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"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, even CHRIST: AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

Moral and Religious Miscellany.

From the Churchman's Magazine.

THE BAYMAN'S WIFE.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

The burning heat of the Southern summer drives all persons in the city, who are not compelled to be abroad, to the shelter of their houses, to the shade of their porticoes, or the cool recesses of their little gardens. It was at the close of a fiercely hot day in August, that taking advantage of the lengthening shadows that rendered one side of the street sheltered from the sun, I went out to make my usual daily visits in the neighborhood of my church. I met but here and there a slave hurrying by with ice swung in twine, or bearing water in a well poised bucket upon his head.

The quarter of the city to which I was directing my steps, is situated near the Bay-side, and inhabited chiefly by a class of men who are called "Baymen," their business being fishing, lightering, and lading and unlading vessels in the lower bay; an intelligent industrious, upright sort of men, who support comfortably their families. Several of them were regular attendants at church, and I was not a stranger in their humble homes. I had entered the narrow street which led to the group of houses by the water, when I was hailed from a house that evidently had been constructed out of the planks of a broken-up vessel.

"Hoy—ahoy!"

I turned, and saw a stout-built man in the door, dressed in tattered canvas trowsers, and a faded and torn blue-checked shirt. His beard was uncut, and his aspect was that of a man who had lost his better nature by an intemperate life.

"Ahoy! Heave to!" he added, in a hoarse and rather imperative voice.

I drew near the door; the fence was broken down that had once separated it from the street.

"You are skipper of that tall-rigged craft up there, ain't you?" asked the man, pointing to the spire of St. John's, full in view.

"Do you wish to speak with me, my friend?" I quietly asked, without appearing to notice his rude mode of addressing me; as if he would disguise his contempt of a minister under the affection of nautical phraseology.

"Well, not particularly," he answered, carelessly; "but the old girl inside wants to say a word to you. She's bound on a voyage, and wants to know from a parson if her papers are all right."

"Do you speak of your wife!" I asked, regarding the brute with mingled pity and indignation.

"Yes—if you like it better! She's about done for! She was trying to get me to go after you, but

it is too hot for a Christian to put his head out—and so when I saw you coming, I hailed."

"A Christian! Are you a Christian, sir?" I repeated, with a tone and expression of face that confused him.

"Well, I can't pretend much that way. All a set of impostors! Don't care to be suspected of being one. Used the word only as a saying—like, you know. The fewer preachers in the world, the better it would be."

"Is your wife dangerously ill?" I asked, as I passed him to enter the only room of the house, in which, stretched upon a mattress, supported by a sea-vessel's berth nailed against the wall, was the invalid.

The woman turned her eyes toward me, and smiled a welcome, while she extended her thin hand.

"God be blessed, ever blessed, for this favor, sir," she said in a low and weak voice, her whole appearance being that of one about to depart the body.

I recognized her, as soon as she spoke, as one to whom I had administered the communion the preceding month, and whose abode, being a stranger, I had endeavored to ascertain, unsuccessfully until now.

"Sir, I wished to see you before I died," she said, taking my hand, and pressing it for a moment with fervor. "God has heard my prayer, and sent you to me. Oh, sir, pray for my husband!" And she cast a look towards him, as he stood half in the door, his ear attentive to what was passing by the bedside, while his eyes were fixed upon the water with its passing vessels.

"Mag, if you wanted to see the parson to ask him to pray for me, you might as well have saved both yourselves the trouble. If there is any prayers put up for me, Doctor," he said, looking at me with a reckless and saucy air, "it must be the devil!"

The dying woman released my hand, and closed her eyes, while her lips moved in supplication. There was an air of patience, of years' endured patience, impressed upon her face—which told how her pious heart had long been schooled "to endure the contradiction" of her sinful husband. "I want none of your religion," he added, with an oath.

"Sir," I said, turning to him, and speaking with firmness and feeling, "are you a man?"

"Well, I reckon I am not a dog," he answered, with a sneering laugh.

"If, then, you are a man, you need the Christian religion, with all that it can give to men.—There are but two orders of creatures in God's universe, known to us, that need it not; one is that of the angels, who having never sinned, need no repentance and no Saviour. They are above Christianity. The other order of creatures is that of the brutes. They need not religion, because they have no souls to be sanctified and saved. *Angels and brutes need no Christ!* But man, who has sinned, and has a soul to save, needs a Saviour—is in need of all that