

the sand. That hope was worse than no hope. It cheated him into a fatal security, and ruined his soul.

Another hopes in the goodness of God.—He is a God of love; he takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked; he is slow to anger, and delights in mercy more than sacrifice. Such a hope the Universalists cherish. They build on this, and the fulness of the atonement, and flatter themselves that they are safe. Many who do not hold to the whole scheme, have a secret hope that God will be good to them, and never send them to hell, whatever he may do to thieves, and murderers, and adulterers. But God never encouraged such a delusion. He is good—all good; but his goodness would be strangely kind if it prompted him to set a bounty upon sin—to throw open the door of heaven, and offer his thrones and crowns to unwashed wretches, at whose deeds of blood the earth turns pale. And yet, this is the scheme of Universalism. God is merciful, and God is just. Justice requires sin to be punished, and not rewarded. God will do the thing that is right, and avenge the majesty of his law. His goodness will appear in the final punishment of the very sinner who had presumed on that goodness, and continued in sin. That hope will be swept away, and will "leave not a wreck behind."

Another hopes in his own righteousness.—He thanks God that he is not as other men are, and counts his deeds of charity, and thoughts of heaven, and words of love, as so many jewels that will buy salvation for him. He has no doubt that the wicked around him will be sent to hell, but he will be saved for what he has done, and will do as long as he lives. And when he finds himself at the judgment-seat without a faithful friend to plead for him, and a cloud of witnesses condemning him, with awful clearness, to a sinner's doom, he wakes to the discovery that his hope was no hope.

Another hopes to repent by and by.—Other hopes have slain their thousands, and this its tens of thousands. Hell has been peopled with those who promised themselves that they would repent hereafter—when they were a little older—when sickness came—when death was near; but death came in a day and an hour that they looked not for it, and they went into eternity with no hope.

I stood by a grave that had just been opened to receive the remains of one who had died in the midst of youth and sin. He had paid a decent respect to religion, and intended to seek and find it before he died. But sudden sickness seized him, bereft him of his senses, and, in a few days, of life. And there he lay. The open grave seemed to murmur, "No hope." The sobs of pious, heart-broken parents cried, *No hope.* The clods, as they fell on his bosom, gave back from the hollow coffin those same sad words, *No hope.* And as I came away from that grave, the thought that crowded itself continually upon my soul was the mournful fact that he had no hope. If he had no hope, what has he now, that eternity with him is begun?—*Irenæus.*

THE EARLY DEAD.

THEY need die, and are gathered to their resting-places, like the sheaves of ripened wheat into the storehouse of the husbandman. They have finished their day. The young die, and they too are buried. They fall as falleth the blossom nipped by untimely frost. Their day is also ended. If, in another and a better world, there be the distinctions of age, as well as the gradations of intellectual or moral excellence—if there, one star may differ from another star in magnitude as much as in glory—it may be among the means of a wise Providence that the young are called in the midst of their bloom and their beauty to form a part of that perfect whole where there is no more death—where the light of life goes not out forever.

I stood by the coffin in which lay the remains of one who had died early. She had passed away quietly without a murmur or a struggle. The immortal spirit had separated from the frail tenement without a groan. The longing soul sped upward to the bosom of its Maker and its God. The frail tenement seemed as if still occupied by the weak and Christian spirit—as if quiet sleep had drawn the eyelids, and composed the features. The friends and companions had assembled to perform the last sad offices. There was grief, but they wept not as those who weep without hope.

Their grief was her exceeding joy. The minister of God lifted up his voice in prayer. He returned thanks for all a Saviour's goodness and mercy, and for his presence with the deceased, to support her in the hour of dissolving nature. When he uttered the touching lamentation—"Thou hast been pleased to smite down this their fair flower, while the dew of the morning was yet fresh upon it,"—a chord was touched in the hearts of the parents, which trembled and vibrated in the bosoms of all who were assembled together. I returned to my dwelling, feeling that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

THE ART OF DOING GOOD.

MOTHERS, can you not teach your children the art of doing good? It is only to aid, by your example as well as precepts, the development of the noblest faculties of your children—the affections, reason, conscience: while you repress as much as possible the selfishness of animal instinct and appetite. Begin early. You have the key of their affections—open their hearts only to sweet impressions of love, which is benevolence. Never hire them with money to perform their task of any kind. If you manage them rightly, they will do your requirements for you, because they love you. Give gifts to your children as often as you think best; but never pay them for being good. Let the consciousness that they have done good, have gained knowledge, and that you approve their conduct, be their reward.—*Ladies' Companion.*

GOOD AND EVIL COMPANY.

BE cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principles you are not certain. No person that is an enemy to God, can be a friend to man. He that has already proved himself ungrateful to the Author of every blessing, will not scruple, when it will serve his turn, to shake off a fellow-worm like himself. He may render you instrumental to his own purposes, but he will never benefit you.

