

For the Colonial Churchman.

BURIAL AT SEA.

On the last day of November, we lost one of our seamen—John Farrell—who died of fever. At 3 p. m. cleared up the decks, and sewed the body in its canvas shroud, together with some stone to make it sink. At 6 p. m. called together the crew, to perform the last sad office of burial. Mr. G. read the solemn service of the Church, and we then committed the body to the deep—there to remain until reunited to the spirit on that day when the sea shall give up her dead.

Perhaps one of the most solemn and affecting scenes in the world is that of a death and burial at sea. At this time every thing seemed combined to make it so. The green clad flocks of Pines visible in the distance; the vessel gliding noiselessly on the bosom of the unruffled sea; the sun had just gone down, leaving no traces of its late reign, except the golden clouds which gathered in the west, emitting enough light whereby to read the solemn service, and casting on all around a holy calm. An unusual silence seemed to reign, which was broken only by the whistle of a passing bird, and the splash of the water as it received the lifeless body of our shipmate, from the plank on which it was carried to the side. Not the least affecting part of the service was the serious looks of some of the weather-beaten tars,

“Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of Ocean’s coral caves—
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem—
The music of the waves;—
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love
The blue sea rolls its waves above.”

But now we laid him in the Ocean’s bed,
The curling water shining when he sank,
Again the gentle wave has left its head,
And left no traces of his resting place.

Ships with their burdens may pass o’er his grave
But they can ne’er disturb his lowly bed—
He’ll sleep in quiet—deep in the ocean’s cave—
Until the sea is bid—“yield up her dead!”

And shall his friends then, never learn his death,
Nor know the season why he makes delay;
In time perchance they ne’er can glean his fate,
But they will learn it at the Judgment-day.

Although there’s nought points out his hidden rest,
Nor could the wisdom of the world explore;
Yet God on high, knows well the secret spot—
He’ll bring it forth, “when time shall be no more.”

And may he then come forth with joy upon his brow,
And cleave the deep, dark ocean’s watery cell,
To enter heaven—where all is endless rest—
For ever there, in joy and peace to dwell.

M.

Short Sermons.—Let us not from an excited fancy and a vain longing after the glories of other days, forget the advantages which we have. No need to have the troubles of the Apostles in order to attain their faith. Even in the quietest times we may rise to high holiness, if we improve the means given us.—Ch Almanack.

The wronged side is the safer side.—Prov. 12. 5.

THE SELECTOR.—NO. III.

SAPRICIUS AND NICEPHORUS.*

There were, at Antioch, about the year 258, a presbyter and a layman, the former named Sapricius, the latter Nicephorus, who, by some misunderstanding, after a remarkable intimacy, became so completely estranged, that they would not even salute each other. Nicephorus after a time relented, begged forgiveness of his fault, and took repeated measures to procure reconciliation, but in vain. He even ran to the house of Sapricius, and throwing himself at his feet, entreated his forgiveness for the Lord’s sake; but the presbyter continued obstinate.

In this situation of things the persecution of Valerian reached them suddenly. Sapricius was carried before the governor, and ordered to sacrifice in obedience to the edicts of the emperor. “We Christians,” replied Sapricius, “acknowledge for our king Jesus Christ, who is the true God, and the Creator of heaven and earth. Perish idols, which can do neither good nor harm!” The Prefect tormented him a long time, and then commanded that he should be beheaded. Nicephorus, hearing of this, runs up to him, as he is led to execution, and renews in vain the same supplications. The executioners deride his humility as perfect folly. But he perseveres, and attends Sapricius to the place of execution. There he says further, It is written, “Ask, and it shall be given you.” But not even the mention of the word of God itself, so suitable to Sapricius’s own circumstances, could affect his obstinate temper.

Sapricius, however, suddenly forsaken of God, recants, and promises to sacrifice. Nicephorus, amazed, exhorts him to the contrary, but in vain. He, then, says to the executioners, “I believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he hath renounced.” The officers return to give an account to the governor, who ordered Nicephorus to be beheaded.

