

For the Colonial Churchman.

MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL.—A FRAGMENT.

My letter was sealed with black—I opened it with tolerable composure, though I knew it contained an account of my mother's death. I felt a kind of insensibility, but no sooner did I read a part of the contents, than my heart fainting; I wept, I sighed. * * * I left the bustle of a large trading town to see my dear mother deposited in the silent grave in the peaceful village church-yard. I met my brothers and sisters—ten thousand thoughts crossed our minds; we each had, as we imagined, our secret and sacred feelings, but we well understood the supposed unsuspected secret,—we were inwardly musing on the event, on childhood and youth, and on a mother's tender care and ever watchful love. These feelings and meditations, added to so solemn a circumstance as a mother's death, affected me to a degree, which I believe surprised those who were present.

Arrived at ———, I went to the dwelling where I was to behold a scene I knew must be deeply affecting, ——— and ——— the remains of my dearest mother were placed beneath a canopy on her couch.— Her look was peaceful and calm;—it was my mother,—yes—it was all that remained of my dear mother. O! my mother, I could that moment have desired to die to be with thee * * * We proceeded about a mile to the village church—to the resting place of our ancestors. On our way the simple affecting bell saluted our ears—I had heard it before—yes, it had announced the arrival at this sequestered spot of several of our family—I last heard its sound when a tender and indulgent father was conveyed to “the house appointed for all living:” it had also greeted in its solemn tones the arrival of my darling boy:—true, he was a flower transplanted to bloom in paradise, snatched out of this uncongenial climate, almost ——— soon as he was planted in our desert; but then, he was my child, and my only child: he was lovely and afflicted a short time on the earth and then removed from his father's fond caresses to await my arrival in his own native country:—the heavens were destined to be his dwelling place—he only opened his eyes on this world, wept over its vanities, bid me farewell, and now waits to welcome me to glory and to God.

We arrived at the church yard, and were met by the servant of God with glad tidings on his lips—“I am the resurrection and the life.” We proceeded to the house of God, where I had often gone with my mother to keep holy day; the scenes were familiar to me; they were the scenes of childhood and youth. I have seldom seen them of late years, as I only visit them on these solemn occasions.—Thence we repaired to the silent grave—to my mother's grave. I looked—I still saw the last robe in which mortality is allowed to be arrayed. I beheld the small space allotted for a residence—the solemn words were pronounced, “earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust.” We soon took our departure; I bid my mother—farewell—farewell. My first wish was that I might rejoin her in paradise,—my next, that I might in due time repose near—my Mother's grave. This last wish is not likely to be complied with, as the fallen souls of men have so far excited my sympathies, that I write this in a foreign clime, where my desire is to toll of Jesus who is “the resur-

rection and the life:” but should I not repose near thee my mother in this world, I trust our song shall unite in praise Him, who has in mysterious mercy united us in heaven. R.

VINE ARTS.

Grace Darling and her Father rescuing the Survivors of the Wreck of the Forsfarshire Packet from perishing on the rocks of the Fern Islands. Engraved by David Lucas, from a Picture painted on the spot by H. B. Parker and J. W. Carmichael. London: F. G. Moon, Threadneedle-street.

The joint efforts of these distinguished marine painters have produced the worthiest record we have yet seen of an heroic action well deserving to be commemorated by the highest endeavours of art.—Both resident at Newcastle-on-Tyne (in the immediate vicinity of the scene of action), the artists had the opportunity, as soon as the storm subsided, of repairing to the spot and sketching from objects as they then appeared. As William Darling and his daughter sat for their portraits, and as these have been esteemed faithful likenesses, we may not be surprised that the work before us should present the happiest result from their labours. The stir and bustle of the scene is vividly placed before us; the struggling boat in the foreground, the turmoil of the sea, and the rocks and figures in the distance, are all faithfully developed. Nothing can be more spirited and real than the hero and heroine of the scene as here depicted.

The point of time chosen for the picture is that when the little boat is nearing the rock: in the foreground are seen William Darling and his daughter toiling through a sea that would have daunted the bravest heart that ever beat beneath a sailor's jacket. The old man is steadily plying his oars, and Grace, who manages the aft oar, is trying to avoid a huge fragment of the wreck that seems about to be dashed by the fury of the waves against the boat, threatening to destroy it. In the middle distance are the remains of the wreck; the vessel had broken in two, and the after-part had been carried away, but the fore-part, with the disabled paddle wheels, lies on the rocks; the sea is beating over her, so that no one could be on board and live. Near it, on a fragment of wreck, to which they managed to get from the vessel, are the few half-clad sufferers whose gestures express their transport of joy and gratitude at the prospect of speedy deliverance, mingled with prayers for the safety of their preservers, and thanksgiving to the Divine Providence that has spared their lives.

