

Poetry.

My Prayer Book.

THE TWO BOOKS.

"You here have an order for prayer, and for the reading of Holy Scripture, much agreeable to the mind and purposes of the old Fathers; nothing is ordained to be read but the very pure Word of God, the Holy Scriptures, or that which is agreeable to the same."—*Preface to the Book of Common Prayer.*

Two Books we have, all other books above,
Which breathe the wonders of Incarnate love;
Each to Jehovah points the living way,
And both inspire us to repent, and pray.

Perfect as peerless, pure and most divine,
Where God in language moves through every line,
Where each calm word enrobes celestial grace
And man and Deity meet face to face,

Is that shechinah of almighty speech
Where dwells The Spirit, time and soul to teach,
Beneath whatever name 'tis known, or heard,
Scripture, or Bible, or the Sacred Word.

With this comparison must be profane:
Yet, laud we not in too heroic strain
Britannia's liturgy, for matchless power
To guide the conscience through its perill'd hour.

Calm deep and solemn, chaste, and most sublime,
Breathing eternity, yet full of time,
Pure seraphic lips in heaven desire,
And fervid as the souls of saints on fire

With rapture,—is the Litany we love:
Sickness and sorrow both its blessing prove;
And oft have mourners in the heart's despair
Found a deep refuge for dejection there.

A healing softness, and a holy balm
That book pervade, like inspiration's calm,
Subdued intensity and sacred rest,
Which never fail the lonely and distressed.

For, oh, we need not morbid passion's force,
Nor hurried feeling in its restless course,
Nor problems dark, for reasoning pride to scan;
But what we need is,—mercy-tones for man.

The sun-bright angel, who adores and sings,
Covers his brow with reverential wings;
And perfect saints who most their God adore
Sink low in feeling, ere by faith they soar.

The past breathes here the poetry of time,
And thrills the present with a tone sublime,
Till buried ages of the Church's youth
Rise, and re-charm the world with ancient truth.

Thou glorious masterpiece of olden Prayer!
Deeper thy wisdom than old words declare;
Ever reposing some recurrent sin
States act without, or Churches feel within.

No light men want, but love,—exceeding all
An age of idols dare devotion call;
A childlike frame of purity and peace,
Where Christ in conscience works divine release.

And, who the archives of thy past can see,
Nor recognise the eye of God o'er thee,
Presiding there with providential gaze
To fit thy teaching for these fallen days?

Then, bless we God for Prayers where men are taught
Low at the truth to bow rebellious thought;
Each lawless working of the will to chain,
And yield to God the bosom's throne again,

Repentance, bitter, stern, profound, and true,
Obedient hearts, which yearn to dare and do,
Whate'er the doctrines of the Cross command,—
God send the Church, for this apostate land!

Rather as servants, than as sons, we bow
Down at the shrine of awful Godhead now;
Though heirs of grace, in Christ our own we claim,
How have we barter'd our baptismal name!

Hence sad humility and fear become
The sinful race who leave their father's home;
Cries of dejection, more than chants of joy
Returning prodigals may best employ.

Nor be forgot, that England's Prayer Book gives
Pure, full, and plain, THE WORD by which she lives!
Not dungeoned in some dead and alien tone,
But where the peasant-boy perceives his own.

There, lisping childhood, when it longs to learn
Truths for which prophets bled, and martyrs burn,
In such pure liturgy of grace may find
All which can feed the heart, and form the mind.

For common prayer, if catholic and true,
Must not be tinged with individual hue,
But be proportioned to the soul of MAN,
In deep accordance with redemption's plan.

Lord of the Church! of sacrament and rite,
In this may all adoring hearts delight,
"How apostolic is the root of all
Our Church maternal would devotion call!"

The heart of Ages still within them lives,
Takes from the past, and to the present gives
That hoary spell which hallows thought and word,
And wakens feeling in its finest chord.

Since, not from Rome, but ancient Gaul we bring
The choral hymns our altars chant and sing;
And many a word devotion dwells upon,
Hung on thy lips, thou loved and lone St. John!

SOURCE of the Church! true Paraclete for all,
Long may such prayers on Christ for mercy call;
No deeper grace can Thy pure wisdom give,—
Than what our lips repeat, our hearts may live.

