

The Family.

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

O GENTLE SAVIOUR, BE OUR LIGHT.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

DARK and perilous is our way—
All at once life's tempestuous tide—
Encountering dangers every day,
Enlaid by sin on every side;
Midst sunken reef and rock-bound shore,
Adrift in fog where breakers roar—
As beacon in the stormy night,
O gentle Saviour, be our light!

When sorrows—darkening our way—
Our saddened hearts enwrap in gloom,
When we mourn for loved ones, and lay
Them away in the silent tomb,
Thou lighten Thou our sad heart's load,
Let thy loving faith shine on our road,
And lead Thou us, through sorrow's night,
O gentle Saviour, be our light!

When Thou dost send prosperity,
And keep our lives from trouble free,
If we, in car less levity,
Be prone to wander far from Thee,
From pride, a-d every hidden snare
Guard us by Thy all-merciful care;
As lamps to guide our feet aright,
O gentle Saviour, be our light!

When fears like sombre shadows cast
The shades of gloom upon our way,
When doubts our faith and bright hopes blast,
And, like dark clouds, obscure the day;
When groping for some light to see,
Our struggling faith looks up to Thee,
As guide to show us wrong from right,
O gentle Saviour, be our light!

In danger, sorrow, joy, or fear
Be Thou our light, with steady glow,
To warm, to soothe, to guide, to cheer
Thy struggling children here below!
Enlighten Death's dark vale at last
And then—all fears and sorrows past—
Through endless ages of delight,
O gentle Saviour, be our light!

J. REBERICKSON.

D.R.F.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.

THE Mohammedans, or votaries of the false prophet, are by far the most numerous and influential people both in Egypt and in Palestine. In Egypt alone they have been reckoned at about five millions, and they are nothing if not religious. Their mosques are very numerous, and their divers washings and carnal ordinances are frequent. Neither the pressure of business, nor the presence of an infidel crowd will prevent them from performing their "wudoo." They are divided into two main sects, and then subdivided into a number of smaller parties. We could easily distinguish the members of the two main sects, called respectively the "sheeites" and the "sunnees," by the former wearing red turbans and the latter white muslin in the form of a turban. The sheeites take the Koran as the essence of the mind of God, and the sunnees believe the oral laws of the prophet to be of equal value. This is the main point of difference between them, but it has been the cause of bitter hostility, often leading to deeds of violence and murder. Our dragoman in Egypt being a fairly intelligent man and a true son of the prophet, though not fanatical, we gleaned from his conversation some facts with respect to the recent insurrection and the present rebellion in the Soudan. Some prefer Ali and his successors to Omar and the Omelal line of caliphs. Those who believe in Ali's line are more numerous and fanatical than the others. They live chiefly in the deserts of Libya, Nubia, Arabia, and the Soudan generally. They are strongly impressed with their own importance, and believe that they are on the eve of becoming the lords of the world. They have noted the present time, viz., the twelve hundred and sixtieth year from the flight of the prophet from Mecca to Medina as the most important epoch in their history. They believe that their Mowhdi or Messiah should now or speedily appear and prove God's scourge to all infidel dogs. It was this belief rather than the alleged political wrongs that brought Arabi to the front and armed him with 70,000 soldiers in 1882; and it was this belief that led Mohammed Achmet, the carpenter of Dongola, to proclaim himself the Mowhdi and assume the leadership of the present rebellion in the Soudan. The Madhi applied the very words of Scripture (Psalm xl. 7) to himself; which we know were applicable only to our Lord, and the desert tribes would have it so and rallied round him. We knew that the best portions of the Koran had been taken from the Bible, but we had no idea that there could be such a striking similarity between the creed and ritualistic practices of the Moslems and those of the Jews until we visited their mosques and witnessed their ceremonies. Their various postures at prayer, standing erect and looking up to heaven, then kneeling, then prostrating themselves on the ground, reminded us of the like mentioned in Scripture; their days of fasting and fasting have evidently been taken from the Jewish calendar; their praying five times a day and their frequent ablutions have been adopted by the Moslems as they were misrepresented by the reveries of the Rabbins. Even their pilgrimage to Mecca once a year somewhat resembles the pilgrimage of the thousands of Israel going up to Jerusalem to the feast of the passover. The pilgrimage to Mecca is an extraordinary affair, because of the extensive preparations made for it, the numbers who go, the sacrifices offered at the shrine of the prophet's birth, and the days of feasting on their return. It is said that from 70,000 to 80,000 persons go to Mecca every year, and having offered their sacrifices of sheep and oxen and other animals, for the ransom of Ishmael, they return with every demonstration of joy. When the leader of the caravan, or chief emeer, enters the city, mounted on a stately camel, he has beside him a wooden box richly carved and decorated containing two copies of the Koran. This box and its contents remind you of the ark of the covenant, containing the law, and carried by the Israelites to the city of David. The Moslems, like all other eastern sects, are very superstitious. They wear charms round their necks and in their bosoms to ward off evil spirits or to cure them of certain diseases. The charms consist of verses of the Koran enclosed in leather cases, or some dust from the tomb of Mahomet, and other relics. Horses, mules, camels and donkeys are often decorated with charms made of shells and polished bones. We saw, in every mosque we visited,

