

THE BIBLE AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS.

The following encouraging extract we take from an address delivered at the last anniversary meeting of the American Bible Society, by the Revd. Dr. Daniel Bliss, of Beirut :—

When you teach the Mohammedans what Christianity is, the common people will receive it gladly. I speak not of the hierarchy. I speak not of the priests. I speak not of the officers of government ; but when the common people know what the glorious Bible teaches, they will say, "It is a kind of which we have not heard," and will be ready to accept it.

How many Mohammedans in the world ? A tenth portion of the human family. Every tenth human being on this earth belongs to the religion of Islam. It is worth nineteen years of labour—it is worth a thousand ; they were well repaid for the time they spent upon this translation of the Arabic Bible.

But has the Bible, then, accomplished any good ? I have not time to tell you of the work it has already accomplished unaided by the human voice. Years ago, to old Emesa a missionary went, and remained there only two years. He was obliged to leave on account of sickness. I suppose he never preached to fifty different men all the time he was there. He told me, when he left Syria, that he had preached faithfully ten years, and was not aware that he had accomplished any good whatever. In 1862 I was sent to Hums for a purpose, and there I found eight or ten young men thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of our blessed religion, and as familiar with the Bible as any ten young men in this house. What was the result ? Now they have been formed into a living church, and are sending forth colporteurs into the country round about, and the grandson of the chief priest of the place is now a member of our church and a member of our college.

I have not time to tell you all. An old woman on Mount Lebanon, eighty-five years old and almost blind—whom I know well, because she was a near neighbour of mine—came to a knowledge of the truth by hearing her son teach the Scriptures in the common primary schools. She lived for fifteen years, most of the time in darkness so far as the light of this world is concerned ; but she had the clear sight of the glorious light of the gospel, and found comfort and consolation in repeating over its blessed verses.

Another old woman came to our house not more than two years ago for charity, and my wife invited her in and read to her a few passages out of the holy book. When she read, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," it was strange to her. "Who says this ?" she asked. "The blessed Saviour," was the reply. "Rest, rest is what I have been after for years, and I found none. I have been to my priests, and I have been to confession, but I get no rest." In a short time she embraced the truth in its fulness. I doubt whether she ever heard a sermon in her life, except the sermon contained in the blessed words of this book. The very next summer she was near her end, and begged her granddaughter, who was a member of our seminary, to go to church and leave her alone ; and before the daughter had finished worship in the sanctuary below, the old woman—alone, except with her Saviour—passed away to the sanctuary above.

I could tell you of John, a servant of mine, forty years old. He spent a whole year before he could spell out the first chapter of John's gospel, and we never could get him to go beyond it. He said it was such a joy to know so much, he never wanted to read any more ; but finally he came to the college as a gate-man, and I gave John a Testament, and he commenced to read the first chapter of John, and finally he went on and read, over and over again, the whole Testament. Two of his children are church members. Three of the children of this old blind woman are members of the church ; and so I might go on for an hour telling you of the work that this glorious