been permitted to enjoy, as a result of their faithfulness, gracious revivals, in which large additions were made to their respective churches. One of them has taken rank with the literary men of our country as the historian of the county in which he resides, and is the author of other valuable publications. These young men have kindly forwarded to me letters containing their reminiscences of incidents witnessed and participated in by themselves during the stirring years of my first pastorate. The reader will pardon me, I trust, for inserting those letters here, as they give vivid and life-like descriptions of events to which I have not myself referred, lest I should seem to be sounding my own praise. Such things as they have written may be more appropriately narrated by another than myself, as they are the impressions of a third party. Impressions, too, made upon those who were in the church, and therefore familiar with its internal affairs, and capable of appreciating the value of the spiritual energies and agencies put forth. They participated in and enjoyed blessings such as they are now themselves laboring to reproduce. The elder of these writes as follows :

“SHELBYVILLE, *Indiana, Sept. 24th, 1880.*

“*My dear old Friend and father in Christ*—I am very sorry indeed that I cannot furnish the chapter for your book that I proposed and intended to write. I was anxious to delineate such points, as these, in regard to your St. Louis ministry. I thought you a very remarkable man, in the depth, tenderness and sweetness of your piety. It was always comforting to hear you, or to be near you. The way you used to shake hands with the congregation after preaching, and your look, was literally a means of

grace. I speak from my own and others' experience. I then thought and now think your preaching was very powerful and impressive and stirring. Your extempore efforts were fully equal to your written sermons.

“The deepest impressions of my life were made upon me by my beloved first pastor. Your boldness in defending the truth, and the ability and success with which you did it, made a life-long impression upon me, and produced an immense effect in St. Louis, that is even now spoken of. I have never seen your equal in the Sabbath-schools, nor as a speaker to children. Eternity alone can unfold the true history of the Broadway Boys' Meeting. Your popularity was simply enthusiasm. Your farewell sermon showed that. I never witnessed a like scene ; such tender emotion and tears. The amount of business you used to do in your church, in the general Sabbath-school cause in the city, in temperance, in writing for the press, in aiding individuals, were a marvel to me. To this day I cannot comprehend how you did it all, and did it so well.

“Sincerely yours,

“G. S.”

The other wrote in August, 1880 :

“*My Dear Mr. Jones*—You wished me to give you some account of my conversion to Christ, and my views in seeking the ministry. My first serious impressions, as I remember them now, occurred when I was about twelve years of age. Previous to this I had lived in neglect of God and his cause ; but about this time I commenced attending the Boys and Girls' Meeting, in the old Broadway Market House, St. Louis. This meeting, started by yourself and a few friends, among whom were Mr. Charles Salter, Rev. A. Armstrong, Mr. McNair, and William Brown, was composed of boys and girls gathered from the street. In this meeting my young heart was deeply impressed with divine things. I saw myself a lost sinner, without God, and without hope in the world. About that time I united with the Sabbath-school of the Boatmen's Church, on Green street. And

there, the impressions made upon my heart in the boy's meeting were deepened. Here I made the acquaintance of Mr. George Sluter, and was greatly aided by him in finding my way to Christ. I well remember the long struggle I had with sin, and the almost hopeless despair that settled down upon me. But God, who is infinite in mercy, manifested the riches of his grace, and the fulness of his love in dissipating those clouds, and filling my soul with the sunshine of his presence. I well remember the happiness and peace that filled my soul as the light of heaven came streaming into my heart. Under your guidance and advice I united with your church on the 14th of May, 1854. I immediately commenced working in the vineyard, under your direction, seeking to bring others to a knowledge of that Saviour who was so precious to my own heart. Though a mere lad of but fourteen years, I took a class in the Sabbath-school, and with my friend Sluter, spent every Sabbath afternoon in distributing tracts for you, along the levee, and on the steamboats. We often visited from twenty to thirty liquor saloons, distributing tracts, talking to the inmates about their souls and eternity; but our chief work was among the boatmen. We visited every boat, gave tracts to all we met on board, and invited them to come to the Boatmen's church.

“Another feature of our work, consisted in standing in front of the church, every Sabbath evening for about half an hour before evening service, giving tracts, and inviting all who passed to come to the services of God's house. In this way we induced many to come to the church to listen to the preaching of the gospel. It was while engaged in this work, that a strong desire came into my heart to preach the gospel. I wished to make known the joyful news of salvation to all the world. This desire grew and strengthened from day to day, until it became the consuming desire of my soul. I longed to be an instrument in God's hands of leading lost and ruined souls to Christ, of directing them to that Saviour whose merits are infinite, and whose blood can cleanse away every stain of sin. God, in his

providence, opened up the way for me to study for the ministry, and now, for the last fifteen years, I have had the unspeakable privilege of preaching the glorious gospel of Christ. I wish to say, that it has always been a source of profound thankfulness to me, that I had your counsels, and prayers and advice in the early stages of my religious life. I am glad that you directed me to the sure and safe foundation, that you impressed upon me at the very outset of my religious life, that I was to be a co-worker with Christ, in bringing souls into the kingdom, and that I should commence this work immediately. I am glad that in my youth, the formative period of life, I enjoyed so faithful a ministry as yours was in St. Louis. It will be a source of thankfulness to me, through all eternity, that God, in his providence, guided me to the Boatmen's church, and permitted me to enjoy the preaching of its faithful and successful pastor.

“ Yours truly,

R. A. D.”

The next testimony, and the last in this connection, is from an educated Christian merchant of St. Louis, an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin. He was familiar with the difficulties I encountered from the assaults of the enemies of the truth. He knew their animus and their aims, was familiar with their plans, attended their infidel gatherings as a witness for, and a defender of the word of God, and materially aided me to counteract the demoralizing influence they were exerting on the youth of the city.

“ POLLERTON CASTLE, *Carlton, Ireland, October 20th, 1880.*

“ *My dear Brother*—Your most welcome letter of the 6th inst. has been placed in my possession by the mail of this morning, wafting my memory back across the wide Atlantic, and the ever widening ocean of time, for well nigh thirty years, when a dweller in St. Louis and a member of your household, I saw the ‘First Boatmen's church,’ founded and raised by your un-

tiring energy, unflagging zeal, and heroic perseverance. When, as the years rolled on, I saw *that* church become a veritable Beth-el, to the hitherto castaways on the moral desert of the levee, and for the first time, the most demoralized and uncared for class of the population, won, to give a glad hearing to the words of eternal life, I saw how that seemingly irredeemable class, which no man cared for, and who had lain bound by Satan in fetters of habit and dens of wickedness, were personally sought out in their bondage, and their rescue achieved by the grace and mercy of God, working through your exertion ; I saw how that, wooed as it were by the zeal of a love unfeigned, to attend the Boatmen's church, the poor fellows heard from the capstan-head on the fore-castle (a uniquely designed pulpit) in homely and familiar words the touching story of the Cross—the glorious gospel of the grace of God, the full and free forgiveness of sin, and the promise and assurance of everlasting life. No quarter-deck theology with Sinaitic threatening, that hardens the more hearts obdurate by long habit and hard usage, but the Calvary-toned persuasion of love, turning the stony heart into a heart of flesh, and calling forth the dead and buried conscience from its tomb of indulged sinfulness, to the life of sin-conviction, the necessity of repentance and reformation, and the belief of plenary forgiveness and salvation by the grace of God, through faith in Christ.

“ I watched and saw how the first-fruits of your Pauline zeal became missionaries among their fellows, until the congregation increased tenfold, and how that when with upraised and outstretched hands, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost were invoked, an answer was vouchsafed in the Pentecostal fulness with which the Holy Spirit was poured upon the converted souls of the congregation. Moreover, I saw—when pernicious doctrines of pretended wizards (called spiritualism) and sadduceeic materialism, spread in our city, leading away thousands of the credulous and unwary on the broad and downward road to perdition—how faithfully and fearlessly you fought the good fight, with the sword of

the spirit, for the faith once delivered to the saints, and helped and strengthened me, a weak and unworthy helper in the outside contest against these doctrines of devils, whereby many were led to destruction, and many more would have been, but for the grace of God helping our opposition.

“On the broad earth, on the deep sea, in the kingdom of heaven, this day, a cloud of witnesses, living and dead, testify to the loving mercy of our Father in having redeemed them through your ministry from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; and I humbly thank God for the privilege of being permitted to testify to his grace and glory, in that you have, my dear brother in Christ, preached the word, instant in season and out of season, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, with charity and long-suffering. And I rejoice in the conviction that there is henceforth laid up for you a ‘crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give you at that day, and not to you only, but unto all them that love the Lord.’

“ Ever faithfully and fraternally yours,

“ CHARLES CASEY.”

CHAPTER V.

MARINERS' CHURCH, NEW YORK, 1854-5—FIRST FRUITS.

Mariners' Church—Good and bad spirits—Early history—Dedication—Organization—Fruits of labor—Gathering the crew—"That prayer haunted me"—Anders Jensen—Apostolic zeal—A serious accident—Consistent Christian—Bible colporteur—Service in the navy—U. S. brig Bainbridge—All hands lost—Fred. Starr—"Thou art the man"—Grace to believe—Revenue cutter "Joseph Lane"—Converts—Missionaries to Sweden, Norway and Denmark—Enters the navy—Humboldt Bay—**Twenty-nine** years for Christ.

AFTER a few weeks rest among the mountains of New Hampshire, I came with my family to New York, and entered upon my ministrations to the men of the sea. The prospect was not at all flattering, when on the 12th of October, 1854, I preached my first sermon to my new charge. The reader may imagine a small company of about forty persons in a hall, not much larger than many parlors in the city, and that too, over a rum-shop. If the numbers were few, their hearts were warm with the love of Christ, and their hands were strong to labor for the Lord. Their greeting was most cordial and cheering, but the associations of the place were not very assuring. While we worshipped there, we could say of

a truth that we had rum, for once, under our feet.
There was

“A spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of weal and a spirit of woe ;
The spirit above was a spirit Divine,
But the spirit below was the spirit of wine.”

And blessed be the great head of the Church, the good Spirit remained with us after we left the hall and entered our own church edifice ; so that the relative position of those spirits was never reversed. It must not be inferred that the enterprise had but just begun. It had a history, dating back a generation before I was appointed. It was originally located in Roosevelt street, and possessed a capacious church building, erected in 1819, which had the honor of being the first church ever erected on the land, as far as we know, for the special use of seamen. It had been a centre of holy influences there for years before my ministry commenced. Within its sacred walls, many of the sons of the sea had found peace in believing, under the ministrations of the Rev. Henry Chase, who for thirty years lured men by the love of Christ. He ceased from his labors and entered the heavenly rest in 1853. Shortly after his death, the neighborhood having changed, that building was sold, and the congregation, in the absence of a settled pastor, had been scattered among other churches. The Port Society then removed to the hall, to which reference has been made, on the corner of Market and Monroe streets. During the first six months, the audience and the Sabbath-school had so largely increased, that the hall became too small for us.

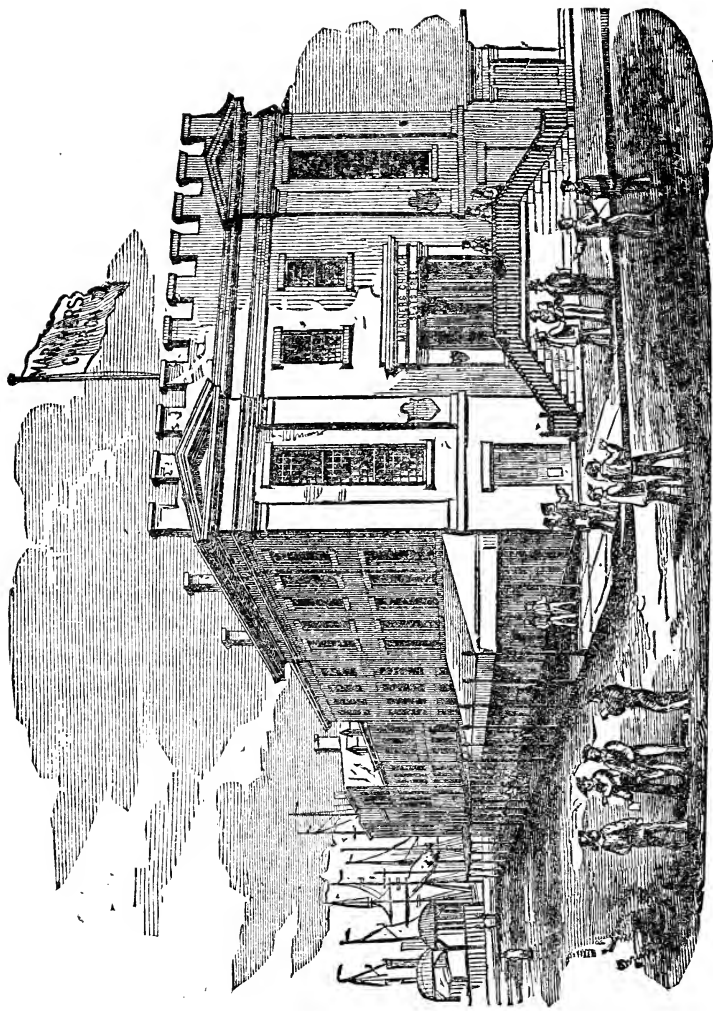
In May, 1855, we removed to the Methodist Episcopal church, on the corner of Madison and Catherine streets, which we occupied on the afternoons of the Sabbath until October of that year, when the Port Society purchased the building. A few weeks having sufficed for the cleansing and renovating of the interior, the opening services were held on the first Sabbath of November. The pastor preached the opening sermon from Haggai ii. 3-9. On the 23d of December, the church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, as a Seamen's Church. The Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D., preached the sermon, from Revelations xx. 13, and in the evening the Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D., preached from Matthew x. 8. In the afternoon, the Sabbath-school, under the superintendence of Mr. Samuel Holmes, numbering one hundred and fifty scholars, celebrated its thirty-eighth anniversary, having been organized in 1818.

Up to this time, as already stated, there had been no church organization. The church, so-called, was a body without a soul, an inn without refreshments; the minister a mere preacher, and the people a congregation. The conversion of a sailor, was in one sense a loss, rather than a blessing to the preacher and the congregation; for, as soon as he began to breathe his new life, he was compelled to go elsewhere for nourishment. This was felt to be an evil of no small magnitude, but how could it be remedied? The Port Society was composed of men from several denominations of Christians; all could not be united in any one denomination, and if they could have been, the charter of the society would not warrant a sectarian organization. Yet an organization was essential to the continuance of the relation so auspiciously begun.

A plan of union was proposed, in which all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and received the fundamental truths of Christianity, could form themselves into a distinct, permanent and independent church, in which the people could have all the ordinances of the Lord's house administered to them for their nourishment and growth, and of which the minister should be the bona-fide pastor. The plan was not adopted without much prayer and counsel. The arguments, pro and con, were patiently heard and duly considered. Some of the wisest and best of our ministers in different parts of the country were consulted. Among them the sainted Dr. James W. Alexander, who gave to it his warm and hearty support.

On the 2d of March, 1856, an organization was effected, on an independent basis, by the adoption of a confession of faith, form of covenant, and standing rules for its government, under the name and title of the "Mariners' Church of the Port of New York," which thus became a pioneer church in the work of Christian union.

There were false prophets in those days—prognosticators of evil, who declared "it could not stand, it would fall of its own weight; and furthermore that the churches would not sustain it. It would become necessarily sectarian." The character of these prophecies are manifest in the fact that the church which came into being on that day, with sixty members, on the seventh anniversary of its organization had enrolled on its books over seven hundred and sixty. The secret of this success, under God, is found in the fact that the people had a mind to work. They became a spiritual people, and by God's grace came in on the tidal wave of the revival of 1857 and 1858. The pastor's



PAGE 98.—MARINER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

hands were upheld by the Port Society, whose generous support raised him beyond the sphere of worldly care and anxiety, and whose cordial sympathy in the work encouraged his heart by their prayers and personal co-operation. He was no less cordially sustained by the social habits of the people, by the missionary zeal of the hundreds of our seamen, who were scattered abroad over the sea, speaking all languages, and living and working for Christ; but above all and beyond all by the continued presence of the Holy Spirit, who manifested his converting power in a marvelous degree to the unbelieving, and his comforting grace in the edification of his faithful people.

In addition to the labors of the pastor and the faithful missionaries in this field, there were other agencies in operation, all of which contributed to the general result. Since the institution of the Port Society, in 1818, and its incorporation in 1819, other organizations sprung up from time to time, most of which are still fresh and vigorous. Among these are The American Seamen's Friend Society, The Marine Bible Society, The Seamen's Retreat, The Home for Destitute Children of Seamen, The Mariners' Family Industrial Society, Sailors' Homes, The Asylum for Infirm Widows, Wives and Mothers of Seamen, The Seamen's Bank for Savings, the Swedish Bethel Ship, The Episcopal Floating Churches, The Methodist and Baptist Mariners' Churches, and the Marine Temperance Society, numbering at this time over sixty-eight thousand members.

Having anticipated somewhat, in order to present an outline of the progress made in organizing and getting the church into regular working condition, I now return to the narrative.

The first six months service in my new field was necessarily formative, the season of germs, the seed time. Everything was new. The people were strange to me and I to them. Much time and labor were expended therefore in laying the foundation for the future. Yet it was not by any means *all* seed-sowing. There was some in-gathering the result of former efforts. Some seed then sown brought immediate returns. The living word, in some cases, like Aaron's rod, budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit in a single night. Such fruit too, as retained its original freshness and fragrance for years after its inception. Germs then planted have grown up and flourished in the garden of the Lord; some of them now, after a quarter of a century, having the seed in themselves, still bear rich fruit to the glory of God.

A few days only sufficed me to get the lay of the land, and gather suitable material for my work. The ship being ready for sea, the next thing was to gather the crew. To this end I went out into the highways and by-ways, visited extensively the families and boarding-houses where the men were to be found. I canvassed the wharves and the shipping, men-of-war and merchantmen, the City Hospital, the U. S. Naval Hospital at Brooklyn, the U. S. Receiving Ship, the Seamen's Retreat on Staten Island, the Sailors' Homes, and the Tombs, to find suitable material to work upon. I preached sermons, delivered lectures, made temperance addresses, and held private conversations; I distributed Bibles and Testaments, and other good books, entreated men personally, and prayed with them alone. I pressed young men and old into the service, organized sewing circles, established prayer and temperance meetings, wrote to sailors while

absent, and button-holed them when at home ; in short, laid every available force under tribute to bring men into direct personal intercourse with my own soul, that my Saviour might be glorified in them. Having great confidence in the warm grasp of the hand, the kind word, and the affectionate tone. My own sea life and experience suggested these to me as a means by which to win the souls I longed to save.

I said it was “seed-time,” but it was also the season of “first-fruits.” To symbolize the activities then in the course of development, the orange tree in the maturity of its power would best characterize them ; for all stages of spiritual growth, from the tender leaf to the blossom, and from the blossom to the full ripe fruit, were here in progress. And because of this peculiarity of the work, it is next to impossible to present either its extent or its effectiveness. In the first half year I preached more than a hundred times, made twenty-five temperance addresses, led, on an average, three prayer-meetings a week ; made over two hundred visits to families ; held religious conversations with them all, and bowed in prayer with more than one-fourth of them. I conversed privately with one hundred and eighty sailors, and bowed in prayer with one-third of that number ; supplied them all with packages of books and other reading matter, to take to sea with them, and pointed them to “the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”

The congregation steadily increased, until the place became too strait for us. The Sabbath-school doubled in numbers. Thirty-six souls were hopefully converted, and thirty others went to sea, expressing anxiety for the salvation of their souls. Of the thirty-six converted,

twenty-two were sailors, and ten youth of the Sabbath-school. As Paul spoke affectionately of the first-fruits of Achaia unto Christ, and remembered them in his epistles to the churches, surely I may be pardoned for counting some of the first-fruits unto Christ in New York. Among the first of these converts was a young man with whom I had labored in New Orleans, in 1841, but in whose soul the seed lay dormant, like the wheat in the hands of the Egyptian mummy, waiting only God's time and way to quicken it into life.

At the dinner-table of the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, in the fall of 1854, a gentleman sat beside me, whose countenance I did not remember having seen before, but who seemed to have some recollection of me; for after gazing at me intently for a few seconds, he asked: "Were you ever in the ship 'Cumberland,' of Boston, sir?" I answered, "Yes, sir, I was on board of that old craft in 1841, in New Orleans." "Do you recollect me, sir?" said he, his face glowing with what to me seemed an unexpected pleasure. I was compelled to admit that I did not recognize the features, and did not remember that we had ever met before. "Well, sir," said he, "you may forget, but I never can. No, sir, I never can forget that interview, and that prayer." He then stated the circumstances of our meeting, hoping that I might by the power of association be able to recall the interview. The substance of his story, without entering into minute details, was simply this: "I was in New Orleans in 1841, second mate of the brig 'Cameo,' of Boston, and having heard that there was to be a prayer-meeting on board of the ship 'Cumberland,' I went up the levee for the purpose of attending the service. On

the deck of the 'Cumberland,' an acquaintance of mine introduced me to you. You seized me by the hand, warmly, and spoke to me of the love of Christ, urging me to come to him and obtain the salvation of my soul. During the meeting you were called upon to pray, and it appeared to me that I never did hear just such a prayer. It left an impression on my mind that has never been, and never will be obliterated. That is more than thirteen years ago, yet that prayer has haunted me ever since. How often have I laid in my berth and thought of it, and wondered where the man was who offered it, and wished I could only see him once more. How often have I wished that I was as good as the man that offered up that prayer. And now, after many years, I am permitted to meet you. Can it be that you are the man that offered that prayer? Well, sir! I never expected to see you again! But," he continued, "you have forged ahead some since then. You were then before the mast, and I abaft it. Now you are a minister of the Gospel, and I—what am I? Alas! Well, I must hear you preach."

The Sabbath came, the seamen were assembled, and among them my friend from New Orleans. He listened to the discourse with rapt attention, and occasionally the tear unbidden coursed down his weather-bronzed cheeks. He was at church three times that day. During the week we met at intervals, and spoke of the eternal interests of the soul, and of the wonderful Providence which had brought us together, after so many years of vicissitudes and changes. At the close of the week he was unexpectedly called to Boston on business, and spent the Sabbath there, but returned to New York the week fol-

lowing. I met him in the street, took his hand affectionately, and spoke feelingly to him of his soul. His eyes filled, and he said: "Mr. Jones, I have given myself to Christ. I am his, and will be, God helping me, as long as I live." Oh! how my heart thrilled with joy, when he told me that during his absence from New York he had publicly professed Christ before men, and expressed his determination to live for God. "O, sir," said he, "that prayer haunted me. I had no peace. I felt that all was not right. But when I heard you preach on the Sabbath, and recollecting that I had heard from your lips a prayer which penetrated my heart thirteen years ago, I could not but reflect on the difference between your influence and mine during the interval. It occurred to me that perhaps you had been the means, in God's hand, of bringing many sons into glory, and that in all that time I have no assurance that one soul has gone to heaven through any influence of mine. This was a painful thought. I felt that my time had been wasted, squandered, and I determined that I would lose no more. I consecrated the remaining portion of my life to the service of God and the good of men."

There was a strange providence in our meeting at all in New York. He had come to this city some two or three weeks before, and commenced business, with the full purpose of becoming a permanent resident. He was permitted to remain here long enough to meet the man he had longed for thirteen years to see, and to hear him preach, just one Sabbath, the truths of the everlasting gospel. The next week, in the providence of God, a more lucrative offer was made to him in Boston. He accepted, and went, to yield his influence for Christ there,

and to become a faithful servant in the vineyard of our Lord.

From this simple narrative we may safely infer : 1st, The importance of "a word in season." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good" (Eccles. xi. 6). Such a word may be as an apple of gold in a network of silver. Its value may not be fully estimated until every work, with every secret thing, shall be revealed in the judgment. But we *do* know that "it shall not return void." It shall accomplish the thing whereunto God sent it. 2nd, It should stimulate us to renewed diligence to be "instant in season, out of season—always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as we know that our labor will not be in vain in the Lord." Souls are perishing. If a word may be made instrumental in saving one, then, let us speak that word. Let us be faithful, whether men will hear or forbear. The seed may fall into good ground, and bring forth a hundred fold, to the glory of God. 3rd, We have special grounds for encouragement to labor among seamen. They are susceptible of kindness. They have been neglected, and sometimes feel that no one has their interests at heart. A kind word, therefore, concerning the love of our blessed Saviour to them, as well as others, may send a glow of hope through the soul, and the hand of affectionate sympathy, guided by the spirit of God, may touch a chord in the heart, that will vibrate in harmony with the song of angels and the redeemed through all eternity. Finally, it may serve to impress on our minds the fact that "God is not unrighteous to forget our labor

of love." We may—if we do our duty with a single eye to the glory of God in the salvation of souls—sow much seed, which we may forget ever having scattered, but which the Lord of the harvest will remember, and concerning which he will doubtless say, as he fills our bosoms with the golden sheaves, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The following narrative of a Danish sailor furnishes a remarkable illustration of the missionary spirit by which sailors are animated when once they are converted. The stamp of perfection is found on all the works of God, small and great. Naturalists tell us that in the earliest geological formations of organized beings, the most perfect specimens are found. Science and revelation are here in accord. God hath made everything good and perfect in its time. The lowest form of animal life, as seen in the protozoa, is as perfect in its beginning as is the highest form in man. It was not an evolution from any pre-existent form, but a distinct and separate creation. This fact in nature finds an analogy in the work of the Divine Spirit. The human spirit, created anew by the Jehovic energy, comes forth from his hand prepared at once to enter upon the work to which it is assigned, and that work is as perfect in its kind and degree as though wrought after the experience of ages. The man who is in Christ is a new creature, and his work for Christ is characterized by his new life. What he does is the product of a Divine Spirit within him, and is consequently as good and as acceptable in the sight of the Lord as the work of subsequent experience. One of the first converts of my ministry in New York was Anders Jen-

sen, a noble soul, whose whole life was a standing evidence of the truth of the above principles. A more decided missionary spirit did not dwell in the heart of any of the workers of the apostolic times than was enshrined beneath the rough physical exterior of this Danish sailor, who was born of the Spirit in the little room over the rum-shop in Market street, in the early days of 1855.

At the close of one of our meetings, in January of that year, I found him sitting near the door with his face buried in his hands, weeping bitterly. He was a heavy, large-formed, stalwart man, thirty-eight years of age, whose countenance evinced the energy which he afterwards so nobly displayed where iron nerve was necessary to enable him to do his Master's work. His soul-jewel was encased in a homely setting. His red, unkempt hair, his hard-featured face, which had been browned by the exposure of twenty years at sea, gave but the promise of the hard toil he afterwards endured for his Divine Lord. There he sat, weeping convulsively, the burden of sin pressing heavily upon him, his whole frame shaking with emotion, and his heart ready to burst. I had preached that evening from the words, "Remember Lot's wife." The Spirit used them to send an arrow of conviction into the very depths of his heart. I presented him to the Lamb of God, and prayed with him, and as he was leaving, gave him such directions as his case demanded. The next day he came again, and said he thought every word of the sermon was meant for him. I saw him from time to time for the next three days, during which the Divine Spirit led him higher and higher up into the Divine life, until he could look down upon his soul as a territory conquered for Christ.

On the 14th of January, he was awakened, and on the 17th he came to my study a new man, a new spirit animating him. He was all aglow with the love of God, his face fairly gleaming with the love of his new-born soul. When giving an account of his change afterwards, he said, "I could not stand the kindness, it broke my heart." As soon as he found peace, he began to labor for the souls of others. Within a month, after a short coasting voyage, he came to me, bringing the mate of the vessel, who had been a skeptic, but who was now bowed down under a sense of his sins. On his return, after a voyage in a Dutch ship, he came again, bringing one of his shipmates, converted through his faithful labors—an evidence of his success in fishing for men. In a letter to me of a later date, he says :

"Do you think I can ever forget the man who led me to Christ? You said, 'Come, shipmate, wont you go to church?' You afterwards found me crying, 'What shall I do to be saved?' and you directed me to the cross of Christ. May the Lord bless you, and all the friends of seamen."

At the end of three years after his conversion, he returned to us, full of the love of Christ; and on entering the church, he wept tears of joy. During his absence in the East Indies and China, an accident happened to him in Shanghai, which seemed to bring out his true spirit as a child of God. The story was told me by a dear brother in Christ, and I will record it in his own words. His letter is dated Shanghai, May 12th, 1856. He says :

"An incident occurred yesterday that interested Brother Holm, a young Christian sailor, and myself, as I doubt not it will you.

In visiting the ship 'Africa,' we learned that one of the hands, about an hour previous, had fallen into the lower hold, injuring himself severely, though not dangerously. We found him in his bunk, calm as a summer's morning. We made some inquiries in regard to his mishap, and a few minutes' conversation opened the way to one of the most agreeable interviews I have been permitted to enjoy since I arrived at Shanghai. After he had got through showing his bruises, which certainly had not added much to his personal appearance, to say nothing of their painfulness, in reply to a question which was asked him in regard to his interest in Christ, he hung down his head and wept like a child. It had touched a tender spot, and with a heart overflowing with joy, he gave us in all the simplicity and beauty of a sailor's style, a short history of himself. Your name came in frequently during the latter part of it. He said, 'I know he will not forget the distress I was in on account of my sins; just tell him I am striving to make my way heavenward. Send him my heart's love.'

"He says he left New York in one of the steamers that run to the Isthmus. During the early part of last year the cholera broke out on the passage, and all who took the disease, of which there was a large number, died with it, with the exception of himself. On his arrival in California he went to the mines, but left them, on account of the disturbed state of the country, and shipped in a French vessel for Hong-Kong, and thence to Shanghai, in the ship he was then in. The occasion of his falling, he said, was thus. He had just waked up, and was going down into the between-decks, in order to have a little season of prayer, when his foot slipped, and he fell head-foremost into the lower hold, among the stone ballast. It is a wonder that his brains were not dashed out; and yet it is not a wonder when we remember that God has a special care of His children, and not a sparrow can fall without his notice."

The same brother writes the year following, March 7th, 1857. While busy with my daily work, a few

mornings since, two sailors came to my office. One of them handed me a letter, which he said was from a shipmate. It read as follows :

Amoy, January 20, 1857.

*“My dear friend and brother in Christ—*I promised to write you as soon as I had an opportunity, but I hope you will excuse me, as I never wrote a letter in English. I was very sick when I saw you last, having fallen into the ship’s hold and broken my head. I was happy to think that there were a few in Shanghai who feared the Lord. We went to sea the next day. I am under great obligations to you for the books and tracts you sent. I have sent many of the books afloat in different ships to different parts of the world. Some of the men on board the ‘Africa’ have gone to their long home. There were some who feared the Lord. Only one shipped in the same vessel, and he is dead. He and I had sailed a long time together. He was a young man. He died in the hospital at Amoy, with the Bible you gave me under his head. He had long despised that precious book, but he found forgiveness in the blood of Christ. In Hong-Kong I shipped on board a Holland ship. I trust I have been enabled to do some good in this ship with the books and tracts you sent me.

“By my example many of the last crew went on shore at Hong-Kong teetotalers ; they would not drink any kind of liquors, and four of them were seeking religion. To hear such ungodly men as they were singing the songs of Zion on board a ship, did my heart good, and I rejoice, and am glad to think that I should be the humble instrument in God’s hands of scattering the news that Christ came into the world to save sinners, even such as are in a ship’s fore-castle. It would do your heart good to hear those lips, that once blasphemed, now sing and pray to God.”

On board every vessel in which he sailed, the captain,

mates, and crew, all unite in testifying to his consistent and beautiful Christian life.

The meekness and boldness of this simple-minded man of the sea was something to be admired. He was gentle as a child, but when true heroism was demanded for the work of the Lord and the love of man, he was always equal to the emergency. An incident will illustrate this trait of his character. It was in 1857 he had written :

“We are having great trials, and much to battle with, if we would live for Christ in the fore-castle. We have sometimes both officers and men making game of us. Poor men ! I pity them.”

He then adds :

“On the last vessel in which I shipped, before signing articles, I showed the captain my certificate of church membership, and said to him : ‘Captain, I am a Christian. I know my work and intend to do it ; but I will not be cursed and damned about the decks. If you think you can get along with me on those conditions I will go ; if not, say so, and I will not sign the articles.’ The captain replied : ‘It is very good. I am satisfied.’ He was a good moral man, and we made the voyage together. The mate was a professor of religion. I found him out at sea, and said to him : ‘There are two of us now, one on each end of her. Let us pray mightily to God and see if we cannot have prayers on board ;’ but he said, ‘The captain is not a professor.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘let us go into the fore-castle ;’ and we did.

“The first Sunday out we had prayers there, and all hands were present, except the man at the wheel. Blessed be God for His mercies. There was not much swearing on board that ship, the crew were good moral men. I am sorry to say we did not have public prayers on our passage home. It was difficult to find a quiet place, but the Lord blessed us nevertheless.”

After voyaging to San Francisco and different ports

in the East, he returned. The evidence of his Christian faithfulness is abundant; a volume of excellent reading might be made from his letters. In these may be found accounts of revivals which followed him wherever he went. In 1858 a captain with whom he sailed, thus writes of him: "Anders Jensen, a seaman, has been abundantly blessed of God in his influence in the fore-castle. His modesty will not allow him to tell what he has seen of the results of his labors, therefore we must wait until that day when every secret thing shall be revealed, for only then shall we know the influence he has exerted."

At the close of the year 1859 I received a letter from him. He had just returned from Liverpool. In it he says: "I had to do battle all the passage from Liverpool with the crew. I tried to keep them in brotherly love, and without disputes. The captain is a Methodist, I think. I never asked him. Why should I? We loved each other, and I am sorry I cannot go with him again." In the year 1861 he went home to Denmark, and from Copenhagen, in January, he wrote me:

*"My Dear Friend and Pastor in Christ—*It is a long time since I wrote you. It is not because I do not think of you. You, of course, know that we cannot cease to think of our benefactors, especially of our brethren in Christ, called before us, and made the instruments in God's hands of leading us to Christ. But I am afraid you have been an idol in my heart. For a long time I could hear none that could preach or pray like you. I searched for nearly three years, and at last paid my passage from Liverpool to New York to find out what you called your church. I was like a little child then, and I desire to be nothing else now. I can say, truly, the Lord has led me by a way I knew not, but He will not give his glory to another, I feel to say. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' It is

a wonder that He should permit such a one as me to work in His vineyard. But what cannot the Lord do? I am now in the country in which I was born, laboring to win souls to Christ. It is a delightful work, when it is of the Lord, although it is a heavy cross when alone. Yet, thanks be unto the Lord Jesus, he says, 'I am with you always, even unto the end of the world ;' and in the end the promise is sure. I find Him always willing and ready to help me, and to lift me up when I fall. I go about selling Bibles, or rather trying to sell, for the people are not buying many. I distribute tracts, and can use all the tracts and little books that I can get, for the people receive them kindly. The rich will not, and the poor cannot, purchase for the want of money ; however, I manage to sell some of them. I am to remain six months from the time I came to Hamburg. I do not know whether I shall be able to sell all the books in that time, but I am sure if I have my health I can give away many more tracts if I can get them, and that would be doing a great deal of good among my seafaring countrymen. I labor, also, out on the country roads. I expect, in a few days, to take a tramp into the interior with Brother Ryding. I hope the Lord will go with us. I find it very difficult to speak my own language. Give my kind love to Mrs. Jones and the children. I need your prayers very much. God bless you, for Jesus' sake."

Since he wrote the above, I have been enabled to trace the footsteps of this devoted herald of the Cross. The mission of six months to his native land having been accomplished, with what success in the ingathering of souls the judgment alone will reveal, he returned with all the longing of a child for his home, to the birth-place of his soul. During his absence in Copenhagen, our fearful Rebellion had raised its hydra-head. As soon therefore as he reached the United States, he threw himself with all the ardor of his nature into the perils of the war for the

defence of his adopted country. Having enlisted in the United States Navy, we find him in 1861-2 on board the ship *Shepherd Knapp*, belonging to the South Atlantic squadron. In a letter dated May 30, 1862, from that vessel, he says :

“Accept my grateful thanks. I have received your letter, and, I assure you, it cheered my downcast soul. As I read it, I cried, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name ;’ for he, it was, who inclined you to write to me. I am glad that I am not forgotten in your prayers. Jesus will bless those who pray for his afflicted children. His is an everlasting love.

“At the beginning of the cruise, we had frequent prayer-meetings, but they have now virtually ceased. As I am yeoman of the ship, I enjoy a privacy in prayer, and therefore I hold my meetings alone. Yet I am not alone, for the Lord is with me. Eternal thanks and praise be unto the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for me. I thank you for your advice concerning the reading of the scriptures. I read several chapters daily. I trust the Lord is instructing me for some good purpose. I handed your letter to the captain to read, and will read it to my shipmates as the Lord shall direct. Our captain is a noble and kind-hearted soul. I hope the Lord will bless and reward him for his kindness to me and to us all. I hope we shall meet him in heaven. I am longing to do something for the Lord. I gave your letter to Heggars to read. He is a well-disposed and good young man.”

Not long after the date of this letter, the *Shepherd Knapp* was lost, and the crew transferred to other vessels. Jensen and his friend Heggars were drafted to the brig *Bainbridge*, commanded by Acting-Master Thomas J. Dwyer, whose autobiography will be found in connection with the record of the African Squadron. As a sad

close to the history of these devoted men, it becomes my painful duty to state that a short time after, while the Bainbridge was on her way to join the blockading squadron, she went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras with all on board. Sudden death to these godly men thus became sudden glory.

FRED. STARR.

Free from the law, O happy condition !
Jesus has died—and there is remission.

“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.” It is a blessed privilege therefore to trace the steps of such a man, to mark the way in which Jehovah leads him. I have sketches of many such men ; but among them all, few, if any, will more redound to the declarative glory of our Redeemer than will the life and labors of this young Swedish mariner.

Fred. was awakened in New York in the fall of 1855. While under deep conviction, he shipped in a brig bound to Aspinwall. His Bible became his constant companion and only solace. From it he drew, to assuage his soul-thirst, water from the wells of salvation. In his own account of that trying passage, during which the burden of sin lay heavily upon him, he says :

“We encountered a severe gale as we entered the Gulf Stream ; but that was nothing to the storm that raged within, when the Lord revealed to me, ‘Thou art the man,’ who hast broken the commandments of God. I was studying my Bible in my watch below, but no peace could I find. I saw only my sins. The terror of the Lord was upon me the whole passage. I had no

rest. The crew were all godless men. They could not help me. There were fears without and doubts within. What could I do? I gave myself to prayer as well as I could. Nine days of agony passed before we reached Aspinwall. We arrived on Saturday. On Sunday I went ashore, and strolled off by myself on the beach. There I kneeled down and poured out my soul to God. He heard my cry and saved me. I experienced such a sweet peace in my soul as I had never known before. It seemed to me that the earth was changed to the very heavens. Everything about me was lovely. God gave me, at that time, grace to believe on Jesus as my personal Saviour, and that I was free. After four days we left Aspinwall and returned to New York. Here I first met Brother Byrne, and became much attached to him. He was made a very great blessing to me."

In January, 1856, he shipped for San Francisco, and, arriving there after a passage of four months, he shipped in the Revenue Cutter "Joseph Lane." On board this vessel, amid persecution and opposition, he strove to draw others to Christ. He found however that Satan's seat was in the cabin as well as in the forecastle; in the cutter, as well as in the merchant-ship. He was nevertheless faithful to him who had called him "out of darkness into his marvellous light;" and after twenty-two months was rewarded by the conversion of several of his shipmates.

Nearly three years after he shipped in the brig in which he was born again, I received from San Francisco, California, the following, written by a dear brother, now in heaven:

"Fred. Starr left here to-day, after serving the Lord for twenty-two months in the Revenue service. He was the instrument, in the hand of God, of the conversion of several of his shipmates, who are now at the Sailors' Home. I heard their experience. They gave evidence that they had 'been with Jesus,

and had learned of Him.' How many more will be brought to God, through his influence, eternity alone will determine. Fred. is no great speaker, but he *lives* before his shipmates in such a way that his life speaks for Christ, though he opens not his mouth. Yet he is in no way backward to reprove sin, whenever it is necessary, in an humble and telling way. Persecutions neither daunt nor affright him. His shipmates, though at first they persecuted him, at length came to acknowledge that they were wrong, and that Fred. was right. Hence their change."

Some weeks after the above was written, a sailor came to my house in New York, and introduced himself as one of the crew of the Joseph Lane, who had been converted on board that vessel, through the influence and labors of Fred. Starr. He was a Swede. He expressed a desire to unite with our Mariners' church, preparatory to his return to his native land to preach Christ to his countrymen as the Saviour of the world. Having joined our church, he sailed for his Swedish home. Still later, another sailor, a Norwegian, came from the same vessel, with a similar story of his conversion through the labors of Fred. Starr. He joined our church on a confession of his faith in Christ, and went to Norway to tell his friends of the new light which had dawned upon his soul.

In a few weeks after he had sailed, still another sailor, a Dane, came from the Pacific coast. He, too, told me how Fred. Starr had been the means of his conversion. "Now," said he, "I am going home to Denmark, to tell my people what God has done for my soul. O, this is a different religion to what they have there. I want to go and tell them about Jesus Christ." He soon after sailed for Denmark, to preach, in his humble way, the Gospel of our Lord.

After leaving the "Joseph Lane," Fred. coasted along the shores of the Pacific for a season, still serving the Lord with cheerfulness, and enduring opposition with patience, until 1860, when he made a visit to his home in Sweden, to tell his own people of his blessed change. In 1861 he returned to the United States, and entered the Navy, to fight for the defence of the Union.

On board of the United States steamer "Lancaster," in the Pacific squadron, he labored faithfully for Christ, for three years, and in connection with another of my correspondents, did good service for the Master, until over twenty of the crew were converted. During that cruise the weekly prayer-meeting was established and kept up among the crew, the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Stockbridge, and Lieut. Riel countenancing the work and rendering efficient aid. Writing of the prayer-meeting, in November, 1862, Fred. says: "The meeting was started about a year ago, and has increased in numbers until about twenty take active part; and it is our most ardent desire, that the whole ship's company may become engaged in the blessed work. I saw Brother T—— in San Francisco. He has been to Puget Sound, and has had a blessed revival on board all the way up." In September, 1880, I received a line from our brother, who is now in command of a life-saving station in Humboldt Bay, California, in which he says, "I am still in the service of the Master. In all these twenty-five years, God has been my helper. Every day will I bless and praise his holy name. I will praise him forever and ever."

As a fitting sequel to the above, it may be stated that the three brethren referred to, were by no means destitute of zeal, nor were their labors barren of results.

The brother who went to Denmark spent a year there in tract and Bible distribution, and in other missionary work, after which he returned to the United States, and as a Christian sailor in the fore-castle, went from ship to ship, doing his best for the conversion of his shipmates. He wrote me of one vessel which arrived in San Francisco with ten converted sailors in the fore-castle, seven of whom had been converted on the passage out, through the faithfulness of the other three. In another vessel, he wrote to me : " There are five of us who are trying to serve God. One of these, a young man of twenty-one, converted through his influence, joined the Baptist church, and intended to study for the ministry." In 1861 this dear brother returned again to his missionary work in Denmark, where he married. In 1863 he was called to " a purer world and a brighter day," and departed for his heavenly home in the full triumph of " the faith once delivered to the saints."

CHAPTER VI.

A WORD IN SEASON—THE YOUNG HERETIC.

A word in season—Parents' intentions—Columbia College--Dissipation—
A whaling voyage—Sick among strangers--Not fit to live—Prayer for
mercy--John iii. 16 —In despair--Song of praise--The young heretic—
Prayer on a raft--Kneels only to God--Ship fever—Sent to an academy
—Study arrested--Father converted—Missionary labor—Young Jesuit—
Better a heretic than a Jesuit—Long silence—Correspondence re-opened
—A joyful hope—Sunk off Tybee Island—Battle of Bull Run--Wounded
—New South Wales--Married--Severe affliction--Return to France—
Employed as interpreter—A sailor's gratitude—In seventeen battles—
Married again—Vitality of the good seed—Emigrates—Work in New
Caledonia—Jesuits ejected—Still working.

ON the 1st of June, 1855, a pleasant interview occurred at the Sailors' Home. On the porch was a young man whom I recognized as having been a boarder while I was there, some two months before. I asked him: "Where from? Where bound?" In the course of conversation I remarked, "I wish you to remember, in all your voyages, that the last voyage will come. You must keep a bright lookout. There is a weather and a lee shore at hand, which ever you prefer you will make. You must look to the Saviour." He gazed at me with an expression of deep reverence, and said: "I think I am looking to the Saviour, sir." My interest was imme-

diately increased, and I replied: "Well, I am pleased to hear that." "Yes, sir," said he, "and it arose from a word spoken by you, sir, some two months ago." He then gave me an account of the means by which the change was brought about. I spent the forenoon of the next day with him in my study, and on leaving he promised to write me an account of his life. In a few days I received a letter, in which he says:

"In accordance with my promise, I have written the inclosed, in the hope that it may prove of some interest to yourself, and give additional encouragement to those who are interested in the salvation of seamen. I feel assured that my letter will give you joy, as it shows that one more immortal spirit has turned to God, through your instrumentality; that the simple and casual remarks so quietly made were followed by the influence of the Holy Spirit, causing a deep conviction of sin, then repentance, and finally faith and hope in Christ. Some of the circumstances attending the change which has occurred, through the mercy of God, have already been stated; but to show how great has been the mercy extended, I will give you an outline of my career until the present time.

"In early life the advantages of an education were afforded me by a pious father, whose intention it was to educate a son for the ministry. A kind, loving mother and affectionate brothers and sisters were ready to assist me to the extent of their ability; but unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, at my own solicitation I was sent from home at the age of fourteen, and entered an academy, located in a village in the northern part of the State. Previous to my departure resolutions had been formed, promises given, and my parents had prepared a series of written rules for my guidance while absent. Although residing with relatives, scarcely two months had passed ere I had entered upon a downward course. By degrees objectionable associations were formed, and habits of smoking, chewing and drinking. My parents

being informed of my evil course, instantly recalled me, and while they wept over my early fall, forgave my transgressions. I was then placed in the Columbia College Grammar Institute, and for a short time made rapid progress ; but I soon formed improper friendships, became weary of the restraints of the school-room, and longed to become a merchant. My wishes were gratified, and I was placed in a country store as junior clerk ; but soon becoming dissatisfied, and having yielded to temptation, I was again recalled.

“ It is unnecessary to say that my course was still downward. My parents forgave me again and again, and procured excellent situations for me, but all promises were broken as soon as I was from under the watchful eye of my father, and my career was marked by dissipation. By my disobedience and ingratitude, my parents at length lost confidence in me. My father’s hair had grown white with sorrow, my mother’s heart was bowed down with grief, and the affection of brothers and sisters began to wane. In the month of September, 1849, I was placed on board a whaling ship, bound on a cruise in the Arctic Ocean, in hopes that it would be the means of correcting my evil habits.

“ We had a prosperous voyage, and arrived home again, after an absence of nineteen months. As my outfit had been given me, there were two hundred and forty-five dollars in my locker when we were paid off. But this was soon disposed of, sailor-fashion, and I once more shipped in a whaler. The second voyage was not successful. We passed through many dangers ; and much hardship, and long before it was ended I was discharged into a hospital at Tahiti. There, in sickness, thousands of miles from home, amid strangers, I thought of those I loved, although I had wronged them, and a resolution was made to lead an upright life, should I ever be enabled to reach New York. Through the mercy of God I was once more allowed to clasp the hands of my relatives and friends, and receive a welcome of which I was undeserving.

“ All this time I was living in violation of God’s law. The

name of God was only uttered to curse, while religion was scoffed at and made a means of sport. As soon as my health was restored, I again became a clerk, and received a fair salary. I went smoothly for a few months, but temptation came, and I had not the strength to resist. I did not give way entirely to dissipation, but would be steady at times; and as a new influence was brought to bear upon my life, it was hoped that an entire and permanent change would take place. Suddenly an accident occurred which brought me upon a bed of pain for weary months, and it was believed to be one of the consequences attending a life of dissipation. My life had been spared, as it were, by a miracle, yet my heart gave no thanks to God, whose mercy permitted me to live. This dispensation, instead of awakening me to a sense of my lost condition, seemed to make me more careless and indifferent. Again I disgraced my relatives and friends, and as my conduct had estranged me from them all, I left home in anger, determined never again to cross the threshold until I had become a better man.

“I had outraged all propriety, trampled on every holy feeling, caused my parents days and nights of sleepless agony, defied God and man. I was not fit to live, and I cannot conceive how my life could have been spared by that infinite Being whom I had reviled, blasphemed and hated. The next day after my arrival at the Sailors’ home, by the persuasions of a friend, I was induced to sign the pledge, and resolved to keep it.

“One evening, while seated at a table in the reading-room, conversing with some seamen, lately returned from various voyages, an invitation was given to attend the house of prayer. I accepted, through motives of curiosity. While listening carelessly and indifferently to the words of Divine truth, the expression, ‘Quench not the spirit,’ attracted my attention. The words and remarks following them became deeply engraven upon my mind, and I could not forget them. The next day I sailed for Baltimore; and during my absence, often thought about a future existence, although endeavoring to shake off the feeling.

Upon my return to New York, after an absence of a month, I avoided the house of God, for I wished to rid my mind of all thought upon the subject of religion. Still these words, 'Quench not the spirit,' were ringing in my ears, and I could not drive them away.

"About one week previous to my departure for the West Indies, while conversing with one of my companions at the Home, I was invited to attend church, but replied, 'Not to-night; to-morrow—by-and-by.' You then remarked, 'Now is the time—to-morrow may never be yours, my friend.' Those words fell on my heart with so much force, that I began to think deeply: 'To-morrow may not be mine. Then if the voyage of life should end this night, where, where would it commence again?' During the whole week after this, my mind was greatly depressed in view of the judgment certain to overtake my soul. But I could not pray—I did not dare to pray. Our voyage had commenced. I had left the Home without informing any one of my state of mind, for I hoped the feeling would prove transitory. The first day passed by, and while cleaning up the decks my mind was diverted from its serious thoughts; but when all became quiet, and the shades of night began to steal over us, the impression came back with ten-fold force. My mental distress was so great that I fell upon my knees, and prayed for mercy, until called to take my turn at the helm. As soon as our watch was relieved, I hastened below to read my Bible, a Bible that had been my companion for eleven years, but always remained at the bottom of my chest, bag or trunk.

"As I opened the sacred pages, my eyes fell upon the words in John iii. 16: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' While pondering over the infinite love of the Creator and Redeemer, a sense of quiet filled my soul. The fear of judgment was lost in the thought of ingratitude to him who had experienced the agonies of the cross and died for my sake. As I continued to read, my heart sank lower and

lower. It could not be that such love had been manifested for me. No, no; I had so long slighted the advantages and blessings which had clustered around my pathway in life from infancy, so long disregarded the precepts, entreaties, and promises revealed in God's word, so long denied my Saviour and defied my Creator, that it could not be possible he died for me. No, no! I had broken all laws and sinned beyond forgiveness; never could I receive pardon.

“Day after day passed in this manner, and my agony of mind was too great to admit of sleep. My Bible was my constant companion, but every verse seemed to condemn me. I felt myself lost forever—the Saviour could not forgive. Two weeks passed away in this manner, and my mind was still bowed down under a heavy conviction of my great sin. While pacing the deck one night, the dark heavy clouds obscured the sky like a gloomy pall. It was like my heart; darkness overspread all, and there was not a ray of light to shine through the gloom. No hope! No hope! I was in despair. Suddenly I recollected that the blessed Saviour forgave even those who slew him, and my heart leaped for joy, for there was hope that even my sins could be forgiven. I fell upon my knees by the windlass and implored forgiveness for the Redeemer's sake. I felt that I was a lost, guilty wretch, unfit to live; but Christ the Redeemer had given himself a ransom for me, and I had faith in the efficacy of his blood to cleanse my soul from sin. I gave myself wholly to God. My supplications for mercy and forgiveness were changed to a song of praise and joy. My Bible now possessed a dear interest. Where before it had condemned me or appeared dull, it was now a source of consolation and delight.

“God be praised! It was his work! The unfruitful tree which for twenty-five years had cumbered the ground, had at last brought forth fruit. Dear brother, pray for me that strength may be given me from above to continue firm in the good cause; that temptations may be withstood, by God's help and blessing. Pray that I may live to the glory of God and the advancement of

the Redeemer's kingdom on earth. I am but a polluted worm in the sight of God. May I ever love and trust the Saviour and do his will.

“O, may the heart of my white-haired father and mother be gladdened when they hear of the conversion of their son. May they feel it is an answer to their prayers. God bless your efforts, my dear brother, and may you behold the little seed quietly dropped by the wayside, springing up into a goodly tree, bearing fruit unto eternal life ; and may the hearts of Christians be cheered by receiving daily answers to their prayers for seamen.

“N. T.”

THE YOUNG HERETIC.

In the month of September, 1855, there came to the Sailors' Home a young French lad, about fifteen years of age. He was found by our missionary and invited to church, where he was awakened to a sense of his sinfulness. After a few days, his heart softened under the preaching of the truth, accompanied as it was with private conversation and prayer, until, by degrees, the light broke in upon his soul, and he found peace in an entire resignation of his spirit, soul and body, to Christ. From conversation had with him in my study, I learned that he was born in a village of Brittany, in September, 1840. His parents being Roman Catholics, he was, for the first ten years of his life, instructed faithfully in the tenets of Romanism. He seems to have been naturally inclined to piety. He was conscientious, gentle, and obedient to his parents, intelligent and quick to learn ; but according to his own statements, he never considered the religious asperities of Rome conducive to the cultivation of a true piety. In short, he never took kindly to either the doctrines or the teachers of that church. A few years before I became acquainted with him, he came into the

possession of a copy of the Bible, through a Protestant friend. He read his new treasure with eagerness, and soon learned from it, that many things demanded by the priesthood found no countenance in the word of God.

When he was eleven years old, he went to sea, with an uncle, in a brig called the St. Jaques, bound to Cadiz, and thence to Newfoundland, for a cargo of fish. On the passage home she ran into an iceberg, and was so badly stove that the crew were compelled to abandon her. Louis and his uncle, who had extemporized a raft, were saved. But they had only time to secure a few pounds of bread, a hatchet, a harpoon and a broken oar. In this frail craft they were drifting about among floating masses of ice for nearly three days. This was in the month of February. The cold was intense, and to prevent their feet from freezing they were compelled to keep them under water. The poor boy, in this perilous condition, thought of home, of the teachings of his parents, and only wished he was once more safe on solid ground, promising himself that he would stay there. The situation becoming more and more unendurable, he feared that they must die before relief could come. He thought of God as the hearer of prayer, and asked his uncle if he might cry to Heaven for help. He was very angry, and with an oath bade him think no more of such nonsense. Afterwards, however, he relented, and gave the boy permission to pray.

Louis fell upon his knees, and besought God to save them from the threshold of death, or prepare them to meet him in heaven. While he was praying, his uncle knelt beside him, and wept with him. God heard that

prayer. In the morning they were picked up by a Spanish schooner.

He was soon at sea again, despite the dangers through which he had passed, and the promises he had made to himself. The first voyage never did kill the true sailor. His next voyage was to China, whence he returned after two years. On reaching home he was seized by the Government and compelled to enter the naval marine. But from that enforced service, after doing duty about ten days, he deserted, shipped on board an American vessel and came to the United States.

An incident which he related to me will serve to illustrate the independence of character he possessed, and his fearlessness in what he considered the right. After he had begun to read the scriptures referred to, he was sent by his mother, one Friday, to the priest to confession. He was asked by the ghostly father if he had eaten meat that day? He replied: "Yes! I have eaten meat for breakfast, and intend to eat meat for dinner."

The priest was astounded at such a confession and purpose, called him a young heretic, and commanded him to kneel down. But he refused, saying he would kneel to God, but not to man. He was then questioned as to the reason for his rebellion against the teachings and discipline of the Church. He replied that he had read that God gave meat to be eaten, and had only prohibited the blood. The holy father then demanded to see the book that contained these heresies. The boy brought him the Bible; and though he was importunate in his demands for its return, he never saw it again. The effect of this priest's conduct on his young mind was such as to alienate him still more from Rome. His sea-life,

from this time, was more and more careless, until he reached New York, in the fall of 1854. Here he was stricken down with ship fever, and lay in the Quarantine Hospital, his spirit hovering between life and death for six or seven weeks.

Recovering from this imminent danger, he returned again to the sea, and sailed out of New York, until he was fallen in with by our missionary, who brought him to me. A few days after this conversation he sailed again. On the evening before his departure he said to me: "I know that on board the vessel I shall suffer temptations and persecutions. But, I trust in the Lord Jesus. He will give me strength to bear them, or will bring me out of them all."

Believing that the lad had clear views of his duty and of his privilege, of his own weakness and of his imputed strength, I gave him a copy of the New Testament and of the "Christian's Daily Food," in his own language, and bade him farewell. Three months to a day had passed, when he came back to my study full of love and zeal for the Master. He said, "I love Christ more and more, because he has been so good to me." He made several voyages between New York and the South and Mexico, maintaining his Christian character. In October, 1856, he united with the Mariner's church. Here he displayed so many sterling qualities, and was withal of so teachable a spirit and so apt to learn, that it was deemed advisable to take him from the sea and give him an education that would fit him for still larger usefulness in the ministry. Funds were provided to this end, and on the 17th of November he was received under the care of a committee of the Presbytery of New York. It was deter-

mined to send him at once to an academy. The ladies of the church came together, made up articles of clothing, bedding, etc., and fitted him out. On the 1st of December I took him to Woodbridge, New Jersey, and placed him in the academy of Rev. Thos. H. Morris. Only a few days after he was lodged in this pleasant home, he received a letter from the priest of his native village, upbraiding him for becoming a heretic. He had written to his mother informing her of his conversion, and she, being a rigid Catholic, gave the letter to the priest. Hence these tears. In his letter to me, dated December 12th, 1856, he says :

“Thank God, my faith is already strong enough to resist his persuasions. He seems horrified at my purpose to study for the ministry, and commands me to leave the school and cling to the first religion which he taught me. But I am firm. Christ is my Shepherd. I feel that he will not let me go astray.”

Louis progressed favorably with his academic studies, and soon won his way to the hearts of the principal and his family, as well as of the students. He grew in grace, as he increased in knowledge, took part in young people's prayer-meetings, and gave general satisfaction in his studies as well as in his daily walk. In a letter written to me, dated March 26th, 1857, he says: “I often think of the Mariners' Church. I can never forget that it was there that I was born again. I am anxious to know whether there are any more souls brought to Christ.”

Writing again, June 22nd, he says: “I have received another letter from my parents, who are in trouble, and wish me to come home. I cannot any longer resist their

appeal. Mr. Morris has seen the letter, and he thinks it is my duty to go. My father is now an exile in England. He, too, writes me to come home and help my mother." He adds :

"Now I have told you my misfortunes. I will also tell you something which is better. My father, who was no better than a heathen, has been convicted of his sins, and has found peace in believing on the Son of God.

"This is the work of the Holy Spirit, who has opened his eyes to the truth as it is revealed in the word of God. In reading the New Testament he was sad at the thought that it was his sins which caused the sufferings of Christ. Yet he grieved the Holy Spirit by trying to persuade himself that Jesus was not 'the Christ.' To fortify himself in this belief he took up the Old Testament, hoping to prove from it that Jesus was not the anointed of God. Christ would not, however, that he should thus perish. For on opening the Bible, his eye fell upon the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet foretells the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. It was then, for the first time, that he bowed down at the foot of the cross, and with a broken heart asked forgiveness at the hands of his heavenly Father, through Christ."

The result of all this was that Louis, after enjoying the advantages of the academy for six months, abandoned his studies, and left us permanently, to our grief and disappointment, as we had anticipated a life of usefulness for him. How true it is—"Man proposes, but God disposes!"

I did not hear from our young friend again until the month of August, 1859, when he returned to New York. In a letter received from him on the 20th of that month, he says :

“I wish to state to you some of my experience, since I left you two years ago. When I was brought to Christ to seek the salvation of my soul through him alone, you gave me a New Testament in my own language, and directed me especially to read the Gospel according to the Evangelist John. I did so, and was at once convinced of the unscriptural character of the religion in which I was instructed, and the blessedness of the one I was taught to abhor.

“As a consequence of that change, I had a desire that others should see it in the same light. Trusting therefore to the same power which had opened my eyes to the truth, I began to work to that end. My first essay was at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Our vessel had been supplied, before leaving New York, with several Spanish Testaments. These I took ashore and distributed among the Mexicans. The result is known to God, and to those who received them alone. But it is of the Testament you gave me that I wish especially to inform you. When I reached home, after leaving my studies, I felt there was an immense work for me to do. I was subjected to continual persecutions from the priests, and even from my own relations, but all these things sunk into insignificance when compared with the few moments of joy I had, when permitted to do something for the Lord.

“I will relate one incident connected with that Testament. In our village, was a young man who had been a school-fellow of mine. He was now at a Jesuit college, preparing for the priesthood. He knew that I went to sea, and he had heard that I had fallen into the hands of heretics.

“Learning of my arrival home, and having an affection for me, he resolved to try and bring me back to the worship of the Virgin Mary and to the bosom of the church in which alone he believed I could be saved. He came to me full of zeal, and for a long time discoursed of the darkness of my way, of the danger of my position and of the nature and consequence of excommunication. At length he paused, and watched my countenance, to

mark the effects of his exhortation. But I assured him that the excommunication he dreaded had nothing of horror in it for me. I then gave him my reasons for the course I had taken in turning to Christ, and looking to *him alone* for my salvation. He was astonished that I quoted so many passages from the very life of Christ to sustain that religion which he conceived sure damnation. He was, as he told me, studying a Latin New Testament, but he could not understand it. Then it was that I gave him the French Testament which I had received from you. He began to read it; and the result was the light of truth poured into his soul. Before he left me, I asked him to let me pray with him. He consented. We bowed together, and God blessed that prayer. He was astonished to find that instead of saying "Sancta Maria Mater Dei—ora pro nobis, peccatoribus," (Holy Mary, mother of God pray for us sinners,) I went to God direct, as David did, saying, 'Aie pitié de moi, O Dieu, aie pitié de moi, car mon âme se retire vers toi, et je me retire sous l'ombre de tes ailes, jusque à ce que les calamités, soient passées (Ps. lvii. 1. He listened to that prayer, and though it was so simple, he said he had never heard anything so much like a prayer before. God blessed that young man. He felt no inclination to return to his college studies. What was more astonishing, his father was overjoyed, for the Jesuits had taken him against his father's will. A few days after our interview the young convert came and took me to his home. His father received me with a pleasant smile on his face, and said, 'Welcome, young heretic! You restored my son to me. It is better for him to be a heretic than a Jesuit.'

"When I last saw this young disciple, about two months since, I wept with joy to see the work he had accomplished for Christ. He has been a heretic now for nearly two years, and has no wish ever to be anything else. Now, Mr. Jones, this is not what I have done, but what Christ and the New Testament have done. God forbid that I should glory in anything but the cross of Christ, to whom alone all glory is due.

"Humbly yours,

LOUIS LE MESCAM."

I never have seen the young Frenchman since. Eleven years passed away without a line from him. I often thought of him, but feared he was dead. I felt sure that if alive, he would have communicated with me, for I know that he loved us all. Perhaps he had gone down in some foundering ship or been dashed to pieces on some rock-bound coast, and his bones had mingled with those of ocean's myriad dead. Or perhaps in some far off land he had been stricken with disease, and nursed by stranger hands, had fallen asleep in Jesus, and been buried in an unknown grave. Judge of my surprise then, dear reader, when I received a letter, in his well-known handwriting, from Havre, dated February 1st, 1870. It was to me like receiving a message from the grave. It said :

“It is now nearly eleven years since I wrote to you. I have been tossed about the world and suffered many hardships and family losses. Great sorrows have fallen to my lot, but I have always had you in my thoughts, and indeed all my friends in New York. I could not blot from my memory the many good men who took such an interest in my future life. Especially him, who opened to my mind the truths of the Bible, as contrasted with the Romish fables which I was taught when a child. You will believe me, when I tell you that I have never ceased to be a Protestant, heart and soul, and that my greatest hope is to die in that faith. You will add greatly to the obligations I owe you already by sending me a note, that I may know how all my old friends are. The happiness of hearing from them and from you and yours is a joy which I have long anticipated.”

I responded immediately, and on the 8th of the next month received the following, which I will introduce by saying, that when Louis left us, he seemed to be laboring

under a difficulty which I could not fully understand ; a burden appeared to rest upon his mind, arising from what I conceived to be a voluntary humility on his part, a sense not only of unfitness, but of *presumption* in seeking the high and holy office of the ministry. His conscience was really sensitive on that point, although the honor was not in reality of his seeking. This much, it is necessary to state, in explanation of some expressions in his letter, which runs thus :

“ *My dear Friend*—Your kind answer has more than justified my faith. I left you in 1859, convinced that my position was a false one, and that under the circumstances I could not possess a clean heart and an upright spirit. I therefore left you, not for want of affection for you, but rather the reverse. I hoped to find peace for my mind amid the toils and hardships of life. God has deigned to hear the prayers you offered in my behalf, and even my poor supplications also for his guidance. To his gracious control, do I now ascribe my earnest faith and my joyful hope. He has brought me to this state through many sorrows and afflictions. I have submitted to what I believed to be the will of God. Yet I have been broken down and wretched. But it is a blessed thing to have God for my Father, my refuge, to whom I can look in all my troubles, even in those which I may have brought upon myself through my own imprudence.”

In a letter written more recently, explaining in detail his reasons for abandoning his studies, he says :

“ A letter written to me by the priest of our village, urging me to come home, stated that my mother had been bed-ridden for six months, and was perhaps dying. On reading that, I had no more courage for study ; I therefore started for home. I worked my passage from New York to Havre, walked from Havre to Paimpol in Brittany, and found a desolate home. I wrote to

the Rev. Mr. Sawtell, seamen's chaplain in Havre. He loaned me money enough to transfer my mother to a hospital at St. Brienne, where her leg was amputated at the thigh. Leaving her there, I footed it to Havre, shipped for Boston and New Orleans, and returned in another vessel to Havre; but hearing that my mother had died—which I afterwards learned was not true—I returned to New York, thence to New Orleans, sailed thence for Liverpool, was driven on a reef, sprung a leak, tried to make Savannah, but sunk off Tybee Island. I returned to Havre, obtained employment ashore as a courier, became tired of the land, sailed again for New Orleans, and reached there about the time the first shot was fired at Sumter. Thence I went to Baltimore, joined a corps of volunteers, became a United States soldier, served thirteen months for the preservation of the Union, was at the first battle of Bull Run, got wounded in the right hand and was discharged. Instead of re-enlisting I took passage to Liverpool, shipped thence for Calcutta; left the ship there, and engaged with a Florentine gentleman who was selling statuary. I went with him to Cawnpore, Benares and Delhi, and becoming weary again of the shore, came back to Calcutta and shipped for Sidney, New South Wales.

“That was my last voyage as employee. I left the ship there and obtained employment in a hotel. Some time afterwards I made the acquaintance of a respectable Christian family, consisting of a widow lady, having a son and daughter at home with her. In June, 1863, I married the daughter, and then, with heartfelt thanks to God for this his last best gift, we kneeled in prayer, and consecrated ourselves to him. I begged him for Jesus' sake to preserve us to each other, and to direct me in the new and solemn obligations I had entered into with her whom I had sworn to love and protect. I now enjoyed a short season of real happiness. All past uncertainties seemed to have disappeared. I thought I saw for myself a bright and happy future. My wife answered all my loving hopes. Mine was a happy home. But in six short weeks death came into the circle. My

brother-in-law, to whom I was fondly attached for his sterling qualities of mind and heart, was taken from us. My wife and I then took his place in caring for the widow. This was for me a pleasant duty. Time ran on, grief for the dead moderated, and we were once more happy. My employer promoted me to a higher position, and increased my salary, so that I was enabled to lay by a portion for future exigencies.

“At length a child was born unto us. Once more I praised the Lord. I wept tears of joy and gratitude on hearing the voice of my first-born. But from that time my earthly happiness was brief. My wife’s health was shattered by her confinement. In five months my child died in her mother’s arms. It was a sad blow to me, as it was so unexpected. I left her well when I went to business in the morning, and fifteen minutes after my return, in the evening, she was cold in death. I had fondly hoped to have this child live, that I might bestow my love and labor upon her; but it was the Lord’s will that my hopes should not be realized. My wife’s health was again broken by a second confinement, and, after lingering only six months, she, too, went to her Saviour, whom she had loved and trusted. Our second child had died two days before her mother. My dear wife’s death was calm, peaceful and full of hope. I listened to her weak voice saying, ‘*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*’ Holding my hand in hers, she bade me cheer up, and trusting always in Jesus, to meet her and our little ones in heaven. Shortly after this her spirit passed away, while her dying gaze was fixed upon me.

“I buried them all in the same grave in the Presbyterian church-yard. On the grave stone I had inscribed these lines :

‘A few short years of evil pass’d,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends, at last
Shall meet to part no more.’

“Such then, my dear friend, is a part of my story. During my trials I had reason to bless God that I found, while yet a

sailor boy, such a Christian friend as you. For in my troubles I remembered your teachings, when you turned my heart towards him whom you taught me to look upon as the only Mediator between God and man. So much sorrow, anxiety and watching laid me on a bed of sickness. I was unconscious of pain for some time, as the fever affected my brain. After God had restored me to health my employer sent me through the interior towns, on a business tour. The change had a good effect on my health, and in February, 1869, I started on my journey to my childhood's home. I reached France last June, too late however to meet my father, who had gone to his rest a short time before. I did not find the enjoyment I had anticipated. I refused, from principle, to order any masses for the repose of my father's soul, or to pay any portion of the expenses incurred for that purpose by my mother, brother and sister. I was therefore treated with coldness, if not with aversion, at least I fancied so. I therefore turned my back on my native village once more, and I believe for the last time. I left sufficient means however to provide for my mother's wants while she lives, and came to Havre, where I am now employed as interpreter by American and English travellers."

After making minute inquiries concerning all the members of our family, he says, in closing :

"Present my highest respects to Mrs. Jones; tell her I have often thought of her who took me by the hand and called me her son. As for you, my dear father in the Lord, whatever may have been my wanderings, I have never forgotten to whom I owed and still owe my first knowledge of the religion of Jesus. Tell all the good people who befriended me in my youth, that although I may never see them on earth, I am yet in the band of hope, and shall see them in heaven."

Another letter was received in the following June, in which he deprecates the quarrel then in progress between France and Germany, and declares he has no sympathy

with war. If it comes, he will have no hand in it, but will come to America or go again to Australia. He also speaks very gratefully of the letter I had written him, and says: "I feel that a sight of you would bring such happiness back to my soul as I have not tasted for years. I treasure your letter among the dearest records I possess, and read it often. For you lead my thoughts away from the cares and anxieties of the world, to the true seat of rest and happiness above." In the opening of the next year, I received a communication from him, dated January 24th, 1871, from Octerville, at which point a part of the French army was posted. In it he says:

"For the last four months I have taken up arms, in order to render my feeble help, as in duty bound, to save my native land from the ruin into which our enemies would plunge us. In the beginning of the war I did not sympathise with the cause, nor with the men who brought us into the strife. But after the capitulation of Sedan the cause became sacred. I saw that the motive of the Prussians was not only to conquer our armies and our government, but to send desolation throughout the whole land. Then it was, that, along with many other patriots, I enlisted. Since then I have done my duty to my country, humbly praying the Lord to direct me, submitting my fate to his decision. It may be that this is the end for which he has hitherto spared my worthless life, and I may fall in the defence of my country. I hope this war will awaken my countrymen to a true sense of religion and to a dependence on God, who is the only wise ruler of nations.

"For myself I can say, since I have cast my lot among my comrades in arms, the Lord has sustained me in duty and protected my life. Many of those who joined when I did, have found death on the battle-fields—I say battle-fields, for I was in seventeen engagements during the war."

He closes by signing himself "MARICHAL DE LOGIS, de la batterie de Metrailleuse du Havre, first Division, second Brigade."

I wrote immediately as he had directed, but years rolled away, and I heard no more from my young friend of 1856. I could only account for his silence by the supposition that he, too, had fallen among the slain in his country's defence. All track of him seemed to be absolutely lost. Letters sent to him had brought no response, and yet I could not find it in my heart to settle down to the conviction of his death, without making at least one more effort to find him. I wrote again to Havre, and succeeded in procuring the information that my young friend had passed through the war unscathed, had married, and gone again from his native land to try a new country. His address was given me as "Nouvelle Caledonia."

Here then I was once more on his track. Being anxious to know how the good Lord was leading him, and using his sweet spirit for his own glory, I sent a letter speeding away to the extreme East, as on a kind of forlorn hope, to bring him again, if possible, within the circle of my correspondence. My letter was dated May 21st, 1880. It found him, and elicited the following in reply, which adds another chapter of incidents to his already checkered and eventful history. It has this delightful feature, at least. It proves the vitality of the seed which was sown in his young heart a quarter of a century ago. It shows, moreover, that the quality of the seed has not deteriorated, though carried so far from its native soil. I give his communication entire, because it illustrates the romance which so often pertains to real life, and is a fitting close to a story which bears so many marks of an

overruling Providence, as well as of the blessed results of our labor for Christ among these wanderers of the sea. It is dated at Noumea, New Caledonia, July 24th, 1880.

“*My dear Father*—So, with your usual kindness, you have wished to find out and hear something of the poor stranger you so generously harbored some twenty years ago. Had not your welcome letter brought with it the sad news of your beloved wife’s death, how happy I should have been to welcome it. How can I receive the news without shedding tears for the memory of one who called the outcast boy her son, and whom I also called by the sweet name of mother? I am glad that I was permitted once more before she departed, to let her know that I had not forgotten her. May she not, even now, see my sorrow, as I pen these lines with bitter tears, and forgive all my ingratitude? And you, beloved friend, will you not excuse the boy? Cares, hardship and toil have been my lot since you last heard from me—yet not wholly unmingled with pleasure and contentment.

“My life was spared during the war in which my country was engaged, although my sufferings were great, both physically and mentally. But like all other phases of life, it passed away to make room for other scenes. Now I am once more blessed with a beloved wife and have four sweet children, two boys and two girls. My eldest, a boy, was born at sea, on our passage from France to this place, in lat. 46° south and long. 55° east of Paris, in the Southern Indian Ocean, and in a cyclone. The other three were born here in Noumea.

“I am doing as well as I can expect in business, being a partner in one of the principal firms here. I am not getting rich, for the country has passed through a series of financial difficulties, during the last three or four years. Yet we are holding our own, and I have great hopes of success. My spare time is devoted to the interests of Protestantism, and to the welfare of the public schools, from which, after a hard battle, we have succeeded in ejecting the holy brothers, of the Jesuitical institution, and

replacing them by lay teachers. We hope to see our children, even in this land of convicts, Jesuits and savages, receive a suitable education. Rev. Mr. Charbonniaud, our well-beloved Protestant pastor, has helped us as far as his official position will allow.

“When, dear father, shall we meet? Will it be here or above? Which ever it be, one heart will ever beat for you, unknown, perhaps, to all else but itself, no matter what time or space may separate us. That heart is mine. The young lad, wavering, unsettled, careless perhaps, of a changeable disposition, had, and has one thing as big as any man, and that was and is his heart. That has never changed. It remembers—what? your kindness? your hospitality? No! these terms are too cold. It remembers your fatherly love. When you speak to your children, the eldest of whom may remember me as in a dream, tell them that there is at a great distance, far away in the South Pacific Ocean, one man who would like to press them to his heart, for their parents’ sake. Pardon this letter, which I have scarcely been able to write on account of the emotion which every remembrance of you brings to me. Remember me to your children, and to all my friends, and accept for yourself the assurance of my affection.

“Yours truly,

L. LE MESCAM.”

I may add, in closing this interesting sketch, what I have learned from other sources of information, viz., that the eight years spent by my young friend in New South Wales, were by no means years of inactivity in the Master’s vineyard. I have seen articles written for the press which show that he was busy with his pen, as well as with his tongue, in the cause of philanthropy; that he felt for others’ woes, and was in sympathy with the poor and oppressed. He was fearlessly and actively engaged in church work, took a deep interest in the Sab-

bath-school, and in the cause of Temperance. In short, he was about his Master's business. Faithful, affectionate, full of sympathy, self-denying, patient to labor, and strong to endure, he gained the confidence of his employer, the affection of his pastor, Rev. J. McGibbon, and the good will of the community in which he dwelt. His life also bore testimony to the loving favor of his God. The good seed of the Word had taken deep root in the soil of his young heart, already prepared by the Great Husbandman, and hence the fruit is manifold.

He still lives, and is laboring for Christ. What things he may yet accomplish, we may not now predict. It is not for us to forecast the future, beyond this. He is in the hands of our loving and covenant Father, who called him into his own harvest field, in the bloom of his youth, and who knows how to utilize his matured energies for his own glory. It is perfectly safe therefore to assume that he will still employ him for his own wise ends, and may make him a still greater blessing to the world, in the proclaiming of his own name, as the "confidence of all the ends of the earth and of them also that are afar off upon the sea."

CHAPTER VII.

CHURCH WORK IN 1856—PRAYER IN THE HATCH- HOUSE.

Watch-night—A mind to work—Voluntary effort—Missionary at China—Another laborer for Christ—Success among shipmates—A brief ministry—Sweetmeats—Chief officer—Uncertainty of life—A young Englishman—Prayer retroactive—Bureau of information—Lord Howe's Island—A missionary whaler—The Bethel work—Prayer in the "Hatch-house"—Early teachings—Ten years in the fore-castle—Serious convictions—Faithful captain—Bible brought out—"What must I do"—The firm resolve—Now or never—Desire to preach—Way opened—Enters college—An ambassador for Christ—Blessed of God—Twenty years in the ministry.

IN closing the records of the year 1855, it occurs to me to give a brief sketch of the service at which we bade farewell to the old year, and welcomed the entering in of the new. It was our sailor's "watch-night." The reader will say, "Why, every night is a sailor's watch-night." I am aware of that, I have stood many of them. But a watch-night ashore is a different thing altogether from a watch-night at sea, especially such a watch-night as that held in our Mariners' church on the last night of the closing year. I had some doubts about detaining seamen for five hours at a stretch at a religious meeting, but they had learned to "obey orders, if they broke owners."

I resolved therefore to give it a trial. The result proved that I had not miscalculated the staying power of the audience. Sailors are accustomed to "hold on."

At half-past seven a large number of seamen were present; others continued to pour in until ten o'clock. From 7.30 till 9 P. M., we spent the time in praying and singing on the voluntary principle. A recess then took place for fifteen minutes for social converse. At 9.15, I preached a sermon from Phil. iii. 13, 14, urging the duty of pressing forward to new conquests for the Master. This occupied the time until eleven. Then came the season of blessedness. The best of the wine was reserved for the last of the feast. An invitation being given, men rose on every side, to testify of their love for, or their need of Christ. A red shirt here, a blue shirt there, a monkey-jacket, or a frock coat among them was seen lifting itself above the rest, while its wearer, beaten by the storms of every sea, bronzed by every clime, gave forth in simple, brief and earnest utterances, his testimony for Christ. Many regretted their short comings in the past, and promised better things for the future.

At 12.15 eleven persons—five of them unconverted seamen, rose to ask for prayer, three of whom gave unmistakable evidence afterward of having passed from death unto life. A few moments of silent prayer in the opening minutes of the New Year, closed one of the most thrillingly interesting meetings I had ever attended in my life. It was valued more however for the promise it gave for the future, than for its present results. It was worth a whole life time of labor and opposition. Its effect on my own soul was to make me determine to live more devotedly, and, with the Divine blessing, to consecrate myself

more absolutely to the blessed ministry of Christ among my brethren of the sea.

The new year had been sanctified by the spirit of God in the silence of the consecrating prayer, with which the watch-night closed. Baptized as it was by the Holy Spirit, and animated by hope and trust for the future, it gave large promises of blessed results. Nor were the hopes of God's people either deferred or disappointed. The reviving influence continued. The walls of our holy city went steadily upward, for our people had "a mind to work." Spurred on by the increasing interest manifested, they threw themselves into the work with redoubled zeal and energy. The congregations were enlarged, the number of meetings increased. The wave of spiritual life rolled on with increasing force, and each week added to its momentum. Sailors became more and more alive to their own eternal welfare, and presented themselves in increasing numbers to the pastor and missionary, in the attitude of inquirers after the way of life. There was no physical excitement, no shouting, no anxious seat, but a calm, earnest, profound and intense conviction of sin. Brave men, whose faces would not blanch before the enemy's broadside, who had experienced the horrors of a dark lee shore without quailing, were convulsed with grief and bathed in tears, under a consciousness of the heinousness of their sins, which they felt were invoking the wrath of an angry God, and from which there could be no relief but in his pardoning love. Under these convictions they were driven from every refuge of lies, from all hope of any remedy, but the one divinely provided; and were led to seek God's way out of their difficulty.

In this emergency the study of the pastor became the

centre of interest to inquiring souls. With such a sense of peril, it is not wonderful that they should seek the means of escape, and that, finding them, they should embrace and cling to them with all the tenacity of their awakened convictions and fears. Their anxiety was intensified by the consciousness of the fact that what was to be done, must be done at once. Time was rapidly passing away; their opportunities were limited; their shore life was brief at best, and hence the intense solicitude to secure the favor of God before going again to sea. This desire in many of them was realized. Many more were compelled to leave while yet under conviction of their sins. These were urged to write and inform us of the result. In some instances the request was complied with: in others we were delighted with the return of some wanderer, who, in his absence, had found his Saviour on the sea, and who, on reaching the shore, had made "a straight wake" for the church, to share with his brethren in Christ the exuberance of his new-found joy.

