

of God it is well fitted to guide them to those precious wells of comfort and consolation which are opened up in the scriptures of truth. The volume consists of two parts, one treating of the present state of the 'dead in Christ,' and the other of their future state, the whole treatise being an expansion of the text which is prefixed as a motto—"I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep,"—"comfort one another with these words."

THE PRIEST, THE PURITAN, AND THE PREACHER.
By Rev. J. C. Ryle. New York. R. Carter and Sons. Sold by D. McLellan, Hamilton.

We have had occasion from time to time, to call attention to the evangelical and mostrous and impressive tracts which have come from the pen of Ryle. In the volume before us there are six Tracts viz., 'Bishop Latimer,'—'Baxter and his Trials,'—'Life and Labours of Whitefield,'—'Twelve Hints to Young Men,'—'Be Zealous,'—'I have somewhat to say unto thee.' They are all specially intended for young men, and are peculiarly adapted to be useful to them and indeed to all who read them. There is a strain of deep and earnest piety in these and all the other writings of Ryle, but there is something more,—there is intellectual vigour,—deep thought as well as liveliness of style; and what particularly pleases us, there is an entire absence of that exclusiveness and bigotry which is so common in writers of a certain class. We earnestly commend these writings to our readers.

THE YOUNG COMMUNICANT'S CATECHISM. By Rev. John Willison, late Minister of the Gospel at Dundee. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. Sold by D. McLellan, Hamilton.

The writings of Willison belong to a class which did much to mould the spiritual character of Scottish Presbyterians. His treatise on the Sabbath, and the Communion, and his Afflicted Man's Companion, were in former days to be found in many Scottish houses, and no doubt exerted a powerful influence for good when the pulpit was less orthodox and influential than at the present day. For the object intended, we know of no short treatise more valuable than this catechism for young communicants. The ordinance is plainly and familiarly explained, as well as the preparation which is necessary. We beg to call to it the attention of Ministers and Elders.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE. By John Kitto, D. D. Sold by J. C. Geikie, Yonge Street, Toronto.

Few men of the present day have given greater attention to Biblical studies than the late Dr. Kitto, and few have been more successful in throwing light on what might have otherwise remained obscure. Even if his views may not in every particular command our assent, we cannot but admire his research, and diligence, and ability in illustrating the Holy Scriptures. We might extract many passages which might interest and interest our readers, but we content ourselves with simply recommending the volume to all who are desirous of obtaining an intelligent acquaintance with the word of God.

THE KORAN FALLING BEFORE THE BIBLE.

The following gleanings from a variety of sources, throw light on the progress of the truth in Turkey, and show how the war is being made subservient to the introduction of the kingdom of Christ into those regions which Satan has long possessed as his own. We have frequently alluded to the remarkable work of evangelization in progress among the Armenians, which the efforts of our American brethren mainly have been blessed to begin. It appears that, through the Armenian mind, the Turkish mind is also becoming affected. The scorn of the Mohammedans for the Christian name arose from the idolatry which the Christians practised, and which was held in abomination by the Mohammedans, whose system had remained for ages as a protest for the Divine unity and spirituality. In proportion as Mohammedans become acquainted with the Christianity of the Bible, so do their prejudices fade away; and more has been done to remove these prejudices within the last ten years, than from the time the Turks first crossed the Euphrates. The following anecdote, related by the Rev. G. W. Wood, of the American Board of Missions, at a recent "Union Missionary meeting" in Montreal, well illustrates this:—

There were multitudes of Turks, said Mr. Wood, whose minds were in the same condition as a Pasha going in a steamer from Constantinople to Smyrna at the same time as a brother of one of the missionaries at Smyrna. This gentleman, who, like many well educated Turks, spoke fluently in French and Italian, talking of several European States, expressed very liberal opinions with respect to them; but he at length said, "From what you have heard, you may take me for one of that class, unhappily becoming so numerous amongst us, who look upon religion with indifference. You are mistaken; I am honestly a Turk of the old school, but if I ever change I shall become a Protestant." There was some surprise expressed by the bystanders, most of whom were Roman Catholics; but taking down a Bible from a shelf in the cabin, he said, "I have read this book, and I know something of the Protestantism which is rising up among us, and this book teaches that Protestantism. When I read it, it strangely affected me here and here," pointing to his head and his heart. The conviction, indeed, is forcing itself on the minds of the Mohammedans, that their religion must perish.

