

Poetry.

My Prayer Book.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

"Bear our heavenly Father's correction; there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sickness."—*Order for Visitation of the Sick.*

Sermons in sickness heaven can preach,
When pangs and penalties may teach
What custom rarely sees,—
That health is mercy next to grace,
And should inspire a sinful race
The God of health to please.

Strange, if our hearts be so accursed,
That nothing, save a gift reversed,
Can make them prize their good:
Blessings look dim which seem to stay,
But brighten, when they wing away
From souls who Christ withstood.

So is it with the fields of youth,
The shrines of tenderness and truth
And all fresh boyhood proved;
When we survey the scene no more,
Or, dream to life the dead of yore
Whom once we fondly loved.

Oft does the inward blush arise
To think, how calmly we could prize
Redundant mercies, then!
We marvel, why our love was cold,
And boyishly our past behold
Now we are wither'd men.

Parental bowers of peace and home,
And lanes our truant steps did roam,
Make landscapes in our souls;
While votive tear-drops Truth can shed
O'er imaged graves, where sleep the dead
Whose eyes our hearts control.

Thus long atoning love in vain
The past should o'er the present reign,
That what was once, might be;
But youth, and all young hours possess'd,
In thine abysmal darkness rest
Thou pall'd eternity!

And thus, in sickness when we lie
With languid pulse, and fever'd eye,
Pining, and pale, and lone;
While throes of secret anguish burn,—
Love, through each throb, would have us learn
The truths we ought to own.

Remember'd blessings round us throng
We valued not, when health bloom'd strong,
Which challenge holy tears;
And, if chance gleams of skyey blue
Our half-unblinded window through
Confront our pallid fears,—

How does the distant landscape seem
Apparell'd by poetic dream,
Till fancy yearns for fields,
Brooklet and forest, bank and wood,
And each green shrine where solitude
Religious silence yields.

But, what transcends the all of this,—
On the sad couch of pain we miss
Christ's hallow'd courts of grace;
Where litanies divinely call
From blending souls, which prostrate fall,
For God's uplifted face.

Not seldom hath the sainted chime
Of sabbath-bells become sublime,
Yet mild, and melancholy,
When pensive Languor, far away,
Has heard their ebbing dream-tones play,
In sickness, sad and lowly.

Like Zion's harping saint it cries,
"To thee, oh Lord! my spirit flies,
And faint before the shrine
My kneeling heart would humbly pour
The chanted praise I hymn'd before,
In courts of grace divine."

But, sacred Mother, bring release;
Come, lift the latch, and with soft "Peace!"
Enter the sick man's room;
O'er that pale brow thy cross did seal
Shed the soft dew of balm that heal,
And light each haunted gloom.

Far better thus with Thee to hie
And hear a saintly mourner sigh,
Than run where feasting reign;
Wisdom, beyond the schools to reach,
Thy heaven-breathed words of solace preach
To hearts subdued by pain.

Counsels divine, in tone serene,
Varied with grave rebukes between,
Thine Office now imparts;
And there beside yon dying bed
The Body and the Blood are spread,
Which feed our famish'd hearts.

Lord Jesus, Thou art present there
Entompl'd in each awful prayer;
The room our altar is;
Angel and saint we realise,
And vision with prophetic eyes
Scenes of seraphic bliss.

Go, man of pleasure, sensual thing!
Whose life-bout is to laugh and sing;
Be ours the chamber lone
Where prayer and musing sickness meet,
And find before the Mercy-Seat
What health has never known.

Here may authentic priests O Lord,
Thy grace dispense, and soothing word,
Like almoners for heaven;
And teach oblivious hearts a lore
Thy peerless martyrs taught of yore
When conscience heard, "forgiven."

If health have joy, the sick partake
This boon divine,—for Thy dear sake
To suffer, not complain;
And, ere the sun of life go down,
Beyond their cross to see the crown
Of kings, with Thee who reign⁴.

THE COMMON PLACE BOOK.

JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.

It is well to lose no occasion of reminding ourselves to avoid the grievous sin, which is so common and so heinous, of judging others. How perfectly vain, as well as wicked, is it to pretend to do so! Can we look into one another's hearts? Can we tell what one another's difficulties or aids may be? Can we know what passes in secret; either the secret intercourse of a penitent with his God, or the hidden backslidings of the unhappy hypocrite? We cannot pretend to do this; and yet do we presume to pass our sentence as to the state in which some fellow-sinner may be in the sight of the heart-searching God! The time is coming when all will be brought to light; all that is hidden be made known; all hearts laid open, even as they are now open in his sight—wait for that day!—*Bishop Trower.*

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

In the persecutions in the primitive church, the martyrs who were hurried to tumultuary executions, and could not be heard for the noise, in excusing themselves of treason and sedition, and crimes imputed to them to make their cause odious, did use, in the sight of the people, (who might see a gesture, though they could not have a protestation,) to sign themselves with the sign of the cross, to let them know for what profession they died. So that the sign of the cross was in that time, and abridgment and a catechism of the whole christian religion.—*Dr. Donne.*

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

These two are inseparable. No keeping the commandments without love; no love without keeping them. Try then the one by the other—the sincerity of your obedience by examining the spring of it, whether it arises from love; and try the reality of your love, whether it be active and fruitful in obedience.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to this. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand."
And hung His bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks,
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.
Brainard.