Before the month of January closed, I received in my study two hundred and forty-two visits from seamen. The missionary and myself conversed privately on the subject of personal religion, with five hundred and thirty-one souls, and bowed in prayer with one hundred and ninety-three. Thirty-three of these, more than one for each day, gave cheering evidence that they had passed from death unto life. There were also seventy-three anxiously asking the way of peace, some of whom went to sea exclaiming, "I am determined, by God's help, to live a new life." Others left behind them testimony so unexceptionable, that if we had heard of the deep waters closing over them forever, we should have confidently

anticipated meeting them at the right hand of God. The impetus given to the good work was sustained and increased, so that at each monthly communion season, we were cheered and blessed, not only with rich experiences of ransomed souls, but with actual additions to our membership, until, by December, one hundred and fifteen were added to the church of such we trust as were saved. Some idea of the intelligence, piety and missionary zeal of these converts may be deduced from their after lives.

Under the date of April 9th, 1856, a young German sailor, who had but recently experienced the new birth, wrote me from Charlestown, Mass., where he was laboring as a missionary among seamen, at his own charges:

“I am only a babe in Christ. It is but three months since I became a child of God, but I feel happy when I can speak a word for Christ, and tell what he has done for my soul. This makes me happier than if I was the richest man in the world. I am now laboring as a colporteur, and it is my business to catch men, as Peter did, and the Lord is with me. There is more glory, I believe, brought to God in the return of one straying sheep to the fold of Christ, than there is in the conquest of the whole world.”

In a later communication he expresses a strong desire to study for the ministry, in order that, being intellectually furnished for the work, he might obtain a position in some heathen seaport, where he could preach to the natives in their own tongue, and at the same time give the gospel to the seamen as they reached the shores. Still later he states that he labored for some months as a colporteur at his own expense, but, to use his own expressive language, “low water in the region of finance,” compelled him to give up the good work and go to sea again; still

however, clinging to the hope, born of holy desire, that he might yet preach the everlasting gospel. Nor was this a vain hope, a visionary anticipation. Originating with the Holy Spirit, as all such hopes do, it was nourished and cultivated by the power that conceived it. He subsequently found the way open for the accomplishing of his purpose. A few years later, having completed his studies, the following notice appeared in the "New York Examiner:"

"HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY.—The Rev. Charles Kreyer, Mrs. Kreyer, and Miss Fields, recently appointed missionaries, the former to China, the latter to Siam, by the Missionary Union, sailed from this port in the ship 'N. B. Palmer,' for their future fields of labor. Mr. and Mrs. Kreyer will be stationed at Ningpo, and Miss Fields at Bangkok. Mr. Kreyer is a German by birth. At the age of fourteen, tempted by the love of adventure, he left home for this country. Here he shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound to the East. He was converted on the voyage, and was baptized in China by one of the missionaries of the Southern Board. With a sailor's enthusiasm he gave himself to Christian labor, at his own charge, first among seamen on the wharves in Boston, then in China among the natives. When a way opened for him to obtain an education, he embraced it, and now, after completing a course of study at Rochester, he has sailed for China, to recommence his work there."

Thus another of these apparently hopeless wanderers of the sea becomes a subject of redeeming grace, and is sent forth to the heathen world, to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy to all people. These are however but the "avant coureurs," of the advancing hosts, who are yet to come up from the ocean in their ships, and flood the

dark places of the earth with gospel light. Who does not pray to God to speed the day, when the teeming millions of the sea shall go forth as living epistles of the truth of God, to be known and read of all men?

Another young sailor of German extraction having found Christ among us, and being compelled to leave before uniting with the church, wrote me under date of August 29th, 1856, from Liverpool:

“My heart is glad and my soul rejoices in the goodness of God, whose converting grace in me, has led me to give myself up wholly to Christ, through whom I have received more than I asked for. As I look back I consider the time spent among the members of your church as the most useful and happy I ever spent in my life. I desire to engage most heartily in the work of winning souls. The converting grace of God has made a great change in me. My mind, my heart, my life, my affections are all different from what they were by nature. In that state I had no peace with God, no intercourse, no Intercessor. I found myself lost forever, and there was no human power that could save me. But the Lord would not let me perish. Therefore, in love to him, I now bear, everywhere, a living testimony to his mercy and faithfulness, and persuade men to think on their latter end. I cannot sufficiently thank God, who took such a poor worm as I, sunken so deep in sin and hard-heartedness, and unbelief, out of the mire, and placed me where I could behold the glory of the Gospel. I feel so wrapped up in the love of God, and in the desire to save souls, that I would willingly lose all, to keep Christ. I will patiently bear the reproaches and scoffs of my shipmates, trusting in God. I am determined to go forward, for I know that my labor is not in vain in the Lord. I rejoice exceedingly to find so many English captains and mates converted. I hope they will not think it too much to speak a word for Christ, who shed his blood for us.”

Two months after thus writing, he returned and joined the church, entering into covenant with Christ and his people to spend and be spent for his glory. This vow he faithfully kept, as his future correspondence shows. In April of the next year, he calls upon me to be a partaker in his joy, to share in the pleasure of his success among his shipmates. He says :

“While in the brig D——, I asked God if he would incline the hearts of my shipmates to hear and receive his word. I told them all my message, and made inquiries into the state of their souls. I informed them that I had made a covenant with God in the presence of his people, to work for the salvation of souls ; and if they would agree to be quiet and serious, I would lead in Divine worship. I gathered them about the family altar, read the scriptures, and prayed to the Lord to help them. I know it warmed their hearts, for they heartily thanked me, and urged me to repeat the service the following evening. I therefore continued the services, though not without exciting the enmity of the captain, who tried to shake the foundations of my hope. But I have drank too deeply of the waters of salvation, and eaten of the bread of life too long to think even of giving up my sweetmeats now. I have taken up the cross of Christ, and am determined to follow him to the end, though I count myself but one of the least of his followers. I am endeavoring to do my Master’s work, stirring up the churches to pray earnestly that the spirit of God may be poured out abundantly upon the sea, in order that the nations may be brought to Christ, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Pray for me. The Mariners’ churches in Baltimore and in Boston, greeting you, pray for the Divine blessing upon you.”

A few months only, after this record of faithful effort and earnest longing, our young missionary sailor was called home to his reward in heaven, and to the eternal enjoyment of the presence of his risen Lord :

A chief-officer having confessed Christ, and united with the church, wrote as he was leaving our shores, in November, 1856:

“We are now ‘a-weigh’ for London. I have just time to drop you a line acknowledging the package of books you sent me. My fellow officers are very thankful for them. Remember us all in your prayers, dear pastor, and may the Father of Mercies bless you and your congregation. God grant that we may walk worthy of our vocation, with all lowliness and meekness, gentleness, kindness, and brotherly love, one toward another, with honesty and fidelity toward our employers, and with all humility and reverence toward our God. ‘All aboard,’ is the cry from the tug boat. Adieu!”

One month later, December 18th, he added:

“We had a very severe passage, and lost one man overboard. He fell from the main yard during a hurricane. The sea ran so high there was no hope of saving him. It was heart-rending to see the poor fellow struggling with the billows, and yet be unable to render any assistance. How uncertain is life! and how necessary that we should be prepared to meet our God and Saviour! How merciful he has been to me and mine! Should we not, daily and hourly, offer up our thanks and praise to Him? Blessed be His name! He continues to watch over us and protect us!”

“I am very much pleased with the ship and the captain, who is a pious man. I have felt happier this passage than ever before since I went to sea. I have not that fear in heavy weather that I used to have, for I now know that God is with me. In him is my trust. If he calls I know I must obey, and I pray that I may be prepared to meet him. I think of the many warnings I have had, and have neglected, and am thankful that God in mercy has spared me.”

Again, a young Englishman, to whom I had spoken concerning his soul, at our first interview, fifteen months before, writes from Boston, September 18th, 1856 :

“The writer of this is a stranger to you, I believe, by name, but the fact that I am a sailor, and one who has heard and profited by your instructions, I doubt not, will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I take in addressing you, and asking that you will permit my letters to be left in your care.”

It may seem to the reader a matter of little importance that a sailor should write to me simply to request the favor of forwarding his letters to him ; but it should be stated that this very act opened up the way for me to pour into his soul the truth as it is in Jesus. It was the means of his conversion, brought him into membership with our church, and secured for us and for our enterprise the prayers of his distant friends. So that the blessing we gave came back to us again. His next letter informed us of the pleasure he felt in acquainting us with the fact of the presence of the Holy Spirit in other ports. He thus writes :

“I am sure you will rejoice when I tell you that yesterday nine sailors were received into membership with the Fort Hill Mariners’ church, all of whom have found the pearl of great price since the opening of the present year. Seven others rose for prayer in the evening. As for myself, I am pained to acknowledge my weakness. My mind is sometimes overcast ; but then, it is not clouded long, and I am cheered by the assurance that the sun that enables me to shape my course anew, will never sink below the horizon, until I make the highlands of heaven. Though none may presume to define the extent to which our prayers avail on high, we both believe in the efficacy of the fervent, energetic prayer of the righteous, which availeth much.

May I beg yours in my behalf? With love to your lady and children. Please remember me as one of your spiritual family.

N. D. O."

My interest in, and correspondence with this young man, and with many hundreds of others, was continued through a series of years, enabling me, through my records, to keep the run of them in different parts of the world, and to act as a medium of communication between them and their relatives in other lands. As an illustration of this, I insert an extract from a letter of inquiry addressed to me by one of his near kinsmen in England:

"Rev. and Dear Sir—Notwithstanding the very sad turmoil in which your nation has been so long engaged, I trust that your peaceful profession will have served to keep you individually out of it, and that you still continue the loved pastor of the Mariners' church, as mentioned to me by Nigel D'Oyley, who found shelter and comfort under your pastoral care, as he reported to me, three or four years ago. His kindred in this country have lost sight of, and all intelligence of him for the last thirty months. It is in the fear that some misfortune has overtaken him, that I take the liberty of writing, to ask you whether you know, or have heard anything of him during that period. It will be considered a great favor of you, sir, to afford us any information in your power respecting our lost kinsman."

I was in possession of such knowledge of the absent, as to relieve their fears and to convey to them the desired information. This is but one of the very many such inquiries that came to me, and that serve to illustrate the importance of such a centre and bureau of communication as my study afforded. From it there radiated in every direction, lines of intelligence and sympathy, which extended to the extreme limits of the globe. Not

only were the seaports of the continent reached in this way, but in some instances the most distant and out-of-the-way islands of the sea.

As an illustration of this, I quote again from a young man who was converted this year, in May, and who carried Christ with him in the ship. After reaching the antipodes, he wrote me, in January, 1857, from Lord Howe's Island, lat. 16° 50' south, long. 154° 21' west, saying:

“Our captain left me ashore here, sick. There are but few people on the Island, and as far as I can learn, I am the only professing Christian among them, except a few Catholics. I should like to have some books and tracts for them. A great many ships from the United States touch here. I was a very bad man until May last. Then I learned that I had a God to serve, and that I had lived a great while too long in sin. God opened my heart, and told me that I had a soul to save, a hell to shun, and a heaven to gain. On our passage out, all our officers were professors of religion, and ten of the men before the mast. We had meeting every Sunday, in the cabin, in the morning and evening, and in the fore-castle in the afternoon, the captain being the leader. I should be glad to hear from you. Please address as above.”

One other instance of this volunteer service on the part of converted sailors, and in behalf of their roving companions, occurs to me in this connection. A young man who had been engaged in whaling, and who had himself felt the power of saving grace, devoted his time voluntarily to efforts for the salvation of his fellow whalers in New Bedford. On October 2nd, 1857, he wrote me:

“I am endeavoring to do the work which the good Lord has given me to do here, among the outward bound. I have also

been teaching in the Sabbath-school during the last three months. The superintendent is giving her whole time to the spiritual interests of seamen. She distributes books and tracts, Bibles and religious papers among them, and puts up parcels of books to send to sea. I have been assisting her ever since I came here, and will continue to do so until I go to sea, which I hope to do the beginning of next month. I have shipped in a barque belonging to Fair Haven, bound to the Okhotsk and Arctic Seas. I have shipped for forty months, but hope to be homeward-bound in twenty. Till we sail, I shall continue in this good work. During the time spent here, I have distributed two hundred English Testaments, forty-seven in Spanish, and thirteen in Portuguese, besides packages of tracts, papers, pamphlets, and books. I am running low, however, and I hope you may be able to help me ; a large supply is needed, and if I cannot get a donation, I will buy them myself, for I feel that this is a work that must be done. I have bought all the Testaments that were in the Bible rooms here, and must look for a supply from you or some one else, to meet the demand."

It will be readily perceived that a young man, with the spirit of missions so largely developed and so persistently urging him on, must have been a valuable acquisition to the crew of the barque in which he was to labor for the next forty months, perhaps. He will hear, doubtless, when life's voyage is ended, from the Captain of his salvation: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Another, which came somewhat later, from a Swedish sailor, in Illinois, tells the same story of a blessed change, and shows also the missionary spirit of those who became allied to God and his cause through our Bethel work.

"REV. CHAS. J. JONES :

"*Dear Brother*—Your kind favor was received by me last spring. Accept from me the sincere thanks of a heart which

owes all its hopes of a glorious immortality to the Bethel cause. May the Lord God Almighty reward and bless you in all your labors and trials, physical and spiritual, and make you the instrument in his hands of leading many sons and daughters to glory. I have come to love you ; for when I was alone, a poor orphan boy, oppressed beyond all conception with the burden of my sins, your missionary led my feeble steps to Jesus Christ. O, what righteousness, what sanctification, what joy in the Holy Ghost, I found in him ! Blessed be the name of Jesus ! It would be good to spend a life in his service, even if there was no hereafter. It would be a blessed, thrice blessed thing to die for his cause !

“Go on, dear brother, in your labor of love. I will labor here on the prairies of Illinois until my Master calls me elsewhere. You toil on, with the sons of the sea, and I with the rugged farmers of the West. It is a precious thing to labor for Christ, to win souls. It is exceedingly precious ! May the Lord God be with you and bless you, keep you and those he has given you, till he makes up his jewels, and we all meet in the fellowship of Christ Jesus, where we shall part no more.

“G. A. S.”

PRAYER IN THE HATCH-HOUSE.

In the spring of 1856, I became acquainted with and interested in a young Scotch sailor, about twenty-four years of age, who was before the mast in a steamship plying to Liverpool. I met him at the church service, invited him to my house, and found him an humble, earnest Christian, just in the flush of his early love. He had been converted nearly two years before, and appeared quite anxious to be about his Master's business. His piety, zeal and genial demeanor made me desirous of knowing something of his early history. Ever since my own conversion a sailor who loved my Saviour had been an object of

deep interest to me. My soul was drawn out to this young man. I exhorted him to Christian faithfulness, and induced him to enter into correspondence with me, in his absence from port; hoping by this means to be of service to him, and at the same time, gather material with which to illustrate to others, the wonderful grace of God, as displayed in the rescue of perishing souls. I was anxious too, in all such cases, to trace the various steps by which the sinner had been brought back to his allegiance to Christ, to learn the way in which the covenant faithfulness of God had been displayed in his salvation, and the nature of the instrumentalities which had been blest to that end. I found here, as in so many other instances, that the divine influence was traceable to early religious instruction at home, and in the Sabbath-school, combined with the pious example of loved ones in the family circle, and confirmed by a long train of circumstances, in which the hand of God had been leading him, all unknown to himself. He was the "son of parents passed into the skies." His history, in brief, as I received it from his own lips, and which he subsequently wrote out, at my request, was as follows :

"I was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1832. My parents died when I was about five years old; after which I was brought up by my grandparents, who were members of the Presbyterian Church. Every night the family was gathered for divine worship—I never knew it to be neglected. Under their roof, my moral character was strictly guarded. I was early sent to the Sabbath-school, and there obtained such conceptions of God and his attributes, that I found it impossible in after years to be an infidel, though I tried to make myself believe that there was no God.

"As I began to read of foreign countries, there sprung up within me an intense desire to visit them. My grandparents and friends

strove in vain to divert my mind from that object. After several attempts to obtain a ship, I at length succeeded. In the summer of 1846, when about fourteen years of age, I walked from my home to Glasgow, nine miles, and was bound as an apprentice to the brig 'Amanda,' bound to Marseilles, and sailed in a few days. I continued to follow the sea for ten years, visiting different parts of the world, and leading, for the most part, a life of unrestrained wickedness. I need not go into detail, as every one who follows the sea knows what kind of a life men lead, who are exposed to so many dangers, and deprived of all religious advantages. Many a time I reflected seriously upon my manner of life, and thought of what my fate must be if I were suddenly taken away by death. Often I made up my mind to do better. At such times, while at sea, I refrained from swearing as much as I could. I read my Bible, and made fair promises of amendment. But when I came on shore, alas! alas! My good resolutions went to the winds. Instead of going to the house of God, I found myself in the house of shame. The trouble was, I leaned too much upon my own strength; I desired to be a Christian, but was not willing to submit myself to God's way. The result was, all my efforts at self-reformation were unavailing, until I was brought to apply to the throne of grace for help in my time of need.

“Thus matters run along for about eight years. During a voyage from New Orleans to Liverpool, I was the subject of serious convictions again. I then determined to pursue a sinful course no longer. I would become a better man, and shun a drunkard's grave. On reaching Liverpool I walked straight, in my own estimation, for five days, but never thought of entering a place of worship. At the expiration of that time I was induced by my shipmates to visit a house where they spent a great part of their time. Liquor and cards were introduced, and I was requested to join them in their revels. The temptation was too powerful for poor human strength to resist. I yielded! my resolutions were all upset. I became worse than ever before. In

fact I came to look upon myself as a ruined man, beyond the hope or possibility of recovery. Soon after this I joined a ship bound to New York. On the first Sabbath out, Captain Day, of Salem, Mass., brought some tracts to the forecabin, and laid them down upon my chest while I was eating my breakfast; saying, as he did so, 'Read these; they will do you no harm.' I picked up one of them, as did also some others, and began to read. The rest of the crew ridiculed us. The effect on my mind was very different from theirs. I felt that God was giving me another call. I had neglected his house and commandments too long; and now determined to change my course.

"I searched for my Bible, which had been given to me by the Rev. Mr. French, of Portland, Maine, two years before. It had been carefully stowed away in the bottom of my chest. I now began to read it, and wanted to pray for a blessing on it; but was ashamed to be seen kneeling in the presence of others. All that day I was miserable. When night came, I slipped unnoticed into the hatch-house—where we kept the studding-sail gear—and tried to pray; but the heavens seemed as brass over my head, and my feeble utterances appeared to be unheeded. In fact I fancied that my words of entreaty fell down like pieces of lead in the rope upon which I was kneeling. I imagined that a voice said to me, 'See how wicked you have been! You are a lost soul.' I felt that it was all too true, and therefore concluded that there was no forgiveness for so wicked a sinner as I was. Just then I thought of Saul of Tarsus. He had been a great sinner, yet he found pardon through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps there might also be mercy for me; and I cried out: 'What must I do to be saved?' During the rest of the passage to New York I kept trying to mend my ways, and praying to God for help. I had in my possession a book given to me by a Catholic shipmate, who had no need, he said, for a Protestant book. It was the autobiography of a Wesleyan minister, and did me good service.

"Feeling ashamed to take my Bible on deck, I used this as a

substitute ; an inferior one, it is true, but it suggested religious thought, and gave food to my meditation. Yet my Bible was my chief delight. On reaching New York, I determined to break away from all evil influences and companions, and attend the house of God. There can be no doubt that my frequent failures in regard to holy living grew out of a notion that I could do well enough without going to church. One could read his Bible and pray, and refrain from swearing without attending the house of God. I now saw that I was wrong, and resolved to do so no more. Bright and early one Sabbath morning I set out from my boarding-house, with the purpose of attending divine service. I was too early—and resolved on a short walk. One of the men went with me, and in passing a grog-shop, said to me, ‘Come, John, let us have some liquor.’ I had not the moral courage to decline ; but on reaching the bar called for a glass of milk, so that I might not offend him by refusing to drink with him. After this I left the house and succeeded in reaching a church door just as the service was about to commence. Instead of going in, however, I went past. ‘Is it possible,’ I asked myself, ‘after all my resolutions and prayers, that I am to go to sea again without making the attempt to serve God in his sanctuary?’ While this questioning was going on within, it was as if a voice said in my ear, ‘*Now or never!*’ I responded, ‘It shall be *Now!*’

“ I resolved to take a walk round the block until the singing commenced, that I might pass in unnoticed. When I reached the door again I trembled like a leaf. I did not know whether a sailor would be welcome ; but noticing a little negro boy in the second pew from the door, I thought, they will at least allow me to go in there. I accordingly seated myself in that pew. At the close of the service I felt that God had blest me, and as I left the house said to myself in a suppressed voice, ‘Praise God ! Praise God !’ I attended church in the evening, and on the following Tuesday left for Charleston, S. C.

“ Before leaving I purchased a book called ‘Seven Lectures

to Young Men,' from the perusal of which I derived much pleasure and profit. While on the passage I was deeply impressed with the idea that I should one day preach the gospel. Yet I thought, the thing is impossible. I am before the mast ; without means, without education, without natural ability for that high office. The idea must be abandoned at once and forever.

“There was no getting rid of the thought, however, do what I would. I therefore began to pray over it, asking God, if it was his will that I should preach, to open the way ; but if not, to take away the desire for so high and honorable an office. While reading my Bible, a day or two after this, I read these words : ‘This is a faithful saying, if a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.’ The passage appeared so applicable to my case that I at once concluded that the Lord had directed my attention to that very portion for my guidance.”

On returning to New York, my young friend united with the Methodist Church, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to be numbered with Christ's flock. On his next voyage he visited Charleston again, and while there attended church, at which the minister who preached took for his text the story of the conversion of Saul, and made it the basis of a discourse in answer to two questions : 1st, What is conversion? 2d, What is a call to the ministry ?

In relating this event to me afterwards, he said :

“If I had told him beforehand of the thoughts which had been passing through my mind, he could not more fully have satisfied my doubts. In the course of his sermon, he said, ‘I am confident that there is in this congregation, at this time, a young man who is called to the ministry. Be not afraid, the Lord will open up your way.’ Thus far I had listened with great attention ; and when he said, ‘Be not afraid.’ I thought it too good news to be true. I drew a long breath as he closed, and said to myself,

‘I can never do that. If ever I am able to stand up and preach in the pulpit it will be a miracle.’”

Yet, strange as it may seem, that young sailor, before ten years passed away, did stand in that very pulpit and preach the everlasting gospel, and told the people what great things God had done for his soul in that church while yet a sailor. How it came about I will now state. Nearly two years passed away after his conversion before the desire of his soul was attained. In March, 1856, he sailed for Liverpool in the steamship ‘Canadian.’ What followed, how the Lord led him by a way which he knew not, and which was not of his own seeking, how he removed all obstacles out of his way, and provided for his entering upon a course of study for the ministry, is told in the following letter, which, to my surprise, I received from Victoria College, Coburg, Canada, under date of August 30th, 1856:

“*My Dear Brother in Christ*—Having promised to write to you and tell you how and where I am, I now fulfil my promise, although not quite so soon as I intended. When I reached Liverpool, in the ‘Canadian,’ I left her, and went home to Glasgow, to see my friends, and to procure, if possible, a berth in an American vessel, that I could leave on this side of the Atlantic. Failing in this, I went back to Liverpool and joined my old ship, as she was bound to Montreal. I found, however, that I must sign articles to return to Liverpool. That I did not want, because I desired to remain in America. My shipmates urged me to sign the articles, get my half month’s pay, and then run, when I got over on this side. But that would not satisfy my conscience now. I therefore proposed to the captain to work my passage to Montreal. He consented, after I explained to him my reasons for the request.

“We sailed on the 7th of May, bound to Quebec and Montreal,

with passengers. As God would have it, there was among the cabin passengers a Mr. Edmonson, of Montreal, part owner of one of the lines of steamers plying between that city and Europe. It appears, now, that during the passage, the captain had been paying particular attention to my conduct, and had spoken of me to Mr. E. This I learned afterwards. Meanwhile I had made up my mind to sail on the lakes during summer, and earn money to pay my schooling in the winter. As soon as we arrived I lashed up my chest, bade my shipmates good-bye, and repaired to the steamer bound for Toronto. But, finding that I had an hour to spare before she sailed, I ran back to the ship, to thank the captain for my passage. While doing so, he interrupted me by saying that he had been speaking to Mr. E. about me, and that he wished me to see him. At that moment the captain turned to Mr. E. and said, 'This is the young man of whom I spoke as giving me such satisfaction.' Mr. E. asked me to what denomination I belonged, and some other questions; and then invited me to accompany him to visit some gentlemen in the city. But as some were absent whom he desired to introduce me to, he suggested that I had better go to Toronto, and he would write me there. At Toronto I engaged on board a vessel for a month, after which I received a letter requesting me to report to a minister in that city for instructions. He took me to the President of the Conference, who stated that the Montreal Circuit had agreed to assume the expense of my studies for one year."

Here then our dear brother was fairly afloat, launched forth on a prosperous tide, and heading for the long-desired and wished-for goal. Eight years rolled away from the date of his Canadian letter, before I heard again from my young Scotch friend. In the winter of 1864 I received an account of the completion of his studies, and his entrance on the work of the ministry. In referring to the way in which God had led him, he says :

“Without asking a single person for assistance, or even hinting at such a thing, my way was opened up so that I went to the University of Canada West, and at the expiration of six years took my degree of B. A. Since that time I have been, and still am laboring in the work of the ministry, not among seamen, as my inclinations would lead me ; but I hope the day is not far distant when a door in that direction will, if it be the will of God, be opened. If not, I am content to be placed where the voice of the church sees fit to call me. In the mean time I can never be unmindful of the sons of the Ocean. I frequently pray for the hastening of the time when the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God.

“To moralize on the foregoing is no part of my purpose, as I think that a simple narration of facts has more weight than volumes of argument. Should the story of God’s dealing with me meet the public eye, I hope it will be the means of strengthening believers in the faith, and of inducing some poor sailor to flee from the wrath to come.”

Sixteen years rolled away after the receipt of the above, during which I heard nothing of my brother. In June, 1880, having a desire to know of his whereabouts, I wrote a note to the Victoria University, Coburg, Ca., making inquiry for him. By return of mail I received a note, saying, “Rev. John Salmon is now a Congregational minister, living at Embro, Oxford Co., Ontario, Ca.” I wrote at once to the foregoing address, and almost immediately received a note in reply, dated June 19, 1880, saying:

“I was surprised and delighted to receive your welcome letter. How kind is our heavenly Father to preserve us thus far, and to use us in any manner to do his will ! Since I took my degree of B. A., in 1862, I have been engaged in preaching the Gospel in different parts of Canada, with occasional visits to the United

States. The first few years of my ministry I was not much used in God's work. The reason was, that I had more desire to honor John Salmon than I had to honor the Master. But I got an humbling about twelve years ago, and since that time, not a year has passed, without evidence of the Lord's approval of my work. I am frequently asked by neighboring pastors and evangelists to engage in evangelistic work. I usually, if possible, enter every open door. The Lord has given me a good constitution, so that I have held as many as four meetings a day, during last winter ; and I tell you it is blessed to see the Lord's work—apart from all excitement, backed by the spirit of God—producing conviction of sin, and leading the sinner to a knowledge of Christ, as his own personal Saviour.

“I had the privilege—for such I esteem it—of preaching while in Montreal recently to a few sailors. How my heart was moved toward them ! I recalled the years now passed, when in the same port, after my conversion, I overcame the habit of smoking. This occurred while I was before the mast, in a sailing ship. On going home, after preaching to those seamen, I was happier than I can describe. I feel as if I would like to be preaching among them all the time. I have been in my present charge seven years. Two weeks ago I resigned, being decided in my conviction that the Lord has some other field of labor for me. Since then I have been unanimously requested by the seven deacons, and the people, to withdraw my resignation. Should you know of any open door among seamen, I should be glad to hear of it, and enter it, if it proved to be the will of God. I am resolved, however, until then, to work away in my present field, striving to win souls for Christ. May the adorable Lord whom we serve aid us to be very much devoted to himself, that we may glorify him day by day—is the prayer of your brother in him,
J. S.”

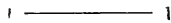
With such blessed results from a single tract, who will despise the day of small things ?

The last trace of this dear brother is dated Nov. 6th, 1883. He wrote from Toronto, Canada :

“ I am on my way to Jamaica, W. I., on an evangelistic tour of a few months. I will try to call on you, if possible, in memory of old times, when I was a sailor boy.

“ Yours in Christ,

JOHN SALMON.”



CHAPTER VIII.

THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Important question—Dirt and rags—Sense of sin—Choice of profession—A Godless youth—Cast away—Struggling with the waves—Chief officer—Before the mast—Religious captain—Cast away again—In command—Again before the mast—Pumping day and night—Miraculous escape—Debauchery and shame—In command again—Hell upon earth—On Long Beach—Boat capsized—Hundreds of sharks—Once more on the quarter-deck—A changed man—Married—Sickness and poverty—Steadfast, unmurmuring—Death among strangers, in 1865—The heart opened—The dying message—Happy death—Sailors grateful—“ Sick and ye visited me ”—Songs in the night—A ministering angel—Seamen accessible—“ Sailors’ companion ”—One of Christ’s babes—Young Spaniard.

AT the close of the evening service in the church on Sabbath, September 28th, 1856, a sailor, very much under the influence of liquor, pushed his way toward the pulpit, as the audience was going out, and asked me in a loud tone if I could tell him “ the way to the kingdom of heaven ? ” I answered him tenderly, and pointed him to “ the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. ” After a few words of counsel, I invited him to call and see me in my office on the next day,

proffering my services to help him on the way, to the best of my ability. He seemed grateful, and promised he would come. The questioner was miserably clad, and dirty, as if he had just crawled out of the gutter; his hair long and matted, his beard unshorn, his face bloated, his eyes bleared and bloodshot. In short, he looked like one who was at the latter end of a prolonged debauch. But under all the dirt and rags, there was a man—a sailor man, for whom my Saviour died. This was enough to secure my interest in him. Had I not been there myself? Had not my blessed Lord taken me from the horrible pit and miry clay? Here then was my legitimate work—to point him? no, not to point him only, but to *lead* him into the kingdom of heaven.

The next day he came to see me. He had great difficulty to keep his emotion in check. He wept, and said he feared he was so great a sinner that Christ would have nothing to do with him, and that it was too late. I endeavored to comfort him, bowed in prayer with him, and for him, gave him a copy of the “Anxious Inquirer,” and some tracts, and requested him to call daily for instruction. The next day he came again. I took him to my home, and introduced him to my wife and children. Here I learned more of his history. It was indeed a wonderful story. Yet nothing could be more wonderful than the subsequent history of his moral recovery, his union with the church, after two years’ trial, in October, 1858, his godly life, and his final entrance into the kingdom of heaven above, which is opened only to all believers.

As to his past life. He was born in Cork, Ireland, in June, 1825. He was consequently in his thirty-second

year when he first came to me, though he looked forty at least; he had so abused himself. While yet a child his parents emigrated to Buenos Ayres, South America. There his mother died, and her loss to him must have been very great. At ten years of age, he was sent to England and placed in an academy at Liverpool. His choice of a profession being left to himself, he preferred the life of a sailor, and went to sea with his brother-in-law, Captain B——, who, though not a Christian man, was anxious to have his young relative familiar with Holy Writ, and therefore required him to read two or three chapters in the Bible every Sabbath.

After making two voyages around the world with Capt. B——, he returned to Liverpool and joined an Indiaman, commanded by a gentleman, who was a member of the family, and who treated him well. In Bombay his new captain required him to attend divine service on shore, every Sabbath. He feared, however, that there was more of the outward observance, than of the inward grace, and that consequently he was but little benefited by his church-going.

The voyage over, he was in Liverpool again, and joined a Valparaiso trader, as second officer. In her he made several voyages to the West Coast, during all of which time the thought of God never once disturbed his mind. To use his own words, written to me some months afterwards, he says:

“Infidel-like, I cared all for the body and nothing for the soul. But lately it has pleased God to touch my most obdurate heart. And now I hope that by his divine grace and wisdom, I may be enabled to bring others, especially my fellow-seamen, to feel as I at this moment do. May the Lord look down upon us

with pity and forgive us, poor wandering sinners that we are, for without his aid we can never be saved."

Continuing his narrative, he says :

"I made three voyages as second mate, and returned again to Liverpool. I was then appointed chief-officer of a vessel in the same employ, and bound again round the Horn. But it pleased the Father of all wisdom and glory to frustrate our purposes. We struck on Black Water Bank, off the coast of Ireland, in a gale of wind, and out of seventeen persons on board, only one man besides myself was saved. Neither of us could swim a stroke. But it pleased God to spare the lives of two perishing sinners. It seemed nothing short of a miracle. With the help of God we were both saved by holding on to an oar, for some wise purpose, doubtless ! We were washed ashore on St. Patrick's day, in the presence of about two thousand spectators. But with such a sea running they were unable to launch a boat for our rescue. While struggling with the mountain waves, I thought of my loving, but too justly offended God, and promised that if he would spare me, I would live a better life. I meant a religious life, for no life can be better, except a religious one, as I can now testify. You would naturally think, Mr. Jones, that, after our heavenly Father had spared the life of a poor miserable sinner like me, I would keep the promise I had made. But, alas ! no—after being ashore but two weeks, I forgot all about God. I thought, by going to a place of worship occasionally, and giving charity to a poor beggar, when I could afford it, that I was fulfilling all that was required of me as a Christian. Did my heart feel any love toward God ? No : It was all outward show. But now, thanks be to God, I feel that within the last five months I am a better man. It is not of my doing, however, but God's—the result of the continued intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, saying, 'Father, spare him a little longer !' and he has spared me. I hope it is, that I may be an humble instrument in his hands, of doing some good to my brother sailors.

“After my shipwreck on the coast of Ireland, I joined my brother-in-law’s vessel as chief-officer, but did not remain with him long, on account of some words that we had, arising from my neglect of duty, through the use of wine. After leaving him, I shipped in a British man-of-war, before the mast, and remained in her two years and a half. Never a thought of God in all that time occupied my mind. I spread away, as long as my money held out after being paid off, and then shipped before the mast in one of Green’s ships in London. We were bound to the East Indies. Our captain was a truly religious man. He gave each of us a Bible. We were required to attend Divine service every Sabbath, either in the cabin or on the quarter-deck. The captain came into the fore-castle, and prayed and read with us, out of the Holy Book of God. He treated me with the utmost kindness, as I showed some signs of reformation. But alas! The seed was sown in barren ground, and brought forth no fruit.

“In Calcutta I left good Captain N——, and joined the barque D——, of Liverpool, as second-officer. One would be led to suppose, that after having suffered so much, and having received so much good advice from Capt. N——, I would have turned my thoughts toward God, and the redemption of my soul, but I did not. The devil had too fast a hold of me, and was dragging me down, body and soul, to a river of living fire. On my arrival in Liverpool, I joined the barque E. A., in the Pernambuco trade, as chief-officer. In this vessel I remained until she was cast away on Horschwell shoals, off the Cape de Verde Islands, and there again the intercession of the Saviour secured the prolongation of my life. Yet I took all the merit of my safety to myself. Did not I get out the boats, and land the men safe on shore? Ah! poor weak mortals, how long will we allow ourselves to remain blind to the glory of God, and deaf to his inviting voice, while he cries, ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!’

“On my return to England, after my second shipwreck, I

received a letter from the West Coast of South America, calling me to take command of a London ship. I took passage in a vessel from Liverpool and arrived in Callao, after a passage of ninety-eight days, thank God! In Callao, I met a kind and affectionate sister and her husband, after an absence of five years, caused by my own misconduct alone. The vessel I commanded was chartered for a port in the United States, but did not reach her destination. It pleased the Almighty to give me another trial, so as to touch my heart of stone. When about one hundred miles to the southward of Valdivia, our vessel sprung a leak, in a gale of wind, making eight inches of water an hour, and every day increasing, without our being able to stop it, as it was under water.

“ We continued pumping for twenty-one days, the leak still gaining on us, and no friendly port at hand to invite us in. We were exhausted both in body and mind. One of the crew died, four were laid up sick, the rest were at the pumps day and night, all that time. You would naturally ask me, did you not think of your too long neglected God? Yes, I *did* think of Him, and went down on my knees and prayed to our heavenly Father for the deliverance of myself and shipmates from a watery grave. Again our kind and forgiving Saviour stretched forth his hands and snatched us from death. A vessel hove in sight, and we were taken off; our own ship disappearing beneath the yawning waves only three hours after our miraculous escape from destruction. All this took place off Cape Horn, in the dead of winter, in the midst of continued gales of wind and snow, with only four hours of daylight. This new proof of the Divine mercy should have been enough to turn any man's heart. But such was not the case with me, for the vessel that picked us up landed us in Valparaiso, where, once more ashore, with plenty of money in my pockets, I forgot all my late troubles and promises to God. All his mercy and goodness was lost sight of. I gave way to a life of debauchery and shame—my God, my soul—all—all forgotten! Having friends on the coast, I soon obtained command

of a ship of six hundred tons, under Peruvian colors, owned in Liverpool. That vessel I commanded for some time, until she was sold on the coast. I then got command of another and brought her to Liverpool.

“ Having been absent from England about five years, I thought this a good time to enjoy myself in the pleasures of life. So I squared up with my employers and started for London, where I remained, spending my money and my time, and destroying my health, which was of more value than all the money. I did not think of God, but gave way to all manner of sin. It was a hell upon earth. I risked the loss not only of my reputation, but of my soul. But I hope now, and trust in God, that my soul is in his all-powerful keeping; although I don't know why I, so hardened a sinner as I have been, should expect any more of God's mercy, having rejected it so often.

“ I remained in London until I had spent all my money, except barely enough to carry me to Glasgow, where I arrived an entire stranger, with one suit of clothes to my back, and half a crown in my pocket. Here I shipped again before the mast in an American vessel, bound to New York, where it pleased the Lord to throw me in your way, when half drunk. Although I received such good instruction, good books and wise counsel from you and Mrs. Jones, the devil still held me fast, and would not let me part company with him, saying to me: ‘ You are a fool! Will you give up all the pleasures and enjoyments in life and hearken to that ranter—that madman? No such thing! You know better. Come, drink, drink deep of this world's joys.’ This world's joys, indeed! joys of everlasting torment!

“ After leaving you, with such good intentions, I went to Cadiz, and on our return, in the month of February, 1857, we were cast away on Long Beach, about eighty miles from New York. Here again the Lord delivered me, the fourth time, from a watery grave. But I did not thank him for his loving kindness to me, a sinner above all sinners, for I got drunk almost as soon as I got ashore. If God was not a just and merciful being, I

must have perished in the multitude of my sins, and sunk into hell without redemption. I came to New York, and sailed for the West Indies, without going near a place of worship, or calling to see you and Mrs. Jones, the sailors' friends.

“While laying in port at one of the islands, I landed the captain one day in our sailing-boat. It was blowing fresh, and squally. I had to make a tack off to reach the vessel. When about a quarter of a mile outside all the shipping, a sudden squall struck the boat and capsized her. Having about half a ton of ballast in her, she went down from under me, leaving me on the surface of the water, holding on by two oars, in the vicinity of hundreds of sharks. Here again our Lord Jesus Christ interceded for my deliverance, and our all-forgiving God spared me a little longer. I hope now, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to live an upright and good life, until it shall please him to take me to himself.

“In the West Indies, our second-officer left us, and I was promoted to the quarter-deck once more. We were bound to Falmouth, for orders. On the passage, while pacing the deck at night and communing with my own thoughts, my life came up before me for review. I asked myself these questions: ‘What good have I done for myself or for any one else in this world during the thirty odd years it has pleased the all-bountiful God to permit me to live in it?’ Wicked sinner that I am! I answered myself in a single word—‘Nothing! I have done absolutely nothing, even for my own soul. I have cast the grace of God from me, and defied him. I feel that I have done wrong and am still doing wrong.’

“Just then I felt something like the prick of a thorn within my heart, and a warning voice came sweeping over the deep to me, saying, ‘Repent! ere it be too late!’ and I did repent, for from that hour I have become a changed man. But man cannot wrestle alone with the evil one—he must implore the aid of God, and it will be given him, if he asks in faith, for without faith in Christ no man can be saved.

“Again, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has said, ‘Ask and it shall be given unto you; for whatsoever you shall ask in my name the Father will do it for you!’ That promise is a living proof to me that whoever the sinner may be, and wherever he may be, there is God also. We only want faith, and with faith we have the support of God. I hope the Lord will keep me steadfast in the path I am now endeavoring to tread, and enable me to fight the good fight of faith, so that I may conquer sin. This is the earnest prayer of your brother in Christ,

“W. CURRAN.”

Thus far the personal narrative of our brother sets God’s mercy and long-suffering before us in a strong light; and let it be remembered that the Divine germ so strangely implanted in his soul, grew into a devout Christian vitality, which continued and increased through all the next eight years of his sailor life, during which his walk was consistent and his hope kept bright.

During one of his voyages to England he made the acquaintance of a Christian lady, who became his wife. He brought her with him to Philadelphia, where they lived very happily together. Both of them were industrious and thrifty, happy in each other’s affections, and happy together in the Lord. Trials they had in measure, afflictions were not wanting. Disease laid fierce hold upon him. Inflammatory rheumatism racked his limbs for years. Poverty claimed him for her own. But during all that long, dark night of sorrow, unfit from physical debility for work of any kind, when employment was to be obtained, and unable to procure the work when physically adapted to its execution, often brought to the very verge of starvation, without means to purchase medicine to ease his pain, or pay for the services of a physician, and

finally his wife laid by, sick from exposure in the winter season, while applying from store to store for the privilege of working to keep the wolf from the door, and he himself stricken down with paralysis—both of them became dependent on the benevolence of friends. Yet his faith in God never failed him; his allegiance to Christ continued steadfast, and his uncomplaining spirit kept cheerfully on his way, seeing only God's good hand in everything, and acknowledging his wisdom in all the exigencies of his personal experience. His correspondence, which he kept up with his pastor and friend, through all those years, showed that the fires of love kindled in his new-born soul in that memorable night-watch at sea, in the summer of 1857, continued to burn with undimmed and inextinguishable fervor, until from the shores of the West Coast of South America—absent from her whom he loved dearer than life, and among a people of a strange tongue, he heard the welcome voice of his Saviour, in the spring of 1865, calling him to his inheritance on high. He had been suffering from epileptic fits, but had recovered, and on the day of his death was full of hope. He was anticipating the privilege of sending for his wife, as he had a promise from a merchant in Valparaiso of the command of a ship as soon as he was able to take her. But the bud of promise was nipped by the frost of death, before it could expand. He received a second stroke of paralysis, and fell asleep in the arms of his covenant Lord, who had rescued him from his life of recklessness in sin, fitted him to serve in his royal house above, and taught him the true way to the kingdom of heaven.

“ Life’s duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies!
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !”

THE HEART OPENED.

On the first Sabbath of September, a young sailor, a Hollander by birth, was awakened to a sense of his own wrong-doing, and especially to the danger of his drinking habits. The effect of the truth on his mind was such as to convince him that the time had come for him to abstain from intoxicating drinks. On the Tuesday following, therefore, accompanied by a companion, he came to my study, and asked to be permitted to sign the temperance pledge. He expressed the belief that rum had led him into bad company, and he purposed now to abandon it forever. Having received his certificate of membership in the Marine Temperance Society, he resolved to take a step further on the road to safety, and came to the lecture in the evening. Here his convictions were deepened, and he determined to avail himself of all the means of grace, while he remained ashore. He became a regular attendant on all our Sabbath and week-day services, the truth daily gaining more power over his spirit.

After some three weeks of constant attendance, he appeared before the council of the church to ask instruction. Here it came out that he had imbibed infidel principles, and these he found to be in the way of his entire consecration to Christ. The counsel he received, his daily attention to the preached word, and the prayer-meetings, resulted in dissipating the clouds of darkness which had blinded his spiritual vision. I learned that he

was born in Dorsburg, Holland, in 1827, and received a religious training ; but at the age of seventeen he went to sea, and through the influence of corrupt men had fallen into intemperate habits and succeeded in persuading himself into unbelief. I gave him such assistance as I could, and put into his hand a copy of Gausson's "Christ Knocking at the Door of Man's Heart," in his own language. This little book was blessed of God to him. He hearkened to the Saviour's knock—the fortress of his soul capitulated. The gates were thrown wide open, his heart responded, and welcomed the heavenly stranger in.

On the 7th of October, just one month from the day in which he first visited the church and listened to the truth, he came to my study rejoicing in Christ Jesus. His countenance was beaming with happiness, and he said : " Now I believe with all my heart, and can pray—not with my lips only, but with my whole heart." He bought a hymn book to take to sea with him, that he might make melody in his heart unto the Lord. On the 13th he came to take his farewell of the church and pastor. He was evidently feeling the power of the Holy Spirit, and going forth in the strength of his crucified Lord. I supplied him with reading matter for the voyage, gave him an introduction to the Rev. Mr. Taylor, sailor's preacher, and to the Ladies Seamen's Friend Society, at San Francisco, to which port he was bound, and also to the Rev. S. C. Damon, at Honolulu, as he expected to visit the Sandwich Islands. He was unable to correspond in the English language, and this may account for the fact that I did not hear from him again.

I have stated in another place that many of the men who came under the influence of the Mariners' church were moved by the truth they heard, and the kindness with which they were treated, to secretly resolve to serve the Lord ; and that many of this class went to sea before putting these purposes into practical effect. Of some of these we heard incidentally, through others who had met or sailed with them. Correspondence brought others to our knowledge, but from many we received no tidings. We had however the comforting assurance that the good seed, "faithfully cast upon the waters," would certainly be found, even though it were "after many days." In one instance, at least, the intelligence of good accomplished came back to us in a direct channel.

We learned of the birth of a soul of a brother we never saw, and whose name we never knew. As the mother is sometimes only assured of the life of her child by hearing its dying wail, so we learned of the birth of our nameless brother by the message he sent us from his dying bed. It came to my house while I was temporarily absent, by two young men belonging to Nova Scotia, who stated that they had come at the request of a shipmate who died on the passage from the West Indies. They said he was not well when he shipped in the vessel, that he was suffering from some affection of the lungs, which seemed to be intensified by the action of the sea air, and the exertion incident to ship's duty ; so that he became rapidly worse, after they got outside, and was soon confined to his berth. It appeared also from this statement that he was a constant reader of the Bible, and prayed without ceasing.

Before he died he called his shipmates around him,

and told them that he knew very well that he was dying, but that he felt assured that Jesus Christ had washed all his sins away, and he was going to his heavenly home to live with Him forever. He wished them, he said, if they lived to reach New York, to call on Rev. Mr. Jones, the pastor of the Mariners' church, in Madison street, and tell him that on the Sabbath evening before he sailed, while passing the church, he was attracted by the music, and stopped to listen to the singing. As he stood there, he was invited to enter and attend the service. He complied with the invitation, and listened attentively to the sermon. Here the sins of his past life came up in dread array before him. He saw himself in a condition of which he had not conceived before. He felt that he was a condemned, lost sinner. While his soul was writhing under the sense of guilt, degradation, and misery, the pastor pointed to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only way of escape. He felt anxious to avail himself of the remedy, and in that state of mind, left the church and went on board the vessel. Then and there he resolved that he would forsake his evil ways, seek the pardon and forgiveness of his sins, and try, with God's help, to live the remainder of his days in the service of Christ his Saviour.

"Tell the pastor," said he, "that his faithful sermon set me thinking, and brought me to cast my sins on Jesus. Tell him that with my dying breath I shall bless him, and pray that he may be long spared to preach and to teach the blessed gospel." He further urged his shipmates, to "listen to the words of the preacher for themselves—and above all things to forsake their sins and seek the favor of God."

While communicating the message, the young men seemed to be greatly moved, and were scarcely able to keep back their tears. My wife requested them to remain till I returned; but as they were just about to sail for Nova Scotia, their home, they could not wait. I therefore did not see them nor learn their names. She however urged home upon them the importance and necessity of imitating the example, and applying the dying injunction of their shipmate to their own souls. They said they would, with God's help, and expressed the belief that they were already endeavoring to lead godly lives, as a result of his faithfulness. Let us hope that they remained true to their promise, and that they may meet him living among the ransomed throng who have "gone up through much tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

SEAMEN GRATEFUL.

Not the least prominent among the traits of character displayed by the sailor, is his gratitude for favors received. Without exaggeration, I could fill a good-sized book with testimony in proof of this statement. I believe that gratitude is a normal characteristic, and that like many others, this one is more largely developed at sea, or is brought out more prominently by the consciousness that others have their welfare at heart. Scarcely a letter came to me in all my ministry among these men, that was not freighted down to the wales with grateful acknowledgment of service rendered, and with invocations for the divine blessing to rest upon me and mine, even when the writer had not himself openly acknowledged his indebtedness to God.

The reason for this may be, that sailors are so seldom the recipients of favors; have so little done for them from disinterested motives, and are brought so seldom into contact with those who seek their good, that when the disposition to benefit them is manifest, a sense of gratitude spontaneously springs up in the heart, and finds expression by tongue or pen. This, doubtless, is on the principle embodied in a question and answer, which I found in a poem, I think of "George Sands," many years ago. The inquiry was suggested by the effect of sudden joy, on one who gave way under it.

"How is it, that the heart,
That could bear up against evils numberless,
One happy moment, thus should quite o'erpower?"

The response contains the solution of the mystery.

"So rarely good our portion is,
The smile of joy so rare,
The glad surprise of sudden bliss
We never learn to bear."

There is much in the life of the sailor, that is associated with the dark side of our humanity. He is so often roughly treated, not only tempest-tossed and buffeted of winds and waves, the sport of the cruel elements in nature, but too often roughly handled by more cruel men. On this account he frequently finds it necessary to place himself, if not in a position of absolute antagonism to his fellow-men, yet in an attitude of defence, in which the rougher features of his own nature are excited to resistance. But when he becomes the recipient of unexpected and unearned favors, then his own better nature is developed, and his heart gushes forth in grateful response. I quote an instance or two, as examples :

“*My Dear Sir*—As I am to sail to-day for my native place, I cannot leave without tendering to you my sincere thanks for your kindness and attention to me during my sickness, and also for the good counsel you have given me. O, that I had not grieved the Spirit so long, and so many times! While sitting under your ministry, I have many times made up my mind to come and open my heart to you, and tell you how the Holy Spirit was influencing me. The very last time I heard you I was on my way to tell you my feelings, but the wicked one suggested ‘some other time.’ I am now resolved, from this time forward, to live nearer to the Lord Jesus, who died to save me. Now, my dear sir, pray for me, that the Lord may pour out his Holy Spirit upon me, and that I may live in communion with him who has saved me from perdition so many times. He has given me many loud calls, which I have refused; and now, sir, I ask you to pray for me, to unite your petitions with mine, that I may have an abiding interest in the kingdom of heaven. “J. A. R.”

Another, dated later, announcing his arrival at the port of lading, and expressing his regrets that he cannot get ashore to attend the house of God, adds:

“I am sure that God will meet with me, wherever I am. It was very painful for me to leave you, because I enjoyed so many happy seasons in the Mariners’ church. I thank you and your congregation for kindnesses shown me. I have endeavored to distribute the reading matter you gave me, and it has been gratefully received. I am satisfied with my position, as far as I am personally concerned. The captain is brutal in his treatment of the crew, but he lets me alone. I have had very many happy nights since we left you, and I have felt that your prayers were ascending with mine to the throne of grace. I hope you and your congregation will continue to pray for me, that I may persevere in the good old way.”

Still another:

“I thank you for the letter, and for the tract inclosed, which

you so kindly sent me. It is good advice that you give. I hope, with the help of the Holy Spirit, to follow it. I am determined, by the grace of God, to persevere. I ask an interest in the prayers of the church."

Yet one more :

"*My Dear Friend*—Could you but have a slight idea of the joy and happiness which your interesting and encouraging letter of the 22nd caused me, and how it drew forth my very heart, in thanksgiving and praises to him who so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to save it, you would doubtless feel yourself amply rewarded for the time spent in writing it, and would be greatly encouraged in your labors of love. I am, indeed, greatly indebted to you for sending me such an instructive epistle. It came to me as a ministering angel. As the oasis in the desert gives pleasure and comfort to the weary traveller, so it brought consolation to my soul. Be assured, that when I bow to commune with my Saviour, you, and the Mariners' church, with all its interests, and all its members, are never forgotten."

SEAMEN ACCESSIBLE.

We are often asked by landsmen, whose ideas of the sailor's character are somewhat indefinite: "How do you get at these men? Are they easy of access? Will they listen to you when you go into their boarding-houses? Can you induce them to give heed to sacred things? Do you really impress them?"

The answer to these questions is best made by giving facts as they occurred. On visiting a boarding-house on one occasion, our missionary found four men engaged in playing cards. Without asking them to desist from that unprofitable way of spending their time, he says :

"I spoke to them of the excellency of wisdom's ways, and of

the present and eternal safety of the Christian. As I progressed, first one, then another, and another, and then another of the company dropped their cards and listened. Their companions asked them why they wished to listen to such nonsense, and urged them to continue the game, but they refused. Two of them, however, accepted my invitation, and came to my office. After a few moments' conversation, one of them said, 'I know that what you say is true, and that I would be a happier man if I should follow your advice. I was brought up under faithful Presbyterian training, in Ireland. I often think of the time when I bowed at the family altar, every morning and evening, with my dear father and mother, brothers and sisters. Both my dear parents encouraged me to give up my heart to Christ when young. But I left them to go to sea, and soon joined in the sins and follies of my wicked companions. I have been a ringleader in iniquity. My conscience has often condemned me, and I am glad that you have met me, and brought me here. Now I am resolved to lead a new life.

"I explained to him the way of salvation, and the necessity not only of forsaking his sins, but also of constant and fervent prayer for divine grace and strength to enable him to persevere. I then asked him if he would bow down that night before he retired to rest, even if some of his shipmates were present, and hold communion with God in prayer? He replied, 'I will; for I have something now to do, and the sooner I set about it the better.' He signed the temperance pledge. We joined in prayer, and separated, with a promise on his part to meet me at my office next morning. In the morning I found him waiting for me, and in reply to my question, 'Did you fulfil the promise you made to me yesterday?' he said, 'I did. There were several shipmates in the room, but I did not regard them. I feel myself to be a sinner, and what shall I do? O that I had seen you before! I am now going to California, in a large ship. I am acquainted with many who will be my shipmates three or four months. They are all wicked, and will tease the very life out of me, if I try to be

a Christian. O! that I had began before, and was now on the safe side!

“I encouraged him to persevere, pointing him to the precious promises in the Bible, and again commended him to the care of his Saviour God, in prayer. When the runner came for him to go on board, his last words were, ‘Don’t forget to pray for me.’

“I have not had the pleasure of meeting with that young Irishman since, but I expect to meet him when he shall have entered into the full enjoyment of that which he was so earnestly seeking. There have been many of the fifteen hundred seamen who have called at my office, and also those whom I have seen at the boarding-houses, who had not given such evident tokens of being under the teachings and controlling influence of the Holy Spirit as that young man; yet many of them have gone to sea having the good seed implanted in their hearts by Him who will cause it to bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

“When we remember that seamen are confined from one to twelve months—and sometimes three years, as on board United States’ ships—and that during the greater part of that time, in merchant ships especially, are kept at hard work, and in many instances are the victims of tyrannical usage, it is not to be wondered at that they endeavor to take their fill of pleasure in the way they find most congenial to their unsanctified tastes and desires as soon as they get their liberty. Still we have every reason to persevere in striving to induce them to forsake the paths of sin, and embrace the ways of righteousness. When we see them, as I have often been permitted to do, leave the bar and card table, and the brothel, and profane conversation, and gather around the missionary, to receive a Testament or a tract, and listen to the soul-saving story of the Cross, sometimes for an hour at a time, we are encouraged to labor on.

“In one case I supplied a young seaman with books, who was bound on a voyage to Rio de Janeiro. He loaned them to a shipmate who was then under serious impressions. The books were of great use to him, in deepening the conviction of sin and

showing him his need of an interest in Christ. Some of his ship-mates ridiculed him, and called him a baby, when they saw him striving to forsake sin, and exhibiting a tender conscience in the sight of God and man. He told me afterwards that he would rather be one of Christ's babes than to run the risk of losing his soul forever. The vessel in which he came to this city, arrived at Quarantine on Sunday morning. The captain went on shore, and left orders with the mate to have the sails unbent, and some painting done. The second mate called on the young sailor, who was but fifteen years of age, to do the painting. He objected, on account of its being the Sabbath ; but the officer told him it was the captain's orders, and therefore the work must be done. He respectfully persisted in his refusal, although the rest of the crew went to work.

“It was in that interesting state of mind that I found this young seeker after the truth, and it was not long afterwards that the fulness and freeness of the Gospel offer was made fully known to him, and he rejoiced in Christ his Saviour.

“In another instance I supplied a seaman with books, who had up to that time led an abandoned and profligate life. He was brought to conviction by reading the experience of our pastor, Rev. Mr. Jones, as related in the ‘Sailors’ Companion.’ He found peace in believing in the Saviour, and at once began to try to be useful in the Master's service. On the next voyage some Testaments, tracts and books were put on board of the vessel, and as the distribution of them was rather distasteful to the captain, he confided it to the Christian sailor. On their arrival at a Spanish port, he engaged in that work with alacrity and zeal. When he saw the Spaniards coming in crowds to the vessel for the Spanish Testaments, he was delighted, and enthusiastically cried out, ‘Cuba will be Protestant before ten years expire.’”

As far as my own observation extends, I have never known a seaman who has been converted and tasted of the joys of redeeming love, who, settling down upon his lees

and hiding his religion, passed though life satisfied with getting to heaven alone. A young Spanish seaman whom I supplied with Testaments and tracts, while he remained on shore, brought several of his Roman Catholic countrymen to the office for good books. When he returned from sea, he bought a Spanish Bible for his father and a primer for his sister. These he sent home to them in Spain. He said, his sister, who was sixteen years old, would read aloud in the Bible to the whole family, and that his father said it was a good book.

He brought to the office at another time two young Spaniards, to whom Testaments were given in their own tongue. They brought a third. They all became attendants at our church. Two of them were converted, and united with us. One became an engineer in the Spanish navy, and his correspondence from that hot-bed of Romanism, running through several years, testified of his faithfulness to his covenant vows.

CHAPTER IX.

LOSS OF THE ST. DENIS—SHIP “ROBERT PARKER.”

My journal—A weeping soul—Pastoral solicitude—An amiable youth—
Monthly concert—Increased correspondence—Social meeting—Impres-
sions produced—Effect on dress and manners—Auxiliary volunteers—
Sorrow on the sea—Loss of the “St. Denis”—Ship’s crew converted—
Lord’s Supper—Christian farewells—Happy captain ; happy crew.

SINCE my consecration to Christ, I have been in the habit of recording matters of personal and relative interest as they occurred. Sometimes, however, from excess of labor, the entries have been few and far between. On this account many things which I would be glad to recall have passed into oblivion. This I can but regret, as I turn occasionally to my diary for the purpose of confirming some indistinct recollection, and find page after page a dreary blank. Yet these very blanks are not without their compensations; for such is the plethora of fact and incident, that the difficulty is to make a judicious selection from the abundance of material at hand. There are interesting events connected with hundreds of vessels, whose sails have whitened every sea, and whose Christian mariners have borne the glad tidings to every land. A few of these only are appended.

In my journal of January 29th, I find recorded :

“Another weeping soul came this morning, asking advice and books—a man whose gray hairs and haggard expression indicated great suffering. His threadbare garments showed plainly that the wearer had seen better days. His history, as he frankly related it, confirmed my first impressions. He had buried his wife and all his children. He had lost the vessel of which he was master and owner in a hurricane while carrying the United States mail between the South and Havana. Since then he had been before the mast. His wife died, as she had lived, a devout Christian. He himself had been regular in his life, and an attendant upon church service, but acknowledged that he had no experimental acquaintance with Christ and his salvation. I spoke affectionately to him of his soul’s need, gave him a prayer-book, and some bound volumes and tracts. He seemed much affected, and when I prayed with him, wept. O that his heart may yield to the invitations of Divine love!

“*January 30th.*—The number of seamen calling at the office clearly indicates that the Spirit of the Lord is moving powerfully among them. They listen to the words of Gospel truth as if they felt their very souls’ salvation depended upon their hearing it aright. God grant that it may be made effectual to their salvation. Poor fellows! they suffer so much in the present life, I would they might escape from suffering in the world to come; therefore it is that my solicitude is so intense for their souls.

“On the 31st an amiable young man of eighteen came to me, and in a tremulous voice said, ‘Will you please pray for me? I am very much interested about my soul’s salvation, and I wish to give myself to my dear Saviour. To-night I saw him again. He said, ‘This is the happiest moment of my life. I have found my precious Saviour!’ This youth was one of six children, all of whom, with the father and mother, were without God in the world. His conversion was the entering wedge of Godliness to that family, and they were all subsequently converted. The mother and three sons became members of my church. The sons all went into the war as Christian soldiers, and maintained their integrity and

Christian firmness, amid the temptations of the camp. The daughters married Christian men. They are now scattered over the country, east and west, fathers and mothers of children, who, I trust, will be trained for the Lord."

These are but samples of the work in which we were engaged. Events similar to those here recorded were occurring almost daily. To multiply them would give sameness and prolixity. There are, however, three features of our work, the record of which is essential to anything like a complete description of the causes from which flowed such marvellous effects. These are the monthly concert of prayer, the social meetings, and the auxiliary volunteers. The monthly concert of prayer was a necessary outgrowth of the organization of the church. Very early in my ministry, in New York, I urged the men who came under my pastoral notice to write, if possible, from every port. I had a double purpose in this request. First, I wished to know whether the impressions made upon their minds while on shore, were permanent; and if so, whether they increased or diminished in intensity. Secondly, how far their influence was effectual in molding the opinions and lives of their shipmates. This correspondence would lead the seaman to notice the progress of his own spiritual life, and to watch against any conduct that would bring reproach on the Christian name which he bore. At the same time it would put me in possession of such facts as would be of value in cautioning others in the incipiency of their Christian life, and supply me also with arguments with which to urge them on in the good work.

As an inducement to faithfulness in this direction, I promised, on my part, to respond on all suitable occa-

sions to their epistles, and give such counsel and directions as would encourage them in their Christian course. In consequence of this arrangement, a burden of duty rested on me, which, at length, in connection with other multiplying cares, assumed alarming proportions. Lest I should even *seem* to exaggerate, I will give the figures from actual records. During the last three months of 1854, I wrote eighty-nine letters; in 1855, three hundred and ninety-three; in 1856, four hundred and five; in 1857, four hundred and thirty-five; in 1858, five hundred and sixty-two; in 1859, eight hundred and fifty-three; in 1860, nine hundred and seventy-one; in 1861, ten hundred and sixty; in 1862, eleven hundred and forty-five; and in a part of 1863, eight hundred and ten. That is, in eight years and six months, six thousand seven hundred and twenty-six. These were sent to over two hundred men-of-war, in addition to merchant vessels, and to more than two hundred different points, representing the five great divisions of the globe. The largest number written in any one month, was one hundred and forty-six; in January, 1863. The largest number received was one hundred and twenty-seven, in the same month. The average of letters written, from 1859 to 1863, was largely over one thousand per annum, and the average received for the same period nine hundred and eighty-seven. The reason for computing the average from 1859 instead of 1855, is that it was after the revival of 1858, on board the U. S. recruiting-ship 'North Carolina,' that the correspondence very largely increased. It will be readily seen that in so voluminous an interchange of letters there must have been much that was of too great intrinsic value to be selfishly enjoyed by the

pastor alone, or to be left slumbering uselessly in the pigeon-holes of the office-desk ; hence the inauguration of a monthly concert of prayer.

At this meeting, on the evening of the first Sabbath of the month, extracts from sailors' letters were read from the pulpit. By this arrangement, Christian seamen, from every zone, were brought into sympathetic unity with their brethren at home. It was always a stimulating as well as an instructive exercise. It interested Christian workers of different denominations, who came down in large numbers from the uptown churches, and who, catching the divine glow as it shone forth in the correspondence of these earnest men of the sea, were incited to greater efforts in their own church work. This exercise growing in interest, and in the extent of its influence, proved, as the revival spread, a rich blessing to many souls.

The venerable Doctor Wm. Adams preached for me one Sabbath evening, and in the course of his address, expressing his approval of our methods of working, said :

‘We, in our efforts in the up-town churches, seem to be like one who has arranged a number of bottles, and attempts to fill them by throwing a pailful of water over them. By this process a few drops may fall into each ; but you, more wisely, take each bottle by the neck, and with a funnel in its mouth, fill it to the brim.’

The second of these elements of usefulness was the social meeting. This was established immediately after the church was organized. On the second Wednesday evening of each month the parlors of the parsonage were thrown open to the members of the church and congregation. On the previous Sabbath an invitation was

given from the pulpit to all sailors, irrespective of color, or nationality, or rank, to be present, from seven o'clock until ten, at which hour, sharp, the meeting closed with singing, prayer and the benediction. The evening was occupied in general conversation, and simple refreshments were served. On many occasions, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty were present. At these gatherings the church members became better acquainted with each other, and with the congregation, and special effort was made on the part of pastor and people to introduce sailors to their true friends and to each other. In this way friendships were formed which in some instances ripened into affection, and continued "until death do us part." These ocean wanderers were made to feel that they were not only welcome, but that they were conferring a real pleasure on those who desired to do them good.

I am more than satisfied that it would be impossible to compute the value of the influence exerted by this meeting. The impressions made by it on the minds of seamen, as well as their morals, was manifestly great and good. This was seen in the avidity with which they availed themselves of the invitations to attend, the pleasure they had in anticipating the time of its recurrence, and in the fact that it became full often the staple of conversation in the forecabin and in the cabin at sea. It was accepted by the sailors as a practical evidence of our desire to do them good, and was appreciated accordingly. Its effect was noted in the effort put forth on the part of the men to "tidy up," both in dress and manners for the occasion. Sometimes one, who had ventured in for the first time, after glancing at the surroundings, would slip out again, run to his boarding-house, and,

after some attention to his toilet, return and enjoy the rest of the evening. A meeting of this kind was, of course, attended with labor, care, expense and self-denial on the part of the household. But my wife and children were so heartily in accord with the work, and in such deep sympathy with my efforts, that it became literally a labor of love.

AUXILIARY VOLUNTEERS.

The third feature, to which we owed much of our success, was the organization of a band of young men, who, having volunteered for the work, districted those portions of the city where sailors "most do congregate," and went out two by two, as did the evangelists in the days of our Lord, for the purpose of inviting men to the house of God. A monthly report of the numbers thus brought in showed that in the course of a year an average of four thousand persons were induced to attend divine service, many of whom, in all probability, would never have trodden the sacred courts but for their self-denying effort. Certain it is, that many have attributed their first religious impressions to the visits made in accordance with those invitations. I have the names of many who were thus allured from the haunts of sin. Some of these rescued ones are in positions of honor, and trust, and usefulness to-day. Some are in the ministry, and are in no wise among the least useful of their class.

I ought to mention here an encouraging fact, which serves to illustrate how God sometimes

"Creates a soul
Under the ribs of death."

In other words, how death is the means often of

bringing a soul to life. On the third Sabbath in January, 1856, I preached on the loss of the ship *St. Denis*, of New York, which foundered at sea on her passage to Havre, thirteen days previous. By this calamity Captain Follansbie and thirty-four of his passengers and crew found a watery grave—eleven only, out of a total of forty-six, escaping in a boat which had been stove and had one of her gunwales torn off. So fearful a disaster seemed to me to call for more than ordinary mention. I felt that it offered an opportunity for a practical appeal to the men of the sea, and especially to the members of my own congregation, many of whom were, like the Apostle, “in deaths oft.” I took for my text, “There is sorrow on the sea.” *Jer.* xlix. 23. I made this the basis of an appeal to men to prepare to meet their God. I have very little recollection of what I said, or how I said it, having made only a skeleton of the discourse. But I know the people were moved to tears—a tide of emotion swept over the audience. Many hearts were bowed under that sorrow, many souls were filled with anguish. It was a most solemn season. The immediate effect of it was the inquiry on the part of many, “What must I do to be saved?”

During the week the fruit began to appear. At the Tuesday evening lecture a number of young men were present, who, at the close of the service, gathered into the study. Some fifteen of them, burdened with a sense of sin, were asking prayers and inquiring what they should do to secure the salvation of their souls? A few days later I received a letter from a sailor, dated January 31st, in which he says :

“*My dear Sir*—I have pleasure in stating to you that I am

much happier than I was when I first heard you preach the Gospel which saves the souls of poor seamen. I was invited by a friend to go and hear you preach a sermon on the loss of the St. Denis, and I must say, that that was a happy sermon to me. It was the first time in my life that I felt that I had a soul to be saved. Since then I have spent my time in praising God. I can testify that I have been happier than ever I was before. My tongue cannot give expression to the joy I feel at present in the assurance of my soul's eternal welfare. It is joy unspeakable and full of glory to be able to throw myself at the foot of the Cross, and say to Jesus, my Saviour :

‘ Here Lord, I give myself away,
’Tis all that I can do.’

“I know that I must expect to suffer for his sake, but the Scripture says, ‘If a man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.’

“ J. F. K.”

A couple of weeks later I received a note from Wilmington, N. C., dated February 17th, 1856, from the second-officer of a vessel, saying :

“I am pleased to have an opportunity of informing you that I am well ; and above all, I am thankful to the Lord for so great a blessing as that which I have received. The religion of Jesus Christ fills my soul with joy inexpressible. I do thank God that I was spared to hear that sermon that you preached on the loss of the Saint Denis. It has proved a blessed one to me. I felt when I heard it, that, without the assistance of God, it would be impossible for me to be saved. I desire an interest in the prayers of your congregation, that I may be kept ever in the strait and narrow way that leads to life everlasting. Please answer this as soon as you receive it, and if there are any letters for me, forward them, and oblige your humble servant,

“ A. W. H.”

Still later, March 28th, 1856, an affectionate missive came to me from Barbadoes, W. I., in which the writer says :

“I send you a written testimony of my conversion to God. It is with a deep interest in Divine things that I entered upon the duties of this voyage. It is entirely unlike any of the former ones. Old things are fast fading away, and new and holy thoughts are taking their places. O, sir, I never knew before what a blessed thing religion is ! I shall ever consider the day on which I first saw you, as the happiest day of my life. My mind is at ease—my soul is lifted up above all earthly thoughts or cares. The more I think upon my Saviour’s loving kindness, the more am I convinced of my own unworthiness. I am only sorry that I did not commence earlier ; but I will trust in the Lord, and hope to receive that grace which he has promised to all.”

Expressing a strong desire to be once more in our church, where he was first awakened to his peril, he closes by saying :

“I hope many more have been led to review their past lives, and see themselves in their true light. This is the constant prayer of your sincere friend and brother in Christ,

“F. C. H.”

Surely such testimonies indicate that the Divine word is accompanied and enforced by the power of the Holy Spirit, as in Apostolic times, and that nothing is too hard for the Lord. Such evidences of Divine and gracious interposition also illustrate the susceptibility of the sailor’s heart to the renovating power of Gospel truth. Of these men at the meeting of January 24th, 1856, one, over sixty years old, had been fifty years at sea, and had only

given his heart to God the week previous. Another, who had been at sea thirty-five years, surrendered to the Divine spirit on that very day. No better evidence of the value and permanence of these impressions can be given than the fact that both these men are to-day, January, 1884, inmates of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, are still walking in the way of the Lord, maintaining a marked Christian character, and are growing stronger and stronger each day.

Another incident connected with this blessed work of grace claims a record here, because it resulted in the conversion of almost an entire ship's crew, officers included.

It was on the 23rd of January. I had spent the two days previous in procuring clothing for the survivors of the ship St. Denis, who, the day after their vessel went down, were rescued in mid ocean, having lost everything but what they stood in. The American Seamen's Friend Society had appropriated one hundred dollars toward the outfit of eight of the number. Filled with sympathy for the poor fellows, and grateful to God for the privilege of assisting in making provision for their wants, I took advantage of their deliverance to impress upon their minds the necessity of consecrating to God's service the lives he had so mercifully spared, and was gratified to hear them express their purpose to be more thoughtful of divine things for the future. As they left me with their thanksgivings and their expressions of gratitude for the favors received still ringing in my ears, my heart went up to my heavenly Father in grateful acknowledgment of his abounding grace in placing me where I could be of service to these men, who were so hungry for human sympathy.

In this frame of mind, although so fatigued as to make it painful to walk, I went in the evening to the prayer-meeting at the Sailors' Home, at which many seamen were present. I made a fervent appeal to them to submit to Christ, enforcing my argument, by a reference to the loss of the Saint Denis. There was great solemnity in the audience, and not a few were in tears. At the close of the meeting the chief-officer of the ship, Robert Parker, came to me, and said: "You, sir, are the first man who has ever touched my heart, and I feel a strong desire for the salvation of my soul. What shall I do!" At the same moment the second-officer of the same vessel drew near and addressed me. He was in a similar condition, and desired help. I invited them both to my study. They came home with me, accompanied by a young Christian brother and by the carpenter of their own ship, who was a professor of religion, and deeply interested in the salvation of his shipmates. I spoke with them some time on the blessedness of the service of Christ, and the impossibility of engaging in it and meeting its responsibilities, unless our sins were purged away by his atoning blood, and our souls justified by faith in his one offering on the Cross. I also urged the absolute necessity of submitting to him at once. They both listened attentively, and before leaving, resolved, with divine help, to live henceforth for Christ alone, and to give themselves unreservedly to him. I proposed to ratify that purpose on the spot, and bowed in prayer with them.

When I closed, to my surprise, they all four poured out their hearts in fervent prayer. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Thus the ice of indifference was broken, and the good work for eternity auspiciously begun.

A few days later I visited their ship, to learn what progress they were making, and found them happy in their first love. I encouraged them to persevere, and prayed with them in the cabin. It was a precious season to us all. On that day a recent convert of our church joined the ship, in order that he might be in good company. On the Sabbath the whole crew were at church. On Wednesday, the captain, a devout man, called at the study to talk over the events of the last few days. He rejoiced greatly in the conversion of his officers, and anticipated the happiness to arise from the changed condition of things.

As the time drew near for the ship to sail, and they found that they must leave before the communion Sabbath, they expressed a desire to be enrolled as members of the new organization. They were therefore examined and received on a confession of their faith. On the evening before their departure, a meeting of the members elect was held at the parsonage, and the Lord's Supper administered to them. It was a solemn service, and one not soon to be forgotten. On the morrow a number of us accompanied them to the ship. The captain mustered the hands aft, and addresses were made by the missionary and myself, urging them all to faithfulness in the Lord. After which we kneeled and prayed with and for them, "committing them to God and to the word of his grace."

Shortly after this she sailed—the captain, both mates, the carpenter, and three of the crew going forth in the strength of the Lord. Happy captain! happy crew! Before leaving, the second-officer put into my hands the following expression of thanks:

“To you, sir, and the kind friends who have manifested so much interest in me since I came to New York, I am truly grateful. I thank God, too, for sending me here. I am a brand plucked from the burning. He has delivered me from the bonds of Satan, in which I have been held so many years. From this time I feel determined to serve the Lord, and to travel in the good old way until I arrive where Jesus, my great Captain, has gone. May God bless you, and put words in your mouth that will show some poor sinner the error of his way, as you have shown me the error of mine. Pray for me while I am away, that I may return rich in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The chief-officer sent the following note, which I give entire, because it displays the true missionary spirit which animated so many of our sailor converts:

“*Dear Brother and Friend*—It is with feelings of gratitude to God that I send these lines to you, as an expression of my grateful feelings to you, and the kind friends in New York, for the affectionate interest they have shown to me and my shipmates, both for time and eternity. I hope, sir, that the good I have experienced under your ministry will produce a holy life in me, and that the Lord will make me useful in his hands in bringing many poor sinners out of that darkness of sin, in which I spent so many years of my life. I pray, too, that many more may, by your instrumentality, be brought to see their fallen condition, and flee to him who came to seek and save them that are lost. Pray for me, that I may be faithful to the Lord.”

On the eleventh of April following, the captain wrote from Liverpool as follows:

“Through the goodness and mercy of God, we were brought in safety to our destination. After leaving New York, we commenced prayers in the evening, and on the Sabbath, wind and

weather permitting, and we always had a good attendance. I was pleased to find, also, that a number of the crew met sometimes in the second cabin, and sometimes in the fore-castle, to sing the praise of him who controls both wind and sea. We have often united in prayer for the prosperity of the Mariners' church in New York, and for you, that you may be successful in the very important work to which you have been called. You will have much to try you, much to contend with, but do not be discouraged. More is he who is for you than all that can be against you. Never give up the cause of seamen. May God bless and prosper you in your work, is the earnest prayer of your unworthy brother in the faith of Jesus."

Another illustration of the unselfish and laborious efforts of these consecrated men of the sea, comes to me through a beloved brother whose heart is in the work:

"NEW YORK, *March 2nd, 1856.*

"*Dear Brother*—Under the hope that the following intelligence may be encouraging to God's people, I enclose it. Mr. George A. Seaver, a young man who was bred to the sea, but who was brought by the grace of God to the saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, about three years since, and is now pursuing his studies at a western college, with the view of preaching the everlasting Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to a perishing world, writes under date of the 23rd ult., with the pleasing information that they are enjoying an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit on the institution. The following is an extract from his letter:

"The Spirit of God is being poured out upon us here, and the vilest of our students are turning to the Lord. It is a joyful sight. The Saviour is exalted, and prayer and praise are bursting forth from every heart in the college. I have great cause to rejoice, for the first of these converts was my room-mate, and now there are one hundred or more added to that one. May God send me another room-mate who is unacquainted with the love of

our Immanuel, and crown my efforts and prayers with his conversion.

“A gentleman residing in Chicago told me a few days since, that God is also greatly blessing the labors of our good Brother Leonard, of the Bethel church there ; that there is a precious revival. Daily meetings are held, sailors and their wives and others flocking to the church and asking, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ He adds, ‘It is only in this Bethel that there appears any particular interest of a spiritual nature. Blessed be God for these and other manifestations of his mercy ! and that he is doing so much for and through these men of the sea. May these mercies be only the precursor of a mighty shower of Divine grace on the sons of the ocean, and may the time rapidly approach when the precious prediction shall be fulfilled, ‘Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.’ (Isa. lx. 5.)

CHAPTER X.

COADJUTORS—WHAT THE LIGHTNING DID.

Increasing labors—My coadjutors—William D. Harris—His work—His death—Testimony to his faithfulness—Captain Gelston—His conversion—Missionary spirit—Sailors' Home—Love for souls—L. P. Hubbard—Bible distribution—Faithful worker—Ola Helland—Sailor turned preacher—Scandinavian services—Chaplain—J. H. Gardner—Conversion—Baxter's Call—Thirty years of missionary life—Captain Elliott—Ten years before the mast—Prayer on the topsail yard—Conversion—Rapid promotion—Preaching captain—Paternal discipline—Doctor Damon's testimony—Closing scene—Other names—What the lightning did—An English school-ship—Precociously profane—Struck by lightning—Nevins's Practical Thoughts—Burden falls off—Mariners' church—New life—Working for Christ—The last voyage—Cry of despair—Worship at sea—Souls converted—Prayers in the fore-castle—Foremost in the fight—Total separation—The missing bark.

WITH the birth of the new enterprise, fresh impetus was given to our church work. The Lord smiled on our efforts, followed them with increased prosperity, and inspired us all with hope for the future. Calls to labor multiplied, both at home and abroad. An impression having gone out that the Lord was with us of a truth, requests for assistance and information came from other churches. To all of these, as far as I could, without detriment to our own field, I cheerfully responded, and entered every open door. With each year the labors

were more varied and abundant. I was favored in this, however, that while I was lending a helping hand to others, the laboring oar was cheerfully seized by coadjutors at home. Never was man more blessed than I in the number, character, zeal and energy of my helpers. No record of our successful career would be complete if these indefatigable and self-denying workers, four of whom have preceded me to the better land, had not honorable mention.

Foremost among these was Wm. D. Harris, a Christian gentleman of refinement and education, and a trustee of the Port Society. He was among the first to welcome me to my new field of labor. Always full of affectionate and fraternal sympathy, he gave me his hearty support; which, under all our varied and exciting experiences, continued unbroken to the end. He was devoted to the interests of the sailor, and to the success of the church; eminently laborious, severely practical, and in every department pre-eminently useful. Having travelled by sea as a supercargo in his earlier days, he became familiar with the trials, exposure and moral needs of the men of the sea. To them he gave thirty-five years of unselfish labor, twenty-nine of which he was connected with the Port Society. Having no home cares, he employed his time in caring for others. He was in the habit of carrying assorted tracts with him, and a well filled wallet; and the cases of real need, either physical or spiritual, that he did not relieve, were few indeed. His general oversight of church affairs, his personal acquaintance with the families of the congregation, and his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of all, made him an invaluable assistant in my pastoral work. He entered

into rest in July, 1875, aged seventy-four years. The Port Society, on that occasion, passed, among other complimentary resolutions, the following :

“ *Resolved*, The bright Christian example of our late associate, as shown in his consistent life, his ardent piety, his love for souls, his constant endeavor to win sinners to Christ, his open ear to sufferings’ cry, and ready hand to relieve the distressed, is well worthy of our imitation, and should be an incentive for us to follow in his steps.”

