

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sailor.

The sailor has noble elements to bring into society, if we would receive them. He is a brave-hearted and generous being; there is nothing knavish or little about him. The son of the ocean has his faults, but meanness is not among them. On the bosom of that mighty mother he has not learnt the petty, fading ways of the world; to cog, and cheat and crouch, "and smile, and smile, and be a villain." I would welcome such an element among us. I would that into the narrow and choking avenues of selfish calculation and barter should come a breath from "the great and wide sea," a breeze that has swept the soundless deep, and that should not merely cast vile sea-weed, like the sailor's wages upon our shore, but should spread freshness and purity through our tainted atmosphere.

The sailor is a confiding and trustful man. I have heard it said that the old sailor is never an infidel. How should he be—power all around him, with mighty heavings and storm-voices; and over his head the alphabet of religion written by the finger of God. I would welcome his faith, his simple believing into our churches, and take him by the hand, as one who had seen God's wonders in the deep, and felt that His footsteps are not measured by any narrow, paltry, exclusive sectarianism.

There is another view of the seaman's relation to society that deserves to awaken an interest in him and his fortunes. Lonely as he seems in the world, there are those, in the home of his childhood, who feel for him, and whose prayers follow him in his trackless and unknown wanderings over the deep. The aged hand is yet there perhaps which once wrought the garments that were to shield him from the wintry blast—tears falling upon them the while, at thoughts of the hardships and dangers he was to encounter. The eyes of kindred yet look out from those far homes for their lost one; and few on earth are such prayers and blessings as those which shall be there poured out upon the good and christian men who befriend and comfort and save that son, that brother.

He can be saved; and I appeal now to the religious interest, to that great and eternal interest of the human soul, that is involved here.—There is a most delightful work of reform and of regeneration going on among our sea-faring brethren. The accounts of it come in journals and letters from all quarters of the world. Most touching records of spiritual renovation they are, and among the most glorious signs of the time. It seems as if the sea were giving up her spiritually dead, from her hundred shores and her thousands of floating graves.

What could have been so little expected as that the profane sailor should have become a man of prayer? What so unlikely as that the rude and riotous fore-castle should have become a holy chapel? But thus it is. And amidst the booming waves and the roaring tempest, prayer goes up, on every sea, to the Lord of the sea, and of the storm. Twenty years ago, who ever thought of a "Bethel?" And now it waves its sacred flag on every civilized shore, and gathers multitudes beneath it, in lowly and reverent worship.

Christianity is stretching out her arms to embrace the world. But, for a long time we felt as if the sea were the irreclaimable domain, if not of vice and violence, yet of utter irreligion. It seemed to be agreed that neither time nor opportunity could be found there, for religious culture. When the ship dropped down from port, we looked upon her, from the midst of our churches and Sabbaths and domestic altars, as sailing out upon a realm estranged and unblessed. So it appeared to our imagination; and though I doubt not the thoughts of some pious seaman might have given us a different impression had we known them, yet the fact certainly too well agreed with our idea. But now there is a voice from the sea, which answers to the call of Sabbath bells and the anthems of consecrated walls; and it spreads over those waste and boundless solitudes the aspect of a christian and household fellowship. The unfolding counsels of the divine providence are saying to the church:—

"Lift up thine eyes round about and see;
All of them are gathered together; they come to thee;
Thy sons shall come from far,
Thy daughters shall be carried at the side;

Then shalt thou fear and overflow with joy;
And thy heart shall be ruffled and dilated;
When the riches of the sea shall be poured in upon thee;

And the wealth of the nation shall come unto thee.
Who are these that fly like a cloud
And like doves upon the wing,
Verily the distant coasts shall wait me,
And the ships of Tarshish among the first;
To bring thy sons from afar,
Their silver and their gold with them,
Because of the name of Jehovah, thy God,
And of the Holy One of Israel, for he hath glorified thee."

LOWTH'S TRANSLATION.

