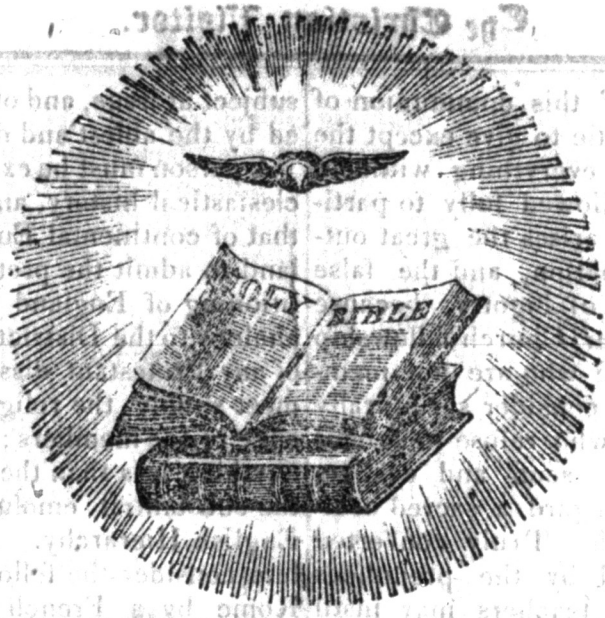


CHRISTIAN



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REV. E. D. VERY,

—BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED.—ST. PAUL.

EDITOR.

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[The following lines, received by a friend in Philadelphia, several weeks since, were written after Dr. Judson's departure from Maulmain, to be used by his children as a daily prayer. Their publication is contrary to the expectations and wishes of the writer, but in view of their exceeding beauty, and the light they cast upon the domestic life of Dr. Judson, the friend who received them assented to their publication in the *Macedonian*.]

A PRAYER FOR DEAR PAPA.

BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

Poor and needy little children,
Saviour, God, we come to Thee,
For our hearts are full of sorrow,
And no other hope have we.
Out upon the restless ocean,
There is one we dearly love,—
Fold him in thine arms of pity,
Spread thy guardian wings above.

When the winds are howling round him,
When the angry waves are high,
When black, heavy, midnight shadows,
On his trackless pathway lie,
Guide and guard him, blessed Saviour,
Bid the hurrying tempests stay;
Plant thy foot upon the waters,
Send thy smile to light his way.

When he lies, all pale and suffering,
Stretched upon his narrow bed,
With no loving face bent o'er him,
No soft hand about his head,
Oh, let kind and pitying angels
Their bright forms around him bow;
Let them kiss his heavy eyelids,
Let them fan his fevered brow.

Poor and needy little children,
Still we raise our cry to Thee;
We have nestled in his bosom,
We have sported on his knee;
Dearly, dearly do we love him,—
We, who on his breast have lain:
Pity now our desolation!
Bring him back to us again!

If it please thee, Heavenly Father,
We would see him come once more,
With his olden step of vigor,
With the love-lit smile he wore;
But if we must tread Life's valley,
Orphaned, guideless, and alone,
Let us lose not, 'mid the shadows,
His dear foot-prints to thy Throne.

Maulmain, April, 1850.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 12th, 1850.

Every wealthy English tradesman is made to pay very dear in his short journey from his house among the living to his house among the dead. In London the sum total will seldom fall much short of a hundred pounds sterling; quite as frequently it will amount to a hundred and fifty.

At the risk of giving a rambling and desultory character to my epistle, I will give your readers a brief account of one of these "respectable" funerals, which, after a residence of more than ten years in England, still appear to me far more heathenish than Christian. No sooner has death occurred than every passer-by is made acquainted with the fact, by seeing all the blinds on the front of the house closed. This makes every front room, not too well lighted at best, extremely gloomy.—And this gloom lasts a week, as in respectable families the funeral seldom takes place till a week after death. During this time the female portion of the family remain closely at home. It would not be respectable to do otherwise. Neither must they attend public wor-

ship on the Sabbath, as that would likewise be highly improper. Your readers can judge how very depressing all this must be to the spirits under the circumstances.