He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. May the blessed succession of faithful laborers in this field of Christian effort never die out.

CAPTAIN ROLAND GELSTON was a man of different type, but none the less devoted and useful in his sphere. He entered the ship by the hawse-hole, and with commendable energy, integrity and untiring effort, worked his way aft to the quarter-deck, which, by frugality and industry, he was at length enabled to walk as master and owner. With a common-school education he combined much practical wisdom and business tact, and enjoyed “the blessing of God,” which “maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow therewith.” He had a large heart, and a charity that looked upon every man as his brother. As an officer, he ruled by love rather than by law, and never found discipline impaired by its exercise. In his tongue was the law of kindness. He had an attractive smile and a winning tone that drew men toward him, and through him to the Saviour, whom he so tenderly loved. It was while chief-officer of a vessel that he was brought to see himself a sinner, and to consecrate himself to Christ. In this act there was no mental reservation, no half-way

surrender. The offering he laid upon God's altar was a holocaust—spirit, soul, body, time, talent, influence—all—all “filled his hand” when he gave himself to Christ.

In 1837 he left the sea to engage in missionary work. He held meetings on shipboard and along the wharves, distributed the Scriptures and other religious reading matter, and persuaded men to abstain from intoxicating drinks. The scenes of drunkenness and iniquity he witnessed in rumselling boarding-houses—almost the only ones then known—led him to suggest the importance and necessity of establishing decent boarding-houses on temperance principles, where the sailor would be removed from the temptations of strong drink. He became a prime mover in that enterprise.

In conjunction with my predecessor, Rev. Henry Chase, and a band of Christian women from the different evangelical churches, a temperance boarding-house, called the “Sailors' Home,” was furnished and opened under his management, at No. 140 Cherry street, in 1838. This new undertaking contributed much toward the moral elevation of seamen, and became an efficient auxiliary to the mariners' churches. The movement became popular, and under the fostering care of the American Seamen's Friend Society, grew into the more commodious Home, 190 Cherry street, opened under his supervision and conducted by him in 1842. He was “instant in season, out of season—in every good work abounding.” He continued to visit ships and hospitals and boarding-houses with the word of life, and his labors were signally blest.

Subsequently he returned to sea-life, and took command of a barque, of which he was part owner. While trading on the West Coast, he visited San Francisco.

This was before the discovery of gold. Here he was induced to invest in a tract of land, which afterwards became a source of more trouble than profit, and from which he realized only disappointment and sorrow. After California came into the Union, the title by which he held was ignored by the courts, and he died, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an "heir of the kingdom."

My first acquaintance with Captain Gelston was in 1841, while I was yet a sailor. Our mutual interest in the Mariners' church, was welded at a later date. In the summer of 1855, in the intervals of his short voyages to Central America, he was a constant attendant upon our church services. He threw himself with all the energy of his loving soul into the blessed work. It was he who organized the band of young volunteers who visited the lower wards of the city to invite sailors to the house of God. His missionary spirit was ever on the alert. A letter received from him while passenger on board one of the Pacific Mail steamships, will illustrate this. It is dated at sea, April 26th, 1856:

"As we have no minister on board, we shall have no religious service to-day, but many of my fellow cabin passengers will unexpectedly find a tract in their state-rooms—nor will the forward passengers be neglected. We have a pious steward on board, and by his assistance my stock of tracts will be fully distributed; every one of them a sermon, if owned and blessed of God. How often do they prove, among persons situated as we are, more powerful than the voice of the living preacher in awakening the careless and thoughtless! No church-going bell will be heard here to-day. They will therefore receive these welcome messengers, as cold water to the thirsty soul, as 'good news from a far country.'

“You will, I trust, remember and pray for me and for all others, on the sea, who are laboring as the Lord shall give them heart and opportunity, to bring about the conversion of those who ‘go down to the sea in ships,’ and for whom Jesus died. I think seamen must be peculiarly dear to the Redeemer, as he has declared his intention, by them as instruments, to bring about the ingathering of the nations. For only when they are converted, will the Gentiles come in. May the Lord prosper and keep you! May your hands be stayed by the prayers of your brethren, and constant accessions be made to the numbers of those who shall be finally saved.”

The correspondence of this dear brother, his counsels and his co-operation, while ashore, were of incalculable value to me in my ministry, from 1855 to the day of his death, in California, in August, 1868.

Another of these devoted men was LUTHER P. HUBBARD, our recording secretary and assistant treasurer. Before coming to us he had been for seventeen years the efficient and only agent of the New York City Bible Society. His labors were principally among the seamen of the port. Under the direction of the Marine Committee, he distributed copies of the sacred scriptures to ships and men until he was compelled to retire on account of ill-health, in the early part of 1852. On his recovery, after a few months, he returned to the city, and resumed his missionary work, at his own charges. It was while he was thus employed that the New York Port Society engaged him as their financial agent. He entered at once upon his new duties and served the society with great fidelity until the spring of 1863. In addition to the collecting of funds, and the duties of recording secretary, he gave efficient aid in church work, visiting boarding-houses and

ships, and inviting men to church. Twenty-five years of continued missionary effort among sailors, neither cooled the ardor of his love nor impaired his Christian zeal. He still lives and labors in the same blessed cause, and at the age of seventy-five seems no less active than when we were co-workers a quarter of a century ago.

Rev. OLA HELLAND, the fourth in this category of helpers, was a Norwegian sailor, converted in the old Mariners' church in Roosevelt street, in 1837. He was induced to attend by the invitation of our Brother Hubbard. Immediately upon his conversion, he set to work to rescue others from the bondage of sin, by leading them to Christ. Having displayed an aptitude to move the hearts of men by his earnest and eloquent appeals in his native tongue, and being withal a very zealous laborer, he was licensed by the Methodist Episcopal Church to preach the gospel. The Port Society engaged him in the summer of 1855, as a missionary among the Scandinavian sailors, and from his lips many of the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Finns heard the gospel—"every man in his own language, wherein he was born." A weekly prayer-meeting was conducted by Brother Helland, in conjunction with Charles M. Anderson, among these North Sea sailors, and very many of them were converted, some of whom returned to their homes to tell their friends and countrymen of the Saviour they had found in the United States.

We had satisfactory evidence that their efforts at winning souls were not without good results in their fatherland. In the first ten months our Brother H. attended as many religious meetings as there are days in the year; induced over four hundred persons to attend church,

prayed in private with seventy-eight persons, of whom sixty were hopefully converted. In addition, he visited the sick at their homes and in hospitals, and vessels of foreign nations, supplying them with the word of God in their own tongue. After a year or two with us, a larger sphere of usefulness opened. He was called to the West, to take charge of a church in the vicinity of Beloit, Wisconsin. Subsequently he returned to the East, and was for several years the faithful chaplain of the Seamen's Retreat, Staten Island, where he smoothed the pillow, and comforted the heart of many sick sailors, and pointed them all to the Lamb of God. He is at present actively engaged in the ministry, among his own countrymen in the West.

His successor in this department was JOSEPH H. GARDNER, a most noble, self-denying and laborious man of God. He was a bachelor. The Church of Christ was his only bride. For her he toiled early and late. To her he gave his time, his talents, his strength and his prayers. He seemed never to weary in her work. Yet he carried for years a weight of bodily suffering that would have prostrated many a stronger and less persistent man. It is not probable that any one, in the same time, distributed a larger number of copies of the sacred scriptures among sailors, soldiers, and families, than Joseph H. Gardner. He too was a converted sailor. His life until he was forty years old was spent in the service of sin. While on a whaling voyage he was taken sick, and began to read the Bible, but could find no peace. In his distress he sought for other books. A novel was placed in his hands. This he refused, and a copy of 'Baxter's Call' was given him by the steward of

the vessel, who "had no use for such a book." This showed him his own helplessness, and led him to pray. While in this state of mind he came to New York, and attended a seamen's Bible class, in the Mariners' church, which was taught by our Bro. Wm. D. Harris. Through his instruction, he says, "I was enabled to rejoice in Jesus Christ as my God and my Saviour." At the breaking out of the rebellion he resigned his position in the Port Society, and gave himself exclusively to the distribution of the word of God among the soldiers who were on their way to the front. In this, to him, delightful work of Bible distribution, he continued as long as he could walk, and then laid down peacefully to die. He entered joyfully into his eternal rest on Sunday, July 9th, 1876, having passed the limit of threescore and ten, the last thirty years of which were spent in strictly missionary work. He has gone to his reward, and has heard the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The only other I can mention is

CAPTAIN SAMUEL ELLIOTT.

He succeeded our deceased brother, and was in every way adapted to the duties he assumed on entering into the service of the Mariners' church. It was his meat and his drink to do the will of Him that sent him. His manner was genial, cordial and affectionate. His whole time and talents and strength were given "con amore," to his work. He was a wise counsellor, a patient laborer, a most worthy assistant, and a true friend. My heart went out to him in a sincere affection, on our first acquaintance, and I never had the slightest occasion eith-

er to withhold the confidence I had reposed in him, or in any way to limit our fraternal intercourse. The vigor and earnestness with which he entered upon his labors was continued with undiminished zeal up to the time that the Master was pleased to promote him to the higher duties and enjoyments of the upper sanctuary.

In the first seven months after his appointment, he had religious conversation with over five thousand five hundred seamen, with over one thousand two hundred of whom he bowed in prayer. He made over one thousand visits to sailors' boarding-houses; attended four hundred and eighteen meetings, received one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine seamen in his office, and distributed one thousand nine hundred copies of the sacred scriptures in various languages. When I resigned the pastorate, in April, 1863, I left him still engaged in the mission work. The recording angel alone can estimate the extent of his labors during those seventeen years of consecrated effort and undying love for the sailor. The secret of this devotion, this sanctified energy, may be found in the fact that he was himself a converted sailor—one who well knew the privations and exposures, as well as the moral dangers pertaining to a life at sea. He was the child of Presbyterian parents in Philadelphia, where he was born in 1810. When about fourteen years of age he left his Christian home to go forth to the perils of a life at sea. He told me that during the first ten years of his sea life he never fell in with a pious sailor. His morals at that time were anything but pure, and he was far gone in practical infidelity and sin; but God, who is rich in mercy, heard the prayers that followed him, and answered them by bringing him to a sense of his lost con-

dition as a sinner. While on a voyage to Matanzas, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. He was then about twenty-five years of age, in the vigor of his early manhood, which he consecrated unreservedly to Jesus Christ his Saviour. In relating to me his personal experience, he said :

“I had a job of work over the bows, and being particularly desirous of having it well done, I concluded to do it myself. There was a heavy sea running, but I had the jib hauled down, and over the bows I went. I had worked some ten minutes, sawing asunder two thick ropes, when suddenly I cast my eyes down toward the one on which I had been sitting, and discovered that instead of its being fast in-board, as I thought, it was simply stopped up with a rope yarn. ‘My God!’ I exclaimed, ‘I have been hanging by a yarn, that would not hold an infant!’ My hair stood erect with fright. I jumped on deck and tried to laugh away my fears, but in vain. I had the first watch out that night, and while walking the deck the thought flashed through my mind, ‘If that rope yarn had parted, where would you have been?’ I answered my own question aloud, by saying, ‘In hell! to all intents and purposes.’ I dropped instantly on my knees and cried for mercy. For seven days my condition was truly awful. The captain thought I was crazy. I was praying night and day, whenever I could get an opportunity. But I could find no rest. My old Bible, that had lain at the bottom of my chest for years, was now drawn forth, and read with intense interest, but it brought me no peace. At length, almost despairing of help, and considering my condition hopeless, I felt like giving up the struggle altogether. I was sitting on the after-hatch, strapping a block, at the time that purpose was suggested. But I resolved, before I yielded to it, I would make one more effort. I therefore threw down the block and marlin-spike, and started aloft. On reaching the main-topsail yard, I laid out on the weather yard-arm, and leaning forward, poured out my soul to God in the

most urgent entreaties for grace and help, saying, ' Help, now ! Lord, or I perish ! ' and God answered my petition. I descended to the deck, ' a new man in Christ Jesus ; ' and the happiness of that moment has never departed from me unto this hour."

I may add, the life of our good brother was convincing evidence of the truth of that statement ; for he was a most joyful Christian. As soon as he found peace, he began to labor for the souls of his shipmates. He was a man of intense energy, and sublimely conscientious. Whatever he did, he did it with his might. By the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, that natural energy was intensified. The logic of his life was logic on fire, as they will readily acknowledge who have heard his impassioned utterances while pleading with sinners to come and surrender themselves to Christ.

In one vessel in which he served as an officer, his Christian zeal offended the captain, who told him that he must give up his religious efforts or leave the ship ; and he left, rather than be unfaithful to God, or unmindful of the interests of his fellow-men.

His promotion after his conversion was rapid. He soon became master of a vessel, and proved in that relation, that he could serve his Saviour faithfully, and do his duty by the ship at the same time. He was a strict disciplinarian, but found no difficulty in governing his men by the law of love. He was in the habit of giving his crew Saturday afternoon to wash their clothes and clean up, and wash decks, in order that the Sabbath might be given to rest, and to the service of God.

As an illustration of his mode of government, and of its salutary effect, I will relate an incident which occurred on board his vessel. He had shipped a man in New

Orleans, before the mast, who was a very profane and reckless man, an inveterate blasphemer, impatient of restraint. Learning his character, Capt. E. called him aft, and gave him to understand that swearing would not be allowed on board his vessel. The man promised that he would endeavor to abide by the rule of the ship, and conform to the captain's wishes. But he soon forgot his promises and engaged in his usual profanity. For this he was kindly but firmly admonished. He acknowledged that he had promised to abstain, but on this occasion displayed a very insubordinate spirit. Shortly after this, while aloft, being angry at the mate, he poured out a volley of curses on him. The captain heard him, and immediately ordered him down. But instead of threatening him with penalties, or giving way to angry words, he retired to his cabin quietly, and ordered the man to be sent to him. There he kindly expostulated with him on the sinfulness and wickedness of his course, appealed to his self-respect, to his early training, and the teaching of his mother. The man—unused to such paternal discipline, was moved to tears, and expressed his sorrow for his conduct. The captain then bowed in prayer with him, and in his appeal to God, brought the sailor's mother so vividly before him, that he was convicted of his guilt before God, and gave way to tears of true repentance. The result was his conversion, and the commencement of an affectionate friendship between him and the captain. They sailed together for three or four years after that, but the man was never heard to swear again.

The desire of the captain for the salvation of souls, led him to seek more extensive means of usefulness. To this end he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church,

in which he labored faithfully for many years. The church, appreciating his gifts and graces, licensed him as a local preacher, and in that capacity he did a noble work. He caught the spirit of the Wesleys, and whether at sea or on shore, his zeal for the Master, and his love for souls, knew no abatement. Sailors were his peculiar care: and whenever an opportunity presented itself, he strove for their salvation, pleading with them for God, and pleading with God for them.

An article which appeared in the "Friend," a paper published in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, by the Rev. Dr. Damon, some years ago, may be cited in proof. It states:

"A shipmaster, Captain Samuel Elliott, commanding a merchant vessel lying in this port, preached an excellent sermon from the text, 'Who is my neighbor?' It is seldom we enjoy the privilege of listening to a sermon, but whenever the opportunity occurs, we never fail to improve it. The sermon to which we now refer was a most timely effort. Captain Elliott being a shipmaster, and having been connected with the New York Sailors' home, his remarks fell with peculiar weight upon the mind. We would add, by the way, that he was a local preacher of the Methodist Church. He spoke as one practically acquainted with the subject of sailors' homes, and showed their importance so clearly, that we have ever since felt that the experiment should be fairly tried in Honolulu. He showed, too, most clearly, that all shipmasters were logically bound to promote, in every possible way, the establishment and support of such institutions. His final appeal to his brother shipmasters was so truthful and touching, that we have always regretted that it was not committed to writing and published. In his address to landsmen, he showed, too, most conclusively, that the sailor, in a scriptural sense, is the neighbor of every Christian man; and furthermore that the landsman should not act the part of the priest and the Levite, but

that of the good Samaritan. Should these lines ever fall under Captain Elliott's notice, we desire to express our sincere thanks to him for that sermon. Its influence has been operating for good on the mind of one at least, during the last twelve months."

I may add, the editorial referred to was written in January, 1836, more than forty years before the close of Brother Elliott's labors. His sermon has not been lost on that one mind, but has some years since effloresced into the sailors' home of the Pacific at Honolulu. That home is to-day in charge of a sailor who was converted and who is now teaching a Bible class of Chinese youth, which he has conducted for some years past, and out of which has grown a Chinese church of over thirty members. That teacher and keeper of the home became a member of my church in November, 1859. He subsequently went to Ireland, in 1861, and labored efficiently in revival scenes there in the vicinity of Dublin. Still later, in his ramblings, he brought up in the Sandwich Islands, and lo! God points out to him his peculiar sphere of operations among the wanderers from the Flowery Land. He too speaks of the influence of our good Brother Elliott in his own religious experience.

In a letter to the Rev. E. D. Murphy, of the Mariners' church, New York, after Brother Elliott's death, dated Nov. 25th, 1876, he says of Captain Elliott:

"He was a man of God, in whose company one could not be long without loving him. My first recollections of him date away back to April, 1859, having then arrived in San Francisco in the ship 'Ivanhoe,' from New York, on board of which, through the instrumentality of a shipmate, a converted Jew, I was brought, by the mercy of God, to a knowledge of Jesus as my Saviour. Brother Elliott then occupied a position in the old

Sailors' Home of San Francisco, where I went to board. One Sabbath morning, he invited me to a class-meeting in a Methodist church, with which he was connected at that time. It was the first one I ever attended in my life. He conducted it, and out of a full heart spoke of Christ and his rich salvation. His winning, cheerful ways and words made him attractive to one's heart. Perhaps you may not be aware that years ago his voice was heard away off in these lands, long before I ever touched these shores, and his message was not forgotten."

How delightful it is to track the influence of a good man, and yet how difficult to estimate its real importance, when that good man is a sailor in active life, like our Brother Elliott, and carrying his religion with him around the globe. Blessed thought! There is a record of all such on high. I have said already that the ministry of our brother for Christ in the Mariners' church began in 1859, and extended to 1876, a period of seventeen years. It was my privilege to be associated with him intimately all those years, to stand beside him in the hour and article of death, and follow him to his last resting-place in Greenwood. It was beneath my own roof and almost in my own arms that he yielded up his ransomed spirit to God who gave it. His last hours were brightened by his Saviour's presence. He was cheerful and prayerful to its close. His last conscious utterance, in reply to my question, "Is it well, my brother?" was, "It is well, well, well!" A few hours of unconsciousness, the result of paralysis, followed, and his ransomed spirit took its flight, to enter into the rest that remains to the people of God.

Serenely he sleeps on the Saviour's breast,
His race of life is run ;
The victor's palm and olive are his,
For the battle's strife is done.

Angels rejoiced as the bonds of clay
That fettered his soul were riven,
They welcomed him up to the realms of day;
He walks with them now, in heaven.

It would be a pleasure to me, here, to give a record of many others whose hearty co-operation lightened my toil and cheered my heart. Among these, Captain James H. Brownlow, Captain John Scott, the faithful and self-sacrificing sexton, Mr. Thos. Halversen, and Mr. Eli Trott—who has been for many years an untiring co-laborer with Mr. Charles L. Brace and others in the Children's Aid Society—all converts of our church, are entitled to extended notice; but space forbids any more than the mention of their names.

WHAT THE LIGHTNING DID.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.”—*Cowper*.

The freaks of electricity are not always to be accounted for, on the basis of recognized law. This is true, whether we consider the primary or the secondary results of its action. Physically its vagaries are often a contradiction of all our observations and experience. Yet, if we recognize the Divine hand in second causes at all, we shall find no difficulty in acknowledging that what is inscrutable to us, is only a manifestation of His wisdom, who “worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.” “He maketh the winds his messengers, and his ministers a flame of fire.”

These messengers and ministers work out his great designs, either directly or indirectly, in the moral as well as in the physical realm. It is said that Luther, a man second to none in his peculiar sphere, was deeply impressed with the necessity of escaping the terrors of the world to come, by the sudden striking of the lightning with terrific force, near his feet. He was stunned by the stroke, and in his terror resolved to take the monastic vows, which in his view was the surest way of pleasing God; but which resulted ultimately in his entire abjuration of Rome—the prostration of the scholastic theology, and the inauguration of the religious Reformation which shook the world. If through the operation of physical forces, by suggestion or otherwise, God accomplishes events of so much importance as the conversion of a human soul, thereby originating a series of events, which are destined to bless the world, why may not the agent be acknowledged, when acting under his divine direction? Do we derogate from the divine efficiency, because we recognize the agent through which it acts?

These remarks are prefatory to the following interesting sketch of the conversion of Captain J. H. Hawks, one of the noblest of the sons of the sea—one whom God was pleased to arrest on the sea by fire from heaven, as he arrested Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, and to the same beneficent end, as the sequel will show.

In an autobiographical letter to me, he recounts the events of his early life, of which I can give only a condensed summary. Beginning life in the busy world of London, at the age of eleven, possessing the rudiments only of an education, he began to work for his own living. His parents had set before him, both by precept

and example, the duty and necessity of right conduct ; but exposed as he was, he fell into temptation, and gave way to corrupting vices. When about sixteen he became disgusted with life ashore, and, having obtained his mother's permission, entered a school-ship, at Deptford, and from her was bound for four years to a Liverpool ship, in the American timber trade, running to St. John's, N. B. Here he became an adept in the use of profane language, vying with others in the impiety and blasphemy of his expressions—using the sacred name of God and of Jesus Christ in the most filthy connections. Years thus passed away, going from bad to worse, conscience meanwhile accusing and excusing, until, he says :

“I became worse than ever. I cursed bitterly, at the slightest provocation ;—so that men, who were themselves hardened in sin, told me that they trembled to hear me. I remember, once, while in Havana, I lay in my berth meditating. The scenes of my rough life from my boyhood, passed before me in review. I was appalled at the enormity of my guilt, and inwardly exclaimed, ‘O, father, if you knew what your son had come to, you would never own him again!’”

This impression, however, soon wore off, and his former course was resumed ; until, in 1853, he visited Bath, Maine, where a devout Christian woman counselled him, against the use of strong drink. She was the first who seemed really interested in his moral and spiritual welfare. Her influence followed him for a short time only. After a year he returned to Bath, and became acquainted with a young lady of religious character, who subsequently became his wife. It was his desire to avoid lowering himself in her esteem, and his ambition to rise in his profession, that led him to abandon his propensity for taking

the name of God in vain. The first he accomplished by a compromise. He left off using the names of the Deity, and in the place of them resolved to swear "by thunder and lightning." The second he attained to, by shipping as second mate of a brig, bound to Baltimore. What occurred on that voyage may be best stated in his own words:

"While on the return passage, on the 18th of August, 1855, we were caught off Hatteras, in one of those terrific squalls which are so common and destructive in those latitudes. In the excitement of shortening sail, there was much confusion. The orders came thick and fast.—'Stand by top-gallant halyards.' 'Clew up top-gallant sails!' 'Take in the jib!' 'Lower away the topsails!' 'Haul up the courses!' &c. I was irritated at the want of coolness in the captain, and found fault with everything. The reef-tackles were not hauled out quick enough for me. I sprang to the main topsail reef-tackle, clapped on, over-hand, and began to swear by thunder and lightning. Just then—as if the patience of God was exhausted by my folly—a flash of lightning, more terrific and blinding than any before it, struck us, the thunder pealing in our ears, before the glare of the lightning was off our eyes. The reef tackle fall, being wet, served as a conductor for the electricity, which affected me so that I fell to the deck like lead, apparently lifeless. I was picked up by the men and borne into the cabin.

"Strange to say, though my physical frame was thoroughly paralyzed, so that I could not command a muscle, or make a sign, my mental powers were acute. I retained my consciousness perfectly, and heard what was said, but was incapable of reply. As I was being carried into the cabin, the mate, looking down from the poop, said, 'Poor fellow! he is gone.' These words suggested to my mind the question, 'Where! If it had pleased God to kill me, where would my poor soul be now?' I was truly convicted of my sin. The arrows of the Almighty

were sticking fast in me. In a few minutes I regained the command of my muscles, and slowly returned to my normal condition. My soul, however, was in deep distress. The mate, who was a professor of religion, noting my seriousness, placed books and tracts suited to my condition in my way, which I read. These, however, only intensified my misery ; for they told of the holiness of the Law I had violated.

“ At length we arrived in Boston. I was paid off, and put up at the Sailors' Home ; and having no desire to see or be seen by any one, I kept myself aloof. In three days I was shipped again, bound to Florida. Before sailing I asked for some books to read, which were cheerfully given to me. Among them was, ‘ Nevins' Practical Thoughts.’ In reading, I became deeply impressed on account of my lost condition ; but how to obtain pardon I knew not. My soul was burdened. Sin lay heavy on me. The writer urged all who had a desire to find reconciliation with God, to come to the table of the Lord. In words of affection he asks, ‘ Whom do you fear ? Are you afraid the world will oppose you ? Are you afraid because you are such a sinner, and not fit to come ? O then, come. It is just such as you the Saviour invites. Do you still hesitate ? Are you afraid to trust your own heart, fearing you would be again led into sin ? O, trust in Christ ! Believe that He who died to save you, who has sent his Spirit to show you your need of himself, will not leave you now. Come—leaning on Him, and all will be well.’ It was here my soul was released from its burden. I felt like one who had been weighed down by a heavy load, but had been relieved, and was at ease. I immediately gave glory to God ; and from that moment felt willing to trust in Jesus, and in the merits of his blood for acceptance with God.

On my arrival in Boston, in November, 1855, I was admitted to membership in the Mariners' church, on profession of my faith. From that time my whole life was changed. New objects presented themselves to me, and I realized the necessity

of trusting in Christ, and living for him. Some three months afterwards, I felt it my duty to tell my experience, and to exhort others to seek the light ; and God led me by a way I knew not, until I arrived in New York, in January, 1856."

It was here he took up the laboring oar, and began to work for Christ, and for the salvation of his shipmates. In a letter to me dated February 22nd, 1856, he says :

" You are aware that it was the sermon you preached on the first Sabbath of this New Year, together with the exhortations in the prayer-meeting in the afternoon, which first induced me to say a word for my blessed Saviour in a public meeting. Till then I thought it was not required of the younger members of the church to speak on such occasions ; but glory be to God, I can now realize the necessity of every one improving the talent committed to him. The few weeks I have been blessed with the privilege of attending your meetings, appear like so many years added to my experience. I feel so much stronger in faith, as well as practice, every time I make known my Saviour's love to so great a sinner as I have been. I am now going forth in the world, far away from those, who, by God's overruling Providence, have been the means of teaching me how to live most for Christ ; but I shall not be alone. My Father has promised never to leave or forsake me, and my prayer will be that all my strength may come from him.

" The books I take with me, are to be used in Divine worship on board. In this matter I feel my own weakness ; but with the assurance that you will bear me up at the throne of grace, I am confident that I shall receive strength and wisdom from on high, to speak a word in season to some poor soul. I feel that I need the prayers of God's people, in order to accomplish the work I have laid out."

How fearlessly that work was performed, how zealously it was continued, and with what blessed result, the

correspondence—extracts from which are here given—will in some measure show.

Two days after reaching Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, he writes under date of March 28th, 1856, asking us to thank God for deliverance from peril during the voyage; and describes his efforts to do good, in the distribution of tracts, Bibles and Testaments in Spanish among the native boatmen, all of which were readily received, with thanks. He also relates an incident which illustrates the Scripture recorded in Prov. xxix. i. : “He that is often reprov’d, and hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.” It is as follows :

“On the second day out, while running before a northwester, the wind shifted suddenly to N. E., blowing so hard that we were compelled to let go everything, to save our spars. Our topsail was torn into ribbons during the squall, and we were twelve days without one to set. After blowing eight hours with unabated fury, it suddenly chopped round to W. S. W., blowing a perfect gale, which increased with such rapidity and force that we could no longer run before it. Our little craft did nobly, but the sea, which had risen with the wind, rolling up on either side and leaping in-board, threatened to swamp her. We therefore determined to heave her to, under the mainsail. While in the act of getting her head to the wind, she shipped a heavy sea, which started the deck load and washed one of our men overboard. No human power could have saved him.

“You will remember that while in New York, I shipped the second mate and one of the men of the ship ‘Naples,’ the vessel which picked up the survivors of the ‘St. Denis,’ and brought them to New York. Knowing this fact, I had used that calamity, to awaken in these men a sense of their peril, and induce them to seek the salvation of their souls. They only responded with promises to do better next voyage. The reproof was lost on

them both. The man, as I have said, was washed overboard, so that 'next voyage' never came to him. His death was 'sudden and without remedy.' The scripture is remarkably illustrated in this case, hence I enter into particulars. When he fell overboard, it was about 5 P. M. The only canvas we had on her was a fore-topmast stay-sail. Knowing that she could not come to the wind under that sail alone, I had gone aft to take the gasket off the mainsail, and while there hauled in a strong fishing-line which we habitually kept towing astern, in case any one should fall overboard. His destruction was therefore 'without remedy.' It was nearly dark. The sea was such that no boat could live in it. The line that might have saved him had been hauled in. She was under a topmast stay-sail only, and before we could get her head to the wind, the man was miles astern. God grant that we who witnessed his death, may profit by the warning. I have conversed frequently since with the second mate, but I am sorry to say that the impression is wearing off. He is as cold as ever. He is resting on the fact of his having been confirmed, in his youth, as constituting him a Christian and affording him a sufficient basis for hope."

In July, when writing from Havana, he expresses his thanks to God for sanctified affliction, having experienced his love in a remarkable manner in a twelve days' sickness, during which he was confined to his bed.

The second mate of the "Naples" was still with him, and still the object of his solicitude. This too was the "next voyage" on which he had promised to reform. But, alas! the reformation came not, although death did. In his narrative, he says:

"I cannot forbear mentioning to you the circumstances of his last hours on earth, that you may use them to warn others of the folly of putting off the care for their souls' salvation until it is too late. The man we lost on the voyage before, was waiting for the next voyage. His next voyage was to Eternity. This second mate

was promising himself, that he would go home and see his friends, and then reform. But he will never again look upon those who loved him in life, and who are thousands of miles away. He had no kind hand to wipe the death-damp from his brow. He has gone to account to God for warnings slighted, opportunities neglected, and invitations scorned. He had a foretaste of the punishment reserved for all who neglect their souls—even before he died. He had lost all hope, and had ‘a certain fearful looking for of judgment to come.’ The day before he died, though laying some distance from him, two stone walls separating us, I heard distinctly his cry of despair. All his cry was, ‘O, I shall die! I shall die! what will become of me?’ I was near him, but too weak to go to him, and point him, as I had done before, to the Saviour whom he had so often despised. He died therefore in his sins. No one was nigh to direct his soul, nor point him to the blood he had trampled under his feet. His death, too, was ‘sudden and without remedy.’”

He relates the case of still one other seaman, in the same letter, who boarded in the house with the survivors of the *St. Denis*.

“He had seen his shipmates snatched away from his side, heard all the harrowing details of the loss of that fatal ship, and still remained hardened up to the last moment. He was taken sick. I had a few moments in private with him before he was carried to the hospital, and urged him to cast his soul on Christ. I called to his mind the many slights he had cast upon God, and told him the fearful consequences of sin unrepented of, and uncleansed by the blood of Christ. He appeared affected, and promised to seek the Saviour he had slighted so long. I saw him once after that. He gave no evidence of a change of heart. He lingered on for a week, and he too was called away. I tell you these things because it eases my mind to talk with one who can sympathise with me. I have not met one since we left, who could converse with me on the love of Christ for poor sinners.”

The correspondence of this dear brother was continued from voyage to voyage, narrating with great faithfulness the incidents of his spiritual life, his temptations, his afflictions, his enjoyments, his sorrows, his efforts for Christ, and his partial successes, as well as his real conquest of souls. I marked with great pleasure his gradual but permanent growth in grace, his advance socially, his marriage, and domestic felicity; the development of his affection for his wife and children, his progress from the position of second mate to that of master, his faithfulness to the souls under his charge and his care for their bodily comfort and safety through all the years from February, 1856, to the spring of 1862, at which time he resolved to abandon the sea entirely, intending to obtain employment on shore, in order that he might not be separated from the loved ones in his Eastern home.

During all the changes of these years he scrupulously commemorated and prayerfully observed the anniversaries of his spiritual union with Christ and his church, which, in his own words, called forth all his gratitude to God for the gift to him of an all-sufficient Saviour. He expresses in one of his communications a yearning for the anniversary of the day "on which God visited me with his lightning, and showed me the folly of leaning on self."

He was never happier than when he had evidence of the safety of the souls committed to his care. Hearts which he failed to move, he would follow with continued prayer, and lovingly commend them to the servants of God, among whom he expected their lot to fall.

Gratitude for favors conferred was one of his marked characteristics. This extended to God first, and then to the human agencies by which he was affected. In a

letter to me, referring to a painful event in his experience, he said :

“ Had I never known you, I should probably have been mourning for the love of Christ, which in a moment of passion I had forfeited by my own folly. You were the good Samaritan who dressed my wounds and led me to the Great Physician of souls.”

In the intervals of his voyages, when for a few weeks he remained on shore, he was always found earnestly engaged in establishing prayer-meetings and Sabbath-schools, where they existed not, and in fanning the embers of Christian zeal into a flame, wherever he found them in an expiring condition. Another feature of this good brother's character was his deep and abiding sense of his own unworthiness. He says :

“ God saw fit in his mercy to ‘ pluck me as a brand from the burning.’ I am lost in amazement in looking at my past life, to think how I could sink so low, and then be reclaimed. But when I look away from myself to my Saviour, who is able to save to the uttermost, I no longer wonder that ‘ He who spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, should with him freely give us all things.’ ”

In September, 1858, he was placed in command of the barque “ Flight,” of New York. In a letter to me announcing the fact, he says :

“ I trust that I have duly acknowledged the hand from which I have received this trust. I propose therefore to show my gratitude to him by my devotion to his cause, to fulfil my vows, many times made to God, to work in his vineyard as opportunity offered. The time has now come. I have no one to cramp

my influence. I feel my own weakness, however ; yet I go forth alone, trusting to that God who has kept me hitherto."

"There are many praying hearts interested in my welfare, but I especially entreat you, my brother, and your congregation, to hold me up in the arms of your faith and love. I feel that I owe my advancement in the Christian life, under God, to your influence. I have often blessed God for guiding me where you were stationed. Since then I have enjoyed many precious communications from you ; and I thank my God, I may address you as a brother indeed."

This vessel became to him a sanctuary, and was consecrated by prayer. Three times a week his men were called to prayers. No cursing was heard, no improper usage allowed. She made quick passages, and good business for her owners. The crew saw that it was possible to work a vessel without brutality, and the officers, that mild treatment was the best. Again he wrote me from Charleston, S. C., under date of November 30th, 1859 :

"On leaving New York, I felt under a weight of responsibility to God and to my fellow-men. With that feeling stronger in me than ever I felt it before, I began to work for the Lord in dead earnest. After crossing the bar, I called my crew aft, and told them that as the Providence of God had thrown us together, it was our duty to seek each other's good. I therefore laid down my own plan. I would give them watch and watch, and allow them Saturday afternoon to wash and mend their clothes, a plan I never had pursued before. I proposed also to have family worship every evening, and a prayer-meeting Tuesdays, Thursdays and on the Sabbath. All agreed to this arrangement, with a wonderful unanimity. We commenced that evening, commending ourselves to God, and imploring the aid of the divine Spirit in all our exercises ; and truly God has been with

us. Before we had been out a week, there was such a deep interest felt by all on board, that I proposed a prayer-meeting every night. The result was that though we had been but seven days on the passage, we came in with one soul rejoicing in the pardon of his sins, and two deeply convicted, and earnestly inquiring what they must do to be saved? I have reason to praise God for sending Brother E—— with me. His whole soul is bound up in the conversion of our men.

“On reaching this place, we found that Rev. Mr. Yates was absent; and as a consequence there was but one meeting a week in the Bethel. This was not enough for my crew. I thought therefore it would be well to establish meetings on board our own barque, and invite the officers and crews of other vessels to join us. While I write, the Bethel flag waves over my head. Like the Star which guided the wise men of the East, this blue flag will lead where Christ may be found. I cannot describe my feelings. I am unworthy of the honor of holding these meetings; but the love of Christ constrains me, and I look to him for grace to direct, as I have only the glory of his name in view. I feel that he will not leave me alone. O brother, pray for us; I want to have both my mates converted. What God has begun he will finish. Hoping soon to see you, I am yours in Christ.

“J. H. H.”

This narrative would scarcely be complete without the following testimony from one of the men who sailed with our brother before the mast; who, having been converted at sea, through his influence, writes from Charleston, S. C., under date of Nov. 30th, 1859:

“MR. JONES: *Dear Sir*—I write to tell you that another one has been added to the flock of the Good Shepherd since the barque ‘Flight’ sailed. I shall long remember this vessel, and her good captain, J. H. Hawks.

“When we left New York, I felt as if I must yield to the Holy Spirit, who had been drawing me gently toward himself for

some days. As soon as we got clear of the land, the captain proposed prayer-meetings in the cabin. We also began meetings among ourselves in the fore-castle ; and it was out at sea, at one of those services, that I was forced by divine grace to surrender myself to him who revealed to me my own sad condition. The knowledge of my lost estate, brought me to my knees, at the foot of the Cross. There I plead for mercy, and I thank God that I found it. Praise to his holy name ! While we have been in port, here, we have had nightly meetings on board, which have been well attended by the officers and crews of other vessel. Our good captain conducts the services. The Bethel flag floats at the main, and there is scarcely a ship in port that does not seem to take an interest. O, if all the captains would only follow his example, what a difference there would be among the men of the sea ! I thank you too, sir, for the good advice you gave me, and I thank all those who have prayed for me. I ask a continued interest in your supplications. I desire to be among the foremost in the good fight, and to stand true to the last. Faithfully your servant, CHARLES VANHOUSTEN."

The evidence of Captain Hawks' faithfulness is seen in the fact that he retained command of the 'Flight' for three years. In the winter of 1861, he determined to remain permanently ashore. The owners were unwilling to part with him, but he purposed to retire for good. His last letter to me was dated at Bath, Maine, December 31st, 1861. He was then in the enjoyment of such happiness as he had long been deprived of. He writes as follows :

"REV. C. J. JONES AND LADY: *Esteemed Friends*—Once more I am at home. While I write, wife and little ones are by my side. I can truly say, the Lord has been good to me. As the year draws to a close, I review with gratitude the many blessings I have enjoyed. Yet how have I murmured at the Providence

which kept me away from the loved ones! By my fretfulness and impatience I brought unhappiness to my own heart, and sinned against Him who was constantly caring for me, and ordering all things for my good. How deeply I must have grieved Him! It is of his mercy that I am not consumed, yet has he blessed me, and this New Year's eve finds me in the enjoyment of such happiness as I have not felt since my first espousals to the Lord Jesus. My heart is full of joy—joy subdued, however, by a sense of my own unworthiness, and the need of continued strength from him to sustain me.

“I am happy to say that my family is quite well. We have a pretty group: the little one grows very fast and promises to be a handsome girl.”

While luxuriating in this delightful condition of things, and shortly after this letter was written, these dear ones were separated forever. The barque ‘Flight’ had been refitted, and had taken in a cargo of petroleum for Liverpool, but for some reason was without a captain. The owner, Captain Thomas Dunham, therefore, wrote to Captain Hawks, urging him to come to New York and take charge of her, for this voyage only, to oblige him in the emergency. This appeal to his benevolent nature prevailed; and notwithstanding his purpose and promise not to leave his wife and children again, he consented, came on to New York, and at our own table, where he was always welcome, and at home, he told us the reason of his sudden change of purpose. In a few days after this, the ‘Flight’ sailed with her cargo, and living freight, to return no more. Subsequent inquiries from time to time failed to throw any light on either her history or her fate. Whether she went down at sea by collision, or was struck by lightning, or blown into ten thousand atoms by an

explosion of her volatile cargo, we shall in all probability never know till the sea gives up the myriad secrets which are buried in her mysterious depths.

CHAPTER XI.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—CHILIAN CONVERT.

Signs of the times—Precious revival—Noon prayer-meeting—On the tidal wave—Visit men-of-war—Benevolent operations—Education not lost—Labor excessive—Edit "Sea-bird"—New boarding-house—Conversions at sea—A word in season—Blessed harvest-time—Summary of labors—"A little child shall lead them"—Do you love God?—Wrestling in prayer—Happy change—Received into the church—Lost at sea—The Chilian convert—Voyage to the United States—The priest's admonition—Virgin and saints abandoned—Causes of the decision—Unites with the Mariners' church—Christian usefulness—Return to Chili—Bible colportage—Efforts for souls—Death-bed scenes—Happy release—An Irish sailor boy—Honorary titles—Reads twenty-three languages—Tells his own story.

IN many respects 1857 was a very remarkable year. At home, the brutal and bloody scenes enacted in Kansas, under the presiding genius of Calhoun, and preceding her admission into the sisterhood of States, kept the whole country in commotion. In Nicaragua the filibustering expedition of Walker, until his arrest by Captain Paulding, of the U. S. Steamer Saratoga, involved that country in continual agitation. This, together with the iniquitous decision of Chief-Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott case, that "the negro, being far inferior to the white race, had no rights which the white man was bound to

respect," made America a stench in the nostrils of the old world. Abroad, the Sepoy rebellion in India, the horrible massacre of missionaries at Delhi, Lucknow and Cawnpore, and the novel mode of executing rebels by blowing them into pieces from the mouths of cannon, had much to do, in the eyes of the world, toward lowering the estimate placed on British morality and British rule.

But that one feature which in our own land dwarfed all others in point of interest and importance, was the precious revival of religion, which seemed to spring, in a certain sense, out of the great financial crisis in which—following the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company of New York, and the alarming Schuyler frauds, so many long established business firms went down like a house of cards. The crisis did not produce the revival, it is true; but in the Providence of God, it seemed to have been the occasion of it. For, as it unsettled values, overturned financial schemes, and brought general ruin into the mercantile world, business men, finding the ground giving way under their feet, were led, like the despairing seamen, on a foundering craft in mid-ocean, to look for some means of safety outside of themselves. They were driven, therefore, as sailors by stress of weather, to seek a safe anchorage in the Word and promises of God. Out of this condition of things, and as an evidence of it, grew the "Business Men's noon-day prayer-meeting" of Fulton street. Many similar meetings, in different cities, were born of the exigencies of the times. These continue to live, and to give daily evidence of the truth of the words of scripture: "When thy judgments, O Lord, are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

It was the blessed privilege of the Mariners' church to

be riding the very crest of that tidal wave, as it rolled on over the city, and over the land. And her children were among the very first to carry its benign influence abroad on the sea, and into other lands. This blessed year was not only full of evidences of the Divine presence among us, but was also pregnant with germs of the future harvest. As the old year closed, so the new began. Our church was filled with waiting souls, densely packed. Floors and galleries, aisles and pulpit platform, every inch of space was occupied. Fully one-fourth of the people, often, were in tears. The increase had been steady, and the devotion hearty. God's dear children among us, alive to their own eternal interests, and zealous for his glory, were eager to have others rejoice with them in their privileges, and share with them in the labors and rewards of the Christian life. Self-denying energies were put forth on every hand, to secure the salvation of souls. Who could do the most and best, seemed to be the dominant rule.

At the close of 1856, special efforts were put forth for the evangelization of the United States Navy. I visited the U. S. ships North Carolina, Sabine, Minnesota, Decatur, Mississippi, and other vessels of war, as opportunity offered; religious reading matter was scattered liberally among the men, followed by prayer and accompanied by earnest exhortation to seek their salvation. With the commencement of the year, therefore, demands for pastoral labor had largely increased, and plans were devised to meet them. I gave myself to the study of the Spanish, that I might be enabled to converse and correspond with sailors in that language,

as I already did with the parents and friends of seamen in French.

A daily morning prayer-meeting was commenced in the church in January. Our meetings during this year were held every day in the week, morning, noon and night, so that we had twenty-one services in the church building every week, exclusive of Dorcas and sewing societies, relief committees for the poor, and other benevolent operations. I administered on the estates of dead sailors, and sent the proceeds to their relations ; became guardian for orphan children, and provided for the education of seamen and others, who desired to study for the ministry. This was an occasional matter, it is true, yet the occasion was not infrequent. As a result of my ministry, under God, twenty-one persons entered upon a course of study to that end, eleven of whom were sailors. Nine of these were brought to Christ under my ministry. Of the twenty-one, eight only reached the goal, for the reason that the breaking out of the civil war deflected some from their course. Six are now in the ministry. Four are Presbyterians, one a Congregationalist and one a Baptist, all actively and earnestly preaching the Gospel at this date, January, 1884. To some of these I may refer hereafter. One died after reaching the office of deacon in the Episcopal Church. Another, after several years in the ministry, died recently, while professor of Greek in Antioch College.

It is not to be inferred that the education of those who failed to reach the ministry, was by any means lost ; for those who are still living, occupy positions of usefulness and trust, and are maintaining their Christian integrity to-day. One is a lawyer and professor of languages.

One is the captain of a steamship, doing his Master's work in Japan; one is a lawyer and financier in Washington; one is a merchant, doing yeoman's service in the cause of education in New Caledonia; another is in Manitoba, engaged in the instruction of youth for more than twenty years.

The financial depression of this year bore heavily on those whose protectors were absent, and made large demands on both hand and heart. During the fall and winter months my labors were more than usually excessive. I was called upon to care for the wives and children and widowed mothers of seamen, and assisted by the benevolence of others, in many instances, paid their rent, buried their dead, and provided food and fuel for them in their destitution. I sent sick sailors to their homes, procured permits for others to enter hospitals, and the "Snug Harbor;" supplied shipwrecked men with clothing; became responsible for their board until they could ship, and frequently paid it for them. Also took measures for the protection of sailors who were brutally treated and persecuted on board their ships, visited the Tombs and jails where seamen for any cause were confined, obtained counsel for them, and labored, not without success, for the conversion of their souls; so that some came forth from prison walls to lives of usefulness on the sea. I wrote for the press with a view of correcting some of the abuses which were encountered at sea, and advocated the abolishment of advance wages.

In April, I established, under the auspices of the Mariners' Family Industrial Society, a monthly paper called the "Sea Bird," and edited it for six months gratuitously. Under the same female direction I assisted in

organizing and furnishing the Mariners' House, a temperance and religious boarding-house at No. 193 Cherry Street, which was opened in May. A weekly prayer-meeting was commenced in the August following, in the reading-room, through which souls were awakened and converted. During all this year the social meeting was kept up with increasing interest and numbers. At every communion season, on the first Sabbath of the month, we received new members to the church. No single administration of the ordinance passed without the admission of from three to twenty-one into covenant with the Lord. The whole number received during the year was one hundred and nine, an average of over nine a month. Ninety-eight of these were admitted on a confession of their faith in Christ; eleven only, by certificate. Of these a large proportion were sailors. Many more were converted at sea, who communicated the fact of their joyful change by letter. A large number doubtless were brought to Christ, of whose redemption we shall hear for the first time when we stand before the great White Throne. It is our comfort that "the Lord knoweth them that are his."

In June a young sailor, George Hadley, visited my office. The truth presented to him there, reached his heart. He signed the pledge and became a steady attendant upon the Sabbath and weekly services. In a few days he was bowed down with grief on account of his sins; he felt the danger of his soul, and before sailing in the "Cordelia," gave clear evidence of having passed from death to life. In Port au Prince he was taken ill with yellow fever, and in a few days was called to his heavenly home. His shipmates brought the news of his

happy death, and his request that I would write and inform his mother. They spoke of him as a devoted man, and as leading a life that left no doubt in their minds of his future companionship with his Saviour above. Another instance, illustrating Prov. xv. 23: "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" occurred thus. I had been visiting among my people in company with Brother Helland, and returning home, three Scandinavian sailors crossed our path. I said to him, "There are three of your countrymen; run, give them a card, and invite them to church."

He did so, and that night all three were at the Norwegian prayer-meeting. One was convicted of sin, and asked what he should do to be saved? He was pointed to Christ as the sinner's friend, found peace at the Cross, and after a few days of faithful instruction, went to sea rejoicing in the love of God. Off Sandy Hook, after the pilot had left the ship, he was sent aloft, fell from the top-sail yard overboard, and was drowned. That simple invitation was doubtless blessed of God to the shaping of his eternal destiny for good. What became of the other two, we did not learn. But to him it was evidently a word at the proper time. How good it was to him eternity alone will tell.

The month of December, 1857, will be ever memorable in the history of many who were brought into the Mariners' church, as the period of their birth unto righteousness. It will be remembered by many as a blessed harvest time, prolific of heavenly fruit. The seed, sown in humble dependence on the Divine spirit and blessing, watered with tears and nourished by continued prayer, sprung up in our very presence, "first the blade, then the

ear, then the full corn in the ear." Our hearts were thrilled with the pleasure of success. One hundred and thirty-nine, during this month alone, called upon me in the study, on the all-important matter of salvation. I gave personally to seamen during this year, and in addition to those distributed by the missionaries, one hundred and seven Bibles and ninety-seven Testaments, in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Welsh. Nine hundred and sixty visits were received from seamen in my study, exclusive of hundreds at my house. These gave me an abundant opportunity to urge home upon them the duty and privilege of faithfulness to Christ. Five hundred and fifty-eight of these were Temperance men; eighty-nine others signed the pledge to abstain. With five hundred and twenty-nine I had special and private religious conversation. With two hundred and eighty-eight I bowed in prayer. One hundred and forty-five of these were seriously seeking the salvation of their souls. I gave to men going to sea, five hundred and two packages of assorted tracts and other religious reading matter, together with nearly seven hundred bound volumes on important topics bearing on the moralities of life. I wrote four hundred and thirty-eight letters, made two hundred and fifteen pastoral visits to families, boarding-houses, and hospitals. In more than one hundred and fifty of these I bowed in prayer with the persons visited, engaged in religious conversation, and left appropriate reading. During the last eight months two thousand six hundred and twenty-six were induced by our young men to attend the services of the sanctuary, who otherwise might never have heard the word preached. This is a rapid resumé—the details would fill volumes.

“ A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

These words of Holy Writ are for all time. They find their illustrations in all ages, because the principles which underlie them are adapted to men in the relations which they sustain to God and each other. Especially are they true of the Divine influences operative under the Gospel dispensation. They are commonly regarded as descriptive of the change wrought by Christianity in wicked men. I use them here because they find a remarkable fulfilment in the story of a Scotch lad, who was brought to the feet of Jesus through the questioning of a child.

Thomas Wilson was born in Edinburgh, in the year 1838. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church. His father was a surgeon in the British army; his mother a French woman—they died when he was about ten years of age. While his parents lived he was religiously educated; at their death, an uncle sent him to a boarding-school, from which a spirit of adventure induced him to depart, and try the perils of the sea. At the age of sixteen he bound himself apprentice to an Australian packet. The first three years he was careless of good, and the interests of his soul were wholly lost sight of. It was in this condition of things that he came under my notice. Finding him in our church, to which he had been invited, I took him to my home, inquired into his history, and as he was an orphan, and in a sense adrift in the world, I introduced him to my family, and he became a frequent visitor. He enjoyed playing with the children, and made himself generally agreeable.

On one of these visits, my eldest child, a boy, about five years old, who had become deeply interested, even

at that early age, in his own soul's safety, and who was often present with me in my study, and heard my conversations with the seamen, looked affectionately in his face, and asked him, "Tom, do you love God?" That simple question from the lips of a babe almost, led him to consider his ways. That artless inquiry was the arrow that pierced his soul, and awoke him from his slumber of death. He burst into tears, as he told me afterwards, and left the house to hide his emotion from the children. When he entered his boarding-house, his companions were playing cards. He passed by them to his own room, closed his door, and began to read his Bible, and pray for the pardon of his sins. He was in great agony of soul nearly all night, wrestling in prayer, and drinking in instructions from the Divine Word. There and then, he consecrated himself to God's service before he slept. After that he never joined his former companions in their follies and amusements. He said to me, "A chill comes over me now, when I hear men swear and take the name of God in vain."

From that day, until he sailed in the 'Star of Hope,' he was a regular attendant on the means of grace. The captain and one of the sailors were Christians. The sailor (Smith), was a bright Christian lad, and became closely attached to our young brother. When in port, they spent their Sabbaths on shore, in tract distribution, and other efforts to do good. After an absence of fifteen months, Tom returned safely to us, the fire of Divine love still burning in his heart. He stated that he and his friend found great comfort in prayer and religious conversation in their night watches at sea. The result of their faithfulness was, that two of the crew were pricked

in their hearts, but not sufficiently decided to confess Christ before their shipmates. There were others to whom their example came with a different effect, for some of them spitefully threw Smith's Bible overboard.

In Monte Video these two friends separated—Smith leaving the 'Star of Hope,' to join another vessel, but both retaining the true missionary spirit. Before their separation they divided their stock of religious books and tracts, equally; and having exhorted each other to watchfulness and prayer, for each other and for the church in New York, they parted, each to go his own way, and labor for Christ. On his return, Wilson united with our church. Shortly after this event, he shipped for Havre, was discharged there, and shipped for Cardiff, where he was to load coal for New York. The vessel sailed, but has never since been heard of. Letters of inquiry from friends in Scotland, whom he had referred to me for information concerning himself, convince me that he sleeps in the great waters; but where, we shall never know, until the sea gives up its dead. I have no doubt, however, that Tom, who loved God so dearly, has found a home in heaven, where there is "no more sea."

THE CHILIAN CONVERT.

On the 5th of January, a fatherless boy arrived from Chili, and was received into our family, to be treated as our own son. His father, my wife's brother, had recently died, while on a visit to England, and left his widow with a family of eight children in Santiago.

Learning of her sore bereavement, wife and I proposed to take the youngest girl, who was named for her;

but as she was in failing health, our sister-in-law sent in her place, her youngest son, Guillermo, who was anxious to visit the United States. We received notice of his sailing, and when the vessel arrived, I went to Boston to bring him home. Judge of my surprise, however, when instead of a child, I found him a fine-looking, well-favored youth of sixteen. He was tall of his age, and spoke English quite creditably.

Knowing that he had been reared in the very hot-bed of Romanism, and that he had been early set apart for the priesthood, we decided not to interfere with his religious convictions, by referring to his creed, or by invitation to attend our services, preferring that he should be influenced rather by our lives, than by any efforts at proselytism on our part. We felt that the contrast between our home and his own would be the most convincing argument for our protestantism. We very soon learned that the Lord had been before us in the matter; that he had heard our prayers, and had already led him to cast loose from the dogmas of Rome without our instrumentality. In view of our pre-arranged plan, not to proselyte, when evening came and we were ready to go to the prayer-meeting, Mrs. Jones said to him, "William, we are going out for an hour to prayer-meeting; you will excuse us. You can sit here till we return, or, if you please, as you are probably tired after your sea voyage, you can retire to your room."

I came in at that moment, and added, "Make yourself perfectly at ease. You are at home. My library is at your service, if you wish to read." To our great satisfaction and surprise, however, he replied, "I prefer to go with you." He therefore accompanied us to the meeting,

was very attentive, seemed interested in the services, and kneeled down, apparently in deep devotion during the time of prayer. On our way home, my wife asked him if he had ever been in a protestant church before? He replied he had not. She then said, "What do you suppose the priest would say if he knew what you had done?" He responded, "I do not care for the priest or his opinion now. The priests in my country are too fond of money. I do not like them." We inquired, "How long is it since you began to have these thoughts?" He said, "Only since I came on board an American vessel." He then in substance told us this story :

"Before I left Chili, I saw the priest. He hung a scapular about my neck, and strictly charged me not to read a protestant book, especially the Bible, and forbade my entering any of their churches. I went on board the ship, fully determined to die sooner than disobey the commands of my spiritual master. On the passage I felt very sad and lonely, having no way of passing the time, that hung heavy on my hands. I was fond of reading, however, and felt glad, when one day the steward asked me if I would like to read a very nice book, which he would lend me. I thanked him, received the book, and read it eagerly. Having finished it, I returned it, and received another, a series of biographical essays, recounting the lives of good men and women. I began to think that they were very good people. I wondered how they became so good. Could it be the Bible which they all seemed to reverence and love? I was anxious to read the book that bore such fruit. The steward supplied me with a copy, which I read. The result was—that while reading God's Holy Word my eyes were opened. I cast off my false religion, threw overboard my scapular and beads, and prayed no more to the Virgin and the saints. And now I pray to God only, and I know that I am in the right way."

I need not say that his account of the change, gave us great joy, and filled our souls with gratitude to God. We had been wondering how we could reach his soul to release it from the bondage of death in which we knew him to be held; and trembling lest his influence over our children should be injurious to their young hearts; and lo! the Lord had "rolled away the stone," and relieved us of our fears. His darkness had been turned to day, his soul had been freed from the fetters of superstition and bigotry of his native land, and all this, too, through the faithful and prayerful effort of a converted sailor who had but a little before been brought to the Saviour's feet himself.

A few days after William arrived, the steward, Renken, who had been the instrument in the hands of God of opening his eyes to the light, came to the house, to inquire after his spiritual welfare. From him we learned something of the process through which he had passed. He stated :

"I noticed William was looking quite sad, and was very lonely. Knowing that he was leaving his home behind him, I felt sympathy for him, and as he seemed to be fond of reading, I offered him some of my good books to read. He appeared interested in and grateful for them. He evidently thought of what he had read, because he asked me many questions about the persons whose biography he had read. I saw that the leaven was working, and made him the subject of many prayers. I entreated the Holy Spirit to enlighten his dark heart. I watched him daily, and saw that he became more and more interested, and his inquiries were more frequent. One day I said to him, 'I have a book which, if you will read it, will answer all your questions.' I then handed him the Bible. He started back as if it had been a serpent. 'No!' he exclaimed, with vehemence, 'I will not touch that

book! The priest told me that it was a bad book, and that I must never touch it. I will read any other book but that! I said to him, 'I am sorry, because it is the best of books, and the reading of it is able to make you wise unto salvation.'

"A few mornings after, he came to me, and asked me to let him see my Bible. He said, 'I wish to read it for myself—because I cannot understand how, if it is a bad book, as the priests say it is, the reading of it could make so many people good. How is it, that they lived so purely, and died so happily as the result of reading it? I cannot think it bad.' I handed him the Word. His mind seemed to be very much exercised. He often talked with me about it, in a way which convinced me that the scales of error were falling from his eyes.

"One morning, he came on deck, and approaching me, his face all aglow with apparent gladness, he said, 'See! here they go!' Suiting the action to the word, he hurled his beads and scapular as far as he could from the ship, into the sea, saying, as he did so, 'there go all my prayers to the Virgin and the saints; I pray to them no more. The Lord Jesus alone shall have all my heart's devotions, my adoration, and my love.' I feel sure that he is converted, and pray that he may become a burning and shining light."

That sailor's prayer was most fully answered, as the sequel will show. We were pleased to hear this account from the lips of this poor uneducated sailor, who by a strange coincidence, was a member of our congregation, and with his wife afterwards became members of our church.

Just four weeks from his landing on our shores, William became a member of the Mariners' church, on a confession of his faith in Christ. He also joined the Bible class, became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association of the church, joined the band of young

men who went out into the streets and lanes, and along the wharves, and visited the boarding-houses to invite seamen to the house of God. Poor fellow! he had a hard struggle. Naturally possessed of a fiery temper and a spirit as proud as any hidalgo, he often gave us trouble and sorrow, often misunderstood our motives, and acted rashly under the impulse of pride and anger. But his better judgment prevailing, he came and apologized, and endeavored to curb himself in the future.

After he had been with us about four years, he had a longing for his home, and expressed a desire to return and teach the people what he knew of the Saviour and of the Bible. A passage was procured for him in a ship bound from New York to Valparaiso, and in December, 1861, he sailed for Chili. He was well supplied with copies of the New Testament in Spanish, and with other good books and tracts. He met with but little sympathy from his mother and family, who having learned that he had abandoned Rome, cared little for him. On reaching Santiago, he became interested and engaged in the distribution of the Sacred Scriptures. He opened a store for the sale of Bibles and other good books, and had a class of boys to whom he taught the English language. His labors were ardent and self-denying and not without evidence of good accomplished. In his correspondence he evinced a strong affection for the young men who had been his companions in the church, and mentioned many of them by name. We had long letters from him from time to time, telling us of the work in which he was engaged for the Lord, of his encouragement and discouragements; in all of which he longed for the freedom of the land he had left. The contrasts between missionary

work in the United States and in South America were very great. In a letter to us, he says:

“I am studying hard to master the Spanish and English grammar and arithmetic. When I have accomplished this I intend by God’s help, to return to the United States—the land of the Bible, the land of Christian liberty and privileges. I remember those privileges with joy, and thirst for them now, as the hart pants for the sparkling brook in the scorching deserts. Do you think it would be possible for me to get a position as a translator in the Bible or Tract House?”

“The return he anticipated and longed for, however, never came to him. While pursuing his studies and doing his Master’s work, he married a Chilian lady and gave up his projected journey to the United States.

Providence seemed to demand his continued efforts for souls in Chili. But the time was drawing nigh for him, when the conflict with illiberality, bigotry and priestcraft, and with sin in all its forms, was to cease forever; and his soul find the consummation of that rest into which he so happily entered in his union with Christ and his people in that auspicious year of the Lord, 1858. Fifteen years of a noble Christian life had been enjoyed, fifteen years of labor for the Master; and now the young soldier is to lay aside the habiliments of his warfare and receive the conqueror’s crown.

Early in the year 1874, a letter was received from a friend of the family in Santiago, giving us an account of his most triumphant departure.

Death—that cannot so be called which summons the soul before the divine Majesty, to be ushered into life eternal. It said, after stating that his illness was brief, culminating in heart disease:

“ You will be glad, I am sure, to know that your nephew died a most happy death, the death of a true Christian. Through all his sickness he was cheerful, and spoke to those around him beautiful words of hope and joy, telling them that he was resigned, and felt prepared to depart, trusting only in his Saviour, through whom, and by whom alone he knew that he would enter into peace. He was conscious to the last. He called to remembrance the religious teachings he had received among the people of God in New York, and requested his sister to tender to you and Mrs. Jones his last farewell. Also to tell you that the hymn,

‘ There is a happy land
Far, far away ’—

which they used to sing in the Young Men’s prayer-meeting in the Mariners’ church in New York, had been to him a source of great consolation. Often during his illness he desired to have it sung to him, he joining in as he was able. His sorrowing mother and sisters could not but be resigned to their loss, when they witnessed his peaceful end, and knew that he was happy and at rest.” Some months after his decease, his sister wrote us a minute account of his sufferings and death, in which she says, “ I wish you could have been here to have seen him die so happily. The Lord must have loved him very much to have given him such a death. He was sick only nine days; but during that time he did not forget the Lord one moment. He said very often, ‘ God Eternal, have mercy upon me! Remember that I am but a poor miserable worm!’ His faith was so strong—so true—his words so beautiful, that every one present said it was like seeing an angel die.”

(It will be remembered that almost all that were about him, were Roman Catholics.) “ Being asked if he had confessed, he answered, ‘ Yes, I have confessed to the Great Confessor.’ There was such a solemn expression as he lifted up his eyes to heaven. He was so humble, and so patient, although his sufferings were very great. He laid them all on Jesus. He was

always speaking of God. One day I heard him say, 'How great, O Lord, is thy victory over me!'

"He was told that the sisters of charity and some good priests were praying for him, and was asked if he liked that? He answered, 'I believe in the prayers of those who believe in God.' Before he was taken sick, he had an impression that he would not live long. He told his wife so, and said to her, 'Take our little son, that he may shed a tear over my grave and say, 'Dear papa! Dear papa!' He often expressed a wish to depart, often crying out, 'O Lamb of God, into thy hands I commit my spirit!'

"We believed he was inspired by God. He told me that he would like to die, because then, he said, 'I will see my dear father.' He said to his mother, 'I am going to sleep; while I do so, will you pray for me?' He always seemed so happy when any one spoke to him of Jesus. One day, as he was feeling a little better, I remarked to him, 'Who knows but the Lord may spare your life?' He answered, 'I do not wish to live, because I am afraid of the world and of my own heart; but, if I live (lifting his eyes heavenward), it will be only for Him!' His mother was amazed at these expressions of a soul just ready to depart--while his whole countenance was illumined with the brightness of immortality. He was conscious that he was dying, and exclaimed: 'Lord! show thyself unto me in thy glory, and illumine these also who stand around me. May these and all those who have gone before from all the ends of the earth,* meet me clad in robes that are whiter than snow. O hours, pass away! world, farewell!'

"His mother expressed her sorrow for his sufferings. He replied, 'We cannot enter His presence unless we are purified, even as gold and silver is purified.' His mother said, 'I am pleased to hear you speak thus, my son.' He replied, 'These are the words of the Book of Truth.' Realizing that his end

* He evidently had reference to the many converted seamen he was accustomed to meet in New York.

was near, he expressed a wish to partake of the Lord's Supper. Rev. Mr. Itanez, a Protestant clergyman, administered it to him. Prayer was offered and hymns sung. He sent his farewells to his uncle and aunt in New York, and asked their forgiveness for all the trouble his unhappy temper had caused them. He also sent his dying messages to his young friends in New York. He wished his little son to be brought to him, that he might give his dying counsel to him. His brother suggested that the child was too young to remember what was said to him. 'Well,' he said, 'tell him to be a good and virtuous man, and that there is salvation in none other than Jesus Christ.' These were his last words."

The effect of his beautiful example and happy death was not lost on those who surrounded his dying bed. His younger brother, Robert, an officer of cavalry in the Chilian army, who since died from exposure, after the battle of "Tacna," in 1880, and who was beloved by his comrades and officers for his brave and gentle spirit, said, "If I knew that I could die like William, I should not be afraid to die."

In describing the death scene, his sister says:

"What silence, what solemnity reigned! His wife and his mother stood by the bedside; his brother Henry was sobbing. The minister stood with his hands over his eyes. The lamp was still burning as the gray dawn crept in through the curtained window. But where was William? He was safely sleeping in the arms of his Saviour, who had washed his sins away. The natural beauty of his features was enhanced by the expression of holy light which spread over his countenance. The solemn silence was broken by the voice of the minister reading something about those who, like William, died, but will rise again. I don't know the words, but they are from the Bible, I suppose. At William's request the funeral services was held in the church,

which was draped in mourning. A great many people were present, among them, all the boys of William's school. His pastor preached a very impressive sermon, and delivered William's dying message to his scholars in these words: 'Never forget God, as there is never any true happiness except in loving Jesus Christ.' He also described his happy death, and spoke of the example he had left to his family and friends."

She closes the letter thus:

"Now, my dear uncle and aunt, adieu! William is with us no more, but it is certain that you have a nephew in heaven."

So closed the lips of this young brother in Christ. No one can doubt the sincerity of his repentance, the genuineness of his conversion, nor his acceptance by his all-forgiving Saviour. Who can measure the good accomplished, and to be accomplished, by the effort of that humble, unlettered Christian sailor, who in mid-ocean served his Master so faithfully, and loved the soul of his brother so well, that God gave to him this young Chilian convert for the reward of his faithfulness. Yet this was not all. He labored zealously for many years to win souls to Christ, both at sea and ashore. It is but recently that he laid aside the weapons of his warfare and departed to receive his inheritance and crown. To-day he rejoices with his Chilian brother "in the presence of the angels of God," where "there is joy over one sinner that repenteth."

THE SAILOR TURNED PROFESSOR.

Early in the fall an Irish sailor boy was sent to me by a gentleman in the Tract House, as one who was in need of a friend. I learned from his own lips that he had just arrived in a Black Ball liner from Liverpool, and was

homeless and destitute. I took him under my care immediately, found him a child of God, procured for him a situation, and watched over his interests. In a few weeks he united with my church. Displaying a talent for language, and a desire to study, he was assisted by friends, sent to Andover, and thence to Princeton College, where he graduated in 1865. From the time of his leaving the Academy, I heard but little of his progress, and amid the excitements of the rebellion I lost all track of him. In April, 1880, having learned that he had been employed in the Second Comptroller's office, Washington, D. C., I wrote to that department, making inquiries about him. In reply I received his address, and wrote to him. My letter found him Professor of Languages, Mathematics and Astronomy, Principal of an academy on the Hudson, and wearing the honorary titles of A.M. and LL. B. In a few days I received from him the following letter, which tells its own story. The writer is referred to in a previous chapter, as having acquired twenty-three ancient and modern languages.

“April 26th, 1880.

“REV. CHAS. J. JONES: *My dear good Friend*—How glad I am to hear from you ; I just received your letter, which was forwarded to me from Washington. I only wish it was yourself was here, that I might shake hands with you and embrace you, and talk over the long years that have flown since we spoke face to face. I have never forgotten you—I never will forget you. I never can. I was thinking of you and your family not over two days ago. First, I must ask after the health of yourself, Mrs. Jones and the children, now of course all grown up—perhaps married and away. I trust all are well and happy. Of yourself I will say, that I think you are one of those who will never grow old. Your big, warm and friendly heart keeps out the cold

world and all the ravages of time. Well do I remember twenty-three years ago (just think how time flies), when a stranger boy, poor and friendless, I entered your study. Without any recommendation, save that I wore a sailor's jacket, which you perceived was buttoned over an honest heart, you took me by the hand, spoke kindly, warmly, and unreservedly to me, more like a brother than a stranger that I had never seen before, and then started me on the course of life that I have been pursuing ever since. Ah, my good and dear brother, like the evangelist we read of in the Pilgrim's Progress, there is many a poor Christian whom you have directed and started towards the Wicket Gate, encouraged and strengthened on the pilgrimage of life, the happier and better for having met and known you, and whose recollections of you were, and are, amongst the most pleasing incidents of their lives. I doubt if there is a port in this wide world, or a merchant marine, or a navy, in which you would not find hearts that would glow at the name of the Rev. Charles J. Jones, of New York, and remember some *warm friendly* impulse or act of his, confirming the well-known and well-deserved title of the 'Sailors' Friend.'

"Yes, dear brother, there are some men that the Lord seems to have stationed, like the evangelist before mentioned, at important points in the highway of life, to assist, guide, and encourage his poor wanderers. You are one of these. The good you have done in the last thirty years to the poor wanderers of all lands is only known to 'Him who counteth the number of the stars;' and 'whose rewards are in his hands.' What a happy reflection you must have, as you go down the sunny slope of life, to feel, as you look through these Golden Gates of the West, that there are many friendly spirits there who will recognize and welcome you, and remember some kind and friendly act of your life.

"You will ask, my dear Mr. Jones, why I did not write, etc. Well, I don't know what to answer; only that it was no lack of love, or friendship, or gratitude. The many ups and downs and distractions of the world, in various ways, switch one off, and

prevent him often from doing what he ought to do. I did call to see you a few years after we parted, but I found you had left the city and taken charge of some Institution down the bay. I suppose it is where you are still. I even purposed to write to you, but procrastination and the excitement of the times prevented me.

“You are no doubt anxious to know how I have fared, and what I have been doing since we last corresponded. It is a long story, and I must reserve it in detail, until we meet : but it is in brief as follows. Through the kindness of Mr. Darrach and several good friends whom he found for me, I was enabled to finish my course at Andover and at Princeton. It was my intention to enter the ministry ; but before I completed my college course, my father died, in the old country, leaving my mother and several children unprovided for. I felt obliged to take some employment in order to earn, and assist them, as soon as I graduated from college. I went twice to the old country during my college course, and brought out some of my brothers and sisters each time. One of my brothers is now an esteemed minister of the gospel and stationed as rector over an Episcopal church in Connecticut. I also married for love, leaving my wife in the old country with her friends until I was settled in a situation here. We were both poor in this world’s goods, but rich in every other way. That was seventeen years ago ; and we have lived very happily ever since. We have six children, healthy and strong and promising. The oldest boy is thirteen years old, and is now in the middle class in the Academy.

“But to return. When I graduated, I was offered a place in the Second Comptroller’s office for some service as a speaker on the side of the Union during the presidential campaign. I felt under obligation to enter the ministry, because I thought the help I received in getting my education was to that end. But on an interview with Mr. Darrach, he assured me that he had it strictly understood by those friends, that I was free to use my education as I liked. I took the place at Washington with the

intention of remaining only a short time ; but behold, I was there eleven years ; and it seemed as though I never could leave. I improved my time, however, in the matter of improving my mind, and about four years ago I was offered a place as Professor of Modern Languages, Greek and Astronomy in this Academy. I was placed at the head of it some months ago, and so far everything is running well.

“ This, my dear friend, is a brief sketch of my life since last we met. I have great reason to thank the Lord for his merciful dealings with me, and I do. I will be most happy to hear from you, and to learn how the Lord has dealt with you these long years. I fear I have wearied you with this long letter, and yet I know you will be pleased to hear from me. I am glad that the ice is broken. We will have a long talk the next time we meet. What great changes in our country and in the world since first we met ! Yes, even what changes in the great city of New York. Now I must close, extending to you, my dear brother in the Lord, the cordial greeting of one who loves you, and wishes you well. I trust the summer will not pass before we speak face to face, on all the Lord’s kind dealings with us.

“ Your ever affectionate and grateful friend,

“ T. R.”

After the receipt of this very pleasing letter, I felt more and more interested in his history, and I was anxious to recall it, as much of the detail of our early intercourse was never recorded by me, and consequently in the rushing tide of exciting events, had passed out of my recollection. I therefore wrote, asking him to refresh my memory, by his own personal reminiscences. This he did in the following epistle :

“ KINGSTON, *New York*, *May 22nd*, 1880.

“ *Rev. and Dear Brother*—You wish me to write you what I recollect of our first interview, about twenty-three years ago. Well, it is pleasant to recall this incident, that had such an influ-

ence on my whole life ; and I will do so, as far as I can remember, but I must begin a little back. I was the oldest of seven children. My father, who was an excellent Christian man, beloved by all who knew him, was a scripture reader, under the Irish Church Mission Society in the west of Ireland. His salary was very small, not much over one hundred and fifty dollars a year ; and for nine in a family, this was entirely inadequate, even in such a cheap country as Ireland. To help to support the family, I taught a small village school for a few years, for a mere trifle. But like most boys who are brought up on the sea shore, I conceived a great desire to go to sea. I studied, with a view to that end, works on seamanship and navigation, and gained a good theoretical knowledge.

“ In my vacations I made short trips between the ports on our west coast, and was said, for a young lad, to be quite expert in handling the hookers and small craft that plied between Westport, Galway, and Belmullett. I did not give way to my desire to go to sea, however, whilst I had employment, and could assist my parents. But unexpectedly the society withdrew their missions from that part of Ireland for lack of funds and we were all thrown out of employment. I thought, now the time had come for me to make a move, and getting, reluctantly, the consent of my parents, I took my sea-bag and just what money would take me to Liverpool. Here I shipped as ordinary seaman on board the James Foster, Jr., of the Black Ball Line. I was treated with great kindness by the officers. The crew, however, were a very rough lot of men, composed of all nationalities. The mode of life in those ships completely spoiled all the romance of the sea which I had preconceived.

“ Not having the money or the experience to procure a proper outfit, I had to rough my way the best I could ; and I must say that among the roughest and wildest of these poor sons of the sea, there are very many redeeming qualities and noble traits, which they seldom get credit for. I used to retire sometimes for prayer under the forecandle, and there, one morning, whilst kneeling on

the chain cables, and resting against the heel of the bowsprit, I was surprised by one of the roughest and hardest of the crew. He was the terror of the fore-castle. I expected a kick and a cuff and an oath: but no—he spoke as mildly as a child, and said: ‘Don’t be disturbed, go on.’ He quietly looked for what he wanted and withdrew. He was a brawny, powerful man, and few dare to contradict him. Ever after that little incident, he was my friend; and one night, while taking in the flying-jib, saved me from being washed overboard, and showed me many other acts of kindness. I often asked myself how the mere fact of seeing a boy pray could have such an effect upon that rough, wild, dare-devil seaman? I never met him since.

“I entered the port of New York without one cent in my pocket; yet as I passed up the Narrows and saw all the natural beauty of the scenery and the great wealthy city beyond, I felt that I should not want. I felt that the Lord whom I loved, and who I felt was directing my steps, would not see me want, especially as I meant to do right and follow his guidance.

“All the crew hastened away, before the ship was brought to the dock; I was the only one that remained. In helping to wash the between-decks, I picked up a tract that was laying on the floor. It was entitled, ‘Advice to Young Seamen on Going Ashore.’ I thought this appropriate, and kept it and read it. I made up my mind that I could not help my poor parents much by going to sea, and I knew that they now needed assistance; so I said to myself that I would try my fortune on shore. The mate had evidently been pleased with my course on the voyage, for he came forward, and said I might stay by the ship as long as I liked. I thanked him; but did not like the idea of going back to Liverpool. So I said, I would try what I could do on shore. I had no money, and the only course for me was to go to a sailors’ boarding-house, whence, if I could get nothing to do, I could ship again, and pay my board with my advance. I accordingly went to one on a street near the East River.

“The next day I walked up through the city, looking for a

situation, but was unsuccessful. While returning to my boarding-house, discouraged, I passed by the American Tract Society, near the City Hall. I immediately remembered it, on account of the tract, and saw that it was the same number ; so I concluded that was the place to go in, and get advice. I went boldly in, and I was passed to the gentleman in charge, who was called Mr. Eastman. I told him I wanted some employment. I was willing to do what I could. He smiled, and said the best thing he could do for me would be to recommend me to the Rev. Charles J. Jones of the Mariners' church, an excellent man, who had been himself at sea, and took a great interest in sailors. He wrote your address on a slip of paper, and handed it to me and gave me directions how I could best get there. I thanked him kindly and went out : and I felt that moment, that the hand of Providence was in the matter. I always made the passage of scripture which says 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he will direct thy path,' my motto. I went directly to your residence, rang, and was admitted.

“I believe, my dear brother, that the latch-string of your house always hung on the outside, that whosoever came might enter. You may not now remember, but I was dressed in a blue cloth monkey jacket and trousers. You did not wait to hear my business. You took me by the hand and welcomed me, and made me feel perfectly at home ; and before I knew it, I was discoursing with you with the confidence of an old friend. The first thing you inquired of me was, whether I was a believer in our blessed Lord Jesus ; and when you found that I was, you were rejoiced, and asked many questions concerning my home and friends, and my experience. I then told you what I wanted, and how I was directed to you by the gentleman at the house of the Tract Society. You did not like the idea of my giving up the sea. You thought I might do much good there, and that good Christian young men were much wanted in our merchant service, etc.

“ I told you that I loved the sea, but that I was doing this for

the sake of duty. I told you of my parents and family in Ireland, and then you became reconciled. You asked me where I was staying. I told you, and you said I must leave there at once ; that these were rum-holes and ' sharks-places ' of the worst kind. I then told you that I went there because I had no money, and could do no better. You put on your hat, and said I must come and take my things, and go to the Sailors' Home in Cherry street. You went with me, and asked the landlord how much my bill was ; when he had the effrontery to ask for a whole week (or indeed I am not sure, but for a month's board), and I had only come there the night before. You gave him some plain talk, and threatened to have his license taken away ; then he came to terms, and let me off with a few dollars, which you had the kindness to pay. I then took my things, and you went with me to the proprietor of the Sailors' Home.

"On leaving me you told me to call the next day at your residence, which I did, when you kindly introduced me to your lady, and showed me your children, and spoke to me with the warm-heartedness of an old and true friend. You then sat down and wrote me a letter to Mr. James Darrach, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, who, on the strength of it, gave me a place. I was soon enabled to send help to my parents.

"Mr. Darrach, soon after, taking an interest in me, I was started and helped to an education, which I need not detail here, as you know it well. Truly, dear brother, we can say that ' the ways of the Lord are wonderful.' How different might have been my life if I had not met you on that day ! My poor father died nearly eighteen years ago, but I have directed and taken care, to some extent, of all the children, who are themselves now grown up, and settled in life. Was I not right, dear brother, in calling you the Evangelist that heaven had sent in my way ?"

CHAPTER XII.

INCREASED SUCCESS—ANSWERS TO PRAYERS.

Extracts from diary—Blessed meeting—Men weeping over sin—Why will ye die?—Immense audience—Fourteen prayerless years—Praise in many languages—“I want to love Jesus”—Unexpected honor—People aroused—Ten nationalities received into communion—Time and energies taxed—Chinese sailors—Prayer in Burton’s Theatre—Noon prayer-meeting in five ships—Outside addresses—“In labors more abundant”—Kingdom of God spreading on the sea—“Bringing his sheaves with him”—Burning of the steamship *Austria*—Polyglotts—Literary labors—Chinese prayer-meeting—Prayer answered—A lee shore—Pump and pray—In deaths oft—Both cables part—Captain and wife swallowed up—Ship dashed to pieces—Crew saved—A desolate shore—Arrive home.

THE year 1858 opened auspiciously, and gave us an earnest of increased success. On the last night of 1857, I preached a sermon from 1 Samuel xix. 11: “If thou save not thy life (Heb. *soul*) to-night, to-morrow thou shall be slain.” I urged upon the people the necessity of immediate effort to secure salvation. The audience was greatly moved. Men and women, seamen and landmen, were affected to tears. The prayer-meeting held on the evening of New Year’s day was crowded with anxious souls. Forty persons rose to ask the prayers of the congregation, and expressed their purpose of living hereafter for God. A vivid impression of the intense interest manifested, and the reviving influences at work, may be best conveyed by giving a few brief extracts from my

diary, the reason for which will appear further on. In giving these extracts, I am confronted with the difficulty of writing an autobiography, without making myself too prominent. I can only say that it is my sincere desire, as much as possible, to lose myself in my Master's work. With this disclaimer I will quote :

“*January 2nd*—Prayer-meetings very large. Forty rose for prayer again in the evening.