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.
ST. PAUL'S MISSION CHURCH, BANGALORE.

(By the Rev. Geo. Trevor, M. A.)

Among all the recollections which I cherish of the East, none is so frequent and precious a subject with us as the little Mission of St. Paul, Bangalore. They who think of missionary labour as I once did myself, imagine the herald of the gospel standing in the streets preaching to the heathen, arguing against their idolatries, and making converts by the superior force and truth of the Christian system.—In this way I never had the opportunity of being a Missionary. As a Chaplain of the Honorable East

* See Palmer's "Originals Liturgicæ," for historical proof of this.

India Company I was charged with the spiritual care of the largest station for European troops in the Madras Presidency. To this station of Bangalore, a district was annexed consisting of the whole Mysore territories. This is, properly speaking, not a portion of British India, but a native State, subject to the Rajah of Mysore, whom on the capture of Seringapatam and the death of Tipoo Sultan in 1799, our government restored to the throne of his ancestors.

Often have I walked over the desolate ruins of the fort and palace of Seringapatam; stood in the hall of justice where Tipoo sat surrounded by his officers, and noticed the pillar which still bears the marks of the rude cannon ball which first told the Mahometan usurper how near was his overthrow. It was in taking of Seringapatam, that the Duke of Wellington first became known as a military leader and I well remember how I was moved, when wandering one day in the neighbourhood of the splendid tomb, or rather temple, which covers the remains of Tipoo and his father Hyder Ali, I discovered, unenclosed by any wall and overgrown with vegetables, the humble gravestones of many soldiers of Colonel Wellesley's regiment. I am happy to think I was instrumentive in rescuing their resting place from this unworthy neglect: it is now surrounded by a wall, and the gravestones are cleared and neatly preserved. But I must return to my district.

Besides Seringapatam, which was only occasionally the residence of an English officer, I had five stations to visit in my district, the nearest of them upwards of 25 miles from Bangalore, the furthest about 120; and in these out-stations from 20 to 100 English and half caste (that is of mixed English and native descent) were commonly resident. Their only means of ministerial aid were supplied in these occasional visits, which demanded of me journeys to the amount of more than 1500 miles a year. This district contained not less than three and a half millions of native heathen and Mahometans, among whom we never yet had a Missionary. To undertake that office with my heavy English duties was of course impossible, yet I longed to do somewhat, however feebly, to make known the name of Christ to that neglected people. On enquiry I found in Bangalore, where I resided, about forty native Christians, mostly the children of converts belonging to some of our missions in other parts of the country, who, in quest of a livelihood, had taken up their abode in our great English station. These people were poor and ignorant, very much despised by the other natives, and hardly more esteemed by the English Christians. They had a native catechist or teacher (not a clergyman), who kept a very indifferent school, and on Sundays assembled them for worship in my school-room.—Here, then, I thought to myself, if I cannot preach to the heathen, I can at least bestow some labour on those who are already called by the name of Christ.

Accordingly I made application to the Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the assistance of one of their educated catechists or lay-teachers. By the assistance of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and some private friends in England and India, I was enabled to build a little native church, the designs for which I copied out of an architectural work, and in the masonry of which I often assisted with my own hands. It was a very happy day with the native Christians, when standing round the trenches dug for the foundation of this church, they sang a hymn in their own tongue, while the Bishop of Madras laid the foundation stone: and still more happy was the day, when six months after, the Bishop consecrated our little edifice for divine worship in the native language. I preached the consecration sermon, and the font was first used by the Bishop baptizing my son after the second lesson. You were called "George Herbert," my boy and you know who was the country parson who bore that name before you. How little did he think of his beloved Church extending to the East Indies; or of English bishops and clergymen repeating his name and cherishing his memory in that distant land!