Add to this, that in the capital of Mohammedanism, and under the very eyes of the successors of the Caliphs, the Bible may be freely circulated among all classes of the inhabitants in Turkey, there are now not fewer than fifty places where Protestant worship is maintained; and, in Constantinople, where, till lately, there was no Protestant preaching, save in the chapels of the English and Swedish Ambassadors, there are now fifty sermons delivered every Sabbath. The war appears to have made known one great fact to the Mohammedans, even that there is a Bible; and they have begun to manifest a remarkable desire to know what it contains, and what it really is that the English believe. To this effect are the following pregnant facts, recorded by a writer in the *Rock*:

The other day I was crossing a bridge over the Golden Horn which connects Galata and Constantinople Proper, and I noticed, on one side a number of open volumes spread out for sale. I soon found that they were Scriptures in the different languages used here, and that the seller was an Armenian Protestant young man, who, sometime since, was driven by persecution from Rodosta, his native place, and had come to Constantinople to secure the protection of the Porte against his persecutors. Not wishing to wait here in idleness, he had taken these books from the Bible depot, and day after day did he come to this crowded thoroughfare to find pur-

chasors. Nor did he come in vain. At the end of a week he had sold *twenty-four* copies of the Turkish New Testament, and *eleven* copies of the Turkish Psalms, besides several other books in other languages! It is marvellous with what new desire the Mohammedans are now seeking for the *Ingil* (Gospel). Such a thing was never known before. We can as yet only call it curiosity, in some cases, to see what the New Testament of the Christian contains, but even this did not exist before the war; and may we not hope that it is the precursor of a work of God's Spirit on many hearts? One of their own number has lately opened a book-stall in the centre of the city, for the sale of Turkish and Arabic Bibles alone—a thing which if it had been told us ten years ago, we should have said is utterly impossible.

I have a short and instructive sequel to my story about the bridge-peddler. I asked him if any of the Mohammedans, in passing by, had made any opposition to his work. He said that, up to that time, the only person out of all the crowds of every nation and faith that had crossed the bridge, who had expressed any displeasure, or made use of any abusive language, was a *Roman Catholic priest*! Thus Rome is everywhere the same, and always true to their principles, of unmitigated hostility to the Word of God!

I called at the Bible depot the other day, and sat there for two hours. In this interval, a Greek colporteur, employed by the American missionaries, came in twice to replenish his stock of books, and went out again. I inquired of the depository about the man and his success, for he had only lately begun this work. The reply was, "He appears to be a sincere and earnest Christian man, whose whole heart is bent on doing good. He goes through the streets, and bazaars, and khans of the city, peddling his books among all classes of people, and every day he brings in forty, fifty, or seventy piastres for books sold; and never has his day's sales been less than twenty piastres."

Thus the Lord has instruments of all sorts at work here—Americans, English, Scotch, French, Germans, Waldensians, Greeks, Jews, and even Turks, all labouring to disseminate far and wide the *Words of Eternal Life*. Is He not preparing to bless this land? Can we believe that all this machinery has been brought into existence and set in motion, by His Providence, in vain?

It would seem almost as if God had gathered together men from the leading nations of the world, who are denied religious liberty in their own country, and brought them to this place where they are free to receive and read the Word of God. Much of that seed may be lost, but some of it will be garnered up, and brought back to be scattered over the various countries from which this great army is drawn. What the Bible is doing silently in the camp may be guessed at from marking its effects in the hospitals—themselves a most interesting field of labour. Of this we give the following gleanings from a letter from the Rev. G. H. Johnston to the Rev. W. M'Lure, of Londonderry.

Kululi Hospital, June 23, 1855.

We have now in our hospital at Kululi only about 500. A comfortable bed comes with exquisite relish to a poor fellow who tells you, as I was told by a very respectful Belfast man, who is now getting on very well—"Well, sir, I have been eighty-three days in the trenches;" or to one who, with a great deal of natural eloquence, said—"This calm, and repose, and comfort are sweet, sir, to one who has been accustomed to be lulled asleep by the noise of the cannon, and to be roused up again by the same roar."

As to your chaplain, he is at one time called to the bed-side of a dying youth whom he has often previously visited, and to whom he has frequent opportunities of stating the truth, and is made to promise that he will write to the mother that her son *dies happy*—that he feels that he has been a great sinner, but that the Scriptures tell him of