

purpose:—"An old man, on his death-bed, said to his sons as they stood around him—I am possessed, my dear children, of a treasure of great value, which, as it is fit, must now be yours." They drew nearer. "Nay," said the sick man, "I have it not here in my hands; it is deposited somewhere in my fields; dig, and you will be sure to find." They followed his directions, though they mistook his meaning. "Treasure of gold or silver there was none; but, by means of this extraordinary culture, the land yielded in the time of harvest such an abundant crop as both rewarded them for their obedience to their parent, and, at the same time, explained the nature of his command."

And now, adds this earnest and affectionate preacher, in conclusion, I have thus endeavoured with all possible plainness, to lay before you the way of Life Everlasting. I beseech you to consider these things calmly and frequently, for they belong to your eternal peace. Try to understand them and to act upon them; have them before your mind constantly, turning them over and over, that you may see how they bear on your future destiny. And though you are yet but young, and though you have many bright prospects before you, these things, so far from marring your happiness, will add new zest to every pleasure, and open up for you a new world of enjoyment. There is nothing gloomy or repulsive about them. On the contrary, it is they alone that can dispel doubt and fear, that can enable you to pass through life in happiness, and that can fit you when life is ended, for eternal glory.

And, especially, my young friends, neglect not these things in the days of youth. This is your season for sowing the good seed; sow abundantly, that you may reap an abundant harvest. Let no means be lost, and no opportunity misemployed. In everything you do, be earnest. Life has no time for trifling, and eternity, where all is real, is at hand. And let your earnestness be based on confidence in God through Christ. Whatever men may do, your Maker, at last, will not deceive you. Trust him, O man—trust his arrangements, his provisions, his promises, and your journey through life shall be happy and your admission to heaven when life is ended shall be certain. I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me."

The Nestorians: or the Lost Tribes.

RATHER more than twenty years ago, the American Board of Missions, which has shewn such zeal in spreading the light of the glorious gospel among foreign nations, acting on the suggestion of former labourers in Persia, sent out Dr. Asahel Grant, a Medical practitioner in Utica, N. Y., to establish there a mission among the Nestorians, a branch of the Christian Church so memorable in early times. Having accomplished the object in view, the Doctor returned to Boston in the year 1840, after an absence in the East of six

years. Shortly after his return, he wrote a most interesting and instructive account of his labours in that quarter of the world, entitled "The Nestorians; or the Lost Tribes; containing evidence of their identity, an account of their manners customs and ceremonies, together with sketches of travel in Ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media and Mesopotamia, and illustrations of Scripture Prophecy." He states, in his preface, that without any previously formed theory upon the subject, the facts which, during his sojourn, came under his observation so forced themselves upon his attention, that it was impossible for him to avoid the conclusion, that the Nestorians were identical with the Ten Tribes, which are so often spoken of as *lost*.

His work published in 1845 by the enterprising firm of Harper & Brothers, New York, is divided into three parts. In the first, the reader is presented with a narrative of his labours—or what may be called his Missionary Journal.—which gives a vivid sketch of men and manners in the east country, and is interspersed with the dangers that beset his path, and his adventures among the lawless and sanguinary tribes of the mountains. In the second, he proceeds to adduce many proofs, from various sources, of the alleged identity. And in the third part of his book, he introduces, for the sake of discussing them, various portions of the Book of Revelation relating to his subject: and from the whole he concludes that the evidence in favour of his theory is complete.

He states that he first proceeded to Ooroomah to make arrangements for the commencement of the contemplated station among the Nestorians in that Province, which comprises an important part of Ancient Media, and is situated in the north-western part of the modern kingdom of Persia. It is separated by a lofty chain of snowy mountains, from Ancient Assyria or Central Koordistan on the west; while on the east the beautiful lake extends about eighty miles in length and thirty in width. A plain of exuberant fertility is enclosed between the mountains and the lake, comprising an area of about five hundred square miles, and bearing upon its bosom no less than three hundred hamlets and villages. Near the centre of this plain stands the ancient city of Ooroomah, containing a population of about twenty thousand souls, mostly Mahomedans, and enclosed by a fosse and wall of nearly four miles in circuit. At the time Dr. Grant wrote his book, there were twelve or fourteen free-schools in the villages of the plain; a seminary and girls' boarding school has been established on the Mission premises in the city; and considerable portions of the scriptures had been translated into the vernacular language of the Nestorians; while the staff of Missionaries amounted to three or four. His professional character secured the favor of the governor and of the people generally. The sick, the lame, and the blind gathered around by scores and hundreds, and his fame was soon spread abroad through the surrounding country. The Nestorians, in particular, welcomed the Missionaries with the greatest kindness and affection.

In the month of February 1839, he received instructions from the Board of Missions to proceed into Mesopotamia, to form a station among the Nestorians dwelling, as was supposed, on the west of the central mountains of Koordistan. By this means it was hoped that a safe way of access might be found to the main body of the Nestorian Christians, the

independent tribes which have their abode in the most difficult fastnesses of the Koordish mountains in the Centre of Ancient Assyria. He had long regarded these mountain tribes as the principal field of their future labours. They comprised the main body of the Nestorian Church, and it was of the highest importance to bring them at once under an enlightened 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. These fierce and lawless hordes inhabit the mountainous country between Persia and Turkey, and are divided nominally between those two empires. A part of them are nomads, living in tents, and part of them stationary tenants of villages; but all are more or less given to predatory habits. Their religion is professedly the faith of Islam.

After undergoing great hardships and being exposed to many dangers, he at length passed through the Koordish territory and entered the country of the Independent Nestorians. The following is an eloquent and graphic sketch of the scene presented to him on reaching the summit of a mountain, overlooking the region which he had travelled so many weary footsteps to reach. "The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision, like a vast amphitheatre of wild precipitous mountains, broken with deep dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the cheerful, smiling villages which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church. Here was the home of a hundred thousand christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts whose lofty, snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. Here, in this munition of rocks, has God preserved, as if for some great end in the economy of his grace, a chosen remnant of his ancient church, secure from the beast and the false prophet, safe from the flames of persecution and the clangour of war. As I gazed and wondered, I seemed as if standing on Pisgah's top, and I could with a full heart exclaim,

"On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands!
Mounting captive,
God himself shall love thy bands!"

"I retired," he continues, "to a sequestered pinnacle of rock, where I could feast my vision with the sublime spectacle, and pour out my heartfelt gratitude that I had been brought at length, through many perils, to behold a country from which emanated the brightest beams of hope for the long-benighted empire of Mohammedan delusion, by whose millions of votaries I was surrounded on every side. My thoughts went back to the days when their Missionaries were spread abroad throughout the East, and for more than a thousand years continued to plant and sustain the standard of the Cross through the remote and barbarous countries of Central Asia, Tartary, Mongolia, and China; to the time when, as tradition and history alike testify, the gospel standard was reared in these mountains by apostles' hands; for it was not