In the further distance is Longstone Lighthouse; its light dimly shining through the grey of the morning, whose first ruddy streaks illumine the wild wattery horizon, and reveal the whole expanse of the tempestuous ocean. Over head, two or three screaming sea-gulls, buffeting with their native element, seem almost beaten down by the hurricane that drives on the rack of storm-clouds, mixing the clouds and spray; the crests of the leaping surges are seen relieved against the sky on every side.

Mr. Parker's Pictures of Smugglers and Coast Scenes have, we believe, always been very popular, and Mr. Carmichael has attained considerable eminence as a Marine Painter; but we think the present work will place them in a still more eminent position. The engraving has been very carefully done by Lucas, who now holds a very high rank among British artists, and this work is in no way inferior to his reputation. The middle distance is perhaps a little heavy, but altogether it is an admirable work of art.—*Cons. Jour.*

The triumphs of wickedness are short in this world. In how glorious triumphs will religion and devotedness to God end in the other.—*Lacon.*

PRAYER.—A man cannot pray long, and continue in sin; for either his prayers will compel him to leave his sins, or his sins will lead him to leave off praying.—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.*

‘Happy New Year, my dear father,’ said Mary Wood, as she stole suddenly behind him, on New Year morning, and throwing her arms around his neck imprinted a fond kiss on his forehead. ‘Happy New Year, my love,’ he responded, drawing her forward, ‘and I hope you may live to enjoy a great many of them.’ She left his side in a few moments and taking her station beside the crimson curtained window, seemed soon deeply lost in thought. The colour deepened on her cheek; her eyes were cast down, and there was an appearance of tears gradually forming until they became large and full, then slowly rolling from those beautiful eyes, as if loth to leave so bright a home, fell over her cheeks. Mr. Wood had been an attentive observer of it all, and approaching his daughter, he said in an expostulating tone—‘in tears, Mary, and on New Year morning.’—‘Father,’ said she, taking his hand in both of hers, and speaking very slow, ‘last New Year morning Mother stood by this very window, and gave me a Bible, and now—now—she is in heaven! Brother William was here too: now he lies in the cold, cold, grave! there's none left but you and me.’ ‘My love,’ said Mr. Wood in a low tremulous voice, ‘God has seen fit to afflict us; he has seen fit to deprive us of near and dear friends: but can you think of no mark of his love and mercy, nothing to be grateful for, to-day?’ ‘Yes! father, yes!’ and those tear-filled eyes were earnestly fixed on his, ‘I was wrong—Oh I am always doing wrong—last New Year day I was without God in the world, now—she hid her face in her father's bosom and sobbed aloud. It was some minutes before Mary recovered sufficient composure to proceed, but when she did, in tremulous tone she for the first time informed her father of her hope in God. ‘I feel,’ said she, ‘that God has forgiven me—that he loves me—and Oh, such peace as has been breathed into my wearied aching heart,—and such sweet communion as I have enjoyed,—Oh father, God is too good—God is good to me.’ Mr. Wood was a pious devoted Christian;—the last year had been indeed to him a year of trials and afflictions; but through it all he had been enabled to see the hand of his Heavenly Father and to remember in the hour of his deepest gloom whom God loveth he chasteneth. This, his only remaining child, had been the subject of many a prayer; great had been the anxiety which had crowded into his heart, when he had seen her the star as it were of every convivial circle in which she appeared. He had feared that the love of the world, its pleasures and enjoyments, would make her forgetful of her God, but he had been enabled to commit her, his all,—to his heavenly Father, and God had seen fit to answer his prayer. Long and sweet was the discourse that passed between father and daughter on that happy morning, and a joy which nought but tears could express, filled that father's heart.

My dear reader,—have you, like Mary, during the last year, found your God? If you have not, will you not now sincerely resolve to seek him? Remember he is not far from any of us. He is over you, all around you; and if you sincerely ask and wish it, he will take up his abode with you, he will make your heart his home. You may not live another year; you may not live another week; Oh seek him now anxiously, earnestly, the present is all that is yours—all that you are sure of—let me entreat of you to improve it.

CHARITY.

Charity, says Dr. Johnson, is a universal duty.—Every man is bound to practice it. Whatever degree of assistance we give to another upon proper motives, it is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility, that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbour.

He that cannot attend the sick, may reclaim the vicious. He that cannot give much assistance himself, may perform the duty of charity, by inflaming the ardor of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant.—*Ban. of Cross.*

* From the Gospel Messenger.