The custom of having "watchers" with the corpse is, as far as I have been able to learn, unknown in England. The coffin is usually placed on a centre-table in the parlor, and the door kept locked. When the funeral day arrives the shutters remain closed, as well as the blinds, and the house lighted with candles. At the appointed hour, usually before mid-day, an array of black coaches moves up before the door, all drawn by raven-black horses, with long tails, and coverings of black velvet over the whole body. The hearse, drawn by four horses, is mounted with rich black plumes.—All the horses have black plumes on the head. The procession is preceded by mutes in black cloaks and silk hat-bands, each carrying upon his head an oblong frame or piece of board, four or five feet in length, covered with velvet, and incanted with the same rich black plumes. The mourning coaches contain the male relatives and friends of the deceased, and the officiating clergyman, all wearing black cloaks and crape hat bands, except the clergymen, whose hat-bands are silk. A hat-band, as I presume your readers all know, is a yard and a half of silk or crape, fastened round the hat, and hanging down the back. For children the hat-bands are of white silk, except those of the relatives, which are always black crape. The cloaks are lent by the undertaker. The silk bands, together with kid gloves, which are supplied to the clergyman and friends, are perquisites. The coffin is covered with black cloth, and profusely nailed. It has also handles, and sundry ornaments, together with a plate over the breast, inscribed with the name and age of the deceased, and is neatly lined within.

The funeral service, if according to the rites of the Church of England, is partly within the church, and partly at the grave, all standing around with uncovered heads. I have frequently seen females of the poorer class standing, on a cold and rainy day, in rank grass by the grave of a friend, and cannot help thinking that, in such a consumptive country as England, this most absurd custom prepares the way for many another funeral. Among the Dissenters, if fortunate enough to have a burial-place of their own, which too frequently is not the case, the Scriptures are read and prayer offered in the chapel, after which a short prayer is offered at the grave, with occasionally the singing of a hymn, and in some special cases an address.

In Scotland the mode of burial is more like what prevails in New-England. In South Wales, where almost all are Dissenters, they have some peculiar customs in connection with the burial of their dead. As I was returning from church in the fine old town of Brecon, on a beautiful summer afternoon, my attention was arrested by the sound of melodious voices singing most sweetly a plaintive air. It seemed very near, yet did not sound at all as if proceeding from inclosed walls. Presently, as I turned a corner into another street, I saw approaching a long funeral procession, and perceived, as I came near, that a large number of those who composed it carried open hymn-books in their hands, and were singing a funeral hymn, as they slowly proceeded with the remains of their friend or neighbor to the house appointed for all living.

There is also a beautiful custom in South Wales, of strewing the graves of departed friends with fresh flowers at a certain time in the summer. These flowers being plucked, and not transferred with the roots, speedily fade and die, and thus supply an affecting illustration of the oracle—"For all flesh is as

grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

But to return from this digression, your readers will begin to understand how it is that an English funeral is so expensive, and especially when told that everything is charged extravagantly high, it being well known that a weeping husband or broken-hearted widow will be very unlikely to resist the imposition. To do so would seem like an act of unkindness to the dead, the funeral expenses being regarded as the last offering placed upon the altar of holy and cherished affection. It is an occurrence of every day in England for a widow to expend in the burial of her husband what she will soon require to feed and clothe her fatherless children.

But we have not yet reached the end of this chapter of expenses. An English burial-place is a capital property. Few investments return so large a per cent., supposing, of course, that it is situated in the midst of a populous town or district. It is no uncommon case for a clergyman to grow rich from the proceeds of his church-yard. And the soil grows rich and mellow quite as fast, if it happens to be sterile or heavy. For although the clergy would have you think that no place of burial can be sacred, affording a secure resting place for your dead, unless it has been consecrated by a Bishop,—that is to say, to the emolument of the clergy, yet every body knows that in every burial-place which has been long used, the bones of the dead are often turned out by the bushel in the opening of new graves, and huddled together in some hole dug in a corner. Even this is a destiny to be devoutly desired for one's bones in comparison with things well authenticated to have been done within the last few years in "consecrated" burial places in London. Coffins there have been literally cut in two, while the flesh of the bodies within them was still firm, and there have been carted away to some place of deposit for rubbish, heads and mangled limbs, which might almost be recognized by the living as having once constituted a part of the earthly tabernacle of beloved friends. To have your dry bones huddled into a hole, together with those of your neighbors, in consecrated ground, is certainly better than that. I know a church-yard in the south of England, which, within the memory of living men, was a heavy, clayey soil, but is now a rich and mellow mould, literally composed of human dust.

