

and it was of the highest importance to bring them at once under an enlightening influence, before they should become alarmed by changes that were occurring among their brethren of the plain. But the way of access to them appeared to be hedged round by the sanguinary Koords, by whom they are surrounded, and who had treacherously murdered Mr. Shultz, the only European who had attempted to reach the Nestorian tribes.

The Koords, to whom frequent allusion will be made, are a warlike race of people, inhabiting the mountainous country between Persia and Turkey—the ancient Gordian or Carduchian Mountains—and divided nominally between those two empires. But their more powerful tribes have seldom acknowledged more than a nominal allegiance to either of these governments; and some of them, as those of Hakary, have maintained an entire independence. A part of them are nomads, living in tents, and part of them stationary tenants of villages; but all more or less given to predatory habits. Their religion is professedly the faith of Islam. The following dialogue, which I held with one of the nomadic Koords and a Nestorian bishop, may serve to illustrate the character of this sanguinary people. Similar statements have frequently been made by other Koords, and confirmed by the Nestorians and Persians.

*Myself.* Where do you live?

*Koord.* In black tents. We are Kouchee Koords.

*M.* What is your occupation?

*Bishop.* You need not ask him. I will tell you. They are thieves.

*M.* Is that true, Koord?

*K.* Yes, it is true: We steal whenever we can.

*M.* Do you kill people too?

*K.* When we meet a man that we wish to rob, if we prove the strongest, we kill him. If he proves the strongest, he kills us.

*M.* But suppose he offers no resistance when you attempt to rob him?

*K.* If he have much property, we would kill him to prevent his making us trouble. If he had not much, we would let him go.

*B.* Yes, after you had whipped him well.

*M.* Suppose you meet a poor man, who had nothing but his clothes, what would you do? Would you molest him?

*K.* If his clothes were good, we would take them, and give him poor ones in exchange. If not, we would let him pass.

*M.* But this is a bad business in which you are engaged, of robbing people. Why do you not follow some other occupation?

*K.* What shall we do? We have no ploughs or fields; and robbing is our trade.

*M.* The Persians will give you land if you will cultivate it.

*K.* We do not know how to work.

*M.* It is very easy to learn. Will you make the trial?

*B.* He does not wish to work. He had rather steal.

*K.* He speaks the truth. It would be very difficult, and take a long time to get what we want by working for it; but by robbing a village, we can get a great deal of property in a single night.

*M.* But you are liable to be killed in these affairs.

*K.* Suppose we are killed. We must die some time, and what is the difference of dying now or a few days hence? When we rob a village, we go in large parties upon horses, surprise the villagers when they are asleep, and escape with their property before they are ready to defend themselves. If pursued by an enemy, we strike our tents, and flee to our strongholds in the mountains.

*M.* Why do you not come and rob these villages, as you used to do?

*B.* They could not live if driven out of Persia. They fear the Persians.

*K.* We should have no other place to winter our flocks; so we give the Persians some presents, and keep at peace with them.

*M.* I wish to visit your tribe. How would they treat me?

*K.* Upon my eyes, they would do every thing for you.

*M.* But you say they are thieves and murderers. Perhaps they would rob and kill me.

*K.* No, no; they wish to have you come, but you are not willing. We never rob our friends. You come to do good, and no one would hurt you.

*M.* But many of them do not know me.

*K.* They have all heard of you, and would treat you with the greatest kindness if you should visit them.

(To be continued.)

### FIERY FLYING SERPENT.

THE Missionary Herald for March gives an account, from N. M. WARD, of the Fiery Flying Serpent, the present existence of which has been doubted:—

In January, 1834, Mr. Ward was walking with Mr. P. Rogers, in a forest near the river Pedang Bessio, when stopping for a moment to admire an immense tree, he beheld a serpent fly from it at the height of fifty or sixty feet above the ground, and alight upon another at the distance of forty fathoms. Its velocity was rapid as a bird, its motion that of a serpent swimming through the water. It had no appearance of wings. Its course was that of a direct line, an inclination of ten or fifteen degrees to the horizon. It appeared to be four feet long. Thus (says Mr. W.) was I convinced of flying serpents; and, on enquiry, I found some of the natives, accustomed to the forest, aware of the fact.

Those acquainted with the serpent, called it, "Uler lamping bari," (the fiery serpent,) from the burning pain and fatal effect of its bite. Thus it appears that the fiery serpent of the Scriptures was not an imaginary creature, although it seems now extinct in the regions it formerly inhabited.