A bad man is a curse to others; as he is secretly, notwithstanding all his boasting and affected gaiety, a burden to himself. Shun him as you would a serpent in your path. Be not seduced by his rank, his wealth, his wit, or his influence. Think of him as already in the grave—think of him as standing before the overlasting God in judgment. This awful reality will instantly strip off all that is now so imposing, and present him in his true light—the object rather of your compassion, and your prayers, than of your wonder or imitation.—*Bishop Coleridge.*

THE TRAVELLER.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES
BY ASAHIEL GRANT, M.D.

CHAPTER VII.

Mountain Bridges. Diffies. Medical Practice. Roads.—Arrival at the Patriarch's.—Kind Reception.—Character of the Patriarch.—Social Intercourse.—Ruined Castle.—Female Fidelity.—Church Government.—Patriarch's Family.

Oct. 24.—About ten o'clock I left the hospitable dwelling of Malek Isma'il, (Ishmael,) who kindly sent a trusty servant to help me across the river. The bridge had been swept away, and a couple of long bare poles supplied its place; but, said my host, "Do not be afraid; get upon the back of my servant, and he will carry you safe over!" I preferred to trust my own feet, and succeeded in passing this and two similar bridges in safety, though they vibrated most fearfully. The mules could not pass, and much of the road I had now to traverse along the precipitous banks of the river was too difficult for them to travel. Consequently, I had no alternative but to walk, or take another road which led over the mountains to Julamerk, and among the independent Koordis, to whom I was unwilling to expose myself at present. Two of the hardy mountaineers accompanied me, to carry my effects and medicines; and the young Deacon who travelled with me from Duree was still of my party. We were six in all; and a cheerful, happy party as ever traversed such wild goat-paths as led us along the base of these rocky heights. Slight showers of

rain fell at intervals, so that my hair sandals soon became soaked with water, and I travelled all day with my feet wet and chilled, but with a buoyant heart.

On either side, the prospect was bounded by wild, rocky mountains, whose summits were fringed with the lowering clouds, above which the loftier snow-clad pinnacles raised their hoary heads, and sparkled in the rays of an oriental sun. Here and there, their sides were studded with clusters of trees, which aspire to the name of forests in these Eastern lands, where often, for days together, the traveller's eye is not greeted by a single tree. Below me, the swollen river roared and dashed along over its rocky bed, which is often confined between the opposing faces of almost perpendicular rocks, that rise like gigantic battlements, and invite the passing stranger to step and gaze upon the bold and varying scene.

Wherever the mountains recede from the river so as to admit of cultivation, smiling villages are seen imbosomed in verdant gardens and vineyards. But portions of the way the mountains are so steep as to shade the traveller from the noonday sun; and he almost involuntarily lays hold of the rocks to preserve his position while threading the more difficult passes along the mountain sides.

The night of the 24th I spent with the Nestorians of Bemeriga, where I obtained a pair of the hair sandals of the country in exchange for medicine, after the people had refused to sell them for money. Though my medical practice is entirely gratuitous, my expenses in travelling are often diminished by my professional services; and it was gratifying to find these mountaineers prizing them above their money.

The money most current here is a Turkish coin of ten or twelve cents' value, struck at Bagdad. Persian coin is rarely seen here, though current as far as Julamerk. This seems to denote that the trade has formerly been almost exclusively with Turkey.

On the evening of the 25th I arrived at Kerme, almost exhausted with a walk of ten long hours, and was soon recognised and welcomed as an old acquaintance by one of the Nestorians of the place.

I was not a little surprised when he mentioned that he had seen me at Ooroomiah, and received medicine and other relief at my hand when sick and destitute. It seems that he had come to me, more than two years before, with a disease from which I had very little hope of his recovery. Having learned that he had travelled a great distance, I sympathised with him in his misfortunes, gave him the best medicines and directions I could offer, and a small sum of money, with which he bought some cheap and necessary clothing, and returned to his home in the mountains. From that time I had scarcely thought of my poor patient among the thousands who had come for relief. But the promise of God is sure: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" yea, and with an abundant increase. Not bread merely did I find, but everything to make me happy and comfortable in my long and weary wanderings!

Our entertainment was altogether exceedingly agreeable; but what gave it the richest zest was my sense of the more than paternal kindness of God, in continually strewing my path with such rich and abounding mercies:

"What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?"

Oct. 26. Started for the patriarch's residence at eight in the morning. Descended to the river, and forded it on a horse, the first I had seen since entering the Nestorian country in the mountains. The water was waist deep, and fifty or sixty yards across. We now found a better road than I had seen for a long time before; the rock having been cut away, and regular steps chiselled out in the more precipitous and difficult places, leaving, at intervals, the excavated rock hanging over our heads. It was the regular caravan road from Salmas, in Persia, to Julamerk. In some places, where the path was supported from below by a wall of hard masonry, there was some danger that it might be knocked down in the passage of loaded caravans. But, upon the whole, the road was so far superior to what I had travelled for the past week, that I wondered how the governor of Salmas should have given it such a character as he did, in conversation with my friend Dr. Riach