

Arabic type adapted to the taste and fancy of native Arabic readers; for it had been ascertained that in this way the new type, that had long been a *desideratum*, and that could not be cast without his personal superintendence to secure the requisite calligraphy, could be obtained at less expense and with more expedition than by any other method. The most learned professors in the German universities found it a privilege to become acquainted with the unpretending New England missionary, and they pronounced him, even then, the foremost Arabic scholar in the world. This work having been successfully accomplished, he came from Germany on a second visit to his native country in 1839.

He returned to Syria, and resumed his labors at Beirut in 1841. In less than a year after his arrival—just thirteen months after his embarkation at Boston—his home was again made desolate. Hardships, sorrows, and the wasting influence of the Syrian climate, had begun to impair the vigor of his constitution. In 1845 he made his last visit to the United States. Those who then saw his wasted and pallid form, felt how probable it was that he had come home to die. But rest, and change, and the breezes of his native air, relieved his infirmities; and though it was evident that for the remainder of his life he must avoid exposure and excess of toil, he returned to his station at the close of the following year, with the excellent lady who is now a widow with her children in that far distant land. Then began, ten years ago, the great labor which he has left unfinished—the translation of the Bible into the language of the Koran.

Six years ago, feeble, attenuated, and under the necessity of guarding his precarious health with constant care, he was for all that, “in labors more abundant.” Frequently preaching in Arabic to the native Protestant congregation—interrupted from time to time by some priest who had quarreled with his bishop, and who was proposing to turn Protestant out of spite, if the missionaries would help him, or by some honest inquirer after truth, or by some native convert—constantly consulting with his colleagues, who relied much on his experience and sagacity. His daily labor, for as many hours as his physical system could endure, was what he called his work-shop, within the enclosure around the mission-house. There, within reach of the press, and with the window looking toward the little cemetery of the mission, surrounded by all the apparatus of his work—lexicons, learned commentaries, Bibles in many languages, ancient, and modern—he was toiling at his sublime task, carefully, slowly, patiently transferring the thoughts of Moses, verse by verse, and word by word, from the venerable Hebrew into the cognate Arabic. Never was any translation of the Holy Books made more elaborately, with more accurate investigation of the original, or with more exquisite selection of words and phrases, that should be alike intelligible to the plainest reader, and acceptable to the most fastidious. No ad-

justices of any translator, not even those of Jerome in the fourth century at Bethlehem, were superior to his. The monk at Bethlehem, translated into Latin, bending the accidental idioms, as well as he could, into conformity with the Hebrew. The missionary at Beirut was more familiar still with the scenery, the topography, the seasons and climate, the animal and vegetable life of all Bible lands; and he was translating from Hebrew into that sister dialect of the Shemitic stock, which, of all living languages, is best fitted to catch and reflect every shade and turn of Hebrew thought. Of that great work, “it is believed that the New Testament, the Pentateuch, the minor Prophets from Hosea to Nahum, and the greater part of Isaiah, have been completed.”

## INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

### Infant Baptism.

What a lovely sight is that of the dedication of an infant to God, in baptism! To me, it is one of the loveliest scenes of earth. Here stand the two pious parents, before the altar of the Lord. They have faith in Christ; and in Christ's ordinance; they believe it to be their duty to offer their child to God; they bring it to the temple and surround the altar; the minister receives it from them and offers it up in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, at the same time sprinkles it with water, as Moses sprinkled the Israelites when they entered into covenant, as a ratification of the covenant into which the parents have entered with Jehovah for the child. Angels hover over the scene as spectators and witnesses; and the surrounding congregation join with the minister and parents invoking the heavenly blessing upon the infant, immortal thus consecrated to Him who said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

In this scene we see in the parents a love to the child, regard to the spiritual welfare manifested at the beginning of its existence; a sense of duty; an observance of Christ's institution. In the child we see a spirit undying, rational, immortal, moral, intellectual, redeemed, God-made, God-loved, God-sent, given up to Him whose it is and from whom it never, never ought to depart. We see it before the vile passions of fallen nature, and the despotic power of Satanic authority, and the bewitching influence of worldly objects, have seized him as a slave, presented unto God a holy, living, acceptable sacrifice. What sight so fair; so heaven-pleasing as this! How it contrasts with the baptism of an adult! In the case of an adult, we see that which should make us weep. We see a man professing faith in Christ who never ought to have been an unbeliever. We see a man renouncing the devil and all his works who never ought to have been a captive in his dominion, and a slave in his employ. We see a man, perhaps, at the age of twenty, thirty, or fifty years, making a public profession of religion, and entering into the church, who always ought to have been religious and a member of the church. Who is he? we are inclined to ask. Where has he been living? Whose son is he? Is he son of an American Christian, or of an Hottentot savage? Has he been living from infancy in the darkness of Lapland, or in the light of a Christianized peo-

ple? Is he a wild man of the woods just coming over to Christianity, or is he the civil, educated, intelligent citizen of a Christian Republic? To our inquiries we are told that he is the son of a Christian parent; he is an inhabitant of a Christian town or city; he has been living up to the present within the reach of gospel influences, but has withstood them. Astonishing! Why he ought to have been from his infancy what he now is, a *baptized Christian*. He has been all his years attaining to that which the Eunuch, Lydia, and the Jailor attained in a few hours. These are some of the unhappy associations belonging to adult baptism, in contrast with the baptism of infants. I leave all Christians to judge which is the more scriptural, reasonable, christian, lovely, commendable, and to be desired.—From a sermon by Rev. John Bates.

### Pleading with Sabbath School Teachers.

Let not any young or inexperienced teacher give up the work. Oh, no! never draw back. Are you young? You are not too much so to be a channel of blessing to the little ones. Are you inexperienced? The promise of help and wisdom is as much meant for you as the hoary head of the aged pilgrim. Are you even in doubt whether you have yourself found that Saviour to whom these little ones are to be led? Oh, not even for that give up, but rather throw yourself at once on his love and mercy, willing to give your heart to him, and he will not leave you to invite others without a sweet assurance that you yourself are his.

But whilst I would guard against excess of diffidence, let me also plead that you be not too easily satisfied with yourselves. If there were indeed any one whom I would withdraw from this post, it is the teacher who is self-confident, and self-satisfied, and who sees no need for improvement, either personally or in his works, for such a state of mind, as long as it is undisturbed is fatal to all growth in grace. And when the Christian ceases to grow in grace he is growing in carelessness, indifference, and guilt.

I plead with you for more Earnestness. Take up teaching as a work, and as in it you are fulfilling the command and copying the example of your Master, seek to have in you a full portion of that spirit which made him say, “The zeal of thine house has consumed me!” Assign the work its full proportion of time in stated season, and then say, “This one thing I do.”

I plead for more Diligence. Take pains to fit yourselves for your work. Read for it, observe for it, think for it. In nothing else can excellence be obtained without labor, and if you would offer some jewels for the Redeemer's crown they must be sought by patient untiring toil.

I plead for more System. Do not waste your strength and dissipate your energies, but work on a plan, whether such as our institute offers or any other. See that your means are adapted to the end; and whilst avoiding all pedantry or formality, let there be order and regularity in your teaching.

And lest I weary you, I will only add, that I plead with you for more Prayer. Here is the secret of success or failure. Pray for your study, pray over your work; pray for your own souls as teachers; pray for your children, and sooner or later there shall be “showers of blessings.”

Envy not the superior acquirements, the fluent utterance, the ready resources of others. You will be judged, not by their standard, but by