Yes, many a ship is now consecrated to God. Many a pious master gathers his people together on the holy day. I behold that wonder upon the deep; that deck, a floating altar; that tapering mast, a spire pointing to heaven; above, the dome of the sky; around, the far-spreading sea, the flooring of God's temple; and there, amidst the vast and listening solitude of waters, go up the voice of prayer and the anthem of thanksgiving! And when the ship returns, she brings report perhaps—for such things are known—or other guns than those which pertain to the merchandise of this world; of treasures found by her inmates, richer than Indian pearls or gold of Ophir. Upon the boundless deep its wandering children are learning of Him whose "way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known."—Bibles and good books, provided by kind hands, went out with them; prayers and good exhortations were uttered in their ears; the blinding mists of intemperance had already fallen from their eyes; and now they have seen the light and felt the power of a new creation. Yes, upon that wild element, so long estranged from religion, there are now "revivals of religion." I say not with what imperfection or weakness of faith, the poor sailor has received the visitation; but I say that the eventful voyage which has brought to him the sense of that power divine, is of dearer concern and value, than if it were freighted for his single behoof, with the wealth of Indian empires! Nay, ask himself; and poor as he is, he will tell you that he would not give up his hope in Christ for the wealth of the world!—*Dr. Dewey.*

The American Continent.

Had not Columbus discovered America in 1492, it would not much longer remained unknown to Europe, as the Continent was found by Cabot, a Portuguese navigator, about 1500. He was on a voyage to the East Indies, but standing far to the west, he fell in with land; being a portion of what is now called Brazil. By what may be called a "singular coincidence," this land lay within the limits assigned by the bull of Pope Alexander VI. to the Portuguese, when he partitioned worlds to be discovered or seized by Portugal and Spain. This was very annoying to the Spaniards, who thus had to share the continent with another and a rival power.—Thus we see that accident would have effected the great end, to the realization of which Columbus devoted his life; so capricious are the decrees of what men call fortune.

The first person who visited the American Continent was John Cabot, a Venetian Merchant, who resided in Bristol, England. He made the discovery in 1497, somewhere on the coast of Labrador. He was accompanied by his more famous son, Sebastian Cabot.

So long ago as the reign of Philip II., it was proposed to cut a canal through the Isthmus at Panama, for ship navigation, and engineers were sent to examine the country. "They, however," says a Spanish writer, "found the obstacles insuperable; and the council of the Indies at the same time represented to the king the injuries which such a canal would occasion to the monarchy; in consequence of which his majesty decreed that no one should in future attempt, or even propose, such an undertaking under pain of death." The injuries feared were the intrusion, as Spain considered it, of foreigners into the "South Sea," and the consequent weakening of the monopoly she then had of that portion of the world. The only human access to the Pacific at that time from the west, was through the Strait of Magellan, the difficulty of navigating which was great. In 1666, eighteen years after the death of Philip II., the passage into the Pacific by the way of Cape Horn was discovered by two Hollanders, named Lemaire and Von Schonten.

The first Englishman who entered the Pacific was John Oxenham, who, in 1555, crossed the Isthmus of Panama, at the head of a party of his

countrymen, a body of semi-freebooters; built a ship, and made prizes of many Spanish ships. They were finally captured by the Spaniards, and most of them ignominiously executed at Panama. Drake was more fortunate. He entered the Pacific by the Strait of Magellan, and the he had but one small vessel, a schooner of 100 tons, and sixty men, he inflicted great injury on the Spanish settlements and commerce. This was in 1578-9. The third of these freebooters, as they called themselves, was Thomas Cavendish, who, in 1587, ravaged the western coast of America, and captured, among other vessels, the galleon that was on her way from Manilla to Acapulco. These "gentlemen rovers" were the "illustrious predecessors" of the bucaniers of the next century, and held that there was "no law beyond the line."

The first expedition ever undertaken by the English, expressly in search of a north west passage in the Pacific, was sent out in 1576, under the command of Martin Frobisher, a celebrated navigator, in an age abounding in daring and accomplished mariners. Sixty years before Sebastian Cabot discovered Hudson's Strait.

The name America was first applied to this Continent, or division of the globe, in 1507, in a work published by one Martin Waldemullen, at St. Die, in Lorraine. The Spaniards never called their possessions by the name of America until about the middle of the 18th century. They gave them the name of the West Indies. The continent should be called Colonia, or Colonica, from the Italian name of its discoverer. This would do honor and justice to both his name and race.

The first person of the Anglo-Saxon race, born within the limits of the United States, was Virginia Dare. She was born on the 18th of Aug. 1587. Her parents belonged to the company sent over by Raleigh, and who possessed the colony of Roanoke. The name of Virginia was given her from that of the country in which the colony was situated. Her fate, together with that of the entire population of the colony, is unknown. All perished, and, as Bancroft beautifully has it, "If America had no English town it soon had English graves."