several sick persons, some of them aged and dying, lying prostrate near the tombs of their eminent saints, that position being their only hope of a cure for their malady, or of mercy when they died. Like the Jews, the Moslems hate swine and detest swine's flesh. A pig is said to be such an abomination to them that if they happen to see it, even at a distance, they will exclaim, "God is great!" and call it "the unmentionable thing." A cotton manufacturer of Lancashire, some years ago, went to Cairo to teach the Arabs how to spin cotton. The oil he gave them for the machinery they began to drink, and do what he would he could not get them to stop it. A gentleman better acquainted with the Arabs suggested that he should put a pig's foot into every oil cask, which he did, and it answered his purpose admirably. They will not even use a brush made of hog's bristles if they can help it. Strange, you say, that a people who have copied the ceremonial observances of the ancient Hebrews so closely and are so scrupulous in matters of doctrine and duty, should yet be so superstitious, and withal so untruthful and deceitful. We were told that secret poisoning is a common practice among them. They care no more for the life of a Christian than for that of a fly. If any Frank or European professes to have embraced their faith they watch him with constant suspicion; and if any one of themselves gives evidence that he has lost faith in the prophet he may at once become suspicious of his coffee.—Rev. J. K. Campbell, D.D., *Stirling, in the Christian Leader.*

EYES OPEN.

"There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do!"

"WHAT do you mean by those lines you are singing, Rachie?" asked her aunt, as the little girl sang like a lark.

"I don't know, Aunt Amy. I guess I didn't mean anything. I wasn't thinking what I was singing."

"They are very good words to think about as well as to sing," said Aunt Amy.

"There's a work for me—" sang Rachie again.

"But, Auntie, those words are for bigger folks, ain't they? There isn't any work for little bits of girls like me, you know."

"Are you sure, dear?"

"I think so, Aunt Amy. Big folks have work to do. Papa works down at his office—I went in there once, and he was talking to some men—he told me that was part of his work, and that the men paid him money; but, dear me! I might talk all day and no one would call it work or ever think of paying me a cent for it."

"No, I suppose not," said Aunt Amy, smiling at Rachie's mournful tone.

"And mamma tells the cook what to have for dinner and mends my dresses and talks to me when I'm naughty and plenty of other things. And you paint beautiful pictures and go out distributing tracts and things. But there's no work for me."

"Perhaps you do not keep your eyes open to see," said Aunt Amy, passing her arm around the little figure. "There is nothing in the Lord's creation too small to have its work. The tiny ants and the bees are all busy, and even the birds and the butterflies have their full share in making things sweet and beautiful. Keep on the watch, little one, and see if you cannot do something before the day is over to make some one better and happier. Very small hands can bring an offering to Christ of loving kindness shown to His creatures for His dear sake."

Rachie took her second reader and went off to school wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself. "There's somebody now trying to keep hers open."

She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was just now trying to thread a needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if I here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are most worn out, you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord will take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help and your comfort, too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle-book and was bending over it with very busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I've threaded six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she drew near the play-ground. "Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a very downcast face sitting in the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" said Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said Jennie in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few smears on her slate.

"Let me see—I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see?"

"So I did." The example was finished and Jennie was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing little kindnesses, which went far towards making the day happier to others. Try it, little girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

"I believe the sunshine is brighter than ever it was before," she whispered, recalling Mrs. Bert's words as she walked home. The pleasant things about her seemed to take on a new sweetness as she looked upon them with her little heart full of the delight of feeling that she, young as she was, had her share in the dear Lord's work of doing good, and in the precious promise He has made to those to whom he declares, "Ye did it unto me."

