

This mufti has studied the philosophy of the East very deeply ; and besides, he has studied science five years in Paris ; so that he is altogether a clever and interesting man. I procured the necessary class-books, and they have furnished themselves with copies of the Scriptures in Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and English. Another has joined, and ten more now wish to join.

"After having conversed as to the necessity and benefit of the English language in the present state of Turkish affairs, there was a proposal from the mufti, seconded by N. Effendi, the physician's son, that I should be proposed as a member of their literary society, which was formed a short time ago. Although they said it was strictly for Osmanlis, yet 'to one who knows the Turkish language as he does, and who knows and sympathises with our habits of thinking, and who, moreover, is a native of that country which leads the world in all learning and fame, and which is our staunch friend, we do not see why we should not request him to become a member of our society.' I was then requested by the gentlemen present to become a member. It was necessary to procure the consent of the society at their next meeting. But they consulted the leading members, who expressed their cordial willingness.

"You will at once see the importance of this, as bringing me in contact with Turkish minds and Osmanli literature. Some of these gentlemen despise the Koran, and think it is the great weight which presses down their country and its genius. They say, 'We must never flinch from the task of declaring that God's word and works cannot be at variance.' The only thing which keeps me back from this important offer is feeble health. But enough of this for the present "

Miscellaneous.

A MORNING HYMN.

To Thee, O Lord, with dawning light,
My thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy mighty power to celebrate,
Thy holy name to praise:
For thou in helpless hour of night,
Hast compassed my bed,
And now, refreshed with peaceful sleep,
Thou liftest up my head.

Grant me, O Lord, thy quickening grace
Through this and every day ;
That guided and upheld by thee,
My feet may never stray.
Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Increase my zeal and love ;
And fix my heart's affections all
On Christ and things above.

And when, life's labors o'er, I sink
To slumber in the grave,
In death's dark vale be thou my trust,
To succor and to save ;
That so through him who bled and died,
And rose again for me,
"The grave, and gate of death" may prove
A passage home to thee.

BISHOP HEBER.