

by an escort of thirty horse, half of which were furnished by the Governor, and half were returning to Mardin. We had two objects in proceeding thus far during the disturbed state of the country: to avoid the hot and unhealthy climate of Diarbékir, where the temperature was then at 98° in the shade, and daily increasing; and to extend our inquiries among the Syrian Christians. We had been but a few days at Mardin, when our lives were openly threatened, and the Governor, who declared himself without authority, advised us to remain in our house for some days, and also offered us a guard for defence. We did not think it best to manifest any particular apprehensions, and declined the guard, only keeping quiet in our intercourse with the people. After a while, this spirit of hatred to us as Christians seemed to die away, and we appeared to have the confidence and friendship of most or all of the chief men of the place, among whom were the governor, the multi, and the cadi, whom we visited on friendly terms. But at length, a catastrophe arrived, in which we should in all probability have fallen the victims of a bigoted and infuriated populace, had not that kind hand, which had carried us safely through so many dangers, interposed to save us.

On the sixth of September, the Kurds of Mardin rose in insurrection, and in open day, in the court of the public palace, killed their late governor, and several more of the chief men of the place, and then came with their bloody weapons to the house where Mr. Homes and myself were residing, with the avowed intention of adding us to the number of the slain! calling out to know where we were. Most providentially, we had just left the city, and, when we returned, we found the gates closed, to prevent the rescue or escape of any of the intended victims. It seemed as though some guardian angel had led us out of the danger, and then shut us out. Seeing a great commotion within, we retired to a convent of Syrian Christians a few miles distant, where we met with a kind reception, and remained some days, until the commotion subsided.

A few days before, these sanguinary men had murdered an influential native Christian in his bed, and then openly declared that it was an act of religious charity, for which God would reward them, to put Christians to death!

Such is a very faint sketch of the difficulties and dangers which beset my path after entering upon this enterprise. Moreover, after long and patient inquiry, we found that there are no Nestorians remaining on the western side of the Koordish mountains; all those who formerly resided this side the mountains having become papists, or removed to other parts. In view of these considerations, which left so little hope of doing good, while so much peril was involved, my associate resolved to leave this field, and return to his station at Constantinople. In this he was supported by the advice of brethren both at Constantinople and Smyrna; and, in our peculiar circumstances, I could not withhold my approbation; but, with a full view of the trials which might lie before me in my solitary journey onward, I yielded a cordial and cheerful acquiescence.

I was forty days in Diarbékir, and Mr. Homes and myself spent two months in Mardin. They were days of mingled solicitude and pleasure, and not to be forgotten while memory remains. I had but just arisen from a sick bed, on which the tide of life seemed for a time fast ebbing to its close, when the catastrophe I have described took place. The events of that day, and the Divine interposition by which we were preserved, tended not a little to strengthen my faith, and arm me for whatever perils might still beset my path.

CHAP. III.

Departure from Mardin.—Plain of Mesopotamia.—Mosul.—Ruins of Nineveh.—Yezidees, or Worshipers of the Devil.

WITHIN the dilapidated walls of an ancient Christian church, which stands alone in a mountain ravine on the verge of the great plain of Mesopotamia, and is overlooked by the impregnable fortress of Mardin, I exchanged the parting embrace with my "brother and companion in tribulation," the Rev. Mr. Homes, with whom I had spent more than two months of anxious repose, and shared the most imminent peril of life. On account of the general anarchy which reigned around us, we had travelled together scarcely two days; but I

had learned, when prostrated on a bed of sickness, and surrounded by men of violence and blood, how to prize the company of a Christian friend; and it was not without a mutual struggle that we yielded to the convictions of duty, and tore away from each other's society, to pursue, in opposite directions, the long and arduous journeys that lay before us. But, while the voice of Providence called him to return to his station in the metropolis of Turkey, to me it seemed to cry, Onward.

The hope of obtaining access to the mountain tribes of Nestorians from this quarter was among the first motives to the undertaking in which I had embarked, and I resolved to spare no effort to effect this important object; for, while no one dared to advise the undertaking, lest I should fall a victim to the sanguinary character of the surrounding Kurds, every friend of the mission was most desirous to see it accomplished.

It was also important that more should be known of the city of Mosul and the adjacent country; and I resolved to proceed thither, with the hope that I should obtain more light on the question of entering the mountains from that point, intending, if I finally failed in my efforts to reach the field to which my anxious attention had been so long directed, to turn my steps by a more southern route towards my former abode on the plains of Persia.

To secure our effects, and make other preliminary arrangements for my journey, I returned to the gates of Mardin, whence Mr. H. and myself had been led out, as if by Mercy's angel, to escape sharing in the tragic scene enacted in the court of the public palace a week before. The bustle of the streets was dying away as evening drew on, and so changed was my aspect, in the Oriental robes and turban I had assumed, that I passed on without recognition, and remained in quiet tranquillity two days within the walls of the town so recently the scene of anarchy and misrule. But the storm had spent itself in its own violence; and, while I was there, the surrounding mountains reverberated the roar of artillery, which announced from the walls of the lofty castle, that the town had been placed under the vigorous government of Mohammed Pasha, of Mosul. This extension of his rule added not a little to the safety of my route over the vast plain of Mesopotamia; and, after a journey of nearly two hundred miles, I found myself securely lodged within the walls of Mosul, on the morning of the 20th of September, 1839.

As my journal up to the time of my departure from that city was left there, with most of my effects, for safe keeping, I cannot now lead the reader through the exciting scenes and romantic incidents which beset my path through this home of the ancient patriarchs. The spirit-stirring sketches of Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel, portrayed in such lovely simplicity by the inspired historian, were held up in living characters in the person of the young shepherdess watering her father's flocks at the wells of Mesopotamia, or carrying her replenished picture at the close of day, and in the black tents of the wandering Arab, so proverbially changeless in his habits. I seemed to be carried back four thousand years on the wings of time, to hold converse with the father of the faithful, while leading the same pastoral life on this extended plain.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

SABBATH MORNING.

"AWAKE psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early." David uttered this divine soliloquy in reference probably to the approaching Sabbath. He intended to prevent the morning light with his song of praise; and to usher in the day of rest with the melodies of psaltery and harp. O that every Christian would imitate that devotional man, and charge himself to awake early on the Sabbath morning, and begin the day with God!

There is now an additional reason to summon us at early dawn to the work of prayer and praise. When David sang his morning orisons, the strain was kindled by glorious events which were in prospect; but "now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them who slept." The seal of the sepulchre, which inclosed the Saviour's body, has been broken; and his triumphant resurrection has been announced to his disciples,

and chanted upon the harps of heaven. Can the Christian think of this, and not feel moved to a holy activity, as this resurrection morning comes round, and invites the soul to its devotions? Alas! that we should suffer any part of the Sabbath to pass neglected or unimproved! But the melancholy fact is, that by the indulgence of the body, the soul is, in many instances, robbed of that portion of holy time which is all important as a season of private prayer and meditation.

The morning of the Sabbath is all important as a season of private devotion. Our first thoughts should be given to God. We should seize the earliest moments of this calm and blessed season, and use them for the soul's benefit.

Who has not felt the tranquillizing influence of the Sabbath morn? Nature seems to sympathise with the moral associations of the scene. On other days, her voice is almost drowned amid the din and bustle of the world; but when the wheels of Mammon's car are arrested, and their thunder is not heard, then comes forth her soothing language, which falls on the heart like Æolian music, to subdue its passions, and to awaken its finer sensibilities. The voice of nature is the voice of God. He who speaks in the sanctuary of redemption by the blood of Jesus, speaks from the hush and fragrance of the morning, of the vast and varied gifts of his providence. To commune with nature and with God, we must imitate David, and awake early.

The resurrection of Jesus took place before the dawn. Ere the sun was up, one of his faithful followers repaired to the sepulchre. She went in the morning twilight to look upon the tomb of Jesus. She found it unsealed and empty, and wondered what had become of her Lord. As she wept, a voice addressed her, at first in a stranger's accents—lest, under the excitement, a too sudden revelation might overpower her mind—then that voice was changed, and the well-remembered tones told her that it was indeed her risen Master. Did Mary find her Redeemer at early dawn; and shall we presume to expect his presence if we doze away, in guilty slumbers, that portion of sacred time? No; let us rather fly to the sepulchre, and see, amid the shadows of the morning, the breaking beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Let us gather the spiritual manna before the sun is up, and feed upon it, ere we refresh ourselves on the food that perisheth. Few would complain of dull Sabbaths, or wandering thoughts, or tedious services, were they to secure, for the purpose of private devotion, the morning of the Sabbath. A sacred impulse would be obtained, which, like a favouring gale, would waft the soul onward to its rest.

Until you value and improve the Sabbath morning, you need not expect to experience the full advantages of that blessed day. If, on other days, you can wake early to serve the world, and on the Lord's day you take the liberty to indulge the flesh, be assured the Sabbath will not ordinarily prove to you a delight, nor will it close upon you with edification and peace.—*Waterbury.*

PROFESSION NOT PRACTICE.

SOME men talk like angels, and pray with great fervour, and meditate with deep recesses, and speak to God with loving affections, and words of union, and adhere to him in silent devotion: and when they go abroad, are as passionate as ever, peevish as a frightened fly, vexing themselves with their own reflections; they are cruel in their bargains, unmerciful to their tenants, and proud as a barbarian prince; they are, for all their fine words, impatient of reproof, scornful to their neighbours, lovers of money, supreme in their own thoughts, and submit to none; all their spiritual life they talk of is nothing but spiritual fancy and illusion: they are still under the power of their passions, and their sin rules them imperiously, and carries them away infallibly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.—Access with boldness unto the throne of grace is an unspeakable privilege, and it is one of the blessed and beautiful effects of suffering to make us feel it. But if it be full of delight and consolation to worship before the throne of grace, what must it be to adore before the throne of glory! Meanwhile, familiarity with the one is the best means of preparing us for the other. "Wait upon the Lord, and he shall strengthen thy heart."—*Martin.*