

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE SAILOR IN A STORM.

Sonnet, by R. Southey.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here,
Safe shelter'd, as I am, I almost fear,
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
Then in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

SHIPWRECKS CAUSED BY INTEMPERANCE.

We know that a vast proportion of all shipwrecks have been caused by the use of ardent spirits; either when the officer through whose misconduct the accident happened, was decidedly drunk, at the time, or had been in the stupifying habit of drinking to excess; or when the crew, under the influence of terror or despair, have shrunk from their duty, and sought, in ardent spirits, an oblivion of all pain and care. Instances, without number, might be brought, in proof of these assertions. The loss of the British Indian, the Halsewell on the rocks between Peverell Point and St. Alban's Head, in 1785, arose from the drunken desperation of an ungovernable crew.—Many lives were lost, but nothing excited more sympathy, upon this melancholy occasion than the loss of Captain Pearce himself; who, after every exertion to preserve the lives under his care, was washed off by the merciless waves, with two lovely daughters, locked in the arms of one another.—The loss of the steam ship *Rothsay Castle*, in August, 1831, near Beaumoris, was caused, undoubtedly, by the intoxication of the commander; more than one hundred men, women, and children were buried in the ocean.—The *Kent*, East Indian, burnt at sea, February, 1825. She was a fine ship, of 1400 tons; and had on board, at the time of her destruction, 20 officers, 444 soldiers, 43 women, 68 children, and 148 ship's officers and crew. Of these, 81 found a watery grave, upon that awful night. Guided by the fire, the *Cambria*, a small brig of 200 tons, bore down and rescued the remainder, with the exception of fourteen, who were picked up by another vessel, on the following morning. The fire originated from a cask of spirit, and, bursting, it is said to have caught from a lantern. Ardent spirit in some form or other, was at the bottom of the terrible calamity.—In Dr. Thatcher's history of Plymouth, there is an example so remarkable, and too applicable here, to be omitted. "December 26th, 1778, the inhabitants of Plymouth were called to witness a calamity, truly appalling to humanity. The brig *General Arnold*, mounting 20 guns, having a crew of 105 men and boys, commanded by Captain J. Magee, of Boston, sailed from that port, on Thursday, Dec. 21th, bound on a cruise; on Friday, anchored off Plymouth Harbour, being destitute of a pilot. In the night a heavy gale drove her on the White Flat. She soon filled with water, and it became necessary to cut away the masts. Unfortunately a great disturbance was occasioned by intoxication among the seamen, which was with difficulty quelled by the officers. A tremendous storm of wind and snow came on, and a considerable number of men died, on Saturday afternoon, and in the night. Sunday morning, the vessel was in the most distressful situation, enveloped in ice and snow; and the whole shore was frozen to a solid body of ice, the winds and waves raging with the most dreadful violence, that no possible relief could be afforded to the miserable sufferers.—The inhabitants made every effort to reach the wreck in boats, but were obliged to desist, although aware that the men were in the arms of death; and, when the

miserable victims on board, saw the boats returning, leaving them in a condition of utter hopelessness, their spirits were appalled; and numbers were seen to fall dead on the deck.

On Monday, the inhabitants passed over the ice to the wreck. Here was presented a scene, unutterably awful and distressing. It is scarcely possible for the human mind to conceive of a more appalling spectacle. The ship was sunk ten feet in the sand. The waves had been for about thirty-six hours, sweeping the main deck. The men had crowded to the quarter deck, and even here they were obliged to pile together dead bodies, to make room for the living. Seventy dead bodies frozen into all imaginable postures, were strewed over the deck, or attached to the shrouds or spars. About thirty exhibited signs of life, but were unconscious whether in life or in death. The bodies remained in the postures, in which they died, the features dreadfully distorted. The few survivors and the dead bodies were brought over the ice, on sleds and boards; and the dead were piled on the floor of the court-house, exhibiting a scene calculated to impress even the most callous heart, with deep humility and sorrow. It has been said, the Rev. Mr. Robbins fainted, when called to perform the religious solemnities. The greater part of those, who were found alive, expired soon after. Captain Magee survived, and performed several profitable voyages afterwards. "He abstained entirely from drinking ardent spirits." "Those who drank rum were the more immediate victims," several being found dead in the very spot where they drank it." What a spectacle is here! Moral agents, accountable beings, reeling into eternity, staggering into another world and approaching the throne of Almighty God in a state of beastly intoxication! If there were no other argument against this Leviathan of vices, it would be enough to contemplate the bare possibility of being summoned away, in the twinkling of an eye, from the fatal debauch, and hurried, drunk, before the Judgment seat!

It is refreshing to the spirit, to turn away from such a scene as we have described, and to contemplate the character and conduct of the Christian sailor, in the hour of severest trial.