There was present on that occasion one who has since become conspicuous among men, but the half of whose Christian virtues have not been told.—the great and good Lord Gough was the general of that station, and his name inscribed on the foundation stone of that Mission Church is perhaps as happy a record as when it was entered on the list of the House of Peers. The consecration was the only occasion on which divine service has been celebrated in English in the Mission Church of St. Paul. The next day the service was read in the Tamul language, which is the tongue of most of our native Christians in the South of India. Into this language our Prayer Book has been translated and a blessed gift it is to the missions of India.—Every morning two or three of my little native flock met together in their new church, while the catechist, by the Bishop's permission, read the service. On Sundays and some other occasions, there were sermons delivered also in their own language, and when the Sacraments of Baptism or the Lord's Supper were to be administered, it was my practice to attend and read from the same Tamul Prayer Book, those parts of the service which more particu-

larly belong to the priest's office. Thus, the whole service was in their own tongue, and in their own church, daily open to their approach. I had two or three native schools also for their children and some readers to visit the poor people in their houses, and help them in private devotion.

In this manner I hoped to make some spiritual provision for those who were already called by the name of Christ. Still I thought myself a long way off from a mission to the heathen; but I soon found that in thus gathering together the scattered members of Christ's body, and giving His Church a visible resting place in the eyes of the heathen, I was engaged in mission work before I knew it.—The church stands in the public road, close to a large bazaar, or native market place, and many thousands of idolaters are always jostling one another round its little precincts. On one side of the white minarets (two tall slender pillars or steeples) of the Mahometan mosque are to be seen: not far from them the dark heavy dome of an idol temple resounds with the constant clang of drums and cymbals used in their services: a little further is another dome, standing on a larger building in courts which are often as much thronged as the temples of the heathen. This, as the little iron cross on its summit denotes, is the Roman Catholic Mission, of which I must tell you at another time. Now, when we began to build another place of worship in addition to all these, it was natural, perhaps, that the passers by should ask, what God was to be worshipped there? As the little edifice arose unlike all they had seen before, and no image was found within it, they would be answered, that this was indeed a God they knew not, though He had a dwelling place upon earth; He was a spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. When the heathen stopped, as I have seen them stop, and listened at the windows or looked in at them on our worship, he saw no gifts such as his own sacrifices, but the people bowed in prayer to their truly present God. The native posture in Divine worship is very striking; they do not kneel as we do, but prostrate themselves almost at full length on the ground, with their faces in their hands, and the back of their hands resting on the ground; when they sit, it is also on the ground, with their feet doubled under them; consequently there are no pews or seats in St. Paul's Mission Church, but the whole floor is open and covered with matting on which the congregation arrange themselves, the men on one side and the women on the other, leaving a middle way through which I passed up to the altar. When the heathen listened to this new worship he heard nothing like the shouts and cries with which they call out the many names and titles of their idols, but a calm, sober intelligent service. In his own tongue he heard his fellow men confess their sins to God, and accusing themselves of what he was as guilty as they. He heard them pour out their supplication and prayer for mercies as needful to himself as to any one; he heard them offer the audible sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the blessings of this world, which he too enjoyed without thanking their author, and for blessings of a world to come of which he was in utter ignorance. Then he would hear the minister in the name of the great God whom they worshipped, answering their confessions with the declaration of His absolving love, reading to them the sacred lessons of His word, and solemn exhortations and benedictions building them up in their most holy faith.

All this, you recollect was in their own language and made the more expressive by the invariable practice of the native Christians, to utter aloud their responses in the prayers, their verses in the psalms, and their grand united Amen to every part of the worship. Was not this a way of preaching to the heathen, as effectual as going out to argue with them in the market place? Often were they heard to mutter as they went on their way, "good prayers those"—"a holy people the Christians," and so forth; often did they return to listen again and occasionally one would join himself to the people as they left the Church, and enquire further of their faith and worship. Such enquirers were generally brought to the catechist, or to me, and many of them eventually became Christians.

This worship, you observe, supplied exactly what their own is so deficient in—a way of intercourse with God. The great object of religion is to promote communion with our Maker. Sin having separated between him and our souls, fallen men can never find out God, nor be at peace with Him.—This is the evil to be overcome, and for which the Gospel is the Divine remedy. To preach the Gospel, then, is not to argue against the different forms of man's corruption, Hindooism, Mahometanism, Socinianism, or any other idolatrous or infidel system; but to proclaim the Way, the Truth, and the Life—to preach Jesus and the Resurrection. The Gospel was practically and powerfully preached to the heathen, when he thus beheld the Christian at his worship, saw and heard his intercourse with God, through the great Name which sustained every act of devotion, and at which every knee was bowed; "the one only Name given under heaven, whereby we may be saved." Thus did that little wayside church, and the services designed for those who were already Christian, "tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is King."