"Will ye look here, Miss Rachie?"

Bridget was sitting in the back porch looking dolefully at a piece of paper which lay on the kitchen table she had carried out there.

"It's a letter I'm after writin' to me mother, an' it's fearin' I am she'll never be able to read it, because I can't read it meself. Can you read it at all, Miss Rachie? It's all the afternoon I've been at it."

Rachie tried with all her might to read poor Bridget's queer scrawl, but was obliged to give it up.

"I'll write one for you some day, Bridget," she said. "I'm going over to Jennie's to play 'I spy' now."

The fresh air and the bird songs and the soft wind made it very pleasant to be out of doors after being in school all day. And her limbs fairly ached for a good run. But she turned at the gate for another look at Bridget's woe-begone face.

"I'll do it for you now, Bridget," she said, going back.

It was not an easy task, for writing was slow work with her; but she formed each letter with painstaking little fingers, and when she had finished felt well repaid by Bridget's warm thanks and the satisfied feeling of duty well done.

"Our Master has taken his journey To a country that's far away."

Aunt Amy heard the cheery notes floating up the stairs, telling of the approach of the little worker. "I've been keeping my eyes open, Aunt Amy, and there's plenty and plenty to do."—N. Y. Observer.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

SCENE in a library—gentleman writing, child enters.

"Father, give me a penny?"

"Haven't any; don't bother me."

"But, father, I want something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"You must have one; you promised me one."

"I did no such thing. I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one."

"No, go away, I won't do it; so there's an end to it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child. "There, take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror, and determines to renew the struggle in the afternoon with the certainty of a like result.

Scene in the street—two boys playing; mother opens the door; calls one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll beat you good."

Joe smiles and resumes his play. His companion is alarmed for him and advises him to obey.

"You will catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh, no I won't! she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority, and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.—*Presbyterian Banner*

STRONG DRINKS.

WE hear a great deal said nowadays about strong drinks, and after a good deal of thinking I have found out why they are called so, and have found they are strong on the wrong side always. Why are they called strong?

Not because they make people strong for they make them weak; but because they are strong to make honest men thieves; strong to make good people wicked; strong to make industrious people idle; strong to make rich people poor; strong to make men reel about in the streets; strong to make healthy people sick; strong to make kings beggars; strong to make men commit murder and suicide; strong to make sailors steer vessels on rocks; strong to make wise men foolish; strong to make people forget God; and sometimes they are so strong as to make people see two things when there is only one.—*Christian at Work.*

WITH AND WITHOUT.—Weston, the temperance pedestrian, has come off victor in a walk of 2,500 miles, at Chicago, his opponent being O'Leary, who habitually uses alcoholic beverages. The contest was arranged as a trial of endurance between an abstainer and a non-abstainer, and the prize was a purse of \$3,000 offered by sundry New York friends of temperance. O'Leary collapsed on reaching his 2,322nd mile. Weston completed his walk, averaging upwards of forty-six miles a day, and was in good condition at the close.—*The Christian Leader.*

SUNDAY AND NATIONAL SANITY.—I hope I am no fanatic as to Sunday; but my conviction is that the sanity of civilization depends chiefly on periodic rest and worship; that is, on a right use of God's holy days. Under universal suffrage it will be found, at last, I believe, not only difficult, but impossible, to protect life and property without such moral and religious education of the masses as only Sunday secures.—*Joseph Cook.*

"NOW SQUIRM, OLD NATUR."

A STINGY Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear trumpet directly upwards towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself—"I'll give ten dollars," again he said, "I'll give fifteen." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now, the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," said he "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. My hopes of Heaven may be in this question. This covetousness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it—"Now squirm, old natur!"

This was a victory beyond any that Alexander ever won—a victory over himself. Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. Old natur must go under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocket-book may, by and by, get the heart into the charity-box, and then the cure is reached. All honour to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, besides pointing a paragraph for the students of human nature.—*The Canadian Missionary.*

A SAD SIGHT.

