

sheep, with mules and other property, enough to make up their loss with interest; and thus the matter ended; while the Koords were taught a lesson which will add to their tales of the invincible prowess of the Mountain Nestorians.

Oct. 22.—Travelled about eight hours to Chumba, on the river Zab; course east-northeast over the mountains. The first range was passed without dismounting from our mules; but the second was very steep and lofty, and occasioned me a long and toilsome walk. Upon the summit, we passed some of the summer pasture grounds of the Nestorians; where those who attend the flocks live in a pure, invigorating atmosphere, and drink from the crystal streams perpetually cooled by the melting snows, of which large banks, the remains of avalanches, still occupied the deep ravines; while the surrounding heights were glistening in their fresh winter apparel. The inhabitants of each village have their separate pastures, and live in harmony with each other, seeming to regard their sojourn upon the mountain heights as the pleasantest portion of their life. But few of the people spend the summer in the lowest villages along the Zab, on account of the heat, insects, and fevers. Those who remain sleep on high scaffolds, to avoid the mosquitoes and sandflies.

But, with all the romance of their pastoral scenes, and primitive patriarchal habits, it may require no ordinary share of self-denying devotedness to the cause of Christ, and of love to this dear neglected flock, to enable the missionary to exchange the convenience of civilized life for a canopy of bushes or canvass, a seat upon the earth, and the thousand nameless privations of a nomadic life. Experience alone can determine how far such a mode of life will be required of the missionaries in these mountainous regions; but, while the permanent stations will be in the larger valleys of the valleys, both health and usefulness will no doubt require their occasional removal with the Nestorians to their *Zozan*, or pastures upon the mountain heights, and beside the still waters in the higher valleys. It is such a life as the sweet Psalmist of Israel often led; and why may it not now conduce, as then, to holy contemplation and converse with nature's God; and a spirit of fervid, exalted piety breathe through the bosoms of these dwellers upon the mountains?

At the foot of the first range I passed a furnace, where the Nestorians were making lead from the ore, which they find in great abundance in their mines in different parts of the mountains. They also make their own powder, and never depend upon foreign resources for their ammunition. Sulphur is found in the mountains near Julamerk, and the people make their own nitre; and, generally, each man makes his own powder and balls, and also his hats and shoes. Their wants are few, compared with those of a more artificial state of society, and these they supply by industry, perseverance, and frugality, with very little resort to foreign sources. On the whole, they are the most independent people I ever saw, in every respect.

My feet and limbs almost failed me before I reached the foot of the main range. We continued our journey on foot along a narrow foot-path, cut out of the perpendicular face of the overhanging rock; leaving my mule to follow on as fast as he could climb over the fragments, which it appeared impossible for him to pass. He finally got into the mountain torrent, and wet my luggage, (but fortunately without injury to my medicines, the most valuable part of my effects,) while we passed over upon a long, bare pole, that answered the purpose of a bridge.

The whole scene was one of the most wild and romantic that imagination could picture, and soon it became clothed in awful sublimity by the lightning's vivid flash and the roaring thunder, whose almost deafening peals reverberated through the rocks and glens in fearful echoes.

We hastened on, and reached our destined village, in a beautiful ravine on the banks of the river Zab, as the shades of evening began to gather around us. Scarcely had I got comfortably lodged in the spacious guest-chamber of the hospitable *molek*, when the clouds began to pour down torrents of rain, which continued through the night, and a part of the next day and night.

[To be continued.]

Wisdom.—The wisdom of a wise man will be seen in his seeking most to know the things most important to be known.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

"THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

THESE words derive impressiveness from the circumstances under which they were uttered. The Son of God was hanging on the cross—he was surrounded by an unceasing multitude, who embittered his dying moments by their profane jeers; and among these was conspicuous a band of men who were principally active in carrying forward his execution. The sufferer does not appeal to their humanity, and ask a mitigation of his pains—nor does he pour out upon them execrations for their cruel treatment; but turning his eyes to heaven, he addresses the Father of mercies, and pleads with him not to requite the murderers according to their deeds, but to have pity on their infatuation: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It is characteristic of the sinner that he knows not what he does. We do not say that his ignorance is his apology; far from it. It is rather, in most instances, an aggravation of his sin, because it is wilful, and persisted in, despite of all the means of instruction. In some cases, it is true, ignorance extenuates, as in the case of Paul, who persecuted the followers of Christ, and who thought he did God service thereby, but obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief. Most men who sin, however, know that they are doing wrong, although they may be ignorant of the extent of the wrong. Did they know, indeed, the guilt they thereby incur—the fierceness of that anger to which they are exposing themselves, and the extent of horrors involved in the destruction of the soul—they would start back in affright from the perpetration. When I see a man living in the unrestrained indulgence of his vicious propensities, and gratifying the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, without seriously reflecting on the doom pronounced on the wilful transgressor, and while I thus see him braving the anger of God, and, for the sake of a temporary and imperfect gratification, incurring the forfeiture of heaven,—I exclaim, Alas, poor sinner! he knows not what he does.

When I see the young devoted to the pursuits of vanity, relying on the world for happiness, and refusing to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, how evident is it that they know not what they do.

When I see the sanctuary of God comparatively deserted, while the places of worldly amusement are thronged, and the most sacred institutions contemned, by those who are placed under unspeakable obligations to observe them, I see clearly that such sinners know not what they do.

When I see rational men embracing a false religion, and rejecting the truth as it is in Jesus, either from pride of intellect, or to appease, without purging conscience, I see in their infatuation the same mournful evidence, that they know not what they do.

Is it credible? Can any for a moment suppose, that sinners of the various classes would deliberately pursue their courses if they knew the certain issue? Would they turn their back upon the Saviour, close their ears to every loud threatening and kind invitation, and cling to their besetting sins, if they certainly knew that the end of these things would be death? No, it could not be. Sinners flatter themselves—they hope against hope—they have a thousand refuges of lies to which they cling, to hide from themselves the awful doom that awaits them. And still, unbelieving as the wicked and irreligious may be, and little as they may know the exceeding sinfulness of sin, their damnation slumbereth not, but hurries onward to meet them.—*Présb.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say, if you can, 'There is no God!' Pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above you will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual-rolling waters, and its expanse of island and main? Who settled the foundation of the

mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned, amid the banners of storms, the voice of thunders—and unchained the lightnings, that linger, and lurk, and flash in their gloom? Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempests dwell, and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made thee, O man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect and form? Who made light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee that matchless symmetry of sinews and limb?—(that regular flowing of blood?—the irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and of love? And yet, the thunders of heaven and the waters of earth are gained! Are there no floods, that man is not swept under a deluge? They remain—but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom—than that one soul should be lost, while Mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the Altar of Intercession!"

THE WORD OF GOD.

THE Word of God! Have we thoroughly weighed the import of this expression? Have we felt all that it conveys? I fear not. We can read it without feeling that it is God who speaks—that our eternal welfare is the subject—that it is the Sword of the Spirit, who alone can give it saving power and efficacy. We can read it without self-application, and without prayer. We can read it merely for the gratification of curiosity. We can search it for arguments to support some favourite opinions, and we can close it again without ever dreaming that the eye of God is upon us while we are reading his Word, and that our hearts should be the better for what we read. And we can frame theories, too, and devise rules by which we determine, when that volume which comes to us as "all given by inspiration of God," really speaks the word of God, and when it exhibits only the wisdom of man. And is it when read in this way, that the Word of God will become to us the fountain of life, and the well of salvation? Alas! no.—*Rev. Marcus Dods.*

ATTRACTIVE OF CHRISTIANITY.

SOME men love the Christian religion for its poetry, others for its philosophy, and others for its sublime morality. And it is full of the truest poetry, breathing in strains of majesty, of love, of joy, from the throne of God—from the cross on Calvary—from the church of the redeemed. And it is the noblest philosophy—revealing truths unknown to ancient sages, and grand principles which they could not discover. And it teaches a morality which outshines the purest code that human virtue and wisdom have ever devised—to which every intellect, and every heart, involuntarily does homage. But the penitent sinner loves it because it is to him the Gospel, the glad tidings of salvation, and its excellence is summed up in those precious words: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And the poor and lowly disciple loves it, for it tells him of a never failing treasure laid up for him in heaven. The widow and the fatherless love it: for it conducts them to the best of Fathers and of Friends. And the tried and sorrowful disciple hears there a sweet voice which says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Ohio Observer.*

THE BEAUTIES OF THE PSALMS.

Who can read the Psalms of David without being impressed with their beauty and sublimity? Look at the zeal to serve God in the temple, and we can but be struck with the beautiful expressions that run through his whole language. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say to me, Where is thy God? When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me," &c. How beautiful the train of thought, and yet how sublime.