

great host being that this may be only the droppings before the shower.

Still the Church of to-day has a dark side which should be the subject of earnest prayer, deep heart searching, and humiliation before God, on the part of Christ's followers.

On looking over a congregation one Sunday morning during the past month, where the services were of a specially attractive character, the majority of daughters was painfully conspicuous. The sons of our Christian families, where were they? and in this city where so many young men, for different reasons, are gathered from all parts of the Dominion. Is there another Gospel or Saviour with more lenient demands for them? Ah, no; and yet the world, nay, Christians, by unspoken consent, leave it hard to draw other inference. God gives one standard for man and woman, and this non-recognition by public sentiment of God's wisdom, is one of the gigantic evils of the nineteenth century. Haste the day when the same law shall hold good in both cases, and thus remove the stumbling-block of sinning-made-easy for the sons, which is accepted by worldling and Christian.

It is not possible for godly fathers and mothers to consecrate the sons to God in infancy, and then look for and expect Him to keep that which has been committed to His care? It cannot be that the covenant-keeping God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has promised sufficient grace in vain, or that His arm is shortened that He cannot save. "Thus, saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock."

Less anxiety in seeking worldly advantage, and a determination that above every thought and desire this note shall swell, "Christ first," would give us a noble army of "stalwarts of stalwarts" for God, with victories such as it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.—*Missionary Outlook*.

A MOHAMMEDAN AT WORSHIP.

I KNOW of no religious spectacle more impressive than that of the barefooted Turk standing erect on his prayer-rug with his face toward Mecca and his eyes looking straight into the eyes of his God. It is not a duty with him, nor a formality, nor the maintenance of a time-honoured custom. It is his very life. Watch him as he enters this wretched interior of Baniabashie, with its scaling and crumbling walls, and its broken windows, through which the doves fly in and out. Outside, at the trickling fountain, he has washed his feet and face and hands, bathing his throat and smoothing his beard with his wet fingers.

He is a rough, broad-shouldered, poorly-clad man, in fez and skirt, his waist girt with a wide sash, ragged and torn. He is, perhaps a "hammal," a man who carries great weights on his back—a human beast of burden. His load, whatever it may be, is outside in the court. His hourly task is his daily bread, but he has heard the shrill cry from the minaret up against the sky, and stops instantly to obey.

He enters the sacred building with his shoes in his hands. These he leaves at the edge of the mat. Now he is on holy ground. Advancing slowly, he halts when half way across the floor, and then stands erect. Before him is a blank wall, beyond it the tomb of the prophet. For a moment he is perfectly still, his eyes closed, his lips motionless. It is as if he stood in the antechamber of heaven, awaiting recognition. Then his face lights up. He has been seen. The next instant he is on his knees, and stretching out his hands, prostrates himself, his forehead pressed to the floor. This solitary service continues for an hour. The man stands erect one moment with a movement as if he said; "Command me; I am here." The next moment he is prostrate in obedience. Then he backs slowly out, and, noiseless, regains his shoes, bends his back to his burden and keeps on his way, his face having lost all its tired, hunted look.—*The Century*.

A JEW ON CHRISTIANITY.

R. A. GOLDENBURG, a missionary of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews writes: "One Sunday I went to Victoria Park to speak as I often do. I saw a great crowd of Jews and Gentiles listening to an infidel speaker who endeavoured to prove that Christianity is a failure. There were also present a few proselytes. An opportunity was given me by the speaker to express my views on the subject, which I did to the apparent satisfaction of the Christian part of the audience. When the lecturer got up to reply to my remarks, he became very excited and personal, spoke against the bishops, the clergy, etc.

"Then a venerable and noble-looking Jew came forward, and taking off his hat, said humbly, in very broken English, 'I am only a Jew.'

"I know you are a Jew—your face tells me so!' cried the lecturer, angry at the interruption from an unexpected quarter."

"I mean to say that I am not a Christian," exclaimed the Jew, 'and yet I say that the bishops and pastors are good and holy men; when they get money they give it to the poor; but infidels, like you, put it in your own pockets. I believe that if all the Christians were to