

spit out what he had in his mouth, crying, "this sheep tells me she was poisoned." Though he thus escaped instant death, the poison had fatally entered his system.

Soon after this his general defeated in Syria an army of Greeks, one hundred thousand strong, and took great spoil. Flushed with success, with two thousand veteran warriors he marched to the City of Mecca. The inhabitants surrendered and saved their lives by becoming his disciples. He entered their sacred Caaba, and broke their idols to the number of three hundred or above; thus he ended idol worship among the Arabs. The poison was beginning to operate slowly but surely. He made the "pilgrimage of valediction" to Mecca, accompanied by 114,000 proselites. All Arabia had now yielded to his power. Other countries were either yielding to his arms or ambassadors. But his life was fast drawing to a close—his dreams of glory cannot last; acute pain in the head and violent fever, gave warning of his approaching end. Having summoned his fifteen wives to his presence, and addressed them, he directed that Ayesha should nurse him in his sickness. He was removed to her apartment.—He said the veins of his heart were breaking of the poisoned food he eat at Cnaibar. On the eleventh day of his sickness he died with his head on Ayesha's lap; this occurred in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and the sixty-third of his age—A. D. 632.

In this rapid sketch of Mahommed's life we have been obliged to veil his shameful and unbridled sensuality, because we could not expose it without offence to the decencies of christian life. He was emphatically a bad man: While the wretched victims of his power were sacrificed to his cruelty or policy, a still-severer fate awaited the female captive, who was compelled to submit to the base and inordinate desires of a barbarian conqueror, and was forced into those arms which were stained with the recent slaughter of a lover—a brother or a parent.—Ambi-

tion and lust divided the empire of his heart.

In conclusion, allow me to correct the vulgar error about his burial.—After his body had been en-balmed with aromatics, it was dressed in white robes, and buried beneath the chamber where he died. The story which the Latin writers seem to have borrowed from Pliny's description of a temple at Alexandria, describes his coffin of iron suspended by the power of contending loadstone at Mecca.—Though this has been generally received as the truth, yet there is really no foundation for this nation, since it is well known that he was buried at Medina and not at Mecca, and that coffins are not used by the Arabs.—Thus lived—thus died—and thus was buried the founder of the saracenic empire and the Muslem faith. But his influence did not die, it still lives. The winds of twelve and a half centuries have not yet cleared away from the world that dismal smoke of the bottomless pit, generated by him in the cave of Hira. Recently the black clouds of this noxious vapor have settled down upon the Arabia of the New World—I mean the desert of America, Salt Lake City, the head quarters of Mormonism in the United States, whose apostle and founder, Joe Smith, was neither more nor less than the slavish Yankee Copyist of Mahommed, in every thing, even to polygamy. When the dark smoke of Mahommedan delusion settled down upon the East, the star of Bethlehem, like the star of the empire, travelled West. But oh! how cheering the thought that we are warranted by revelation to hope that the light of truth shall yet shine from the West upon the distant East, that the crescent shall wain out before the doctrines of the Cross of our Mighty Redeemer; and that soon the remotest tribes of the desert shall hear the voice of the christian Missionary saying—  
"Land of Ishmael, free and bold,  
Land of waste from the days of old;  
Land whose wonders are not told—

I come to thee.