The effect produced on the heathen by the sight

of our Christian worship was very much deepened by the other ministrations of love which belong to the Gospel. Our visits to the sick and poor, and our solemn burial of the dead, are offices of piety and charity to which their religion is an utter stranger. Indeed the laws of *caste* would not suffer them to be performed, without polluting the priest and all concerned. I once saw the difference between a Brahmin's charity and a Christian's strikingly illustrated by a common incident enough on the road side. My palanquin was set down in the night, while my bearers ran to a little hut which a Brahmin had built for himself by the way, and where he devoted himself to the good act of giving a cup of cold water to the thirsty traveller. Looking out with some interest to watch this sign of humanity in a heartless tribe, I observed that he would not suffer the men to come near to his person, or even drink out of his vessel, but stretching out his bottle at arm's length, he poured the water into the hollow of their hands without touching them! Even the objects of his mercy were to him unclean! What a force does this give to the apostle's words: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit, not merely to succour, but to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

When I first took charge of my native flock at Bangalore, they were under 40 souls. They had doubled by the time the church was consecrated; and in five years after they amounted to 297 men, women, and children. This accession was produced not by any particular preachings, nor by any remarkable and signal providence, but entirely by the natural growth (if I may use the expression) of the Lord's Body. By one or two at a time the heathen were attracted to us in the manner which I have described; then their friends and relations would follow; some came to us from the Roman Catholics (who in India are hardly better taught than the heathen themselves), and some from other denominations or Christians; some again came to settle with us from places where they had not the same Christian privileges. Altogether, I baptized near 100 out of heathenism, and I never knew one of them to go back to idolatry. You recollect Rebecca and Sarah, and Abraham and Isaiah, or as we used to call him, Essay, and some day we will go over the story of their conversations. It is a remarkable fact that these Native Christians are more attentive to their religious duties than many of our own people at home. At the baptisms, which always take place in the public service, the whole congregation plainly testified their interest in the grafting of a new member into Christ, and at the Holy Communion I have administered to as many as 67 at a time, all of whom have been previously examined, and judged worthy receivers of those holy mysteries.

After all, however, the flock was but poorly provided for without a minister of their own; though I loved them fully as much as my white congregation, the latter had the first claim on my time and labours. Being almost a stranger to the language of the Natives, I could not preach without employing an interpreter, and I could never express myself with propriety in the commonest conversation. What I always longed for, and what at one time the Bishop promised me, was the appointment of a Missionary to this church, by whom its influence could be extended to many of the villages round Bangalore. But the funds of that good Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to which we looked, have not yet been equal to sustain such an addition to their Missionaries, and I am now endeavouring to raise a sum myself for this particular purpose. My successor in the chaplaincy has lately paid me a visit, and tells me the congregation still keeps together, under a catechist. There is a little fund, supported by subscriptions and by a handsome collection made by my kind friends in the East Riding of Yorkshire, out of which the necessary schools might be supported.

I know it would be easy to propose a larger and yet more promising design for the spread of the Gospel in the Mysore territories, and such a design I often have in my mind. But meantime it would be a good step to send a pious Missionary to St. Paul's Bangalore, and carry forward the beginnings which God was so graciously pleased to bless under my feeble and imperfect ministrations.

ESTHER MERLE; OR THE NURSERY MAID.

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE JOHN grew better, and before they left he was able to be carried down to the beach by Esther, while the other girl amused his sisters and brother.

As Esther sat on the pebbles, a nursery maid passed, carrying one child and trying to drag on another. With loud voice she cried out, "Come on, Miss, this minute! I can't stop any longer while you are picking up stones and shells! Come on, or I declare I'll call the bathing woman, and you shall be locked up in that house that goes into the sea!"

Here the child withdrew her hand from her face and looked up. Two old bathing women, with their bare legs and dark petticoats, were standing at the steps of a machine at the moment, and the