THE SUBTILTY OF SATAN.

An enemy before he besiegeth a city, surroundeth it a distance, to see where the wall is weakest; best to be battered; lowest, easiest to be scaled; ditch narrowest, to be bridged; shallowest to be waded over; what place is not regularly fortified, where he may approach with least danger, and assault with most advantage. So satan walketh about, surveying all the powers of our souls, where he may most successfully lay his temptations: as whether our understanding are easier corrupted with error, or our fancies with levity, or our wills with forwardness, or our affections with excess.—*Fuller.*

HERBERT'S HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE.

The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual affections and compliance; so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it was a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual contest, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.—*Walton.*

FALSE SECURITY.

A young man was relating to an experienced Christian, that he felt none of those temptations of which true Christians complain, and that he had never experienced any inward combat in his soul. The aged christian replied, "The reason is this,—you are yet like a house of which neither the door nor the windows can shut, and where everything can enter unperceived and without any obstacle. Had the house but a door, and it were constantly shut to evil thoughts and everything wrong, you would see with what fury it would be assailed by those external enemies who would force the entrance."—*Feuille Religieuse.*

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

This is the pattern for every christian. He is a counterfeit one who does not strive to imitate it. The strength, the alacrity, the joy of the soul is connected with this imitation. Religious people are heavy and moping, and cast down, principally because they are idle and selfish. The active, benevolent spirit of watching for opportunities to do essential service to our fellow-creatures, they often feel no more than the profane. What, then, avail notions and doctrines, believed to no good purpose?—*Venn.*

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

What is heaven?—Answer, mourner,—
Nay: thy bitter tears reply,
Heaven is where the dear and lovely
Never suffer, never die:
Heaven is where, with glad rejoicing,
Sons of earth each other greet;
Where, amid celestial glory,
The long separated meet.

What is heaven?—Answer, sinner,
Groaning 'neath guilt's heavy load:
Heaven is where all crime hath vanished,
Washed away in Jesus' blood;
Heaven is where upbraiding conscience
Telleth not of bygone sin:
Perfect peace around pervadeth,
Perfect purity within.

What is heaven?—Answer, spirit,
Disencumbered of thy clay;
From thine ever radiant mansion,
From those realms of brightest day,
Thou art whispering,—yes: I hear thee,
"Heaven, my home, my joy, my rest,
Heaven is our Immanuel's presence,
With his smiles and favour blest."

"When from death's brief sleep I wakened,
And looking round with glad surprise,
Oh! I read the first sweet welcome,
In my Saviour's loving eyes.
And, to my first eager questions,
From His lips the answer came,
'Thou in yonder world hast conquered,
Borne the cross, despised the shame:—

"Thou art saved by my atonement,
By my Spirit's work made pure,
Lo! thine heritage is certain,
And thy portion is secure."
Christian,—heaven, for which thou longest,—
Heaven, thy promised, sure reward,
Is to be, rejoicing ever,
And 'for ever with the Lord.'—*Anon.*

INGRATITUDE FOR BENEFITS?

In turning God's benefits into occasions of sin, unthankful man imitates the earth from whence he was taken, for that makes use of the heat of the sun to send up vapours that obscure the beams of light he communicates to it.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

POWER OF HABIT.

The diminutive chain of habit is scarcely heavy enough to be felt, till it is too strong to be broken.
Dr. Johnson.

MISSION TO RUPERT'S LAND.

(From the Colonial Church Chronicle.)

Wrawby Vicarage, Glandford Brigg,
Nov. 25, 1850.

SIR,—I send you some particulars relating to the Mission in Rupert's Land, which, if you think sufficiently interesting to your readers, perhaps you will have the kindness to insert in the *Colonial Church Chronicle*. As the Mission was founded by my father when he was Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, it is natural that I should feel deeply interested in its progress; and I can hardly doubt but that the following circumstances will also prove of great interest to all who read your *Chronicle*. One thing, the great importance of native agency, will be clearly proved.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. R. WEST.

In order that the following letter, lately received from Mr. Henry Budd, a native schoolmaster in Rupert's Land, may be read with the greater interest, it is necessary to state a few circumstances relating to his personal history.

In the year 1820, the Rev. John West went out from England as Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, being the first clergyman employed by them in that capacity. His instructions were to reside at the Red River Settlement, as the chaplain of the company; and at the same time he was to avail himself of any opening that might occur for the instruction and religious benefit of the native Indians of that remote region. Upon landing at York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, he visited several native Indians. What then happened will be best related in an extract from his own Journal.