The French early reached this country, and within seven years of the discovery, of the continent, the fisheries of Newfoundland were known to the hardy mariners of Brittany and Normandy. In 1524, Verrazani, an Italian in the service of Francis I., ran along ahead the whole coast of North America, to the 50th degree of latitude. He saw the harbor of what is now New York, and noted its convenience and pleasantness; and for fifteen days his vessel lay in the beautiful haven of Newport. Jacques Cartier was the first person who sailed up the St. Lawrence, which he did in August, 1534. The next year he made a second voyage to the same quarter, and sailed up the river to the site of the present city of Montreal. He took possession of these regions for France. All the earlier attempts of colonization failed, and it was not until the beginning of the 17th century that, under the direction of the celebrated Champlain, they succeeded.—*Boston Recorder.*

I have done Giving.

These words made a great impression on my mind. "Done giving!" said I to myself. Has he indeed? Has he given all? Has the disciple imitated the master? Was he rich, and has he become poor for the sake of others, that they, through his poverty, might be rich? O, no! he has something left yet—perhaps is rich still—perhaps, through the favor of Providence, richer at this moment than he would have been had he never given anything. Who knows but his honoring the Lord with his substance has been the means of filling his barns with plenty? It may be bad policy in him to stop giving.

"Done giving!" Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language, and distributed in every land—a copy in every family—and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs one? Have the poor ceased from the land? O, no! there are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give.

Well, does the man feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

Or has he come to the conclusion to give no more, from having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the tracts distributed, and all the missionaries sent abroad into our own land, and into the world; and all the schools established; and all the children taught to read; and all the civilization introduced; and all the asylums opened; and all the poor relieved? No good been done! Great good has been done by what has been given; but still more will be done by what shall be given hereafter. Bibles and tracts can now be printed at a cheaper rate than heretofore; and the conductors of our benevolent institutions have learned, by experience, that economy which can be learned in no other way. And yet now, when a dollar goes so much farther than ever before in doing good, will a man say, "I have done giving!" It is just the time to go on giving.

Had I, for a moment, the ear of him who says he has done giving, I would ask him if he has done receiving—if God had done giving to him.

"Done giving!" Done lending, to the Lord! Done sowing and watering! Done offering the sacrifices with which God is well pleased! Done making the widow's heart leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish! So this is his determination. Well, I am sorry—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the orphan, and the ignorant, and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man's own sake. Poor man! poor, with all his affluence; for there is really no one more poor than he, who, with the ability to give, has not the inclination. He is enriched with abundance, but not with liberality.

Completeness of the Saint in Christ.

We have often thought we should like to hear a sermon on the text, "And you are complete in Him." It is a great consolation when weighed down beneath a sense of our own ignorance, weakness, sinfulness and unworthiness, to think of that text, *You are complete in Him.* It is a good text for the poor and the ignorant, the despised and afflicted. You may be in want of everything, but you are complete in Christ.—You may be ignorant of everything that the "self-approving world" calls knowledge, but, if you love Christ, you are complete in him.—You may be despised of the world, and your name cast out as evil, but if you are a child of God, the despite of the world cannot harm you, you are complete in Christ. Your friends may all be taken from you, or may all desert you, but you are not the less perfect for that; you are complete in Christ. Your property may be taken from you, and you may have to beg your bread, or to suffer from hunger and nakedness, but still you are complete in Christ; in him you are perfect and entire, wanting nothing. You may lose your health, may suffer with lingering and painful disease, may be helpless and bed-ridden, but still you are complete in Christ.

If you be a child of God, and stay yourself on Christ, nothing can take away from this completeness, nothing can diminish it. Nor can any thing add to it. If you had all the wealth of the Rothschilds, it would not make you any more complete in Christ. If you possessed all the thrones of Europe, or could sway the sceptres of the world, it would not add to your completeness in Christ. If you had all the learning of Scaliger, and all the genius of Milton, it could add nothing to the perfection of your character as a child of God; it could not make your robe whiter, or your roll brighter—it could not make you more complete in Christ. In him, and not in the world, are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. And ye are complete in Him.

Let this be the saint's triumph and independence, that he is complete in Christ. Let him say within himself, as the gaudy shows of the world pass by him, Well, after all, what matters it that though I be so poor and ignorant; in Christ I have all riches and knowledge. What matters it who knows me here, or who knows me not, who cares for me here, or who despises me; if Christ deigns to know me, I am complete in Christ, I care not for anything else. I want nothing else, if Christ be made unto me of