

DIED.

In this town, on Sunday last, 12th instant, in the fourth year of her age, Theresa Emily Amelia, youngest child of Capt. Bremner. This sudden bereavement was occasioned by fire, which communicated with her clothes, and so severely injured her before the flames could be extinguished, as to cause her death within 24 hours.—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

For the Colonial Churchman.

It may be truly said of those who go down into the sea in ships, they see the wonders of the Lord, His mighty works in the deep; they see how at God's command, the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof, by which they are sometimes mounted up to the heaven, and down again to the depths beneath. They perceive themselves reeling to and fro, and staggering by the unsteady motion of the vessel, like a drunken man.

Sea-faring men above all other men that live on the face of the earth, should be religious men. They should be always prepared to meet death at a moment's warning; for they are continually sailing on the brink of eternity. If but a plank should start, or a rock lie in their way, or a sudden gust of wind overtake them, how soon may they be swallowed up in the deep, and their souls wafted into an endless and unchangeable state. Therefore every storm, every swelling wave may serve to drive them to seek refuge from their God. The vast sea shews them the infinite goodness, and power of God; and in the night the heavens declare His glory; when every star is a lamp hung out to show His marvellous works. How is it when they have so many motives to be truly devout, so few are found to be so?—These thoughts were suggested to my mind, whilst reflecting upon the imminent danger I was in, a few years ago, of being swallowed up in the mighty deep.

In the year 18—, in the month of September, we were lying at anchor in the harbor of St. Johns, in the Island of Antigua, in a brig belonging to this place,—that being the season of the year when the Carribean Islands are sometimes visited with those terrific storms, which often do so much damage. Their violence is so great, at times, that nothing can withstand their force, tearing up trees by the roots, and blowing down houses; and if vessels should be lying in the harbor at the time, they must certainly be driven on shore. No wonder then if they fill the minds of the inhabitants with terror and dismay, whenever they occur. The people at Antigua had been expecting for some time previous, by the appearance of the weather, a visitation of this kind. On the day we set sail, the weather had been very squally, and threatening. We, however, got underway, and put to sea; but we had scarcely cleared the harbor before the wind commenced to blow very hard in squalls, accompanied by rain. Each succeeding squall became more violent, so that we found it necessary to take in sail, and continued to do so till about 1 A. M., when it blew a perfect hurricane. We had not by this time, an inch of sail set; and were (in nautical phrase) lying to under bare poles. Shortly after this, there came on a squall which was absolutely terrific;—the hands were in the act of bracing the yards, so that the wind might not have the power over them which it otherwise would, when the brig upset. I by some exertion succeeded in getting into the main-channels with two others; I looked forward and could just discern three men in the fore-channels,—there ought to have been four; I therefore justly concluded that one had gone to his eternal home, with all his imperfections on his head, without one moment for preparation! Never will the recollection of that awful night be effaced from my memory. The brig was then lying with her masts and yards in the water, and we clinging to her side. The sea making

a clear breach over her, and what made the scene more awful, along with the roaring of the wind, we had peals of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning. The night was pitchy dark. At every flash of lightning the horror of our situation was made visible to us; we were helpless, and could do nothing but cry unto the Lord for mercy. He heard our cry, “and delivered us out of our distress.” What were my thoughts at this time!—Eternity before me. And was I prepared to meet my God? *I was not.* I knew I had broken His law at innumerable times, and had not repented of it. I was then a stranger to His covenanted mercies in Jesus Christ. I consequently had no justifying faith in the blood of the Redeemer, because I had not applied to him in earnest, for pardon and salvation. I therefore could have no well grounded hope for forgiveness through Him; notwithstanding I called upon the Lord, and He graciously inclined His ear unto me, and in mercy spared me, and I am still a living monument of His abundant mercy, not only in preserving me on that fearful night, but in many other instances, since that time. But above all in bringing me, by sovereign grace to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and an humble hope of obtaining everlasting life, through the merits of His atoning blood.

We were on the side of the vessel for some time when the masts went with a crash, by the board, and the brig righted, so as to enable us to get on deck and take shelter under the lee of the bulwarks until daylight made its appearance. It then moderated and we sounded the pumps, and found four feet water in the hold, and the cargo shifted on one side; and many casks of rum, and molasses (of which our cargo consisted) bilged, and the contents run out. We, however, the day following, after pumping out the water, put the cargo in order again, as far as it could be done, and shaped our course for Nassau, New Providence, which was to leeward of us distant about 1000 miles. We had lost all our sails but two, as well as the masts: we therefore had to rig up jurmasts, and set what sails we had upon them. Our progress, consequently, was very slow, and tedious; and we did not reach Nassau until 30 days after our disaster. The vessel being so much damaged she was sold for the benefit of all concerned.

As there are many of your readers, Messrs. Editors, whose business sometimes calls them upon the great deep, and they are thereby exposed to the dangers incident to their calling, it was principally on their account I wrote the foregoing narrative for insertion in your useful paper. My only object in so doing is, that those persons may perhaps, by the blessing of God, be induced to reflect seriously on the great risks they are so frequently exposed to, of being suddenly cut off in the midst of their days, and ushered into an eternal world without one moment to prepare for such an awful change. All men certainly are liable to be called away suddenly by death, but none but sea-faring men have death set before them in so many forms, they are much oftener exposed to dangers than any other class of people. We have many melancholy records of the calamities that happen at sea. The present year has been remarkable for the frequency of those violent storms which have caused so much destruction of life, and property. Many a one has met with a watery grave that had left friends, and home, with the expectation of returning in safety, but alas! will never be heard of until that day, when the sea will give up the dead that are therein. It will be of no consequence to them on that awful day whether they were buried in the depths of the ocean, or whether they died on their beds, and were buried in the church yard. But it will be of the utmost consequence to them, whether they have made their calling and election sure, whether they have died in the faith and fear of the Lord.

November 8th.

ROLIAS.

SIN.

There is greater depravity in not repenting of sin, than in committing it. To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, is worse.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

FOR AN ABUNDANT HARVEST AFTER A YEAR OF SCARCITY.

Great God! when famine threaten'd late
To scourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

Did then our sins to mem'ry rise?
Or own'd we God was just?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the dust?

Did we forsake one evil path?
Was any sin abhor'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent*?
Or own the chastisement divine
In awful judgment sent?

That God, in his strict decrees
Remembers mercy still,
Can, in a moment, if he please,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

He, when he brings his children low,
Has blessings still in store;
And when he strikes the heaviest blow
He does not love us more.

Now Frost, and Flood, and Blight no more
Our golden harvest spoil;
See what an unexampled store
Rewards the reapers' toil!

As when the promis'd harvest fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land,
The envious patriarchs were assail'd
By famine's pressing hand:

The angry brothers then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverse lot,
They lov'd as brothers should:

So here, from Heaven's correcting hand,
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let plenty now throughout the land
Rekindle peace and love.

Like the rich fool, let us not say,
Soul! thou hast good in store!
But shake the overplus away,
To feed the aged poor.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops bestow'd,
Raise many a pure and holy vow,
In gratitude to God!

And while his gracious name we praise
For bread so kindly giv'n;
Let us beseech him all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

In that blest prayer our Lord did frame,
Of all our prayers the guide,
We ask that “Hallow'd be his name,”
And then our wants supplied.

For grace he bids us first implore,
Next that we may be fed;
We say “Thy will be done,” before
We ask “Our daily bread.”

Selected.

To live without the love of Christ, is to despoil yourself of the only true zest of the life that now is, and the only Gospel hope of the life to come.