There is a way, however, even in consecrated burial-places, of securing an undisturbed place of repose for your dead. The least expensive method of doing this is by a brick grave, which is simply an ordinary grave made large enough to admit a substantial wall of cemented bricks. A family grave of this description is frequently made ten or fifteen feet deep, the bricks jutting out from the wall above the space allowed for each coffin, to support the flag-stones on which the next coffin is to be placed. Such a grave is closed at the top, and frequently receives in succession the remains of the father, the mother, and several children and grandchildren. As a grave thus made cannot be emptied after a few years, and sold again to your neighbor who has survived you, and so on in perpetuity, you must pay roundly for it at the outset; the amount being increased in proportion to the depth.

But neither is this the end of the business. Supposing your wife to have been first interred in your family grave, a generous fee is demanded for the mere permission to re-open it for the admission of your own remains, or those of your child, although it is your own freehold, secured to you in perpetuity by a title-deed.

I am unable to say according to what law these taxes upon the dead are increased, in

case you are "respectable" enough to have a family vault, instead of a grave. But what would you think of being met, as you are borne to your last home, by the reverend man who, while you lived, was often reminding you that the love of money is the root of all evil, and refused the privilege of entering the freehold vault in which your own father, and perhaps, also, your own wife and children repose, until you have paid the sum of forty pounds sterling (\$200) for his word of permission? And yet I have known this to be done in one instance; the apology made being, that it was a custom which it was proper and incumbent to maintain, out of regard to the rights and interests of the clergymen who should come after!—*N. Y. Observer*.

Ownership of Land.

The effect upon civilization of the Ownership of the Land being in the hands of a few, or of the many, has been earnestly discussed by writers on political and social economy.—Two books have recently been published in England which have an important bearing upon this subject. One is by Samuel Laing, Esq., the well-known traveller, and the other by Joseph Kay, Esq., of Cambridge. Both these writers testify that in the continental countries which they have examined—more especially in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland—they have found a state of society which does fulfil in every eminent degree all the conditions of a most advanced civilization. They have found in those countries education, wealth, comfort and self-respect; and they have found that the whole body of the people in those countries participate in the enjoyment of these great blessings to an extent which very far exceeds the participation in them of the great mass of the population of England. These two travellers perfectly agree in the declaration that during the last thirty or forty years the inequality of social condition among men—the deterioration toward two great classes of very rich and very poor—has made very little progress in the continental states with which they are familiar. They affirm that a class of absolute paupers in any degree formidable from its numbers has yet to be created in those states. They represent in the most emphatic language, the immense superiority in education, manners, conduct, and the supply of the ordinary wants of a civilized being, of the German, Swiss, Dutch, Belgian and French peasantry over the peasantry and poorer classes not only of Ireland, but also of England and Scotland. This is the general and the most decided result with reference to the vital question of the condition and prospects of the peasantry and poorer classes. Neither Mr. Laing nor Mr. Kay have any doubt whatever that the advantage rests in the most marked manner with the continental states which they have examined, over Great Britain. According to Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay, the cause of this most important difference is—the distribution of the ownership of land. On the continent, the people own and cultivate the land. In the British Islands the land is held in large masses by a few persons; the class practically employed in agriculture are either tenants or laborers, who do not act under the stimulus of a personal interest in the soil they cultivate.

A Siberian Winter.

The traveler in Siberia, during the winter, is so enveloped in furs that he can scarcely move; and under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear-skin collar and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were by stealth, a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling to the throat and lungs. The dis-