

up one revolution of the seasons. Year follows year, a number of years makes up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that mighty space which appears to the fancy so big and so immeasurable. The hundred years will come and they will see out the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on his Mother's bosom will only live in the remembrance of his grandchildren. The scene of life and intelligence that is now before me will be changed into the dark and loathsome form of corruption. The people who now hear me will cease to be spoken of: their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured by worms; the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in the new made grave. And is this the consummation of all things? Is this the final end and issue of man? Is this the upshot of his busy history? Is these nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture, to chase away these dismal images? Must we sleep for ever in the dust, and bid an eternal adieu to the light of heaven?"—*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers.*

SOMETHING ABOUT MOSLEMS.

Of the eighty millions of Mahomedans scattered throughout Asia, Africa and a corner of Europe, the Koran is the guide. This book somewhat larger than our New Testament, contains some things which are good and many other things which are not good. Perhaps the most objectionable thing is its representation of God. According to that book, God seems altogether such a one as ourselves—just such a God as guilt makes welcome. It is amusing to hear proud, ignorant Moslems, asserting that our New Testament has been changed since the days of the Apostles, when their book, composed six hundred years later, so tortures history and mocks common sense. If we may credit that book, Miriam, the sister of Moses, was the same with the mother of Jesus, Abraham was a Moslem, and Christ was not crucified, but snatched away from the Jews, and another man put in his place!

Moslems are required to pray five times every twenty-four hours. Their prayers are made up of extracts from the Koran, and what *they* call praying we should call *repeating a creed.*

One advantage, however, of this arrangement is, that every Moslem who prays knows what he believes and why. Well were it if all of us Christians were equally ready in giving a reason for the better hope that is in us. There are multitudes of Moslems, such as gardeners, sailors and muleteers, who seldom or never pray. The women have some religion in their own way and by themselves. They do not read, never go to the mosque, and indeed are a neglected, unlovely, degraded class in all Mahomedan countries whatever deceived travellers may say to the contrary. Schools for boys and mosques for men, are abundant. The Koran is read in the shops at any and every hour of the day. During one entire moon of every twelve, they neither eat nor drink between sunrise and sunset. Small children alone are exempt from this self-denial.

One curious fact among Moslems is their reverence for the insane and for idiots. A tall, gaunt specimen of the latter class has roamed the streets of Homs for years, and it is only by accident that he is in any other than a state of entire nudity. Any attempt to restrain this unfortunate, would not be tolerated by his brethren. When he dies, the crowd of turbans about his bier will be "like the leaves of the forest when summer is green." Those that carry the bier will pretend that the corpse is unwilling to be borne to the grave, and will, often, when apparently struggling to get ahead, be drawn backward, and sometimes with such force as to overturn numbers of the crowd. When the backward tendencies of the dead man prove too much for the bearers the corpse is lowered, and the holiest of the craft come forward and offer persuasive prayers over the bier. After this powow, during which the dead seems to lose his obstinacy, the work is resumed, and after much delay the corpse is put in a grave, which is sure to be held in great honor. No Moslem is too great or too learned to have a share in such a farce, and the excitement of all concerned is very great. The more filthy the fool, the greater the honor he receives.

Homs, Syria.

D. M. W.

"If you would be better satisfied," says Bunyan, "what the beatific vision means, my request is, that you would live holily, and go and see."