“*3rd*.—Communion in the afternoon. Fourteen received on confession, two by certificate. Our membership has now reached two hundred and sixty-five. The church densely packed in the evening from floor to gallery—seats brought into the aisles. Rev. J. L. Wilson, formerly missionary in Africa, and Rev. Dr. McCartee, of Ningpo, China, addressed the meeting. Monthly concert truly grand.

“*4th*.—More than twenty-five men called at my office this morning, some weeping over their sins, and all making promise of amendment.

“*5th*.—Large Temperance meeting—thirty persons signed the pledge.

“*6th*.—Prayer-meeting in my study this forenoon—sixteen persons present, some weeping over sin. Attended five prayer-meetings this afternoon and evening. The Lord is among us, of a truth.

“*7th*.—Prayer-meeting in my study, twenty-five present, twenty-two of them sailors.

“*8th*.—Besieged all day. More than twenty called for books. Prayer-meeting this evening, the largest we have ever had. Room so packed as to be uncomfortable. Every conceivable space occupied. Read Ezekiel xxxiii. Plead with them from the words, ‘Why will ye die?’ Several rose for prayer, some new cases.

“*9th*.—Blessed news! Souls trembling with new-found joy. Converted Jew—sailors holding fast to Christ. Have great need to

be humbled under such abundant success. Nearly seventy seamen present at our prayer-meeting this evening.

“*10th.*—Sabbath. Preached this morning with an unction from the Holy One, from Mark xiv. 38 : ‘Watch and pray.’ In the afternoon addressed Sabbath-school at its anniversary service. Urged the children to lay their souls on the altar of God, as a living sacrifice, through the Great High Priest. In the evening the house was crowded more than ever. Preached from Matt. xviii. 3 : ‘Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.’ The immense audience was rapt with attention. I believe that souls were awakened by that sermon. May God multiply their numbers.

“*11th.*—Twenty-two persons at the morning prayer-meeting in my study. One, with tears, a sailor, expressed his sorrow for sin, and determination to live henceforth for Christ. Says he made up his mind a week ago, while in our church. Another said he had not bowed his knees in prayer for fourteen years, until this morning. Called from breakfast table before the meal was half finished ; could not return until one o’clock. Hardly time to eat, and less to sleep.

“*13th.*—Social meeting at my house, ninety persons present.

“*14th.*—Making arrangements for a German prayer-meeting. Three converted sailors going out in the ship ‘Whirlwind,’ to Australia, called for a supply of books. Have just heard that fifty men of the crew of the receiving ship North Carolina rose to ask the prayers of God’s people for their salvation.

“*15th.*—The three converted men of the ‘Whirlwind’ had a pleasing reception from their shipmates, who took them by the hand, congratulating them and expressing their gladness that they were to have a religious influence on board. ‘What hath God wrought?’ Men are being awakened everywhere. John M——, a sailor, told me to-day, that he was one of one hundred and fifty who were awakened on board the U. S. steamer ‘Independence,’ in 1850, through the efforts of a pious boatswain. He leaves in

the 'Baltic' for Europe to-day, and asks prayers, that he may be kept steadfast.

" *22nd.*—Six days passed without a single entry. Norwegian and Swedish prayer-meeting, largely attended. What joy to praise God in many languages. Our eldest daughter, five years of age, awoke us this morning sobbing bitterly. I asked her what was the matter? she said, 'O, I do want to be good, and love Jesus! I want to learn to read, so that I can know how to do good.' 'God's Spirit is striving early with the child. O that we may live to see her walking in the truth!

" *25th.*—Read an essay on 'the Unit—or the power of individual influence,' before the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, this evening, by request.

" *26th.*—Attended three prayer-meetings to-day, and lectured on the 'leaven in the meal,' Luke xiii. 20, 21. Large audience, extra seats brought in. Held prayer-meeting half an hour after the lecture, to ask the blessing upon the word spoken. At the close the church members rose and expressed their determination to do more for Christ than ever.

" *27th.*—Verily God is pouring out His spirit among us. Forty persons at prayer-meeting. Five rose to ask prayer. Six called on me about the salvation of their souls. Two of these were French, could speak no English. Fell back on my French and urged them to seek Christ alone. Gave them tracts and 'Daily Food,' in their own language.

" *28th.*—Men and women at my house all the afternoon, for counsel, asking 'what must we do.' Prayed and conversed with seven.

" *29th.*—More than forty at prayer-meeting this forenoon. In the afternoon prayed and gave counsel to six persons, deeply distressed on account of sin.

" *30th.*—Attended a meeting of the male members of the church, passed resolutions to live more entirely for Christ, and to be more useful. Twenty of them volunteered to go out, two and two, 'into the streets and lanes of the city to compel men to

come in, that God's house may be filled.' Visiting anxious souls, and praying from house to house all day. Prayed with four at my own dwelling.

"*31st.*—Sabbath. Prayer-meeting at 7 o'clock in the morning, in my study. Twelve persons present. Reading-room full of praying people at 9 A. M. At 10.30, preached from Psalm 123. Large and attentive audience. Also in the afternoon to over two hundred children of the church, from Prov. xi. 8, 9; and in the evening to a very large audience from Luke xvi. 19-31—Rich man and Lazarus. Very attentive as usual."

This month of January gave character to all the rest of the year. The blessed work went joyfully forward. The people were aroused, their efforts for the salvation of souls enhanced, and their own souls stimulated to more intense and heartfelt devotion. At our communion in February, seventeen persons were admitted to membership, among whom were Chilians, Danes, French, Americans, English, Scotch, Spaniards, Manksmen, Swedes, and Channel Islanders. The audiences were very large and attentive, and very often moved to tears.

Later on, such entries as these appear, at intervals:

"*February 15th* —Correspondence swallowing up my time.

"*21st.*—Preached three times to-day—audience bathed in tears.

"*26th.*—Preached four times to-day, and visited the U. S. receiving ship 'North Carolina.' Put on board one hundred and thirty volumes, and two hundred copies of the 'Sea Bird,' for the use of the crew.

"*28th.*—Visited the 'North Carolina.' Preached on board—many weeping.

"*March 7th.*—Monthly concert of prayer—a feast.

"*8th.*—Daily eleven o'clock prayer-meeting, full: seventy-five or eighty persons present.

“ *11th.*—Four Chinese sailors called.

“ *16th.*—Took part in noon-day prayer-meeting at Broome and Ridge and at Rutger Streets. Bowed in prayer with two pilots who were asking after more of the spirit of Christ.

“ *19th.*—Twenty-seven in the inquiry meeting.

“ *21st.*—Many souls decided for eternity.

“ *22nd.*—Six new inquirers. One poor fellow threw himself down on his hands and knees and cried out, ‘ O Lord, take me ! take me out of this sinful world.’

“ *23rd.*—Several new cases of inquiry. Blessed tidings from the sea. A vessel arrived to-day reports that she had spoken five ships on the homeward passage, on board of each of which, it had been determined to hold religious services in concert daily at twelve o’clock.

“ On the *24th*, fourteen were in the inquiry room.

“ *25th.*—Delivered an address before the Jersey City Bible Society.

“ On the *26th*, thirty in the inquiry rooms, eight new cases.

“ On the *30th*, fifteen inquirers. Preached from Luke xvii. 32 : ‘ Remember Lot’s wife.’ Souls in agony. Four indulging in hope.

“ *31st.*—Precious meeting in a work shop in White street : a whole family bowed, and in tears—father, mother, children and employees. Preached this evening from Isaiah lxii. 10 : ‘ Prepare ye the way of the people.’

“ *April 4th.*—A high day. Preached this evening from Exodus xxxii. 29 : ‘ Consecrate yourselves.’ Thirty-four admitted to church—thirty-one on profession. Monthly concert—full.

“ *5th.*—No flagging. Preached from Gal. iii. 23 : ‘ Under the Law.’

“ *6th.*—Visited the Retreat and Widows’ Home, Staten Island.

“ *7th.*—Preached in Stanton street church, from Gal. iii. 13 : ‘ Christ has redeemed us.’

“ *9th.*—Preached at the Retreat from 2nd Cor. v. 1, at the funeral of a sailor. At Stapleton in the evening, from Heb. xi.

6 : 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' Also addressed Sabbath-school—much weeping under the sermon.

" *18th.*—Preached in 50th street Presbyterian church from Matthew xviii. 14 : 'It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.'

" *23rd.*—Preached at Broome street Presbyterian church, from Gal. vi. 14 : 'Glorying in the Cross.'

" *May 4th.*—Visited public school in Henry street. Addressed all departments. Temperance address in the evening.

" *5th.*—Addressed Baptist Mariners' Society in the evening.

" *21st.*—Attended funeral of the second mate of the ship 'Mandarin,' killed, while in the act of brutally beating a sailor. Visited the slayer in the Tombs ; also visited the Retreat at Staten Island.

" *30th.*—Preached three sermons to-day, and delivered address. Audience still increasing. Souls pleading for nearness to God.

" *June 2nd.*—Visited the Tombs twice. Visitors and funerals taking up too much of my time.

" *4th.*—Several more inquirers.

" *6th.*—Preached twice and administered the Lord's Supper. Conducted monthly concert. Letters full of zeal. The writers working among their shipmates.

" *13th.*—Preached three times. Once at the Five Points.

" *16th.*—Overrun with callers.

" *18th.*—Wrote all night until 5 A.M. Crowded with business all day. Prayer-meeting at night.

" *July 1st.*—Wrote until 3.20 A.M.

" *8th.*—Wrote till midnight.

" *16th.*—A sailor, converted here, returned to-day, bringing two of his shipmates, who were led to Christ through his efforts and example. 'Bringing his sheaves with him.'

" *22nd.*—Visited the U. S. receiving ship 'North Carolina.' Three hundred men waiting draft to U. S. steamer 'Savannah,' several followers of Christ among them. Three or four inquirers daily, asking what they must do to be saved.

“*Aug. 3rd.*—Visited U. S. steamer ‘Savannah ;’ gave thirty-six volumes, and a large supply of other reading matter. Twelve of her crew are Christians—five of them Baptists. One connected with my own church, and six who have no connection with the Church visible.

“*8th.*—House still crowded. Seats in the aisles—no diminution of interest.

“*15th.*—Dense crowd again.

“*22nd.*—Enthusiasm in the congregation on account of the sermon on allegiance of the sea to Christ, from Isa. xlii. 10.

“*23rd.*—Conversion in the Tombs. The man who killed the second mate of the ship ‘Mandarin.’ ‘Behold, he prayeth.’

“*25th.*—Made a congratulatory address to the crew of the U. S. steamer ‘Niagara,’ in the Cooper Institute, on the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable.

“*Sept. 17th.*—News came to-day of a Portuguese sailor, who was converted in New Bedford, and has been the means of the conversion of thirteen of the crew of the ship ‘Fairfield,’ including the captain.

“*Oct. 2nd.*—A letter received from the U. S. steamer ‘Savannah,’ asking prayers for the crew. States that nightly prayer-meetings are held on board of her among the men.

“*3rd.*—Received sixteen at communion to-day, thirteen on profession. Letters read at the monthly concert show that the kingdom of God is spreading on the sea.

“*5th.*—Captain D—, of the ship ‘Paragon,’ told me to-day of a Catholic priest in Spain, who visited him daily, and as a result became interested in Christ and his salvation. He at once received tracts for distribution ashore, and plead for more that he might scatter them freely in the hospitals.

“*10th.*—Preached to boatmen in a tent at Jersey City this afternoon. It was packed, and crowds outside could not get in.

“*11th.*—A sea captain called, and wished me to get him a crew of praying men. Another captain, to tell me of his conversion at sea, through reading the life of Hedly Vicars.

“*16th.*—A man came to me bursting with emotion, took him to the Old Slip sailors’ noon-meeting, and submitted his case. Prayed and conversed with twenty-four persons.

“*24th.*—House crowded to repletion, pulpit stairs and chancel full. Preached a sermon on the burning of the steamship ‘Austria.’—Seats in the aisles.

“*29th.*—Heard to-day of another vessel in which the crew hold daily service in the fore-castle, at which all hands were present.

“*N.v. 14th.*—This evening the spirit of the Lord was manifestly present. The people listened as for eternity. Good was surely done.”

I have thus far followed my diary simply to connect the events of the past with what I conceive to be the great work of the century among seamen. During the year, one hundred and sixty-nine souls in all, were added to the church, making a total membership of four hundred and thirty-four. The number of letters written was 553. Many of those received from sailors, in reply, would do credit to men of greater pretensions. They indicate an amount of intellectual furniture, in many cases, that being sanctified must make itself felt in the spread of the Gospel of Christ among the nations. In September of this year, among the seamen who called at my house, one group of eight who came in together, presented so diversified an appearance that I was curious to hear from their own lips what languages they spoke. I found that they represented five different nationalities—Norway, France, Italy, Portugal and England, and spoke twelve different languages, averaging over three to each man. These languages were Arabic, Bengalese, Danish, Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Norwegian, Portu-

guese, Spanish, and Turque. One man, a member of my church, educated in the University of Upsala, in Sweden, spoke ten languages, and wrote seven of them grammatically. Who can measure the influence of such men, were they but brought under the power of Divine grace, and their varied acquisitions laid at the Saviour's feet.

I have great reason for gratitude to my Saviour, that my duties as pastor have not once been interfered with by illness. I was at intervals compelled to lay aside for a day or two. But this was from sheer weariness, rather than from any physical derangements. In addition to my correspondence, I wrote over twenty articles for the press, two essays, one on the "Sea and the Church," their mutual relation and dependence, and one on the "Moral Power of the Sea," together with a voluminous annual report for the Board of Trustees. The number of persons calling on me to consult on every conceivable subject during the year, was nearly four thousand. The number of volumes of all kinds, and the quantity of religious newspapers, tracts and periodicals distributed, it would be difficult to estimate. They went out over the sea by the barrel full, in every possible direction. With the rest of our labors, this year, an effort was made to reach the many Chinese sailors, whom legitimate commerce as well as the Coolie trade had thrown upon our shores. In some instances the destitute were provided with means and ships to return to their homes. Nor were their immortal interests disregarded. A number of the strangers were gathered, and a Bible class formed, which met in the basement of our church, where they were instructed in divine things by Rev. Dr. McCartee, of the presbytery of Ning Po, China, who brought Jesus

and his love to their notice in their own language. Quite a number of them were regular in their attendance, and appeared to be interested in the truth. The result of this effort we may learn hereafter, when we see as we are seen, and know as we are known. Many incidents of deep interest occurred during this exciting period, some of which are given below.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

There is an evident distrust in many minds with regard to special answers to prayer. Even among nominal believers there is an amount of scepticism, which I fear cuts the sinews of effort in that direction. Men, in the exercise of a voluntary humility, refrain from bringing special subjects before God in prayer, lest they should be chargeable with presumption. Is not such conduct reprehensible and chargeable to a paralysis of faith? Sailors are so conversant with the wonderful ways of God on the sea, witness such exhibition of Divine power, and are so conscious of human helplessness, that they of all men ought to learn the lesson inculcated by our Saviour, that men ought always to pray and not to faint. They do sometimes witness marked illustrations of providential interference with the action of the elements when human wisdom is swallowed up, as in the 107th Psalm, in which it is stated, that at the particular juncture, when men are at their wits' end, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses." Two instances of such deliverance are here given, as they came to me from one whose experiences his own pen records :

“Reverend Friend.—I desire to record the covenant goodness of the Lord, on two distinct occasions in which I have been saved from shipwreck and imminent death in answer to prayer. One occurred last month. We were coming on the coast, and expected to make the land about 2 P. M. At noon I felt very uneasy, believing that we ought to be steering more to the eastward. The vessel was then making about nine knots, under a press of canvas. A heavy sea was running and the snow falling so thick and fast that we could scarcely see a yard beyond our flying jib-boom. I intimated my fears to the captain. It was evident, however, that he did not share in them. I could only commit our case therefore to Him who hath ‘gathered the wind in his fists,’ and ‘measured the waters in the hollow of his hand.’ We went to dinner, the captain ordering the watch to keep a good lookout. While we were at the table, it pleased God to show us our danger, by clearing up the atmosphere for a short time so that we could see the land, which was so close aboard that it appeared to loom up over our mastheads. The helm was put a star-board, the yards braced up, and in a few seconds—for sailors work sharp in time of danger—we were standing off the land, of which we lost sight almost as quickly as it was revealed.

“This incident showed me how faithful God is to his gracious promise. I shall never cease to thank Him for his preserving care. Had not the weather cleared the minute it did, no doubt the ship would have gone ashore and all hands been dashed to pieces on the rocky coast. Surely God answered my prayer that day.

“On another occasion, of which I have a very vivid recollection, and under similar circumstances, my prayer was answered again. It had been blowing and snowing heavily for some time. There was a heavy sea on, and toward the close of the day the wind died away, to a calm. Just then it cleared up and revealed to us a rocky coast covered with snow, upon which the breakers were furiously dashing. You may imagine my feelings, when I tell you that there were ten souls on board, not one of whom except

myself had given any indication of their belief even in the existence of such a being as God. I stood on the poop looking anxiously at the iron-bound lee shore, toward which each swelling wave was driving us broadside on, to destruction. I instinctively repeated to myself the lines of a beautiful hymn:

“ ‘Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to thee I lift mine eye,
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
 Thou wilt hear the sailor’s cry.’

“The captain was apparently much alarmed. His face indicated it. A few days before he had boasted that he feared nothing. But now he had anguish in his looks as he said to me, ‘Sir, the anchors would be of no service, even if we let them go. The rocks would bring her up before the anchors would take hold.’ I hoped then that he felt the need of a Saviour’s love to his never-dying soul!

“As nothing could be done in the exigency, I went below, intending to tie up my papers, and the certificate of my church membership, and bind them about my body; so that if I perished and was washed ashore, my friends might perhaps learn what had become of me. But before I went to my trunk, I bowed my knee in prayer to my Saviour, and asked him, if according to his will, that he would save our lives. I reminded him that he had heard my prayer before and saved me and them that were with me; and pleaded that he would again interpose for his own sake, and save us from approaching death. I assure you I had faith in him at that time. While I was yet speaking, I heard the captain calling to the men to brace round the yards. The wind had come off the land, and we were saved.

“The sceptic may call me a fool, and tell me it was all imagination; but nothing on earth can shake my belief that God had answered my prayer. As a further evidence of Divine interposition, I must state that the wind held on just long enough for us to get a good offing, and then chopped round again to near its

former quarter. By making a couple of tacks we reached our port in safety. 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'

Still another incident, illustrative of this subject, was given by a seaman, in one of our monthly concerts of prayer. He said he thanked God that he had been a sailor. He had been in some tight places at sea, but he never had hidden his religion nor lost his confidence in God. Said he :

"We were once driven to great straits. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, our ship sprung a leak, and it seemed as if we must go to the bottom in a few minutes. Our men worked hard at the pumps. The water was gaining on us. Death stared us in the face. I ran down below, and on my knees asked Jesus to save us, and to give me a token. I opened my Bible at Isaiah xli. 10. These words met my eyes : 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God ; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' That was enough. I ran on deck and said, 'Men, we are going somewhere, but we are not going down !' I reported to them, that I had asked of the Lord, and how he had answered me. 'Now,' said I, 'men, pump and pray, and pray and pump!' And they did it with a will. We pumped and prayed our vessel into Cork, as I believe, in answer to prayer and promise. But what is the use of praying, with a leak in the ship, unless we pump also? It must ever be. Work and pray and pray and work."

That sailor is still living, and is a prominent litterateur in New York City.

"IN DEATHS OFT."

No men living have more need of salvation in Christ Jesus, than have the men of the deep : yet it may be

said of them in general, that they think less of their perils, and exposures, and feel still less the need of the consolations of the Gospel, than other men. If it were not for the ravages of sin, for its benumbing and deadening power over the conscience, its blinding effect on the judgment and the reason, and its paralyzing influence on the affections and will, we might expect that the very precaution which is born of the exigencies of their daily experience, and their constant acquaintance with danger and death, would drive them to the feet of the Saviour for help.

But while this general inconsistency is to be deplored, it is a source of consolation that all are not absolutely reckless. There are exceptions, many notable exceptions, to this general rule. There is a certain proportion among them, who, when confronted with disaster and peril, find their consolation in the assurance of Divine protection; whose faith leads them to commit their way unto him, who rules the whirlwind, and rides upon the storm.

Instances of such faith, in seasons of trial, are none the less worthy of our notice and admiration because they are comparatively rare. They present a cheering contrast to the dark background of despair, which full often confronts men when they are suddenly brought face to face with disaster and death.

Such faith is illustrated in the narrative of a Swedish ship carpenter, a member of my congregation, who in a communication to me on his return from sea, in the winter of 1859, says:

“I had the misfortune to ship in the ill-fated ‘Colorado,’ of Portsmouth, N. H., bound to the East Indies, laden with coal. We reached our port of destination after a fine passage, and having discharged our cargo, sailed for a distant point on the

coast. But one evening, being about sixteen miles off the land, and in the immediate vicinity of some dangerous shoals, the captain felt that it would be prudent to anchor, and take daylight for it, in the morning. But, unfortunately for us, as the darkness deepened, the wind increased, and blew dead on shore. Toward morning it became evident that one anchor would not hold her ; we therefore let go the second, about four bells in the morning watch, and paid out the chain to the bitter end. By this time the gale had increased in fury, and it continued to blow harder and harder, until it became a perfect hurricane, and threatened us with destruction every moment.

“ It was evident to me that she could not stand it very long ; and being carpenter of the ship, I ventured to suggest to the captain, that I was afraid it would be necessary, as a last resource, to sacrifice the masts, to save the ship. The captain, thinking that the gale was at its height, and would soon begin to moderate, refused to give the order to cut away the masts. So far from moderating, however, it blew yet harder ; and by midnight the captain’s sad mistake was made apparent, by the sudden parting of both our cables. As a necessary result, our good ship, which a moment before, was holding her own against the fury of the waves, was now driving rapidly before them, to the place of her destruction. She was abandoned entirely to the mercy of the winds and waves, and we began to think very seriously for our own safety.

“ In this hour of darkness and despair, I prayed earnestly to God, in whom alone all my trust was centered, that he would, for Jesus’ sake, come to our help, and rescue us from the sudden death that was evidently awaiting us unless he interposed for our safety. After drifting shoreward at the sport of the elements, about four hours, we were startled by a heavy crash. High cliffs were distinguishable on either hand, through the darkness of the night, and gave unmistakable evidence that we were on an iron-bound lee-shore. It was apparent, also, that our ship could not long withstand the resistless force of the combined

action of wind and sea. The breakers were sweeping our decks fore and aft. Yet I had faith in God. I prayed for daylight, which was just dawning, and which I hoped might reveal to us some means of relief. Just at this time the captain's wife, who was standing on the poop-deck, was swept off by an angry wave, which was her own and only funeral escort. The captain, seeing his wife carried away, in wild despair plunged after her, in the vain hope of saving her. At that moment a huge sea, lifting up our devoted craft, hove her down on her beam ends, and they both disappeared beneath the wreck.

“It was now daylight. The vessel was fast breaking up, grinding to pieces on the rocky bottom. By our united efforts and skill, we succeeded in getting a line ashore by means of a buoy, which we rigged so that we could propel it through the surf. Thus, the officers, and the crew, except the captain and his wife, were saved. Among the rescued was the son of the captain, a boy seven years old. For three weeks we were on this inhospitable coast, living on a handful of rice a day per man, and a very scanty supply of water, which we secured only by digging holes in the ground. I felt very grateful that we had even that. How much worse our situation might have been! I thanked God that we were not left to perish on a desolate shore.

“One day, while we were meditating means of getting away, our attention was drawn to a small steamer standing up along the coast. We at once commenced signalling her by throwing our arms about, as we had nothing else, and finally succeeded in attracting her attention. On learning our situation, the captain kindly offered to give us a passage to Point de Galle. Here we gave ourselves up to the American Consul. Our chief-officer got away in a French ship for Calcutta, and at the expiration of ten days, our Consul refused to support us any longer. As a result of his inhuman conduct, we were left without either food or shelter. Through the kindness of the British Consul, however, we were cared for, and enabled to get ships to take us home.

“I mention these facts to show how God in his mercy can and

does save them that put their trust in him. I hope it may be a means of encouragement to you to know the facts, and that as an illustration of the power of prayer, as well as the covenant faithfulness of God, it may prove a lasting benefit to any who hear it, who have not yet given themselves to God."

CHAPTER XIII.

SIXTY YEARS IN SIN.

James Bisby—Conversion at sixty—"Behold the Lamb"—Attention riveted--Signs of penitence—Soul in agony for him--Such a great sinner--His career—Three times shipwrecked—Sixty days in an open boat—An aggravated case--The first step—Penitent prayer—Union with the church--His experiences--A curious fore-castle—Missionary labors and perils--His narrative blessed--Entered into rest—One smile from Jesus—The last call--A contrast.

THE conversion of James Bisby, a sailor nearly sixty years of age, who had been in positive and open rebellion against God on the sea for over forty-three years, took place on a Sabbath evening in March. The record of his case, and some of the immediate results, are here appended. According to his own account he had spent the day in idleness and drinking. After tea, he invited his wife to accompany him to one of his familiar drinking resorts, but she positively refused. He then mentioned a place of amusement, and urged her to go with him there. This also she declined. Being annoyed by her unwillingness, he said, "Well, will you go to church with me?" To this request she cheerfully assented, for it had long been the desire of her heart to have him spend his Sab-

baths in the house of God. She hastened to get ready, and in a few minutes they were on their way to our Mariners' church.

On reaching the house of God, and finding the services already begun, they took a seat near the door. The difficulty of hearing at that distance induced the old man to seek a place nearer the speaker; and being enough under the influence of liquor to make him regardless of the opinion of others, he took his wife by the arm, and made his way up the centre aisle, till he reached the front seat, and there "came to," immediately opposite the pulpit. The long gray hair and snow-white bushy beard of the old sailor, and his long march up the aisle, drew my attention, as it did also that of the congregation, and at once created in my mind an interest in him. As soon as he was comfortably seated, he leaned forward, placed his elbows on his knees and his head in both hands, and fixing his keen eyes upon me, never took them off until the sermon was ended. He was evidently interested; his attention was riveted; he felt the power of truth.

The discourse was founded on John i. 29: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." As the subject was unfolded, and the preciousness of the sin-bearer was set before the audience, I watched the effect produced upon my singular hearer in front. Several times he manifested much emotion. The quivering lip, the falling tear, the bent and trembling form, all were signs of true penitence. He was evidently not aware of being noticed. The emotion he manifested indicated to my mind, that the spirit had wounded him, and he needed only the touch of the Great Physician to heal the wound. My soul was in agony for him. I knew just how

to sympathise with him, and I longed to tell him so. I had passed through the same experience when a drunken sailor. I knew both his disease and the remedy, and longed to take him by the hand, and lead him to the feet of Jesus.

As soon as I had pronounced the benediction, I hurried from the pulpit, and threading my way through the receding crowd, laid my hand upon his shoulder. He turned suddenly round. Our eyes met; his were red with weeping. I grasped his hand, and said: "Well, my friend, can you look to this Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world?" He answered, with much emotion, "I don't know sir, about that; it is not so easy." "But," I inquired, "do you desire to behold him as your Saviour? Are you willing to be saved by him, to have your sins blotted out?" "Ah, sir," he replied, "I wish I could: but I fear it is too late; I fear that Jesus Christ will not have anything to do with me, I am such a great sinner."

As the crowd was passing out of the church, and he seemed to be anxious to go, I urged him to call and see me, on Monday morning. He promised to do so. True to his word, the next morning the old sailor walked into my study. He seemed feeble, and there was something in his eye that did not promise unmixed comfort. He had evidently taken his bitters that morning. Had he bid farewell to his cup in a parting glass? We shall see. Five seamen had just left me, who had called to inquire what they must do to be saved. They had been awakened by last night's sermon, to a sense of their need of a Saviour. Turning to the old weather-beaten tar, I said, "Well, sir, how is it with you this morning? Do you still

fee. anxious about your soul? You are drawing near to the grave, and will soon step into it. Are you prepared?"

He replied, "Yes, sir, you are right. I am nearing the grave, and I fear I am not prepared; but what shall I do? Do you think Christ will have anything to do with me?" As he asked this question, he looked right into my eye, with the most intense earnestness, as if he felt that everything, temporal and eternal, depended upon the answer. I said, "Why do you ask that question? Is there anything special in your case?" "Yes, sir. I have been such a great sinner." "But you must remember," said I, "that He is *such* a great Saviour. He is able and willing to save, even to the uttermost, all who come unto God through Him." He replied: "But, I am afraid I have gone too far. God has been good to me, and I have treated him shamefully. I fear he will not hear me." I said: "All this may be very true, and yet, Jesus bids you come to him. Why then are you afraid to come?" He replied: "Ah, sir, you don't know how bad I have been. I have been at sea forty-three years, before the mast and abaft it, and have been in many perils and dangers; yet out of them all the Lord has delivered me."

I then said to him: "Suppose you tell me a little of your history, that I may know what your course has been, and why you think your case is such a special one as to shut you out from the mercies of God?"

In reply, he related the following:

"I was born in Brabant, France, in the year 1801. At an early age I went on the river, lightering. At eleven I was mercifully delivered from death by drowning while letting the water into a dock. A boat hook in a friendly hand, was the means of

my deliverance. Soon after that I was brought again near to death by shipwreck, while carrying a cargo of timber for the first Napoleon. I have been shipwrecked three times. The first time when quite young, on the North Sea. The vessel went ashore among the breakers. I was washed overboard while getting a boat ready to launch. The boat's paddles, which I held in my hand, served to keep me afloat until some men on shore threw me a line, and hauled me to land. While in the water and expecting death, I called upon God, repeating a form of prayer which my mother had taught me, and he was pleased to save me, after being some hours in the water. At that time only two of us were saved, out of a crew of eleven.

“Once in the South Sea, while belonging to an American whale ship, I was one of a boat's crew of seven who took the boat with a week's provisions, and deserted the ship. We were sixty days in that open boat, and during the last twenty-six days of that time, not one of us had a drop of water to quench our thirst. After our provisions were exhausted, we lived on penguins and seals, drinking their blood to assuage our thirst.

“At another time I was cast away off Barnegat, and out of thirty one souls, crew and passengers, only four of us were saved. I was picked up among the breakers, almost dead, after knocking about nearly three hours on the bottom of a boat. During all that time I prayed most fervently to God for deliverance, and he was pleased to hear my prayer. I have fallen overboard nine times, and have been often at death's door in various engagements, and other exposures, from all of which the good Lord delivered me. But what kills me is, that, after God had heard my prayers and promises, I should turn round and curse him, as soon as I got dry clothes on.”

When he had finished his recital, I said, “Sir, your case is a very aggravated one. You deserve to suffer for your sins, but the Lord—who bore our sins—is rich in mercy to all who call upon him, and promises to save even

the chief of sinners. Are you willing to give up all for Him, and repent of all your sins?" To this he replied, "I am; and I do most sincerely repent, and am heartily sorry for all my transgressions." "But," said I, "you must not only repent; you must forsake every sin. You have been a drinking man. Are you willing to give up rum and sign the pledge?" "I don't know about that," he answered, hesitatingly. "The doctors say it is as dangerous to knock off all at once, as it is to continue to drink. I will sign the pledge, if you will only let me taper off." "No sir," said I, "you must quit at once, and forever. Jesus Christ is the great Physician, and He requires you to avoid the very appearance of evil. Secure his favor first, take him for your friend. Are you willing to cast overboard everything that offends him? to give up drinking, and every other sin?" He promptly replied, with great firmness, "I will, sir, if I die by it!" and accompanied the promise by a heavy stroke of his stick on the floor, the concussion corresponding in time with the word "die," which he so emphatically uttered.

I said to him, "Well done! that is a good decision, and one which you will never regret. Now let us ask God to give you strength to perform that vow, for you can do nothing without him." He consented, and together we bowed, and offered up our hearts to that gracious God who hears and answers prayer. To my surprise, when I had closed, instead of rising from his knees, that hoary-headed sinner prayed fervently, and wept over his sins, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The interview lasted fully an hour, and when he left it was with a firm determination to live no longer in sin, but to serve the Lord all the days of his life.

At a subsequent meeting he was present, and rose to ask the prayers of the people of God. Those prayers were heard; through grace he obtained the victory, though only after a severe struggle over his appetite for strong drink; and from that time he learned to walk humbly before God. Three months after, he was received into membership with the church, upon a profession of his faith in Christ, and took his seat with God's people at the communion.

Years have passed since that old man's heart was touched by the Spirit of the Lord. He seemed to grow younger, and more vigorous and active in the service of the Lord, continuing to be a devout and humble follower of Christ, spending and being spent in his service. Nor was there ever a more attentive hearer and doer of the Word in the congregation than that hoary-headed, white-bearded man of the sea. When speaking to others of the mercy of God in his behalf, in delivering him from the bonds of satan, which he often did, he attributed his great change, so far as human agency was concerned, to two things. First, the gentle touch on his shoulder, and the kind words of invitation addressed to him while his heart was tender, and at the very moment when he needed sympathy and direction. Secondly, to the visits of our church missionary, Mr. Gardner, who, as he said, followed him up, and came to his house to comfort and encourage him, while he was passing through the terrific struggle, which resulted in his conquest over his passion for strong drink. He said, if the missionary had not followed him as he did, he would have been discouraged; but his visits and prayers gave him strength to resist the temptation of satan, and gave him confidence in Christ in

the same proportion in which he lost confidence in himself.

Once, in an experience meeting, he was heard to say :

“ I was a very wicked man ; I sometimes think, the most wicked man in the world, until last March a twelvemonth, when I went to church with my wife, and every word Mr. Jones said, went to my heart. The pastor wanted me to call upon him, but I said, you cannot do anything for me. I have committed every sin but murder, and I would have done that too, only I am too great a coward. When I was fighting old alcohol the devil was with me, and he shook me so that my poor wife thought he was shaking me to pieces. Now, I can lie down without having blue devils around me. I have angels around me now, and I advise any one present who is out of the ark of safety, to take my counsel and do as I did.”

On another public occasion he said :

“ Before I became a Christian, I had no friends, I had no clothes, I had no character. Now look at me ! I have friends, I have clothes, and thank God, by his grace I have now a good character. I once tried to join the Odd Fellows, but they appointed a committee to inquire into my character, and finding I was a poor drunkard, they rejected me. I then tried the Free Masons. They too, inquired into my character, and blackballed me ; but when I went to Jesus, he took me just as I was. He did not ask my neighbors what they thought of me, or who I was, or how I lived, but he came to me and said, ‘ Bisby, give me your old heart, give it to me just as it is ;’ and I said, ‘ Here, Lord, take it ; and take me too, body and soul, and keep me, for I cannot keep myself.’ And my friends, he did take me. He washed me from my sins in his own blood, and now he is my friend. If they who had been the friends of former years, saw me in the Street, they would take good care to pass by on the other side ; but now, if a gentleman sees me he takes me by the

hand, and says, 'How do you do, Bisby? I am glad to see you! How well you look.' Yes, friends, why should I not look well? I am in want of nothing; Jesus provides everything for me, and I have a contented mind, which is a continual feast. Why, my poor wife prayed for me for fifteen years, and while I was a drunkard, she was as thin as a pickled herring; now she is as buxom and happy a woman as you can find. My home then was uncomfortable and miserable; now it is the happiest place on earth. Even my canary bird greets me with a song when I come home. Now, my friends, you see how much temperance and religion have done for me. All this arises from signing the pledge and keeping it, by the grace of God. Go thou and do likewise!"

Three years subsequent to his conversion, he was engaged as a watchman on board a barque which had lately returned from Africa. Her chief-officer and several of her crew were members of my church. During the voyage they had displayed their reverence for the word of God by making, in different parts of the vessel, permanent records of its controlling influence over their minds. Mr. J. S. Pierson, of the New York Bible Society, went on board the barque with a view to supplying her with the Scriptures. Bisby, learning his errand, and knowing that he would be interested, said, "Step this way, sir! and I will show you something you never saw before." I give the interview in Mr. Pierson's own words. He says:

"I followed him to the fore-castle, which in this case occupied the forward part of the house on deck, and saw, what brought forcibly to mind the prophet's vision of the latter days, when 'Holiness to the Lord,' is to be written on the bells of the horses; a text, by the way, which may be legitimately extended in its application to ships, which are the burden-bearers of com-

merce on the ocean, as much as were, in those days, the long lines of mules and horses, each with its tinkling bells, upon the land. Every available space on the beams and walls was covered with scripture texts, beautifully painted in large black letters on the white surface. Over the door, on one side, was the text from John vi. 37 : ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;’ and above the opposite door, from John xvi. 33 : ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.’ At the head of one berth were painted the lines of the hymn :

“I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love;”

and near another, in such a position as to be brought before the eyes of a person lying down, ‘I will lay me down and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.’ Ps. iv. 8. While on every side, stood out such texts as these : ‘Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith;’ Heb. xii. 1, 2. ‘He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood;’ Rev. i. 5. ‘Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,’ Matt. xxviii. 20. ‘Pray without ceasing;’ 1 Thess. v. 17. ‘His mercy endureth forever;’ Psalm cvi. 1. ‘Men ought always to pray and not to faint;’ Luke xviii. 1. ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;’ 1st Tim. i. 15. ‘For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;’ John iii. 16. ‘Prepare to meet thy God;’ Amos iv. 12. ‘It is the work,’ he explained, ‘of three of our men. An Englishman Irishman and a Dutchman ; members of the Rev. Mr. Jones’ church, who belonged to the crew.’

“So it is with sailors, when they are converted ; they hoist their colors. When they are born again, they are not born with their mouths shut. That is the way it was with me, when Mr.

Jones laid his grappling irons on me, three years ago, thank God ; I had been a wicked sailor for forty-three years, and at that time had been on a bust for nearly five weeks. I don't suppose I ate a sixpence worth of victuals during all that time. I was pretty near the end of the tether, and might have made away with myself at any moment.

“One Sunday evening I found myself seated in Mr. Jones' church, and it seemed as if he saw right into me, for he told me all that I was thinking about. Every word of his sermon just suited me ; and then, the next day, he didn't leave me to myself, but made one of his missionaries visit me every day. Ah, sir, I was a hard nut ! I can't help thinking now, how different it might have been with me if I had heard all this twenty years ago ; for, about that time, I met with tracts, and liked them so, that I gave a dollar to the man who brought them round ; and a gentleman gave me a Bible in my own lingo. I do suppose that if anybody had talked with me then, the devil would have had to leave me. Now I love to see men come around on such errands as yours. I often read a tract aloud myself to those rough fellows on the Battery, and I tell you, they listen and like them.”

He was subsequently employed by the Port Society in missionary work in the Fourth Ward of this city, where his past experience was of incalculable value. He had charge of the Mission on the corner of Dover and Water Streets. There, day by day, including the Sabbath, he might be seen at the door, looking out for the passers-by. His cheery face, and long white beard was an object of interest to the good, but a terror to the evil doer. He was so effective, and so blest in his work, that he succeeded in closing up several rum-holes and in rescuing many of the poor magdalens of the neighborhood. He was as fearless as he was faithful. A pistol ball aimed at his head and imbedded in the door-post at his side, was

allowed to remain, as an evidence of providential care over his life. He believed that he was immortal till his work was done. So nailing his colors to the mast, he continued until the Master called him home.

As an illustration of the character of his piety, the strength of his convictions and the decision and promptness with which he followed them, I quote again from his own lips :

“On the 11th of April, 1864, I was appointed to take charge of the Water Street Mission. It was then very cold, and I sat by the fire and smoked freely. Looking round I saw the room was full of smoke. I then said to myself, this looks more like a porter-house than the house of God. I will smoke here no more, but wait until I go home. I then went as usual behind the desk, to thank God for having spared me that morning. I did so for three days. On the fourth day, at noon, I went again behind the desk to thank God my Heavenly Father for his mercy in sparing me up to that time. The devil came in and said, ‘Bisby, pray quick, and go home and have a good smoke.’ Said I, ‘Now Mr. devil, I’ve got ye!’ I looked heavenward and asked, earnestly, ‘O God, please to banish the appetite for tobacco away from me. I know, O Lord, thou canst do it if thou wilt;’ and it was done. I then went home, and taking the pipe from the mantle, showed it to my wife, saying, ‘Do you see that?’ I then raised the window and threw the pipe into the street. That was the last of it. I then destroyed the jar and the tobacco. From that day I saved my tobacco money till it amounted to twelve dollars. I bought a library with the money, and sent it to sea. On the fourth voyage it was the means of converting the captain, and awakening the whole ship’s company. The books are still at sea.”

I may add that a brief account of Bisby’s conversion, which I wrote, was published some years ago by the

American Tract Society, under the title of "Sixty Years in Sin." He distributed hundreds of copies of it, in every direction, and received many letters, attesting its usefulness. I subjoin one of these, as a sample of the rest :

*"Brother Bisby—*I am glad I can call you Brother in Christ. Once I knew you to be a drunken sailor, and a blasphemer. But blessed be God, that He sent his beloved Son into the world to save a sinner like you. I praise God that he has given you the privilege to tell the world what a blessed Saviour you have found. I received your little book, called 'Sixty Years in Sin,' which you sent me. After reading it, I gave it to a friend, who loaned it to others. Through the grace of God, it has been the means of the conversion of a mother of a large family, who had lost all respect for herself; so much so, that she would go out and drink at a public bar, and even sell her garments to get rum. After reading your book, she called to see me, and said, if she could see the original of that book, she would believe it. I told her I could show her your picture, which I had. After looking at it for some time, she said, 'If it were possible for such a sinner to be converted, it is not too late for me to commence.' And she did commence that very night. Through Divine strength she has so far resisted the temptation. Knowing that the prayers of those who ask never go unanswered, and hoping that you will go on in your good work,

"I remain, in haste, A. N. M."

Oh, how merciful is our Heavenly Father! Surely this narrative illustrates and corroborates the word of the Holy Spirit, by Paul to Timothy: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—even the chief."

Again, how sovereign are His mercies, how absolutely independent of human purpose, yet not independent of human agency, for, "He sendeth by whom he will send."

“ He will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy.” This dear old man of the sea for four years and a half stood at his post, a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ, and as a result of his persevering effort, many a sailor and many an outcast of earth rejoices to-day in heaven, that Bisby was born again. After a painful illness of only a few weeks, he entered into the rest that remaineth for all the people of God, on the 6th of September, 1868, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

ONE SMILE FROM JESUS.

Here is another trophy of grace. A young man who was invited by the missionary to attend divine service, came—heard—and was conquered. He subsequently wrote to me from Boston, saying:

“ When I first saw you I loved you ! How strange, that I, who was then so very wicked, should love a godly man ! You, dear sir, an ambassador of God, first alarmed me with your living volume of sacred truth, recording the death and resurrection of the blessed Saviour. I, who have been denied a home from childhood, through a wicked step-mother, who had been kicked and cuffed through the world, and robbed by soul-destroying rumsellers, received from you the first warning. You told me that I had a soul to be saved—that there is a God—just, but merciful. The world called me clever, but it was my wickedness. My friends in sin do not smile on me now, but what care I? I would rather have one smile from Jesus, than all the smiles of mortal man. Pray, sir, that I may be strengthened in my faith. May the good God bless your efforts. Rest assured I am happy, and you have been the instrument.

“Adieu, dear sir! That eternal blessedness may be yours, is the prayer of your friend.”

In our Monday evening prayer-meeting, for Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Finns, conducted at this time by Ola Helland, fifty-one Scandinavians were hopefully converted, and one hundred and twenty-nine, who went to sea before the work of divine grace culminated in their hearts, left us with the full purpose to seek until they found Christ precious to their souls.

THE LAST CALL.

A German sailor was converted on board the U. S. steamer ‘Wabash,’ in the early part of the war, and maintained the honor of his Divine Master on her berth-deck for the space of two full years. During all this time, such was his faithfulness, that he obtained the confidence of his brethren in the Lord, and by their suffrages became the acknowledged leader of the religious services, which were held on board. At the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was paid off, came on to New York, united with my church, and was subsequently employed by the Port Society, to labor as a missionary along the wharves and on board the vessels in port.

In one of his visits, in the pursuit of his tract distribution, he boarded the ship B——, lying at the foot of Dover street, East river, where the following incident occurred, which he communicated to me. I record it here, because it illustrates so fully and remarkably the teachings of the Book of Proverbs, xxix. 1: “He that is often reprovèd and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

He offered some of his tracts to the foremast men,

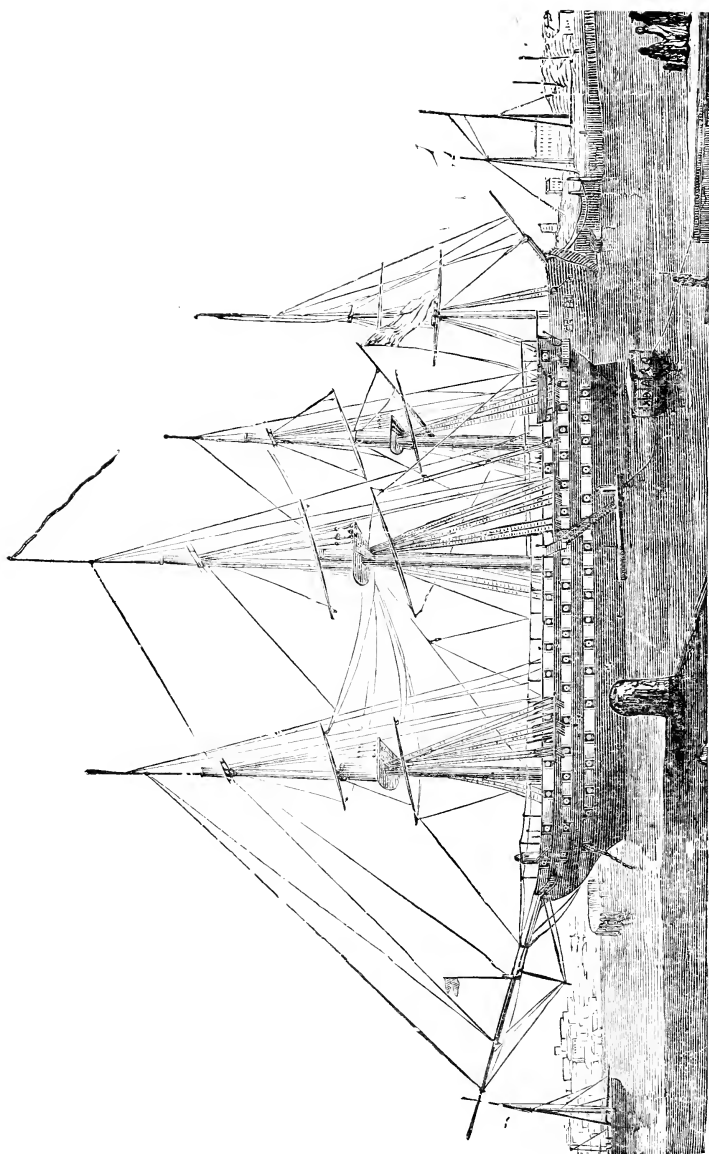
who unhesitatingly and gratefully received them. While he was speaking with them of their soul's eternal interests, the mate came forward, and he offered one to him also. But he refused it, at the same time giving utterance to horrible and blasphemous words, too filthy to be repeated. The missionary said to him kindly, "What would you do, sir, if God should answer that prayer of yours, and send you to hell?" He replied, "I do not believe in hell; all the hell there is, is upon earth." "If this is your belief, my friend," responded our brother, "you must deny the word of God, for it is written, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.'" He still persisted in his unwillingness to believe either in a hell or the word which declared it, and added: "All you religious people are hypocrites."

The missionary replied, "I will admit, with sorrow, that some, who profess to be religious, are hypocrites. But I hardly expected to hear from the lips of a man of your age and experience, and apparent intelligence, such wicked assertions as you have made." He replied, "You are all a d——d set of hypocrites, anyhow." I answered, "I do not think it best to discuss these matters, but I must say that all truths have their counterfeits. If there was no true religion, there would be none to imitate it. Men do not counterfeit that which is valueless. On that principle, therefore, if there are hypocritical professors, there must also be true professors. If there was no genuine money there would be no counterfeits. This I believe is an admitted fact."

Unwilling to accept my argument, and unable to refute it, he changed the conversation, with an oath, and I left him, saying, as I did so, "I hope you will not learn the

truth about the existence of a hell, to your sorrow, and when it is too late. But I will pray for you." Two days after this incident, I went to the Water street Mission, intending to make this mate a subject of prayer. But judge of my astonishment! I was told that the mate of the B—— was numbered with the dead, for whom we are forbidden to pray. I learned, that on the evening of the same day on which I had conversed with him, he having imbibed freely of strong drink, went on board the ship, and laid himself down on the stage, to sleep. That was about ten o'clock.

At three A. M. he arose, intending to go to his room, but on crossing the after-hatch, over which a tarpaulin only had been carelessly thrown, he, supposing the hatch to be safely covered, stepped upon it. Fatal step! The tarpaulin gave way under his weight, and he was precipitated into the after-hold. He seemed to have struck his forehead on the upper corner of the kelson, as the entire flesh of his face, from above the eyes, was torn off, and folded back upon his chest. He was picked up and sent to the hospital. He lived but a short time, and then was ushered into the presence of the Great Judge, who rewards every man according to his deeds, whether they be good or evil. His last words were, "I am a dead man!" Poor fellow! He was unexpectedly summoned to render up the account of all his wickedness, before Him whom he had blasphemed. But not without a friendly warning. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" Such warnings speak to us in thunder tones, saying to each one, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man shall come."



PAGE 299.—"U. S. RECEIVING SHIP NORTH CAROLINA."

CHAPTER XIV.

GREAT REVIVAL IN THE NAVY.

The faithful Swede—Early life—Praying mother—United States navy—Sailors' Home—Sense of sin—Despair—The cleansing blood—Church life—U. S. steamer Ohio—Remarkable Providence—U. S. steamer North Carolina—What means this?—Prayer-meeting—Wild scene—The storm—A calm—Soul-sorrow—Fear of man gone—My diary—U. S. steamer Wabash—Early efforts—Chaplain Chase—Blessed awakening—Twenty seamen unite with the church—More converts—Lord's Supper—Strange contrast—Truth gaining headway—Notices of the press—Chaplain Stockbridge—Indescribable solemnity—Interest intensified—A remarkable meeting—"He saved me"—Done serving the devil—Tried to be an infidel—My dying mother's hand in the dark—Happy in him—Covenant faithfulness—A captain's experience—"The last time."

THE crowning success of this year was the establishing of a prayer-meeting on board the U. S. receiving ship North Carolina, from which resulted a very gracious and extensive revival of religion among the officers and men of our navy. The remarkable feature of this blessed work was, that it originated among the foremast men. A member of our Mariners' church, and three others, were the honored instruments, in the hand of God, of initiating the movement.

On the 1st of October, 1858, a Swedish sailor, a man-of-war's man, aged forty-seven, united with our church on a confession of his faith in Christ. He was a well-proportioned man, fully six feet in height, with a benevolent

countenance, a clear blue eye and a kindly expression. We were all delighted with his genial, social qualities. He was much in my family, with my wife and children, and though we all loved him, and felt the value of his accession to our church, not one of us could have predicted that he was destined to exert so world-wide an influence. He recounted to us much of his early life, a brief abstract of which will be necessary to introduce him to the reader, as he is to occupy so large a space in the history of the great Revival. His name was John A. Morris. He was born in 1811. His mother, although not then a professed believer, endeavored to instil into his mind the principles of virtue and morality, which, he said, produced no immediate effect. When she was on her death-bed, having become a child of God some time before, she prayed earnestly, and expressed great solicitude for her wandering son. A pious sister, also, joined her prayers with those of the mother, on behalf of her erring brother.

At the age of sixteen, after completing his course at school, he obtained the consent of his parents to go to sea. Here he soon forgot the home teachings, and in three years had become a hardened sinner. He continued in his evil ways, growing worse and worse, until 1853, when he returned to the United States, and took board at the New York Sailors' Home. Here he attended the morning and evening prayers, and became somewhat serious, but was not willing to give up his sins. His dissipated habits brought on a severe sickness—during which he was distressed on account of his disobedience to God. He says:

“I was seized with remorse and despair, thinking that there

could be no mercy for such a sinner as myself. But light broke in on my soul. I thought of the blood of Christ, which could wash away all sin. I resolved therefore to perish, if I must perish, at the foot of the Cross. I commenced praying for the forgiveness of my sins, and cast myself wholly on Christ. I soon found peace and joy in believing. Nearly a year after this I went to New Orleans, and entered into business. Being unsuccessful, I returned to New York, fell into bad company, and suffered Satan again to have dominion over me. But having once tasted the sweets of the gospel, and felt the love of Christ, it was impossible for me to continue in sin; so, I again, with prayers and tears, came to my long-suffering Master, was received, and found rest to my soul. In the same year I re-enlisted in the Navy, and went to the China seas, from whence I returned to New York again in 1858."

Of his course and manner of life, during that cruise of three years, he says but little. He mentioned to some Christian friends that he desired to join the church. But Satan suggested that he was not fit to do so. By the grace of God, however, he was able to repel the suggestions of the tempter, and cast himself unreservedly on Christ. He at once commenced laboring zealously for the benefit of others. Being naturally of a modest disposition, he shrunk from anything like ostentation. Yet when necessary, he could be aggressive, and in the maintenance of the right, as bold as a lion.

After a few weeks of sweet social and spiritual companionship, he felt it to be his duty to go to sea again. He was unwilling to enter the United States Navy in New York, as he was desirous of avoiding the necessity of being sent on board the receiving ship North Carolina, for the reason, that she had already some six hundred recruits on board, and at best was far from being a comfort-

able ship. After consulting with me, he decided to go on to Boston and ship there. He left us on the 1st of November. On the 4th he re-entered the Navy for the term of three years, and on the 5th, went on board the receiving ship Ohio. On the 13th, he wrote me as follows:

“ U. S. Receiving Ship North Carolina.

“ My Dear Pastor.—It will undoubtedly surprise you very much to find me addressing you from so near home, when you have all reason to suppose me in Boston. By re-entering the Navy in Boston I had expected to join some ship fitting out there. But I had hardly taken up my quarters on board the Ohio, before a report was circulated that we were all to be transferred to New York. On the 10th the Commodore of the Yard came on board and confirmed the report. On Thursday, the 11th, we left for this ship, and arrived here yesterday morning.

“ O how sad I have felt since I left you last week! To leave such exalted religious privileges as I enjoyed while with you on shore, to come on board a crowded guard-ship, where it is very difficult to find a place for morning and evening devotions, is indeed a sore trial, for this ship is crowded with men. Among the two hundred and thirty men who left Boston in the draft in which I came, there was not one who knew the sacred name of the Saviour but to use it in blasphemy. Last Sunday, on board the Ohio, I was very sad. The weather being stormy, the chaplain attached to her did not come on board, and so we had no Divine service. In body I was on board the Ohio, but in spirit I was with the Lord and his people in New York.

“ Since I came here, I have found two Christian brethren, a Baptist and an Episcopalian, so I expect to spend the time here more pleasantly than if I had been left alone among the ungodly crowd. The noise is such that it is difficult to keep one's thoughts.”

Our brother's active mind was not slow to take in the

providential teachings of the unexpected return to the ship he had been so anxious to avoid. His question therefore was, "What means this? God has something for me to do, or he would not have sent me here." The chief object with him, was to determine what was to be done, and how to do it. He consulted with the two brethren mentioned above, with reference to the re-establishing of a daily prayer-meeting, if a place suitable for it could be obtained. Having been shipmates with the executive officer, Lieutenant Williamson, he made a formal request for permission to hold such a meeting, and to have a suitable place provided. Both these requests were readily granted, and the forward part of the Orlop-deck set apart for that purpose.

In a few days all necessary arrangements were made, and the great revival of the nineteenth century on the sea was begun. It is proper to state here that there had been at intervals religious services held on board the *North Carolina*, for years past. I had myself been in the habit of visiting her on the Sabbath, and on week days, holding religious services, preaching and praying as opportunity offered, as far back as 1855. Rev. Mr. Burnett, of Brooklyn, had also conducted services for some time on Sabbath afternoons, the chaplain of the ship performing his duties in the forenoon. Some Baptist brethren had occasionally turned their attention to the spiritual wants of the crew; but at the time our brother Morris went on board, there seems to have been a singular absence of any week-day service, although the number of men on board was between seven and eight hundred. In a letter written later, he gave me a detailed account of the origin of the blessed work. He says:

“It is the Lord’s work ; we are but instruments in his hands. When I came on board the ‘North Carolina,’ there were no means of grace except the preaching service on the Sabbath. I had lately, as you know, joined the people of God. I had spent a season on shore, rich to me in spiritual comforts. My heart was warm with my first love, and when I got on board I felt that I had new, and till then, untried duties to perform. I communicated the feeling to Brothers Staigg and Hilkins, and pointed out the necessity of such a meeting for prayer, and proposed to ask Lieut. Williamson to have a place assigned us for this purpose.

“Two or three days passed without anything definite being decided upon. In the mean time another Christian man came on board, from the Baptist church. The brother who accompanied him, hearing of our plan to start a prayer-meeting, urged us to go forward at once. I applied to the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, for such assistance as we might need. The next day he laid the matter before the authorities, and we were enabled to start that very evening. But for several evenings I labored single-handed. It was not until several meetings had been held, in which my own voice was the only one heard, that brother Staigg, to my great pleasure and comfort, gave me his assistance, in carrying on the exercises. He and I were the feeble instruments, in God’s hand, of sustaining the meetings until he was pleased to send other and abler workers from the shore, to cultivate his vineyard.”

On the 21st of November, the brethren took possession of the Orlop-deck, and held the first service. The meeting having been published among the men, a large number of them came together who were not inclined to anything devotional or religious, and who endeavored by noises and by scoffs and ridicule, to prevent the service from proceeding. There was “confusion, worse confounded.” Some of the brethren were intimi-

dated, and felt that it would be impossible in such a Babel to carry on the prayer-meeting. One of them suggested to Brother Morris, that he had better not attempt to offer prayer. Instead of yielding, however, he dropped upon his knees and began to pray. The effect of that prayer on the howling multitude of infuriated men was like that of the Saviour's word to the waves of Galilee. "There was a great calm." So that Morris not only finished his prayer, but rising from his knees, made an address to the men, many of whom were subdued, and from that hour the success of the effort was assured.

In my journal I find a record of my visit to the ship, on the 25th of November, four days after the inception of the work. I found the meeting then in full blast. On December 1st, Morris wrote to me again. Speaking of the crew of the ship, he says :

"One would think, judging from their conduct, that they live only to eat, drink and sleep. A great many of them are occupied in reading novels, and other bad and immoral books, or waste their precious time in trifling and wicked amusements. Cursing, profanity, and blasphemy are the order of the day. From morning till night my ears are continually assailed, and my heart pierced by hearing the holy and sacred name of the Saviour taken in vain, abused, and desecrated. Satan does indeed reign with great power on board this ship ; especially is his spirit manifest in a few young men who have made it their business to come down to the meeting we hold every evening, to scoff, to ridicule, and to annoy us. This does not, however, discourage us in the least. We have resolved, in the strength of the Lord, whom we serve, to continue our meeting while we remain together in this ship.

"I regret that two of our brethren can take no active part in the exercises on account (as they tell me) of their de-

iciency in the English language. They have, however, shown their colors. They have come out boldly and professed themselves Christians. As for myself, I feel—blessed be the Lord—that the annoyance I have just spoken of has been the means, in the hand of God, of taking away from me all fear of man, in the performance of my duties as a Christian. Our meetings are not so numerously attended as they were at the beginning: but among those who now attend, there are many serious, and two I have reason to believe are under conviction of sin. One of the last mentioned, a Norwegian, I think, from the conversation I had with him last night, begins to entertain a good hope in Christ.”

Under date of December 2nd, I find in my diary the following entry:

“Visited receiving ship in company with two other brethren. Led the prayer-meeting on the Orlop-deck. Between forty and fifty of the crew present. A blessed meeting. The Lord was with us; I spoke to them of the influence of seamen in the past, and pointed them all to Christ. On this day, while the work of the Lord is progressing so prosperously on board the receiving ship here, other representatives of my ministry, I have reason to believe, are holding up the banner of Christ on board the Wabash, off the Golden Horn. A private letter received from Constantinople says, ‘We have just had a visit from the U. S. steam frigate Wabash, a splendid specimen of naval architecture, admired by everybody. The Sultan went on board yesterday, remained two hours, and expressed himself highly delighted with her; ‘but,’ he adds, ‘the Wabash, has something more to recommend her than simply her material beauty and fitness. Never, probably, was there so much piety afloat on a ship-of-war. I do not know how many of her officers and men are religious persons, but I believe a goodly number; and finer officers and men I have never seen. Her government is all paternal; scarcely ever is any punishment needed on board, among six hundred sailors.’”

I learn from other sources, that the first lieutenant of the

Wabash conducts the meetings, and that there are seventy or more converted men among the ship's company.

How much of this, under God, is due to the Mariners' church, I am not prepared to say. But in looking back over my Journal for 1856, I find that some goodly seed was sown on her berth-deck, and among her officers. On the 13th of November, 1856, I made the following entry in my diary :

“Visited the U. S. steamship Wabash, and distributed a large number of tracts and sailors' magazines, all of which were greedily devoured by the crew—and a demand made for more, in other languages than the English.” The next day I scattered some thousands of pages of printed matter, among them copies of the ‘Convict Ship,’ and some Portuguese, German and Italian Testaments, all of which were thankfully received. Many of the men ask for tracts in preference to the books. I found it difficult to converse with the men on the subject of personal religion, on account of the band, which was rehearsing for the afternoon. At intervals, however, the members of the band ran out of the ranks, to ask for books or tracts in their own languages. I supplied them in German and Italian, and they were received with expressions of sincere gratitude.

On the 19th, I took on board one hundred bound volumes and one hundred copies of the Bible Society's Records. Rev. Mr. Chase, the chaplain, received me very kindly, as did also Mr. Sinclair, the first lieutenant. I also scattered a large quantity of papers among the men, who retired into out-of-the-way places and commenced reading them immediately. I spoke a word for my Master and for their souls, as I had opportunity, and left the seed to germinate under the vivifying power of the Spirit of life, who alone can move the obdurate heart of the sinner.

On the 9th of December, visited the North Carolina. Brothers

FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAILORS.

Byrne and Gardner accompanied me. Some forty persons arose for prayer, twenty-five or thirty testified to the benefits their souls had received from the meetings. Eighteen had already confessed the Lord Jesus Christ among their shipmates, before we went on board. At the close of the meeting the number of believers had largely increased.

“ On the 12th, I preached on board to about seven hundred men from Matt. iv. 19 : ‘ Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.’ Blessed season! The divine Spirit was present.

“ On the 14th, sixteen of the crew sent an application to our church to be admitted to membership. One man told me that he was pricked to the heart by the sermon I preached on Sabbath last, and that he had given himself to Christ. Another spoke of the wonderful change in the conduct of the men, as contrasted with that of a week or two ago. Yellow-covered literature had given way to the Bible and Tracts, and other good books. On the 15th, twenty-one of the seamen were examined for membership by our church council, and received, on a confession of their faith in Christ. I addressed nearly a hundred and fifty, on the berth-deck, for an hour, this afternoon, many of them very serious. On the 16th, I conducted a meeting in the fore-peak. Fifteen sailors gave their experience. These men are soon to be drafted, and will be assigned to different ships and scattered in different parts of the world to work for Christ.

“ On the 19th, in the afternoon, preached a short sermon on board the receiving ship from Heb. xii. 1, and administered the Lord’s Supper to twenty-two of the men, four of whom I baptized. The service was on the gun-deck, in the presence of several hundred men. It was a most solemn scene! How strange it seemed, to stand amid great guns, and small arms, and administer the sacrament of the Prince of Peace! Many a hardy, weather-beaten face was bedewed with tears. I saw a number holding their caps before their faces to hide their emotions. At the close of the meeting several others came forward and expressed the wish to be examined for membership, that they might cast in

their lot with us. An eye-witness of this scene, speaks of it thus : ' The services were in striking contrast with the bristling cannon and the many other weapons of destruction all around. A very large proportion of the eleven hundred recruits was present, and the earnest attention that they gave to the impressive and solemn scene, with the tears that coursed down many a bronzed cheek, as appeals to them as sinners were made, and the memories of early home and maternal love and teaching, were brought to their remembrance, proved that the truth was finding a lodgment in their hearts. "

When the communion service was over, a large concourse of men remaining behind, and appearing anxious, Captain Bartlett, of Plymouth, a converted ship-master, made an affectionate and touching address to them, reminding them of their earlier days and their mother's care and instruction. Many of them were greatly affected, and will not soon forget the impression made on their hearts by his simple appeal. Another who was present on that occasion thus describes the meeting in one of the religious weeklies :

" The daily prayer-meeting on board the receiving ship, North Carolina, has been greatly blessed, some of the converts having expressed a desire to unite with the Mariners' church. The Council met on board the ship on Wednesday last, to examine them touching their Christian experience ; and though man cannot see into the heart, we could not but feel that it was the work of the Holy Spirit. The experiences of some of those hardy sailors, representing different nationalities, Norwegian, Danes, Swedes, Finns, Germans, French, &c., were very touching.

" Arrangements had been made with the commandant of the yard and the captain of the ship, to celebrate the Communion, and receive the men into the church last Sabbath afternoon on board the vessel. The pastor and Council, with some of the

officers of the ship, and ladies and gentlemen from the shore, assembled on the gun deck—where seats were arranged around a table, on which was placed the Communion service. Rev. Mr. Jones conducted the services, which were throughout solemn and impressive; the time, the place, the occasion, all conspired to render it a scene of unusual interest. Twenty-three seamen to be received into the church on board a man-of-war! Four of the candidates kneeled upon deck and received the ordinance of baptism; the elements were distributed by two members of the Council, and as the services progressed, the tears might be seen trickling down the cheeks of those hardy seamen.

“One feature was peculiar. As the pastor read the confession of faith, at the close of each article, there was a hearty assent of aye! from the candidates. Captain Bartlett of Plymouth made a few remarks, stating that he had been in the habit of conducting religious services on board his own ship for more than sixteen years; but he had never before witnessed so interesting a scene as this. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Rev. Jos. Stockbridge, the chaplain, and the officers of the ship, for their kind attentions.

“Two or three Sabbaths after this, twelve of the crew were baptized, and received into the First Baptist Mariners’ church in Cherry street, Rev. Ira Steward officiating. The rite was administered in the slip opposite the North Carolina, where the large ship’s company, near eight hundred men, could witness it. Commodore Breese with other officers and a goodly company of church members were present. The Lord’s Supper was celebrated on board the ship after the baptism by pastor Steward, Rev. J. Stockbridge assisting. In describing the prayer-meeting which preceded this Sabbath baptism and communion, a gentleman from the shore, wrote:

“We went on board at two bells in the Dog watch (5 P. M.) We hurried down to the lower deck. The place was stowed full, and it was with difficulty that we could get down the hatchway. Room however was given, and we edged our way

along to a seat near the preacher's stand. The service had begun ; the singing was exceedingly impressive. The prayer being ended, the preacher announced his theme : ' This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' It was a short, earnest, timely discourse, worthy of the theme and of the occasion. The faithful saying ! We hope some received it that night.

"After the sermon and the singing of a hymn, followed by several short prayers by the sailors, the chaplain of the ship arose and said, addressing the sailors, it was expected that twelve of those now present, would on the following day—Sabbath—make a public profession of their attachment to Christ. He desired therefore, that the remaining time allotted to the service might be occupied in the relating of the religious experience of those who were expecting, on the morrow, to make a public profession of religion, so that their shipmates and the friends from the shore might hear the reasons for their hope. One after another arose in rapid succession, and related, each in a few words, what God had done for his soul. This part of the exercises was intensely interesting. The deepest of all the impressions was this one, that these men had been taught by the Holy Spirit. There was room for no manner of doubt for a moment, that these unlettered men had been led by a divine hand, in a way which they knew not. The hour fled on golden wings. A dense mass of seamen were sitting, and behind them, other masses standing in rows behind rows as far as the eyes could see. One from the shore, when all were through, struck up the hymn :

' Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore ;'

followed by the sailors in that beautiful refrain sung in the tune so well known :

' By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.'

This chorus was like the sound of many waters. It was perfectly overwhelming. The tears were streaming from all eyes, and a solemnity past all description sat upon every countenance. In the prayers which were offered by these devout seamen, continual reference was made to those offered for them by their Christian friends on shore, their worthy Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Stockbridge having assured them that many were praying for them all over the country. Here, one arose and remarked that all that had been said was true. There had been here the representatives of the religious press, and two are here to-night, and they have related what they have seen, and it has gone out on the wings of the wind, and been copied into other religious journals, and the whole land is vocal with the news that the Lord is pouring out his Holy Spirit upon the North Carolina, and millions of prayers go up to heaven for a blessing upon her.

“ ‘The noonday prayer-meetings in the city all remember you in prayer. They remember you in other cities. And now,’ said the speaker, ‘if I were to ask you how many of you desire to be prayed for in the daily prayer-meetings of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and New Orleans, and all other places where daily prayer-meetings are held, I doubt not, many hands would be raised to signify that desire.’ Here the speaker paused, but not intending to put the question. ‘Try it, brother!’ said some one behind him. ‘Try it!’ said another voice. ‘Well, I will,’ said the speaker; ‘I will try it. As many of you as wish for all daily prayer-meetings on shore to pray for you, please raise the right hand.’ We stood where we could see, and we think we cannot be mistaken when we say that at least three hundred hands were raised.

“What a solemn moment! we hope that some went on their knees to pray for themselves that night. One man said, in the course of the evening, that the first time he felt an awakening, was when Rev. Mr. Jones, one night asked those to raise their hand who wished for prayer, and he raised his. He had come down perfectly unconcerned. Mr. Jones had said: ‘Some of you, per-

haps, have had a praying mother.' That was the arrow by which he was deeply pierced. He had a praying mother. He was in a moment thrown into a state of agony. He ran below, and hid himself in a coal bunker, and there poured out his soul to the God of his dear mother to have mercy on him. He cast himself upon the Saviour at once, and there, on the spot, he found mercy."

Such testimonies might be very largely multiplied, but I forbear. On Thursday, the 23rd, I conducted the prayer-meeting, in the fore part of the Orlop-deck; the place was literally thronged. Between one and two hundred were present. The interest was intensified. It was one of the most remarkable meetings I ever had the privilege of attending, one of the blessed scenes of earth. As I sat in the midst of these rough and neglected sailors, I could not help thinking of the goodness of our Lord in bringing to a knowledge of the truth, so many of them, who but a few weeks, nay, days ago, had no hope, and were without God in the world, but who now had become as little children, and were rejoicing in the redemption of their souls, through faith in Christ. The presence and power of God were displayed in a very wonderful manner, as shown in the following notes, taken at the time; all of which illustrate the illuminating power of the Spirit in the heart, and his guiding hand in the tongue. James C—— was the first to relate his experiences. He said ;

"Shipmates, I want to say a few words. Jesus has done great things for me, and I have determined to serve him from this time forth; so that, if my body should go down under the waters, my soul may go aloft. I felt what that captain said. My mother once asked me to pray. I could not then! but oh, shipmates, I can pray now! The more I pray and read, the more I love to do it. Oh, come to Jesus! He died for us. He will save us.

I was the worst of sinners. He saved me. If I had a thousand hearts and souls I would give them all to him. My father I hope is in heaven—he went down at sea—I am bound to travel to him. I, too, may go down at sea, but I hope to meet him. I wish some of you would begin to serve Christ. Don't put it off. Come to Jesus and say—

“ ‘ Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.’ ”

William P—followed, and said :

“ I am glad to see so many here to-night. The first night I came down here, I came to skylark. I stood back to make fun, but some one was wanted to start a hymn, so I came forward and sang for them. I did not come again for a week. When Mr. Byrne came I was present and was touched in the heart. I heard his experience. I felt that I was a sinner. I went to my hammock in great distress. Mr. B— told us to read the 3rd chapter of John. I prayed in my hammock until I fell asleep. In the morning I read that chapter, and found that I must be born again, and went to God in prayer. He forgave me my sins, and I advise you to come to him.”

John M. F—— said :

“ The devil has had control of me long enough, and now I intend to serve another Master. This is no hasty decision, shipmates. I have considered it some time ; I have resolved to curse and swear no more. I have done enough of that work, and now I mean to serve God, and want you all, shipmates, to pray for me.”

Prayer was then offered by De M—— and others. Samuel A. D—— next rose and said :

“ I am not ashamed now, to confess Christ before men. I have felt for some time, the necessity of serving God, and acknowledging Him before men, but I was ashamed. I now

glory in the privilege of facing men for Christ. I was one of the worst of sinners—the very worst. I attended some of these meetings, and began to think. I went to bed—but could not sleep. In the morning I lashed up my hammock, and then came down here, and hid myself, and fell on my knees to God. I could not help crying. I looked back on my past life, and for thirty years I can say I have not had one happy day. I could not bear to be alone; I wanted company. But now, I love to be alone, because I can think and pray to God, when by myself.”

Jacob L—— said :

“It was a happy day for me when the Lord directed my steps on board this vessel. For I have more pleasure than ever in my life before. I have time to think here. Some of you think a man cannot be religious on board a ship. But this is the very place to be religious. When on shore I have gone to church and heard a minister preach until I have cried over my sins, and then have gone right out to a grogshop, and drowned it all in rum. There are no rum-shops to go to here. I can get rum, but I will not. Jesus is now my Master, and I have done serving the devil; he is a hard task-master. I thought about my mother, when that captain was speaking on Sunday of mothers in heaven, but I never knew mine. I hope she is in heaven, and now looks down upon her repentant son, who is striving for heaven. Jesus will take me there, I know.”

Thomas A—— said :

“When first convicted, I could not sleep at night. I have been fifteen years at sea, in all kinds of vessels—the slave trade among the rest. But I hope God will forgive me. I have come out, and I mean to serve God.”

Henry C—— said : “I went to sea against the wishes of my parents. I wanted to see the world, and I wandered from shore to shore, but was not happy. I read infidel books and scoffed at the Bible. I tried to believe it untrue, but with all my efforts did

not succeed. At length my parents died. I had fears of death, but tried to shake them off; and until last Sabbath, was as wild as ever. Men talk about conscience. It is all very well, but for me, conscience only troubled me after the deed was done. It troubled me too late; it did not act as a preventive. What Captain Bartlett said went to my heart. He spoke from the heart, even to my heart. My mother is dead. I know she is in heaven, for she loved the Lord. The question arose in my mind, 'Shall I see her?' I wept, and thought I would come down to this spot and pray to God to forgive me. I came down here and hid myself away. A heavy weight was on my soul. I prayed, too, in my hammock, and the weight was removed. I have now an inward joy of heart in believing in Christ.'

"The next speaker said: 'I have a word to say. I tried to speak before, but could not. I now tell you what the Lord has done for my soul.' He then described his conviction and conversion.

"Nicholas M——, aged twenty-six, said: 'I was born in Germany, and I have been twelve years at sea. I came down here several times and tried to talk, but could not. I felt as I had never felt before in my life. I am a great sinner. I would not read the Bible or other good books. I would not go to meeting; but when I saw one of these brothers, I called out, 'There goes one of the North Carolina's missionaries!' But it did not hurt them, nor do me any good; and when I had done it, something struck my mind that I was wrong. These were good men, consistent men. I went to my hammock and prayed to God, and thought of all my life. Now I mean to serve God.'

"Charles J—— said: 'Shipmates, when I first came to these meetings, I came to mock; but mocking at religion did not help me. I felt very bad, sometimes so bad that I thought if I continued long in that state, I should go mad. I tried to be an infidel, and said the Bible was a humbug. But a tract was put into my hands; the title was, 'My spirit shall not always strive.'

I read it with some interest. I felt that if I could come now, there was some hope for me. I had been at war with God all my life-time, insulting and blaspheming my Redeemer, God, who died for me. It is a hard thing, shipmates, to fight against God Almighty. I felt this, and I prayed to God (if it were possible) to save me. He heard my prayer. Now I am willing to do good to any man. Some say that religion is a humbug, and religious men, enthusiasts, who make a splurge for a time and then fall back. I am now speaking to a hundred and fifty men. I am drafted to the Saint Louis, and you can watch me, and see whether it is only an affair of to-day. I mean to serve God at sea. They who say a man cannot serve God at sea are wrong. It can be done ; do it at once. I have seen the folly of putting it off. The third mate of a ship I was in used to promise God that he would serve him. Once a man fell overboard,—the boat was lowered ; the third and second mates were in her. They could not find the man. On her return to the ship the boat was capsized, and all the crew were in the water a long time, and were at length delivered. The third mate promised God he would serve him. For three days he was serious ; after that he relapsed, and was worse than ever. When we arrived in India, he went on shore, was taken sick of the cholera, and died in eight hours, without any one to say a word to him about his soul.”

“Frederick N—— said, in broken language : ‘I have often felt an interest in my soul, and when I have wanted to go to church my shipmates would ask me to go with them and get grog ; so my good feelings were smothered. I had a pious mother. Her last words to me, when dying, were, ‘Fred, do not forget Jesus Christ.’ But I forgot her counsel. Last Sunday I came down among these Christian men, and now I have a pleasure in talking about God. I want you all to pray for me.’

“Another, whose name I did not catch, said : ‘I want to say that I have served the devil long enough. I am now trying to serve Christ, and I am twice the man I was.’

“Henry L. E—— said: ‘My mother died when I was three years old. I do not know much about her; but I know she placed her dying hand on my head, and prayed the Lord Jesus to keep me. Lately I have been concerned for my soul, though careless before. When I felt my sins, I went down into the forehold, and prayed to God to drive the devil out of me.’

“Richard H—— said: ‘I feel myself a very wicked sinner, and I prayed to God to take away my sins.’

“Another said: ‘Last night I could not speak to you at all. But God has done great things for me. I am only twenty-two years old, yet have been in all kinds of sin.’

“James B. L—— also related his experience, which was full of interest and in harmony with the testimony which he had given before.

“Richard M. C——, ship’s yeoman, said: ‘Joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth! Is it possible that the bright angels in that better world are interested in my salvation? Then I believe there is hope for me. O brethren, pray for me! Pray that my burden may be removed. I once sailed under these colors, and I want to return.’

“At the conclusion of his remarks, prayer was offered by Charles C. C——, and Thomas S——, second. Luke R—— related his experiences, and then William P—— offered a prayer. After this Thomas W. S—— spoke as follows:

“‘Shipmates, I rise to say to you that I do not want you to call me a Christian, because I am not one; but I do desire to become one. I have long been under conviction, and have often tried to pray; but the devil comes and steals away my thoughts. Sometimes I kneel to pray, and the first thing I know my thoughts are in Philadelphia or Boston, or somewhere else. Yet I do want to be a Christian. O pray for me! If I am a Christian, I want to be a whole one.’

“At this point, a quarter before eight o’clock, having continued the meeting two hours and three-quarters, I closed up with a few remarks, doxology and benediction. As I was leaving, Wil-

liam W——, a young German, was sitting in the corner, weeping. He said, 'My heart is full; I cannot speak. O pray for me; I want to come to Christ; but can find no peace.' Ten feet from him sat John D——, his face buried in his hands. He came down to mock, and is now broken-hearted, and wished me to pray for him. As I was approaching the gangway to leave the ship, a hand grasped mine in the dark and drew me aside. A voice proceeding from a mass of black bushy hair, said, 'Brother Jones, I was a member of the Baptist church in Charlestown, Mass., some time ago, but have been for years a backslider. I came here in the Niagara's draft. I went down to the meeting with the brethren, and I have found the Saviour precious to my soul, and willing to receive me. I am happy in Him. Pray for me that I may be kept steadfast.' His name is Henry P——."

Thus ended one of the most interesting evenings I ever spent in my life, and one that may, by the grace of God, have as important a bearing on the happiness of the blessed in the eternal world, as any I have attended during my whole ministry. It revealed to me the fact that some twenty-six or thirty more than those we have received are now determined to live for Christ.

On the 26th I preached the Word to nearly a thousand men, on the gun-deck, from Hebrews ii. 3: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The interest still increasing. The next day twenty-two more of the seamen were received into membership with the church. I administered the Lord's Supper to them, in one of the after cabins. At the close of the meeting, three of the gun-room officers came and offered their mess-room to us, for any subsequent meetings.

The whole number received into the church in a few weeks, as the fruit of this revival, was sixty-five. Of this

number, four only had not been baptized in infancy, and one was doubtful. In the case of sixty of them, therefore, the covenant faithfulness of God was fully illustrated. In addition to those received in the Mariners' church, many more joined the Baptist and Methodist churches. It is believed, from a hundred and twenty, to a hundred and fifty in all.

The closing Sabbaths of the year have in my experience always been favorable seasons ; times in which God seemed to be savingly near to our people. Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, blessed to both seamen and landsmen because of the gracious manifestation of Divine power in connection with the preached word. Perhaps on those occasions, more prayer went up to God for the success of the gospel. Or it may be that the solemnities associated with the passage of years, caused the word to be more sincerely listened to and more faithfully applied. Or, again, the sense of ministerial responsibility may have induced more pungent preaching, more faithful, fervid, and intense effort for the salvation of souls. Whatever the cause, certain it is that very many precious souls were born again on those occasions.

