

of an untranslatable song sung by the poet of the tribe:—

God of the forest, God of the sea,
Builder of nations, lovest Thou me?

God of the ocean, Giver of light,
Bridle our tempests, banish our night.

Far above star-worlds Jesus is Chief,
Pouring down springtide, opening our leaf,

Spirit of Jesus, stronger than tide,
Swifter than lightning, with us abide

Silence of ages, seal up the past—
Into the boundless all of it cast.

Breathe on us summer, O rising sun;
Shorten our shadows till there be none.

Circling forever, evening forget,
Love for thy centre never to set.

A Brave Confessor.

(By the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D.)

About the month of September, 1864, I went to the beautiful city of Brousa, in order to settle some difficulties in the church over which I had a special care. I took with me Mr. Williams, the 'converted Turk,' who, under the protection of the English and Dutch embassies, had for years been unmolested.

We crossed the Sea of Marmora, about forty miles, in a crowded steamer, not less than twenty Brousa Turks being of the party. He was not to make himself known; for Brousa was a fanatical Moslem city. To my consternation I found him in the midst of the Turks on board, giving them a lecture on the points in which the Koran agrees with the four gospels. I drew him off as soon as I could and planned our escape from what I knew would follow. Landing at Moudania, there was a ride of sixteen miles to Brousa. We landed first, at some risk. I knew that the Greek Toma (Thomas) had the two fleetest of the forty horses waiting at the landing. I am no horseman, but we mounted those horses and were off long before any Turk had his mount, and we were in Brousa a full hour before any other arrival.

Our Armenian brethren felt anxious about the morrow; but we held the church meeting which had been appointed, and the difficulties were easily settled.

It was almost incredible that a Turk should be speaking the words of Jesus in Brousa, and should declare himself ready to meet the consequences, since they would be only such as his Lord should appoint.

The next day at about ten o'clock, the badvelli (pastor), Mr. Williams, and myself went to the large and fine school kept in the basement of the church. I had built this basement expressly for the school. While sitting there, I was suddenly filled with consternation by a procession passing down by the windows to the entrance of the school. It was the vali, the chief justice, and the collector of the revenue—the three highest officers of the great province of Bithynia, with a guard of sixteen soldiers.

I said to the pastor as they stopped at the door, 'invite them in, and we will show them what the school is.' After a few words with them he came back, saying, 'They wish to meet us and "our guest" in the church.' The teacher went out to conduct them into the church, and we three went right upstairs to meet them.

They were evidently gentlemen of fine presence and bearing. After all Oriental salutations had passed between us and all were seated, and again saluted, the chief justice—whom Consul Sanderson had told me was the ablest Moslem he had met with in his

twenty-five years of consular duties—turning to me, said, 'I think that large book on the desk is your holy book ('Azziz Kitab'). I replied, 'It is a translation from the original languages into Armenian.' Turning to Mr. Williams, he remarked that he had read and admired the poetry of Isaiah in the Arabic. Then a spirited and interesting conversation took place between Mr. Williams and the chief justice, to which the other two officials listened with fixed attention.

At length he stopped and fired his first gun, which took our breath away. Turning full upon Mr. Williams, he said:—

'It has been my good fortune to converse with foreigners who spoke our language passably well, but I never before met with one who speaks it as you do, exactly like a Moslem born!'

'I may well so speak it,' replied Mr. Williams. 'I was a Mussulman until I was forty-five years old, when I became acquainted with the holy gospels; and I am now a Christian, a disciple of Hazarethi Isa (adorable Jesus)!'

It confounded them all. The soldiers stepped forward, but the vali's hand arrested them. The chief justice bent forward, his elbows upon his knees, and ran his beads swiftly through his hands. The vali looked straight into the air. The collector at my right, evidently a rollicking fellow, ready to burst at the utter confusion of his superiors, nudged me and hid his face from them behind me. The silence was awful. But the chief justice recovered himself. He threw himself back into an easy attitude and, with a tone of forced indifference, remarked, addressing Mr. Williams, 'There is one thing I never could understand. How can an educated man—a man of science and philosophy—believe and affirm that three are one and one is three? What is your doctrine of the Holy Trinity?'

