

From the Sunday School Visiter.

THE PRAYER-BOOK.—ANECDOTES.

We gather the following deeply interesting accounts from "the Third Annual Report of the Bishop White Prayer-book Society," a document that we do most fervently hope every Episcopalian, and every non-Episcopalian, will read. It is one of the best reports of any society that we have ever read. The author of it not only loves the Liturgy, but we feel well persuaded, its evangelical and holy spirit lives in his heart.

"The deep and earnest spirit of devotion which pervades the Prayer-book—the full recognition of the depravity and helplessness of man, which is impressed on every page—and the directness with which it points to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world' is well calculated to arrest the attention of the reader, and renders it an important auxiliary in the missionary enterprise. Facts, illustrative of its usefulness in this respect, are of very frequent occurrence. The gentleman to whom were consigned the books for distribution on the Ohio and Erie canal, observes—'It will be gratifying to the Society to know that all were received,—some cheerfully—a few gratefully. On one occasion, many inquiries were made as to what kind of folks Episcopalians were,—they had never heard of them. At another, several at once began to listen while one read some of its contents.' Again, the book was received with the remarks—'My mother belonged to this Church,'—'This is the Church in which I was baptized.'

In a secluded part of Maryland, which had long been deprived of the ministrations of our clergy, divine service was restored after the lapse of many years. A Methodist woman present, observing that the clergyman and congregation prayed out of a book, arose and left the place in displeasure. She was, subsequently, induced to go again, and demeaned herself on this occasion more reverently. She afterwards visited the lady at whose invitation she had gone in the first instance, and requested an explanation of the order of the service, and to be permitted to stand by her for that purpose in church; where she finally became a constant worshipper, responding audibly, and performing the part allotted to her with scrupulous exactness.

The Rev. Mr. Clark, who moved the adoption of the report, related an anecdote in confirmation of the opinion above expressed, which may be appropriately recorded here. Eighteen months ago a few clergymen met to preach the Gospel in the village of —, where there resided at that time only two or three Episcopalians. They carried with them a number of Prayer-books, several of which found their way into a family, consisting of a brother and three sisters. They were laid with other books upon the mantle, and remained unopened until a minister of the Church to which the inmates nominally belonged, entered the house, and observing the Prayer-book, expressed his surprise that it should be in their possession. 'Do you know,' said he, 'what these people believe? look at their baptismal service, and you will find that by sprinkling a little water on an infant, it is, according to them, regenerated; then turn to the order for confirmation, and you will perceive that the only thing necessary to complete the Christian, is the imposition of the hands of the Bishop a few years later!' The remark induced the persons to whom it was addressed, to examine the book for themselves. They became Episcopalians,—others followed their example,—a house of worship was soon erected, in which there are now sixty communicants; and the very minister, whose observation may be said to have led to this result, is now applying for holy orders in the Church of which he spoke so injuriously.

The following interesting incident is related by Bishop Kemper, as having occurred in a recent tour through his extensive district. 'There was one faithful son of the Church, whose name, appearance, and zeal, I can never forget. He heard, after dinner on a bitter cold day, that I was to officiate that evening. Although in his seventy-eighth year, and residing eight miles from the place, he mounted his horse, and arrived in time to participate in the services. What loud and delightful responses! how distinct and fervent! and then the amens,—they were doubly emphatic, while his voice thrilled in a sonorous manner on the last syllable. I would go miles to hear the good old man, once more uniting audibly

in the solemn worship of the sanctuary. He was a Connecticut Churchman, and had known Bishops Seabury and Jarvis. The next day he told us the story of his conversion, through the gentle influence of his wife; how for years he would not open her Prayer-book,—and how on a rainy Sunday, he at last ventured, with mingled emotions of contempt and terror, to look into a volume which he had been accustomed from infancy to regard as unsound and papistical,—and how the sublime simplicity and evangelical spirit of the collects arrested his attention and overwhelmed him with astonishment,—and how the fervent Scripture language of the Litany melted his heart, and removed every prejudice!"

NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.—JOURNAL OF MR. PERKINS AT OORMIAH.

November 16, 1835.—We started for Oormiah. The weather was delightful. We had long apprehended the commencement of the autumn rains, but the Lord seemed mercifully to smile upon us, in granting us fair weather at this late season of our removal.

18.—Rode six fursaks, on the bank of the beautiful lake, and stopped for the night at Yavashmly.

19.—We again rode six fursaks; crossed the mountain ridge which separates the province of Salmas from Oormiah, and reached Galavan, the village of Mar Yohanna, the bishop who resided with me during the last year at Tabreez. Our attendant, who is a nephew of the bishop, and belongs in this village, rode forward to announce our coming. A mile and a half before reaching Galavan, the bishop came full gallop to meet us, and as we approached the village, nearly all the men in it marched out in procession to welcome our arrival. Their repeated assurances of "welcome, welcome, welcome," were long and loud. "Were the whole world to be given them," they said, "their joy on that account could not equal that created by our coming."