The last Sabbath of the year 1858 did not differ in this respect from any of its predecessors. As illustrating this point I introduce here two narratives. The first, that of a sea captain who rose in our prayer-meeting on January 1st, 1859, and publicly dedicated himself to God, saying that he had been moved to take this important step as a result of convictions produced in his mind by the sermon which I had preached on the morning of the last Sabbath of the year, from 1 John ii. 18: "Little children, it is

the last time." He gave the following account of himself, which, at my request, he wrote out afterwards. I insert it here in his own words :

“ I have followed the sea thirty-two years—for the last twenty-two as chief-officer and captain out of the port of Liverpool. I am now forty-six years of age, and am pained to say that I have been all this time without the love of God in my heart. Twice have I been dismasted, once run down, have weathered two terrible hurricanes, one off the Falkland Islands, and another on my passage home from the West Indies. I have ridden out many severe gales of wind, and during all these years my heart was impenitent. Yes! harder than the nether mill-stone. Drink was my besetting sin. Many a time have I asked the Lord to have mercy, but I had no mercy on myself. It pleased the Lord to direct my steps to America, and to the port of New York. Sailor-like, and as usual, on coming ashore, I took a glass of grog, and then another, and so on, until my tipping brought on drunkenness. In this condition the Lord led me, I believe, to the Sailors' Home. They were at prayers. The spirit of God met me there. The words read, ‘They have Moses and the prophets,’ touched my heart. May the Lord have mercy on me now, I thought. It came like a thunderbolt to my heart. For the Bible, that contained Moses and the prophets, had been lying in my chest since 1826, just thirty-three years. And I do not think I have looked into it a half dozen times. The thought made me miserable. I tried to pray, but my tongue was tied. I wept. I sought peace. I sought it carefully, with tears. I was almost giving up. I was ashamed of and despised myself. But the Lord was working his mighty work in my spirit.

“ The following day I signed the Temperance pledge. I was still troubled, however, still weary in body and sick in soul. I could find no rest. On the next Sabbath I went to the Mariners' church and heard you, sir, preach. Your text was, ‘It is

the last time.' I said to myself, 'My God! what shall I do? I cannot pray. I've tried, but, alas, I have not the power to move my tongue! My feelings were such that I thought I should die in the church. At night I prayed to God, and, blessed be his holy name, through Christ Jesus, my eyes were opened, my heart softened, my tongue loosed. I saw by faith, my Redeemer nailed to the cross. I saw his side bleeding for me. I began to praise God, and prayed as I had never prayed before. A wonderful change came over me. The things I once loved, I now hate. I praise God that he has spared me for Christ's sake. Now, by his grace and redeeming love, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit, I acknowledge Jesus Christ and Him Crucified as my only Saviour."

The second is that of a lad, a member of our Sabbath-school, who was awakened by the same discourse. He tells his story thus, in a note to me, a few days after:

"*Mr. Jones,—Dear Sir—*I have felt very sad concerning my soul for the last three weeks, but I think, if God should call me away to-night, it would be to inherit eternal life. I was awakened in the experience meeting, and convicted of sin. My wicked heart was troubled, and when an invitation was extended to those who were tired of sin, to rise, that they might be prayed for, Satan told me not to rise, as my companions would laugh at me; but I was able to overcome the temptation. Then he told me it was too late, that I was too great a sinner. 'You have sinned before God and blasphemed his name,' he said. It was all true, but I have truly repented of it. When I look back over my past life, and call to mind the wickednesses I have committed, I tremble. I have wickedly cursed my blessed Redeemer, who died for me. But I believe he has had mercy on me. I hope he will forgive me for all the trouble I have caused my dear mother and father. I thank God that he has opened my eyes to the light, that he has showed me the danger I was in. Oh, how blind I was! I pray that he will strengthen me against all sin,

help me to pray for my wicked companions, and to walk in the straight path myself. It was once a great trouble for me to go to church ; now it is my greatest pleasure. I love now to hear the blessed name of Jesus mentioned. The strongest convictions I had, were under your sermon, on the text, 'It is the last time.' It came upon me like a shock. It rang in my ears, 'the last time.' I really did think it was the last night on earth to me. I poured out my heart to God, right in the church, and begged him to spare me. I thought, Oh, if I should die to-night, what would become of my soul ! Oh, may that precious Saviour continue to have mercy upon me ! I have found greater happiness in Christ, this week, than I ever had before in all my life. Do not forget to pray for me. Oh, that Bible is a precious book to me !

J. E."

The writer of the above became an active worker in the church, and did much good by his earnest and persuasive efforts among the young. He labored also to fill God's house with the sons of the sea. His union with the church was blessed to us all. At the opening of the Rebellion, he, with some half a dozen other young men of my church, were among the first to volunteer for the army, and became attached to the "Duryea Zouaves." They went through the perils of the march, the bivouac and the fight, maintaining their Christian integrity, and came home, though young in years, as veterans of the war. My young friend still lives (1884), has a family of children, is walking in the fear of the Lord, and is among the prominent master mechanics of the metropolis, carrying on a large manufacturing interest, of which he is the sole head, and practical guide, and into which he carries the principles which were quickened into life by the Holy Spirit, under the preached word on that December evening, twenty-five years ago.

CHAPTER XV.

INCREASED INTEREST—THE DISPERSION.

Large accessions—Pastoral instruction—First swarm—Fresh leaders to the front—New praying centre—Letter from the St. Louis—Farewells—Mutual pledges—The source of streams—Orlop deck illumined—Lord's Supper—Further depletion—U. S. steamer Brooklyn—Largest meeting of all—My diary—Motherly solicitude—Source of inspiration—Cheering letters—Spirit willing, flesh weak—Colors nailed to the mast—Princeton Seminary—Not rested, but refreshed—Brightening up—Sad, but joyful—A sea-stock—Good resolution—Parting address—The decisive day—Service on the Sound—Cheerful response—The North Carolina, our school—Burden of sou's—The 27th of April, 1859—Tears the rule—New springs opened—“*Laus Deo.*”

ON the first of January, 1859, one hundred and eighty-six of the seamen of the receiving ship North Carolina, walked aft of their own accord and stopped their grog ration, determining to begin the year as sober men. “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” At our communion season, on January 2d, 1859, the names of fifty-two seamen were reported as added to our church roll, including the forty-four converts of the above ship; all of them, on a confession of their faith in Christ. On the 6th, I visited the ship again, accompanied by two members of the council, for the purpose of instructing our new-born brethren in the duties, privileges and responsibilities of the Christian life. I read and expounded the

xiiiith chapter of 1st Corinthians, and urged, with special emphasis, the exercise of Charity or Love, and deprecated everything like clannishness and sectarian one-sidedness, showing that One is our Master, and that all we are brethren. I dwelt on the necessity of watching our own hearts, and avoiding all pride and self-esteem. I closed with a fervent appeal to them to "put on the whole armor of God; the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left;" to assiduously cultivate watchfulness and prayer, and to be at peace among themselves.

This visit did good, as I have reason to know. Men were profuse in their expressions of gratitude for the instruction received, and in their promises of faithfulness to their new Master. In evidence of their true conception of their great obligations and responsibilities, they had already, without any prompting from without, organized themselves as a body of believers, and appointed leaders of meetings, correspondents and committees for the better carrying forward of the work of the Lord among their shipmates; thus carrying the war into the enemies' camp, and laboring for the rescue of other souls, which they recognized as equally precious in the Master's sight with their own.

The first of the new converts to swarm from the parent hive, was a band of about twenty, who were included in a draft of two hundred and fifty men, picked out for the crew of the U. S. steamer St. Louis, which had been put in commission for a cruise on the coast of Central America. Among these were John A. Morris, and the two brethren, Staigg and Hilkins, who, with him, had originated the daily prayer-meeting, from which such blessed results had accrued. This gave us an earnest of the good

things to come, even of the precious work of grace which it will be our privilege to chronicle hereafter. In this company of over twenty, seventeen of whom were new converts, we had the assurance that, with Morris for a leader, there would be no timidity displayed in the prosecution of the warfare against Satan's stronghold on the berth-deck. In addition to this source of confidence was the fact that one of the lieutenants was a devout man, a member of the Presbyterian church; from whose official position and influence we saw an agency of safety to them from petty spite and persecutions; or at least of such modifications of insane fury, as would comport with a sense of the respect which is due to the quarter-deck. Nor were we mistaken, as the sequel will show. The effect of the departure of the brethren of the *St. Louis*, on those who remained, is referred to in a letter written January 3d, the day on which they were transferred to their own ship. The writer says:

“The crew of the *St. Louis* left us this afternoon. We feel that we have sustained a great loss by so many of our leading members being taken from us. Still we know that God has not left us, and so long as He is pleased to remain with us we shall do well.”

The Lord did remain with them. Other men were brought to the front, and the good work suffered no detriment. The meetings continued to be attended by large numbers, and others were converted.

On Sabbath, the 9th, I preached on board the *St. Louis*, from Isaiah lv. 6, 7. The Holy Spirit was manifestly present to own the word and to convey it to the heart. Many of the men were in tears. Rev. Mr. Stockbridge,

who ever gave us his warmest sympathies, and the Rev. Mr. Hind, of the Madras mission, were present. Two days afterwards I supplied the men with an abundance of religious and devotional reading matter for a sea stock. The religious services of their new ship were inaugurated by a prayer-meeting, which was commenced on the 13th, in the yeoman's store-room. The condition in which these brethren were, spiritually, and the favorable auspices under which they went forth to their brilliant, but untried future, may best be shown by quoting a letter, written to me previous to their departure, by one of their number :

“ UNITED STATES SHIP ST. LOUIS,

“ *New York, Jan. 17th, 1859.*

“ *Dear Sir, and much esteemed Pastor*—Now that we are about to launch out into the deep, to leave home, and friends, for far distant lands and scenes, permit us to say a few words to you before we part, it may be, in the providence of God, never to meet again. Many of us who address you now, have been by the grace of God, through your instrumentality, raised from the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, to a lively hope, that through the merits of the precious blood of Jesus Christ, our sins have been pardoned. And oh, dear sir ! how much have we to be thankful for, to God and to you ! May he reward you : for, though our hearts are bounding with gratitude to you, we are powerless, beyond mere words, to express it. Accept then, sir, our warmest, our heartfelt expressions of gratitude and esteem, with the sincerest hope and prayer to God that he will bless you in your labors, and grant you many souls for your hire. In conclusion, pray for us ; pray for the infant colony which you have planted, that it may be watered by the blessing of God, and bring forth fruit abundantly for the harvest. And rest assured that our feeble prayers are ever ascending before the throne of grace for you, and for the church ; and oh, may God in his

infinite mercy grant that we may all be spared to meet again at His table, to declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men. So, with every wish, dear sir, for your happiness and prosperity, we now bid you an affectionate yet sorrowing farewell."

Signed by John A. Morris, and nine others. The formal, and to many of the crew the final farewell, was a very solemn and interesting event. The men gathered around me in groups, with expressions of gratitude and with tearful eyes. As we grasped hands, we mutually pledged to each other our sympathies and our prayers, agreeing to correspond frequently. So well were these promises kept that a volume of no ordinary interest, and of good proportions might be made from the inter-correspondence of this vessel alone. But, leaving the *St. Louis* and her Christian band, for the present, to continue her course toward the tropics, I will lay before the reader a chronological record of events up to the time that the several drafts were sent off to join their respective ships, and carry the good word of life forth to illumine the heathen world. Thence, I may return, and recount briefly the history of the work of grace in each of the vessels, from the records on hand. Coming back then to the North Carolina, the source whence these various streams of Christian influence issued, we find the good work progressing favorably among the many left behind. On the 13th, I was on board, and conducted a prayer-meeting, at which eight new converts testified to the abounding grace of the living God, as manifested in their own experience. A week later, I led another precious meeting, at which still more conversions were reported, the progress being healthy and without any

boisterousness or undue excitement. It seemed as if the orlop deck, usually so dark, had been suddenly illumined by the spirit of God. It was truly the birth-place of souls unto righteousness. The place of cursing and other works of darkness had become vocal with songs of praise and prayer. On the 24th, ten more men were examined with a view to union with the church. Prayer-meetings in the evening, vigorous and vitalized by the spirit of God.

Captain Ward issued an order, by which Rev. Ira Steward, of the Baptist church, and myself, were alternately to officiate in the conducting of the services. On the 29th visited the North Carolina, and the U. S. steamer Brooklyn. Obtained from the captain of the last named vessel, permission for some of the crew, who desired it, to worship ashore, on the Sabbath. Found in her purser a devout man of God, whose influence was of incalculable benefit to the believing men who sailed with him, in securing for them facilities for conducting their meetings. On the 30th administered the Lord's Supper once more on board the North Carolina. Nine more of her seamen were enrolled on our church books. Prayed the Lord that I might preach this day

“As never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.”

On the 2d of February, the Christian workers of the “old North” were still further depleted by a draft, which was ordered to join the U. S. steamer Brooklyn, leaving a sufficient number behind, however, to carry on the work. Ten of these were members of our church. I followed the brethren on board their new ship, supplied them with

books, tracts, and other reading matter, and bade them farewell. They sailed on the 5th for the southern coast, whither we shall follow them by-and-by.

On the 9th preached on board the receiving ship again. Took for my subject, John i. 29: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Also led the prayer-meeting in the evening. On the 15th, one of the brethren wrote:

"I am happy to inform you that our little band of believers is more closely bound together than ever. I feel that it will give you joy to know that we are living together in brotherly love and unity. Last Sabbath evening was the happiest I have ever spent. We conducted the service ourselves, and I sincerely believe that we realized the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. The brethren were all engaged. As soon as one had finished praying, another was on his knees. Some told their experience of temptations which had assailed them, but expressed the purpose to continue faithful to the end."

On the 18th, again preached from 1st Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." On the 27th administered the Lord's Supper, on her berth-deck, and had one of the largest of all the large meetings we have ever had on board of her. Received three more of her recruits into the church. The wife of Captain Ward—a godly woman—exhibited a marvellous interest in the blessed work. She looked on the men with a kind of motherly solicitude, and rejoiced to hear that any of them turned from sin unto God. I am satisfied that she secured for us many privileges which we otherwise might not have enjoyed. As an illustration of the effect which the services sometimes produced on

those who were looking on, I will venture to quote an entry made in my Journal of this date :

“ This afternoon I preached to the crew of the receiving ship, from Matt. xxv. 14–30, the parable of the Talents. Had a very large audience. Mrs. Ward said to me at the close of the service, ‘ I do think, Mr. Jones, that you are inspired.’ I will not say how judicious this expression of her feelings was. Yet I know that in a certain limited and restricted sense it was true. For I believe that I spoke as the Holy Spirit gave me utterance. I know, too, that I earnestly invoked his aid, and that though the press of duties prevented me from choosing my words beforehand, my sermon was by no means unstudied.”

I may add, the remark neither flattered nor elated me, but enabled me, I trust, humbly to look up to Him from whom all inspiration comes, and thank Him for any of those qualifications which make me acceptable in my ministrations to the men of the sea. I only hope that all I do may redound to the honor and glory of God, in the salvation of souls. In the evening I preached to my own people, from the words, “ Go, stand and speak in the temple, to the people, all the words of this life,” Acts v. 20. The people were intensely interested. Much emotion elicited toward the close. The large audience seemed to be moved as one man, and tears fell from many eyes unused to weep. May God add his blessing !

“ *March 13th.*—Four sermons to-day, with a marriage and a baptism between. On board the receiving ship in the afternoon, took my text from Phil. iv. 19 : ‘ Christ, the source of all supply.’ Almost unfit for labor, from fatigue. Yet preached with much energy, and, I trust, with faithfulness, God giving both strength and words.

“ *15th.*—In bed all day from sheer exhaustion ; body and soul

taxed to the utmost. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

"*22nd.*—Cheering letters coming in from every side, showing that labor is not in vain in the Lord. Oh, my Saviour, keep me near thy side! Help me to preach Christ crucified to all, simply, in the power and in the love of the truth, for thine own sake."

In a letter received this evening from one of the most useful of our members, on board the North Carolina, the writer says:

"I pray fervently that I may be prepared for the solemn hour of death, and enabled to exclaim, 'O death, where is thy sting!' While I live I desire to be a burning and a shining light. Oh, Mr. Jones, how shall I express my thanks to you for turning me from the horrible and dangerous course I was pursuing, into the way of life! I thank God, that in his divine mercy, he sent you on board this ship, to point me to the Lamb of God. I thank God that I can say at last, I am a Christian. By the help of God I will fight the good fight of faith manfully. My colors are nailed to the mast. Believers here are united in the work, and are drawn closer to each other. Having tasted the sweets of religion, I now want to see all my shipmates share them with me, and I pray God that he will increase our numbers here. Since you came on board last, we have had two or three more come over on the Lord's side. The Spirit is still striving with our shipmates. I think, before long, we shall have others added to our numbers."

"*April 1st.*—Addressed the theological students at Princeton, on the promises of God concerning the conversion of seamen, and preached in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church in the evening to a crowded audience, among whom were some of the first men of Princeton, men of influence from abroad, and many students, whose term of study expires in a few weeks. On the whole, I believe God will bring good out of the visit. It

has been to me a very pleasant one. I have been permitted to converse with some of those who labored and prayed with me in the days of the revival during my own theological course. So that though I have not rested much, I feel refreshed.

“*3rd.*—One of the days of the Son of Man. Monthly concert. House crowded,—letters from the sea full of interest.

“*4th.*—Addressed the congregation of the Rev. James W. Alexander at their monthly concert of prayer. House full; read letters from seamen.

“*7th.*—Preparing hymns for a new edition of Sailors’ Hymn-Book.

“*8th.*—Another communication from the North Carolina, stated that there were two more young men who were waiting for the Communion to be administered on board, that they might sign articles in the good ship Zion, and take Jesus Christ for their Captain. The writer adds, ‘I thank God things are brightening up. Our meeting last night was like old times. One more soul came out on the Lord’s side. We are all getting stronger. I do believe we shall soon have another great revival here. Oh, what rejoicing there will be in the presence of the angels of God at this work among seamen! If there is joy over *one* sinner that repents, who can describe the effect of the conversion of so many? While I write, my whole soul is filled with gladness, and with love for my Master.’

“*13th.*—Made an address at the Cooper Institute on the occasion of the Forty-first Anniversary of the New York Port Society. Spoke forty-five minutes. Drs. William Adams and Plumer of South Carolina, addressed the people.

“*17th.*—Administered the Lord’s Supper on the berth-deck of the North Carolina. In the evening preached at home from the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, ‘God be merciful to me, a sinner.’ Luke xviii. 13. House full. Believe much good was done,—many touched.

“*19th.*—The Rev. Mr. Swaney, who sails to-morrow for Callao, to preach to seamen there, called on me to-day to ex-

amine my records, and learn how I kept them. Gave him every facility.

“*Sunday, 24th.*—On board the receiving ship, preached a farewell sermon to the men, who are drafted for the African Squadron and the China seas. They leave all these privileges in a few days. Many of them are new converts. My text was from Heb. x. 35–39: ‘Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.’ For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promises. For yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition: but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.”

It was a sad, and yet a joyful farewell. Sad, because it was morally certain that most of us would never meet again on this side the judgment seat. Yet joyful, when the changed condition of so many was considered. They were going forth to trials, and cares, and anxieties that were new to them, it is true; but they were going forth panoplied for the conflict, and armed with the assurance that they had Omniscience for their guide, and Omnipotence for their strength.

Many of the poor fellows wept while I was addressing them, in view of their near departure. It was announced that they were to leave on the 27th. I had selected this passage for the purpose of impressing their minds with the necessity of entire and unwavering confidence in God. They all appeared fully to appreciate my solicitude for their spiritual welfare, and my desire to do them good. Many gave expression to their warm attachment to their pastor and to their fellow church members, with whom they had so recently been brought into such pleasing rela-

tions. On the 25th I visited them again, provided them with a supply of suitable literature, and presented to each of the thirty-two members of our church, a selected package of stationery, containing pens, ink, paper, and envelopes; thus insuring the necessary supply of material for future correspondence. They were evidently, both surprised and gratified; for there are times when such supplies cannot be procured for either love or money. Two days before the draft left the ship I received from one of the leading members of the brotherhood a letter, in which he says:

“We are soon to leave this ship, and it is my earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit may go with us, and in his infinite mercy make us the humble instruments in his hands of bringing many of our shipmates into the fold of God. For myself, I may say, that with the help of God, I am resolved to buckle on the whole armor of God, and to fight the good fight of faith, looking forward and not backward, and pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. If we are mercifully spared to return from this cruise, I hope we may bring our sheaves with us. If we should not meet again on earth, then may we all meet in heaven, to part no more, where we shall attune our harps, and sing praises to the Lamb that was slain to take away the sin of the world. Commend us to all the brethren and sisters in the church, and say ‘Good-bye’ for us. Pray for the North Carolina to-morrow night.”

Wednesday the 27th was one of the decisive days in the history of these men. The draft of several hundred recruit which had been told off for Boston, where the several vessels to which they were to be assigned were fitting out, was to leave on the morrow by steamer, accompanied by Lieut. Williamson, in command, and a

corps of officers as his aids. A farewell service was therefore held in the orlop this evening. It was indeed a spiritual feast to us all. It is described below by one who participated in it. I made a brief parting address. Much emotion was manifested. It was a place and time of weeping. Dry eyes were the exception, tears the rule. Is it to be wondered at, that even strong men wept under such circumstances? They had been inducted into an entirely new life. The course, as it lay before them, was all untried. They had been largely helped by advice and counsel of Christian brethren. They had been for the first few weeks under pastoral supervision and instruction in spiritual things. Now they were about to leave all these advantages and be thrown in a great measure on their own resources. They were not only leaving the birth-place of their souls unto righteousness, their pastor, and all their new found friends and brethren in Christ, but in a few days were to be separated from each other. Some to the U. S. ships Constellation, Portsmouth, Saratoga and San Jacinto, composing the African squadron, to be scattered up and down the sickly slave coast, and others to the U. S. frigate Hartford, to cruise in the muddy waters of the Ho-ang-ho, and do battle with the typhoons of the China Sea. I would have gladly accompanied them on their passage to Boston, could I have done so. Yet I am glad that I did not. Had I been with them, the extemporized religious service held by them on the way, might have been considered as a result of my prompting. As it was, the idea originated among themselves. But as I could not go with them, I sent a letter of counsel and comfort after them.

On their arrival in Boston, on Friday evening, they

were transferred to the receiving ship Ohio. My letter reached them on Saturday morning, and was at once acknowledged in the following communication from Jos. B. Lyons, one of the converts—a member of my church, of whom I shall speak at length in another place.

“U. S. RECEIVING SHIP OHIO,

“*Boston, April 30th, 1859.*

“*My Dear Pastor*—Your welcome letter came to hand this morning. Many thanks for its contents! We arrived here about 5 o'clock last evening, and as a matter of course there are a thousand conjectures about what is to be done with us. We had a remarkably pleasant passage. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony and good will of the company, for the reason that there was no rum on board. We had, however, instead, through the kindness of the captain of the boat, influenced by our first Lieutenant, J. C. Williamson, who was in command of the draft, a splendid meeting on the way. The cabin of the steamer was converted into the house of God, and God grant that the impression made on those present, may be deep and lasting. There were men among us who came round in the draft of two hundred and thirty from Boston to New York, last November, who were at that time, among the vilest of the vile, but who are now soldiers of Christ, enlisted under the banner of the cross. The evening of the 27th will never be forgotten by any of us, you may rest assured. I do not desire ever to pass through so trying a scene again. I never in my life felt so much grief at parting, as on that occasion, and I am sure that I write the true sentiments of those present in saying the same. We often referred to it on our passage. You may be assured, our dear pastor and friend; that it will always remain fresh in our memories. As you have truly remarked in your letter, we are going out as missionaries in the cause of our Great Redeemer. I know the interest you, and all the brethren and friends feel in us. We have left the home of our *new birth*. The North Carolina has been a

school, and we are now sent out to fight the great fight of faith. God grant that, if we are destined to fall, it may be with our face to the foe ! We know that we have your prayers, and those of a thousand others. If we do but put our trust in Him, who never forsakes his own, all will be well. That we may all continue steadfast, has been, and shall be, my constant prayer. All join in sending their best love to Mrs. Jones and the children, and to the brethren and sisters of the church.

“J. B. L.”

That these beloved brethren were fully alive to the responsibilities of their position ; that the burden of souls rested upon them, and that they appreciated the importance of the new relations into which they had entered toward God, and toward their fellow-men, will appear from their communications to me on the subject, and be illustrated by the zeal and earnestness with which they sought out opportunities for doing good, and the readiness with which they availed themselves of the facilities afforded them for the advancement of the kingdom and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The 27th of April, 1859, will ever be a memorable day in the history of the work of grace among the men of the sea, because it was then, by the distribution of these converted men-of-war's men, that moral forces were set in motion, which have continued, with more or less of their native vigor, ever since, centres of Christian influence, from which the Divine light radiated in every direction, and will continue to radiate till time shall cease to be, were then called into being. New springs of Divine grace were opened up in human hearts, and new streams flowed forth to irrigate the garden of the Lord. Spiritual agencies were multiplied, and called into activity, the

pulsations of which, under the sanctifying energy and direction of the Holy Spirit, were communicated from heart to heart—from ship to ship—from sea to sea—and from shore to shore, until civilization everywhere marvelled at the spectacle of sailors, hitherto looked upon, by too many, as the offscouring of the earth, men who had polluted the soil of every land with their blasphemies, their drunken orgies, and their practical abjuration of the principles and precepts of the moral law—now preaching Christ the crucified one, and practicing his love in the daily duties of their calling;—making cabin and forecabin, wardroom and berth-deck vocal with prayer and songs of devotion. Heathenism, too, wondered and pondered, when they saw, coming up from the sea, to their shores—men, who had so long and so fatally caricatured Christianity, of which they were too often the only living representatives, now walking the streets sober and peaceable, clothed, and in their right minds, and in some instances converting the temples of idolatry into places of worship to the divine Christ, making the very rafters ring, as did the Christian sailors of the U. S. steamer Niagara in Japan, with hymns of praise to the living God.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUTSIDE TESTIMONY.

Chaplain Charles S. Stewart, U. S. N.—Awakening without a parallel—But *one* testimony—First experience—Simplicity in prayer—Bands of praying men—Meeting of the 27th of April described—Mrs. Ward and son—Utterance choked by emotion—Wonderful scene—Ground of confidence—Noticeable sign of the times—Pastor's report—Chaplain Stockbridge's testimony—Navy feeling the awakening—A naval officer—Old Slip meeting—Singular unanimity—Genuineness of the work—Wide dispersion of the converts—Individual experiences—"I grasped the life buoy"—Out of the pit—Severe lesson—Gave myself away to God—Steer by the Bible—God had mercy on me—My struggle.

THE 27th of April, 1859, was a memorable day in the calendar of the converts of the North Carolina, a day which seems to have been looked upon as that in which the most blessed of all the blessed seasons in that remarkable revival reached its climax. In that particular it served as a standard of measure by which to gauge all subsequent manifestations of the divine spirit. Those dear brethren looked back to it, as the early Christians did to the season of Pentecost. It is on this account that we find the disciples on board the Hartford, Niagara, and other vessels of war, when they experienced some special season of delight, some joyous occasion, when their hearts were melted with love, comparing it to the 27th of April, when they took their farewell of the birth-place of their souls unto righteousness. I cannot do bet-

ter, therefore, at this point, than to present the description of that scene, as witnessed by the Rev. Charles S. Stewart, Chaplain U. S. Navy, who had the opportunity of tracing the progress of the blessed work which I have but faintly described in the preceding pages. At the time of the inception of this gracious revival, and for some months afterwards, he was on waiting orders, and had ample opportunity to judge of the genuineness of the work, the heartiness with which it was conducted, and the preciousness of the accrued results. The date of the letter was April 30th, 1859, three days after the memorable farewell at which he was present. His view of the matter is thus stated :

“*Dear Sir*—The interest in the subject of religion which is known to have existed for many months past among the recruits on board the receiving ship North Carolina, at the Navy Yard in New York, justly claims, it is thought, a place in the records of the Port Society. Its origin as a human agency is traceable to the fidelity and zeal of a member of the Mariners’ church, founded and sustained by that body ; and its results, thus far, have, through the grace of God, already added sixty-five converted seamen to her communion. It is this view of the subject that leads me, sir, to address you the following statement in regard to it. Though not at present on duty myself, under orders of Government, it has been my privilege to be associated voluntarily with my brother in the naval service, the Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, the chaplain of the North Carolina, more or less frequently for months past in the daily evening meetings held on board, and in preaching informally to the throng of eager listeners attending them. I thus write from personal observation. As a work of grace, this awakening is without parallel, to the best of my knowledge, in the moral history of the navy or the religious annals of the sea. The detail of the many incidents of affecting

interest connected with it might readily be expanded into a volume. From the beginning, it has been marked by one or two features characteristic of the revivals of the present day ; one, the human agency by which it was developed, that of private Christians united in prayer, and in personal effort for the salvation of those around them. Another, the unity of spirit with which the work has been carried on, irrespective of the denominational differences, and varied church memberships of the agents."

After briefly relating the history of the work, as has been already done in another place, he proceeds to say :

"The opening of such a meeting by a little band of sailors on board of a man-of-war, was indeed a novel spectacle. Knowing the spot allotted to them and its surroundings as well as I do, in picturing to myself the group thus gathered for prayer, in an obscure nook of the lowest deck of a ship of the line, far below the water mark, amid darkness, which the light of a single battle lantern only made more visible, I have been led involuntarily to assimilate the scene to the worship of a like number of primitive Christians in the seclusion and dim obscurity of a catacomb. It can readily be imagined, that it was with wonder, that the first words of prayer, and the first song of praise from such a place, rose to the ears, and fell upon the hearts of the careless and ungodly men on deck above.

"One and another of these were quickly attracted to the spot, some in surprise, some in curiosity, and some in sport, till in a few evenings the number was increased from four to eight and twelve, and twenty to fifty, and a crowd the place could not hold. It was soon evident that 'praying breath' there had not been spent in vain, and that the spirit of the Most High was in their midst, awakening the consciences, and touching the hearts of the sturdy men around. Night after night, one and another, even of those who came to the meeting to laugh and deride, left, only to weep and to pray, and it was not long before the chaplain of the ship and the respective pastors of the original little flock were

called from the shore to aid in guiding numbers of repentant sinners in the way of salvation. Cases of hopeful conversion began soon to occur. Within the first six weeks the number of these amounted to more than fifty, and they have continued still to occur till the whole number now exceeds hundreds. A majority of these are young men from eighteen to thirty years of age, the hardiest of the ship's company. Some who were ringleaders in sin are now examples of piety and usefulness.

“The interest of these meetings in the earnestness, solemnity and deep feeling characterizing them, can be hardly overstated. Any description of them would fail in conveying the impressions received by an eye-witness. This is especially true of those in the earlier period of the revival, when the manifestations of the grace of God in the power of His word and spirit upon the hearts of these hardy men, had all the freshness of novelty. But at all times there has been, I believe, but one testimony given by every Christian who has had the privilege of attending them. As to the spiritual benefit to his own soul, derived from the prayers and exhortations and songs of praise of these new-born disciples, I cannot myself soon forget my first evening among them. The meeting was already begun when I arrived, and it was slowly and with difficulty that I made my way through the crowd, swaying from side to side in the endeavor to make room for me along the fore-passage of the orlop, to a seat at the far end. On gaining this, and turning round, the whole place was seen to be filled with stalwart men, clustered in every available spot, like bees in a swarm, while hundreds of eager eyes, and earnest faces, spoke a welcome to one coming to them in the name of the Lord Jesus; and when it was said soon afterwards by one of their number, ‘Let us pray,’ as my eyes fell on those immediately around me, I saw such crouching attitudes of self-abasement before God, wherever space allowed, that made me feel that I had never myself yet taken a posture of true humiliation in prayer.

“As to the prayers themselves, no gracious heart could resist the sympathetic and spiritual influence of such petitions of child-

like simplicity, penitential importunity, and new-born love, or remain unmoved by the hearty songs of praise, or untouched by the point, and not unfrequently the power of the appeals of the converted to their impenitent shipmates. I have known nothing in my experience as a Christian, and as a minister of the Gospel, more affecting than the sight of such men, many of them giants in frame, as well as in past sin, in the exercises of penitent faith and love. It is worthy of remark, and should be the subject of thanksgiving, that this work of grace has occurred on board a receiving ship, from which men are constantly being drafted to other ships. Thus, these converted sailors will eventually be widely scattered throughout the naval service, and if converts indeed, will carry with them the leaven of grace in a goodly example, and in a spirit of prayer wherever they go.

“Within the three months past, three Government vessels have sailed from New York on foreign duty, carrying with them each a band of praying men from the North Carolina, and it is now but two days since the whole body of church members on board of her—except five, were transferred to Boston to be distributed among the naval vessels now fitting out there for different squadrons in the service. The religious interest among these continued in all its freshness. The daily evening meetings were ever attended with quickening power and refreshing grace. Each successive one seemed better than that preceding it, and that which was indeed the last to many proved best of all. It occurred on the 27th inst., the night before the draft for Boston embarked, and will not soon be forgotten by any one who was present. The Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, the chaplain, was unavoidably absent, but the Rev. Mr. Jones of the Mariners’ church, Mr. Harris and Mr. Baldwin of the Port Society, young Mr. Eastman, of the American Tract Society, Mrs. Ward, the wife of Captain Ward, the commander of the North Carolina, who has apartments on board, and who has taken the liveliest interest in the spiritual welfare of the crew; young Mr. Ward, her son, and myself were there. This party clustered around the water-

butt, as a reading-table, forming the central group in the place where prayer has now so long been wont to be made, in the very depths of the ship, on the orlop-deck.

“While the church members and more serious of the ship’s company, to the number of a hundred, perhaps, were seated closely by us on every side, the ladders leading to the deck above, and overlooking the scene, were crowded by ‘outsiders,’ as the careless and unimpressed are technically called, while groups of these, also, standing thickly on either side of the hatchway, filled up the space that was left.

“Warm brotherly love, and deep tenderness of heart seemed to be the predominating feelings among the professed followers of the Lord, and the meeting was scarcely commenced before the remembrance and associations of the past winter, in all that had been witnessed and experienced by us there, with the certainty that this would be the last time we should ever be assembled thus together, became too much for the sympathies and even for the manliness of nerve of many. The lips of the hardest faltered, and their cheeks were bedewed with tears, as one after another they arose to bear a last testimony in the place of their spiritual birth, to the mercy of God and the love of the Lord Jesus, to give a parting exhortation to their unconverted shipmates, or to plead once more in prayer for all needed grace for themselves, and for all present. The exercises were prolonged far beyond the accustomed hour, and when—in being closed at last, by a brief and touching address from Mr. Jones, the beloved pastor of a majority of the church members, whose own utterance was choked by emotion, the frame of many a young Hercules around was seen to shake like an aspen leaf, while sobs, ineffectually suppressed, burst from many a manly bosom, and tears flowed freely on every side from eyes unused to weep. I never before witnessed such a scene of conflicting feelings in a company of sturdy men.

“The pervading sentiments were, gratitude to God for his grace and mercy, love to the Lord Jesus, as the sinner’s friend,

joy in the hope of salvation, and the blessedness of eternal life, and unfeigned sorrow of soul for the words that were spoken, that we should see each others' face no more in this place, which had so often been to us none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. The next day the whole draft was on its way to Boston."

As Rev. Charles S. Stewart had been for many years a chaplain in the Navy, and had therefore large acquaintance with these men of the sea, which, together with his missionary experience in the Sandwich Islands, enabled him to speak with confidence of the character of this work, and of the features of the new spiritual life, as shown by contact with the men in their every-day life, I will add his estimate of the genuineness and permanence of the effects of this awakening, as they appeared to his enlightened judgment. He says:

"There is great reason, I think, for confidence in the sincerity, and stability of purpose of a majority of these professed converts. Many of them have already remained for months, not only unshaken and steadfast in the midst of much persecution and temptation, but have become manifestly greatly confirmed in faith and hope. They have not only lived consistently and blamelessly in the eyes of all, but have become practiced in the exercise of prayer and exhortation among their fellows, and are otherwise qualified to be leaders in meetings of devotion, and faithful laborers in the cause of good morals and personal piety. They are deeply sensible of the duty of boldly avowing the profession they have made, and of being everywhere active workers in the cause of Christ. We are encouraged to hope much from their influence in these respects, from the fact that good tidings are reaching us, of the successful efforts of some of the subjects of this revival, who have preceded these abroad, in persuading those with whom they are associated, to follow their example in a life of faith and good

works. These too, banded together in grace and love, are now gone forth with the full purpose of doing the works of righteousness to others. Intelligence already comes to us that the night they were on their way to Boston, they solicited the first Lieutenant Williamson, who had the draft in charge, to use his influence with the captain of the steamboat, by which they were conveyed, for the privilege of holding their accustomed evening prayer-meeting. This was not only cheerfully granted, but the captain and officers of the boat, as well as those of the Navy on board, were present in the saloon assigned for the purpose, while for an hour or more the waters of the Sound were made vocal with the songs of praise, and were hallowed by the prayers of this company of men-of-war's men.

“It is a sign of the times worthy of notice, that the commanders and officers of such ships in the Navy, as have companies of these professed Christians on board, have extended to them, so far as is known, the privilege of holding a daily prayer-meeting. Let all who love our common Lord and Saviour, pray that the Holy Spirit may go with, and ever abide with them.

“Yours, dear sir, very truly,

“C. S. STEWART, *U. S. Navy.*”

It was in this month of April, 1859, that I was permitted to report as a matter of thanksgiving to God, and congratulation among ourselves, that our church was represented by its converts, or by its active members, on board the U. S. ships Wabash, Sabine, Roanoke, St. Louis, Savannah, Brooklyn, Decatur, Ohio, Levant, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, store-ship Relief, and revenue cutter Corwin; with the prospect of adding in a few days the Constellation, Portsmouth, Saratoga, San Jacinto, and Hartford to the number, all of whom, we have good evidence, are men of earnest, prayerful Christian efforts; men who feel it not only a duty, but a priv-

ilege to labor for Christ, and to follow him, "through evil report and through good report."

On board the Savannah, the St. Louis, the City of Brooklyn, the North Carolina, the Ohio, and the Wabash, the daily prayer-meeting is maintained, and from all the above named, the voice of prayer daily ascends from the mess-room of the officers, and from the berth-deck, to the ear of God, who never suffers himself to be importuned in vain. Who shall measure the influence of these men? Who shall predict the result of this little leaven on the whole lump of ungodliness, in the midst of which it is cast? We are hearing also of daily meetings for prayer and religious conference on board ships in the West Indies, on the coast of Brazil, and in the Mediterranean.

On the departure of the Sabine, which vessel I had faithfully visited, provided her with religious reading matter in abundance, and had preached to, and privately conversed with her officers and crew, a blessed work of grace was carried forward on board. Rev. Joseph Stockbridge wrote to me, saying :

"The navy is feeling the influence of the great awakening. Sailors are being converted, and are permitted to labor among their shipmates. We have supplied three ships with little bands of sailor missionaries, and they have gone to their different squadrons. I hope and pray that we may be so blessed on board this ship, that every draft of men shall have in it praying sailors."

With reference to this ship, the Sabine, I may state that in an interview had with her executive officer, the Sabbath before she sailed, I put this question to him : "You have heard the objection raised with reference to religious men on board ships-of-war. Is there, in your

estimation, any good ground for them?" He responded, "I have been in the Navy twenty years, and before that was master in the merchant service. A pious sailor first drew my attention to things of a spiritual nature. I was in the habit of cursing when I came on deck, and saw anything going wrong, and one morning, as I was indulging in my usual practice, my chief-mate, with a polite bow, said to me: 'Suppose the Lord had taken you at your word, sir. Where would you have been now?' I said, 'in hell.' From that hour I have endeavored to avoid using improper language. I am not a professing Christian, but I desire to be one, and I may say to you, that the best men in our Navy are the men who love God."

The letters coming to me from sailors are of peculiar interest, and go far towards corroborating the statement of our brother Stockbridge, that the Navy is feeling the influence of the great awakening, and not the Navy only, but the entire mercantile marine. In fact, the triumphs of grace among the men of the sea everywhere, are but signs of the coming of the Son of Man, and constitute the evidence that God is fulfilling his prophesy and bidding the Church to take courage, and pray and labor for the conversion of the men of the sea. And is not the Church awaking to a sense of her duty to this widely extended class? Is she not in earnest? Has she not gone up into the Carmel of privilege, and prayed even seven times? She has! Prayers are even now ascending in every direction, as the tidings of this marvellous awakening is carried by the press, not only to the commercial cities of the seaboard, but to every village and hamlet throughout the land; and therefore has God caused this "little cloud"—not larger, relatively, "than

a man's hand," to come "from the sea," and bring with it "a sound of abundance of rain."

Fulton street and Old Slip daily prayer-meetings in the city, were constantly appealed to, to pray for the sailor, and they both cheerfully responded to every such request, with a heartiness that corresponded with the importance of the matter in hand. A naval officer who was often at the Old Slip meeting, on one occasion, while asking the prayers of the meeting for the sailors of the North Carolina, took occasion to say :

"I have been connected with the United States' naval service about thirty years, and I have seen great changes taking place in the religious and spiritual condition of those connected with the service. It is not now as it once was ; and these changes betoken greater changes coming ; sending their shadows before, most cheering in their character, full of hope, and assuring that 'the abundance of the sea shall be converted to Christ.' I have been most happy to know that the sailor is often remembered here in prayer, and I rejoice with you in these changes for good. I know of no class of men who make more decided and warm-hearted Christians. I have seen the starting tear, and the swelling emotion when I have heard them tell what the Lord had done for them in their salvation. I have heard them speak in the most simple, yet glowing language, of their religious experience, and I am sure you would feel the same interest in these men as I do, if you knew them as well.

"During last winter there was a precious work of grace on board this ship. A large number of men were awakened and became Christians. These are now scattered through the service, in various vessels of war, and are at this time in different parts of the ocean. But we often hear from them. They are maintaining their prayer-meetings on shipboard and are doing great good. The night before last, I was on board the North Carolina, at religious services. There are now from six to seven

hundred men on board. Toward the close of the services, all those who entertained hope that they were Christians were called upon to manifest it by rising : and from twenty to twenty-five arose. Then those who felt interested on the subject of religion and desired the prayers of Christians, were requested to rise. From forty to fifty arose around the speaker, and a voice came out of the distant and dim part of the ship, saying, 'There are more of us here standing, than you can count, sir.'

"Now I come to ask you to pray for these men. In a few months they, too, will be far away, and distributed over the sea. What a blessing it would be if they should be converted, and should be messengers of our holy religion, exhibiting it, and proclaiming it to all, wherever they go. It seems to me, that a petition that the abundance of the sea may be converted, should enter into all our prayers."

My object in presenting the above quotations has been, that the reader may have an opportunity of seeing the peculiar features of this revival through other eyes than my own. The testimony of such men as were drawn to these scenes by their interests in the progress of Christ's kingdom, cannot be other than interesting to those who are anxious to be correctly informed concerning them.

It will be noticed, in the testimonies given, that there is a singular unanimity, as to the expression of the prominent features manifested in the meeting—the marked solemnity, the deep reverence for the truth, the sense of the Divine presence, the consciousness of personal unworthiness, the prominence given to the word, the absence of all mere excitement, of boastful expressions, of self-seeking or self-assertion, the presence of an humble dependence on God, in Christ, and an earnest pleading for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, as well as an eagerness to secure the salvation of their companions. It will

be noticed too that all agree on the emotional aspect of the meetings. Some may be a little sceptical about sailors weeping, as they are said to do. Yet all who have been ear and eye-witnesses, have testified specially to the tenderness exhibited under the preaching of the word, to the sense of sorrow for sin, and gratitude toward all who have in any measure contributed to the opening of their eyes or to the illuminating of their pathway Zionward. These are the fruits of the spirit, and testify to the genuineness of this work of grace, as affecting the hearts of these men, rather than their heads.

Another feature which it is important to mark, is the vitality displayed in its permanence or continuance. Although the ranks of these believing brethren were thinned by repeated drafts, and the leading minds were removed, others were found to take both the laboring and the steering oar. Their places were filled by volunteers who had themselves become enamored of the work, and the men who had labored most arduously on board the "North," went forth bearing the precious seed to other ships, and to other souls. Out of the one grew the many, until from this spiritual home of the original converts, the spiritual children were scattered so extensively, that before the war closed over two hundred of our men-of-war were, to a greater or less extent, leavened with their presence.

There are cheering evidences of individual converts carrying the glad tidings of salvation from ship to ship, until it was borne from one to two, three, four, five, and in one instance at least to nine different vessels by the same man. In one case two men were so impressed with the desire to bear the message where it had not yet

been heard, that they volunteered to leave their own vessel, in which they were surrounded by Christian brethren, and were in the enjoyment of all the facilities for doing and getting good, to isolate themselves from all these advantages, and go on board another—on the berth-deck of which there were no representatives of Christ ; thus exposing themselves not only to inconveniences, but to absolute persecution. Of this act of self-sacrifice I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

If the immediate effects of that religious awakening on board of the receiving ship had been all that was accomplished, it would have taken rank as one of the most precious of the revivals of modern times, or indeed of any time, among the men of the sea. For the good work continued to be carried forward on board the same vessel for years, although not to the same extent. Yet all along though the following years, certainly up to 1865, there went forth to the various squadrons and armies of the United States, men who had been awakened on board the "Old North," as she was familiarly called, and who by their influence carried the leaven of the Gospel into the naval and merchant service all over the world. In the revelation of the great day, I doubt not that the converts *of the converts* of that precious revival will be found to have reached in the ensuing seven years, to thousands. Many of them may be traced even now to the ends of the earth. A royal seed, bearing precious fruit, were the converts of that period. Who shall limit the productive energy of one earnest soul, in whom the quickening power of the Holy Spirit has taken up its abode? As well might we attempt to compute the increase or limit the habitat of the floss-winged seed of the

thistle, which is borne on every wind and roots itself in every soil.

The following letters were written to me from the receiving ship during the progress of the Revival, and as they are the utterances of the heart, will need no further introduction. One of the most reckless and abandoned of the crew of the North Carolina, who, for refusing obedience, insulting an officer, and striking a sentry, had been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and who had been given up to all vices and crimes, writes:

“Never before did anything make me feel so miserable as when you administered the Lord's Supper on board the ship. One of my shipmates told me to go to Jesus in prayer. I could not believe that Jesus would save so great a sinner as I. But when I read that His blood cleanseth from all sins, I went to Him, and I know now that he gives peace to our minds and strengthens us, if we only rely upon him. I feel now so happy that I would not exchange one month in the service of Christ for the whole thirty years of sinful pleasure. I hope he will be with us all, and give us strength to keep on in the holy path, that nothing may rob us of the crown of glory laid up for us in heaven.”

Another, who had been condemned and imprisoned for crime in Loando, being released, returned to this country, shipped in the navy, and finding himself among the recruits of the North Carolina, writes:

“One evening, while at prayer, I had a curious feeling at my heart, and scarce knew what to do with myself. When we knelt to pray, I prayed with all my heart to God to forgive me my sins, and I prayed to Jesus to take all my heart, and I would serve him as long as I should live. After the meeting was over, I felt so much joy within me, I could scarce refrain from going to my

shipmates and telling them ; but they were all strangers to me, and I feared they would sneer at it, so I went to my hammock, praising God for his goodness to me, and I felt sure my sins were forgiven. On Saturday and Sunday, I read my Testament and found comfort the more I read. On Monday afternoon I felt very sad, and wondered if it was true or not, that I was trying to serve God. Still something told me not to despair. So I kept praying to God all the afternoon, and when I went to bed at night, I prayed harder than ever I did before for Jesus to take all my heart, and I would love Him with all my soul and mind and strength. Next morning my mind was at ease, and since then I have felt such happiness and peace as I never felt before. Now I want to serve God as long as I live, for I never knew what a merciful God he was. I find that his service is better than riches, and it is getting easier to me every day. The more I read my Bible the more I love my Saviour."

The writer of this still lives in the enjoyment of the hopes and promises which so cheered his repentant heart in the revival of twenty-five years ago.

A third tells the story of his antecedents and of his recent change, thus :

"I shipped a bright and happy boy, with golden visions of the future. I read my Bible and said my prayers, but, alas ! three months had not elapsed before I began to drink and riot with my wicked shipmates. I went rapidly down, until I became a drunken blasphemer. I shipped on board H. B. M. steamer Cleopatra, a twenty-gun sloop, for the Cape of Good Hope. I was there engaged, eighteen months in the Caffre war. We sailed thence to China and the East Indies. While in the Bay of Bengal, taking in the top-gallant sails and lowering the top-sails in a squall, I fell overboard. A man from the main-yard called out, 'A man overboard !' The ship was rounded to, the lee-cutter lowered, and I was picked up. With God's help I had grasped the life buoy thrown to me. I then promised God if

he would let me escape death that time, I would serve him. But far from it, I forgot all about his goodness.

“The remainder of our cruise we were kept in hostilities with the Burmese in Rangoon, but, throughout my Heavenly Father watched over me with a tenderness and kindness that none but God can show. The cholera raged at the mouth of the Rangoon river, and out of two hundred and thirty men, we had one hundred and nine cases, and thirty-seven deaths.

“I returned to England a thousand times worse than ever. Thinking I had quite enough of the service, I changed to a merchant-man, but still hung on to my wicked ways. I have often wondered that God did not cut me off by death. For eight years I followed the merchant service, all the time living in sin, never having a spare shirt or coat to my back, owing to my drinking propensities. For full eight years I was a slave to the rumseller, but thanks to Almighty God my steps were directed on board the North Carolina, and here I found my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A fourth acknowledges his indebtedness to the Holy Spirit, who suggested that it was time to look after his soul, thus :

“While lying in Mobile Bay, waiting for cotton, something told me I must look after my soul, and I then commenced to read the New Testament. I read it through, but I fear not in the right way. Yet I thank God, I prayed to him and read of him, and I believe that Jesus has saved me, and it is all through your instruction. You helped me out of the pit of darkness, and may the Lord bless you.”

Another says :

“I thank God that my steps were directed on board the North Carolina, where I learned from you the way of salvation. May the Lord strengthen you, and may your prayers take root every time you come on board. I feel that it is good to seek

the Lord and walk in his ways, for he says he will be a friend to us, whether at sea or on shore. One day, while my mind was filled with vain thoughts about the money I was to make and the great happiness I was to have, I fell down the fore-hatchway from the spar to the orlop deck. Thus I was taught the vanity of earthly things and the necessity of depending on God for life and health and everything we enjoy.

Still another, who had tried various occupations before going to sea, among others that of a theatrical performer, writes from a merchant vessel, referring to a wonderful providence in his behalf which occurred on board the *Anna Maria*, on her return from the West Indies. He says:

“I was out on the flying jib-boom, with another man, trying to secure the flying jib, which had gotten adrift. We were running under a three-reefed foresail, before a north-west gale. We found we could not do anything with the sail, and my companion started inboard. I watched him until he got very near in, then I gave it up also, and moved inboard too. I had just got off the foot-ropes and seized hold of the standing jib-stay, when the vessel made a plunge into the sea. I hung on for life. When she rose again the jib-boom was under the bows. One moment later and both of us would have been in eternity.

“The next day we shipped a sea, while lying to, which carried away the galley and washed me and the same man overboard. I don't know why I was not killed, for I could not see anything to keep me from being crushed between the galley and the rail, as I was leaning against it at the time. I prayed a little after that, but soon forgot who saved me in that trying hour. Had we been running when I was washed overboard, I would certainly have been lost, as we had no boat, and the vessel could not work in such a sea.

“At last the voyage was up, and I was safe in New York. I resolved to reform, but soon broke my resolutions, and forgot

God. I was sick and taken to the hospital, where I met with Mr. Byrne, the sailor missionary. I never saw such a man in my life—he was talking all the time, when he could get any one to talk to. I was much annoyed by his persistency. I had no objections to his preaching, but not in the ward. I could not read or sleep—and I thank God I could not. Tuesday night I went to the temperance meeting in the chapel, and Wednesday night went to class-meeting. When I came out I kneeled down by my cot and gave myself away to God. I have had many secret seasons of enjoyment since then.”

Shortly after the above, I received the following from a merchant ship lying in Antwerp. The writer was a member of our church who had been redeemed from a life of drunkenness, and was awakened under my preaching. He writes :

“I have been very fortunate, thanks to God, for all his mercies, in getting a good ship. I learned that the mate was a professor of religion, and on the second Sabbath out I asked him to preside over our services. He consented, and we had a very pleasant meeting. There were six of us present. I am sorry to say that the mate did not continue the good work. H— and I have meetings by ourselves, therefore, in the night-watches, when I have the lookout. We meet on the forecastle, and pray and sing hymns, and I hope the Lord has blessed them to our good. For he says, ‘If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven.’ I showed my colors on the second day out, and told my shipmates that I had shipped in the good ship Zion, and come what may, I was determined to steer, with God’s help, by the Bible. I have stood a good deal of chaffing about my religion. Every one seems to be watching me, to catch me tripping, for they think that when a man turns to be religious, he must be absolutely perfect. I am certainly not perfect, but I strive to give them no hold on me. I read my Bible every day,

and pray to God to pour out his Holy Spirit upon me, that I may grow in grace, and walk in his ways more freely. Pray for us."

After describing a cyclone in the Mediterranean, in which everything was given up for lost, and during which he prayed for mercy and deliverance, a chief-mate says:

"Alas, I soon f^orgot my prayers and vows!"

On a subsequent voyage, in a barque to South America, being attacked with sickness, he was shut up in his cabin five weeks. While there, he read the tracts which the second mate had given him, and they produced conviction. He says, "What could I do? I prayed to God and gave my heart to him, and promised never to forget him again. My days passed lonesome, and my nights were troubled with dreams, but God had mercy upon me, and I pray continually that he will keep me from sin."

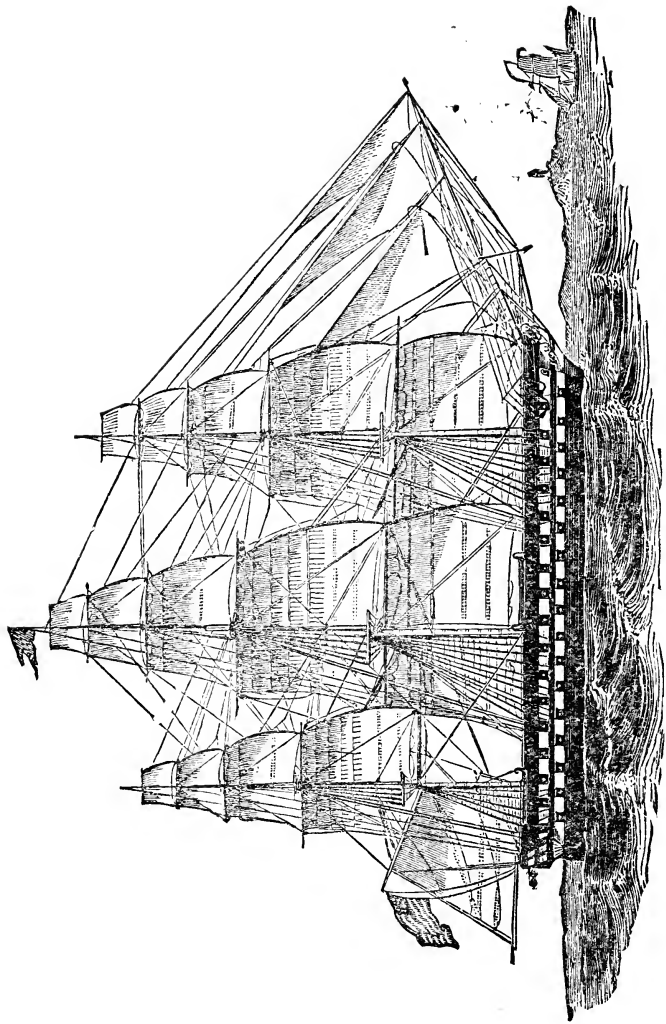
Another writes, on the eve of sailing :

"*Dear Sir*—I wrote to inform you, that I feel myself, by the grace of God, a renewed man. I have devoted myself, and send up my prayers to God, whom I acknowledge to be supreme over all the world. I have been a very wicked sinner, but I believe there is hope for even me. For the last eight or nine years, I have been not only serving the devil, but have been fighting the gospel of God, and opposing the servants of the church. Yet God is merciful to me. He has many times warned me of my danger, but I hardened my heart, time after time, going deeper and deeper into sin, until it pleased him to send his servant after me to show me my doom, if I still persisted in my sin ; and I am now determined to thank and praise his holy name forever. I fear not the world. Man may take my body and destroy it, but he cannot touch my soul. I only hope that God will spare me a little longer. I pray to him for this—that I may know that I

am saved through the blood of Jesus Christ, who died on the cross that I might have everlasting life. I hope, on my return, to find a good boarding-house, where I shall hear the word of God instead of the blasphemy of the devil. I pray to God to watch over me, and guard me from evil thoughts and ways, and blot out forever all my iniquities ; and that he will bless you, and all the assembly in the Mariners' church."

The next is from the captain of a vessel. It illustrates the reflex influence of the good work on board the receiving ship, and is dated at sea, July, 1859. He says :

"I want to tell you a little about the struggle I had with myself. I did not feel quite certain what my duty was. I am so weak and have so little wisdom and confidence in myself, that it seemed a mountain. But I have been to my Heavenly Father with it, and feel that I must go forward, and do the best I can. So I called the men aft and told them I did not want any swearing, and that at six o'clock every evening there would be prayers in the cabin. I would be glad to see them all there, but would not compel them. One said 'he would as soon be there as anywhere.' The mate called them aft at six, and to my surprise, every man on board, except the man at the wheel, came in. I read the 18th chapter of Luke. They were all very attentive, and when I knelt in prayer, they all, except the officers, knelt with me. Oh, that I might see every one of them Christians! Pray that I may so live before them that they will know that I want them all to be God's children. On the 10th, I read the 15th and 17th chapters of John—also, an account of the meetings on board the North Carolina, to which they all listened very attentively. Never did I feel my own weakness as I do now. In God is all my strength, and I do know he has helped me : to him be all the praise."



PAGE 331.—"U. S. RECEIVING SHIP OHIO."

CHAPTER XVII.

A GRACIOUS PROVIDENCE—U. S. R. S. OHIO—*THE SINNER.*

Scenes re-enacted—Man proposes, God disposes—The Pentecostal gift—A minister's son—New use for sweat boxes—Devoted to the ministry—Sailor a curiosity—Ordained deacon—Happy day—Depth of mercy—Effect of a sermon—Tribute of praise—A mother's influence—Cause and effect—A focal point—A father's last words—Home memories—A hungry soul—A mother's prayer answered—Love cannot die—Promotion—Again on the orlop-deck—Last request—"Introduce me to Jesus"—The sinner—Sceptical queries—A mother's tears—Heart troubled—"Behold, he prayeth"—A brief abstract—Dies among his kindred.

IT was a very gracious providence, that, in October, 1858, called for the transfer of two hundred and thirty naval recruits from the receiving ship Ohio, in Boston, to the North Carolina, in New York. By their removal they were unwittingly brought within the sphere of the Divine influence, that many of them might be eternally saved. It is not implied in this expression that the United States' naval authorities intended to bring about any such beneficent result; but merely to record the fact, that numbers were saved as the sequence of that transfer, and being saved, were returned six months afterwards, to the ship whence they came. These men, in the ensuing April, carrying within them the Divine life, were permitted to re-enact the scenes of the Old North, on the berth-deck of the Ohio, whence, together with others, who were born of God, through their agency, they were sent

forth to scatter the divine seed to the ends of the earth. Surely Jehovah is a wonder-working God! Who could have predicted the blessed results flowing from that removal?

J. A. Morris has told us that in that draft there was not one, when they left Boston, who took the name of Christ Jesus on his lips, except in blasphemy. Behold the mercy of our God! A carping critic may be led to ask, with indignation, to what purpose is this waste? Why send these men to New York, and keep them on pay for six months, only to send them all back again? The proper response to such questions is, "God willed it." "Man proposes, God disposes." The delightful meeting in the saloon of the steamer, on the passage to Boston, is evidence of this.

But the Divine wisdom is still further manifest in the good work continued on board the Ohio, where many souls were born again, and became themselves instrumental in the conversion of their shipmates, some of whom bore aloft the banner of Christ during the entire cruise of three years on the coast of Africa, as did others in the various sea-ports of China and Japan. Nor was this all. The Pentecostal gift was carried by renewed hearts through all the squadrons of the U. S. Navy, and to many divisions of the army, from that time forward until the close of the war. The full extent of their influence, it will be impossible either to measure or compute.

The brethren who remained on board the Ohio kept me informed of the progress, character, and extent of the work carried forward among them. A few days after they were comfortably located, I went on to Boston, and on Sunday, the 8th of May, preached on board the Ohio,

to a very large and attentive audience. The word spoken was manifestly blessed of God, and souls were awakened from the sleep of death, as subsequent correspondence clearly indicated.

After reaching home, I received the following, from J. B. L., dated May 10th, 1859:

“My Dear Pastor—I am rejoiced that you came on to see us. You can have no idea of the benefit derived from your visit—not to the brethren alone, but to others. We had a good meeting last night. The young minister who accompanied you, spent the evening with us. N. and G. have taken a bold stand on the Lord’s side. N. is twenty-one years old; has been four years and a half at sea; is the son of a minister. G. has been fifteen years at sea. Both are English, and both were converted here. They have accepted our confession of faith, which was read to them according to your instructions.

“Oh, my dear pastor, it makes my blood run cold when I look back upon my past life, stained by every vice! My example has done much harm. I have been a drunkard, a swearer, a gambler—in short, everything contrary to the law of God; and yet, after all, He has been pleased to forgive me. I have now that blessed hope. Oh that I may be permitted to do something for Him who has done so much for me!”

Three days later he writes:

“We have delightful meetings on board. Three more have taken the decisive step, and others are inquiring the way to the cross. I am in receipt of yours of the 11th inst., and a letter from the Portsmouth. Several of the brethren have been assigned to her. They are, the writer tells me, truly happy. The captain has given them permission to pray as much as they like. The first lieutenant has loaned them one of the sweat-boxes* for a

* These instruments of torture—the invention of which is worthy of the genius of a Torquemada—were dark closets, about six feet high by two and a-half wide, made just deep enough for a man to stand upright in

library case. I hope and pray that the whole of them may be converted to the same use. Would it not be joyful to be in a ship where the whole crew were Christians? I long to see the day when the sailor will assume and maintain his true place in society."

I may add here, as evincing the permanency of the blessed influence, that the dear brother who wrote this left the navy a few weeks after this date, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry. He commenced a course of study to that end, and entered Nashota College, Michigan, whence he wrote to me from time to time. In a letter written in December, 1859, he says ·

"A sailor seems to be a curiosity in this region, judging from the amazement of some of them when I told them that I had ploughed the deep for more than ten years. They do not seem to understand that a sailor can become a Christian. How great the contrast between my life now and one year ago! Then I was hard and fast on board the guard-ship, not knowing that I had a friend in the world. Now, I am surrounded by hosts of them. Ought not I to be thankful to our Heavenly Father for his love and kindness to me? Oh, how I long for the time when I shall go forth as one of the messengers of his love!"

Our brother continued his studies until the breaking out of the rebellion. He then entered the southern army. At the close of the war, he resumed his studies, and as his sister informed me, under date of June 7th, 1880, was

them, and allow the door to close. A few auger holes in the upper part of the door, to admit air, were the only apertures. For trifling faults men were enclosed in these coffins for as many hours as the passion or judgment of the petty despot of the quarter-deck might determine. From these, at the expiration of the sentence, men were often taken out so prostrated by their entombment, as to require the offices of the ship's surgeon to resuscitate them. I believe the use of them is now forbidden.

in due time ordained deacon of the Episcopal Church. She adds :

“We who loved him and appreciated all that was noble in him, had marked out for him a bright and useful career in the future. But God ordered it otherwise. He went to Texas ; and while on a return visit to his home, contracted a fever which eventuated in his death in the spring of 1879.

One of the seamen referred to by brother L—, wrote me from the Ohio :

“I assure you, dear pastor, it was a happy day for me when an old shipmate of mine invited me to go down with him to the prayer-meeting. I was astonished to find him a Christian, and to hear him speak of the preciousness of Jesus to his soul. I there and then made a resolution to go myself to Jesus. At the close of the service I signed the pledge, determined to drink no more. At the next gathering, I arose and confessed Christ as my Saviour. A load was lifted from my heart. I felt happier than I had ever been before. I retired to my hammock and prayed. I have been praying ever since. I feel like a new-born soul. Henceforth let others do as they will ; I am determined to serve God. I love the word of God now. I never could bear to read it before. I pray the Holy Spirit to enlighten me, that I may understand all I read.”

The minister's son, referred to above as N—, wrote me, rejoicing over his conversion, which he considered would be a blessing to his parents, as well as to himself. He had been apprenticed to a business with which he soon became disgusted, and determined to go to sea. His mother was broken-hearted, his father inconsolable. But they reluctantly gave their consent, and he shipped in 1853 for Melbourne, N. S. W. From this date, he says:

“My career of wickedness commenced.

‘Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy for a wretch like me?’

“Oh yes, there can be, there is. I know it, I feel it. From Melbourne I went to India and China. Was absent over two years. In all this time, while conscience was doing her work, I was plunging deeper and deeper into sin. ‘No peace, saith my God, to the wicked.’ So I found it. The thought of death and the despair of my broken-hearted mother haunted me. I drank, drank deep, to drown my sorrow. But, thank God, all that is now changed. I go now to my Saviour’s feet and pour out my woes there. He alone can hear, and can give comfort to a poor outcast mortal. The afternoon you preached on board the Ohio, I had a hard struggle between the voice of conscience and the pride and shame of my own heart. I thank God now that the struggle is over. I feel a peace the world can neither give nor take away. I have laid my burden upon Christ, and I know that he has borne it away. Whatever of persecution I may have to endure, I am resolved to bear patiently for him who died for me, a poor miserable sinner. I will endeavor to lead others into the right way. I have nailed my colors to the mast, determined, with divine assistance, to gain the victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, or perish in the attempt. I hope, as you have been the means in the hand of God, of my finding peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that you will continue to pray for me, that I may prove faithful unto death.”

Another reports later :

“We are carrying on our evening meetings. New faces are present every night, and from the interest manifested, I think a goodly number of souls may yet be saved. R—— and I expect to go in the Portsmouth with other brethren. Do not forget to pray for us.”

Nearly two months later, the work of grace was still progressing. A brother wrote :

“The Hartford’s brethren have all things arranged to commence their meeting, and are desirous of having a library to take with them. The carpenter of the ship is a godly man, and has taken great interest in the welfare of the church members.”

Still another from the same ship wrote :

“*Dear Pastor*—It is with heart-felt gratitude to God, in the first place, who has called me out of darkness into his marvellous light, that I here record my tribute of praise. I thank you also, whom he has blessed as the instrument in bringing me to what I am. His mercies to me, an unworthy worm, are many. Glory to his most holy name ! I look on my past life and shudder, as I recall the many warnings I received, and the many calls he has sent, to turn my erring footsteps into the right way, all of which I suffered to pass unheeded. I thank him that I was led to listen to the call that you sounded in my ears. I believe that if I had rejected that, I should never have had another.”

He closes by praying for all who are engaged in efforts to bring in the wandering mariners to the path of virtue and peace.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Some rare Christians were on board the old North Carolina. Many of these are living and exerting an influence for Christ at the present day. Yet how little do we know of the causes that wrought together to produce such great effects. How many lines of prayerful interest, from all lands, centred on that orlop deck, we shall perhaps never know. Here and there only, we can trace a connection between an effect, and, what we may designate as the remote or the proximate cause whence it originated. How many mothers have careless sons at sea ! How devoutly they pray to their covenant God in Christ for these sons ! Is it wonderful then that when so many

of those wandering heirs of eternal life were gathered as material for the coming war, on board the North Carolina, she should become the focal point in which these prayers met; or that she should become the recruiting centre for the army of the Prince of Peace. Into that godless company, there collected, in 1858 and 1859, many objects of maternal affection and sympathy were brought, in the order of Divine Providence, that they might be born again in response to their mothers' prayers.

The conversion of one such is here given by way of illustration. His own narrative, as he wrote it twenty-five years ago, is here appended. It teaches us that the influence of a Christian mother is the same in every land. The writer was converted amid those blessed revival scenes. He states:

“I was born in Wurtemberg, on the borders of Austria. My father was a soldier, and had command of a station of land police. As far as his duty permitted, he lived quietly at home. Earthly pleasures had no charm for him. His time was divided between his king, his family, and his Father in heaven. He taught his children to love Jesus and to walk in the way of life. My dear, good mother was a praying woman. Well do I remember how, on her knees, she entreated me, a wild, careless boy, to alter my way of life. I shed bitter tears now as I call to mind the sorrows I caused my dear parents; for they both loved me very much, in spite of my wickedness, and at great expense educated me for usefulness in this life, and for the life to come. But I gave way to a life of recklessness. In my fourteenth year I entered the office of the mayor of the city to study law. I remained with him a year, and made some progress in my studies. But I went on from sin to sin, and in 1854 concluded to leave home, become a sailor, and go to the United States. My parents at first opposed my purpose, but afterwards, committing the matter to

God, gave their consent. Having their blessing, and the prayers of my brothers and sisters, I took my departure. I shall never forget the parting scene. My father's last words to me were, 'My son, always keep God in your heart, and before your eyes.' My mother's counsel was, 'Never be weary of praying.' These precious words still ring in my ears. Since then I have looked death in the face, many, many times, yet my heart became so hardened, that tender letters from home, even failed to induce me to forsake my sins. Eventually I came on board this vessel. Here it was, in the orlop deck, that the kind advice of my parents came back to me with great force. Here my transgressions were brought before my eyes, and in the agony of my soul I cried out, 'Father, have mercy! Oh, have mercy!' It was on board this ship, in my hammock, that I promised to serve God forever. That evening, in the fore-peak, remembering my dear mother's prayers, I offered a broken heart to God, and I know that he accepted it, because he has said, 'him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' My soul is hungry for the love of God, and the sympathy of my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I pray for his Holy Spirit, that I may avoid sin, and never, by my example, induce others to trespass against him. I long indulged in the pleasures of this world. But now my eyes are opened. My attention is fixed on objects more durable, even those which will last forever and ever. How can I be thankful enough to God for his mercies toward me? How shall I praise him for his Holy Spirit, who teaches me his holy word? I can now look forward to death, not with fear and trembling, but with longing desire. When death comes, if God will loose my stammering tongue, my thanks and my praises shall sound forever and ever.

“How glorious it will be to meet father and mother, brothers and sisters, before the throne of the Lamb slain for us, where we shall separate no more, but shall ascribe glory and power to the Lamb for all eternity! As I look back over my past life, I now see the wonderful working of that Providence which took me

out from a comfortable home, and into the midst of a life of cares and troubles, that I might be brought to my senses, and return, like the prodigal son, to my Father's house. My mother's prayers are answered. I know that no day passes without prayer ascending in my behalf.

"Serving God is now the delight of my soul. Sometimes a squall of temptation breaks over me, but I go to Jesus. He will never forsake me. I am a living monument of the grace of God. With the help of God I will continue on in the good path which leads to that rest, where sorrow and cares are no more."

It is my privilege to testify that the good promises made by our brother are being now fulfilled, twenty-five years after they were made. Having passed through the war of the Rebellion with honor, and risen from before the mast to be ensign in the U. S. Navy, he was at the close of the war appointed to a lieutenancy in the U. S. Revenue Marine service. In that capacity he is now serving (Dec. 1883), with the promise of a command. But what is better than all earthly preferment, he still walks with Christ, maintains a Christian profession on board his vessel, and is anticipating the hour of a full discharge, with a sublime Christian confidence in the promises of the Word. In a letter to me, dated October 24, 1880, he writes :

"Your letter of the 12th gives me great pleasure. It convinces me that all have not forgotten me. As for my remembering you, how can I allow to slip from my memory any person connected with the never-to-be-forgotten time of 1858-9, on board the Old North? I think of you often and gratefully, for your labor among us at that time. I still cling to the Saviour, who in his love and mercy then remembered me as one of the missing out of his fold. Why am I so blessed as to be called by him, as I am one of the weakest of his followers? But who can fathom the love and long-suffering of our Heavenly Father? It

is he who commenced the good work in me, and my comfort is that I know he cannot leave his work unfinished, so I struggle along in my weakness, trusting to him for strength. I am still permitted to call my Creator my Father. Who can comprehend his love for me?

“Twenty-two years makes some change in a man’s appearance. You may not remember my looks. But I thank God that he has enabled you to keep a place in your heart for me. I have thought of you often, as one afar off; but receiving your letters seems to me like a coming home out of some strange land. I speculate much on the meetings in the hereafter. For surely the love which God puts in our hearts for others cannot die. Yes, God’s arrangements are best. Absence from my family and the discomforts of a sea-going life may cause me sometimes to complain, but when I remember what I was, and think of what I hope to be, I can only say, ‘Who am I, O Lord, that thou, in thy mercy, shouldst remember me?’ I am fully alive to my own unworthiness, and to his great love for me. I deplore my own want of love to him and my inability to do anything involving sacrifice of myself. I look at my men, and ask myself the question, ‘How can I do them any good for my Master’s sake?’ What is my example? Speak for Jesus? Yes, whenever opportunity offers itself. And yet, after all, what do I do for Him? I cry over lost opportunities. Want of trust and faith. Your prayers for me, (1 Thess. v. 23), I stand in great need of. May the very God of peace sanctify me wholly. There is so much of the world hanging like a heavy load on me, that His long-suffering is a marvel.

“I live over again the scenes of long ago. How often do I think of that time, and am again on the orlop-deck, close by the old wheel, or chock forward in the eyes of her. And then, after we left the ‘North,’ our little gatherings between two guns on the starboard side during our cruise in the Portsmouth. On reflection, I am astonished at the long-suffering of my God, and pray to him to let me see more of his great love for weak and sinful

men, that my life may be one act of thanksgiving, and all my doings be to his glory. Your quotations from Proverbs iii. 6 : ‘ In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths,’ has been the foundation of my prayer almost constantly of late. My cry to him is, ‘ Let me keep close to thee, or I am lost.’ I took a firmer stand on his side this season, and you know that such a course is easily noticed by one’s shipmates. There is no one here with whom I can freely talk of these things, and hearing from you gives me new courage—knowing you as I do, and being sure of your prayers in my behalf. Please write again. Your letters help me.

“ Faithfully yours,

A. B.”

THE LAST EARTHLY REQUEST.

The brevity and uncertainty of life is nowhere so fully and frequently made manifest as it is in our intercourse with the men who go down to the sea in ships. So many poor fellows go forth from us in the full vigor of life, never to return. Of some we receive tidings, and learn the times and manner of their taking off. From others there comes no message, their future history is a blank, to be filled up only by the records of the Great Day.

The following brief epistle is from a young man who united with my church on the 6th of March, 1859. Twelve days after his connection with the church militant, he sailed for the southern coast. Within five short months he joined the church triumphant, above. His last earthly request is here recorded. It is dated March 18th, 1859, and reads thus :

‘ *Dear Sir*—Leaving New York in haste, I regret not having time to call on you in person. I only write now to inform you of my feelings of respect and friendship which now exist and ever shall exist for you. I am going out as steward of the barque

American Eagle. I shall carry with me, deeply implanted in my heart, the many acts of kindness which you have shown me. I am bound for Galveston, Texas, and now bid you adieu, hoping you may live long to benefit your fellow-men. I would ask as a favor, that you and my fellow-members of the Mariners' church would remember me in your prayers, and invoke the blessing of God on the sea-tossed mariner. Should that God whom I adore, see fit to take me to heaven, I pray that I may meet you and all the members of our church in a better world, where moth and rust do not corrupt our treasures nor do 'thieves break through and steal.'

“Yours with respect,

W. V.”

All that was heard of our young brother after this, was that he was sent ashore sick, in Havana, on the 29th of July, and died of yellow fever on the 2nd of August. Just four months and twenty-seven days from his union with the church on earth, he joined “the general assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.”

In the month of April, an incident occurred, which, while it is but one of many of like character in the general, has some details which possess peculiar interest, as much for its own individual importance, in illustrating the sovereignty of the Divine Spirit, in having mercy “on whom he will have mercy,” as for the wide-spread influence exerted by the subject of it, both in the navy and in the army, during the rebellion.

A German sailor, who had held a command in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1848 and 1851, was transferred with the rank of lieutenant, to the Prussian navy, and appointed naval instructor in a training ship for midshipmen. Subsequently he became a gambler and a duellist, and finally sunk from the command of a man-of-war to the level of a sailor before the mast. He was at

the lowest point in his descent, when he came under my notice. An expression of his own, while under deep conviction of sin, will serve as a caption to this narrative. It was :

“INTRODUCE ME TO JESUS !”

That seamen have not been thoroughly understood, and as a consequence not fully appreciated, is an assertion that needs no proof. “He is only a sailor,” has often served to quiet a clamoring conscience, to excuse an inexcusable timidity, to justify an unjust conclusion, or to discourage, and paralyze effort, which if put forth might have proved successful in winning souls.

If a cause for this want of appreciation be sought, it may be found in the general ignorance of the real traits of the sailor character. This ignorance arises from two causes. First, from the fact that his life at sea is known only to his roving companions, and that on shore only the worst features of his character are thrust prominently forward as a result of the predominance of his unrestrained passions and appetites, and the low character of his surroundings. Secondly, because the church of God has never yet fully realized his personal need of a Saviour, nor been sufficiently interested to inquire into his fitness for, or the necessity and importance of his co-operation, as a factor, in the work of evangelizing the world.

Seamen, as a class, are by no means so low, either intellectually or socially as they are supposed to be. For under a rough and ungainly exterior, there often lurks not only a warm, affectionate and benevolent heart, but also an intellectual ability, a business capacity and a gentlemanly, polite and chivalrous nature, which are wanting

in many on shore, whose opportunities and advantages have been far superior to theirs. The dull, the stupid, the timid, the nerveless and the inefficient, are not the boys who go to sea. Nor are they who are driven from home by a spirit of adventure and desire for freedom from restraint, necessarily of low standing, socially. The very reverse of this is full often the case. An impatience of control, an unwillingness to be fettered by parental or academical requirements, and a desire to recover health, has sent many an educated and disciplined mind, many a fervid imagination, and many an energetic, and resolute soul to sea. Richard Dana, the author of “Two Years before the Mast,” and Herman Melville, of *Typee* fame, are cases in point. It is not claimed that the majority of seamen will come up to this standard; but that many do, and that the number of the intelligent, the efficient, the thoughtful among them, is far greater than many suppose. Seamen’s chaplains who have been for years in correspondence with them, who have gained their confidence, and have learned their inward mind, could throw much light on this subject, if their experience were brought out. Too much of this evidence, however, is lost, either because it is not deemed prudent to publish confidential communications, or because, if divested of privacy, such points of interest as might be useful, find no channel through which they may be utilized.

Without the fear of violating any confidence, and with the assurance that the very channel needed is afforded by these pages, I present the following narrative, as illustrating points of character sometimes met with among seamen, and as introducing another of those biographical sketches, for the details of which I am indebted to the

men themselves ; though it must be admitted that they were written without any idea of their ever appearing in print.

The subject of this sketch, as I have said, was a sailor before the mast. While passing the Mariners' church, on Sabbath evening, April 17, 1859, on his way, as I afterward learned from his own lips, to a lager bier saloon in the Bowery, he was arrested by the singing. Curiosity led him to enter and listen to the preaching of the Gospel. I had administered the Lord's Supper that afternoon, on board the North Carolina ; and on returning to my own church, with my soul all aglow with love for poor perishing sinners, I preached from the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Luke xviii. 13. I had the barest scrap of a skeleton that evening, and do not remember much of what I said, save that I called attention to the fact that this prayer was "acceptable worship ;" that it was expressive, (1.) Of a sense of sin, which, like faith, is common to all who come aright to God. (2.) Confession of sin ; personal unworthiness. (3.) Sorrow for sin ; a godly sorrow that will never need to be repented of. (4.) An acknowledgment that God is the only source of help. I also spoke of the prayer being characterized by humility, simplicity and self-loathing ; and as being a direct personal appeal, which every one has need to make to God. I called attention in closing to the fact that in the original, the definite article is written before the word sinner, and I deduced from that, the conclusion, that a true conception of the heinousness of our sins would lead us to sympathize with Paul, who acknowledged himself the very chief of sinners ; and with this publican, who, instead of vaunting his

goodness, like the Pharisee, cried, as he beat on his breast, "God be merciful to me, *the* sinner!"

That this idea impressed our German sailor, will appear in his letter to me, which I received a day or two afterwards. This letter is certainly a very original and a very frank communication. In it he claims to be "the sinner." An attempt to abbreviate it, or change its form, would only destroy its idiomatic individuality, and serve to lessen its value. It is dated April 18th, the day following the sermon, and runs thus:

"*Most Reverend Sir*—I attended your service last night and did not lose a word you said. I had a strange feeling in me, which I cannot account for. Perhaps I am the greatest sinner of the whole congregation there assembled; although I never committed sins or crimes which would be punished by the law. If one has to pray, 'God be merciful to me *the* sinner,' it is me; and I would pray so, most sincerely, if my mind was not disturbed with doubts which I cannot dispel. You said everybody might come to you for instruction. I stand in great need of it. So I come to you, and pray you to clear my mind of these doubts, and convince me of facts I cannot understand. I lay my thoughts open to you.