"I was told of difficulties, and some impossibilities, in the way of teaching them christianity, or the first rudiments of settled and civilized life; but with a combination of opposing circumstances, I determined not to be intimidated, nor to 'confer with flesh and blood,' but to put my hand immediately to the plough, in the attempt to break in upon this heathen wilderness. If little hope could be cherished of the adult Indian in his wandering and unsettled habits of life, it appeared to me that a wide and most extensive field presented itself for cultivation in the instruction of the native children. With the aid of an interpreter I spoke to an Indian, called Withawecappoo, about taking two of his boys to the Red River Colony with me to educate and maintain. He yielded to my request, and I shall never forget the affectionate manner in which he brought the eldest boy in his arms, and placed him in the canoe, on the morning of my departure from York Factory. His two wives accompanied him to the water's edge: and while they stood gazing on us, as the canoe was paddled from the shore, I considered that I bore a pledge from the Indian, that many more children might be found, if an establishment were formed by British Christian sympathy and liberality for their education and support."

Here was the first little beginnings, which even now is remarkably bringing forth good fruit.—

These two little boys were indeed the pledge of a future harvest. They were baptized with the names of James Hope and Henry Budd.

Mr. West resided about three years at the Red River; he succeeded in building, partly with his own hands, a church and school, which are now replaced by more substantial ones. Many Indian children were sent to the school, some from chiefs at a distance perhaps of 1,000 miles. The Indian boys Mr. West instructed chiefly himself, although he had brought a schoolmaster with him. In the course of time Henry Budd had improved so greatly in learning, &c., that he was employed as a catechist and schoolmaster; and in the year 1840 he began his labours in that capacity at Cumberland station, where there was a favourable opening for another Mission to the native Indians, about 500 miles from Red River. Here Henry Budd laboured with great zeal for two years amongst his native countrymen, the Cree Indians.

When the station had been in existence for two years, the Rev. J. Smithurst, the missionary of the Red River, was anxious to visit it, with a view to strengthen Mr. Budd's hands, and to baptize such as might be ready to receive that sacrament. This desire was increased by his receiving a request, through Mr. Budd, from the Indians of that district earnestly desiring him to visit them. As the journey occupied twenty-six days, Mr. Smithurst's joy may be imagined, when the guide made the pleasing announcement, "Mr. Budd's place is just behind that point of wood." A few minutes brought him within sight of the infant mission establishment, which he thus describes:—"The school-house in the centre, Mr. Budd's house on the south side, and the children's house on the north, appeared respectable buildings, and struck me as reflecting very great credit on Mr. Budd's industry. Our boat was soon observed, and the children flocked down to the beach to welcome our arrival. The appearance was highly satisfactory, considering the short time which has intervened since they were taken from their native woods. Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances under which we arrived, and a deluge of rain, the first impression upon my mind was so pleasing, that I quite forgot the tediousness of twenty-six days' travelling through a solitary wilderness."

The school was found to contain thirty-one Indian children, all neat and clean; on examination it appeared that they had made very good progress in learning. There were but few adult Indians at the station when Mr. Smithurst arrived, as they were necessarily absent at a fishing place about a day's journey off, but he was informed that they would not fail to reach the station on Saturday, according to their regular custom. Accordingly on that day he writes:—

"In the afternoon, a whole fleet of canoes made their appearance, and formed a most pleasing scene. The party consisting of from sixty to seventy persons, pitched their tents alongside the mission establishment, in order to attend the services of the Lord's-day. This was, indeed, one of the most cheering sights I ever witnessed, and called forth feelings of the deepest gratitude to God."

Up to a late hour on Saturday evening, Mr. Smithurst was engaged in examining the candidates for Baptism individually. He reported the result of the examination as "highly satisfactory."

The next day, June 26th, 1842, was a memorable day in the annals of this mission. Mr. Smithurst had the privilege of admitting into the Church of Christ, by Baptism, eighty-five Indians, of whom thirty-eight were adults, and the remaining forty-seven their children.

Such was the progress made by Mr. Henry Budd, at Cumberland in 1842. There he continued his labours for the period of ten years altogether, an ordained Missionary having been resident there with him during the latter part of that period.

The most interesting progress has indeed been now made, both there and throughout the Mission in Rupert's Land: so much so, that a Bishop was sent out in the year 1849 to reside at Red River. Accounts have already been received from the Bishop. He has visited Cumberland station, and has been so well pleased with all that he has seen there, that he has taken Mr. Henry Budd with him to the Red River, that he might prepare him for receiving Holy Orders. It was intended that Mr. Henry Budd should receive Holy Orders at this Christmas just passed. The Bishop in a letter begged the prayers of us all on that day for this first-fruit of the North American Indians.

When it is considered that Rupert's Land is as large as Russia, inhabited by many tribes of Indians, who seem peculiarly open to instruction, nothing, perhaps, can exaggerate the importance of the Mission at Red River, situated as it is, almost in the very heart of Rupert's Land, 1,200 miles from the one coast of America, and 2,500 from the other. But without a native Ministry the attempt appears hopeless.

Mr. Henry Budd will, after his ordination, proceed to organize another Mission among the Indians. If an establishment were formed at Red River for the training of a native Ministry, we might hope to see many whole tribes soon brought into the fold of Christ our Saviour. This, it is

¹ Psalm lxxxiv. 2.

² "The minister of the parish coming into the sick man's house, shall say, 'Peace be to this house!'"—*Order for Visitation of the Sick.*

³ "Inhabitant."

⁴ 2 Tim. ii. 12. Rev. i. 5, 6.