'Your Honor is in error' replied Mr. Williams. 'That is not our doctrine of the Holy Trinity. I believe in the unity of God as earnestly as Your Honor. But in the mystery of the infinite deity there is a distinction—to us a mysterious, but yet a true distinction—which is not a separation of the unity of God, but which is manifested to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. They are not three in the same sense that they are one, because there is no division of the being or infinite nature of God.'

Many other things were said and passages in the Koran referred to. The chief justice turned to me and said, 'Do you accept the words of your friend?' I replied in the affirmative. He added, 'I now see how it is possible for an educated man to accept and defend this doctrine. But I have asked bishops, Armenian and Greek, and they have always replied, "It is a holy mystery; it is not for us to explain it."' Some uncomplimentary remarks about the bishops followed and conversation became general.

After a little while, all restraint being thrown off, the vali rose to take leave, ordering the soldiers to retire and wait. Now came the final test. Turkish etiquette has a way of measuring respect, or the want of it, in leave-taking. The three officials first saluted me, as they would any person, in a friendly manner. They did the same to the native pastor—a rayah—and without the least trimming whatever. But next came the renegade whose life was forfeited. Would they pass him with a sneer? Each one—the vali of Bithynia, the astute and learned chief justice, and the collector—bowed down and gave him the salutation of honor!

When all had retired and we were left standing in amazement, I said to Mr. Williams, 'How do you understand this?' 'The

hand of Jesus was upon them," he replied; 'the hand of Hazarethi Isa.'

These officials had doubtless concocted an entirely different programme, which was upset by Mr. Williams's unexpected and astonishing confession; and the acute chief justice gave it the turn he did. It may be that the salutation was out of respect to his courage. The next day we left Brousa, and it was well we did.

The Fountain with the Cup.

(Gerard B. F. Hallock, in 'N. Y. Observer'.)

A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside and hung a cup near by with a little chain. He was told afterward that a great art critic had found much fault with the design of his fountain. 'But,' he asked, 'do many persons drink at it?' Then they told him that thousands of poor people, men, women and children, slaked their thirst at his fountain. He smiled and said that he was little troubled by the critic's observations. He only added a hope that on some sultry summer day the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed.

The Bible is the fountain with the cup. Just now there seems to be an unusual number of critics. Some friends of the fountain seem to fear lest confidence be shaken and its honor decreased. But we may be sure of this that from the standpoint of its munificent designer the only question is, 'Do many persons drink at it?' and that God, the giver of the fountain, is satisfied with the knowledge that increasing multitudes of earth's weary, wistful souls are slaking their thirst from its life-giving flow. The book is its own best witness and defence. It carries its own power to bless, as does water to the famishing. With the doubting, the indifferent, the distrustful, our troubles are well-nigh over when we once get them to put the Bible to the practical test of experience. The book has a way of evidencing itself. It carries its own inherent power to convince. No one need fear for it. It has survived many previous attempts to set it aside, to lower the measure of its meaning, its inspiration, its authority, and it will do so again. Let none of those who love it, who read it as God's Word, who bow to its decisions as to doctrines and duty, for one moment fear that it will lose one particle of its life-giving power. God will take care of His own book. 'The Word of the Lord is tried.' It has stood and will stand every test, and will continue to commend itself alike to men's hearts and to their reason. Our best act will ever be in trying to lead people to put it to the test of personal appropriation. Let us take the thirsty ones to the fountain, place the cup in their hands and invite them to 'taste and see.' This is our work. Let us do it, and the water of life will evidence itself to each thirsty soul.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 8, Sun.—I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.

Sept. 9, Mon.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

Sept. 10, Tues.—What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

Sept. 11, Wed.—Trust in him at all times; ye people.

Sept. 12, Thur.—Thy lovingkindness is better than life.

Sept. 13, Fri.—O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Sept. 14, Sat.—If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.