"I have not been in any church, except from curiosity, since I went to sea, some twenty years ago. Although of very pious parents, I do not recollect having prayed to God since my boyhood, when I prayed before my mother. I never went to communion but once, and that was the day after I was confirmed. I saw on that day, the same person who in the morning gave me the bread and wine, in the evening, intoxicated; and my young mind imagined that he might have been drinking of the same wine he administered to me in the Holy Sacrament. Ever since that time I have had an aversion to ministers, and especially to Catholic priests, as I have seen so many of them look upon their vocation as a trade, which they exercise for money, when their

very actions contradict their words. I know it is not the bread and wine of the Communion that does it, but it is the faith in it. I have no faith in this. How can this benefit the soul of man? when he may think, at the same time he takes the wine, perhaps the parson has been bargaining for this wine, where he could get it cheapest. This same wine he may put on his own table for his sensual wants. I know that Jesus ordered this Communion, but was Jesus really the Son of God? That is the question I cannot solve. He said, a true Christian must believe in the Bible as the word of God. I confess I never owned a Bible since I went from home, and I never felt the need of it; so I don't know much about it, excepting what I learned in my childhood. But I have read the works of theologians, who plainly showed there were many contradictions in the Bible.

“God, in his perfection, never can contradict himself; how, therefore, can it be the word of God? Is there not an untruth in the Bible, in the very beginning of it, when it says that Adam was the first man in the creation? How could Cain, after he had slain his brother Abel, go into another land and take unto himself a wife there? It says, we all came from Adam. How is it possible when there is so many races? I will only allude to the negro race. Where did those islands of Australia, which never can have been a part of ‘terra firma,’ get their population? I would to God that I could believe in the Bible, and have some faith on which to build my hopes of salvation. But this faith I have not, for I do not believe in the Bible.

“This brings me again to my first question, ‘Is Jesus really the Son of God?’ In the works I referred to, this question is answered with ‘No!’ And it is my belief. He was a man like us, but a pious and great man, who was sincere in his wish and in his striving to build up another religion which he thought the best. He testified his sincerity, and his wish to bring the human kind to the only true faith, to the adoration of the only one God, who has no equal. What guarantee have we to believe that he was the Son of God? What guarantee is there that we should

believe in all the wonders which he performed, and his disciples after him? Why cannot we think that all these recounted wonders are written down to induce the readers by it to embrace Christianity?

“The Bible has been translated into so many different languages: who can say that all the translations are correct? Who can swear what God did first when he created the world? The Bible tells you the transactions of every day, tells you the history of the human kind, then living, when they knew nothing of writing. Can it be the traditions that went from father to son, from generation to generation, that we put our belief in? How these traditions, thousands of years old, may be disfigured! But still the Bible tells them to us, and in the Bible we must believe, as it is the foundation of our faith, and the word of God. I often think about these things till my heart and head grow dizzy.

“The Bible speaks of a future life—of the last day of judgment, of heavenly reward, and of eternal damnation in hell. Are there really such things? Does our own soul live until the day of judgment comes? or does it taste of the promised happiness of the repentant sinner, and the punishment of the unrepentant sinner? What is hell? There cannot be a place of torture beyond this world, because if there were, God could not be all-forgiving and all-loving. I have formed my belief that there is no future life, and that which is spoken of hell and happiness lies in our own conscience; which, therefore, ends with our own life. Our souls are immortal? Why not believe that our souls are transferred to a being on another planet, and so on and on, until we are purified and prepared to stand before the face of God?

“Deity cannot sin or be tempted. But are not the men in the image of God tempted, even by Deity itself?—as it planted the germ of evil in the hearts of men and it made the paths of virtue narrow, rugged and full of privations, where the path to vice is smooth and broad and full of pleasures. Why has Providence made these two paths at least alike, that a man may be in

dread to tread the path of virtue? If Jesus was the Son of God, how could he be tempted of the Evil Spirit, under which, I understand Jesus' own thoughts and reflections at that time? How could he cry to God that the chalice might pass from his lips? How could he exclaim, 'God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' The Son of God must have been irreproachable, without stain. How could he lose his trust, his confidence in his own Father? When God actually wrought wonders at that time to bring mankind to the true faith, why does he not do it now?—to unite us all—Mussulman, Jew, and Catholic in the true Church? If we shall believe in a future life, why does he not allow the souls of our departed friends to come to us, and give us assurance that there is a place of punishment and reward? Would not this be the best way to lead the sinner to the path of virtue, to convert the unbelieving?

“The thoughts come crowding upon me as I write them down incoherently; just as my mind is torn by continued doubts and troubles, with no sure point to rest upon, with no hopes for the future, and no sincere regret for the past, as long as I do not feel the pangs of conscience. I have been in situations in life where even this life seemed a burthen to me, and I did not look upon it as a crime to terminate it, when it was tiresome to me. It is a present given to me from God. Why should I wait till he takes it from me again? If I seek rest, and I know there is no rest for me but in the grave, why shall I toil on, on this earth—perhaps a burthen to myself and to others, when I can give God his present, my life, back again? Our great philosopher, Kant, says, ‘Only a knave thinks a life covered with shame, better than not to exist at all.’

“I am unhappy because I cannot believe, because I cannot have faith, until my mind is released from its doubts, until I feel convinced that I am wrong in my belief, in my assertions. I should bless the hour, when the moment comes to me that I shall understand all unknown truths which are now darkening my mind. As Jesus introduces us to God, so, reverend sir,

introduce me to Jesus, that I may not be eternally damned, but my soul may be saved, that I may pray with a sore repenting heart, 'God be merciful to me the sinner.' If you could spare me one hour, you would be able to relieve my mind, and make me happy again, through faith.

"I envied my mother and sisters when I saw them going to church every Sunday, and conversing with such pious feelings afterwards over the sermon. When I left them, a few months ago, I could not comply with the earnest wishes of my aged mother, whom I most likely never shall see again, to go with them to Communion. How could I, who believe in nothing but my own conscience, go to the table of our Lord with thoughts like mine in my bosom? Would it not have been blasphemy in the sight of God? I told my mother my reasons for not going to church or Communion. She could only weep for me, but could not persuade me into another belief. Can it be possible that I can be made to believe? that my mind can be relieved of those doubts which are continually preying upon it? This is for you to decide, most reverend sir. I am not a sinner from principle, but by misguided thoughts and reflections. My heart is susceptible of every good feeling. Why should it not accept the true faith, if relieved from doubts and uncertainties concerning it?

"You said, a sinner is never too far gone to repent, but he must come with an open heart to God; if not, he will be eternally damned. Your sermon wonderfully moved me last night, and my heart is troubled, not with any fear of future punishment, but with a strong desire, and the most earnest wish to learn and know the truth. I do not know how long I shall stay here, but I shall attend your meetings whenever I can. I have laid before you my inmost thoughts, just as they come crowding in my mind. I have concealed nothing. If you believe those irreligious principles of mine, which I have nourished some twenty years, can be chased away by the true faith, I shall bring you a confiding and a trusting heart. And my mother will bless you

from my far off home, when she shall hear that her son has returned to God. I shall be to-morrow evening in the lecture-room, and be most glad and thankful to you, to hear that you will devote an hour to me at any time you like to appoint.

“ I have the honor to subscribe myself, most reverend sir,

“ Humbly and respectfully,

“ EMIL S.”

In accordance with this communication, I met the writer in the lecture-room of the church, brought him to my house, discussed some of his objections, and having made an appointment for a future conference, sent him away, partially relieved, and somewhat encouraged to believe that the difficulties, he had raised were not only not as formidable as he feared, but that most of them existed only in his own mind ; were more imaginary than real.

At the second interview, which was the next day, we spent an hour or more, and closed with prayer to God for the illuminating grace of the Holy Spirit. Before leaving, he expressed his gratitude to me for my patience, stating that one doubt only remained, and that pertained to the divinity of Christ. I had been reading, a few days before, “ The Christ of History,” by John Young, M. A., of London. I felt that it was admirably adapted to his case. I therefore said to him, “ This little book contains just what you need. Take it, read it carefully and prayerfully, and let me know the result.” He returned a few days afterwards very much relieved. His anxiety had disappeared, and in its place had come a cheerful look of satisfaction. He had the appearance of a man who had been relieved of a load of care ; and as he handed me the book, he said, “ My every doubt is now removed.” I responded, “ I am indeed very glad. Now let us thank God for his goodness.” We bowed together and offered thanks

for the removal of his doubts and errors. At the close of the prayer, I was about to rise, but to my surprise, he, instead of moving, poured out his heart in thanksgiving to God, reciting also, in a clear voice, the Lord's prayer; and that too with an unction that might unhesitatingly be considered as having its source in the heart.

I saw him frequently after this previous to his going again to sea, and was gratified to perceive his growth in grace and in knowledge. Being so much interested in what he had written in his letter to me, I requested him to give me some account of his previous life. This he cheerfully did, and I give an abstract of it below. It certainly will serve to magnify the grace of God, and prove that he is not confined in the dispensations of his mercy to any class or previous condition of morality in the choice by which he brings poor sinners to himself.

Born in Rendsburg, Schleswig-Holstein, the son of devout parents, who gave him an education such as fitted him for the first society; his youth sadly corrupted and stained by flagrant immoralities; running away to go to sea; breaking the heart of his parents; his life at sea characterized by more than the ordinary perils, vicissitudes and hair-breath escapes, and of the most abject abandonment. Now an aimless wanderer, the victim of unrestrained lusts and passions, among the barracoons of the coast of Guinea; and now walking the quarter-deck. Now in command of a man-of-war, and now a drunken sailor before the mast; now besotted and degraded in his own eyes, and now converted at the age of thirty-six, and rising to the position of chief-officer; again, in the navy and in the army of the United States, holding up the banner of Christ for seven years, and finally returning home to

his mother, whose heart was gladdened in that she could glorify God and say, "This my son was dead and is alive again ; he was lost and is found."

This is a brief history of forty-three years of his eventful career. The close of his life, in 1868, is told by his sister below. After the attack on Port Hudson, in which he bore an honorable part, he was invalided and sent to the Naval Hospital at Brooklyn. On his recovery he left the hospital at the time when large bounties were being paid for entering the army ; and in March, 1864, he enlisted, as I learned, in a New York cavalry regiment, went down into Virginia, and somewhere in that great grave-yard, the valley of the Shenandoah, I lost him. No letter ever came after that from my heretofore faithful and voluminous correspondent and spiritual child. From this silence I inferred his death ; but in the early part of 1880, I found means of corresponding with a sister of his, living in his native town, and from her I received the following, dated April 2nd, 1880 :

"Honored Sir—Our Emil returned over twelve years ago, in January, 1868, a broken-down man. He found here, with his mother and sisters, a home. Every care and attention was bestowed upon him. After lingering two years he died of softening of the brain. He is buried in our Peace Yard, beside the dear ones gone before. His mother, then in her eightieth year, saw her heart's dearest wish gratified, that he should not die in a foreign land, as a stranger, unknown and unregretted.

"After his return from the war," she says, "he went to sea again, was paralyzed, and subsequently laid up in a hospital." She adds, "The reason he did not apply to you in his sickness, I find in one of his letters, in which he says—'Friends I have none here, since Pastor Jones does not reside in New York now.'

Otherwise he would never have failed to seek succor and help from you, sir, his most highly appreciated friend, in whom he would have found that Christian love and sympathy which you, dear sir, ever showed him so fully, and would not have refused him. My husband, my sister and I myself thank you for all the loving-kindness and charity of heart that you, sir, so unremittingly showed our poor brother. We implore God's richest, choicest blessing for your reward. What fulness of love must have room in your heart, that after so many years have gone by, you should search for and try to follow those to whom you showed so much of loving humanity, and taught and preached to them such godly charity. It is to me to-day ever a source of bitter grief to know that such love was awaiting, even searching for him, and that he was not permitted to find you. Perhaps many things might have turned out differently. Who can solve us this enigma? why it should have been thus. With sincere wishes for your welfare, I remain, most reverend, sir,

“Your deeply grateful,

CLARA W.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

U. S. STEAMER SAVANNAH—LIGHT SPREADING.

Altar of God set up—Character of the leader—Course mapped out—Prayer on the berth-deck—Work progressing—Living witnesses—Varied experiences—Offended dignity—A problem—Paucity of chaplains—Widening the circle of influence—Scorn and derision—Christ our Righteousness—A vender of segars—Not ashamed—Disciples scattered—No fear of the Union—Missionary spirit—Bristol Bethel service—The mortar flotilla—Letter of introduction—Under conviction of sin—The flaming torch—The ocean the arena—Word of God the torch—Ocean perils—Man's inhumanity to man.

IN my diary of July 22nd, 1858, I have mentioned the drafting of three hundred men from the receiving ship for the crew of the Savannah. Among them were several professors of religion, some members of the Mariners' churches in this city, and some, who, having been converted on board "the North," had not yet formed any church connection. All were zealous for the maintenance and advancement of the cause and kingdom of Christ among their shipmates, and expressed their determination, with Divine assistance, to labor to that end. They also pledged themselves to set up the altar of God, and to maintain public worship, as soon as transferred to their own ship, if suitable provision could be made. I procured for them a large supply of religious reading matter, and commending them to God, and to the word of his

grace, urged them to faithfulness, in view of both the cross and the crown. Before sailing, I instructed them with regard to the practice of self-denial and watchfulness against the assaults of Satan, to which I knew they would be exposed in their efforts to maintain a godly conversation in the presence of their shipmates. I also promised to keep up a regular correspondence with, and to assist them to the best of my ability. They sailed in August for the coast of Central America.

Among the brethren was a young convert, who subsequently united with my church. He was chosen one of the leaders of the meeting afterward established, and became my faithful and regular correspondent. From him I learned the details of their daily experience in spiritual things. He was a man well adapted to his position and duties; of great energy, fervent piety, and prolific of resources. He wrote and spoke easily, and well.

In education he was in advance of the general run of his shipmates; and so far from being influenced by his fears, opposition only served to develop more fully his unwavering devotion to his Saviour. His good sense, his innate modesty, the kindness of his manner and his persevering consistency, made him a favorite with his companions, and gave him a large influence among officers and men. His letters, which came to me monthly, were discriminating rather than commonplace, and detailed the varying incidents of their everyday life, their fluctuating fortunes, their growth and their decay. Their weaknesses, and their wants, their tribulations and their triumphs; the opposition they encountered, the difficulties they overcame, their intense longings for the souls of their shipmates, and their sore disappointment at their

want of success, were all faithfully and confidentially chronicled. So that in my pastoral letters, sent to them monthly, I was enabled to present such advice and counsel as was calculated to benefit them without compromising him.

After leaving New York, the brethren came together on the forward part of the berth-deck, near the brig—the place of confinement for prisoners—and held sweet communion with God, and with each other. Here they mapped out their course for the future. In a letter to me from Greytown, dated September 18th, 1858, he says: “We could not read God’s holy word there, for the want of light; neither could we sing, as we had not yet obtained permission to hold public service.” They subsequently addressed a respectful note to the captain, who, in his reply, expressed his surprise that his sailors should desire to hold a prayer-meeting, but immediately gave his consent, and appointed a place for the meeting:

“We are now, therefore,” he adds, “enabled to pass the word, every evening, ‘All who wish to attend prayer-meeting, come below, on the berth-deck, forward.’ Thank the Lord! some of the crew accept the invitation. Our number has not very largely increased. Yet, those who do come, are, in my opinion, alive to the interests of souls, and are more interested in God’s work than they were some time ago. They have been led to renew their covenant, and are more determined to win Christ, and be found in him. Our great aim is to make our shipmates sensible of their own personal unworthiness; of their death in sin, and of their life in Christ Jesus alone. We would have them see the necessity of continued, persevering prayer, and the faithful study of the divine word. Since we have taken this position, the light seems to shine more brightly, and to burn more clearly in our own souls. For a season, we could not induce the brethren to

speak freely in our meetings ; but, now, they are willing to testify to what God has done for them in giving them a good hope of eternal life. And their testimony encourages others. On the whole, I believe the good work is progressing, and that many of our shipmates will be gathered into the flock of the Good Shepherd.

“ The brethren have appointed four of us to lead the meetings in rotation. But the duty really devolves on Brother R—, and myself. Pray for us, that the Holy Spirit may dwell in our hearts, as in his own holy temple. I wish you could hear how fervently our brethren pray that we may all be taught of God, and that we may be strengthened and refreshed from on high. Brother R— visited the U. S. steamer Saratoga on Sabbath last, and found some followers of Christ among her crew. They do not hold any public service, but have promised, if possible, to obtain permission to do so. We are hoping to procure liberty to go on board of her, and give them a start. May God give them grace to come out boldly and acknowledge Christ before the world !

“ The Chagres fever has broken out among us, but none of the brethren have yet taken it. Let us hear from you often. Any counsel or advice you may proffer, will be thankfully appreciated.”

Letters of this nature continued to come monthly from this dear brother, from the date of the above until May, 1861, to all of which I faithfully responded.

A bare abstract of these epistles, containing the religious history of the Savannah's cruise, is all that can be offered in this connection. It is encouraging, however, to be able to say that for more than two full years, in storm and in calm, at sea and in port, the lamp of Divine truth was kept burning on her berth-deck ; that the faithful few, undismayed through all the trials of their way, did stand up as living witnesses for Christ in

the midst of gainsayers and enemies of the Gospel, their daily lives being a continued protest against the evil practices around them.

Now, for a season, they were cast down and discouraged by the falling off of one or more of their number, who, becoming faint and weary in the maintenance of the unequal strife, had "squared away" before the storm of raillery and opposition, and gone back to the beggarly elements of the world.

Anon, they were cheered by the return of a backslider, or by the accession of some new convert from the ranks of the ungodly. At one time, mourning over their want of success in winning souls, attributing their failure to their own short comings, and at another rejoicing over the presence at their evening gatherings of some brother or brethren from the Relief, Saratoga, Seminole, Susquehanna, Supply, St Louis, or Brooklyn; bringing them good tidings of the progress of the cause on board of their respective ships. Or they were stirred up to fresh zeal by a privileged visit made by some of their own number, to the other vessels of the squadron, on board of which their brethren in Christ were warring a good warfare. In these mutual visitations, opportunities were afforded for the interchange of salutation and experiences, and for the stirring up of each others' pure minds by way of remembrance, as they took part unitedly in their simple worship. They had many difficulties to contend with, it is true; but even these were not without their compensations. For if persecuted and brought to the mast as criminals, as the two leaders were in one case, because they dared to point a dying shipmate in the sick Bay to Christ, without first asking permission of the sur-

geon, whose dignity was offended thereby, they were on other occasions assisted by their officers in the prosecution of their work.

Notably was this the case, in the person of Lieut. K—, who conducted the Sabbath services, organized a Sabbath-school, and aided them in maintaining a weekly Bible class, for the mutual study of the Scriptures. Of these means of grace they were not slow to avail themselves. Nor did they fail to profit by them. It may not be uninteresting to Christians ashore, to learn how the piety of those dear brethren was fed, and flourished in the absence of so many privileges as are enjoyed on the land. How long would the moral status of any community ashore be kept up, if the churches were closed, and the ordinances of religion under interdict, or practically abolished? Given the problem, with the minimum of means, to maintain the maximum of Christian faithfulness and devotion, and many would fail entirely of a satisfactory solution. Let it be understood here, that this is, practically, the condition of things on board a vessel at sea, especially on board of a man-of-war, where hundreds of men are often shut up together between the narrow limits of the bulwarks, for three years at a time, with an entire absence of all moral influence and restraint. It is unmistakably true that in the United States' Navy the men were virtually abandoned to their own immoral courses. It may be objected by some strict constructionist, "the Government has no authority to teach religion." Then, I ask what means the appointment of chaplains at all? Why not abolish both the name and the rank?

But the Government *does* propose to teach good morals, at least. This is presumably the reason for their em-

ployment. But how many, or rather how few chaplains were there in the U. S. Navy at that time? A glance at the Navy Register will show that their number was sadly out of proportion to the wants of the service. In the midst of the Rebellion, when we had hundreds of ships in commission, and forty thousand men employed to man them, there were, according to the U. S. Navy Register, of 1862, only three chaplains afloat in sea-going ships. Nine of the largest vessels in the Gulf Squadron were unprovided. It surely cannot be wondered at that iniquity abounded. It is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise. Yet here and there religion had her faithful representatives among both officers and men, the voluntary associations and the Mariners' churches providentially making up the deficiency.

The use made of their advantages by the Christian men of the Gulf Squadron was by no means confined to the vessels with which they were actually connected. Their desire "to do something for the dear Saviour ashore," impelled them to seek opportunities for usefulness, outside their own immediate circle. My correspondent wrote me under date of April 7th, 1860:

"To-day I sent fifty copies of the Dairyman's Daughter, six Spanish and English Testaments, and a number of tracts, in Spanish, to a lady in Vera Cruz, who has distributed tracts for us, among the Mexicans before. I accompanied them with a note, asking her to make the best use of them she could, for the Saviour's sake. These messengers of life or of death are on the wing. Let us pray that they may prove a blessing to those poor soul-enslaved and priest-ridden people."

Five months later, another supply—purchased in part with their own money—was sent to the same lady, who,

in acknowledging the receipt of them, sent her heartfelt thanks for the opportunity they afforded her of doing good. Surely that was a living piety, and a true missionary spirit which burned with such intensity for the souls of a people whose faces they never had seen !

It must not be forgotten that this spirit was maintained under disadvantages—of which the absence of sanctuary privileges were far from being the greatest. They were met, in addition to the difficulties arising out of ship's duty—with the scorn and derision of the ungodly and the profane, the jeers and jibes of the would-be infidels, and the sluggishness of their own hearts, which last they sometimes, mournfully, acknowledge to be no small obstacle to their success. They complain also of the “apathy” of their “poor dead”—spiritually dead ship-mates—and pray, oh ! that God would quicken them, and bring bone to bone and sinew to sinew, and clothe them with flesh ! They lament, too, the presence of “enemies within and without.” But the greatest enemy to the extension of the kingdom of Christ among themselves, were the devotees of Rome. When they found a poor sinner becoming serious, they assailed him with ridicule and tried to bring upon him the contempt of his ship-mates. “Failing in this,” says the writer, “they ply him with difficult questions which he cannot answer, and thus strive to drive him from the very threshold of mercy.”

Illustrating this point in a subsequent letter, they say :

“We feel the necessity of living very close to the riven side of our Redeemer, that we may feel that God is our strength and Christ our righteousness, that we may not give way to fear and despondency. I must relate an incident here. A smart intelligent lad came on board the other day, to sell segars. I was

pleased with his appearance, and felt sorry to see such an one in ignorance of the great salvation. I therefore offered him a Spanish Testament and some tracts, which he thankfully received, and promised to read. As he took them from my hand, my heart went up to God in prayer, to make them useful to his soul. Some Romanists, standing by, began to laugh at him, hoping thereby to induce him to refuse them. Finding that they could not succeed, one of them sneeringly said, 'Well, that is what I call stuffing religion down a man's throat.' Poor souls! They will neither come to the light themselves, nor will they permit others to come if they can prevent it. In the mean time the vender of segars is in possession of the Word of Life. Who knows but God may yet make him a vender of the words of eternal life, and use the talent he possesses for the salvation of souls, and for His own glory. These people are anxious for good books, and are delighted to read them."

In a letter from Vera Cruz, dated May 23rd, 1860, Brother C—— writes:

"We had a visit from Brother Charles P——, of the store-ship Supply. He has entered into covenant with, and is not ashamed to confess Christ. But he stands alone. His shipmates are careless and prayerless. And he, like Lot in Sodom, finds his soul vexed daily with the filthy conversation of the wicked. He has therefore much to contend with. I gave him some of my volumes, and I pray God that his every trial may be to him as the furnace to the gold."

The last letter received from the Savannah before she was ordered home, is dated Vera Cruz, September 11th, 1860, and closes thus:

"The Susquehanna came in on the 4th. I hear that her boatswain is a servant of Christ, and held prayer-meetings on Sabbath evening, and that her executive officer, Lieut. B——, is not ashamed to confess Christ before men. Let us pray that the

Lord will make them patient and efficient workers in his vineyard. I have issued eighty volumes from my library during the past six weeks. I see but little at present to rejoice over in the way of fruit. But the seed is sown and I do not despair. My prayer is that God will not suffer any of us to become weary in well-doing, but will encourage us to 'sow in the morn our seed, and in the evening hold not the hand.' Glory to God!

"Our meeting continues nightly without intermission. The heart only knows how precious is our communion with our reconciled God and Father. Pray for us. We do not cease to pray for you."

When the ship was put out of commission, the beloved disciples were scattered. Some of them enlisted in the army, and some re-entered the navy. Their after record shows that with all their distributions and exposures, they remained loyal, alike to Christ their Redeemer, and to the flag of the Union, until they came home covered with glory and honor at the close of the war.

In May, 1861, my correspondent wrote to me from Washington, announcing the defection of an officer, who had resigned to join the South, and saying :

"I am determined, come what may, never to see New York, except it be on duty, until Uncle Sam's difficulties are all arranged. The good old fellow has me at any price, or without price if he needs me. No fear of the Union while the old family Bible is read, and its precepts are practiced. God has blessed and prospered this country. His work shall not come to nought. The enemies of freedom shall not succeed in their fell designs."

It was a blessed thing for the nation that the Revival preceded the Rebellion, and kindled at the same time on the altar of men's hearts the fires of loyalty to country and fidelity to God.

In addition to the religious influence of seamen among their own shipmates at sea, we had many other examples of the true missionary spirit displayed by the members and converts of our church. One of our seamen, during this year, was actively engaged in laboring among the ships in New Orleans. Another spent several weeks in the same employment with him. They commenced and kept up a prayer-meeting for seamen under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, through which much good was effected. Another, a chief-officer, in the fall, visited Bristol, England, and in company with four or five other pious sailors, who were anxious to be about their Father's business, attended the Seamen's Bethel nightly.

But as there seemed to them to be some lack of a true spiritual vitality, they began to exhort the good people of Bristol, and to provoke them to love and to good works. As a result, the Bethel services were given up to them exclusively, on certain evenings. On those occasions our Brother B——, the chief-officer, conducted the exercises, all his brethren taking active part. The Lord was pleased to own their labors, and crown them with success. Believers were edified and stimulated to effort, and many sinners were awakened.

The fame of the American sailors' meeting went abroad into the town and country round. Our brethren were called upon to visit other churches, from place to place. Their labors were sanctified, and a blessed revival was the result, the full effect of which will be known only in eternity, when the sheaves are gathered in. The chief-officer, when the rebellion broke out, volunteered his services to the United States' Navy, was accepted, ap-

pointed to a command in the mortar flotilla, and ordered South. He passed through the exciting scenes of the Mississippi naval engagements under Farragut, from the passage of Forts Philip and Jackson, to the taking of New Orleans and the capture of Vicksburg, on to the close of the war. He was prominent in the expeditions of the Yazoo, Arkansas, and Red River, in all of which he held important commands, and received the commendations of his superior officers. During all that period, he was enabled, while sustaining bravely and faithfully the flag of our common country, to bear aloft, also, the banner of the Cross. He is at this writing, a useful and influential member of a church in the city in which he resides, and, with his entire family, is maintaining a walk and conversation which corresponds with his public confession of Christ in the Mariners' church a quarter of a century ago.

Incidents like the above remind me of what I have somewhere read, that among the Isthmian Games of Greece, there was one sacred to Neptune in the celebration of which the ministrants, who were placed at given intervals in the arena, passed from one to another a flaming torch. One of them, holding it in his right hand, at a given signal raised it high in the air, and after whirling it two or three times above his head, so as to create a circle of light about his own person, flung it out in the direction of his nearest neighbor, who, catching it, and swinging it over his head in like manner, hurled it to the next, and he again to the next, until it made the entire circuit, flooding the whole arena with light, and came back to the hands of him who had given it its initial impetus.

It seems to me that we have in the influence of our Christian sailors of to-day, our true sons of Neptune, a perfect analogy to, if not the very antitype of this ancient custom.

These men, having the ocean surrounding the entire globe for their arena, imitate the features of this game by disseminating the Word of Life among the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty. Let one of them, for example, be invited to the house of God, and become a possessor of the Light of Life, or in any way, have the gospel brought home to his own soul, and he at once becomes an instrument in the hands of his Lord and Saviour of scattering that light. Having lighted the torch of devotion at the altar of God, he luxuriates in its brightness. But he cannot enjoy it alone! Having therefore illumined the circle of which he is himself the centre, he goes forth on his light-bearing voyage, flings his glowing torch out into the surrounding darkness to some brother sailor, who, catching it from his hands, repeats the illuminating process, by throwing the flame of his Christian life still farther, into the spiritual darkness which lies beyond him.

Thus these cosmopolites, passing the word of God from one to the other, may bear the light of Gospel truth, and of Christian example around the coast line of the globe, and fill the whole world with the brightness of the Redeemer's glory. Will they not thus fulfil the command of the Lord, "Let your light so shine, that others, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven"?

I insert here a letter written to me from Liverpool, dated February 9th, 1858, by a young Hebrew sailor,

who was converted under my ministry in 1857. While other communications from these poor neglected ones illustrate the mercy of God, this one throws some light on the dark side of humanity at sea, and shows that the sailors' fearful perils are multiplied and enhanced by the wickedness of men, or rather of beings who claim to be men, and who in all probability would consider themselves insulted if designated as brutes. It is very clear from the following statement that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. But he shall speak for himself:

*“Mr. Jones—My Dear Sir—*I must acquaint you with my happy state of mind in this ship. On our passage here, I have followed your advice, and have prayed night and day to the God of all goodness to enable me to walk in the way of righteousness, and to cleanse this sinful heart of mine, and make me a new creature. The more I prayed, the more I wanted to pray. But at times I was beset with evil and wicked thoughts. I soon lost them, however, in prayer to my God. I hope, my dear sir, that you will always remember me in your prayers, for the prayers of the righteous avail much.

“I must tell you that this is a very wicked ship. While on the Banks, we lost a man overboard, and neither the captain nor the mate made the least effort to save him. The weather was very cold, and eight of the men besides myself were frost-bitten. Thank God, I am well again! We arrived here after a passage of only seventeen days.

“I must say that you have been the means of saving my soul from hell. For I feel that I am a new man altogether since I first heard you preach on the words, ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.’ That word is ringing in my ears night and day. I have been to see my brothers and sisters; but they will have nothing to do with me, because I have become a Christian. On the passage we had to pump night and day to keep the ship from going down under our feet. I

went away every chance I could get, to ask God to preserve us and prepare us to die.

“The poor man we lost overboard was a watchmate of mine, about forty years of age. I was at the wheel when he fell from the lee main topsail yard-arm. I saw him fall, and immediately hove the helm hard down. The captain came on deck and cursed and swore at me. He commanded me to put the helm up, and then turned me away from the wheel and made more sail on the ship. The poor sailor was left to his fate, without the slightest effort to save him. Poor fellow! How often I have thought of what you said, ‘Prepare to meet thy God!’ Oh, may I be ever prepared, is the prayer of your humble servant in Christ Jesus. I hope you and all the congregation will pray for me.”

CHAPTER XIX.

PERMANENT IMPRESSIONS—DEATH OF MORRIS.

Do they stick?—Our response—The world’s estimate—Sailors comprehend their position—Well-marked characteristics—Sense of sin—Mercy of God—Charity for man—Endurance of persecution—No back-door at sea—No fictitious support—The tritulating process—Chaff and wheat—Uncle Sam’s web-feet—Graduates of the fore-castle—In the school of Christ—The out-come—U. S. steamer St. Louis—Perseverance of the saints—Formidable difficulties—No regard to the Sabbath—Slaves of the tub—Scoffers remained to pray—Blessed revival—Man’s extremity, God’s opportunity—“Sweet hour of prayer”—Gratitude for the conversion of a sailor—The call of the spirit—Backsliders reclaimed—Peculiarities—Prayer-meeting in the mizzen-top—The lion, a lamb—Tears of penitence—Deep contrition—Public sentiment changed—Christmas a blessed day—Whole ship’s company impressed—Crew on “tip-toe”—Satan raging more fiercely—Weaker links giving way—Brethren scattered—Nuclei of other gatherings—Death of Morris—Tribute to his faithfulness.

THERE has been, and doubtless will continue to be manifested an anxiety on the part of those who are look-

ing to the purity of the Church, to inquire into the prominent features of the religious experience of these men. I have shown from reliable and unimpeachable testimony their remarkable susceptibility to religious impressions, and the readiness with which they yield to the truth, as it is in Christ, when presented to them in its simplicity, and in the spirit of Christian love. There is, however, another question arising, of equal, if not of still greater importance, viz., that which regards the *permanency* of these impressions.

My coadjutors in this work and myself were often interrogated by those who were interested in the progress of our work, after this manner. What is your opinion of these Christian seamen? Do you think they fully understand the importance of their position? Is their religion of that positive character which will give them influence among their shipmates at sea? Can you keep the run of them? What evidence have you that they are faithful to their profession after they are out of your sight? Are they easily seduced from their steadfastness? How do they hold out. Do they stick?

If these questions were intended to apply to every individual case of hopeful conversion among seamen, and an affirmative answer be required, in order to secure sympathy with, and co-operation in the work of propagating the Gospel among them, then we fear that some will be disappointed, and perhaps discouraged by the negative form of the response. Sailors are but men, and like other men, may sometimes disappoint the hopes and anticipations of the over-sanguine. But if it be meant only to inquire whether we are to expect the same proportion of success among them as among landsmen, whether the

effects of missionary labor are as permanent among these ocean wanderers as among the more sedate dwellers upon the land—then the answer may be given confidently in the affirmative. Nay, more.

When all these circumstances are taken into consideration, their privations, perils and temptations, their absence from the means of grace, and from the amenities of social and domestic life, and their exposure to unhallowed and corrupting influences abroad, when these are considered, the amount of good accomplished, and the extent and permanency of that good will be found to be as large, if not larger in proportion to the outlay of time and money and self-denying efforts, than that of ordinary missionary work on the land. To these queries, I have at times returned answer, by taking from my box of "Letters Received," some recent epistle from one of my correspondents, and read it to our sometimes semi-sceptical friend; and in no instance, has it failed to give satisfaction.

But as these facts are now to have a wider range, and as their anxiety is perfectly natural, and should be gratified, it will be necessary to enter more fully into detail, than could be done by the reading of any one particular epistle. I will endeavor, therefore, to meet the demand. It must be kept in mind, however, that sailors have long been known to the outside world, only for their rollicking carelessness, their intemperance, and their reckless disregard of the proprieties of civilized life. They were socially ostracised, relegated to the slums of the river-front and the sea-shore, associated with rum and harlotry, looked upon as God-forsaken; how could they be expected to be anything else? What wonder that they are wicked. Who would not be, under similar circum-

stances? The world is willing to admit that they are brave, and generous, and trustworthy, because it places its defence, its wealth, and household treasures in their hands. But still it excludes them from its sympathies.

It were well if the Church itself were not open to the same charge of exclusion and neglect. For although God's gracious promise concerning "the abundance of the sea," has been recorded for the encouragement of his people for the last twenty-five centuries, the Church is not even yet thoroughly awake to the spiritual interests of these noble men, whom she will one day recognize as her faithful coadjutors, and put forth her best efforts to gather into her fold. But it is the Church with a slight touch of scepticism in her tone—that asks these questions. The reply is, that, as a class, when once awakened from the long sleep of moral death, they do seem immediately to comprehend their responsibility to God, to his Church, and to their fellow-men. They appear fully conscious of the importance of their position as applicants to the Church for admission to her ordinances.

The devout Christian men who composed the council, and who conducted, with myself the examination of those who were admitted to church fellowship, were impressed with the prominence of certain well-marked characteristics in their experience, as indicative of the presence of the convincing and converting energies of the Holy Spirit. The same features were manifested in them as have been witnessed in similar revival scenes on shore.

There was, for example, a deep sense of the guilt of sin, and an intense conviction of its exceeding sinfulness in their own lives. This was accompanied by a profound

sorrow for sin, and a disposition and desire to turn from it with grief and hatred as the abominable thing that God hates. Nor was there wanting a keen manly sense of the justice of God in the condemnation of the sinner, which followed, logically, from the sense of their own ill-desert. They nourished none of those silly ideas maintained by a "philosophy falsely so called" of a goodness which condones rebellion against the divine authority. They had no conceptions of a whimpering, compassionate philanthropy, which is confined to the few at the expense of the many; which fears giving pain to the traitor, while he is murderously and treacherously laboring to undermine the very foundations of the government of God, yet heeds not the interests and safety of his subjects at large. These men have been too long and too well accustomed to a rigid discipline, to suppose that mutiny against supreme authority can escape its legitimate penalty, except where that authority lacks the power to assert and sustain itself. They know nothing, as a class, of those theories which belittle the significance of the majesty of power in the hands of the great Ruler of the Universe. Their correspondence over and over again expresses their wonder at the marvellous long-suffering of God, who did not take them in their own toils and crush them for their wild and wicked opposition to his word and will. There was also present a true sense of the ingratitude of their past lives toward God and Christ, and an avowed purpose to devote all their powers henceforth, to the service of Him who had given his life for them.

Joined with all these, two other features were especially marked, viz., 1st, A sublime consciousness of the mercy of God in Christ and of the utter helplessness of

all human effort to procure deliverance for the soul. 2nd, A sincere and fraternal love for the souls of their fellow-men, as shown in the missionary spirit they developed, and in the efforts put forth for the salvation of their shipmates, even though the more they labored to that end, the less they were beloved. The long-continued and rasping nature of the petty attacks from the worldly, the savage bigotry they were subjected to in many instances from Roman Catholics, as well as the blasphemies and scurrilous assaults of avowed infidels and unbelievers which they unflinchingly endured, would have utterly wrecked many a well-disposed soul ashore, even with religious society, the Church, and Sabbath-school to support them. For, be it remembered, there is no back-door of escape at sea. The man who maintains the cause of his Master, who holds up the banner of the Cross on the berth-deck or in the fore-castle, must be a Christian of no inferior mold. It requires courage, true moral courage, to hold his own for the right, where all the currents of influence are in opposition. The Christian sailor at sea, has no fictitious supports to lean upon, no external props. He leans on Omnipotence, or he falls altogether. There are, under such circumstances, no concealments possible. His very soul is patent to his shipmates, and a single false step, such as might be hidden, covered up, ashore, is often fatal to him, because it is at once published abroad. Keen arrows of wit, sarcasm and ridicule are hurled at him. He is the target for the ribald jests and the contemptuous jeers of the malicious, the profane and the would-be satirist; so that the wonder is, not that some do fall, but that any do stand. It is a mark of abounding grace therefore that men in such conditions are enabled to maintain the

honor of the Master in so apparently unequal a strife, to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, still to stand.

These characteristics will be seen in marked prominence as we follow the men to their separate ships and vessels of war, tracing their influence for good, and weighing the difficulties with which they were called to contend.

In the great and precious harvest, springing from the living seed sown on board the receiving ship, it will not be wonderful if some chaff were mingled with the wheat in the threshing season of trial. Amid godless shipmates, and unholy surroundings, the chaff would necessarily be sifted out and blown off. Whenever did wheat grow without chaff? Whenever did the sons of God come together, that Satan was not in the midst? There was chaff mingled with the wheat here, as the workers, who have watched the tritulating process through which many of these converted souls passed, do fully know. But the proportion of chaff to the wheat garnered, was, in this case, certainly very small. Twenty-five years have passed away since that blessed season of refreshing, and although I have watched these men, and traced them in their progress from voyage to voyage, and from ship to ship, I have learned of very few who ever deserted their colors, or who fell from their allegiance to the Great Captain of their Salvation. As a rule, the sailor, brought out of the horrible pit and miry clay, his feet once established on the rock of salvation, is as true to his Saviour, as to his country's flag in time of national peril. President Lincoln, in one of his public papers, took the pains to say, that while traitors had been found in almost all ranks of society, yet "Uncle Sam's webfeet had remained true to the dear old flag."

It is true of the converts of the North Carolina in general, that as far as traceable, they have remained, with a very few exceptions, true to their covenant vows. How true, the correspondence will enable the reader to judge; the character of which, in some instances, at least, is indicative of a mental calibre, and of a spiritual insight, which may appear, on account of its superiority to the conditions, and want of educational facilities of these men, to be beyond their capacity; consequently a suspicion may arise in the mind of the reader that these letters could not have originated with them, that they are the product of an intellectual culture which is beyond their reach. It is inconceivable, doubtless, to some minds, that these graduates of the forecastle, as they are slightly termed, should be proficient, not in the elements merely, but also in some of the abstract principles of what may be designated a spiritual psychology, if that combination is allowable. These men have proved themselves to be very apt learners; disciples *indeed*, who, sitting at the feet of the Great Teacher, have imbibed the truth pure from the divine fountain itself.

I have found in some instances a marvellous precocity in their attainments, a comprehensive grasp, a profound conception of spiritual truth, a maturity of Christian experience, and even more, a theological acumen, which in men who have been so far removed from all the means of improvement, lead us to ask, whence have these men this superior knowledge? How have they acquired it, in the absence of scholastic training? The answer is not far to seek. They have been taught in the school of Christ. They have been with Jesus, and have learned of

Him. They have held converse in the ward-room and on the berth-deck, in the fore-castle, and in the cabin, with the Great Teacher himself. He who once sat on the well-curb, while instructing a dissolute Samaritan woman, who once again walked on the Sea of Galilee, in the gloom of a midnight storm, to give encouragement to his imperilled disciples, has not been unwilling to convey such instructions to these men of the waters as would fit them for the exigencies of human experience, through which he intended they should pass.

It should be further remembered, in estimating the value of this correspondence, and the intelligence with which it was conducted, that not one in a hundred of these men had the remotest idea that one line they were writing would ever find its way into print. What they wrote was for the eye of their pastor alone. There was, therefore, no stimulus to the production of anything above the most ordinary and common-place. But, the reader is already in possession of illustrations in point, and it is only necessary to say that he has the experiences of these men in their own words.

The actual outcome of the work of grace among these men of the sea, from 1856 till 1863, will never be fully known. Of the little that is known, "the half will never be told." I may state, however, that in all the vessels in which I had correspondents during that period, the cause of Christ was represented by devout officers and men, who, with more or less zeal, and with varied success, while working out their own salvation with fear and trembling, labored for the salvation of their ship-mates. The number of such faithful disciples in each vessel, ranged from one up to seventy. In some in-

stances the good work was carried forward with the acquiescence and sympathy of the quarter-deck. In others the circumstances were far less favorable;—the seed in such cases being sown in suffering and pain, in the face of determined opposition on the part of the officers, as well as the petty persecutions of the men, “with strong crying and tears.”

In a preceding chapter I have inserted a letter from the U. S. steamer St. Louis, written previous to her departure, and signed by eleven of her crew, who went forth, bearing the banner of Christ. These brethren succeeded, during the entire cruise of thirty-three months, in maintaining a prayer or experience-meeting, or a Bible class, every night, with brief intervals, during which they were interfered with by ship’s duty, or were driven from their post by the songs of the drunkards in the brig. Their Christian life, as might have been anticipated, was subject to fluctuations, and to difficulties such as, at times, seemed almost insurmountable. Yet, by the grace of God, though their numbers were reduced in seasons of depression to a minimum of three, the enemy did not succeed in extinguishing the light of pious example on the berth-deck. The occasional defection of a brother on whom all had relied, brought grief to the hearts of the faithful few, who, whatever the grounds of their discouragement, did not allow themselves to “give up the ship.” They clung to Jehovah’s promise, to “the two or three met together in his name,” and illustrated by their vigilance and activity the “perseverance of the saints.”

Nor was their faithfulness unrewarded. They were permitted to see one after another of the straying ones

return to their allegiance, and take their part in the work with renewed zeal and energy. The meetings were conducted by the brethren in turn, under the supervision of our ever faithful J. A. Morris, assisted occasionally by Lieut. M. P. Jones, who, when permitted, held divine service publicly on the Sabbath. He also, for a large part of the cruise, taught the Bible class, held invariably on Sabbath afternoon.

The difficulties with which these brethren were encompassed were very many and formidable. A want of controlling power aft led to an abuse of the men on the part of subordinates. Some of the officers punished men according to their own whims and caprices, and without any authority from the supreme command. Of one of these, a lieutenant, it is said, that he was a scoffer and a persecutor, the very impersonation of tyranny and cruelty. When these matters were reported, the men obtained no redress. Subsequently these abuses became known at Washington, and the command was changed for the better.

Another trial to which they were subjected, and from which there was no escape, was the ridicule heaped upon them by their shipmates. They were dubbed "Psalmsingers" and "hypocrites;" their hymns of praise and their prayers travestied. "You 'want to go,' do you?" says one, referring to one of their favorite hymns; "then why don't you go? Jump overboard!" Such slurs were frequent. In the fore part of the cruise there was no regard paid to the Sabbath. An old line officer informed me that he had never known so much profanity and Sabbath-breaking in the navy. Men were driven into wrong doing by those in authority. "All those

occupying high places among us," he says, "are without the fear of God before their eyes." "Do not wonder," he writes again, "that some of your members are turned away. They are driven to it by the fear of man." At another time he reports, "many have yielded to the assaults of Satan."

The chief difficulty, before which all others were dwarfed, was the grog-tub, which was the standing temptation, at least twice a day, as they were called to receive the whiskey ration supplied by the Government. Many fell before this giant evil, which appealed to their old and but partially subdued appetite for strong drink, and many were drawn aside, in whom the appetite had not yet been fully formed. The efforts of the brethren to secure the abolition of the grog ration, brought upon them a weight of odium very difficult to bear. The accusation and slanders of the slaves of the tub were incessant, and well-nigh overwhelming. To escape this fearful daily, hourly nagging of their fellows, the unstable yielded, and took their places in the line with the rest; meanwhile, persuading themselves that it was no sin to drink their whiskey, and if they did nothing worse they would be well off. Thus were their consciences wounded and their resolutions to live "above the world" weakened.

Despite these drawbacks, however, there were frequent inroads made upon the enemy's ranks, and some who came to the meetings to scoff remained to pray. The faithfulness of the brethren was rewarded by occasional manifestations of the presence of the Holy Spirit of promise, and they were endued with power from on high. At the close of the first year of the cruise, a blessed revival

took place, and instead of a few souls gathered at the place of prayer—more than a third of the ship's company and not a few of the officers of the ship were gathered to listen to the invitations of mercy and to testify of the loving kindness of God to their own souls. In a letter from Lient. J——, dated December 13th, 1859, he writes :

“ I am but too happy to inform you that there has been an awakening among our crew. As far as I can see and learn, there has been nothing out of the usual order of events to engender it. It is manifestly the work of God's spirit. The interest showed itself when we were least expecting it. You will remember how despondingly I spoke in my last letter. The prospect then was dark indeed. But how often has it been proved that man's extremity is God's opportunity. At the very time when we were ready to halt and our hearts were faint within us, a light shone out of the darkness. Our little band of praying men, who had met for many months, in a close and confined part of the ship, to offer up prayer and praise unto the Most High, and who were more than once called to mourn over the departure from among them of some misguided brother who had fallen under the tempter's power, until there was scarcely more than two or three gathered together, are now cheered by an increase of worshippers, and more commodious quarters.

“ On a quiet Sabbath evening, while the voice of prayer and praise is ascending, the usual noises cease. One after another of the crew approaches the place of prayer. Men known to be living in open opposition to God, who have been foremost in deriding his followers, are seen to draw near until quite a crowd is assembled. The next meeting is likewise well attended. More strange faces are seen. Men dead in trespasses and in sins, are heard to long for the sweet hour of prayer. The question arises, What means this increasing crowd, this unusual interest, this deep, still, uninterrupted attention? Surely these men are not drawn by curiosity. Neither do they come as before for

ridicule. No, blessed be the name of the Lord! The Holy Spirit has touched their hearts, the conscience is awakened. The 'still, small voice' has spoken. Now, it occurs to us that our prayers are being answered. Strange that we should have had so little faith. The interest is silent, but evidently deep. There is no vain boasting or parade about it, and so entirely is it confined to the crew, that I doubt if, at this time, a single officer in the ward room, with one exception, knows a word about it. May God in his great mercy grant, that many now in darkness may be enlightened from above, and brought into the fold. Yea, that all may come to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

“For nearly nineteen years my home has been on the deep, and I am not ashamed to say, I have always loved the sailor. I may be wrong, but the fact that a man is a sailor hides many faults with me. You will readily imagine, therefore, the deep interest and concern I feel in this most useful and much abused class of our countrymen, and with what pleasure, and satisfaction, and gratitude to God, I hear of the conversion of a sailor.”

This testimony is corroborated and enlarged by the letter of Brother Morris, dated December 26th, 1859, which I here give entire. My only regret is that I cannot give the correspondence of the brethren more fully.

“UNITED STATES SHIP ST. LOUIS,

“*San Juan de Nicaragua, December 26th, 1859.*

“*Dearly Beloved Pastor*—It is my pleasant duty to communicate to you the glorious tidings that the Lord has been graciously pleased to bless us with a revival. The Holy Spirit has come down among us with power, and I think I can confidently say, that with the exception of some decided infidels and bigoted Romanists, there are but few individuals on board, that have not more or less felt its influence on their hearts. The call of the Spirit, however, has been differently received by different persons, for while some have yielded to his admonitions, repented and believed, many har-

den their hearts, and seek to drive away serious thoughts by railing against Christians and their religion. In my last letter I did not look upon the work as entitled to a place among revivals, as that term is generally accepted. Strange mixture of blindness and unbelief on my side, not to see the blessing when it had come, after having prayed so long for it! But we find a parallel case in Acts xii. Looking back, however, from this advanced point in the work, I can trace its commencement to the first days of October. At that time the Lord, as an evidence of having heard our prayers, restored one from his backslidings. Since then the blessed work has been going on with unabated interest. I have no time to detail many interesting facts connected with the conversion of some of my shipmates; I shall therefore confine myself to some striking features and peculiarities that distinguish this revival.

“1st. As far as short-sighted man can see, and the law of cause and effect goes, nothing has occurred in the way of extra effort that can be looked upon as having contributed to bring it about. It must therefore be looked upon as a direct answer to prayer. 2nd. Those once most wicked and depraved among the ship’s company, are now among the converted. 3rd. An uncommon degree of sorrow and contrition for sin, has been exhibited. 4th. Most of the converted take, at once, an active part in our meetings, and some have already begun missionary labor among us.

“A marine, on the day after his conversion, referring to an article he had read in a religious paper, in connection with the work on board the North Carolina, last year, said, ‘M——, since I read it, a voice has been speaking to me, saying, that as the Lord has been so merciful to me, I must henceforth labor for him.’ Thus far he has kept his promise. Another, two days after confessing Christ, conducted a noon prayer-meeting in the mizzen-top. This man once had the disposition of an enraged tiger; now it is that of a gentle lamb. Once his mouth was full of bitterness and cursing, now, prayers and praise; once, all hatred, now, all love. O that I could impart to you, my beloved pastor,

a faint, yet correct idea of the spirituality and blessedness of our meetings of late! I may, perhaps, be best able to gain this object by copying a few notes, made by me at the close of each day, to which I refer.

“Sunday, December 18th, I opened the meeting with prayer, and reading the third chapter of the gospel of John. Oh, what a solemn meeting! I suppose one-fourth of the crew were present; several officers, I think five or six. P—— and E——, in touching language, told their experience. They expressed to all present their great joy, flowing from a sense of the Saviour’s pardoning love. They invited all to come, and wash in that fountain in which they had been cleansed. They engaged in prayer, in which both seemed to have no small power. Groans and sobs were heard all around, and the tears of penitence were coursing down the cheeks of many a hardened sinner. It is to be believed that many silent prayers for mercy, that night, went up from the berth-deck of the St. Louis to the throne of God, who ‘desires not the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should turn and live.’ Before the closing of the meeting eight rose for prayer. One of the officers, Mr. G——, said, ‘we all want you to pray for us.’

“As I hurriedly left the place of prayer to attend to my duty on deck, a young mizzen-top man clung to me with tears in his eyes, and said, ‘I want to have a long talk with you, and you must pray for me.’ Oh, merciful God, the thought is overwhelming, that one so unworthy as I am is thus honored, in being permitted to pray for and with sinners! In having manifest evidences that such prayers are heard! To the Lord, and to him alone, be all the praise and glory.

“Wednesday, 21st, evening prayer-meeting, well attended. I think half of the ship’s company were listening. Lieut. J——, who led the meeting, read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, showing the nature of living faith. I addressed the young converts and exhorted them to diligence and prayer, in reading the scriptures, in watching, in self-denial, and faith in the Saviour.

After dismissal, retired by the foremast to pray with one who had been three days under deep conviction. The little place was crowded. A general outpouring of souls in prayer commenced, and continued about an hour. B. P—— and S——, with deep contrition, cried to the Lord for mercy. God grant that they may soon be able to rejoice in the salvation of the Lord.

“The result of this revival, as far as it can be ascertained, is that nineteen, according to their own confession, have found the ‘pearl of great price.’ We believe that the Lord will soon bless us still more. We ask the prayers of the Church for the continuance of this blessed work among us, that souls may be converted, God glorified, and His Son honored. Amen.

“It seems to me, that a decided change for the better has taken place in the public sentiment on board our ship. It is true that infidels, and a few Roman Catholics, rage, but that does not deter us. All the officers are now in our favor, and are kind to us. Last week the first Lieutenant showed us his good will by issuing an order that no sentry on the berth-deck should on any pretense interfere with us while worshipping, which was the case the other night, when an Irish marine on post, close by us, interrupted one of the brethren while engaged in prayer, telling him, ‘not to make so much noise.’ We have privileges extended to us, that praying men on board of other ships do not enjoy.

“Two brethren from the Sabine were on board our ship yesterday, Christmas day, and took part in our afternoon service. It was a blessed day. In the forenoon Capt. P—— called all hands to prayers on the quarter-deck. In the afternoon and evening we had prayer-meetings. All the brethren send you their love, and ask to be remembered in your prayers. Adieu ! May God bless you, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate brother in Christ.”

Another brother, writing of this work later, says :

“The attendance on our meetings for the past month has been slowly but steadily increasing. We have now an average of fifty

at our meetings, exclusive of outsiders, who are stretching themselves on tip-toe to hear the word of life. The whole ships' company are engrossed with the subject of religion. It is the constant theme. In the hammocks at night, they talk about it—they even go into the tops by day to pray. God be praised for this glorious news! Surely, my dear pastor, the Lord is with us, of a truth. Tell all the brethren the glad tidings. Tell them of the mighty workings of God's Holy Spirit on board the St. Louis. Tell them to pray for us *all*, that we may have grace to help, that we may have faith, yes, faith to appropriate the promises of our blessed Saviour, and give all the glory to God."

The good work above described continued, until the number of those who took active part in the meetings reached to over thirty, while the interest extended at times to more than one-half of the ship's company. There came, however, toward the close of 1860, a falling away. But in the following spring, the Holy Spirit vouchsafed to the little band another time of refreshing, in which backsliders returned to their allegiance, and some of those who had before been passed by were brought under the saving power of Divine grace.

The hearts of the brethren were once more made glad, and anticipated great things. But between these periods, Satan raged more fiercely than ever. The followers of Christ were hissed and hooted about the decks, as if they were the enemies, instead of the benefactors of their shipmates. Bawdy songs were shouted in the ears of the disciples, while they were engaged in prayer, and in songs of praise. The drunkards who were confined in the brig, made sport of and blasphemed them and their worship. Under these circumstances the meeting was closed for a few days, but only to be re-opened and carried forward with unabated vigor, as soon as the culprits were

discharged from their imprisonment. Under the intense strain to which the chain of brotherhood was thus subjected, some of the weaker links gave way, bringing pain to the hearts of the faithful few, who notwithstanding all these discouragements, continued their public service to the very end of the cruise, in the fall of 1861, and had the pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord again prospering in their hands.

After the ship was put out of commission, the disciples were scattered, some of them returning to their homes, and obtaining employment ashore, that they might be able to worship God without the distractions incident to the ship's berth-deck. Others re-entered the navy, and were drafted into different ships, where they became the nuclei of other religious gatherings, the centres of other praying circles, in which the cause of God was honored, souls saved, and the Gospel carried to the regions lying beyond. Still others, after renewing their covenant vows at the table of the Lord, made successful applications for official positions as master's-mates in the service. One was promoted to the rank of boatswain. Two of the colored brethren gave themselves to a course of study preparatory to the Gospel ministry; and in all probability, have helped to continue the blessed work, which gained such headway among the officers and crew of the *St. Louis* and extended so widely, ashore and afloat, in the Gulf of Mexico.

It ought to be stated, to the credit of these devout seamen, that they did not limit their well-wishing and well-doing to their shipmates alone. Having learned while lying off the *Tortugas*, that there was no chaplain in *Fort Jefferson*, they solicited and obtained permission

to go ashore and hold prayer-meetings among the soldiers quartered there. Major Arnold kindly assigned the bastions of the fort to them for that purpose. The result was, that joy was carried to many hearts, a large amount of religious reading matter was distributed, and some, who, in the absence of the ordinances had been cast down, were cheered, comforted and exhorted to go on their way rejoicing. They also subscribed of their own hard-earned wages to aid in building church edifices at Grey Town and at San Domingo, and at times even became true lay preachers in the very edifices they had paid to erect and adorn. Thus did also the disciples on board the Sabine, in the same squadron. Their faithful and untiring leader, John A. Morris, after coming ashore, passed his examination and received the certificate of captain, from the Ship-master's Association of New York, and continued to labor for the salvation of souls, taking his full share of our church work until his death, which took place in February, 1863, in the fifty-second year of his age.

“ Far from this world of toil and strife
He's present with the Lord ;
The labors of his mortal life
End in a large reward.”

I cannot close this chapter without adding the following tribute paid to the faithful Christian character of our brother Morris, by a sailor who was brought to Christ through his labor of love. The writer is one, who himself, while a sailor on the berth-deck, bore his Master's banner into the thickest of the fight on the African coast for more than two years, and who, for many years after

that, witnessed a good profession as an officer among the men of our Navy.

“*January 12th, 1863.*

“*My Dear Pastor*—I feel it my duty to say a few words to you in relation to the sad affliction which our church has experienced by the death of our good brother Morris. I believe I am the only one here, at present, who was on board the ‘Old North,’ during the revival of 1858. We were in the receiving ship Ohio together, in Boston, and came on to New York in the same draft, in 1858. I shipped a few days before he did. I well remember the day when he came on board. It was late in the forenoon. While we were at dinner he was pacing fore and aft the deck, having not yet been assigned to any mess. I invited him to sit down and dine with us, which he did. Little did I think, then, that he was to be the instrument of bringing me into the family of God. Through his influence, I was brought to see myself a poor miserable sinner. I was led to repentance through the prayer-meetings he established. If it had not been for those services, I should never have come to you. On the morning after my conversion, I told my joy to him, and asked him to point out some passages of scripture for me to read. He directed me to 1st John ii. Oh, my dear pastor, I bless God for those meetings, and for his love in snatching me as a brand from the burning! Many more, now scattered all over the world, will look back to the ‘Old North’ as the birth-place of their souls unto righteousness in 1858 and 1859. I believe brother Morris has gone home, and that he has many sheaves with him. He increased his talent tenfold. He was a faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord. There are many who knew him both at sea and ashore, who will shed tears when they hear of his death. ‘Peace be to his ashes.’ May we all, at last, meet with him at the right hand of God, is my sincere and heartfelt prayer.”

The writer of the above is still in the harness, and is at this date, February, 1884, a faithful worker in the church of which he is a member in New York city.

CHAPTER XX.

EXTENT OF THE REVIVAL—GULF SQUADRON.

A noble winner of souls—Testimony to his usefulness—Most precious meeting—The captain's surprise—His account of it—A few more candles—U. S. store-ship Relief—Punishing the innocent—U. S. steam frigate Brooklyn—Work of grace—Worship in the shaft-alley—Letter from paymaster—Preciousness of Christian communion—Matters improving—Encomiums on the brethren—The Brooklyn under fire—A death dealing missile—Hand of God acknowledged—Converts scattered—U. S. steamer Cumberland—Prayer-meeting established—Attacked by the Rebel ram—Bravery of the crew—Sunk with her ensign apeak—Strange coincidence—U. S. steamer Sabine—Worship between quarter-deck guns—Increase of disciples—A light in the darkness—Artillerymen seeking the Lord—U. S. steamer Roanoke—A faithful few—Eleven out of five hundred and sixty confessing Christ—One hour a week to worship God.

IN looking over the area covered by this blessed revival, it will doubtless be readily observed, that in all its varied phases, there is a degree of resemblance, both in the manner of its manifestations, and in the difficulties it encountered. The sources of help and of obstruction are nearly alike in all cases; so that, to detail the experiences of the disciples of Christ in each vessel, would involve a tedious repetition. To avoid this a summary, rather than a detailed history of each will be given. The successes and failures, the advances and decline of the cause, the facilities for carrying on the work, and the drawbacks experienced by the brethren of the U. S. ships

Savannah and St. Louis, will afford an idea of the perils which generally beset the faith of the brethren, as well as of the sources of that encouragement to continuity and perseverance, by which they were in each event sustained. I will therefore state, in brief, the condition of things spiritual, as far as known, in the vessels composing the Gulf Squadron between the years 1858 and 1861.

On board the Powhatan, the cause of Christ was represented by a young Swede, a convert of the receiving-ship, and a member of our church. He was exceedingly zealous in his efforts for the salvation of his shipmates, and succeeded nobly in winning souls to Christ. I was in close correspondence with him, from the time of his conversion, in 1858, to the summer of 1865. He had, at that time, passed through all the perils of the war unscathed. He was one of the first to enter Charleston, S. C., after it came into our hands, and by dint of his personal energy, bravery, and good character, rose from before the mast to the position of acting-master. He was a noble representative of Christ, and a very amiable and indefatigable man. The estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best, may be seen in the following extract from a letter, written by a member of our church, in the same squadron, who visited the Powhatan in January, 1861. He says :

“ I went on board the flag-ship this evening, and attended the prayer-meeting. They are having glorious times. The success of the leader of the meeting, F. M——, I found to be far beyond my expectations. The ship has been out but a few months, yet the Lord has been so gracious to the brethren as to give them twelve souls for their hire. Two others are under conviction,

with the prospect of many more. This is the Lord's doings. I have reason to believe, from what I saw, that the Holy Spirit's influence is felt by many hearts on board that blessed ship. Oh, what a meeting we had! How solemn! What earnest, fervent prayers went up! What songs of praise! What loving invitations to sinners to come to the Saviour! A great many outsiders were gathered, and listening—all were eager and attentive. How quiet and orderly on the berth-deck, so different from the condition of affairs with us. Quite in contrast with the fearful noise, and violent interruptions, amid which we of the St. Louis are compelled to worship. It was one of the most precious meetings I ever attended. God grant that the work of grace, now going on, may continue, until the salt of the gospel has seasoned and purified the whole ship. Captain Mercer, who is in command of her, visited the brethren a few evenings ago, and expressed his great satisfaction at seeing Christian sailors on board his vessel, assembled for prayer. God favors these brethren greatly. They suffer no persecution from either officers or men. On the contrary, everybody seems to respect them because of their pure Christian lives."

In connection with this good brother's testimony, I may add, what will confirm his impressions, an account of an interview had with the captain of the Powhatan subsequently. On her return from the gulf, I was introduced to Captain Mercer in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. After the formalities of the introduction, he said to me:

"We had some of your members, Mr. Jones, on board the Powhatan during the last cruise; and fine fellows they were, too. I'll tell you how I came to know them. We were lying at anchor, at the mouth of the Mississippi, in the South-west Pass, and one evening, I went below to take a look at the ground tackling. On reaching the bottom of the ladder, I was attracted by a light, forward, in the eyes of her. Wondering what it

meant, I draw near silently, and heard men conversing in a low tone ; I saw, too, by the light of a single candle, that some of the best men in the ship were there assembled. I stood in the darkness and listened. They, of course, were entirely unaware of my presence. While I stood there, watching and wondering, they sung, in a subdued voice, one of their hymns, and then one of their number led in prayer, while they all bowed down before God. Being convinced that they were in no mischief, and that they were engaged in divine service, I returned to my cabin, as quietly as I came. But the incident set me thinking. Here are men, said I, to myself, 'who are worshipping God on board my ship, and I knew nothing about it. What a lesson for me ! What can I do to help them ? I ought at least to countenance, aid, and protect them.' Well ! in the morning, I sent for F. M——, who seemed to be the most prominent man among them, to come to my cabin. I said to him, 'M——, where were you between two and eight bells, in the dog-watch, last night ? Touching his fore-lock respectfully, he replied, 'In the forward part of the gun-deck, sir.' 'What were you doing there ?' 'Holding a prayer-meeting, sir.' 'How long have you been holding these meetings ?' 'For some months, now, sir.'

"I expressed my satisfaction by telling him, I was glad to find my men engaged in so good a work, and hoped that they would continue. 'Is there anything,' I asked him, 'that I can do to help you ?' The words were scarcely out of my mouth, before I feared that I might have said too much ; or that my question might have committed me too far. He perhaps would ask more than I was prepared to yield. What if he should ask me to come and worship with them ? Or to take the lead of the meeting ? My fears, however, were all speedily dispelled by the modesty of his request. He was, evidently, not inclined to take advantage of my offer in such a way as to compromise me. An expression of pleasure and gratification passed over his features. He drew himself up, hitched up his trousers, and touching his forelock again, said, to my incomparable relief, 'A few more candles, if you

please, sir.' Delighted to be let off so easily, I gave the necessary order to have the candles served out, and the meetings were continued."

On board the store-ship *Relief*, five converts of the 'Old North,' conducted a prayer-meeting, which for some months continued to thrive, yet, not without the usual accompaniment of opposition, and wilful disturbance; which, whatever else failed, was kept up without abatement. At length, after enduring untold suffering for more than a year, three of the little band, their patience being exhausted, made their escape, by deserting the ship; the only door left open to them.

Such conduct was of course reprehensible and cowardly, and brought reproach on the cause of religion. In this instance, the guilty having escaped, it was quite in accord with the sense of justice maintained by some in authority to punish the innocent who remained true, for the sin of the guilty who had gone. The faithful ones were forbidden to hold any further religious service on board. This prohibition continued for three months; after which the first lieutenant relented, and gave permission to resume the prayer-meetings. This was conducted by a faithful member of the Baptist Mariners' church, who, some months afterwards, departed in the fulness of a Christian hope, to that good land, where persecution and opposition are unknown; "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

A few true and faithful Christian men, members of the Baptist Mariners', and my own church, were included in the draft from the receiving-ship to man the *Brooklyn*. The Paymaster, Thomas H. Looker, a devoted man of God, was also attached to her, and became an efficient

helper with them in Christian work. He gave to the men his counsel and sympathy, and took part in their prayer-meetings, which he sometimes led. These meetings were conducted, with exceptional interruptions, during the entire cruise of about three years. He also read the church service to them on Sabbath afternoons. At one time in February, 1859, six conversions were reported, as resulting from their labors, with many more anxiously inquiring. Concerning this, one of the men wrote me :

“We have our meeting on the berth-deck, forward, alongside of the galley, every night. A great many of the crew attend. We expect a more suitable place will be assigned to us shortly. The meetings at first were attended faithfully by some of the line officers, and the assistant-engineers. The difficulty of obtaining a suitable place, large enough to accommodate all who should attend, seemed to be in the way of the desired success.”

The Christian men were subjected, too, to the usual annoyances, and carried on their work under difficulties. Nevertheless, two nights in the week were set apart for Bible class, two for prayer-meetings, and one for experience meeting. In June, the first and third assistant-engineers were brought to confess Christ, and were added to their numbers. One of these united, subsequently, with the Baptist church in Pensacola.

Still later, in April, 1861, I received the following, written by Paymaster Looker, for presenting which entire, I make no apology, as it reveals a condition of things, such as we of the land can scarcely imagine, and such as is only equalled by the worshipping “Arinariii,” or sand diggers in the catacombs, under the city of Rome.

“*Reverend and Dear Sir*—Your letter was welcomed heartily,

and I thank you with all my heart for your kind words of sympathy and encouragement. Alas! we very much need sympathy here. However, things are gradually brightening with us again. Our meetings are underweigh and prospering once more, and I trust, nay, I feel real good is resulting therefrom. The place to which we are driven, that we may uninterruptedly hold our meetings, is a very humble one; very contracted, and from its character and position is not over-pleasant, being away down in the run, in the shaft-alley. It is both narrow and dark. It is rather trying, as we have steam on more or less, all the time; but, still, for all this, it is a place in which we can worship and wait upon God in all freedom and fulness. Thank God for that! For oh, it is so comforting and precious to meet together in Christian communion! We, situated as we are here, prize the privilege far more than you on shore can do. You can enter God's house, surrounded by Christian brethren. I am rejoiced that I can now meet with our little band as in days past.

“For a long while, owing to the outrageous lawlessness of the crew, and our meeting-places being constantly taken up for ‘brigs,’ or prisons, all was broken up. I could not be with them. But gradually, step by step, things have improved. The men have taken advantage, as they could, of opportunities, so that we are now fairly afloat again. It had been maliciously reported that the faithful few of our praying men, only gathered at the meetings because I, being with them there, might give them a lift to some good billet. I was, therefore, as I have been ever since, under restraint with regard to them. I did not go down at all, at first, fearing that, by doing so, I might injure the cause unwillingly. But soon I started, and Mr. B——, our first assistant-engineer, an excellent man, one of the noblest, and a Christian brother, accompanied me.”

Speaking of some of our dear brethren who had borne the heat and burden of the day, amidst the foulest obloquy, he testifies to their Christian faithfulness under trial, thus :

“That man, A. A——, is as true as steel. I think him as true and faithful a man as I ever met. A consistent, earnest Christian, and withal a very smart fellow. One of our new converts too, so far as I can judge and hear, F. P——, is an exceedingly intelligent Christian. C—— and A—— are still of us ; and others, whose names I cannot remember. I believe I told you about my failure after all to get our captain to permit me to read the service publicly, on Sundays. He promised me, but something happened, on the first Sabbath after, to prevent ; and, well — he broke down, could not get up the courage, evidently, to initiate it. The old story, you know, ‘What will the world say?’ Thanks be to God ! private worship cannot be taken from us. We cannot be prohibited from honoring God, and from walking in His ways. The people of this world are neither our judges here, nor the arbiters of our eternal destiny.

“We are in the midst of perilous times here, and now every moment, almost, we expect to be engaged in battle with the rebels. God grant it may not be, and yet, if it must come, we must do our duty. We must uphold and defend our government, and stand by our glorious flag, at every hazard, and at every cost, even unto death. As true men, as loyal officers and crews, and as faithful Christians, we must do our whole manful duty. No man on earth would more deplore the sad necessity of fighting these infatuated and misguided countrymen of ours. But my duty is plain ! We have prepared ourselves for the worst. Pray for us, that, if we are killed, we may be ready for eternity.”

One year later I find the meetings still kept alive, though with occasional interruptions, on account of the unsettled condition of things, growing out of the rebellion. A brother wrote me, under date of March, 1862 :

“We still have the privilege of meeting. The captain we now have is a pious man, and reads the service every Sunday. One more soul has come out on the Lord’s side.”

Shortly after the receipt of the above, the Brooklyn

entered into the fearful engagement with the batteries and forts, from the mouth of the Mississippi to Vicksburg. Many of the brethren passed through the fiery ordeal unhurt, although in some instances escape seemed almost by a special interposition of divine Providence. Nor did these men fail to recognize and acknowledge the goodness that spared them. One of them wrote, giving a description of the passage of the lower forts—Jackson and St. Philip, and adds:

“God has showed us, in this last fight, special mercy. We fought three hours under heavy fire. The shot and shell fell all around us like hail. Thank God! he is the hearer of prayer. Our captain is a shining witness for the truth, and as firm as a rock. Remember our little flock in your prayers.”

Another wrote in May, from the upper Mississippi, off Vicksburg :

“God has blessed us greatly in these trying times. He has brought me safely out of the heat of battle, where danger was on every side. I trusted in Him, and I am delivered. I thought, in the midst of the fight, of the promise in Psalm xci. 7: ‘A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh unto thee!’ It was fulfilled in my case. The crew of my gun were cut up awfully. Out of seventeen, six only were left uninjured. A shot from the shore tore through our bulwarks, scattering the splinters right and left. It could not have missed me, if I had been standing in my usual place at the gun. But the hand of God was in it. I was in the port, loading the gun, just at the moment it struck us above my head. It was God who guided me there, so that it did not come nigh unto me.”

On board of the Pawnee, Cumberland, Congress, Wyandotte, Mohawk, and Pursuit, converts of the

“Old North,” were scattered in twos and threes; but in some cases they were compelled to be content to hold their own personal communion with God, and private converse with their shipmates. The Cumberland, I believe, was the only ship in the squadron that had a chaplain. He, with the executive officer and two seamen, when she sailed, were all—as far as I could learn—who represented “the faith once delivered to the Saints.” One of the two, wrote me in March, 1861 :

“We hold our prayer-meeting every Sunday evening. Our chaplain, I am sorry to say, does not interest himself in us. I went to him three times to obtain the privilege of holding a nightly prayer-meeting; but he only put me off with promises. At last I went to our executive officer, and obtained from him the privilege we craved, and a place to hold our service. The Lord blessed our efforts. Five of our shipmates have been converted, and more are under conviction. We are praying that many more may yet be added to our number. There were only two of us forward, when we left New York, the doctor, steward, and myself. We are now seven. Pray for us all, that we may hold out faithful unto the end.”

In May, he wrote : “We have been compelled to give up our place of worship; we are hoping to have a more suitable place assigned us. Many of our men say that they want to be Christians, but they fear that they cannot endure the scorn of their shipmates.”

The brave but hopeless fight which this ship and the Congress made with the Rebel ram Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, in March, 1862, has passed into history as one of the many noble exhibitions of bravery displayed in naval warfare. The action, in which she went down with her ensign apeak, was fought on the 8th of March. On the 5th, I received a letter from the brother, quoted

above, bewailing the persecutions to which they were subjected for Christ's sake, and expressing the hope that there would be no fighting, and that he might soon be permitted to go home. A postscript was added by another hand—one of the five new converts, asking me to send him a copy of Baxter's "Saints Rest," and expressing the hope that he might soon be enabled to abandon the sea forever. Only three days after I received those communications, both the writers were cut in two, at the same instant, by a shot from the Merrimac, while at quarters at the same gun. Thus the one reached home sooner than he expected, and in a far different sense. The other not only abandoned the sea forever, but became speedily acquainted with the "Saints Rest." He learned more of that rest in a short time than Baxter could have taught him. Aye! more than Baxter when writing ever knew. The chaplain, it was reported, went down with the ship.

With the Congress, the affair terminated somewhat differently. She too, had among her crew, seven men of God, true and faithful, on the day the Merrimac attacked her. One of the seven wrote me under date of March 5th, three days before the action :

"My Saviour 'sticketh closer than a brother.' He is with me wherever I go, even on shipboard. The Lord always takes care of his children. He brought me into this ship. Oh, brother,

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

"We have started a meeting for prayer. Four men have been converted since we commenced. I do believe, that if this ship stays out two years, *all*, officers and men, would be converted.

Our captain is a religious man. Some of the men scorn us and sneer at us. But the officers are our friends. God has provided protection for us—oh, God always protects his own.”

This letter was signed by seven brethren, who asked our prayers. To the glory of God, and as an exemplification of their faith, it ought to be stated, as the writer informed me afterwards, God did “protect his own” in that fearful fight, for not a hair of the head of one of the seven was injured. This good brother carried the banner of the cross into seven different vessels of war, after that, and witnessed a good confession for Christ in each one of them. He has been faithful in his day and generation since, and at this date (November 3rd, 1883,) is a living and working Christian. His light shines on the coast of Japan, where he is in command of a Japanese steamer, trading between Yokohama and Hong-Kong.

THE U. S. SHIP SABINE.

There were on board the Sabine, when she left to join the Gulf Squadron, in 1859, three devout men, new converts, from the parent hive. They at once entered upon their Master's work with much energy and new-born zeal. They were not permitted, at first, to hold public service. This however did not dampen their ardor, nor prevent them from laboring for the souls of their worldly-minded shipmates. The spirit manifested by these faithful men, is shown in their correspondence. In October, 1859, one of them wrote :

“ I am sorry to say that our captain will not allow us to hold any public service. Yet we meet together between two guns every night. We sing and pray. The officers know all about it, but no one disturbs us. We were only two, that met at first ; now, we are nine.”

Another brother, later, says :

“We have no opportunity to hold public prayer-meetings. But, bless the Lord, some of us get together in the evening and recount the goodness and mercy of God to our bodies as well as to our souls. We strive to comfort one another by repeating the promises of God to his faithful ones, and thus help each other on the blessed way. I thank the Lord that I, the vilest of the vile, ever started in his service. I am determined, God assisting me, with or without the public means of grace, come weal, come woe, sickness or health, to serve Him, even unto death, his grace sustaining me, for I am helpless alone.”

Subsequently, on application to the captain for permission to hold their meetings on the berth-deck, he answered, “there is no room below ; you may sing and pray between two of the quarter-deck guns, and no one shall molest you. But,” he added, with emphasis, “don’t make too much noise.” Some time after this, the quarter-deck was required for theatricals and negro minstrelsy, and the praying men were relegated to the now deserted gun-deck. Here, in the darkness, and in obedience to the Divine command, they “assembled themselves together,” and nightly exhorted each other to hold converse with God, and to pray for the success of his cause among their shipmates. In November, 1860, the number of the disciples had increased to *ten*. In March, a brother wrote :

“God has answered our prayers by increasing our numbers. At last we have permission from the captain to have a lamp every night. We have eighty artillerymen on board. The first day they came on board, we invited them down to our meeting. They were surprised to find a prayer-meeting in a man-of-war. Two of them are already seeking the Lord. There are now

thirteen of us, altogether. This is the very time we have been praying for, for the last twenty months. Pray for us! and let us praise God's holy name together. These men have been providentially sent here, and I hope they will carry the glad tidings with them into the army. Make special prayer that we may have the blessing of the Lord, without which we can do nothing."

These devoted men continued their meetings and their efforts for souls, until the term of their enlistment expired. Some of them entered other vessels of war, and carried the blessings of the gospel with them, into their respective ships. They were in the habit, as opportunity offered, of visiting and corresponding with their Christian brethren on the different vessels composing the Squadron, exhorting and encouraging them to faithfulness. One of them, writing to the St. Louis, says :

"I am happy to inform you that there is a little band of faithful ones on board the Roanoke. They hold their meetings on the berth-deck. Thank God *we* are not alone. If there were only a few of God's people in every ship in our Navy, what a blessed thing it would be! for, by the help of God, this well-begun work must increase; and if we are faithful to Him, this will be a glorious Navy indeed, one in which all are united in praising and glorifying God."

In corroboration of the above, it may be stated, that four members of our church, converts of the receiving-ship, carried the leaven of gospel truth on board the frigate Roanoke in January, 1859. In March following, one of them, in a letter to me, said :

"Our men leave no means untried to persecute us, but, thank God, they have not succeeded yet, in turning any of us back to the world."

In May, he writes : " We have had a prayer-meeting but once in many months. We asked our chaplain to secure us a place for prayer, but hitherto without success. God is with us daily and hourly to strengthen us all."

In December, 1859, the news came that there were ten professing Christians among them, and that a weekly prayer-meeting had been established. In January, 1860, they say :

" We are members of different churches, but we are all working together for the Lord. A meeting once a week is all that is allowed us. Pray for us that we may grow in grace. There are five hundred and sixty souls on board of our ship, and but eleven of us who are confessing Christ. A man-of-war is a sad place for a person to try to serve God. Such a one is made sport of, and is but illy esteemed. Thank God we can overcome evil with good."

In April the meeting was very well attended. One hour a week was all the men were allowed to worship God. The service was held on the berth-deck, amidships, and though so small that twenty persons filled it to its utmost capacity, many of the crew attended, standing up outside. The meeting was continued until the ship was put out of commission ; with what result the final day alone will reveal. Some of these Christian men I, have been enabled to follow for years, and to mark the integrity and purity of their lives. Some have ceased " from their labors, and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER XXI.

STORM AND CALM—A WILD CHRISTIAN.

The sea-boy's story—Immoral practices—The street preacher—Danger of hell-fire—Sincere prayer—From storm to calm—New life—Good news—U. S. steamer Congress—U. S. steamer Vermont—Moral courage—Academic studies—Captain—Yokohama—Present usefulness—Ferdinand Louis—A wild Christian—Converted—U. S. steamer Congress—U. S. steamer Flag—Working for Christ—Enters the army—U. S. steamer Iroquois—Happy in domestic life.

IN September, 1860, a Danish lad, who is to-day a living monument of the abundant mercy and grace of our covenant-keeping God, handed me the following interesting narrative :

“*Dear Sir*—Enclosed is a brief sketch of my life up to the time of my conversion.

“I was born in Denmark. It pleased God to bereave me of my parents at the age of four years; after which I was taken to live with an uncle until I was fourteen. To him, under God, I owe gratitude for moral habits and good education; but although very moral, he was not a converted man, and therefore I did not see much more than the form of religion as long as I remained at home. After going to sea, I gave way to many immoral practices common to seafaring men, and for years was travelling rapidly on the broad road to destruction. But it pleased God to turn my feet into the way of peace, in the following manner.

“In the fall of the year 1860, I was in New York, and one Sunday afternoon went to a meeting held on a canal boat in Old

Slip. The preacher remarked that he had recently stood at the death-bed of some sailors who were many hundreds of miles from home, with no kind mother, sister or friend near to comfort them in their last moments. These remarks made a deep impression on my mind, and I felt that I ought to prepare for eternity, as I might soon be placed in a like condition. After meeting was closed I received, at my request, a New Testament and some religious reading matter ; and I began from that day, to seek for what I felt I needed, but of which I then knew nothing. A few Sundays after this I received an invitation to come to the Mariners' church on the corner of Madison and Catherine streets. There I heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Charles J. Jones, in which he earnestly pleaded with sailors to flee from the wrath to come, and embrace life everlasting ; pointing them to Christ as the only way. I became deeply interested, for I felt that he was explaining how to find that 'one thing needful' which I was seeking. From that time I became a regular attendant at nearly every meeting held in that church, as long as I remained on shore. After four days earnestly seeking for this peace of mind and leaving off my former sinful habits, I found gradually an inward peace and joy taking possession of my mind, and instead of going to the places of worldly amusement, where I had delighted to go before, I now found joy and pleasure in going to the house of God and associating with his children. Before I went to sea again I expressed the hope and belief that I was converted ; but by what I afterwards experienced I came to the conclusion that I was not truly converted until the next voyage, which I soon afterward made, and during which, the following incident, which I shall never forget, occurred.