FAITH

Is reckoned, and worthily so, amongst the greatest gifts of God; yes, it is the greatest itself that we may enjoy; for by it, as we are justified, and made God’s children, so are we temples and possessors of the Holy Spirit; yea, of Christ also, (Eph. iv.) and of the Father himself, (John xiv.); by faith we drive the devil away, (1 Peter v.); we overcome the world, (1 John v.); and are already citizens of heaven, and fellows with God’s dear saints. But who is able to reckon the riches that this faith bringeth with her, unto the soul she inhabiteth?—No man or angel. At 1, therefore, as I said, of all God’s gifts she may be considered the chief. Which if men considered, they would be diligent, and take great heed not to do any thing which might cast her down (for then they fall also;) and they would, with no less care, read and hear God’s holy word, joining thereto most earnest and often prayer, as well for the more and better understanding, as for the loving, living, and confessing of the same, in spite of any or every thing here which may pull us back to hearken to their voice and counsel for longer use of them.—Bradford, A. D. 1555.

FAITH may appear a very easy thing to a careless impenitent sinner; but a person of this character is not at all the subject of a saving faith. It is the poor, self-condemned, penitent, broken hearted sinner, that is capable of such a faith; and truly it is no easy matter to him: for one that sees his sins in all their aggravations, the divine law, and the righteous severity of divine justice; one that finds the lusts and prejudices of his heart rising against this method of salvation as foolishness, and as giving an intolerable mortification to his pride and vanity—for such a one to believe is not an easy matter: it is the working of God’s mighty power. (Eph. i. 19.)—Pres Davis.

Through Faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.—Heb. 11. 3.

* From the history of the Church of Christ.

THE SAVIOUR’S GRACE.

’Tis not in riches pleasure lies,
But in the Saviour’s grace;
From Him alone true joys arise,
And hopes that never cease.

His favour cheers the mourner’s heart,
Oppress’d with doubts and fear;
’Tis this, that heals, the rankling smart
Of sin:—and dries his tears.

’Tis this, that leads his spirit on
To the celestial day;
’Tis this, that bids the world begone,
And teaches him to pray.

’Tis this, that thro’ the walk of life
His passion can controul;
’Tis this, that in the world of strife,
Cheers and supports his soul.

’Tis this, that teaches him to leave
This world for one above:
Where saints no more o’er sins shall grieve:
Where every heart is love. 2non.

RELIANCE ON GOD.

Remember he that trusteth in the Lord, shall receive strength to stand against all the assaults of his enemies. Be certain all the hairs of your head are numbered. Be certain your good Father hath appointed bounds, over the which the devil dares not look. Commit yourself to him; he is, hath been, and will be your keeper. Cast your care on him, and he will care for you. Let Christ be your scope and mark to aim at; let him be your pattern to work by; let him be your ensample to follow: give him, as your heart, so your hand; as your mind, so your tongue; as your faith, so your feet: and let his word be your light to go before you, in all matters of religion.—Glorify God both in soul and body. He that gathereth not with Christ, scattereth abroad. Use prayer; look for God’s help, which is at hand to them that ask, and hope thereafter assuredly.—Bradford.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.*

We hope the following article will be read by every parishioner in this Diocese.—ED.

I fully believe that one of the greatest dangers not to be apprehended in this country to the cause of enlightened, scriptural religion, is the increasing difficulty of supporting an educated and faithful ministry; a ministry sufficiently at ease from worldly care to live entangled in the affairs of this life; a ministry so far secured from the caprices and multiform fancies of the people, as to feel it a small thing to be judged of man’s judgment; a ministry so competently provided for in worldly substance, as to have books to study, time to read them, retirement to meditate thereon, and composure of mind and heart to profit thereby. Wo to the cause of religion when men shall be willing to dispense with these essential things for the sake of a race of pastors more cheaply supported. Such may easily be provided. Men enough can be raised up who will support themselves and preach besides; whose preparation to teach shall cost no care to learn; whose sermons will require neither books, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor care wrought out as well from the labors of the plough or the din of the anvil, as from the efforts of the mind and the quiet of the study. But who wants such ministers? Our labour is more and more to prepare the very opposite. We found Seminaries of classical and theological learning; we require many years of toilsome study; we close the door of the ministry against those who are not well learned and furnished for doctrine and instruction in righteousness; and we send out our young men, we exhort them to get themselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word; we tell them that “no man that warret

* From Bishop McIlvaine’s address to the Convention Ohio, in September last.