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

#### THE HUMILIATION AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

It were good sometimes in our thoughts to compare the abasement of Christ and his exaltation together—to set them, as it were, in columns one over against the other. He was born in a stable, but now he reigns in his royal palace; then he had a manger for his cradle, but now he sits on a chair of state; then oxen and asses were his companions, now thousands of saints, and ten thousand thousands of angels minister round about his throne; then, in contempt, they called him the carpenter's son, now he obtains by inheritance a more excellent name than the angels: "For to which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee?" Then he was led away into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil—now it is proclaimed before him, "Let all the angels of God worship him;" then he had not a place to lay his head—now he is exalted to be the heir of all things. In his state of humiliation he endured the contradiction of sinners—in his state of exaltation, he is adored and admired of saints and angels; then he had "no form or comeliness: when we saw him there was no beauty that we should desire him"—now the beauty of his countenance shall send forth such glorious beams, that shall dazzle the eyes of all the celestial inhabitants round about him; once he was the shame of the world—now the glory of heaven, the delight of his Father, the joy of all the saints and angels; once he was the object of the reprobate's scorn, and the devil's malice—now they shall be the objects of his most righteous vengeance; he shall speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. He that was called the deceiver, shall now be adored as the Amen of the Father, the faithful and true Witness. A man of sorrows then—but now the mirror of glory, Prince of Peace; then accounted a servant of servants—now he shall be called the Lord of lords, the King of kings; then they put upon him a mock robe—but now he shall be "clothed with a royal garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle;" the feeble reed shall now be turned into a massive sceptre of gold, his cross of wood into a throne of glory, and the crown of thorns into a crown of stars. In the day of his abasement, he was the butt and scorn of his enemies, spoken against by every profane fool—but now, in the day of his exaltation, his enemies shall be made his footstool: yea, thrones and principalities are being made subject unto him. Surely, the very prints of his hands and feet, and the hole that was pierced in his side, shall be so many signal marks and trophies of victory; and Thomas, set now above all

doubting, may sing in triumph, "My Lord and my God!"

And lastly, the Lord Jesus himself, instead of his desertion, the lowest step of all his abasement, shall solace himself forever in the vision and fruition of his Father and of the blessed Spirit, and instead of "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he shall triumph, "I and my Father are one; thou, Father in me, and I in thee."—*Case's Mount Pisgah.*

#### THE ESSENCE OF HEAVEN.

"Lord, it is good to be here." For where, indeed, is heaven? Is it beyond the stars? Is it where the seraph strikes his golden harp, or where the palm trees flourish in eternal youth? Brethren, I think it is where the beloved Son abides—where he reveals himself fully to the soul. So, then, our knowledge of him here, "in part," is indeed a part of heaven. What a lonely place in itself was this solitary mountain! But as soon as the disciples saw his glory, when he was "transfigured before them," they might well say, "It is good for us to be here!" There are some who are fond of inquiring what sort of an abode heaven is. But what need is there of such inquiries, if we only can be present with the Lord? How much more needful, then, is it for us to inquire, whether he is ours, and we are his! He is, verily, our real heaven, and his nearness to us our highest bliss. How comfortable are the words, "It is good to be here!" Whereas, under the old dispensation, it was said, "How dreadful is this place!" Gen. xxviii. 17; and "We shall surely die, because we have seen God." Jud. xiii. 22. "It is good to be here!" said Peter. How seldom is this expression heard among thousands, who, nevertheless, profess to belong to the New Testament Church! Alas! but few know the true element of peace and joy, and fewer still endeavour to breathe perpetually in it.—*Krummacher, (Elijah the Tishbite.)*

#### SIN.

It is the mischievous property of sin, that it not only puts the soul into hell, but puts hell into the soul.

That should be our chief trouble, which is the cause of all the trouble in the world.

It is bad trading with sin and Satan, when we ourselves must pay for all at last.

Sin is too bad, and holiness too good, to be laughed at; the one requires repentance, the other reverence.

You that would not fall into things unlawful, venture not to the utmost bounds of things lawful. To tread upon the edge of a precipice is dangerous.

It is folly for a person to do that now, which he must certainly undo again by repentance, or be undone forever.

#### THE MOST PRECIOUS JEWEL.

HAD an eastern monarch entrusted to your keeping a diamond of priceless worth, to be returned whenever he should call for it; had he made your life the forfeit if you lost it—with what sleepless vigilance would you watch over it; in danger, how bravely would you defend it; and how rejoiced, at last, you would be to give it back, in all its brilliancy and beauty, safe into the hands of him who lent it.

A jewel more precious than all the gems of the East—than the mines of Mexico, or suns and stars—is committed to the humblest man who walks on the footstool of God. A King—the King of kings—has given to each child of Adam that precious trust. Life is the forfeit. If lost, the unfaithful steward, driven from his stewardship—cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing—will mourn his unfaithfulness, and through everlasting years repent that when called to his account, he could not say, Into thy hands I commit the spirit thou gavest me.

But if that gem be kept safe to the day in which the Lord shall make up his jewels, polished by the Holy Ghost, it will be set in the crown of the Redeemer, to shine with the radiance of heaven forever and ever.—*Irenaeus.*

FORGIVENESS.—A deaf and dumb person being asked what was his idea of forgiveness, took the pencil, and wrote, "It is the odour which flowers yield when trampled upon."