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The First Turkish Bible

Somewhere about the year 1650, a Turkish official named Ali Bey, with the advice of a Dutch gentleman living at Constantinople, translated the New Testament into Turkish. Whether he did this out of mere love for literary work, or because he thought it would benefit his people to read the Bible, is not clear.

He gave the finished manuscript to his Dutch friend, and he, not knowing what else to do with it, sent it to the University at Leyden, in hope that it would be published there. But it was put into the library of the University as a curiosity,

ed it in his pocket. The sorrows of his people were his own, and his was very grievous. It seemed hard that shoulders already bowed under the weight of others' sins should be further burdened. It might be that good would come from it; but the way was dark, and he could not seem to make it light.

The fire burned merrily in the open grate of his study, and he could hear the storm beating against the house and among the branches outside. But neither affected him just now. He was holding this new burden of sin from his parishioner, and was very loath for it to be delivered.



UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN

which it certainly was, and lay there forgotten for about one hundred and fifty years.

Then a Russian nobleman, who had been in Turkey, chanced to rummage among the treasures of the library, and discovered this manuscript. He at once made known his discovery, and tried to get it published for circulation in Turkey.

By this time the British and Foreign Bible Society had been formed. And so it came about that the first Turkish version of the New Testament, published for that Society at Paris in 1819, was the work of a Mohammedan, revised and improved by Russian and French scholars. This version was imperfect, and was very quickly revised. But that first version has always been in the hands of later translators.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Won Back

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

The minister sighed deeply as he folded the letter he had been reading and replac-

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feeds the poultry, an' does a little cookin' under my tellin'; an' she brings in wood an' lays it on the h'ath close by so I can reach an' throw it on the fire. I get along fust rate, Parson,' cheerfully. 'But about Nelly. You jest ought to read some o' her letters. She's been put to the silk counter an' gets seven dollars a week, an' two o' em comes to me, an' two goes reg'lar into her school box, as she calls it. When she gets two hundred she's goin' to the conservater an' study music an' the pianner. She's desprit set on the pianner, Nelly is.'

'Yes, Nelly is a fine girl,' the minister said, warmly. 'She will make her mark some day. You have reason to be proud of her, Mrs. Bain.'

'Well, I s'pose I be proud on her,' the old woman admitted, beamingly. 'An' Nelly, she's jest as good as she is fine. Some folks don't set much on prayin' for every day things, but me an' Nelly counts it helps us on in this world jest as much as in the next. But as I was a sayin', Parson, you jest ought to read some o' her letters. I declar' for't, I laugh an' cry, an' laugh an' cry, whilst I read 'em, she has that way o' tellin' things. She pays two an' a half dollars for board, an' that leaves her jest fifty cents a week for clothes an' spendin' money. It's amazin' how she twists an' contrives to keep inside the allowance. She does her own washin' an' ironin' by night, an' does all her sewin' and' hat fixin' an' sech. La, Parson, you jest ought to read some o' her letters—but you couldn't, you know, for Nelly's real pirtic'lar who knows things. She want me to come an' live with her, but I sez no, wait till she's through with the conservater an' pianner, an' gets to teachin'. Money won't be so called for then. Besides, it's better for me to stay here an' raise chickens an' turkeys, an' look after the apples an' pears an' things. It's better payin' than to rent.' Her needles clicked more energetically for a few moments; then she paused and looked at him with eager anticipation in her eyes.

'I don't mind tellin' you, Parson,' she said, lowering her voice, 'that I'm puttin' by a little now an' agin for that same conservater. Nelly ain't a notion o' what I'm doin', but when that two hundred o' hers is earned up I wouldn't be a mite s'prised if I had another two hundred to keep the conservater agoin'. I declare, I'm uncommon blessed.'

The minister coughed and began to drum nervously upon the arms of the old-fashioned chair in which he was sitting. Presently he took a letter from an inside pocket and placed it upon his knee. It remained there a few moments, then he picked it up and slipped it back undecidedly.

'From a friend?' asked the old woman, sociably.

'Well—no; not exactly. Heard from Harry lately?'

'Not very. Harry ain't much of a hand