

I spent a quiet Sabbath at Amadiéh, having given previous notice that I would attend to the sick on Monday morning. There are about one hundred families of Jews in the place, who cannot be distinguished by their appearance or language from the Nestorians; and so complete was the deception that my Nestorian attendants began to chide some of them for working on Sunday, supposing them to be of their own people; until, after considerable conversation, we were informed that they were not Christians, but Jews. There are little more than a hundred Nestorians in the town, as most of this people live in the surrounding villages. More than half of them have become papists, (Chaldeans,) and there are not now more than two or three thousand Nestorians in this district; but they are more numerous in the adjoining district of Berwer, bordering on the river Harbor (Khaboor) on the north.

This river rises near Julamerk, and flows within about ten hours' walk of this place, while the waters of the Zab are visible from the ramparts of the fortress about ten miles to the east.

Monday was spent in attendance upon the sick, in general intercourse with the people, and preparations for the continuance of my journey. I gave medicine to forty or fifty of the soldiers, and received the warmest thanks of the Governor, who made me his guest. He said it was God who had sent me for their relief, when they had neither physician to prescribe, nor medicine to alleviate their sufferings.

The Nestorian priest lamented the low state to which their Church had been reduced, and said he feared that the people, in their gross ignorance, would fall a sacrifice to the wiles of the papists—who, he had been told, were about to make more vigorous efforts than ever to convert the whole of his people to Romanism. He told a sad tale of their past efforts and success, stating that his own father was bastinadoed to compel him to become a Roman Catholic!

The papists in Mesopotamia have assured me that no effort will be spared to convert the whole of the Nestorian Church to their faith; and this report is confirmed by letters since received from Bagdad, one of which says that three bishops and priests, educated at the Propaganda, were "about going to Mosul, to hold a convention to devise measures to bring over all the Nestorians to the Romish faith!" There must be a final struggle with "the man of sin," and it must be bold and promptly met. With God and truth on our side, we have nothing to fear, if the Church will come up to her duty. The Nestorians have nobly stood their ground, and they are still upon the watch-tower. As I approached their mountain fastnesses, their first inquiry was to know whether I was a "Catoek"—declaring that they would not permit these "wolves in sheep's clothing" to enter their country. Hitherto they have prevented the emissaries of Rome from entering their mountains. But the latter are looking with eagerness to this interesting field; and, while they are extending their labours in the East, no effort will be spared to spread their influence among the mountain tribes. Will Protestant Christians, to whom the Nestorians are stretching out their hands for help, suffer the golden harvest to fall into the garner of the pope?

#### HOSPITALITY IN INDIA.

In India, little or no preparation is made for the advent of a guest. He is expected to bring every thing with him, and when you ask your friend to come and live with you for six weeks, you scarcely mean more than that you hope he will pitch his tent in your compound. You give him room enough, and plenty to eat, but there the hospitality ends. A bedstead he may find, perhaps, but pillows and sheets, and pillow cases and towels, he must take with him, if he desires such luxuries. Bedrooms without bedding, dressing-rooms without looking-glasses, and bathing-rooms without bathing-pots, are not looked upon as inhospitable manifestations—for people are expected to take the former commodities with them, and the latter may be got for a few pice in the bazaar. In India, another man's servant will not move an inch for you of his own free will, however much you may stand in need of his services. You are expected to move about with your own servants—and the man who goes out to spend a couple of days without a retinue is a fool of the first magnitude.—*East India Magazine.*

#### GLORIA DEO; OR, THE CORAL INSECT.

It is a well known fact, that many of the islands, and most of the extensive reefs, in the inter-tropical regions of the great Pacific Ocean, have been the work of the coral insect, an animalcule scarcely visible to the naked eye. The island of Tonga Taboo, one of the Friendly Islands, which at present contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, is a specimen of the architectural abilities of this most wonderful of Nature's agents. It is a complete mass of coral, and is as level as a bowling green. On a calm evening, myriads of these animalcule float on the surface of the water, along the whole extent of the reefs they are employed in constructing, communicating to the sea a beautiful purple colour. When disturbed, however, they return to their well built cabins under water, and the sea resumes its caerulean hue. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! in wisdom hast thou made them all!

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

#### THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

##### AN AFFECTING EXTRACT.

Nor many weeks afterwards, the excellent clergyman paid another visit to the humble cottage, which had, together with its inhabitants, become an interesting object to his mind. He was warmly greeted by the rustic tenant of the cot, who pressed his hand with all that fervour and affectionate regard and respect, which one whose "delight is in the excellent," feels and cherishes towards a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