The bishop conducted us to his own house, where a large room was neatly spread with carpets for our reception. Every thing appeared very cleanly, and much care and labour had obviously been bestowed, in anticipation of our arrival. A dinner of bread, butter, cheese, melons, and raisins, was immediately spread for us. While at dinner, the bishop called his brother, a lad of fifteen, to entertain us by reading English. The boy took an English New Testament from his pocket, and read to us the third chapter of Matthew, as accurately as most boys of his age in America could have read it.

We were alike surprised and delighted by this exhibition. The boy had never received any English instruction, save what the bishop himself had given him since he and the priest returned from Tabreez, four months ago, after residing eight or nine months in my family. Both the bishop and the priest immediately after they reached home commenced, each in his native village, giving English instruction; and this boy's proficiency is a fair specimen of the success which has attended their efforts. That the Nestorians as a people have fine talents and an unquenchable desire to learn, we have the fullest demonstrations. "This boy," said the bishop, as his brother closed his book, "I shall give to Dr. Grant. I wish him to complete his knowledge of English, and study medicine." The boy is a very bright, amiable lad, and Doctor Grant has since taken him into his family.

In the course of the afternoon, many friends called to welcome us to Oormiah, with whom we had friendly conversation. At evening we spread our fare upon our stool, which we used on the road for a table. The bishop had ordered a lamb to be killed, and directed my attendant to cook it for the occasion. A considerable number of villages were invited to partake with us at our evening meal. And just as we were sitting down, to crown the feast, our German brethren, Messrs. Hoernle and Schneider, rode up to the door, on their return from a tour into Kurdistan. We passed the evening delightfully in conversation with these missionary friends and Nestorian guests.

The bishop and his father importuned us to remain with them two or three days; but our apprehension of rain which the clouds had for some time been threatening, made us anxious to complete the remaining day's ride of our journey to the city. We satisfied our Nestorian friends by proposing to come and visit

them as soon as we shall have become settled at our home.

20.—We rose early and breakfasted, and set off for Oormiah, an hour before day, accompanied by the bishop. Eight fursaks, thirty-two miles, lay between us and the city. Just before day, it commenced raining powerfully, and continued with little cessation until night. The wind, with the violence of a tempest, blew the rain directly into our faces. The ladies happened to be well provided with cloaks, and carefully wrapping themselves, and allowing their horses to choose their way, while I drove them before me, succeeded in keeping comfortable for several hours. I had no umbrella with me, and nothing but my brimless Persian cap, which is not the least security against sun or storm, to ward off the violence of the rain. When we reached the city, I was drenched through and through, and chilled almost to inaction. The ladies were also quite wet, though much less chilled than myself. Through the mercy of God none of us suffered serious inconvenience from the day's exposure. We have recognized it as a providential favour. We had previously felt much solicitude respecting the notriety that must attend our approach and entrance into the city in fair weather. Europeans, and ladies especially, are rare curiosities here; and I had resolved, for the purpose of avoiding publicity as much as possible, to linger near the city until sunset, and enter it in the evening. In that case, however, the gates would be shut, and much trouble must be encountered in gaining admission. But this rainy day relieved us from all trouble on the subject. We entered the city and reached our house, without the notice of an individual. Our house will be quite comfortable when a little repaired. It is our happiness to be located in the most pleasant and beautiful part of the city; and the country around us is one of the finest and most charming on which the sun ever shone.

21.—The governor sent his Feraj Bashi, (chief of the government servants,) to congratulate us on our arrival, proposing, also, that his cousin, a *khan*, should come immediately in his own stead, and welcome us in a more formal manner. We were obliged to request the governor to defer the *khan's* visit until we have room in which to receive him, the only one we now have being nearly filled with ourselves and our boxes. Numberless Nestorians also called to welcome us to Oormiah, and to our missionary labour. Their animated countenances, and in many instances, their weeping eyes, attested the sincerity of their language.

22.—The holy Sabbath. The Bishop and priest who lived with us at Tabreez were with us at breakfast. After breakfast the bishop inquired if we had attended prayers this morning. I answered him in the affirmative, and inquired if he wished to attend prayers with us. "To be sure," said he, "I wish always to unite with you in your religious devotions."

Both the bishop and the priest speak English sufficiently to make themselves very well understood. They appear exceedingly attached to us, and seem to take it for granted that they are to live in our families. They are now of great service to us in assisting us to get our house repaired and arranged for winter; besides, they have become so intelligent and *American* in their character, that we find in them very agreeable companions.—*Epis. Rec.*

From the Christian Witness.

BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW.

"Grandmother is sick, and aunty sent me to ask you to come over and see her," said an honest faced little boy to me, one beautiful evening last June.—"She said you needn't come till to-morrow if you were busy, but she would like to see you to-night."

I took the arm of a friend, and in the soft light of a summer sun-set, proceeded to the cottage of the old lady from whom we had received the summons.

It was a lovely hour—one of those so impossible to describe, but whose deep beauty enters the heart, and makes an abiding impression. The cloudless canopy of blue above—the luxuriant carpet of green beneath—the sun-light lingering on the distant hills—the curtained folds of evening, all eloquently reflected the praises of Him who "spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast."

Besides, it was the "last evening of the week,"