

HOME AND SCHOOL



The Muezzin's Call to Prayer.

To the superficial observer the Mohammedan seems a very devout person. He is certainly a man of prayer as far as outward form is concerned, for he sincerely believes that prayer is the "key of paradise." No custom makes greater impression upon the traveller in the East than the oft-repeated call to prayer. Five times in twenty-four hours the Muezzin ascends to his elevated stand and sounds the call to prayer. He is usually a blind man, as it would not do for a man with good eyes to have so commanding a view of the terraces and harems where Moslem women are imprisoned. His voice is harmonious, and he chants the call in a very beautiful manner. The words he uses are, "Allah is most great. I testify that there is no God but Allah. I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah. Come to prayer. Come to Security." In the morning he adds: "Prayer is better than sleep." This sacred chant, sung by many Muezzins from the heights of many mosques, is heard above the mid-day din of the city, but at night, when quiet rests upon the streets, and the white minarets shine in the moonlight, the impression is strikingly poetical. One thinks, Surely there is much to be admired in this religion of Islam.

But it is not necessary to go far to learn that this strikingly beautiful custom belongs to a religion exceedingly corrupt, a contrast in every respect to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. These stately Muezzins and these devout Mohammedans are the most fanatic and bitter enemies with which our missionaries meet in the Orient.

MAN is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice triumphs.

PRAYER is the weak man's refuge and the strong man's hope. Its power opens the heavens and closes the yawning of the pit.

Armed to the Teeth.

In the early part of the war a young minister of the gospel was on his way to fulfil an appointment. He was mounted on a large and fleet horse, and

had his books in a saddle-bag. As he had some distance to go, he travelled along at a brisk rate. After travelling awhile he met a party of soldiers who were searching for rebels, and as he drew near they separated and let him pass. After he had passed them a short distance one of them said, "Now, we ought to have halted that fellow!"

"No," said another; "I guess he is all right."

"But you don't know," said the first.

So they wheeled their horses around, and, levelling their guns at the young man, ordered him to halt.

On hearing the order, he wheeled his horse around, and waited for them to come up. When they had got within three or four rods of him he shouted out with earnestness, "Move carefully! I'm armed to the teeth."

On hearing this the soldiers stopped short with their guns levelled.

He then told them that he was armed with a Bible and hymn-book, and that he was on his way to an appointment.

When they heard this they lowered their guns and asked his name. On hearing it, one of the soldiers said he knew him, and that he might go on his way in peace.

Children, get armed to the teeth. Store up your mind with the Bible while you are young, and it will be a great help to you in fighting the good fight of faith.

"The Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing

even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—(Hebrews iv. 12.)

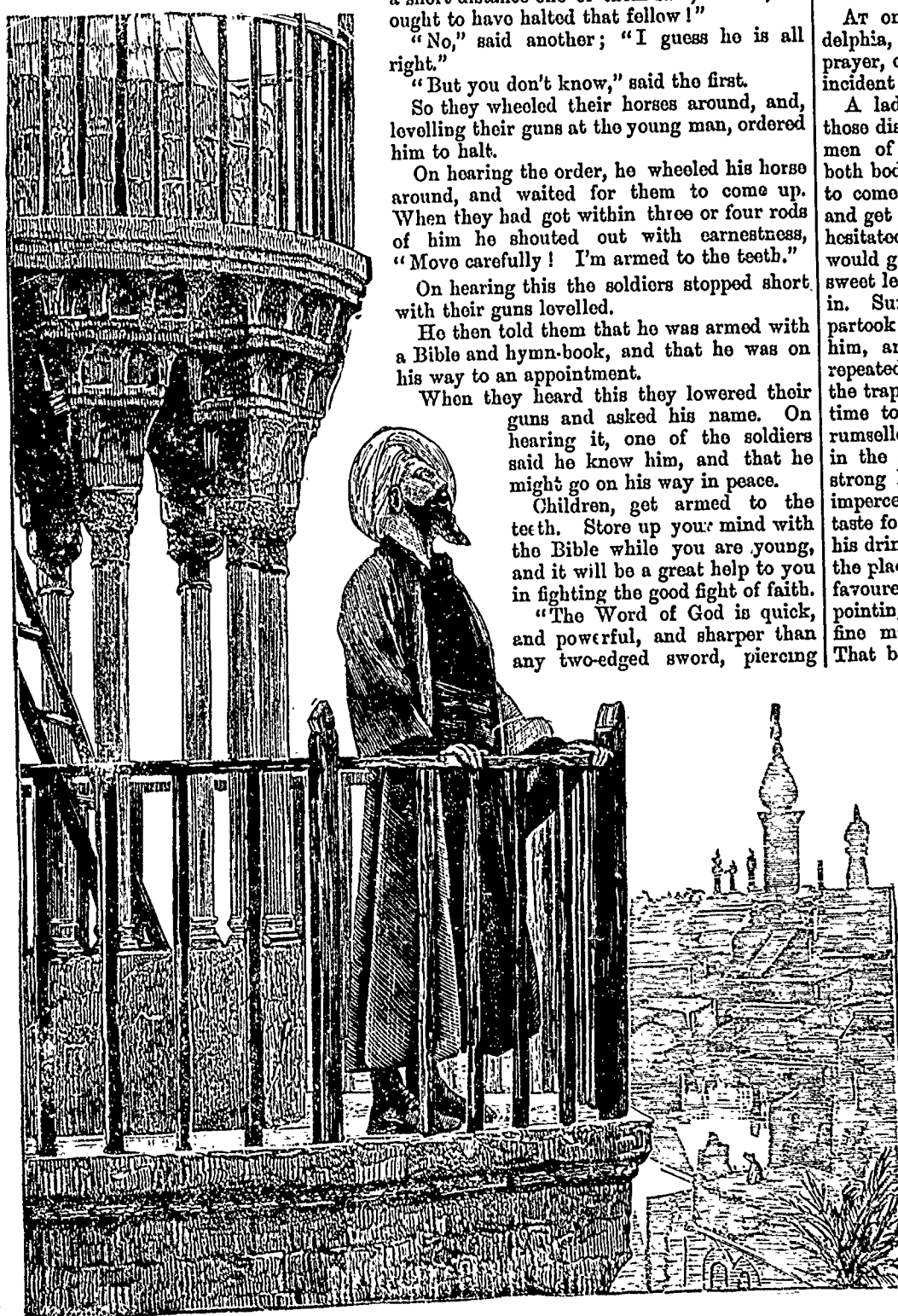
How Drunkards are Made.

At one of the meetings in Philadelphia, during the recent week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprive men of their property and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come into his place of destruction and get a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being assured that he would get nothing but a glass of nice, sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the rumseller began his work by dropping in the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favoured the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."

Fiendish! Horrible! A long-headed, deep-laid scheme to ruin a family and rob them of their property; for certainly such a scheme, if successful, could be looked upon as nothing less than downright robbery, and as much a penitentiary offence as any other kind of robbery. And if there is any one place of greater punishment in the devil's kingdom than another, is not such an one entitled to share in it?

But are not all rumsellers alike in this respect? They do not care who is hurt, who comes to grief, who suffers the pangs of hunger and cold, who goes to a home of sorrow and wretchedness, whose children cry for bread or whose wife is abused, or beaten, or murdered, so they but fill their own coffers and live on the fat of the land



THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER.