

unwieldy, and it was inconvenient for so many to come so far, the ordinance was administered at Seir also, in September 1858; and here providentially another end was secured, for as Dr. Wright was then too sick to distribute the elements, some of the natives had to perform that service. In June following, a very interesting communion was observed at Memikan; Yohanan and his wife crossing a high mountain, even then covered with snow, to bring their little child to baptism. Next year, the ordinance was celebrated in every village where there was a sufficient number of hopeful converts to justify its observance. Thus has God led His people, step by step, in a way that they knew not, till now there are all the essentials of a church at every place where God has raised up members of the body of Christ. They enter into covenant with Him and with each other. They keep his ordinances, and grow in grace, in knowledge, and in numbers. They may take one step further. Since this last sentence was written, the converted Nestorians have proceeded even to the adoption of a creed and directory for worship.

Labour among the Nestorians is becoming more assimilated to labour at home. Instead of the national peculiarities conspicuous at the outset, different from our own, and prominent because so different, things begin to move in familiar orbits, because they set out from similar conditions, and tend to like results. In proportion as the Gospel advances in its work, the distinguishing characteristics of a people fall into the background, to give place to those spiritual features common to the work of grace in every land. The river is most picturesque high up among the mountains, while its stream is yet small, and many obstacles oppose its course; after it glides out from among the hills into the open plain, it moves with larger volume, but in a more monotonous current, to the sea.

May the work of God advance, till this unity of all nations in Jesus Christ shall everywhere replace the diversity and hostility under which to-day creation groans, till in the placid surface of such a river of life the Saviour shall see his own image reflected, as it is from the sea of glass above!—*Morning on the Mountain.*

FIRST LOVE LEFT.

This declension is described as having begun in the heart. Christ does not charge the saints at Ephesus with having changed their doctrinal views; but, placing His finger on the heart, He says, "There is a change here." You know the enthusiasm of "first love." Love is blind to difficulties. She bounds up the steep with alacrity and joy. She cannot be deterred from her purpose by any representation. Tell her of the river, and she answers, "I can swim;" remind her of awful precipices, the guardian walls of capacious and terrific sepulchres, and, spreading her golden pinions, she replies, with laughter, "I can fly;" tell her of burning deserts, on which no palm-tree throws its shade, through which no river rolls, and her courage bursts into uncontrollable enthusiasm as she recounts the story of her past endurances. She burns up every excuse. She calls every land her home. "The range of the mountains is her pasture." "She rejoiceth in her strength; she goeth to meet the armed men; she mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth she back from the sword." A right royal force is this "first love." If any work is to be done in the church—if any difficulties are to be surmounted—if any icebergs are to be dissolved—if any cape, where savage seas revel in ungovernable madness, is to be rounded, send out men and women in whose hearts this "first love" burns and sings, and their brows will be girt with garlands of conquest. Our business, then, is to watch our heart-fires. When the temperature of our love lowers, there is cause for terror. It is instructive to mark the many and insidious influences by which the gush and swell of affection are modified. Take the case of an admirer of his minister, and mark how the stream of love subsides. In the first instance, such an admirer thought that his teacher would ever play the harp of comfort or busy himself with abstract doctrines; but he finds that he has miscalculated—that his minister is master of many styles—that his pulpit is now a green hill, down which silvery