“ It was on board a schooner bound to Wilmington, N. C. I was sitting in the fore-castle one afternoon, reading in the New Testament which had been given to me at Old Slip. I read that ‘ whosoever shall say to his brother, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.’ I suppose I had heard these words before, but never had they made such a deep impression on my mind. Never

before had I applied them to myself as I did now. I could not read further, but laid the book down, and went on deck, reflecting on these words. I felt that I was in danger of hell-fire, for I knew that I had often committed that crime on which that dreadful judgment was pronounced. The words sounded continually in my ears, and I felt myself a guilty and condemned sinner. My past sins rose up before me like immoveable mountains. I was in deep agony and distress; for though I was looking up to heaven and crying to the Saviour for mercy, it appeared to me as if He would not hear me, and then the awful fear came over my soul that I had gone so far in sin that I could not be pardoned. Oh, truly, no mortal can realize the awful burden which the meek and lowly Saviour bore when, besides bearing his cross amidst the sneers and ridicule of those for whose salvation he was about to die, He had to bear the sins of all the world. Nor can we wonder that while bearing such a burden, hanging with his mangled body on the cross, He should utter that agonizing cry, 'My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?'

"I remained in this condition until dark, and was anxiously awaiting an invitation to the prayer-meeting held every morning and evening in the cabin, that I might ask the captain and mate, who were professors of religion, to pray for me. After waiting a while, the mate came forward. He put his hand on my shoulder to speak to me, but was surprised to find me in tears. I told him that I was a great sinner in the sight of God, and that I felt there was no pardon for me. He informed me that he himself, had similar feelings at times, and he believed it was a suggestion of the Evil Spirit; 'but,' said he, 'let us go forward and pray.' I went along with him. We knelt together on the deck, unobserved by any but our God, and there we both pleaded earnestly with Him, who alone can save poor sinners. Yes! I know that if I ever offered a sincere and honest prayer to God for mercy and pardon for my sins, it was on that evening. But mark the glorious result! After praying together for some time, the mate

went aft. I stood up, and in a few moments a wonderful change came over me, and I do not think that I can explain it in a better way than this.— It was as if there had been a great and terrible storm within my bosom, the billows roaring and lashing, and everything dark and gloomy, previous to the prayers we had offered up to heaven. But gradually, as we prayed, the storm seemed to calm down, and at the end of the prayer, after I found myself alone, it became perfectly calm within my bosom. A few moments afterwards I experienced such an unmistakable evidence in my heart, that my sins, though many, were all forgiven, I felt an unspeakable joy and peace; and while looking up on that beautiful calm starlight evening I imagined I could see my blessed Saviour in the starry heavens standing with his eyes beaming with love and pity and his arms outstretched, saying, as he did to his disciples of old when he met them on the sea, ‘Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid.’ With these very words he that evening rebuked the dreadful storm that had been raging within me. Yes! blessed be God, I heard him that evening saying to me, ‘Peace, be still.’ ‘Thy sins are all forgiven thee!’

“Your humble brother in the Lord, F. R.”

Twenty-three years have rolled into eternity since then. That young sailor still lives, and his whole subsequent course has attested the genuineness of the marvellous change which came over his spirit on that starlit evening of the long ago. It is pleasant therefore to record the facts which follow. On his return from that voyage, he presented himself as a candidate for membership, and on the 2nd of November, 1860, entered into covenant with God and his Church, “to watch over his own heart and life in the fear of the Lord, and to guard against everything which might bring dishonor on the cause of religion, and especially to exert himself in every right way to promote religion among seamen, to the end that God may

be glorified in their salvation." I have followed his career with interest ever since, and can bear witness to the faithfulness with which he has kept his covenant vows. In the fall of 1861, I received a letter from a city missionary in London, which contained the following :

1 "In the course of my ship visitation in the East India Docks, I was brought into communion, on board of the American ship *Silas Greenman*, with two young sailors whom the Lord had most gloriously blessed through your instrumentality. They are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, but by the consistency of their lives have done much good among their shipmates. They wish me to assure you that you are not forgotten by them. This I am sure will be to you a good encouragement to go on in your work of faith and labor of love.

"Frank Rogers says that through your labors the word of the Lord has been made precious to his soul. He is still following the footsteps of the Lord, and is making known to his shipmates, wherever he can, that gospel which is able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. The spirit of God is now moving abroad upon the ocean with saving power. I have seen a ship's crew of eighteen souls, who were converted to God without the agency of any man. They were brought under conviction of sin at sea, and cried to God only for mercy."

In February, 1862, this dear young brother was by a strange Providence brought to Newport News, Va., a few days before the U. S. frigate *Congress* was about changing her crew. He enlisted in her, and at once began to work for the salvation of his shipmates. On the 2nd of March he wrote me, saying how wonderfully God had led him to his ship, and rejoicing that he was in the happy path of life. He said :

"We are eight Christian brothers on board. We have prayer-meeting three times a week. I am happy that I came to this

Christian country and find people ready to sympathise with the poor sailors. I am content to go where the Lord sends me. I have given my heart entirely to the Lord, to work for him alone. Four of the crew have been converted and joined us in our service. Some of our shipmates scoff and jeer at us, but our captain is a religious man, and he is our friend. God always protects his own."

This letter was signed by eight men, all of whom, marvellous to relate, in the terrible action with the iron-clad rebel ram Merrimac, on the 8th of March, just eight days after the date of the letter, passed through the fearful conflict in which the Congress was taken, without a scratch. When the rebel tug came alongside to take the remainder of the crew prisoners, Frank jumped out of one of the lower deck ports to swim to the shore; but being exhausted a few yards from the beach, he sank, became unconscious, and was hauled out of the breakers by some soldiers who came to rescue any helpless one that might escape. He was resuscitated and subsequently sent to New York to the receiving-ship North Carolina, and thence drafted to the U. S. line-of-battle ship Vermont, then at Port Royal, S. C.

"His first impulse on entering upon his duty was to provide for a public religious service. He heard that the officers were not favorable to such gatherings, yet learning that a meeting was called by one of the men for the evening, his heart rejoiced, and at the appointed time he went below on the berth-deck, where he found a colored man, solitary and alone, standing up to speak for Jesus, and surrounded by a gang of men who were mocking and scoffing and throwing things at him. He immediately sprang to the side of his colored brother and announced himself a disciple of the Lord Jesus. He said, 'I thanked God in my heart that he had opened a door for me to enter and testify of

the goodness of our blessed Saviour to these men, who had never seen a meeting on board their ship.' The promptness and bravery displayed by his advocacy of Christ brought silence to the crowd. This was broken by the voice of an aged man, the gunner of the ship, who reproved them, and claimed that the soul of the colored disciple of Jesus was whiter in the sight of God than any of his persecutors."

Having inaugurated a good work here, he was drafted to the U. S. steamer Onward, at Charleston, S. C. From that vessel he wrote, June 26th, 1862 :

" Little did you think when you addressed your letter to me on board the Congress, that I should receive it here ; yet so it is, and I live to read it after God has so wonderfully delivered me from all harm in that fatal battle. It was indeed a battle that will never be forgotten. Often do the tears come to my eyes when I reflect on the past. How many of my poor shipmates fell on board that ship who were not prepared to die, though they were warned by me and my brethren, night after night. My heart is grieved within me, because in every ship I see so many who neglect this great salvation, their own highest welfare. Oh, my brother, pray, and ask your church to pray for my poor blindfolded shipmates ; and that I may love and serve God wherever I go, and be a bright and shining light in his service. I came aboard here a couple of weeks ago, and as far as I can learn. I am the only professor of religion in the ship. I let my shipmates know that I am a follower of Christ, and have urged them to flee from the wrath to come. We are lying abreast of Fort Sumter and expect to be engaged in an attack on the city. God's will be done, whether I die or live. I am ready to die, if he will, or to live and labor for him. If we do not meet on earth, I hope to meet you in heaven."

Two weeks later he acknowledged the receipt of a letter and reading matter, and gave an account of the

disposition of the same and the observed results. He had obtained permission from the captain to hold religious service, and the promise of protection from insults or disturbance. He was in his element while reading to and praying with his shipmates. A place had been selected on the berth-deck, where everything done would be under the eyes of the officers. Only a few attended at first, but he said he remembered what the blessed Saviour said of the value of one soul, and that there is joy in the presence of the angels over the repenting one.

Two months later he tells me of the increase of the numbers in attendance, including officers, and gives an interesting account of the services. And still later, having received from me hymn-books and other reading matter, in acknowledging the receipt of them, he said :

“I do from my heart thank you over and over again for your kindness in sending the hymn-books. I can now carry them with me from ship to ship. Last Sunday I could put a hymn-book in the hands of every one who came to the little meeting. I shall, by the grace of God, meet you in heaven, with many stars in your crown.”

In January, 1863, the *Onward* came to New York. He expected to be paid off and then apply for an officer's position. But it was not to be as he desired, and hence he wrote, in February :

“I was disappointed in not getting the position I desired ; but instead was sent on the *Onward* again. I am glad God's ways are not our ways. Everything he does is for the best. I have a library now, and have commenced our meetings for prayer. God seems to bless me wonderfully. I confess I never met officers who treated me with more kindness. The captain himself

encourages me with his presence in the meeting. Shortly after we reached Fayal, he made me a quarter-master, in order that I might have more time to attend to religious services. A few weeks ago we took a blockade runner, and I with two officers and six men were put on board as a prize crew to bring her to Key West, where I now am. While I was on board the *Onward*, I did not see much fruit from my labors, but I believe that the seed sown will bear fruit that may not come to my notice."

At Key West he was transferred to the schooner *Beauregard*. He found the crew very immoral, but he said, "I will try to let my light shine. I am beating up against the strong current which is carrying so many poor fellows down to ruin." October 12th, 1863, having heard of my transfer from the Mariners' church to the Sailor's Snug Harbor, he wrote, "I am glad you are still laboring for the men of the sea, for whose welfare you have done so much. Although I am contented with my present lot, having been promoted in the service, yet I could wish to see the work of the Lord prosper, as in the Congress. But the will of the Lord be done."

In the summer of 1864, we enjoyed a short visit at our home from this faithful servant of God, who, after discussing the project of studying for the ministry, thought it perhaps would be better for him and give him a wider range of influence, to continue at sea and serve the Lord among his shipmates. He therefore entered the academy at South Berwick, Me., for the purpose of studying navigation, hoping that as an officer he could labor with greater prospect of success. From this academy he wrote the following :

"I am still on the Lord's side, striving in my feeble way to stand up for my blessed Saviour and honor and glorify his blessed

name ; and by his grace assisting me, I always mean to do so, and live so that I may be a light wherever he sends me."

Under date of September 8th, 1865, he wrote : "I love my blessed Saviour now more than ever, and find it still my chief joy to confess him before a sinful world. If my kind Father above permits me to command a ship, she shall be a floating Bethel. I love to point the sons of the ocean to a crucified and risen Saviour. The Lord graciously bless you and your dear family with many temporal and spiritual blessings ; grant you much success in your labors and many souls. Remember me kindly to your kind wife and dear children, and in your prayers ; that if we never meet again on earth we may meet in heaven."

We have never seen his dear face since ; but as a fitting close to this record of faithful labor, I will append an extract from a letter received in March, 1878, by a mutual friend. It was from Yokohama, Japan, and said :

"If Rev. C. J. Jones is still pastor of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, please give him my kind regards, and tell him, what I know will interest him much, that I am now in command of a fine steamer here on the coast of Japan, and yet I know it will interest him even more to know that I am still travelling the narrow but peaceful and glorious road that leads to eternal bliss and happiness. It was under his preaching, while pastor of the Mariners' church, New York, that I was first led to follow my dear Saviour. Often has my soul been refreshed and strengthened for the spiritual battle of life by attending the Saturday evening prayer-meeting at the Sailors' Home in Cherry street, New York. With a fervent prayer to God that he will abundantly bless and prosper that and all similar institutions in America, to the present and eternal good of the American seamen, and all others who shall come within their influence,

"I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely, F. R.

Commander of Steamship Fusu Maru."

In a letter received from Rev. W. T. Austin, Missionary to seamen at Yokohama, dated November, 1880, he says of this Christian sailor: "He is a noble fellow and an honor to his profession." In June, 1881, he was in command of an iron steamer of 1800 tons, running to China, and still working for Christ.

FERDINAND LOUIS.

Christian seamen, as a rule, are born with their mouths open; and the first evidences of their new birth are their joyful acknowledgments of the divine mercy in their own conversion, and the putting forth of missionary efforts for the salvation of others. An illustration of this remark is afforded in the labors of one who belonged to the little company of praying disciples on board the frigate Congress, at the time she was destroyed by the Rebel ram in Hampton Roads.

He was converted through the agency of the Mariners' church, and shortly afterwards shipped in the Navy to aid in maintaining the integrity of the Union. Thenceforth the name of Ferdinand Louis was destined to figure prominently in the Navy and in the Army both, until the surrender of the Southern forces at Appomattox, on the 9th of April, 1865. Once awakened to a sense of his sins, with great sorrow of heart he sought forgiveness from the Saviour whom he had so long rejected. With the pardon of his sins came the consecration of a heart that burned with no ordinary affection, and the devotion of a life which he considered no longer his own, since he had been purchased with so great a price as the precious blood of the Son of God.

After his marvellous escape from the death-dealing

missiles of the Rebel ram, in March, 1862, he was transferred by the authorities to the receiving-ship North Carolina, at New York. During the stay in Brooklyn of the crews of the Cumberland and Congress, the citizens of New York gave them a grand reception in the Academy of Music, in April. On the 21st of May, the New York Port Society held its anniversary in the same building. On that occasion, Louis, by request, delivered a short address, an outline of which is here given, by way of presenting him to the reader. He was introduced as one of our sailor heroes of the Congress, amid great applause, and said:

“My Christian friends, I thank God that I am permitted to speak a few words to you. I am thankful for the honor of expressing my gratitude to these good Christians for their love to the sailor’s soul. I have sailed under the Stars and Stripes for nearly twenty years. In the earlier part of my time I served faithfully in merchant vessels, and the last nine years and a half in the U. S. Navy. I therefore call this country my home. I thank you to-night for your sympathy with us whose home is on the great waters. When I first came to the United States and saw that beautiful flag floating over the shores of America, a land where seamen from every country find a home, I looked upon it as millions of others have done, with a happy heart. And I tell you there are thousands of my countrymen to-day in this land who will not only stand up for it, but are willing to die for it. My principal object this evening, however, is to thank you for your religious interest in men of my class.

“I was born in what we call a Christian land, but I was a wild Christian. One of those who as soon as they get ashore plunge their head into a rum-shop and stick there until the last cent is gone. That is the kind of a Christian I was. I knew there was a God above, but when alcohol was in me, my power for good

was gone. One day, while standing at the door of my boarding-house, a man came to me and said, 'My friend, will you take a tract?' I said, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'Will you come to the church to-night?' I said, 'I will,' and I went. I saw some people singing and praying, and I heard some sailors telling what God had done for them; and I said to myself: 'Now, Fred, now is the time for you. You have served the devil faithfully for many a year, and what have you got for it. You have not a second suit to your back!' But," he added, "look at the difference now! I am in the service of the Lord. He is mine and I am his for evermore.

"But I want to say a word about our good ship, the Congress. Some have spoken of her as though we did not defend her, and complain that we hauled down our colors, while the Cumberland went down with her ensign at the peak. Now, my friends, look here. Put yourselves in our place, and see whether we were not right in surrendering under the circumstances. We fought that ship until two-thirds of our men were crushed into a bleeding mass of wounded and dead. Our last two guns were crimsoned with blood and brains, and you could not move a foot without stepping in human gore. Our officers were *too* brave; they fought even when the issue was hopeless. Our brave Lieutenant Smith was the best man I ever saw. When the Merrimac hauled up under our stern, and her commander said, 'Smith, will you surrender?' 'No,' said Smith, 'not as long as I have a gun to bear on you, and a man to load it.' Our commanding officer being killed—cut in two by a shot from the enemy,—Lieut. Pendergrast, as brave an officer as could be, took charge. The ship was fired near the magazine, and we were compelled to surrender, as we had not a gun that would bear on the enemy.

"I am willing to continue in this war, to go on board any other vessel, and spill my last drop of blood for the flag."

His speech was received with great enthusiasm, and he retired amid thunders of applause. Soon after this, our brother was drafted to Baltimore, and entered on the

crew list of the U. S. steamer Flag, which was soon afterwards ordered to join the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. Having reported at Port Royal, she was sent to cruise off the coast until July, when she entered the harbor of Charleston, intending to take part in the attack on that city. His first letter to me was dated July 4th, 1862. He says :

“ We expect to attack very soon. We are waiting for the iron fleet. The battle is going to be a very severe one. It is estimated that a thousand guns will be trained to bear upon us ; but Yankee manhood and the strong arm of God will enable us to conquer. The Rebel flag must come down and the Stars and Stripes wave over Sumter. Our officers are brave, and our men will stand by the starry flag as long as one ship remains above water. When the rebellion is crushed, we hope to return to our sweet homes and our kindred to rest. But while I write this, I am thinking of our heavenly home, and the honor and glory we shall receive for our labor if we prove faithful to the end. Thank God for such a hope ! Although I see the dangers before me, and have experienced them already in the contest with the Merri-mac, I fear them not in my heart, for if it is my Father’s good pleasure to call me away, his will be done. I wish every man on board could say the same. For my part, I will serve the Lord, my God, if all the evil spirits in hell should rise up against me. The grace of my Father in heaven is sufficient for me. If He is for me, who can be against me ? I trust in God who preserved me in the first battle, and will preserve me in the last. If you do not get a letter from me shortly after the battle, think of me as at home, in peace with God. I am sorry to say there is not one experienced Christian on board. I have spoken to many, and they tell me they would give their hearts to God, but they will wait until they come on shore. When I tell them death is certain, and this battle may be the last to them, they express sorrow, but do not decide for God. Pray for them and for us all.”

August 24th, on the receipt of my pastoral letter, he wrote again. He says:

“The letter has given me great satisfaction. It has been read by a great part of the crew forward, and by many of the officers aft. I have distributed books and papers, and have demands for copies of Testaments in different languages.”

In November, again, he gives an account of one of his shipmates, to whom I gave a copy of the Sailors' Companion in New York. He says:

“Before he received that book, he was a drunkard and swearer; he is now a constant reader of the Bible. He gives thanks to God for the change wrought, and asks the prayers of the church, that he may continue in the good way.” He adds: “My heart is full while I write. I wish you could see the earnestness of many of these men, and hear their conversation. Some say to me, ‘Louis, tell me how you obtained this blessed religion?’ My soul is in heaven, and I seem to hear my Saviour whispering peace.”

This letter contained the cheering intelligence of the conversion of two of his shipmates, and says they are happy in a Saviour's love. In referring to seamen, he says:

“They have all generous hearts, and will listen to the truth as it is in Jesus, when they are spoken to earnestly and affectionately. I hope and pray day and night that the Lord will convince them all. The long letter you wrote has awakened a good many throughout the ship, and it is yet in circulation. The best love from all on board the ship is sent to you.”

In December one of his shipmates writes me: “I thank you very much for the beautiful books you sent me. They are read by us all with great pleasure.” The

writer of this was the third who had been brought to Christ through Louis' influence and prayerful labors. Of him Louis says: "He sincerely loves the Lord Jesus in his heart."

In April, 1863, Louis was sent North, sick. On his recovery he married a pious woman, and shortly after enlisted in the Second Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers, at Concord, N. H., and from Point Lookout, Md., December 31st, he wrote :

"I thank the Lord this blessed day for the privilege of writing to you. I hope, my dear Christian brother, this will find you and your dear family in good health. You remember the letter you wrote me at Charleston. That has been a great blessing to me ; I have kept it ever since. I wish you would write me another like it. I volunteered into the army to help put this rebellion down, and also to work in the vineyard of the Saviour. I have met with many a soldier of the Cross here. We have united together and agreed to commence a meeting in earnest. We started with twenty members, and have now over three hundred. The Colonel has been kind enough to give us sufficient timber to build a church, which we have completed, where we hold meetings morning and evening. It would do your heart good to see so many coming to the Lamb of God for pardon. It is supposed by all in the camp that ere long it will be a regiment of saints. We have upwards of twelve hundred rebel prisoners in barracks, which we guard night and day.

Another letter from the same post speaks of the continual progress of the work of the Lord among the soldiers, and that the officers were becoming interested in the work of salvation. He was full of rejoicing not only on account of his own spiritual welfare, but for the revival of the work of the Lord among the soldiers. He says :

“The Spirit of the Lord is everywhere. I scarcely dared believe that I should see such a work in the army. ‘Glory be to God on high.’ Oh, my dear brother, my soul is overflowing with the peace of God while I write. I fear no sickness, no death ; I have the Lamb of God for my guide. If my fate be to fall in battle for my beloved country, it will be because God has ordained it. I feel as if I had done very little for him since Christ converted my soul. I rejoice, however, in the promise of God, and when the labors of this life are ended, I shall go home to my Father’s house in heaven.”

A few weeks later, on January 20th, he says : “Our church, which will accommodate one hundred men, is full. Officers are flocking in ; sons of men are becoming sons of God. My desire is only to love the Lord with my whole heart and to do his will. Oh, how delightful it is to work for the Lord.”

In consequence of so many of the States requiring men to fill up their quota of troops, bounties were offered in the fall of 1863, to induce men to enter the army. As a result, the navy was depleted of some of its best men, by seamen enlisting as soon as their time was out, and of many who deserted for the purpose of securing the bounty. No such inducements being offered to recruit the naval arm of the service, the consequence was the weakening of one branch to strengthen the other. This mistaken policy gave alarm, and efforts were made to transfer such sailors as had enlisted, from the army back again to the navy. In this way Louis found himself once more afloat in our wooden walls.

In May, 1864, he writes from the receiving-ship at New York :

“*My Dear Brother*—The Saviour is still my dearest friend. Your kind letter came as an angel to me ; and as I may lay here a week longer, do write me again. I would like to get ashore to

see you, but will not be allowed to leave the ship. Some men are deserting, and the innocent suffer for the guilty. I thank God I never did desert my country's flag, and I never will."

In September, 1864, he thanks me again for the many comforting words I had sent him. He had served some months in the U. S. steamer Iroquois, where he had received my last letter. Now he writes from the Ascutney, thanking the Lord for the full assurance of faith which gladdened his heart. He adds:

"Tell the brethren not to forget to bear me up in their secret devotions. The Lord is doing a great work in this ship. Pray for me that I may stand up for Jesus. I never thought that God would choose a sinful man like me to such a work as I am called to do. Blessed be his name! 'When he is for me, who can be against me.'"

A few days after he is rejoicing over another new-born soul, who becomes his companion in the Lord. In October he is again transferred, that he may carry the leaven of the Gospel of truth to the U. S. Steamer Don, the flag-ship of the Potomac flotilla. Here too, he finds a Christian brother, and rejoices in the happiness of the man who has made the Lord his trust. He complains that the moral condition of the crew makes it difficult to serve God among them; but still he holds fast to his integrity, and asks prayer "that he may hold out faithful to the end and meet us all in heaven." On November 9th, after acknowledging the receipt of a thanksgiving sermon which I had published, and sent to the Army and Navy, he closes a long letter, saying: "If Divine Providence does not permit us to meet on the earth, O, gracious thought, we shall meet in the kingdom of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ."

In March, 1865, after three years, he is yet the happy child of God. He says, "I have enjoyed many happy days in God's service, only as a Christian can be happy. I have no desire to go back to the world. You have been a true friend to me, and many a sailor has been led to Christ through your labors. I pray God that he will spare you to point many more to the Saviour of sinners." April 2nd, 1865, seven days only before the collapse of the rebellion, he writes :

"I am very happy that the Lord is still so good to me. I am still serving my Lord and Master, and am filled with the greatest joy. I can sing

' Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.'

"When I think of my past life, I rejoice in what God has done for me, and by his help I will serve him as long as I live. A Christian brother has joined us, a member of your church. His conversation shows that he loves the Lord. I enjoy his society very much."

This closes the correspondence of this beloved brother from the ship. Between the date of this letter and the next he had completed the term of his enlistment, and had returned to his home, carrying the same happy, trustful, confiding spirit into the walks of domestic life, which had borne him up amid the difficulties of the berth and gun-decks of a man-of-war, and in the tented field. In his last communication after the rebellion was crushed, April 24th, 1865, he wrote as follows :

"I am once more a free man, and clear of the naval service of the United States. I have not forgotten you, and I am persuaded, from my religious experience, you have not forgotten me.

I thank God, I am happy in a Saviour's love, and I hope to be so until I die. My motto is honesty, sobriety, and trust in divine Providence. Wife and I send kind love to you. I close with a prayer that God will bless you and keep you till his kingdom comes. Pray for me to the Lord, for he is good to all them that seek him."

Thus the fire of divine love, kindled in the soul of a poor neglected sailor, burned on, amid the darkness of the ship and the camp, in storm and in calm, at sea and on shore, and from ship to ship, in the fury of battles, the hurtling storm of shot and shell, on the bloody deck and in the sick bay, undimmed by opposition and persecution, unquenched by human hate or devilish assault, illumining a life of toil and suffering and of exposure to danger and death, sustaining him in the presence of open and secret enemies, rewarding his faithfulness by the salvation of many precious souls among his shipmates, and the impressing of we know not how many more, by the force of his godly example, and by the sanctifying power of the truth of God which he bore to so many souls. Well may we accredit all this to the divine goodness; and while acknowledging the weakness of the instrument, exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

Can any one reading this simple narrative, containing the experience and daily deportment, amid the ever varying and conflicting scenes of life, through which this natively rude and uncultivated sailor passed, and not be impressed with the fact that "the Gospel is the power of God," not only to save but to mould and fashion the hearts and lives of men to an excellence not attained by human culture?

CHAPTER XXII.

THE AFRICAN SQUADRON—MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS.

Spiritual light on a dark coast—United States steamer Constellation—Brethren favorably situated—Christian officers—Prayer and temperance meeting established—Sixty sign the pledge—Work revived—Meet the Niagara—Volunteer missionaries—Feelings at parting—U. S. steamer Mystic—Sensation in the squadron—Hearts opened—Just as I am—Correspondence appreciated—Noon prayer-meeting—U. S. steamer Portsmouth—Twenty believers—Conduct of crew—Faithful to covenant vows—God worshipped nightly—In the dark—Letter from the fore-top—Faint yet pursuing—U. S. ships Sumter and Relief—Modern “diaspora” —U. S. ship Saratoga—Four faithful ones—San Jacinto—No public meeting—Three representatives of Christ—Testimony to their faithfulness—Future of these Christian men.

THE men composing the draft which left the receiving-ship for Boston, in April, 1859, were apportioned to the vessels then fitting out. Among these were the Constellation and Portsmouth, for the coast of Africa, and the Hartford for the China Seas. The African Squadron consisted of the Portsmouth, Saratoga, San Jacinto, Sumter, Mohegan, Mystic, Cumberland, Marion, and Constellation, the latter being the flag-ship. Each of these vessels had her contingent of professing Christians, the most of whom were faithful to their Divine Master, and represented him among their shipmates, with a devotion toward God, and a charity toward their fellow-men, that will compare favorably with the conduct of a

like number of Christians in any part of the world. Their earnestness, patience, perseverance, self-denial, and missionary zeal, are worthy of all praise.

On board of each of these vessels—when permission was granted—the daily prayer-meeting and a temperance meeting were established and maintained, with occasional interruptions, during the entire period of their absence from home. If spiritual light were visible, many a precious gleam would have been seen upon the waters, by the denizens of the “dark Continent,” as these vessels passed up and down the coast in the service of humanity, arresting the miserable and mercenary slave-trader, and liberating thousands of men, women and children, with dusky skins, it is true, but with throbbing human hearts, and human affections and sympathies, who were the objects of cruel greed. The brethren on board the flag-ship were more favorably situated than many others. When they asked permission of the first lieutenant to hold their prayer-meeting, he, though not a professor of religion, replied, “With pleasure. I am glad that I have such men on board, and will protect you in your meetings.”

They were very largely freed from persecution. They had the favor of their officers, some of whom were Christian men. The gunner took the lead of their meetings, instructed them in divine things, and encouraged them in the cultivation of their Christian graces.

The Bible class and the temperance meeting were sustained weekly. Divine service maintained on the Sabbath by one of the lieutenants, and intercourse with the brethren of the other vessels of the Squadron, when practicable, was not only permitted, but facilitated and encouraged. They write, “We meet with no opposition worthy

of the name. An occasional slur is cast upon some of us, but we must expect that ; and we ought to be thankful that we are accounted worthy to suffer reproach for Jesus' sake."

As a result of these favorable circumstances, there was less defection on board the *Constellation* than in other ships where persecution raged and was permitted, and where public religious service, though not absolutely prohibited, was so encompassed with difficulties as to make its continuance a painful effort. The number of conversions on board this ship was not large. Only a few were induced to join the original thirteen with which the service commenced in Boston, in June, 1859. So trying was this felt to be, that some of the brethren almost wished for some opposition, to break in upon the even tenor of their way.

The effect of the temperance meeting was encouraging. Over sixty signed the pledge of total abstinence, and such was the impression made on that subject, that when the crew were allowed to go on shore in Madeira, with liberty for forty-eight hours, and a month's pay ; out of over three hundred men only forty showed any signs of intoxication. This was considered a marvel of sobriety for a man-of-war in those days.

An event of importance took place in August, 1860, which is referred to by one of the brethren thus: "We are happy to inform you that God has revived his work in our hearts lately. Brethren are drawn closer together in the unity of the spirit, and in the bonds of peace. Still we have no conversions from among the crew." This fact set them thinking that it might perhaps be their duty to colonize, and try to do good elsewhere. Two of

them, therefore, determined, if permission could be obtained, to leave their comfortable quarters, where everything was so enjoyable, and where the cause was so ably represented, and go on board some other vessel, where the gospel was without any living advocates among the crew. They prayed over the matter, and concluded that the idea was born of God. Learning, shortly afterwards, that the condition of things on board the *Mystic* was such as to invite their aid, they made the necessary application, which was granted, and they were transferred as above.

Thus, Thomas Dwyer and Morris O'Brien, two able seamen, became missionaries of the cross, as truly as any who have ever taken their lives in their hands to go to the heathen. It is barely necessary to say that their condition and surroundings on board the *Mystic* were in perfect contrast with those of the *Constellation*. They might have been worse off, but for the captain and surgeon of the *Mystic* being men of God. They welcomed these young missionaries with thankful hearts and with open hands. Among the crew, matters were very different. The announcement of this change came to me, first, by the way of the *Constellation*. One of my correspondents wrote to me, under date of August 13th, 1860:

“Last evening—Sabbath—all our brethren were on board the *Niagara*, and attended the prayer-meeting. It reminded us of the old times on board the *North Carolina*, to see Rev. Charles S. Stewart, her faithful and godly chaplain. To hear his voice, and to take part in the service, as we all did, was indeed a blessed privilege. It is evident that the Holy Spirit is moving among her crew, in a very remarkable manner. I believe that a great work

will be done on board of her in winning souls for Christ. We send two of our number on board the *Mystic* to-day. They go as volunteer missionaries, to try and do some good among her crew. I learn that there are no professed Christians among the men. Pray with us, that the 'little leaven' may 'leaven the whole lump.'"

After these young men had been on board the *Mystic* about twelve days, Brother Dwyer wrote to me :

"I shall never forget the last day on board the *Constellation*. I never before realized how much of bitterness could be mingled with the sorrow of parting from those we love. It was in the dusk of the evening when I shook hands with the last of those who accompanied me to this vessel ; and, as he left me alone, my tongue refused to utter the last adieu. My heart sunk within me. It seemed as if it had ceased to beat, for a moment, and then it swelled again, almost to the bursting point. For a season I was a child again. I hid my face in my cap and wept until I blushed for my manhood ; I tried to command myself, but in vain—the weakness of my nature asserted itself in spite of my volition. Just then the divine word came to me, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me ; and whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me cannot be my disciple.' From that moment I was strengthened to face the difficulties of my position. Brother O'Brien and I came here for just one purpose, namely, to become missionaries of Him who loved us, and gave himself for us. I fell at His feet, and solemnly dedicated myself anew to that work, asking no greater blessing than to be the bearer of his cross after him."

The self-sacrificing act of these young men produced a profound sensation throughout the whole squadron. As it was felt that they had undertaken a difficult task, many honored their zeal and bravery, who despised their religion. They, themselves, went immediately to work. Through the kindness of the surgeon, who gave up the

dispensary for the purpose, a meeting was established, of which he subsequently became the leader. The crew were invited to attend.

Within a few days the Lord opened the hearts of two young men, as he had opened the heart of Lydia of old. One of these was the surgeon's steward. Both of them became active and earnest workers for Christ. In a few weeks, a third soul was added. The number was thus increased to seven. Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, found the chosen few assembled to invoke the blessing of God, on the godless crew. The lamp, lighted here, continued to burn with undimmed lustre amid the surrounding darkness, until the vessel was ordered home, about a year afterwards.

One of the converts of this vessel, whom I had never seen, wrote me, under date of May 6th, 1861 :

“*Dear Sir*—I have received your kind messages by Brother D——. I must say that I have often wondered what would have become of me. I was walking in the way of death. I know that hell would have been my portion if I had died before these Christian men came on board. I have been at sea about eight years, but I had never heard of such a thing as a prayer-meeting on board of a man-of-war. Since the meeting was established here, I have felt myself to be a ‘new man’ in Christ Jesus, my Lord. He has plucked me as a ‘brand from the burning.’ I am now trying to serve Him faithfully. I have his promise that whatsoever I ask in his name ‘He will do it.’ I want to be able to say with Peter, ‘Lord thou knowest all things—thou knowest that I love thee.’ I can say now :

‘Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd’st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come.’

“Pray for me, my dear sir, that I may press forward, carrying aloft the banner of the cross of Jesus Christ. Our meetings continue every evening. I feel that the Lord Jesus is with us. We have one young man added to our number, and another inquiring the way.”

These devout workers of the *Mystic* were encouraged occasionally by the appearance of some new face at the place of gathering; and sometimes it became, as they themselves testify, “the very gate of heaven,” to their souls. In the mean time, the work on board the *Constellation* went on as before. In February, 1861, a brother wrote:

“Your efforts to do us good have been many, and untiring; tracts and books have come to us from you, in abundance during all the cruise. We know of the love you bear us, by your kindness to us, while we were yet on board of the *North Carolina*. Not yours only, but that also of your flock. Your aim has been to save our souls and thus to glorify the King of kings, who shed his precious blood for such worms as we. Your visit to the receiving-ship *Ohio*, before we left *Boston*, I heartily thank you for. It was a blessed season of refreshing to me. I have never forgotten it. The faithful epistles you have written to us so frequently and regularly, ever since, have cheered me. I enjoy the reading of them very much, and sometimes have the pleasant soul-satisfaction of weeping tears of thankfulness to God for putting it into your heart to show us such love, away off here on this most desolate coast of *Africa*. I believe, verily, that you think more about us, than we do about ourselves. Your prayers for us have been heard, and have done us much good. You know, as you say in your letter, ‘that we are in the field of fight, while you are tarrying by the stuff.’ Ah! my dear pastor, I wish we were more actively engaged than we are, that your saying might be truly applied to us. We have to struggle hard to hold our own. Especially is this the case, when the

enemy catches us napping, and gets into the camp among us. Then we cry lustily to the Great Captain of our Salvation, who is always near ; albeit our eyes are sometimes so dimmed by the smoke of battle that we cannot behold him, yet he always delivers us, according to his gracious promise. When I consider the 'toils and snares' through which 'we have already come,' I attribute much of our present peace, to the prayers of yourself and church, which ascend like incense, when you present us in the arms of faith and love at the mercy-seat. It is pleasant to hear that so many seamen are turning to the Lord. 'It is His work, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' "

In June, 1861, they established, in addition to the other services, a noon prayer-meeting, between one and two bells. They found, to use their own words, "that it did them a power of good." The last communication from this ship, before she returned to the United States, ran thus :

"We received your affectionate pastoral. It gives us great joy to hear of the work of grace among sailors in the States. We are all grateful to you for your kind and wise counsel, and your continued care for us, while we are absent from you. It is so full of encouragement. Be assured that you are never forgotten in our prayers. Our meeting still flourishes ; so that, although we do not see the increase we desire and pray for, we yet enjoy the preciousness of the promise of God to the two or three gathered in His name."

U. S. STEAMER PORTSMOUTH.

On board this vessel, some twenty of the crew in all were professing Christians. Twelve were members of our church and eight of the New York Baptist Mariners' church. They were reduced, however, from time to time, after reaching their cruising ground, by the making

up of prize crews to man the slavers which were taken and sent home. One of the number, a Baptist, was drowned, of whom his shipmates testified, "that he witnessed a good profession up to the hour of his decease." The conduct of the crew in general, towards the representatives of the church was anything but kind. During the whole cruise, efforts were made to drive them from their steadfastness, and it must be admitted, that in some instances they succeeded but too well. Some, however, who were drawn away by the enticements of the grog tub, and by the slanderous and scurrilous epithets of their shipmates, came back to their allegiance to Christ with redoubled zeal, before the cruise was over. In the face of all these untoward circumstances, a faithful few kept true to their covenant vows, and sustained the worship of God openly for a large part of the time of their absence, every night in the week. It does not speak very well for the officers of the ship, some of whom, at least, were professors of religion, and members of churches, that these men were compelled, during nearly the entire cruise, of more than two years, to worship God in the dark. Their meeting-place was between two guns in the starboard waist. Here they gathered nightly, after the hammocks were piped down. The leader of the meeting wrote me, September 24th, 1859:

"The starboard side has been generally quiet, but, lately, our voices are drowned in the noise made around us by the skylarking of the men all along the gangway. As we are compelled to worship in the dark, we are unable to read or to sing, except such hymns as we have committed to memory. We have but little advantage here. I am writing this letter in the fore-top. I know that you can sympathize with me, in the absence of better facilities."

Nine months later, they were still holding on. They complain, however, that the language used toward them by their ungodly shipmates, was "scandalous." Another brother says: "The crew seem to be embittered against us." And again: "the conduct of our ship's company would shame Sodom." One little incident which occurred at San Paulo de Loanda, speaks volumes for the estimation in which the worship of Jehovah was held by those who were in authority:

"We were engaged in divine service on the Sabbath morning," says the writer, "when the quarter-master reported that the French commodore was approaching the ship. The service was immediately arrested, and the buckets and capstan bars, which we had extemporized into seats, were hurried below as soon as possible, that the deck might be clear for his reception. We had no service therefore on that day. It afforded our enemies an opportunity to triumph over us, and you may be sure they made good use of it, in speaking evil of the truth."

It does seem as if some men presume that Jehovah has no right on board a ship that the authorities are bound to respect. "Such conduct," as the writer says, "needs no comment." Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and the strong current of opposition which they were required to stem, they still mustered from seven to ten faithful ones at their daily meetings, whose motto was, "faint, yet pursuing;" and who sought encouragement and Christian sympathy, when feasible, away from home. A brother wrote me, May 5th, 1861:

"We have had several precious meetings on board the Mystic, in the dispensary. Last night we met on board the Constellation. The good Lord, who has promised to be 'in the midst'

when two or three are gathered together in his name, was truly present, and caused our hearts to rejoice in his love. The Christians of the Constellation are very happy in the Lord, and enjoy his service."

They had meetings also on board the Sumter and the Relief. On each of those vessels there were three praying men. One was converted on board the latter, on her passage out from the United States. The Saratoga and San Jacinto had each representatives of Christ among the crew. The former four, and the latter five. This may appear, to a worldling, to be a small matter. Yet these were the oases in the moral waste, having within themselves wells of living waters, springing up unto eternal life.

When it is considered that the ships composing that squadron had crews, amounting in the aggregate to two thousand five hundred souls, and that there was not a single chaplain among them, it will be conceded that the few Christians dispersed through them, these modern "diaspora," were so many evidences of the Divine mercy to the entire fleet. Had this mercy been properly appreciated, it would have called forth continued thanksgiving and praise to God, from every heart in the squadron. On board the Saratoga, a meeting was organized and conducted from October, 1860, to January, 1863, by four devoted men, one of whom was a member of our church. The paymaster was also a man of God. He read divine service on the Sabbath, when practicable. In this service he was sustained by the captain, who was always present. After the ship had been out over a year, the surgeon of the Mystic was transferred to her. He took charge of the evening services, and encouraged the

brethren in the good work. A few only were added to their number.

On board the *San Jacinto*, no regular meeting was held. Of the three disciples in her crew, one only was a member of our church. They found that all they could do was to keep alive the flame of love in their own hearts. One of them wrote me, May 4th, 1862 :

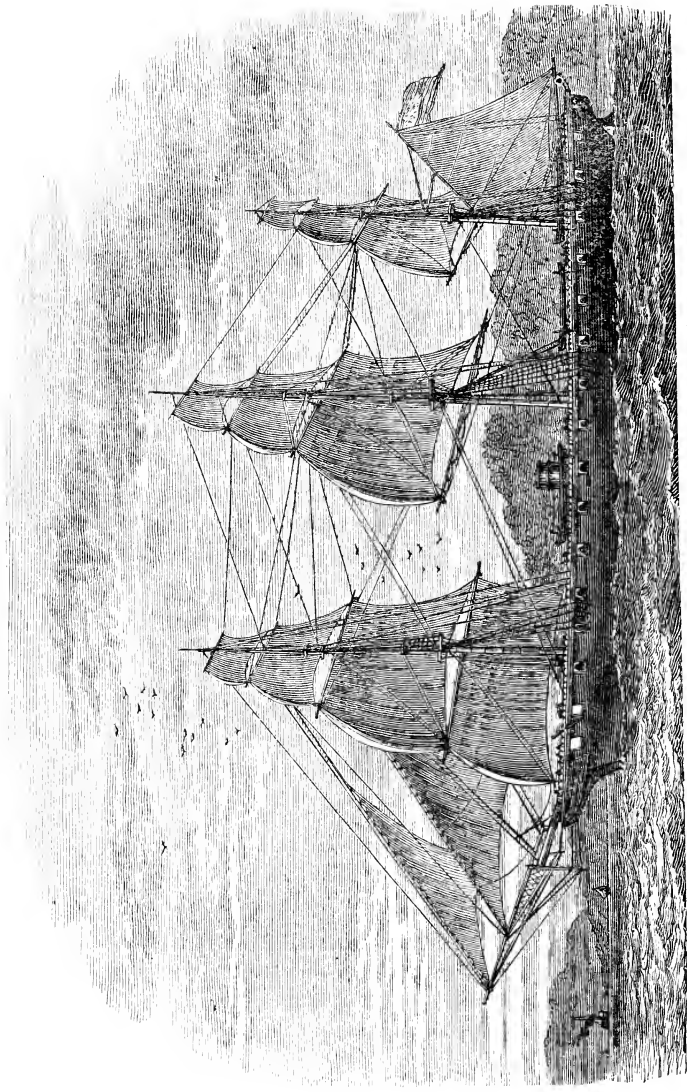
“I have had many trials and temptations, and as I am but a weak Christian, I beg the prayers of all praying brethren and sisters—that I may bear the Cross manfully and hold out faithfully unto the end, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus, and at last receive the crown which he has promised to all them that love and serve him !”

This prayer was fully answered. He was the honored instrument of carrying the Saviour’s banner into other men-of-war, and after a consistent service of thirteen years, died in the Lord, while under my spiritual care, at the Sailors’ Snug Harbor, on the 30th of December, 1874.

The testimony of Christian brethren in the squadron, who knew whereof they affirmed, was : “The brothers of the *San Jacinto* are true to the Lord.” They came together as opportunity would permit, to encourage each other in the way, to compare notes, and to worship God in company. The disciples from the *Constellation* and the *Portsmouth* interchanged visits with these brethren, and with those of the *Sumter* and *Relief*, as often as facilities for doing so were afforded, and held divine service with them. On these occasions, they “exhorted” and stimulated “each other to love and to good works.” As in ages past, so now, and *here*, along the shores of this death-enshrouded continent, “they that feared the Lord

spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it," and sustained them in the unequal strife. Doubtless "a book of remembrance" was for them also written, the pages of which will be resplendent with the names of those who so nobly sustained the cause of their Saviour amid the opposition of ungodly men.

As far as I have been able to trace these men of the African Squadron, in their after history, I have found them, with but one or two exceptions, true to their covenant vows. Two of them rose from before the mast to the position of commanding officers under the Government; one to a lieutenancy in the revenue marine service; several to masters-mates, ensigns, and masters. What the full measure of their influence was, we may never know on earth. But when the records of that squadron come to be written for the final account, we shall hear of many of whom it shall be said—as of Ethiopia—in that day: "This man was born there." (Ps. lxxxvii. 4.)



PAGE 469.—“U. S. STEAM FRIGATE HARTFORD.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

U. S. SHIP HARTFORD—TRUE AS STEEL.

U. S. steam frigate Hartford—Physical form and finish—Moral beauty—Choice spirits—Daily worship—Splendid officers—Captain's promise—A new shipmate—Thirteen converted—Chaplain not interested—A rousing choir—Touching scene—Hong-kong—Precious seasons—Thirty-seven active workers—Ships in port invited—One hundred and twenty-five soldiers converted—Rev. J. C. Beecher cheered—Barque Benefactor—Never seen in China before—Hartfords true as steel—Temporary reaction—Backsliders return—"Jerusalem crickets"—Drunkards sober—Shanghae—A missionary's testimony—A beautiful sight—"Blest be the tie"—Revival on board H. B. M. ship Acteon—Forty sailors converted—A godly captain—Stand by the Cross—Good for both ends of her.

I NEVER shall forget the impression made upon my mind, when, in the summer of 1859, I pulled round the U. S. steamer Hartford, as she lay at anchor off the Navy Yard in Boston harbor. She was then ready for sea. Everything was "a-taunto." I thought she was the most beautiful vessel I had ever laid my eyes on. I gazed upon her with wonder and admiration. No sea-bird ever sat on the water more gracefully. Her lines appeared to me to be perfection itself. The marvellous symmetry of her form, the delicate tracery of her rigging, her taunt, lofty, well-stayed spars, her faultless proportions, her exquisite trim, in short her "tout ensemble" as a perfect model of naval architecture, is as vividly present to my mind to-day as

it was then. Truly "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But the beauty I then admired was merely the perfection of human ingenuity and handiwork. A still more delightful impression, however, than that produced by her external form and finish, now lingers in the chambers of memory. It is the sense of moral beauty—evoked by the reading of the records of the work of grace wrought upon her crew by the Holy Spirit, through the agency of men once unskilled in gospel themes, and unattracted by spritual beauty and loveliness; men whose lives that same Divine Spirit had made radiant of truth by his own indwelling. The hands that penned some of those precious communications are now cold in death. But the evidences of God's mercy to the men of the sea, through them, in the far-off nations they visited, and the influence wielded by those rude and unlettered, but serious, honest, and self-denying sailors, whom God had chosen to be witnesses for his Son, and to live lives of purity in the midst of abounding ungodliness, will never die. At the time to which I have referred, the ship had just been put in commission. She had a banner crew, and as noble a set of officers as men ever sailed with. Among them, some choice Christian spirits, who set examples of godliness to the ship's company, while they fully maintained their own "esprit de corps." Enrolled among the crew were between thirty and forty disciples of Christ, who had been converted on board the receiving-ship, during the previous winter and spring. With seventeen of these, I kept up a running correspondence during her absence of over thirty-one months in the East—a correspondence which was as refreshing to me, and as useful to my church and congregation, as it was copious and

instructive. It is from their letters that this narrative is drawn.

A few weeks before she left Boston, one of her seamen, who was destined to become prominent among her crew for his faithfulness to Christ, and to the souls of his fellow-men, wrote me as follows :

“ *My dear Friend*—Through your kind instructions I have found that hope, which makes a dying hour an hour of joy, and that treasure which makes one rich and comfortable and happy through this life, as well as in eternity. Yes, through you, my dear pastor, I have been brought from darkness into God’s own marvellous light. I am now rejoicing that I have found the dear Saviour, who has cleansed me from all sin. Through your sermon of last Sabbath, I was brought to see myself, as I had never done before. Glory be to God, and a thousand thanks to you ! I am now walking in the path of righteousness which you pointed out to me. I now love what I once hated, and hate that which I once loved. I love to read my Bible, and above all I find relief in praying to Jesus Christ. I am now striving to prove myself a faithful soldier of the cross. Thanks be to God that he has sent his only begotten Son into the world to save sinners, and that in his tender mercy he has sought out me, a poor miserable sinner, and has rescued me from destruction. You have been the means of uniting me to my Saviour, and I promise you that I will try, with all my strength, to be useful in his cause. I hope he will strengthen me in my purpose.”

The promise of this good and simple-hearted brother, was well redeemed. His course on board the Hartford, was like “the path of the just.” It shone “brighter and brighter.” The breath of slander and calumny did not sully his fair name. His influence, resulting from his devotion to his Master’s work, and his practical love of souls, was such, that many a sailor, I doubt not, will, in

the far-off future, rise up and call him blessed. His life was an illustration of the fact, that under God, the weak confound the mighty; "and things that are not," are used to bring to nought "the things that are;" that no flesh may glory in the divine presence. This man was a member of our church, and a most faithful correspondent. He was true to the heart's core; like Abdiel,

"Faithful found among the faithless."

I cannot add, "faithful *only* he," for there were many faithful with him, who, as the record will show, maintained their integrity through evil report and through good report, as long as they were together. As soon as the ship's company were transferred to their own vessel, they initiated daily services, which were continued morning and evening, with occasional exceptions only, until the end of the cruise. One of the first letters which came to me, dated June 17th, 1859, said:

"We held our first meeting last night. The first lieutenant took the lead. He seems to be a religious man. I believe, if we were to search the American Navy through, we could not find a better set of officers. There are two 'sweat boxes' aboard. One of them is destined to become the library case, and the most of the men have subscribed a dollar apiece toward the purchase of a good library to put in it. So you see the boys appreciate the kindness of the officers."

On the 24th of June, 1859, another wrote:

"The ship leaves Boston to-morrow. I have one going with me, this cruise, with whom I never sailed before. I hope to have Him always with me. He has said, Lo! I am with you always.'"

Still another—on the same day :

“ A few of us in our watch on deck at night gather under the launch and pour out our hearts to God. We have splendid officers, and to all appearances we are going to have a good ship. Not a man yet, has been called ‘to the mast.’ The officers seem to be astonished at the good conduct of the men, and they are giving us good treatment. The captain says, he begins the cruise as he means to end it ; and that, if we behave ourselves as we are now doing, he will do all in his power to make us comfortable and give us all the privileges he can.”

This letter contains the statement that there were among the crew twenty-seven professors of religion : thirteen members of our church, six Baptist, two connected with other denominations, and six who have no church connection. He adds : “ We have had our meetings four or five times in the ‘fore passage.’ We are doing the best we can, and I do not hesitate to say that God is with us, and is leading us, as a tender Shepherd, “beside the still waters.”

On the 28th they sailed for Madeira. From there I received a letter dated July 5th, stating :

“ We have our meetings for prayer twice a day, every morning and evening, and a sermon from the chaplain on Sunday. Never in my life did I see such attention to religion among sailors. It would do your heart good to look upon three hundred seamen, all attending, I am happy to say, with the commodore at their head. Your letter telling me to live close to God in prayer, I received just before we left. I thank you for your interest in us. Prayer is my greatest enjoyment. J. N.”

From the Mauritius, September 22nd, a Swede wrote me :

“*Dear Pastor*—You will rejoice to hear that the work of the Lord is prospering with us. Our meetings are held every evening, continuing sometimes two hours, from four to eight bells. The Lord is doing a great work among us. In the whole course of my life I never saw anything like it. I never knew what pleasure was, until I found the Lord, who brought me out of darkness into light. I am truly happy in the service of God, and hope I may never even *look back*. I thank you for your kind instruction. I can only pray for you, that God will pay you in the great day of account.
J. W.”

Another brother states :

“The port watch meet one evening, and the starboard watch the next. The fore-passage is rather small for us all, but it is large enough to crowd in both watches, when ship’s duty will allow both to meet together. We are careful never to interfere with the discipline of the ship. Our hearts are sorrowful, if anything interferes with our gathering. It is the place where we find comfort and pleasure. I often see men weeping over their sins. A good work is going on. The carpenter, who is a man of God, has taken the lead of our meetings. He is striving, with the help of God, to point sinners to ‘the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.’ Thirteen souls have been added to our number. Five more are serving God in secret, and a great many others are seriously troubled about their salvation. We are praying that God will open the eyes of many more. Some evenings lately, reminded me of the 27th of April on board the ‘Old North,’ the day you bid us farewell. That scene is graven in my heart. I can never forget how you stood weeping, and imploring the blessing of God upon us all. Our officers as well as the men, even to the commodore, show their reverence for divine worship by their presence at our meetings. The captain says he never experienced anything like it. The men on the Sabbath, are seen sitting about the decks, reading the Bible or Testament, or other good books. Our worship is never disturbed. I am sorry to say

that our chaplain takes very little interest in our spiritual welfare. He has a prayer every morning, and a sermon every Sunday ; but he never comes down to our meeting, not even to our Sunday afternoon prayer-meeting. You may judge, by this, how much he interests himself in us. The carpenter, however, is a faithful leader.

“ Dear pastor, if you had been with us yesterday, you would have been glad. At divine service, by the captain’s orders, the brethren all sat together, and formed a choir. The ship rang with songs of redeeming grace, and praise to the Lamb. We arose one after another, in the presence of our officers and shipmates, and testified to what Christ had done for us, and what he is willing to do for them, if they would only forsake their evil ways and thoughts, and come to Him. Five of our officers were weeping, and many of the men covered their faces with their caps to hide their tears. The commodore was heard to say that he never witnessed such a touching scene in his life. It was a novel sight to see sailors in tears, imploring their shipmates to flee from the wrath to come. Pray for us, that the whole lump may be leavened.”

One hundred and thirty-six days after leaving Boston, she arrived at Hong-Kong, via Mauritius and Singapore, without death or accident of any kind.

“ But, best of all,” says my correspondent, on the 13th of November, 1859, “ ‘ Jesus of Nazareth is passing by.’ He is teaching us and blessing us. Mr. B—— and the sailmaker’s mate have become active workers in the vineyard, and are anxious to have the whole ship’s company with them. There are thirty-seven of us now, in all, and I believe we are all taking an active part in the work. Every night men are found weeping over their sins. We have every privilege we can wish. There is no disturbance by the crew, and the captain tells us that if the ‘ fore passage ’ becomes too small, he will find us a larger place. Our officers are anxious to see the word of the Lord, ‘ have free course and be

glorified.' They do not labor personally with us. But we cannot expect them to do so when the chaplain, whose duty it is, will not lend us a helping hand."

Later, the same brother mourns over the defection of some six or seven, who, while on liberty, were tempted by the bottle. Some of these, however, returned, penitent, and were subsequently restored. In May, 1860, they write again :

"We have had some precious seasons since we wrote you last. There have been remarkable meetings on board this ship, that I hope will never be forgotten. We have often seen a man-of-war's quarter-deck decorated for a ball, but never before, for the public worship of God. Invitations had been sent out to the different ships in port, to attend divine service on board the Hartford. Captains, officers and men, from the merchant vessels, came on board. The captain gave us the privilege of manning a boat, and going on board other vessels, to invite men to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. We have sowed the good seed, and look to God for his blessing. The influence of these meetings cannot be measured. Some ships that came into port with no religious persons aboard, have gone to sea, some with two, some with three, and one with five souls converted. A Baptist missionary—an old man—says, we have 'taught him a lesson he will not forget. The resurrection of dead souls is like that of Lazarus, whom Christ called from his grave.' His little Chinese church is all stirred up. It is something new for them to see Christian sailors flocking to their services. The influence of this ship is not confined to the American vessels, but extends to the British as well ; sailors and soldiers are moved by it. We attend a prayer-meeting every evening at Mr. Beecher's church. God is blessing faithful labor, and many are being added to the ranks of the disciples, of such, we trust, as shall be saved. A sergeant of the first Royals, a British regiment, lately returned from the Pei-Ho, had been greatly blessed at Canton, where a non-commissioned officer

started a prayer-meeting in the camp, and though enduring obloquy and contempt on account of his zeal, he held on, and after five months, one hundred and twenty-five of his comrades were converted. Rev. Mr. Beecher says, he 'has been praying for this condition of things for the last four years.' But now his eyes see the blessing of the Lord."

By way of corroborating the above, and looking at the work from the standpoint of the missionaries, I will here insert a letter written to me by Rev. J. C. Beecher, at that time chaplain to seamen at Hong-Kong, and dated May 2nd, 1860:

"*Dear Brother*—I am pressed for time wherein to answer your kind letter, received per Benefactor, yet cannot put off communicating that which I know will fill your soul with joy. The Benefactor brought me good, sturdy helpers, and the end is not yet. I was absent at Wampoa when Captain Corning arrived, having gone thither to see about re-building the Bethel destroyed by the Chinese three years ago. On my return, after three days, I found that there were evidences of a reviving among us, no where more needed than in my own tired soul. We found strong helpers in your friends on board the Hartford. They took hold manfully with us. The interest increased. Captain Corning and his excellent chief-officer were instant in labor and prayer. Three or four English captains, praying men, came into the harbor, and, for once, I felt that I was not alone. Truly the last three weeks have been bright and joyous. I think that fourteen staunch sailors have come out upon the Lord's side, and the interest still continues. Such a state of things has never been known in China before. I am not idle; I have prayed for this, through storm and sunshine, for four years, and just as my faith had begun to flag, the blessing came. I tell you, dear brother, when we get ships that are *prayer-laden*, traversing the seas, we may begin to look out for revivals. One ship thus furnished, sails to-morrow for San Francisco. Two

praying men, 'the first-fruits' of our harvest, go in her; and another, I trust, will be added to them. I have just been on board to break the ice for them. God grant that the little leaven, may leaven the whole lump.

"Your Hartford friends witnessed a good profession at the meeting on Wednesday evening, on board the Benefactor, and the Sabbath and Thursday evening meetings at my chapel. They are true as steel, and believe me, they speak nobly for Christ. They are a blessing to their ship, and a blessing to the harbor. Next week there will be a sad scattering, and God only knoweth whether there will be found any helpers in my work. Yet even if all alone, I shall work away with revived hope and new energy. It is a trying field; everything is shifting, shifting continually. Pray for us, that change may bring as well as take away helping hands."

In August, the brethren wrote me, sending joyful tidings. The men who had temporarily strayed away, allured by temptation, came back to the fold, sorrowing after a godly sort; relating their bitter experience, and telling of the anguish which they had endured in their absence from Christ, and from their brethren in the Lord; and promising increased watchfulness and faithfulness in the future.

In December, they were still pressing toward the goal for the prize, scattering the light of the Gospel, as they moved up and down the coast among the heathen. Their letters express much gratitude for correspondence, books and other reading matter, which I had sent them. These, they felt, were so many evidences that they were not forgotten, and so many links binding them to the church and brotherhood at home.

The opening of the year 1861 brought with it a temporary reaction. A few of the weaker ones, who had

been ashore on liberty, had yielded to the tempter, thereby bringing reproach upon the cause, and interfering somewhat with the privilege which had been accorded to the crew, of visiting the Bethel, or attending service on board other vessels. It also thinned the attendance on their evening meetings at home. The “Jerusalem crickets,” as the ungodly called them by way of reproach, were therefore, for a season under a cloud. It was only for a short time, however; as in February they report a renewing of the interest, and men still coming to Christ. In March an occasional correspondent, a sort of “looker-on in Venice,” who hovered around the confines of the Christian territory, instead of nestling down among the believers, wrote me from his own point of view, saying:

“The most profligate men and the greatest drunkards in the ship, are becoming sober, steady, and orderly men;—do not break their liberty, nor fight, nor do anything that is discreditable to themselves or to the country they serve. There are some, now, who have been habitual drunkards for years, who have given up drinking entirely; not because it was an injury to their constitutions and degraded them, but, first, from the force of example—and then from conviction that it was of no benefit to them. Out of three hundred who went ashore on liberty last week, only two were brought aboard intoxicated. Now, my friend, do you not think that this is a great change for the better—and a great blessing to our craft? The people ashore say that we are the best behaved set of men that have ever been out on this coast. All praise to God for it!”

The conclusion of the writer is: “There is no place under the arch of heaven where a man benefits himself so much for both worlds, as in a vessel where honesty and sobriety are well thought of.” I may add, further, at this point, an outside testimony, from a young sea-

officer at Shanghae, where the Hartford was laying in the spring of 1861. He had been converted and was laboring at his own charges, as a missionary among sailors. He wrote, in May :

“ We have had the Hartford here, and her little church stands firm. I never met with men whom I loved so much. One of the brethren of H. B. M. ship *Acteon*, also, often visits us. You have heard probably of the good work going on, on board of her. I have also met with some Christian men on board of merchant vessels, but they are few. The Bethel here is well attended, both from ship and shore. J. T.”

In June, 1861, my correspondent, after the usual assurance that the meetings were carried on with the accustomed regularity, and were doing well, expresses his sorrow at the smallness of the Christian band, as compared with the number of the entire crew. Saying :

“ We have been prayerfully sowing the good seed, for the last two years ; yet how few and easily counted are we who are walking in the narrow way, while so many are travelling the broad way. Nevertheless we are thankful to God that he has a few representatives here, and that he keeps us together and comforts and blesses us with his love. We know that whenever we meet, ‘ He is in the midst.’ ”

He adds : “ We have been ashore to the Bethel prayer-meeting. It is a precious privilege. We were delighted to see the British soldiers, officers and men, crowding into the house of God. It was a beautiful sight ! A large number of them are Christians. They had heard of the Hartford’s, and when they met us, they gave us a cordial grasp of the hand, and made every effort to encourage us, and to accommodate us while we were ashore. Well may we sing :

‘Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love,
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.’

“The English sloop-of-war *Acteon* is here. There is quite a revival on board of her. About forty of her crew are converted men. When we met with them, and worshipped together, it reminded us of that memorable farewell meeting on board the *North Carolina*, when we parted from you, and your church members. Many hearts were melted down, tears of joy were shed ; prayers, heart prayers, went up that night, such as Paul says, ‘cannot be uttered,’ except in groans and sighs and tears.

“These *Acteons* are taking hold of God’s cause manfully, despising the shame ; they stand by the cross, accepting reproach for Christ’s sake. They have no fear of man before their eyes ; they fear God only. Their captain is a noble Christian man ; he leads them and defends them. He will allow no man to interfere with his believing men or disturb them in their worship. In Christ he is their brother. He calls them into his cabin in the evening, and takes active part with them in the service of God. He is proud of the behavior of his whole crew ; he says he can trust them to go ashore anywhere, because instead of going to the grog-shop or to houses of ill-repute, he finds them among the missionaries.”

How different the condition of things everywhere when a good example is set by the officers. The old proverb, “Like priest, like people,” may be given a nautical application and form, because, “Like captain, like crew,” is equally true, and as a proverb will wear as long. The law of kindness never fails to work out its own ends. Christian sympathy is as potent to-day, as when Christ walked the waters of Galilee to save his affrighted disciples. The power of love is as efficacious in the cabin of a merchant-

man or on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war at sea, as ever it was, in hut, or palace, or pulpit ashore. There is an impression abroad, that while it is possible for a sailor to carry Christ with him into the forecabin, it is utterly impracticable for the cabin to attempt to govern a crew on Christian principles, on board a ship at sea. It ought to be stated, however, that this is not the testimony of pious ship captains, who have given the matter a fair trial. There are hundreds of Christians who would give an unqualified denial to any such statement, if made in their hearing.

One who loves God and his fellow-men, and who has learned the all-important lesson of self-control, will, other things being equal, find but little difficulty in governing his crew. Seamen know when they are well treated as well as other men, and can usually stand as much kindness as an officer is disposed to give. I have heard many praise the good discipline and good usage of ships in which they have sailed under religious ship masters. The testimony of one of these, "I'll tell as 'twas told to me:"

"I made several voyages with Capt. M—— out of New York, before the mast and abaft it. He conducted divine service, wind and weather permitting, at sea, and in port, every Sabbath, and prayer-meetings every Thursday evening. He always read the Sacred Scriptures, and explained them to us. He was blessed in this work too, in the salvation of souls. From two to three, to ten or twelve were converted every voyage. He had his wife and two children with him. He gave us watch and watch, good usage, good grub and plenty of it. He did no work on the Sabbath except to reduce or trim sails. The decks were washed and the house on deck cleansed on Saturday afternoons. The men, when they shipped, were informed that there could be no swearing, quarreling, nor fighting allowed, as they were in a

Christian ship. As a result of that kind of treatment, the men were contented, and worked willingly. They jumped, the moment they were called, night or day. It was not at all an unfrequent thing for men to make two or three voyages with him in succession. I myself was so pleased and contented that I sailed with him for ten years."

It would not be difficult to multiply such testimony, if necessary. I have known many captains of whom the same may be said, simply because they governed themselves on the same principles as they governed their men. Other illustrations of this subject will be found in these pages in the testimonies of seamen who have been benefited by Christian treatment and allured by a life of love. Notably is this true with regard to the condition of things on board H. B. M. ship *Acteon*, and the *Powhatan*, *Congress*, *Constellation*, *Hartford*, *Niagara* and *Wabash*, of the U. S. Navy. It is true also of the merchant service. Such devoted Christian workers as Captains Bartlett, Brewer, Corning, Elliott, Gelston, Hawks, Holmes, Leisgang, Proal, Whitton and a host of others, out of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, never needed to wait for men, where their Christian kindness and virtues were known. The very name of the vessels they commanded have become household words in the families of seamen who experienced their benevolent control. Religion is good at both ends of the ship.

To return to the *Hartford*. It is only necessary to say, in conclusion, concerning the blessed work carried forward by her devout men, that the last communication to me from her, while in the Chinese waters, was dated July 23rd, 1861, and stated:

"We are, I trust, all striving to walk humbly before God,

acknowledging our weakness and our short comings, but still trusting in his abounding mercy. Of a truth we can say, 'He has never forsaken us,' but out of every trouble he has delivered us and brought us off in triumph, even in the face of the foe. Our meetings are still continued every evening."

Five months later these dear brethren were separated by the paying off of the ship in Philadelphia, in December. Having witnessed a good profession by holding forth the word of life during her whole cruise, and having left substantial evidence of their faithfulness on the Pagan coasts of the so-called "Celestials," they were distributed to other ships and other countries, under the guidance of their great Leader, who has commanded, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

CHAPTER XXIV.

U. S. GOLD LACE AND BLUE FLANNEL.

A Gospel ship—Captain William L. Hudson—A man of God—Submarine cable—Laid in the spirit of prayer—Preach on board—Fishers of men—Conversions—I do love him—Zealous chaplain—Japanese ambassadors—Scenes unprecedented—Officers and men converted—Kanagawa—Visit to missionaries—Prayer and praise—Hong-kong—Visit Mr. Beecher's prayer-meeting—Scenes in Cape Town—Chaplain's account of revival—Gold lace and blue flannel—A check experienced—On the blockade—Conversions still occurring—Model ship—Commodore McKean—His promotion—Devotion of his men—Admiral asking prayers of his men—Influence of Mariners' church—Nucleus of a church—Overruling providence—Place of meeting—Its advantages—Remarkable results—Seventy converts—Fifteen officers—Joy in the presence of the Angels.

OF all the vessels of the United States Navy with which I was in correspondence, the steam frigate Niagara, from whatever point of view she is contemplated, stands forth easily pre-eminent. She might well be termed a Gospel-ship. Her history, from the time her keel was laid, will justify the designation. While in the process of construction, she was under the supervision of Captain William L. Hudson, the commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was also her first commander. Being a man of prayer, of strong faith, scrupulously honest in his convictions, careful to maintain the sacredness of the Sabbath, and to live in such a manner as to commend the religion of Jesus Christ to his

officers and crew, and being, withal, as chivalrous in duty as he was capable and experienced, he was, of all the naval officers of his day, especially fitted for the delicate, important and difficult task assigned him, by the United States government, when ordered to proceed to England and take part in the laying of the first Atlantic submarine telegraph cable in the world.

It was meet that an enterprise of such world-wide importance should be committed to none other than a man of God—one who, having accomplished the marvellous achievement, should ascribe the glory to Jehovah alone. That wonderful work we know was begun, if it was not originally conceived, in a spirit of prayer and humble dependence upon God, on both sides of the ocean. Before the departure of the fleet from London, special prayer was offered for its success. Prayer preceded the sailing of the Expedition from Valentia Bay. Daily prayer went up to heaven from both ship and shore during the eight days of the paying out of the cable. Prayer and praise crowned the issue at its landing in Trinity Bay—Captain Hudson leading his crew up to the throne of grace in thanksgiving for the successful termination of the work. In announcing the accomplished fact, the captain sent the following telegram to his family :

“ Trinity Bay, August 5th, 1858.

“ God has been with us. The telegraph cable is laid without accident, and to Him be all the glory. WM. L. HUDSON.”

Before the Niagara sailed on this expedition, I visited her several times, and had religious conversation with many of the crew. On the 26th of February, 1858, I had an interview with Captain Hudson, and at his sug-

gestion supplied the men with one hundred copies of the Book of Common Prayer. I also placed on board two hundred copies of the "Sea Bird," and thirty-two volumes of religious reading matter for their use.

On the 28th, I preached to the ship's company from Matthew iv. 12-22—the Saviour's command to the fishermen of the Sea of Galilee: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." The audience were deeply interested. Many were moved to tears; some became noble "fishers," and laid the result of their efforts at the Saviour's feet. Among those who were sensibly affected by that sermon, was one who afterwards made his mark as a faithful follower of the Divine Master. In a letter to me after the return of the vessel, giving an account of his conversion, he says:

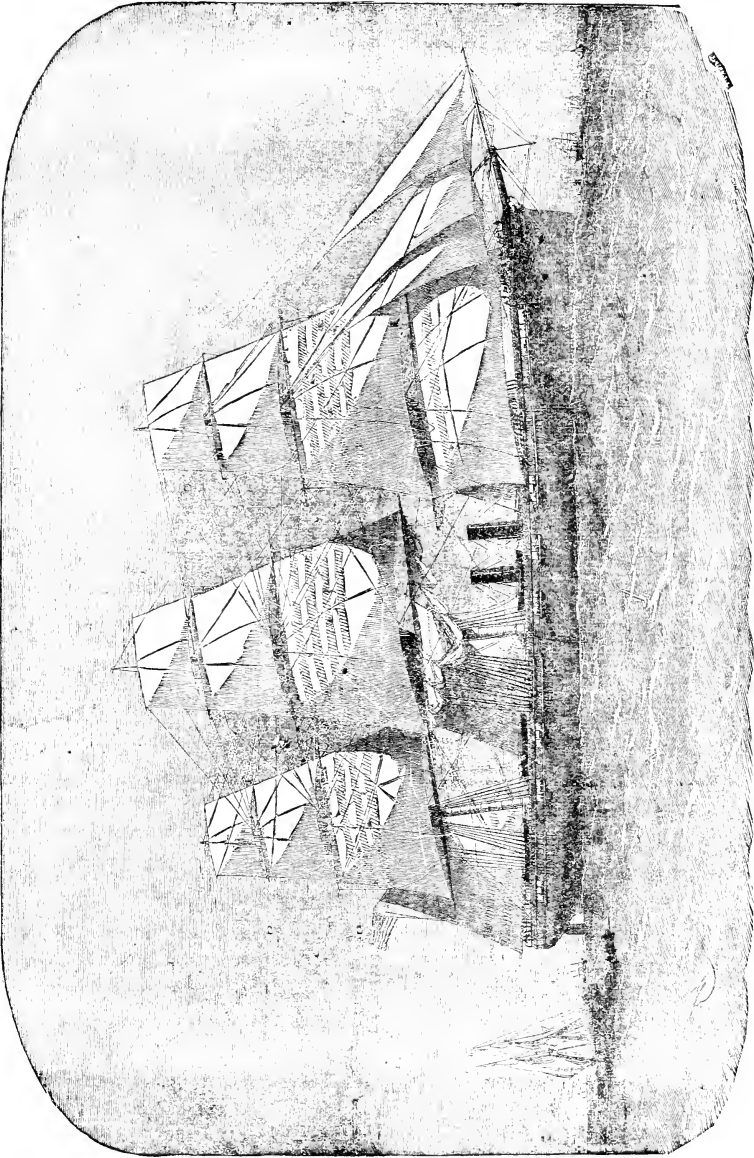
"I have not forgotten the advice you gave us when you preached to us before we left New York. I have been a great sinner! For the last twelve years I have been going down to perdition; but I have been arrested by divine mercy, and made to see my evil ways. I cannot be too thankful to God for not cutting me down in the midst of my sins. I hope you will pray for me, and ask the church members to pray for me, that God may give me strength to walk in his way all the days of my life. We have daily prayer-meetings on our berth-deck, at which sinners are invited to come to God. It is conducted by a few praying sailors. I hope there will be many more before long. Our chaplain is a godly man; I hope he will receive a full reward when he dies. If I never see you again on earth I hope to meet you in heaven."

Another of her crew, who maintained the honor of Christ's cause during the whole of the Niagara's cruise, who, on leaving her, carried his religious zeal into the

army and illumined the camp and bivouac with the brightness of his life and labors, and who did effectual missionary work until the close of the war, wrote me :

“ Through the mercy of God I am spared to tell you of what my blessed Saviour has done for me. When I was running in the broad road to ruin, he plucked me as a brand out of the fire. I can never praise him enough ; yet I do want to praise him more now than ever, for his goodness and mercy to me. I was sinning with a high hand, and an outstretched arm. But now I am praying to Him to bless and strengthen me and to guide me in the narrow path that leadeth unto life. Oh, sir, I do love him ! He is my best Friend ; he is always with me. I would not part with the blessed hope he has kindled in my heart for the whole world.”

After being out of commission twenty-one months, she was ordered to receive the Japanese ambassadors and suite and to bear them to their Island home in the East. The incidents of her voyage ; the work of grace which characterized it ; the impression made upon her illustrious passengers, who witnessed the scenes enacted daily and marked the effect of the religion of Christ on the rough natures of the men ; the devotion and missionary zeal of the brethren ; the good conduct of the crew generally ; the piety, humility and nobleness of character displayed by her captain and converted officers ; the effect of the ship's visit on the missionaries in Japan, their intercourse with the men of God who so faithfully represented the power of divine grace in that heathen land ; and withal, the earnest and faithful labors, and intense sympathy with the work of her noble and devoted chaplain, Rev. Charles S. Stewart—all these, if given in detail, would make a most readable volume. But I must



PAGE 488.—"U. S. STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA."

content myself at this time in given the merest summary ; and cannot do this better than by submitting parts of the correspondence of her zealous seamen and her godly chaplain, who kept me informed of the progress of the good work.

On the homeward passage, one who had temporarily recoiled before the powers of darkness, was restored, and as in many other instances, the return of the prodigal was followed by scenes of joy among the brethren almost unprecedented in the history of the work. It was also the means, under God, of an awakening among the ungodly, and resulted in a revival of wonderful power, such as we have no record of in the past, among men on the sea. I will let the witnesses of those nightly scenes tell their own story ; selecting two or three only, out of the many ; although I believe every word of each correspondent would be read with eagerness and delight. The restored one wrote me on April 17th, 1861, at sea, as follows :

“ *My Dear Brother in Jesus*—I am glad, yea, happy, that by the boundless and infinite goodness of our long-suffering and indulgent God, I can again call you my brother. God loves me, even me. He has forgiven me. His blessed spirit again bears witness with my spirit that I am his child. Praise the Lord for his forgiving mercy and love. I have great and ‘glad tidings’ to give you. God, by his Holy Spirit, in this ship, has been and is still answering the prayers of his Church. Since we left Aden, the work of grace has been in progress among the ward-room officers as well as among the men. The sailing-master has boldly declared himself on the Lord’s side. He spoke of his pardoned sins, and plead with others to fly for safety to Jesus. One of the lieutenants, the young surgeon, the chief-engineer and three assistants, two of the midshipmen, and the carpenter, have all

avowed themselves believers, and most of them take part openly in our meetings. Among the men the workings of the Divine Spirit have been wonderful indeed. Forty-three of them have been brought to Christ. Ten others have expressed their desire for prayer in their behalf. Captains of the forecabin and the tops, firemen and marines are included.

“ In all parts of the ship, in every mess nearly, Jesus is loved. Many speak of the danger of delay. The sudden death of one of our firemen, on whose head a block from aloft fell, and killed him, has been used of God to startle others and awake them to the necessity of coming to God at once.”

Another, himself a new convert, a few days later wrote me :

“ Your precious and welcome letters, by the *Vandalia*, were received at the Cape of Good Hope. My dear sir, I never knew what happiness was until I began to serve the Lord. After we landed our passengers, the Ambassadors, at Jeddo, we returned to Yokohama where we were granted twenty-four hours liberty ashore. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. We attended a prayer-meeting at the house of one of the missionaries. In Hong-Kong, our next port, we visited Mr. Beecher's prayer-meeting, and had also two delightful religious services with our Christian brethren of the Hartford. They were indeed blessed meetings. We went from Hong-Kong to Singapore, and thence to Aden, with Mr. Ward, our minister to China, on his way home to the United States.

“ The death of one of our firemen has led me to give thanks to God anew for sparing my life. His mercy and loving-kindness to such a poor sinner as I have been and am, is very great. I can truly say that Christ is precious to my soul. His name is sweet. Our prayer-meetings are a source of real inexpressible happiness to my soul. The voice of God has spoken again to us by the death of two men, invalided from the Hartford, whom we were bringing home. He says to us : ‘ Be ye also ready !’ I am

determined, by the grace of God, to be always ready, to live a Christian life daily, so that if I am called, the language of my soul will be, 'Thy will be done.'

“While in the Cape of Good Hope, we had a delightfully pleasant time. We were ashore on liberty for forty-eight hours, which we spent in the company of the Christian people of Cape Town. Rev. Mr. Thompson invited us to his house to tea; thence, accompanied by our chaplain, we went to his church and testified for Christ. It was none other than the gate of heaven to our souls. The second night we had another meeting in the same church, which we conducted ourselves, after our manner on board the ship. The next day our liberty was up; but as it was blowing a gale of wind we could have no communication with the ship, and were consequently compelled to spend the night ashore. This we improved by holding a prayer-meeting in the hotel. It was a profitable season. Oh, my dear pastor, the Niagara's crew have left a name behind them that will not be forgotten for years. The governor, Sir George Grey, has been heard to say, and many of the people too, that there never was a man-of-war's crew, American or English, on liberty, ashore in Town, who behaved so remarkably well, as our men. Over two thousand persons visited the ship while we lay there—as one of the wonders of the world. No wonder, for the Niagara is truly a revival ship.”

Another, who was converted on board the North Carolina, with many more, in 1860, and who was one of the most prominent of the leaders of the meetings, in giving an account of their Cape Town visit, presents us with some details not mentioned in the above extracts. He says:

“The captain gave me permission to make up a list of the Christian brethren who desired to go ashore. I took the names of twenty-five. Before going ashore, we had secured a house in which we could have accommodations for reading, sleeping,

quiet, etc. We were invited to the house of the minister, who received us with Christian friendship. After taking tea with him and his family, we accompanied them to his church, where we availed ourselves of the opportunity to speak on Africa's shore a word of praise to our Saviour. Several of our brethren were able with holy boldness to testify of the goodness of the Lord. The Christian people looked on with interest and astonishment; and some said, 'It was never seen on this wise before in Cape Town.' This, dear brother, is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Our friends opened their houses for us.

"The Tuesday evening meeting was well attended by our shore friends, who were interested to see the service conducted as we are accustomed to do on board our own ship. Wednesday evening we held our meeting in the hotel, within earshot of the enemies' camp. On Thursday morning we all reported on board, in good order."

What occurred on the passage home from the Cape to Boston, may be best communicated in the words of their chaplain and spiritual guide. I will quote from his letter, as, from his standpoint, the intelligence has a peculiar preciousness, and he speaks—as no one else could so well—of the faithfulness of the devoted men who labored with him in the gospel, and without whose exemplary zeal and active effort, the record of the ship's influence and the progress of divine grace among her officers and crew, must have been less cheering than it is. He writes while in the Gulf Stream, under date of April 21st, 1861:

"*My Dear Jones*—I wrote to you from Aden, a letter, which doubtless you have received. You will rejoice to hear that shortly after it was written, S—— was recovered, by the grace of God, from the snare of the adversary, into which he had fallen, as reported by me. He is very penitent and very humble; has made a full

and public confession of the guilt and sin of his fall, before both the brethren and the crew. He is again hopeful and active in our meetings and on deck, among his shipmates.

“You will rejoice to know that the prayers which have so long followed this ship, have been heard, and that the work of grace which began to be manifest among us in the case of individuals here and there on board, more than six months ago, has gradually and quietly increased in power and effect; that, almost without being aware of it, we were in the midst of a revival. The whole number of conversions on board previous to our arrival at Cape Town, two months ago, amounted only to some twenty; about thirty have been added since we left Table Bay, six weeks ago, including eight officers of all ranks, from lieutenants down; and the scenes which you and I witnessed together two years ago—on board the North Carolina, are to be seen nightly now on board the Niagara, except that here the gold lace mingles in greater abundance with the blue flannel at the feet of Jesus than was ever the case before. The night before last, eleven officers, avowedly on the Lord’s side, were at the meeting, and fifteen foremast hands confessed Christ before the ship’s company. Last night three others avouched the Lord to be their God.

