



MOLECH, OR MOLOCH.

MOLECH (Lev. xviii. 21), or **MILCOLM** (1 Kings xi. 5), or **MOLOCH** (Acts vii. 43). The name of an idol god, worshipped by the Ammonites with human sacrifices.

The Rabbins tell us that it was made of brass, and placed on a brazen throne, and that the head was that of a calf, with a crown upon it. The throne and image were made hollow, and a furious fire was kindled within it. The flames penetrated into the body and limbs of the idol; and when the arms were red-hot, the victim was thrown into them, and was almost immediately burned to death. Its cries were drowned by drums, &c. Some have doubted whether there was an actual sacrifice of life on these occasions; and they refer to customs still prevalent in China, and among some of the Indian nations, where the devotees walk barefoot over burning coals, and often carry their children in their arms for the purpose of consecrating them. This they call *passing through the fire*. (2 Kings xvi. 3.) No objection can be made to the credibility of the Rabbins' account, from the barbarity of it: for the burning of widows, and the drowning of children, in India, are certainly no less

revolting instances of cruelty than the throwing of infants into the heated arms of an idol god.

The *tabernacle of Moloch* was the tent or small house in which the image of the idol was placed. It was of a size and shape to be portable, and was taken up like other baggage, and carried from place to place.

The Mother's Smile.

"There are scenes and sunny places
On which feeling loves to dwell,
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well;
But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection,
Of a mother's welcome smile."

An approving smile from any person is pleasant—but when that smile "plays upon the lips" of a loving and beloved mother, what ineffable joy thrills through the heart! Surely, no greater reward need be solicited by the ardent youth; no higher meed of praise may the adventurous young man seek; no brighter or more heart-cheering boon can the middle-aged individual crave,—than the bestowal of a mother's benignant smile. It matters not how many cares may weigh upon the mind, or how many