The *Lady Hobart*, British packet, was wrecked at night, on an island of ice in the Atlantic ocean, June 1803.—"From the first moment of the ship's striking" says Captain Fellowes, "not a word was uttered, expressive of a desire to leave the wreck: my orders were promptly obeyed; and though the danger of perishing was every instant increasing, each man waited for his turn to get into the boats, with a coolness and composure that could not be surpassed. I now perceived that the ship was sinking fast, and called out for the men to haul up and receive me, intending to drop myself into the cutter, from the end of the trysail boom; and I desired Mr. Bargus, my sailing master, who continued with me on the wreck, to go over first. In this instance, he replied, he begged leave to disobey my orders, that he must see me safe over, before he attempted to go himself. Such conduct, at such a moment, requires no comment. It is but justice to my ship's company to observe that not a man in the ship attempted to make use of the liquor, which every one had in his power. While the cutter was getting out I perceived one of the seamen, emptying a demijohn, containing five gallons, which, on inquiry, I found to be rum. He said that he was emptying it, to fill it with water from the scuttle cask, on the quarter deck, which was then the only fresh water to be got at. It became afterwards our principal supply. I relate this circumstance as highly creditable to the character of a British sailor. We had scarcely quitted the ship, before she gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head-foremost." Under the conduct of Captain Fellowes and his sailing master in two boats, twenty eight persons, including three females, after being seven days upon the ocean, suffering hunger, thirst and various privations, were landed in safety, in Conception Bay, fourteen miles from St. John's. Do you ask for the cause of that order and discipline, and cheerful co-operation, which contributed to this happy result? The answer is at hand; the master mariner was not only a first rate seaman, but a temperate man—a moral man,—a religious man. "At the close of the first day," says the jour-

nal of Captain Fellowes, "we now said prayers, and returned thanks to God for our deliverance." This continued to be their daily practice, until land, at length, was fairly presented to their aching eyes. "At this affecting period," says the Captain, "though overpowered by my own feelings, I proposed to offer up our solemn thanks to Heaven, for our miraculous deliverance. Every one cheerfully assented; and as soon as I opened the prayer book, which I had secured, the last time I went down to my cabin there was an universal silence; a spirit of devotion was so singularly manifested on this occasion, that, to the benefits of a religious sense, in uncultivated minds, must be ascribed the discipline, order, and exertion, which had prevailed."

My friends, I put the question home to your understanding and your hearts,—is not this the only safe condition of mind in which man may go down upon the sea in ships, and occupy his business in great waters?

A NECDOTES.

Arranged for the Colonial Churchman.

THE HUMBLE ALGERINE.—After Algiers had been taken by the French in 1831, Hussein, the ex-Dey, proceeded to Paris to seek restitution for articles of which he had been despoiled by one of the French officers.—He displayed a meek deportment; and on one occasion approvingly cited from an ancient Moslem king the following remarks:—"The man who elevated above his fellow, is without pride to his inferiors, merits well of the Deity. I would banish even my brother from my sight if he was haughty. He who exalteth himself by vanity, shall be humbled by God: he who humbles himself shall God exalt." How much more, Reader, should we who bask in the full enjoyment of christian privileges, show our humility, by precept and example!

THE EXPIRING MARTYR.—When the Bohemian martyr (Huss) was about to be burnt, a paper mitre was put tauntingly on his persecuted head. He was told that on it was this vile inscription—"A ringleader of heretics." "What!" said he, "this is less painful than my Saviour's crown of thorns." In the midst of the flames arose his voice, exclaiming in submission and faith—(Oh! for such faith!)—"Jesus Christ! thou Son of the living God! have mercy on me."

"WE SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN."—In the midst of the pestilence in London, A. D. 1692, a pious non-conformist minister visited the infected. Having proclaimed salvation by Christ to a dying woman, among her last words were—"Thou servant of the most High God, we shall meet in heaven." Verily the holy will indeed meet there: but the unrepenting wicked will also meet—but where?

REV. JAMES HERVEY.—While once travelling, Mr. Hervey met with a lady who largely expatiated on the amusements of the stage, as being in her opinion superior to all other pleasures. She remarked that there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of reflecting on it afterwards. Mr. Hervey, who had heard her remarks without interruption, now said, with his usual mildness, "there was one pleasure more which she had forgotten.—"What can that be?" she eagerly asked, for she thought she must have included them all. With a grave look, and a striking manner, Mr. H. replied, "Madam, the pleasure it will give you on a death-bed." The remark took her by surprise, but went to her heart. She had no reply to make. The rest of the journey was occupied in deep thought. She abandoned the theatre, and heartily pursued those pleasures which can afford satisfaction even on a death-bed.

OUDON

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. iv. 18.