“The meeting this evening surpassed all previous ones in feeling and interest. It reminded me of that on board the North Carolina the night before the draft left for Boston, on the 27th of April, 1859. Captain McKean made the closing address, as you did then. It was excellent, though he was choked with emotion, and could with difficulty restrain his tears. The tears of others among the brethren flowed freely; while on all sides, clustered like bees around the praying group, the crew gazed with wonder at the novel sight of the commander of one of the first men-of-war afloat, confessing Christ as his Lord and Saviour before a company of his officers and men, followers of the same Divine Master—and, in effect, preaching the gospel to the unconverted under his command assembled around him. We have been greatly blessed, for which you will give praise. Monro is a true

missionary ; Wilson, a 'gem of purest ray serene.' Jenkinson is fervent in spirit, gifted in prayer, and faithfully serving the Lord."

The three men mentioned were members of our Mariners' church, and have justified by their subsequent lives the testimony of their devoted chaplain—whose counsels and instructions they shared, and whose hand they so nobly upheld during the entire cruise of the Niagara.

The description above given of the nightly scenes on board this truly privileged vessel, presenting, as it does, the testimony of both ends of the ship—forward and aft, will convey to the reader a graphic delineation of a condition of things at sea, which, though rare in our day, is yet to become more general, when in accordance with the prediction of the Word, the spirit of God will dispel with his own effulgent presence the moral darkness which has so long shrouded, and which still, to a large extent, reigns *on* the deep, by the conversion of "the abundance of the sea."

I quote further, a letter from the same pen, written while blockading the mouths of the Mississippi, in which subsequent events are recorded. It is dated November 2nd, 1861 :

" Though within the distance of a week by steamer from New York, we have been twice without a mail, a letter or a newspaper, for six weeks in succession ; and I have no recollection of having ever felt even in my missionary life at the Sandwich Islands—then, the ultima thule of the world—so entirely cut off from the sweet charities of life. Still, I have seldom been more content, or more truly happy ; chiefly from the conviction that I am at the post of duty, with evidences past and present of a work around me to be accomplished by the ministry of the gospel through the power of the Holy Spirit.

“The Niagara, as you may recollect, arrived from Japan in April, in a state of much religious interest. Some fifty of the ship’s company, embracing officers as well as seamen, had been hopefully converted during her absence ; the greater number within a few weeks just preceding. The influences leading to this happy result were still prevailing ; but were, almost unavoidably, stayed by the circumstances awaiting our arrival. No intelligence from the United States had reached us for many months ; we were ignorant of the secession of any of them, and little prepared for the shock of the first words reaching us from a pilot boat as she swept under our stern : ‘ The Union is gone ! We are at war ! Fighting has begun ! ’ Nearly half the commissioned officers of the Niagara refused to take the oath of allegiance required from them, and abruptly left the ship as secessionists, the same day. In place of leave to the rest to visit their friends and homes, and the discharge of all hands to the enjoyment of liberty, as had been confidently looked for, after a year of almost uninterrupted confinement on board ship, in a voyage of more than forty thousand miles, we had orders for immediate service at sea again, and were hurried off on our present duty.

“That the good work in progress on board should have suffered a check by such disturbing causes, was not a surprise. For a time this was the fact, so far as regarded new cases of conversion ; but the faith, hope and spirit of prayer of those already on the Lord’s side continued in lively exercise ; and at the end of a few weeks, the presence of the Spirit was again manifested in the conviction and inquiring state of one and another here and there, among both officers and crew. Hopeful conversions have again occurred up to the present time, and within the last two months twelve more have been added to the number of professed disciples, and have openly joined our band of praying men. Among these are three young officers, graduates of the Naval Academy, of special interest and promise. One, the son of a distinguished general officer in the army, now in active service ;

another a grandson of one of the most celebrated divines and theologians of the present century, in our country ; and the third a descendant of the well-known and honored Presidents of the College of New Jersey, Dr. Stanhope Smith and Dr. Witherspoon. These three complete the number of twelve officers of the Niagara, who, within the year past, have publicly cast their lot in this regard, with Christian sailors on board. It is certainly an interesting sign of the times that there are found among the most promising young officers of our service, those, who not only have the independence and decision of character to avow themselves to their messmates and fellow-officers, to be followers of the blessed Saviour, but also unhesitatingly to identify themselves as such at our nightly prayer and conference meetings, with the humblest sailor under them who loves the Lord, as members of a common brotherhood. With a commander-in-chief, deeply interested in the best good of all under him—himself an humble and consistent follower of Christ ; with a fine set of officers generally, so many of them of the same mind as our chief, and so large a number of professed Christians and converts among the crew, the combined influence on all on board has been most marked and most salutary.

“ We have a happy ship ; one that is a model in good discipline, good order, and consequently in contentment. The only element of dissatisfaction is the unavoidable inactivity of our present service. The whole ship's company are longing for some opportunity of exhibiting their devotion to their flag and to the Union, and in regard to the conflict in which we are engaged, are as restive as a war-horse under the sound of the trumpet, and as eager for the signal for battle.

The devotion to Commodore McKean is without bounds. In all my sea service of many years I have never known it equalled. Should the occasion ever occur for the calling of volunteers by him, were it for the most forlorn of forlorn hopes, I doubt whether there is a man among them who would not spring to be first at his side ; or one whom he might not lead wherever he

would. His promotion as admiral—for such truly is his rank, though our democratic legislators very fastidiously object to the style, and choose in its stead, the awkward and somewhat unmeaning epithet, ‘Flag-officer’—was a matter of great satisfaction to all hands, much more so than to himself; and the cheer upon cheer which spontaneously burst forth, when, without any previous notice, and without form, or the customary salute, a fact indicative of the unostentatious character of the commodore—the blue flag was seen to float from our masthead, told the feelings of the heart towards him whose command it proclaimed. As you well know, he is a man of prayer; and during our whole cruise has been found night after night at our prayer and conference meetings on the forward deck, occupying the same plank for a seat with the common sailor, uniting in the songs of praise and in the prayers of the humblest of them, and himself often leading us to the feet of Jesus at the throne of grace, or addressing words of encouragement to the professor and of exhortation and persuasion to the careless and unconcerned.

“His promotion as chief has produced no change in this respect. He was in his accustomed place the first night after securing it; and I know not when I have been more touched than when, at the close of the meeting, he motioned me to withhold the usual benediction for a moment, that he might, as I soon discovered, solicit the prayers of his brother sailors and fellow Christians, lowly as their position in comparison with his is, that he might have grace and strength from the hearer of prayer, to discharge the responsibilities newly devolved upon him, to the glory of God, and the best interests and honor of his country. Such proofs of independence of character, and just indifference to the views or opinions of men of the world in Christian profession, are evidences of true nobility of heart and mind. I could not but be reminded by this incident of similar instances of Christian decision and piety recorded of the gallant soldier and devoted Christian, Havelock. Yours truly.”

At the termination of the cruise, in a letter to one of

the officers of our church, he presents a historic summary ; which, while it supplements, will also add to the interest of the preceding communication. It is written from New York, dated July 29th, 1862, and runs thus :

“ *Dear Sir*—The cruise of two years recently completed by the U. S. steam frigate Niagara, was characterized by incidents of a religious nature worthy of permanent record in the archives of the Port Society ; more especially, from the fact that among the instrumentalities, which through the grace of God tended to issues so interesting, and so marked in the spiritual statistics of the sea, are to be reckoned conspicuously, the consistent Christian deportment, the active piety, and the enduring faith and love of some of the crew, who hold membership and communion in the Mariners’ church, organized and sustained in this city by the Port Society. Under this impression, I address to you a brief letter on the subject.

“ The Niagara is, in herself, one of the finest vessels ever constructed. Till recently, if not still, she is the largest man-of-war afloat, a model of naval architecture, of symmetry, strength, and gigantic proportions : and unsurpassed in her appointments of comfort and beauty for the accommodation of a ship’s company of some six hundred persons. The selection of this vessel by the government, in 1860, to be the bearer to their distant homes of the embassy from Japan, the guests of the nation, and the objects of absorbing interest at the time, brought her afresh before the public, and made her, in connection with the mission to which she was appointed, an object both of attraction and hope to the Christian community at large.

“ Circumstances in her very outfit, seemed to foreshadow a purpose in the providence of God and of grace to bless. A profess- edly and demonstratively Christian man, Commodore McKean, was designated to carry out as her commander the wishes of the government in regard to the voyage. Among the crew detailed

for her was the nucleus of a church, in some ten avowed Christians of different denominations, warm in the love of the Saviour, active in zeal and fervent in prayer, that their careless and unconverted shipmates might be brought to a like faith and blessedness with themselves. Among other means of grace on board provision was made for a preached gospel by the addition of a chaplain to the complement of her officers. The knowledge of these facts, connected with the embarkation on board the Niagara of so large and distinguished a party of visitors from a pagan land, for a voyage of more than half the circuit of the globe, not only awakened a lively interest in the church in general, but called forth a widespread and earnest spirit of prayer for the ship—for her commander, officers and crew, for her pious seamen and her chaplain, and for the noble passengers borne by them to their far-off home. Prayer thus elicited was not in vain. From first to last the good providence of God seemed specially to encircle and attend the ship. In less than a year she passed in safety from storm and tempest, and even from the threatenings of them, with unequalled health in the whole ship's company, and uninterrupted blessings—over more than forty thousand miles of sea, from low southern to the northern, and again from high northern to southern latitudes in the voyage to and from Japan, and afterwards served fourteen months on the blockade in the trying climate of the Gulf of Mexico, including two days' exposure in the hazards of battle, without any damage or disaster worthy of mention.

“ It is not, however, of these guardian mercies of Providence during the cruise, marked as they were, that are so deserving of notice, as the richer blessings of grace vouchsafed from the very day of departure, manifested chiefly in and through the nightly prayer-meeting established on the first evening after leaving port, and sustained uninterruptedly to the end of the cruise, excepting for a night or two occasionally, under peculiar circumstances of ship's duty. An overruling Providence, clearly seen afterwards, determined the place in which the meeting was held. It was the

intention originally, both of those chiefly interested in its establishment, and of the officers having authority, to designate the part of the ship most appropriate for it, to use for the purpose a retired spot on the orlop-deck, comparatively remote from the general resort of the ship's company, with the view of thus securing greater quietude and freedom from disturbance than a more conspicuous and open situation would admit. It was found necessary, however, from the quantity and bulk of the personal effects of the ambassadors and their suite, to occupy with these, the space thus thought of, and the only alternative was to hold the meetings on the spar-deck, open to the observation of all hands, officers, men and passengers. The accommodations for it consisted in the arrangement of low trestles, and of the requisite number of planks for seats—in the form of a hollow square—with a chest in lieu of a table in the midst for central lights. Lamps were also suspended on either side from beams overhead. This undesigned, but under the circumstances, necessary publicity of place, soon proved to be the occasion of blessing. It brought the prayer-meeting, nightly, to the unavoidable notice of the careless and the ungodly, as well as to that of the thoughtful and religiously disposed. The result, in many cases, was that which an intelligent and accomplished young officer touchingly and beautifully expressed, as his personal experience in regard to it, when first giving utterance, long afterwards, at this meeting, to the new-born affections and purposes of a converted sinner

“ ‘Little did I think, was his language,’ when first I saw these lights gleaming along the deck in the far distance, that they were to become beacons to my soul in the voyage of life, or that the far-off echoings of the songs of praise and the voice of prayer in this spot would prove the means of winning my heart to God, and of guiding my feet in the way everlasting.’

“For some time the meeting was limited almost exclusively to the professedly religious men, ten in number. Commodore McKean, much as his sympathies were with and in it, did not attend at first openly, though often unobservedly within hearing, under

the apprehension that his presence, if known, might operate as a restraint upon the seamen in the freedom of their exhortations and prayers ; but finding this, on venturing the experiment, not to be the case, he became a regular attendant, and often an active participator in the devotions of the hour, by addresses of instruction and encouragement and by prayer.

“ Soon many of the ship’s company, who at first stood afar-off, drew near ; occasionally an officer or two followed the example of their commander in being present, till by degrees the ten or twelve became fifteen, twenty, then thirty, and forty, and fifty, till the regular number amounted to well-nigh if not quite a hundred ; while many others, unwilling from fear of reproach publicly to join the seated group, sought places around where they might see and hear without being themselves especially noticed. Long before the meeting bore this external aspect, it had become manifest that the promises of hope, with which we had been encouraged at the outset, were being fulfilled by the presence in our midst of the Spirit of grace in the performance of His appointed work to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Some of the most interesting and most manly of the crew, in different parts of the ship, had been so wrought upon by the truth, as to be constrained with broken utterance and uncontrolled tears, earnestly to inquire what they should do to be saved ; and publicly solicit the prayers of the meeting in their behalf. Many of these were soon hopefully converted ; and so influenced others by their example as to lead them too, to the open profession of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Gradually one and another of the officers of various ranks and in different departments of the service—ward-room officers and engineers, midshipmen and warrant officers—who were led to the place of prayer, and brought into the influences which had already impressed so many of the crew, were constrained in like manner to yield their minds and hearts to the claims of the gospel, and to witness a good confession before their shipmates, of the Lord Jesus, as the only hope and only Saviour of sinners.

“Such, without any special or undue excitement, continued to be the religious state of the ship month after month, during the greater part of the cruise, till over seventy of the ship’s company, including fifteen officers, were numbered among the hopefully converted. Although occasionally, in the lapse of time, one and another of these fell seemingly away, the spirit of conviction and conversion in others was manifested in greater or less frequency, and the prayer-meeting retained its power and spirituality to the last. The spectacle presented by it, night after night, during a cruise of two years, was a novelty on board of a man-of-war ; the more noticeable, perhaps, after the Niagara became the flag-ship—when the flag-officer of the squadron, and his captain, with others of similar official influence on board, were thus seen in the same group with the hardy seamen and the humble foremast hands under their command, bowed together without distinction of name or rank, in prayer and praise before a common God and Saviour.

“Whatever the proud and the haughty among men might think and say, in contemplating the scene, it was one, not only making glad the heart of the Christian on earth, who was privileged to witness it, but, I doubt not, on the authority of the Word of God, giving joy also to the angels in heaven.

“Yours truly, CHAS. S. STEWART,
Chaplain U. S. Navy.”

Said I not truly that her history would justify us in calling the Niagara a Gospel ship ?

CHAPTER XXV.

PASTORAL SOLICITUDE.

Christian counsel—Sailor's closet—Refreshing scenes—Religious men appreciated—Church services—Letter to sailor boy—Perils of the fore-castle—Dare to be right—Letters prized—Nervous prostration—Resignation—Resolutions of Port Society—Sailors' Snug Harbor.

I HAVE purposely kept out of this book many communications from friends expressive of their appreciation of the benefits resulting from the correspondence. Some have requested me to publish my pastoral letters. This I must decline, if for no other reason, than the want of room. I comply however to the extent of inserting one of the pastorals, and one to a sailor-boy on his first voyage. These may be read by some thoughtless sailor after I am in my grave, and perhaps lead a soul to Christ.

“*Beloved brethren in the Lord*—As an evidence of our care for your spiritual interest, and of our continued sympathy and affectionate regard, accept, we beseech you, this pastoral letter. For I assure you that we do not cease to pray for you, and desire ‘that ye might be filled with the knowledge of God’s holy will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord to all well pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might; according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.’ The privation of spiritual

privileges which you all more or less are called upon to endure, and the continued exposure of those who would live godly in Christ Jesus, to the thoughtless and sometimes malicious opposition of their ungodly shipmates, make it essential almost that you should often be the subject of our heartfelt prayer to God. We desire to think of you as peculiarly open to the assaults of the great enemy of souls, and as in special need of the effectual fervent prayers of those who have access to the throne of grace. But we do not forget that you too can draw near to the Mercy-seat in the name of the Crucified One, and that He who has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened,' will give the necessary grace for every hour of trial. We urge you, therefore, to 'be instant in season, out of season, watching unto prayer.'

“ ‘ Though to speak thou be not able,
 Always pray and never rest :
 Prayer 's a weapon for the feeble—
 Weakest souls can wield it best. ’

“ Pray much, therefore, in secret. It is in the closet that the Christian buckles on his armor and whets his weapon for the conflict with his enemies. Read and meditate daily on the word of God ; let it be your meat and drink to do the will of God, and daily ask, ' Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do ? How can I honor Jesus to-day ? How may I best manifest my love to Him ? How convince the world of the loveliness of Christ ? How do the most good ?'

‘ Daily let parts of Holy Writ be read :
 Let as the body, so the soul have bread. ’

“ You cannot, like the landsman, retire to a chamber and shut the door, but you can find a closet nevertheless. ' Where there's a will there's a way. ' There are ten thousand avenues to the throne of grace, if we only possess the clue, which is a ready mind, a will subdued and wrought into perfect acquiescence with

the will of Christ—with this the maze may be threaded, the problem solved, the difficulty removed.

“A seaman who was brought to acknowledge Christ on board the North Carolina, when speaking of his private devotions, said, ‘I can always find a place to pray when I have a heart to pray. I can commune with God leaning over the breach of a gun ; and hold communion with him, though fifty men were walking the deck at the same time.’ Another, who is now almost the sole representative of Christ on board a man-of-war, said to me, ‘When I want to commune with God alone, I am never at fault ; I crawl out into the lee forechains, and there I worship him undisturbed.’ Another found a closet under the heel of the bowsprit, and another in the top ; and still another in the bows of the launch. Since so many have found means of supplying the soul, meditate on Philippians iv. 19 : and let nothing discourage you—open your mouth wide and he will fill it. In prayer, remember

“ ‘Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.’

“You will be gratified to know that God in his mercy has heard our prayers for seamen, and that on board several of our men-of-war refreshing scenes have been witnessed, souls have been born again, and in some instances backsliders have been reclaimed. The Spirit has been poured out from on high upon our own church. Our meetings have been well attended, and many have been brought to acknowledge Christ, whose lives have been previously spent in the service of Satan. Some of these are burning and shining lights—faithful warriors for Christ, who have carried his blood-stained banner into the very heart of the enemies’ camp, and have stood by it with a wonderful fidelity until others have rallied to its support.

“The principal item of interest at this time is the work of grace which is silently going on as a result, I believe, of our daily

morning prayer-meeting, which of late has numbered over fifty persons ; at which, on one occasion, nineteen rose for prayer. More than one thousand have attended this meeting, one hundred and fifty of whom have arisen for prayer. Two features of this service are worth recording, viz. : No day passes without the presence of strange faces, nor is there a single meeting in which we have not unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit, either in the conviction or conversion of some soul. Many have gone to sea with Christ in their heart, who before, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. It has been far from uncommon to have men rise in the meeting and say, ' Brothers and sisters, pray for me. I am going out in such a ship alone. I mean to stand up for Jesus in the fore-castle, and try to bring some soul to the foot of the cross. Do not forget me. I am weak, and need your prayers.'

"The correspondence of the last two months has been of unwonted interest, and shows conclusively that our brethren afloat are about their Father's business. One of the lieutenants on board the Seminole, in a recent letter to me, says : ' It will be gratifying to you to know that all the members of your church who are on board the Seminole are petty officers—a sure proof that even in the estimation of the non-religious, men of consistent piety are those upon whom they can most surely rely ; and not, as some hold, that religion unfits a man for being a sailor. Of one of our men who was invalided home, he says, ' He suffered a great deal, but I never heard any complaint from him ; he was indeed one of the brightest examples of the joy and peace granted to the true believer I have almost ever known.'

"Such testimonies, from men whose judgment and whose Christian character as well as their position, give them authority to speak, cannot but be pleasing to those of us who are engaged in this blessed work. We received into church membership at the last two communions a total of 51. Of these seven were probationers, two were received by certificate, and the remaining forty-two on a confession of their faith in Christ. Since this year

began, the work of the Lord has commenced in the Sabbath-school, which now numbers 250 scholars. Some teachers and some scholars have united with the church. We enter upon the New Year with bright hopes and firm resolves. Our meetings in the church amount to 22 a week, including the two sessions of the Sabbath-school, the Bible classes, and the morning prayer-meetings for seamen, from 9 to 10 o'clock, daily. It may be said of a truth, that with us—

‘The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day.’

“And in accordance with His blessed promise, God is in the midst of us. We feel in our hearts, and we trust that you can respond to the sentiment, ‘The Lord hath done great things for us—we are glad.’ And now, beloved brethren in the Lord, I can truly say, in the language of the great apostle, ‘Though I be absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ. As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him ; rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily ; and ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power.’ *Col. ii. 5–10.* ‘Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering ; forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any. Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body ; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms, and hymns and spiritual

songs ; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.' (Col. iii. 12-17.)

"The brethren and sisters of our church, 'salute you, always laboring fervently for you in prayers that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.' The members of my own family unite with me in earnest prayer for your growth in grace, and for your temporal and eternal well-doing. 'Brethren, pray for us.' Hoping to hear of your steadfastness in the faith and of your usefulness in Christ, believe me, with much love for all the brethren in the Lord of every name,

"Your affectionate Pastor and brother in Christ,

"CHAS. J. JONES."

"'Let this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.'
1 *Thess.* v. 27.

TO A SAILOR BOY.

"*Dear Edward*—Having learned through a friend, that you are about to depart to the land of gold—and perhaps with golden visions of future prosperity in the paradise of the treasure-hunter, I beg leave to offer you a few words of Christian counsel ; and I do this the more readily, as your father is not at hand to give you that paternal advice which I know he would give if he were near you at this time.

"You are quite young to go forth from home, and from the restraints of the family, to make your own way through a world of care and anxiety, pain and sin ; but not younger than, nor even as young as, many who have gained distinction in their later years. Let me ask you, therefore, as the pastor and friend of your dear mother now in heaven, to keep in mind the great fact, patent to all, that however we may be severed from loved ones on earth, there is one Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps—one Friend who is never absent, from whom we cannot conceal, or be concealed. He is the God of the sea, as well as of the land. He is every-

where present, so that, if you 'take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there will his hand lead you, and his right hand hold you.' If you say, 'darkness shall cover me'—even the night will be light round about you. 'The darkness and the light are both alike to him.' Do not be offended then, if I urge upon you the importance, nay, the absolute necessity of making that great Being your Friend. In order to do this it will be necessary to set out with the purpose to do his will at all times; to be governed by his holy law, to obey his holy word. Take the precious Bible as a light to your path, and a lamp to your feet. You are not ignorant of its sacred lessons, having been taught them from your childhood. But it is not enough to *know them*. God has said, 'If ye *know* these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them.' 'He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' You cannot plead ignorance of these things; for in addition to the maternal teachings and example, you have had the training of the Sabbath-school, and of the preached word in the sanctuary. You are therefore better off by far than those who have been brought up in ignorance of these things.

"You will need all this instruction, however, and all your own natural force of character, to be supplemented by the grace and favor of God, if you would escape the snares and temptations that beset your way. You will need a resolute and sanctified purpose to do right in spite of your surroundings. You will find a ship's fore-castle—as I have found it—a poor school for morals. Yet that very fore-castle, and the careless companions you will find there, cannot prevent the grace of God from finding its way into your heart. All the disadvantages you will meet with, all the difficulties and temptations you will be called upon to overcome, cannot act as a barrier to the favor of God. He is no respecter of persons, is confined to no place, is limited by no conventionalities or customs, is excluded by no degree of guilt. He can aid you in the fore-castle, amid the cursing of profane shipmates, and convey succor to your struggling spirit, if you ask him, as easily

as though your prayers were offered up in the groined aisles of a cathedral, and amid the incense-breathing strains of sacred music. But you will require all your energies intensified, all your wisdom sharpened, all your courage sustained by unremitting and fervent prayer. Go on board your vessel then, with the firm purpose to do right, to give to all their due, to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's; and to this end be ready to ask what is right, rather than what is custom—'what would God have me to do?' rather than what will men say of me. In a hurried letter like this, written without much time for forethought or arrangement, I cannot enter into the details of experience with which you will meet, or give counsel that will apply to every individual case. But by laying down a few general principles you may, by practical application of these, find relief in almost every conceivable case. I would advise you therefore, to—

1st. Read and study a portion of the Word of God daily, with prayer for divine assistance to understand and apply its sacred precepts.

2nd. Determine, at all hazards, to be conscientiously true and just in all your dealings with your fellow-men.

3rd. Be respectful to your officers at all times, prompt in your obedience, faithful to all trusts or duties imposed upon you, always looking to God for his blessing.

4th. Be civil and obliging to your shipmates, respectful in your language to all, especially to such as are old, experienced seamen. By so doing you will make them your friends, and through them will be instructed in those things which will forward you in your profession, and secure promotion more rapidly than by pursuing an opposite course. It is no small matter, if we desire to succeed in our profession, to secure the respect of our equals, as well as our superiors in rank.

5th. Shun the intoxicating cup, as you would the very pestilence. Avoid the use of profane language and all bad company; select the virtuous and the good for your companions. In

port seek out the sanctuary of God, frequent its sacred courts, and take your shipmates, if possible, with you. What you have done for God will never cause you a pang on your death-bed.

“I will add but one other word, which, with the blessing of God, will do as much as anything else to insure you the strength and comfort which a life at sea is capable of affording. It is this: never allow any one to go ahead of you. Give no man or boy a chance to say he did *your* duty. If a royal is to be taken in, a studding-sail to be set—a topsail to be reefed, or running gear to be rove, make it a point, if possible, to be first aloft, and last down; and I will engage to ensure you the good will of the whole ship’s company, both forward and aft.

“I could write much more, but I must not be prolix, must not attempt too much. I will therefore close by assuring you once more of my deep interest in you, both for your own, and for your mother’s sake; and beg of you to accept my most sincere regards for your spiritual as well as your temporal welfare. With many prayers for your safety on this voyage, for your success in life, and for your final salvation in heaven, believe me, very truly and sincerely your friend,

CHAS. J. JONES.”

This correspondence often involved more than the mere labor of writing. Requisitions were frequently made upon me to send out to our ships-of-war, needles and thread, stationery, books of instruction, sea-boots, and other paraphernalia of the sailor’s needs. To all these requests I cheerfully acceded, to the no small gratification of those who made them. These kind offices led to the enhanced appreciation of the counsels and warnings I was constantly sending them, and to a larger circulation of the instruction the epistles contained. For they were by no means limited in the range of their influence to the persons to whom they were addressed, but were often read by every officer, as well as by almost every man in

the ship. Many would read a letter and become interested in the teachings it conveyed, who would not so much as look at a tract. Sometimes they passed from ship to ship, until they were actually worn out by use. Some of these have called forth the most gratifying encomiums on their value to those who received them. They declare that they were both encouraging and stimulating, urging them to faithfulness in duty, to patience in suffering, and to continued perseverance in well-doing. One who had long enjoyed my communications, wrote me :

“ Your kind and truly Christian letters are always welcome and highly esteemed—especially so, as you, by God’s grace, have been instrumental in bringing me from the paths of sin and folly, to true happiness and God. I can truly say that they have been a great comfort to me, and to all other Christian men and officers, with whom I have sailed in different ships. It would be scarcely possible to over-estimate their value to sailors who are trying to lead Christian lives on board ships at sea. No man needs kind counsel more than a religious sailor, who is often shut up for years together with wicked and impious men, whose fierce opposition and bad example tends to pluck up and destroy the good seed sown in the heart.”

Another writes : “ I thank you for your beautiful letter. I can assure you that your correspondence with seafaring men is one of the greatest blessings that God has bestowed on us outside his own revelation.”

Still another : “ Your Pastoral letter came to me yesterday, as a messenger from above, to cheer my drooping spirits ; bidding me not despair, but to look aloft to the Giver of victories of all kinds—over self or enemies—to them that love Him.”

These testimonies might be indefinitely increased. But this will suffice. In the spring of 1863, my con-

nection with the Mariners' church under the care of the Port Society, was dissolved. Eight years and a half of unremitted work,—during the whole of which I was never absent from my pulpit for any cause for more than two consecutive Sabbaths,—and that occurred but twice—broke down my health entirely. My physician assured me that a rest of some months was essential, if I desired or hoped to continue my ministry. An application was therefore made to the New York Port Society at its meeting in April, for permission to be absent from my pulpit for three months. This request was cheerfully and unanimously granted by the Board. I immediately set about making preparations for my journey. But on the 7th of April I received a note from the Trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, stating that I had been unanimously elected to the chaplaincy of that Institution. As I was not an applicant for that position, and had been elected without seeking it, it appeared to me the call of Divine Providence. After making it a matter of prayer, therefore, and consulting my most judicious friends, I considered it my duty to accept the call, and notified the Trustees to that effect. My next duty was to acquaint the Port Society with my acceptance, and to tender to them my resignation, which I did in the following words:

“NEW YORK, *April 13th, 1863.*

“To the Board of Directors of the New York Port Society:

“*Gentlemen*—Having unexpectedly, and without seeking it, received a unanimous call from the Trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island to the chaplaincy of that institution, after prayerful consideration, and consultation with my most judicious friends, I concluded that it was my duty to accept it

as the call of Divine Providence. I therefore beg leave to tender to you my resignation of the pastoral charge of the Mariners' church under your direction. And in so doing, permit me to express my sincere gratitude to the Board for all the kindnesses experienced at their hands.

"Thanking God for the pleasant intercourse that has existed between us for the last eight years and a half, and praying that he will continue to sustain you in your support of the Mariners' church, believe me very truly and respectfully yours,

"CHAS. J. JONES."

In reply to the above I received, while in London, the following letter and resolutions:

"DIRECTORS' ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE
GOSPEL AMONG SEAMEN IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK
(PORT SOCIETY) 72 MADISON STREET.

New York, April 22nd, 1863.

"*Rev. Chas. J. Jones, London*—DEAR SIR: Your letter of resignation of the pastoral charge of our Mariners' church, dated the 13th instant, was read to the Board of Directors, at a special meeting held this afternoon, and accepted by them.

"The separation of the tie that has bound us together for so many years is painful to us, but as it is the Lord's will, we are satisfied, and trust that he will continue to smile on our joint labors, although in separate fields.

You bear with you our affection and esteem, and our prayers will follow you. "Yours in Christ Jesus,

"WILLIAM D. HARRIS,

"*Cor. Sec. Port Society.*"

New York, May 14th, 1863.

"*Rev. Chas. J. Jones: Dear Sir*—I have much pleasure in waiting upon you with the annexed copy of the report of the Committee, and its adoption by our Board.

"Yours in Christ, W. D. HARRIS, *Cor. Sec. Port Society.*"

“The Committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the Port Society’s estimate of the services of the Rev. Chas. J. Jones, respectfully report the following :

“*Resolved*, That in view of the withdrawal of Rev. Charles J. Jones, from the Pastorate of the Mariners’ church, after a faithful service of more than eight years, to accept the chaplaincy of the Sailors’ Snug Harbor, this Board feels called upon to express its high appreciation of the zeal, energy, fidelity, and general acceptability with which Mr. Jones has performed the duties of his office, and their sense of the loss they sustain in parting with one whose labors have been so abundantly, so constantly, and so signally blessed of God.

“*Resolved*, That as requested, the prayers of this Board shall follow Mr. Jones during his absence in foreign lands ; and it is our earnest hope that he may be so renewed in body and mind by his trip, as to be fitted for even greater usefulness in the new sphere of labor to which we trust God has called him.

“*Resolved*, That the Board recognize in the good fruits attendant on the ministry of Mr. Jones, while in its employment, and in the general cordiality and co-operation existing, reason for profound gratitude to God.

“*Resolved*, That the Corresponding Secretary transmit a copy of these Resolutions to Rev. Mr. Jones.

“*New York, May 11th, 1863.*”

To these very acceptable documents I responded as follows :

“EAST LONDON, *June 10th, 1863.*

“*Mr. W. D. Harris, Cor. Sec. N. Y. Port Society :*

“*Dear Brother in Christ*—I have inexpressible pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Resolutions passed by the Board of Directors of the New York Port Society, on the 22nd of April and the eleventh of May, respectively ; the one accepting my resignation, and the other expressive of the estimate the gentlemen of the Board had formed of my services while Pastor

of the Mariners' church. In reply, you will permit me, through you, to tender to the Board my sincere and grateful appreciation of their expressions of good will, and of their satisfaction with the manner in which the duties of the pastorate have been performed. The gracious results, which, under God, have followed these labors, and which they have so kindly referred to in the Resolutions, are due alone to the Holy Spirit, to whom, with the Father and the Son, be all the glory.

“Permit me, also, to reciprocate all their kind feelings, and all the fervent prayers with which they are following me in my absence, and also to assure them that I shall ever esteem as the happiest portion of my ministry, that period in which I was associated with and assisted by the New York Port Society. For all their kind forbearance, for all their hearty co-operation, for all their Christian sympathy, and for their long continued and unwavering attachment to the blessed work in which we were jointly engaged, as well as for all the acts of personal kindness I have experienced at their hands, I beg them once more to accept my unfeigned thankfulness, together with the assurance that my unceasing prayers for the Divine blessing to rest upon the New York Port Society, and upon the New York Mariners' church, which they have so long and so faithfully sustained, shall daily ascend to that God who has with so much condescension associated the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the building up of his glory among the nations, with the conversion of the “abundance of the sea.”

“Praying that God may long spare you to aid the church with your labors, your counsels and your prayers—believe me, very affectionately and fraternally, yours in Christ Jesus.

“CHAS. J. JONES.”

On my return from Europe, in July, I entered upon the duties of my new field as chaplain of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, where I have labored for more than twenty years; and having obtained help of God, continue to this day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TESTIMONIES AND PASTORAL LETTERS.

Close of narrative—Marvellous changes—One roll in the gutter—Prodigals provident—New aspirations—Rapid promotion—Report of Secretary of the Navy—Piety appreciated—Testimony of Naval officers—A crucial test—Under fire—God on our side—“Hitherto, and no further”—Hand of God acknowledged—“Iron hearts win”—Results, known and unknown—Glory to God in Christ. Amen.

IT is time to draw this narrative to a close. Not that the ground is fairly covered and the work fully detailed, nor because material and important facts are wanting to edify and instruct, as well as to claim and hold the interest of the reader; but simply for want of space to record individual instances of devotion, and the manifest influence of the Spirit of grace on the hearts of earnest, indefatigable and heroic, though humble and unlettered men, who were, in hundreds of instances, turned from darkness unto light, and from the bondage of Satan, to the liberty of the sons of God.

This holy influence was felt and exhibited, not only in its effects upon the heart and conscience, in bringing out the higher moral traits of character, developing faith in the formerly faithless, and homage toward God, where there had been the most callous unconcern *for*, if not the most blasphemous opposition *to*, all things and persons, sacred and divine; but in stimulating

the physical and the intellectual "pari passu," with the spiritual. Not only were the impatient made enduring, the tempestuous calm, the irresolute firm, and the weak strong, but the careless became tidy, the riotous quiet, and the intemperate sober. Lewd songs and conversation gave place to hymns of praise and purity of speech. Even among the unconverted these things were noticed in no small degree. Such was the indirect power of good example. Men who had been profligate with their earnings, spending their money for that which is not bread, who labored sometimes through an entire cruise of three years for "one roll in the gutter," lavish of their means and careless of themselves, began to save, to look toward the future, with thought of coming needs. Wayward sons who had wandered the earth and seas over, wasting their substance in riotous living for years, dead in reality to family ties and affections, without communication with home and loved ones, were suddenly filled with regret and shame for past misconduct, and gave evidence of returning reason, not only by writing to their parents, but by forwarding to them substantial proof of their filial affection. Husbands and fathers, long since given up as dead, resumed correspondence with wives and children long neglected, and became, once more, provident and thoughtful for the dear ones.

In many, many instances, it was my happy privilege to become the bearer of the glad tidings, that the dead were "alive again" "the lost found;" and to open up once more channels of communication which had been considered as closed forever. Half-pay checks and drafts on banking-houses having correspondents with foreign

lands became current and monthly events. In short, "old things," with these restored ocean wanderers, had "passed away"; behold, "all things had become new." There was, too, a marked tendency towards self-respect, and a desire to rise in their profession; a longing for education and social elevation. The filthy and riotous associations of the rum boarding-house and the blood-sucking landlord had lost their charm. Men who had never before any idea of becoming anything but denizens of the fore-castle, whose aspirations, if they had ever had any, were kept down by the force of appetite and passion, or by want of an intelligent appreciation of their own abilities, were seized with an ardent desire to better their condition. Schools of navigation were sought out. Books were purchased with the purpose of cultivating the mind.

The opening of the Rebellion, in 1861, afforded a field for the exercise of the best powers of *all* in whose bosoms the fires of ambition were not entirely extinguished; and the excitements it created gave the needed stimulus. One lady in New York, a teacher of navigation, now my devoted wife, prepared hundreds of these young men for their positions on the quarter-deck of our men-of-war, many of whom were afterwards commended for their coolness and bravery in the hour of battle. Many of these are yet in positions of trust and responsibility, to which they were elevated by a grateful Government at the close of the war.

In corroboration of this statement, I may quote here the words of Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, who on page xiii. of his Report to Congress, in 1865, speaks of the faithfulness and efficiency of our vol-

unteer officers, many of whom rose to their positions of trust from before the mast, as follows :

“ Three hundred and twenty-two (322) officers traitorously abandoned the service to which they had dedicated their lives, proved false to the flag which they had sworn to support, and to the government which had confided in their honor and relied on their fidelity to sustain it in conflict and peril. The embarrassment caused by these desertions in the moment of trial was temporary. Better men from the merchant marine, educated, and vastly more efficient, promptly volunteered their services, in many instances at great pecuniary sacrifice, to fight the battles of the Union. About seven thousand five hundred of these gallant and generous spirits, have, after examination, received appointments and been employed in the navy.

“ Schools were established to instruct and perfect them in the rudiments of gunnery and nautical routine, and it is due to them to say that they have acquitted themselves with credit and served with zeal and fidelity. The intercourse between these volunteer officers and the officers of the regular navy has been productive of mutual good-will and respect. It will, I trust, lead to lasting personal friendships and ensure enduring intimacy between the commercial and naval services. Most of the volunteer officers have received an honorable discharge and returned to their peaceful professional pursuits. I take this occasion to renew my annual suggestion, that some of the most distinguished of these heroic and loyal men, of admitted capability and merit, who have served the country so faithfully and so well, be added to the navy after an examination by a board of officers, appointed for that purpose. Such an addition to the navy, of brave and intelligent representatives from the commercial marine, will be a fitting and honorable recognition of the services of a body of men who came gallantly forward in a period of national peril to sustain the cause of their country.”

The instances in which the force of character was inten-

sified and improved and sustained by the teachings of the Holy Spirit are too numerous to mention. It was by no means uncommon for officers of vessels to write to me, in praise of the conduct of Christian men, on board their respective ships. These men, generally, were placed in positions of trust and responsibility by their officers; and by their faithfulness to duty called forth the encomiums of those who knew and appreciated their value. One naval officer wrote me :

“It will be gratifying to you to know that all the members of your church on board this ship are petty officers—a sure proof, that even in the estimation of the non-religious, men of consistent piety, are those upon whom they can most surely rely ; and that it is *not* true, as some affirm, that religion unfits a man for the duties of a sailor.”

Again, a lieutenant, himself a man of God, wrote me of the ten Christian men on board his vessel, the U. S. steamer *Seminole*, in July, 1860 :

“I feel with you that it is indeed a privilege to sail with a portion of our crew who are seeking a ‘better country.’ We have had far less trouble with the men of this ship, than I have ever known in an experience of twenty years ; and I think it is due in no inconsiderable degree, to the influence of the Christian sailors on the berth-deck. May they be strengthened to continue their labor of love, until its joyous influence shall extend from the fore-castle to the cabin of every ship that floats.”

These testimonies to the good qualities of Christian seamen, and their influence upon their shipmates, may be profitably followed by their own attestation to the value of godliness, as it bears upon “the life that now is,” as well as on that “which is to come.” This much will ap-

pear to be patent, at least, they themselves being the witnesses—viz., that, other things being equal, the sailor who who is imbued with the Spirit of God, is none the *less* fitted to grapple with the difficulties incident to his calling, nor to meet the exigencies of his daily and varying experiences. In the hurtling rain of shot and shell in battle, or in conflict with the elements of Nature, he is equally at home, and is the peer of the unbeliever. To steer his trick or to storm a battery, is all one to him. He is as calm and collected under fire as he is tenacious and persevering when lugging at the reef-earring on a yard-arm, in a gale of wind. Serving the gun on the deck of his own ship, or on howitzer duty ashore, he is as brave, submissive and obedient to orders as any of his unconverted shipmates. In fact, he loses none of the characteristics and qualifications of a true sailor by becoming a man of God. This is a *loz* view to take of his attainments, I admit. Yet, after all, it is, virtually, assenting to the statement of Young, that, in whatever station of life, at sea or ashore :

“The Christian is the highest style of man.”

The proof in this case must be derived from a comparison of their conduct with that of their shipmates in trying circumstances. A crucial test may be found in their deportment under an enemy's fire. I therefore subscribe their own statements on such occasions. A member of my own church wrote me, in October, 1861 :

“On Wednesday last we were ordered to open fire on a sand fort at Freestone Point. The fire was speedily returned. It was then that I felt where my strength lay. Oh, were there ever such happy moments as I then enjoyed ! Oh, how resigned I felt to

my Father's will when the shots of the enemy came flying thick and fast around us! I felt that my Saviour was near me. It is in such trying seasons that one feels it a glorious thing to be a child of God."

Another, also a member of the Mariners' church, in a letter from Warsaw Inlet, says:

"Our vessels, with others of the Blockading Squadron, attacked a strong shore battery. We were constantly under fire from eleven-inch shell and shot. I wish to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God to me and those around me in that hour of trial. How good it is to 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty!' He has shielded me, and kept me from all fear and doubt. He has covered my head in the day of battle. When shot were falling and shell were bursting all around us, the blessed promises of the 91st Psalm gave me great comfort. I felt safe in my Saviour's love, whatever the dispensations of his righteous providence might be."

Still another, after the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, wrote:

"*My Dear Pastor*—I have never before been under an enemy's fire. I felt a little timid. But I prayed to God to be with us; for He alone, at such a time, can save from harm. I prayed that he would protect me, if it was his most gracious will, and that if I fell he would take me to himself. After the enemy surrendered, there was some shaking of hands and blessing of God, and thanking him, among our men for his great protection of our lives. I never shall forget that morning. I wish you to pray to our Father in heaven, that my life, which he saved then, may be spent in his service and to his praise."

From another vessel, in the same fight, one of our brethren says:

"I told my shipmates, that God was on our side, as there has

always been a right and wrong in these contending questions. I therefore went into battle without fear. After we ran the gauntlet that morning of the 24th of April, it would have done your heart good to have seen my shipmates return thanks to Almighty God that blessed morning for our happy deliverance, and for our glorious victory."

Yet one more, gave his experience thus :

"You know already the exciting and dangerous scenes through which we have passed, by the blessing of God, unharmed. Oh, my dear Pastor, if ever religion is good for a man, it is when shot and shell like hail are falling around him. During the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, I was able to see the meaning of the words : '*Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further.*' The next vessel to me was sunk. Several shots passed over, and around us, between the rigging and masts ; shells exploded directly over our heads, falling on all sides, but not one single piece was allowed to come on board. Some may say, 'It was all chance ;' but I say it was the hand of Almighty God. We are soon again to enter battle. We are now on our way to Vicksburg. We expect warm work ; but with our trust in God, we hope to conquer. We believe our cause is just, and if need be, hundreds of us are willing to lay down our lives for it. I ask the prayers of my beloved church, that I may be found faithful to my God, to my family, and to my country ; that I may do my duty well, and if our Heavenly Father sees fit to call me, I shall be ready to go."

This good brother's after career in the Yazoo, Arkansas and Red River expeditions, was distinguished by deeds of bravery which were not often excelled during the war. Surely these are the men to illustrate the words of the now glorified Christian Admiral, Andrew H. Foote—who, in Mobile Bay, when his wooden ships

were menaced with destruction, infused fresh courage into his brave men by saying,

"It is not the iron clads, boys,
But the iron hearts that win."

These are but samples; yet are characteristic of the whole.

I have not mentioned by name one-tenth of the vessels-of-war and the numerous merchantmen, with which I have been in correspondence, nor can I do so. I must content myself with a brief resumé of the efforts put forth, and leave to the imagination of the reader the results which might be expected to follow. On board two hundred and eight men-of-war, my correspondents numbered from one to seventeen, an average of two to each vessel. In one hundred and fifty-seven of these, the cause of Christ was represented by five hundred and seventy-five Christian men. On board of one hundred and three of them members of my own church assumed the laboring oar. In thirty-six of them prayer and religious meetings were sustained, with few exceptions, and with more or less regularity by the fore-mast men. Of the whole number only seven were provided with chaplains. These were the Colorado, Cumberland, Hartford, Lancaster, Niagara, Roanoke and Wabash.

The precious revival among the men of the sea, as far as the Mariners' church was concerned, continued up to the time of my resignation, in April, 1863; the services averaging nearly twenty a week. A register of the names of those who visited the church and parsonage was kept, in which was recorded, not only the name, age and nationality of each man, but also that of the vessel *in* which and

the port *to* which he was to sail. As a consequence of this the sailor often found on his arrival in a foreign land a letter addressed to him, filled with good counsel and sympathy, and assuring him that he was held in precious remembrance by his friends ashore. These missives of love were generally answered by the sailor at once, convincing us that good was accomplished which the preached word had failed to secure. An idea of the extent to which this feature of the work was carried, may be gathered from the fact, that during my pastorate, six thousand five hundred and eighty-four letters were thus written; each containing some little tract or leaflet, adapted, in most cases, to the spiritual condition of the recipient, when that was known. The responses to these communications, always full of grateful appreciation, were often as numerous as those which were sent. In one year letters came to me from one hundred and sixty-four different points on the earth's surface, including Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and the Isles of almost every sea.

In addition to these transient epistles, which were sent out, sometimes more than a thousand a year, I wrote for several years an occasional pastoral letter, which was lithographed, and the fac simile sent to each sea-going member of the church, in whatever part of the world he might happen to be. In this way a reciprocity of feeling and of interest was kept up between pastor and people. Extracts from the letters received were read at our monthly concert of prayer, which resulted in the edification of the hearers, and tended to enlarge the influence of the church. The result of these agencies and instrumentalities, sanctified as they were by the word of

God and by prayer, through the Holy Spirit, cannot be approximated. Until the judgment is set and the books are opened, and the sea shall give up the dead that are in it, their full value will never be known. Some of the results we do know, because they have been recorded.

In the Registry kept during my connection with the church there were enrolled names of more than one thousand souls who, in the judgment of Christian charity, were believed to have been hopefully converted through this agency. Of these, more than two-thirds were seamen. During those eight years and a half I delivered over seventeen hundred sermons and addresses; wrote one hundred and sixty-seven articles for the press, and had personal religious conversation with twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty-two seamen, with a large majority of whom I bowed in prayer. More than twenty thousand persons called on me on official business. I gave away judiciously, six thousand five hundred and eighty-four volumes of religious reading matter; scattered millions of pages of tracts and religious periodicals; made over four thousand visits to ships, boarding-houses and families; baptized six hundred and twenty-nine children and adults, and received into communion with the church, seven hundred and sixty souls. Three-fourths of this number were admitted on a confession of their faith; two-thirds were men of the sea.

The Lord's Supper was administered monthly; and during the seven years of our church organization, but one communion season went by without our receiving from three to sixty souls. The seamen with whom I had pastoral intercourse represented almost every nationality

known to commerce, and spoke some sixty different languages and dialects. Of the hundreds who were known to have gone to sea pricked in their hearts, many never returned to us to speak of the results of their convictions; some in all probability have found a resting-place in other churches and in other lands, and have enriched with their religious experience, distant fields of Christian efforts. Many doubtless went down at sea.

It is pleasing to know that the old church still lives, is still operative of good, redolent of deeds of mercy and love, and that souls are weekly born into the kingdom through the tireless labors of her faithful pastor, Rev. E. D. Murphy, and his effective corps of missionary helpers. May she continue to be a fruitful bough—and, like Joseph, may the arms of her hands be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. And to our covenant God be all the glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Academic Studies,	73	Barque Benefactor, The,	477
Academy at Woodbridge,	130	Battles, In seventeen,	139
Adams, Rev. Wm., D.D., 193,	333	Blank cartridge,	55
Ambassador for Christ, An,	65	Baptized in infancy,	320
Always with me,	488	Beating against strong current,	444
All aboard,	152	Beach-combers,	27
Awakening, A blessed,	200, 267	Beam ends, On her,	30
Accessions, Large,	324	Breakers, Hauled out of,	441
Adelaide, Port,	26	Beecher, Rev. J. C., his testimo- ny,	477
"After many days,"	77, 179	Beauregard, U. S. S.,	444
"Acteon," H. B. M. S., Captain of,	481	Blessed to die for His cause,	157
Allegiance, Steadfast,	176	Bless be the tie that binds,	481
Alexander, Rev. Jas. W., D.D.,	97	Benevolent operations,	240
Address to Princeton Students,	332	Bible, My first,	36
Address, Cooper Institute,	333	Bible in the fore-castle,	54
Anderson, Chas. M.,	211	Bible colporteur,	112
Anecdote of F. Marshall,	424	Bible at bottom of chest,	124
Answer, The missionary's,	185	Bible thrown overboard,	246
Apeak, My ensign,	55	Bible class, Chinese,	274
Asleep in Jesus,	176	Bible, a precious book to me,	323
Aweigh for London,	152	Bible class, Weekly,	457
Arrested by Divine Mercy,	487	Billow, The brig,	37
Army, Carrying Christ into the	451	Billows, The lashing	439
Accident, A serious,	108	Birth of a new enterprise,	205
African Squadron, The,	456	Brig Byron, The,	40
April 27th, 1859,	334, 338, 340, 474, 493	Brig Delight, The,	69
Articles of War,	20	Blindness, Spiritual removed,	177
Agonies of guilt,	48	Bisby, James. Conversion of	282
Auspicious beginning,	200	Broadside, The first, of the ene- my,	55
Australia, Ship again for	26	Boatmen of the Mississippi,	80
Ascutney, U. S. S.,	453	Boatmen, Preaching to,	81
Allured by a life of love,	482	Boatmen's church organized,	83
Allured from haunts of sin,	195	Boatmen's church, Corner-stone of, laid,	84
Assurance, Full,	453	Boatmen's church dedicated,	84
Auxiliary Volunteers,	195	Bottle, Tempted by the,	476
Babe in Christ, A,	148	Blood, Efficacy of the,	125
Babes, One of Christ's,	187		

- Blood, Last drop for the flag, 476
 Brooklyn, U. S. Frigate, 426
 Brooklyn, her noble pay-master, 426
 Buhner, Albert, his progress, 370
 Bull Run, Wounded at, 136
 Burden, An awful, 438
 Burdened Souls, 196
 Call to St. Louis, 80
 Call to New York, 87
 Change, The happy, 69
 Changes, Marvellous, 518
 Changed man, A, 174
 Cabin, From the fore-castle to the, 173
 Capsized off Hatteras, 115
 Captain, A praying, 171
 Candles, A few more, 429
 Cape Town, Glorious scenes at, 492
 Characteristics, Well-marked, 403, 406
 Cast away again, 171
 Cast away a third time, 173
 Captain proud of his crew, 481
 Captain encouraging the meeting, 444
 Chaplain, 2,500 souls without one, 466
 Chaplains, Only seven to 208 ships, 525
 Chaplains indifferent, 475
 Chaplain Stewart's testimony, 341
 Cleansing blood, The, 50
 Clear of the land, 57
 Crews desert, 27
 Crew, a godless, 32
 Crew, a banner, 470
 Crew embittered against converts, 465
 Child, a little, shall lead them, 244
 Child again, I was a, 460
 Christ Jesus, Rejoicing in, 178
 Christian sailors a curiosity, 62
 Christian, A wild, 447
 Christian men, 575 in 157 vessels, 525
 Christian, A consistent, 110
 Coadjutors, My faithful, 205
 College, Enter, 73
 College Prayer-meeting, 73
 Converts, Two young, 88
 Converts become ministers, 89
 Convert, Labors of a, 79
 Convert, The Chilian, 246
 Convert, Labors of, in Chili, 251
 Convert, Happy death of, 255
 Congress, U. S. Ship, 430
 Congress, U. S. Ship, before the attack, 431
 Congress, her praying sailors, 432, 440
 Congress, Brave defence of, 443
 Covenant in, with God, 439
 Converted, A ship's crew, 199
 Converted, Three nationalities, 117
 Converted, Ten in the fore-castle, 118
 Converted, Spanish sailors, 188
 Converted, thirt een of the crew, 273
 Converted, hopefully, over 70, 502
 Conversion of 15 officers, 495
 Converts, One hundred, 203
 Converts in twos and threes, 430
 Converts, Crew embittered against the, 468
 Converts, Forty on board H. B. M. S. Acteon, 481
 Consecration to Christ, 56
 Consecrating prayer, The, 57
 Correspondence, Value of, 153, 154
 Correspondence retroactive, 154
 Correspondence, Origin and purpose of, 191
 Correspondence, Extent of, 192
 Correspondence, U. S. S. St. Louis, 327
 Correspondence appreciated, 512
 Correspondence with N. Y. Port Society, 513
 Correspondents on 208 men of war, 525
 Conviction of sin, The first heavy, 19, 125
 Conscience to the fore, 163
 Comfort in the night watches, 245
 Colors nailed to the mast, 332
 Colored disciple sustained, 442
 Colonizing, 458
 Commodore, the, at the head, 473
 Commodore choked with emotion, 493
 Co-workers with Christ, 89
 Corroborative testimony, 70
 Cloud, Under a, 479
 Communion, the first, 201
 Counsel, Christian, 503
 Confusion worse confounded, 304
 Consul, The inhuman, 281

Curiosity, The sailor a,	364	Dying appeal, The,	180
Church, Unite with the,	60	Early life,	13
Church work in 1856,	144	Early advantages,	121
Church, A straight wake for the	147	Escape, A wonderful,	21, 446
Church organized on a union		Examined by Dr. Ashbel Green,	73
basis,	98	Eden, The barque,	26
Churches, Stirring up the	151	Element, In his,	443
Church packed,	238	Electricity, Converted through,	221
Church, The awaking,	349	Everything for the best,	443
Church Militant and Trium-		Experience, The captain's,	321
phant,	372	Extent of the work,	526
Church members increased,	241	Elliott, Captain Samuel, Mission-	
Church, Chinese, stirred up,	476	ary,	213
Cumberland, U. S. S.	429	Elliott converted at sea,	215
Cumberland, her hopeless fight,	430	Elliott licensed to preach,	217
Cumberland goes down with		Elliott, his sermon at Honolulu,	218
her ensign apeak,	430	Elliott, his happy death,	220
Cruise, End of the,	21	Englishman, The young,	153
Cyclone, A,	26	Evil courses,	33
Dark preceding the dawn,	47	Evil overcome with good,	435
Darkest of dark days,	39	Efforts, unselfish, blest,	203
Darkness made visible,	51	Europe, Trip to,	513
Dark side of humanity at sea,	399	Eyes, My, opened,	56
Daily service to end of cruise,	472	Fatal fire in May, 1849,	82
Daily food, The Christian's,	56	Farewell to college life,	74
Debauchery and shame.	172	Farewell sermon,	87
Death's door, At,	22	Farewell letters,	202
Death calm and peaceful,	137	Farewell meeting, April 27th,	
Death full of hope,	176	1859,	344
Death, A happy,	242	Flag, The rebel, must come	
Death-bed triumphs,	255	down,	449
Deaths oft, In,	278	Flag, U. S. steamer,	449
Death physical and life spirit-		Flagship of African Squadron,	456
ual,	490	Father converted,	131
Defection of a few,	476	Failure, The secret of,	43
"Devil, Now Mr., I've got		Family altar in the fore-castle,	151
you,"	293	Faithful to their shipmates,	432
Devil a hard master,	55	Faithful among the faithless,	472
Decisive moment, The,	161	Faithful worker, A,	211
Diary, A blank,	189	Fear of judgment taken away,	124
Diary, Extracts from,	266, 331	Fears of death and hell,	41
Dirt and rags,	168	Features of the revival (U. S. S.	
Divine seed,	77	St. Louis),	414
Divine service at sea,	203	Feed body and soul at same	
Divine service maintained,	457	time,	59
Dissipation,	121	Fred. Star awakened,	115
Discouragements,	390	Fred. Star's soul thirst,	116
Discussion, The long,	382	Fred. Star, his life teaching,	117
Don, U. S. Steamer,	453	Fred. Star in the revenue cutter	
Doom of an infidel,	85	Jos. Lane,	117
Door open to testify for Christ,	441	Fred. Star enters U. S. Navy,	118
Downward course,	122	Fred Star still living for God,	118
Do you love God ?	244	First fruits,	101

- First-born, The voice of my, 137
 Fiery ordeal, The, 429
 Fire burning to the last, 176
 Fire, Under, 429, 522, 523
 Fire of divine love burned on, 455
 Focal point, A, 368
 Forecastle, A curious, 290
 Forepeak, In the, 369
 Forepassage, Meetings in the, 473
 Foretop, Letter from the, 464
 Formidable difficulties, 410
 Forty thousand miles safely, 499
 Fruit unto eternal life, 126
 Fruit appearing, 196
 Gate of heaven, The very, 462
 Gathering the crew, 100
 Grace sufficient for me, 449
 Grateful, Sailors are, 181
 Grateful letter, A, 384
 Grateful for counsel, 463
 Grateful for correspondence, 478
 Gardner, Joseph H., 212, 213
 Graphic delineation, 494
 Gelston, Captain Roland, 207
 German sailor, a missionary, 148
 Germs, season of, 100
 Gem of purest ray serene, A, 494
 Grey, Sir George, 491
 Grief, Convulsed with, 146
 God is with us, 473
 God has been with us, 486
 God forgotten, 170
 Gold lace and blue flannel, 485, 493
 Gospel ship, A, 485
 Governing a crew on Christian principles, 482
 Good work inaugurated, 442
 Good work suffered a check, 495
 Good seed prayerfully sown, 480
 Grog, 180 men stop their, 324
 Grog-tub the chief difficulty, 411
 Growth, Evidences of, 273
 Gulf squadron, Mission work of, 392
 Gunner, The aged, 442
 Guilt, Agonies of, 48
 Gun-room offered for service, 319
 Gutter, One roll in the, 517

 Half, The, will never be told, 408
 Hand in the dark, The, 319
 Hand on shoulder, 284, 438
 Hadley, Geo., dies at sea, 241
 Harvest time, A blessed, 243

 Happier than ever, 152
 Harris, Wm. D., 206
 Hartford, U. S. S. Frigate, 469
 Hartford, her moral beauty, 470
 Hartford, blessed work of grace on board, 474
 Hartford's, The, "true as steel," 477
 Happy nights, 183
 Happy captain, happy crew, 201
 Happy path of life, The, 440
 Hawks, Captain Jos. H., 222
 Hawks, Capt., his blessed work, 226
 Hawks, Captain Jos. H., lost at sea, 235
 Hell upon earth, 173
 Hell fire, In danger of, 438
 Helland, Rev. Ola, 211
 Heart of adamant, A., 42
 Heart, The, opened, 177
 Hearts opened, 461
 Heaven, My soul is in, 450
 Hebrew sailor converted, 399
 Heretic, The young, 126
 Heroism, True, 111
 History, A remarkable, 167
 History, A brief, of 43 years, 385
 Historic summary, 498
 Home, Leaving my, 16
 Home of my soul, 53
 Home at last, 150, 384
 Home, A desolate, 135
 Hong Kong, 475, 477
 Hope, A ray of, 52
 Hope, In the band of, 138
 Hope revived, 477
 Hope, No, 125
 Hubbard, Luther P., 210
 Hudson, Commodore Wm. L., 485

 Insane purpose, The, 44
 Island, Lord Howe's, 155
 Iceberg, Run into an, 127
 Ice, The broken, 200
 Idea, born of God, An, 459
 Impression, Permanence of, 199
 Interest increasing, 324
 Interest, renewed, A, 479
 Infidel reclaimed, 383
 Invitation complied with, 180
 Invitation, Blessed, 242
 "I will if I die by it," 287
 Innocent punished, The, 425
 Intoxicated, Only two out of 200, 479

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Iron hearts that win, | 525 | Letter, Your, has awakened | |
| Iroquois, U. S. S., | 453 | many, | 450 |
| Illumining the world, | 397 | Letters, Testimonial, | 89, 92 |
| Jensen, Anders, born of the | | Letter, A remarkable, | 377 |
| spirit, | 107 | Letters read by officers and men, | 449 |
| Jensen, Anders, his meekness | | Letter to a sailor boy, | 508 |
| and boldness, | 111 | Leaders, other, to the front, | 326 |
| Jensen, Anders, a Bible colpor- | | Leaven of the gospel, | 353 |
| teur, | 113 | Licensed to preach, | 79 |
| Jensen, Anders, enters the U. | | Light, A ray of, | 125 |
| S. Navy, | 114 | Light spreading, | 386 |
| Jensen, Anders, his zeal for the | | Light, letting it shine, | 444 |
| Lord, | 114 | Light, Spiritual, on a dark | |
| Jensen, Anders, lost in the | | coast, | 457 |
| Bainbridge, | 115 | Light in the darkness, | 461 |
| "Jerusalem Crickets," | 479 | Lightning; what it did, | 221 |
| Jesus, I want to love, | 268 | Like captain, like crew, | 481 |
| Jesus, One smile from, | 295 | Lord's Supper on the gun-deck, | |
| "Jesus, Introduce me to," | 374 | The, | 308 |
| Jesus loved in all parts of the | | Lord's Supper on the berth- | |
| ship, | 490 | deck, | 333 |
| Jesuit, The young, converted, | 133 | Lord's work delightful, | 452 |
| Jew, A converted, | 399 | Loss of ship St. Denis, | 197 |
| John iii. 16, | 124 | Lot, contented with my, | 444 |
| "Joseph Lane," U.S. Revenue | | Louis, Ferdinand, | 446 |
| Cutter, | 116 | Love of God, Wrapped up in the, | 150 |
| Journal, Extracts from my, | 190 | Low water, | 148 |
| Joy unspeakable, | 64 | Loyal to Christ and to the flag, | 395 |
| Joy and grief, | 137 | Man-of-war, Life in, | 17 |
| Judgment, The, a long way off, | 86 | Man overboard, A, | 58, 152 |
| Judgment, The fear of, lost, | 124 | Man-of-war, A. A sad place, | 435 |
| "Just as I am," | 461 | Man's extremity, God's oppor- | |
| Kindness of officers appreciated, | 472 | tunity, | 412 |
| Kindred organizations, | 99 | Man proposes, God disposes, | 362 |
| Kneels to God only, | 128 | Marshall, Frank, Anecdote of, | 424 |
| Knock, the Saviour's, heard, | 178 | Marine poly-glot, A, | 257 |
| Labors multiplied, | 205 | Mariners' Church, History of | |
| Labors largely increased, | 238 | the, | 97 |
| Labors in, more abundant, | 243 | Mariners' Church, Influence of, | 179 |
| Labors, pastoral, appreciated, | 462 | Mariners' Church largely rep- | |
| La Fayette Colloge, | 73 | resented, | 347 |
| Lamb of God, Behold the, | 283 | Mariners' House opened, | 241 |
| Lamb of God my guide, | 452 | Men-of-war visited, | 238 |
| "Lancaster," U. S. S., Work | | Merrimac, the rebel ram, | 441 |
| of grace on board, | 118 | Message, The dying, | 179 |
| Languages spoken, | 273 | Meet above, We shall, | 453 |
| Largest of all meetings, | 330 | Meetings on board men-of-war, | 466 |
| Last call, The, | 296 | Meetings twice a day at sea, | 473 |
| Last communication, | 454 | Meetings in camp, | 451 |
| Lectures to young men, Seven, | 162 | Meetings, All previous, sur- | |
| Letter, Your, a ministering an- | | passed, | 493 |
| gel, | 184 | Meetings on the spar-deck, | 500 |
| | | McKean, Commodore, | 497 |

- Mexico, Mission work in, 132, 392, 394, 418
 Ministry, First idea of the, 63
 Ministry, Way to study for, opened, 64
 Ministry, My first at St. Louis, 80
 Ministry, Intended for the, 121
 Ministry, Two colored sailors preparing for the, 418
 Mission work in the Tortugas, 418
 Mission in Grey Town and in San Domingo, 419
 Missionary to whalemens, 77
 Missionary zeal of converts, 148, 187
 Missionary Sailor on the prairies, 157
 Mizzen-top, Prayer-meeting in the, 414
 Missive, An affectionate, 198
 Missing Barque, The, 236
 Modern Diaspora, The, 466
 Mohawk, U. S. S., The, 429
 Moral courage, 441
 Monitor and Merrimac, The, 430
 Monthly concert of prayer, 191
 Morris, John A., his story, 301, 419
 Moses and the prophets, 321
 Motherly solicitude, 330
 Mother's influence, A, 367
 Murphy, Rev. E. D., D.D., 528
 Mystery, Solution of the, 182
 Mystic, U. S. Steamer, 462
 Narrative, Close of, 517
 Nationalities, ten received into Church, 269
 Naval chaplains, 392
 Naval officers, testimony of, 350
 Navy depleted, 452
 Neptune, game dedicated to, 397
 Never known in China before, 477
 New experience, A captain's, 474
 New London, Labors in, 77
 New man in Christ Jesus, A, 461
 New resolves, 40
 New springs of grace, 338
 Niagara, U. S. Steam Frigate, a gospel ship, 485
 Niagara, Preach on board of, 487
 Niagara, blessed revival, 489
 Niagara, nucleus of church on board, 499
 Niagara at Cape of Good Hope, 491
 Niagara a happy ship, 496
 Niagara a model of naval architecture, 498
 Niagara enjoyed revival over two years, 502
 North Carolina, U. S. Receiving Ship, 299
 North Carolina, Revival on board, 302
 Novel sight, & A, 475
 Noon prayer-meetings, 237
 Noon prayer-meetings on five ships at sea, 270
 Noon prayer-meetings on board U. S. S. Constellation, 463
 "Not to-night," 124
 "Now or never," 161
 Nouvelle Caledonia, 141
 Obstacles multiplied, 82
 Oases in the moral waste, 466
 "Onward," U. S. ship, 442
 On the Lord's side, Still, 444
 Organization on a Union basis, 98
 Once more afloat, 452
 One soul, the value of, 443
 One thing needful, 437
 Open Bible, The, 48
 Open my mouth for the Lord, 60
 Open door, Entering every, 166, 205
 Overboard, Fall, 21
 Overboard, Five men, 29
 Overboard, Helmsman, 30
 Ohio U. S. Receiving Ship, 337, 361
 " " " " " corre-
 spondence from the, 362
 Officers refuse to take the oath, 495
 Officers, Fifteen converted, 502
 Officers, testimony of, 500, 521
 Officers, Christian, 457
 Officers hiding their tears, 475
 Old things passed away, 519
 Old Slip meeting, 350
 Old things fast fading away, 198
 Original thirteen, The, 458
 Old North, the, Converts of, 353
 "Old North," Reflex influence of, 360
 "Old North," Converts of, in the army, 362
 "Old North," Converts studying for the ministry, 364
 Opposition, No, encountered, 457
 Orlop-deck meeting, 303, 304
 Outside testimony, 340, 480

- Pane of glass, The broken, 15
 Pastorate resigned, 513
 Pastoral letters, 503
 Place of meeting providential, 499
 Path of the just, 471
 Pawnee, U. S. S., 429
 Plank, Commodore on the same, 497
 Paraphernalia of a sailor's needs, 511
 Passed from death unto life, 241
 Prayer, the midnight, 38
 Prayer, Asking for, 53
 Prayer at the mast-head, 58
 Prayer in the fore-castle, 110
 Prayer, Silent, 145
 Prayer in the hatch house, 157
 Prayer, That simple, 133
 Prayer answered, 172, 201, 275, 278
 Prayer in the cabin, 201
 Prayer my greatest enjoyment, 473
 Prayer-laden ships, 477
 Prayerless years, Fourteen, 267
 Pray for me, 186
 Pray and pump and pump and pray, 278
 Persecution, rife, 437
 Presbytery, Received by the, 71
 Presbytery, taken under the care of, 129
 Presentation of plate, 87
 Pains of hell, 46
 Praise in many languages, 268
 Pricked in the heart, 179
 Pious seamen appreciated, 521
 Princeton Seminary, 75, 332
 Princeton, Second Church of, 76
 Privilege, A new, 476
 Port Society, The, Non-Sectarian, 97
 "Portsmouth," U. S. Ship, 463
 "Portsmouth," Crew of, unkind, 464
 Power of God, The gospel, the, 455
 Powhatan, U. S. Frigate, 422
 Problem, A difficult, 391
 Profane, Precociously, 223
 Profanity aft, 62
 Professor, The only one in the ship, 442
 Profligate life abandoned, 187
 Prophets of evil, 98
 Protestant, heart and soul, A, 134
 Prayer-meeting at college, 73
 Prayer-meeting in Princeton, 75
 Prayer-meeting, Results of, 76
 Prayer-meeting greatly blest, 309
 Prayer-meeting, The most remarkable, 313
 Prayer-meeting in Yeoman's store-room, 327
 Prayer-meeting on the sound, 337
 Prayer-meeting in a heathen temple, 339
 Prayer-meeting daily at sea in naval and merchant vessels, 348
 Prayer-meeting, only one in many months, 435
 Prayer-meeting in the cabin, 438
 Prayer-meeting on board U. S. Frigate Congress, 440
 Prayer-meeting protected, 457
 Prayer-meeting in the dispensary, 460
 Prayer-meeting never heard of before, 461
 Prayers, Millions of, going up, 312
 Perdition, Going to, for twelve years, 487
 Pledge, Sixty sailors sign the, 458
 Peril's brink, On, 23
 Peril, Again in, 172
 Persevere, Determined to, 184
 Peace at the Cross, 242
 Peace, An inward, 457
 Preach, Inward call to, 162
 Preach to a thousand sailors on the gun-deck, 319
 Precocity in sin, 30
 Precocity, A marvellous, 407
 Permanent impressions, 400
 Public approval, 88
 Pumps, At the, for twenty-one days, 172
 "Pursuit," U. S. Storeship, the, 429
 Pushing on alone, 58
 "Pylades," H. B. M. Ship, 16
 Physician, The Great, 49
 Quarter-deck, On the, once more, 174
 Quaint introduction, A, 80
 Questions answered, 184, 402
 Questions, A child's, 244
 Quiet, A sense of, 124
 Raft, saved in answer to prayer, On a, 127
 Raftery, Prof. Thos., A. M., LL. B., 256
 Raftery, Prof., tells his own story, 257
 Reading tracts ridiculed, 160

- Ready to die, 442
 Reaction, A temporary, 478
 Request, A modest, 424
 Request, The last earthly, 372
 Religion scoffed at, 123
 Religion before the mast, 155
 Religion, A sailor will not hide his, 188
 Religious impressions, The first, 13
 Religious seamen esteemed, 349
 Religious seamen best men in the ship, 521
 "Relief," U. S. Store-ship, 390, 425, 467
 Reminiscence, A pleasing, 45
 Resignation of pastorate, 514
 Revival in Monmouth Co., N.J., 79
 Revival in college, 203
 Revival in Princeton, N. J., 76
 Revival in Chicago, 204
 Revival, A precious, in the navy, 237, 299
 Revival preceding the rebellion, 395
 Revival extending over two years, 502
 Rejoicing over new-born souls, 453
 Reproof, A polite, 349
 Resolves, The broken, 39
 Resolves, The wicked, 67
 Resources, Limited, 82
 Resolution, The sanctified, 180
 Resolutions complimentary, 514
 Refuge, God my, 135
 Requiem of departed souls, 31
 Results of visit to Santa Cruz, 71
 Results gathered, 88
 Ridicule endured, 187
 Riding the tidal wave, 238
 "Roanoke," U. S. Frigate, 434
 Rogers, Frank, 440
 Rogers, Frank, an honor to his profession, 447
 Royal seed, A, 353
 Rum jug, The, at a discount, 66
 Rum under our feet, 96
 Rum and bad company, 177
 Sabbath, he would not break, 187
 Sabbath desecration, 81
 Sabbath-school work, 73
 Salvation, Seeking, 243
 Salvation carried to nine vessels by one man, 352
 San Jacinto, U.S. S., 466
 Santa Cruz, Island of, 62
 Saratoga, U. S. S., 390, 466
 Satan raging, 417
 Savannah, U. S. S., 271, 386
 Saved many times, 183
 Sharks, Among hundreds of, 174
 Slaves, Religious, 62
 Star, Fred., 115
 Star of Hope, The, 245
 Swarm, The first, 325
 Sailor, A preacher, 148, 165
 Sailor, A, at college, working for Christ, 203
 Sailor turned professor, 256
 Sailor's Home, 42, 208
 Sailor's Home prayer-meeting, 200
 Sailors looking to the ministry, 239
 " the Lord had blest, 440
 " know when they are well treated, 482
 Sailors promoted to the quarter deck, 468
 Saviour's sake, For the, 392
 "Sea Bird," The, established, 240
 Sea boy's story, A, 436
 Sea, Farewell to the, 64
 Seamen are grateful, 181
 Seamen are accessible, 184
 Sea sports, 19
 Sea, Struck by a, 30
 Secretary of the U. S. N., Testimony of the, 519
 Separate, to labor for Christ, 246
 Sheaves, bringing in his, 271
 Stewart, Rev. Chas. S., U.S.N., 341, 488, 492
 Swearer's prayer, The, 37
 Swearing, No, on board, 64
 Sweat-boxes, New use for, '63, 473
 Seed, Confidence in the, 444
 Seed, Goodly, sown, 242, 307
 Seed, Scattering the good, 243
 Seed-time, 101
 Sweetmeats, My, 151
 Scenes re-enacted, 361
 Scenes, Nightly, described, 494
 Self-reformation a failure, 159
 Self-sacrificing effort, 460
 Seven years' correspondence, 422
 Swede, The faithful, 299
 Seminole, The U. S. Steamer, 390
 Service, Divine, on shipboard, 201
 Services, Twenty-one a week, 239

- Special efforts for the navy, 238
 Sermon, The, set me thinking, 180
 Sermon that was a happy one to me, 197
 Sepoy mutiny, The, 24
 "Sick, and ye visited me," 183
 Sick at Tahiti, 122
 Signs of the times, 236
 Simile, A quaint, 193
 Sin, A sense of, crushing, 36, 196
 Sinner, A hardened, at sixteen, 21
 Sinner, The, 377
 Sins like mountains, 438
 Sister's gratitude, A, 385
 Sixty years in sin, 294
 Scriptures, A sailor distributing the, 156
 Ship, Join my first, 17
 Ship "Birmingham," of Bath, 49
 Ship "Colorado," The ill-fated, 279
 Ship "Harkaway," 35
 Ship dashed to pieces, 281
 Ship fever, Stricken down with, 129
 Shipmate converted, 60
 Shipmate's story told by himself, 66
 Ships "Prayer-laden," 477
 Ship "Robert Parker," 199
 Ship "St. Denis," Loss of, 189
 Ship to pray, 61
 Shipwrecked a second time, 171
 Shipwrecked three times, 286
 Spirit, The, moving on the waters, 440
 Spirit of the Lord everywhere, 452
 Spirit, Quench not the, 123
 Spirits good and bad, 96
 Spiritual agencies multiplied, 338
 Stick, Do they? 400
 "Stick to it, Here's," 56
 Souls, Longing for, 118
 Success, The secret of, 98
 Success, Increased, 101
 Success among shipmates, 151
 Sudden death, sudden glory, 115
 Summary of labors, A brief, 243
 Sunk off Tybee Island, 136
 Supply, U. S. Store-ship, 390
 "Susquehanna," U. S. S., 390, 394
 Student life, 73
 Studies abandoned, 131
 Study for the ministry, 163
 Study, The pastor's, a bureau, 154
 Sturdy helpers, 477
 Sympathy, Christian, potent, 481
 Sole survivor of the crew, 60
 Solemnity past description, 312
 Sobriety, A marvel of, 458
 Social meeting, The, 193
 Social meeting, Impressions it produced, 194
 Solicitude, Pastoral, 503
 St. Louis, U. S. S., work of grace on board, 327
 Sondergaard, Emil, 382
 Sons of men become sons of God, 452
 Songs of redeeming love, 475
 School of Christ, In the, 407
 Schooner Roanoke, The, 61
 Schooner's crew, A, 65
 Sorrow on the sea, 196
 Sorrowing after a godly sort, 478
 Stockbridge, Rev. Jos., U.S.N. 118, 310
 Storm and calm, 436
 Storm raging within, 439
 Story, A wonderful, 168
 Strong drink, infatuating, 39
 Stronger, All getting, 333
 Soul peril, Great, 37
 Soul-seeking along the wharves, 79
 Souls, The burden of, 338
 Souls converted at college, 73
 Souls converted at Princeton, 76
 Souls, 1000 hopefully converted, 527
 Souls, 760 received into Mariners' Church, 527
 Taken in tow, 80
 That prayer haunted me, 103
 Thanksgiving and praise, 184
 Tarrying by the stuff, 462
 Track, On his, once more, 140
 Tract distribution, 60
 Tract, results of a single, 166
 Tracts, Christ-killing, 59
 Tracts in the fore-castle, 160
 Teaching missionaries a lesson, 476
 Tears, The people in, 238
 Tears, Men and women moved to, 265
 Tears streaming from all eyes, 312
 Tears for the godless, 442
 Tears, Sailors hiding their, 308, 475
 Tears, many moved to, 352, 487
 Tears flowing freely, 493
 Tears uncontrolled, 501
 Temperance encouraged, 458
 Tempted by the bottle, 476

- | | | | |
|---|-----|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| Ten years of wickedness, | 159 | Volunteer Missionaries, | 459 |
| Terrors of the law, | 48 | Wabash, U. S. Frigate, | 306 |
| Test, A crucial, | 522 | Ward, Mrs. Capt., enthusiastic, | 331 |
| Testament, The new, | 133 | Washed ashore, | 170 |
| Testimony of a Christian merchant, | 92 | Waste, Why this? | 362 |
| Testimony of both ends of the ship, | 494 | Watch and watch at prayers, | 474 |
| Three hundred attending service, | 473 | Watch-night, The sailor's, | 144 |
| Tidings, Blessed, from the sea, | 270 | Watches chosen, | 57 |
| Tidying up, | 194 | Waves, Struggling with the, | 170 |
| Time, It is the last, | 321 | Whaling voyage, A, | 122 |
| Time, The last, it rang in my ears, | 323 | "What must I do?" | 196 |
| Trials and conflicts, | 59 | What hath God wrought, | 455 |
| Trials by the way, | 410 | Way to study opened, The, | 165 |
| Toils and snares, | 463 | Way to the kingdom, Show me the, | 167 |
| Token of esteem, A, | 87 | Web-feet, The swarthy, | 27 |
| Too late! | 48 | Web-feet, Uncle Sam's, | 406 |
| Torch, The glowing, | 398 | Weeping over sin, | 41, 266, 474 |
| Touch, The power of a, | 288 | Weeping, Five officers, | 475 |
| Touching scene, A, | 475 | Weeping soul, A, | 107 |
| Thoughts of the heart revealed, | 162 | Weeping souls, | 200 |
| Two are better than one, | 245 | Wife dead and buried, | 82 |
| True to covenant vows, | 468 | Will of the Lord be done, The, | 444 |
| True to the heart's core, | 472 | Winner of souls, A noble, | 422 |
| "True as steel," | 473 | White squall, The, | 21 |
| Trust in the Lord Jesus, | 12) | Wilson, Thos., Conversion of, | 244 |
| Truth on the wing, | 392 | Wilson, Thos., lost at sea, | 246 |
| Unanimity, Singular, | 351 | Wonderful change, A, | 439 |
| Uncle Sam, For, at any price, | 395 | Work that must be done, | 156 |
| Union Church, A, | 98 | Word in season, | 120, 241 |
| Union, The, gone, fighting bigun, | 495 | Work, In the, | 165 |
| Union meeting, | 459 | Work, Samples of the, | 191 |
| Union, The, safe, | 395 | Work of winning souls, | 150 |
| Unit, The, | 263 | Work, prominent features of the, | 351 |
| United States, Arrival in the, | 34 | Work among the soldiers, | 451 |
| U.S. Navy feeling the awakening, | 349 | Work of grace progressing, | 363 |
| Unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, | 458 | Work of grace unprecedented at sea, | 489 |
| Utterances of the heart, | 354 | Working together for the Lord, | 453 |
| Vacation utilized, | 79 | Working, Method of, approved, | 193 |
| Varied labors, | 100 | World, The whole, leavened, | 353 |
| Variety of duties, | 240 | Worship every night, | 464 |
| Vera Cruz, Missionary work in, | 132 | Worship in the dark, | 383, 432 |
| Vermont, U.S. line of battle ship, | 441 | Worship in the dark for two years, | 464 |
| Very bad man, I was a, | 155 | Worship of God arrested, | 465 |
| Vineyard, Still working in the Master's, | 142 | Worship never disturbed, | 474 |
| Visits of Christian sailors interchanged, | 467 | Wyandotte, U. S. S., | 424 |
| Voluntary efforts, | 89 | "Why will ye die?" | 266 |
| Voluntary Missionary work, | 155 | Yearning for souls, | 58 |
| | | Youth, A godless, | 169 |
| | | Youth, An amiable, | 190 |
| | | Zeal, Apostolic, | 107 |

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