THERE is hardly a sadder spectacle on earth than that furnished by a godless and graceless old man, who has lived in this Christian land perhaps three-quarters of a century, and all of whose days have been spent without any effort to lay up for himself a treasure in Heaven. His childhood and youth were thus spent; his manhood and middle age were thus spent; and now there he is, in old age, with life on earth almost gone, on the very margin of the grave, with eternity just before him, and with not the first thing yet done in the way of preparing to meet God in judgment. Death frowns upon him. He finds no pleasure in thinking of the past, none in the present, and none in the future. Meditation brings him no joy. Memory and conscience afford him no comfort. He is without the blessing of Christian hope, when he most needs it. The disabilities and pains of his body make life a burden to him. The activities of business that once employed his thoughts he can no longer bear. He must, from sheer necessity, lay down the early tasks of life. In a short time he will be dead; and he knows it. The Book Divine is no source of comfort to him. He is not sufficiently familiar with it to be comforted by it, and not in a moral condition to receive its comforts or be entitled to them. Alas! for that man, there are no prospects before him that sweetly invite his thoughts to the spirit world. The simple truth is, he had laid up for himself no treasure in Heaven. This one thing he has not done. Many things he has done, but this, never. He may leave millions to his children, but there are no millions for him in the skies. His whole record on earth is wrong, fundamentally and awfully wrong. And now there is, at least, in his feebleness and decay—near the end of a wasted and mis-spent existence on earth—a sore affliction to himself and a solemn warning to every passer-by. Who will envy him his lot? Who should imitate his example? His life in this world, as to the great purpose for which it was given, is simply a prodigious failure. It ends without hope here, and in eternal darkness hereafter.—N. Y. Independent.

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THE EVERLASTING NATION.

A PLEA FOR A MISSION TO THE JEWS.
FIRST PAPER.

IN all the cities of every continent engaged in professional and commercial pursuits, and occupying positions in every social rank, born it may be in the countries where they reside, speaking the languages of their place of residence, wearing the dress of the spot they meantime call their home, yet bearing in unmistakable lines the features of a foreigner, are to be found the people of a nation without a king, a government, or a country. For eighteen hundred years they have thus existed. No paternal government has watched over them, no state for political reasons has sought to sustain or shield them, but in almost every country they have been persecuted, expelled, harassed, robbed and abused. Even where they are not actually maltreated they are looked at askance, with dislike and suspicion, and nineteenth century civilization has distinguished itself by anti-semitic legislation and by plundering and murdering the people of the homeless nation. Every human effort, ecclesiastical and civil, has been extended in attempting to crush this race, and the astounding phenomenon is presented to the world to-day of a people scattered among hostile nationalities, yet in a most particular degree preserving intact their individuality and national life.

The Jew of 1886 is the Jew of A.D. 33. He is far excellence the argument for the times, for the truth of revelation and the unity of the Old and New Testaments. We meet a Jew on the street, and in him we have an ocular demonstration of the truth of God's immutable covenant with Abraham of the dying Syrian's words in Egypt, when he said that the sceptre should not depart from Judah until the coming of the Shiloh; of the covenant of the Passover and Sinai; of the literal exactness of the words of the Spirit speaking through His servant Moses, in the closing chapter of Deuteronomy, and through His enemy, the son of Beor, who in the vision of the Almighty saw a people that dwelt alone, not reckoned among the nations and of whom he was compelled to say: "Blessed is every one that bleaseth thee; and cursed is every one that curseth thee"; of the words of elective mercy uttered by the same Spirit through Jeremiah: "Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night. . . . If these ordinances depart from before me then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation from before me for ever"; of the rejection of Jesus, and the fulfilment of the prayer offered at Pilate's judgment-seat: "His blood be upon us and our children." The presence of the Jews in our streets is a manifest witness to us of the truth of what Paul meant when he said, "God did not cast off his people whom he fore-knew," and of that never-failing indication of a blessing and divine upholding which throughout the Scriptures accompanies every threatening against them.

The Jewish history is apparently paradoxical in this respect. The words of a Jewish Rabbi, during the persecutions of Ferdinand, in Spain, are worthy of note:

"We are a nation on whom rest both blessing and curse; you Christians wish to exterminate us, but you shall not succeed; for there is a *Shiloh* resting on us, and a time is coming when you shall try to elevate us, and you shall not succeed, for we are under a *curse*."

We all remember the words of pathetic farewell recorded in Matthew xxiii., in which Christ uttered to the whole nation, and which closed with the words, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate!" But even then the farewell is not for ever; it is only for a definite period, for he adds, "Ye shall not see me until ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." The literal fulfilment of prophecy regarding Israel in the past is a certain pledge as to the same literality