It was the time for the early and humble meal of these rural cottagers; the father had just come from the fields to partake of his wholesome provisions, which were spread neatly upon the clean table in their small apartment by the hands of his affectionate daughter.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," said the pious man, as he withdrew from his humble repast. "Time was when I sat me down to a sumptuous board, with a group of smiling faces around it—with a wife, lovely and beloved, gracing the head, and children, as yet untainted by vice, 'like olive branches around about my table.' Then I was affluent: prosperity attended my every undertaking, and God spake unto me in my prosperity, but I said, I will not hear; alas! I was living then 'without God in the world!'—the cares of this life, the deceitfulness of riches, the pleasures of time and sense, engrossed my considerations, and left me no thought on the unprofitableness of gaining the whole world and losing one's own soul. For some years, I enjoyed the course of the ungodly who prosper in the world, and I increased in riches; but, ah! I would then pay no regard to the scripture admonition, 'if riches increase, set not your heart upon them,' but rather fixed my entire affections upon the perishing objects of this passing life. I was, however, to be brought down from the pinnacle of wealth and earthly honour to the depths of adversity and sorrow. I was persuaded to speculate to a very large amount in some foreign stock, when the market having taken, for me, a most unfortunate turn, I was a loser to a considerable sum; with the remnant of my money I was unable enough to engage in a speculation of a different kind, but equally as uncertain as the former—which fatal step stripped me of all I possessed, and reduced me to abject poverty. "The change in my circumstances wrought prejudicially on the health of my poor wife, who was but little accustomed to the privations we were forced to endure; that lovely girl, the last and dearest pledge of our conjugal affection, was her solace in the hours of her sorrow, and her innocent prattle would oft cheer even my bleeding heart.

"Through the kindness of friends, (who were such to be bound,) we were provided with a temporary abode, and procured sufficient to sustain us in being, from the benevolence of these kind-hearted individuals. By the exertions of two merchants, with whom I was formerly associated in business, my two boys were comfortably settled in good situations, in the city, while my dear wife, and our only daughter yonder, came down into this neighbourhood, and were allowed to inhabit, rent free, this small and humble abode; this is now seven years ago. I remember well

the day we came here; it was a morning in the month of May, and we thought the scenery so lovely, and the cottage so pleasant, and my wife looked happy, and our girl skipped about, and made us smile with parental love. In this condition we lived for a year; my sons quarterly remitted a portion of their salaries towards our support, as they were both lodged and fed by their several employers. Twice in the month they visited us; their society, though in this rustic dwelling, made our hearts rejoice, and we generally parted with sighs and tears.

"Once again I settled down with some such feeling as is embodied in the words, 'I shall die in my nest;' though afflicted, and changed in my position in life, yet, because all was quietness for a time, I again forgot my God; I neglected his worship, I deserted the village sanctuary, and lived again careless about my soul. But I was once more to be severely tried; my two boys fell into evil company; they ran into every excess of riot—drank, gambled, and by their bad practices, were both dismissed by their employers. Soon afterwards, my eldest son fell under the chastising hand of an offended God, a victim of disease, and a recipient of the wages of sin—death! My youngest boy—excuse these tears, they are the gushings of a father's love—he grew desperate in a quarrel with a successful competitor at play, insulted him, and received from him a challenge—he accepted it—the day and the place were fixed and chosen; but, on the fatal morning, he was found dead in his chamber at the inn where he lodged—he had shot himself in the night."

"My beloved wife died soon after this terrible event; her fond heart was broken, but she died penitent, and believing in Jesus, and went to that land where sin and sorrow are known no more. 'It was good for me to be thus afflicted.' I was brought to consider my state as a sinner before God, and to cry for mercy through a Saviour, and I trust 'I have obtained mercy, that in me Christ Jesus might show forth all long-suffering.' Since that sad hour when we committed my dear one's remains to the earth, yonder maiden and myself have dwelt alone in this humble home, and, by the charity of our friends, are enabled to keep ourselves from want. I have to thank my God for preserving her to me; she is now my only earthly companion—my only attendant, my only daughter, my only child."

Here the man wept, and the sweet girl ran and kissed away the father's tears.

Time passed away—the clergyman had returned to the metropolis, had visited several spots far and near, until at length circumstances called him again to the village where the cottager dwelt; he entered its precincts one cheerful summer's afternoon, and, as he turned the lane which conducted to the church, he saw a procession of mourners receding from the churchyard—they were a few of the villagers, who had just deposited in the place of tombs an excellent cottager.

The clergyman asked who was the deceased? and to his sorrow, he was informed it was the good and afflicted tenant of the way-side cottage.

"He died, like his late wife, of a broken heart," said one.

"Ah! he did not long survive her," said another.

The good minister enquired of whom the villagers spake.

"Of his lovely daughter," said many voices: "she was an angel upon earth."

"Is she dead?" asked the clergyman.

"Indeed she is! a rapid consumption took her off, and her father never held up his head afterwards till his death—and now he lies close to her grave—I will show it to you."

The clergyman entered the churchyard; often had he stood there before, and repeated the beautiful service of our church; he was directed to a small mound, and on it a humble stone with this inscription—

THE DAYS  
OF HER Youth  
HAST THOU SHORTENED.  
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF AN  
ONLY  
DAUGHTER.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—Brotherly love can no more exist without the love of God, than the effect can exist without the cause, or the stream continue to flow when the fountain is dried up.