

WORLD OF THE MOSLEMS
A STATEMENT OF THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT REPEATED.

"Organized Mohammedanism Will Remain Until Organized Christianity Reflects the Spirit of Christ."—Spirit of Love Necessary.

The following paper was read by a member of the Cathedral W.A., in Kingston, and in view of the fact that missionary bands in various communions, are, with Anglicans, studying the greatest problem of the day, "The Moslem World," it is given in its entirety.

Is there anyone who has read the story of Hagar without a pang, a secret sympathy for the woman who seems to fare so ill in the division of this world's benefits? The tool of her mistress's faithfulness, and the victim of the same mistress's jealous mother love. Could there be a greater tragedy presented to a woman's mind than that desert scene—the lad perishing of thirst, and the mother turning aside that she might not see the dying agonies of the boy? If we—in all reverence—have wondered over God's dealing with this case, where it seems as if injustice had been allowed to prevail, it is because we have forgotten that, with God, time is not. Already, when Hagar was forlorn in the desert, and Sara proud in the possession of her son, the heir of promise, the Almighty presence foreknew the faithfulness of its consequences would reap their harvest—foreknew the time when the descendants of Ishmael would be made against the forces of Christendom, and was so strong, that the whole Christian world should need to take counsel to-day, how best to sift the false from the true, how to bring those descendants of Abraham into the fulness of the faith.

The Arabs trace their lineage to Ishmael, and it is a claim allowed by the Jews. History shows that Ishmael founded the race, which probably included later, the descendants of Keturah, Abraham's second wife, and also those of Esau. The Arabians have always been a fine warlike race, picturesque, romantic, earning for themselves the sobriquet of Oriental Italians. In disposition wild and lawless—there is yet a mysticism in their nature, which has caused at least one writer to speak of them as naturally devout, and strongly imbued with the spirit of worship. Believing in God, in those early days they yet extended their devotion to idols and ideas, and at one time were worshippers of the sun, moon and stars—symbols of God, as it seemed to them—and, by them ignorantly given, the worship due to Him alone. By degrees their worship became centred round the sacred black stone preserved at Mecca, which is tradition related fell from heaven. This is supposed to have been an aerolite, and it is not difficult to understand how in those dark ages, it should have been looked on as a direct gift from God, and worshipped accordingly. Here also is the sacred well of Zem-Zem, said to be the miraculous spring which the angel revealed to Hagar in the desert; and over them both, is built the Kaaba, spoken of by Diodorus Siculus, 50 years B.C. as the oldest and most honored temple of the time. When Mohammed planted the Banner of Islam in Mecca he made a compromise with the tribe of Koreish, which provided that the Kaaba should always be kept holy. This promise has been scrupulously maintained. Seven hundred years before the birth of Mohammed, and more than one hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, a linen or silken veil, covering the building, was offered annually by a pious Homeric king, and the offering is continued to this day by the Turkish Sultan. The tribe of Koreish had early acquired the charge of the Kaaba, and stood, therefore, in the same relation to it, as the Levitical priesthood to the Jewish Temple, and to this inheritance was born, 570 A.D. Mohammed, founder of Islam. A posthumous child, his mother died when he was about six, and he was brought up, first by his grandfather and then by an uncle—one of a numerous family. Although of good birth, there were no riches, and Mohammed was early inured to hardship and simplicity of living. He followed the occupation of camel driver and went on frequent journeys with caravans, and during some of these, it is alleged, he came in contact with both Christians and Jews, and the cast of his mind led him to be interested in their forms of faith.

The Christianity at this time prevailing in Arabia was polluted with superstitions; the worship of the saints and even of images was practised, and many of the sects were at enmity amongst themselves. It would be well to remember that when considering why Mohammed, in escaping from the idolatrous faith of his childhood, did not turn to those truths of which he learned a good deal by instruction or by hearing preachers. In his twenty-fifth year, Mohammed entered the household of Khadija, a rich widow, whom he eventually married, and for her he made commercial journeys into Palestine and Syria, and there the impressions made in early youth were deepened, and eventually bore fruit. Mohammed was of good appearance. All accounts agree in speaking of his fair skin, ruddy coloring, expressive eyes, etc., and besides, he was of good character, and had earned amongst his friends and companions the name of 'el Amin' or 'the faithful one.' Somewhere about the time of Mohammed's marriage, a religious movement had arisen among a few thoughtful men in Arabia, and with these, the young man came into contact.

Four men of the tribe of Koreish decided to separate themselves from the yearly feasts at the Kaaba, when sacrifices were made, and the people assembled to worship the aerolite. One of them said: "By God, ye see, our tribe know not the true God, they have corrupted the faith of Abraham, and worship a stone. Seek for yourselves, ye are not in the right path." Three of these men, eventually professed Christianity, but one alone, remained a sceptic to the end. In extreme old age he offered a most beautiful and touching prayer: "Oh! Lord, if I knew in what form thou wouldst be worshipped, so would I worship thee, but I know it not." The doctrine of these Hanifs, or penitents, impressed itself upon Mohammed. He was seized with a sense of dependence upon God, and the futility of the existing religion of his people, and he began to withdraw himself into the desert for private prayer and fasting. Arab tradition says that these religious exercises went on for years without any visible result, but the matter was fermenting within. Surely the fact of these years is evidence of the man's good faith—he was in his ignorant, excitable, visionary way, seeking for light. It is an established fact that Mohammed had a tendency to see visions. In

these days psychology has taught us so much, that we know that those who, years ago, looked on the subject of trances as necessarily frauds, were ignorant of facts which we are beginning to discover. If it is established beyond a doubt, that, in this hard matter of fact world of to-day, people do dream dreams, and see visions, can we deny the possibility of the same to the mind filled with the solitude of the desert? Consciously a seeker after something better than what satisfied his fellows, it is not surprising that Mohammed assumed a fictitious importance to himself. This caused the unconsciously false to be mingled with the true, on the momentous day when he returned from one of these periods in the desert to his wife, with the news that the Angel Gabriel had appeared to him enabling him (an unlettered man) to read from a scroll, or heavenly book, the source of revelation, and the same from which Moses and the prophets had all drawn. And so Mohammed, as it seemed to him, also called to be a prophet. Those who doubt the man's good faith, should remember that after the period of exaltation he was assailed by doubt—and for two or three years there was no further vision. But at the end of this, he went into a trance in the presence of his wife, and again had a vision. From then he seemed to have had no doubt of his vocation.

At the time of the first vision Mohammed was in his fortieth year. During the years of uncertainty he seems yet to have made converts in his own household, of whom Khadija was the first. But progress was slow, and after about three years, during which he had formulated his creed, his followers did not number more than thirty. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet," is the manifesto with which Mohammed started his crusade against the superstitions and idolatries of his day, and round these central facts he built up the religion with the beautiful name of Islam—or Self-surrender.

The promulgation of this doctrine gave rise to bitter opposition, and even persecution; and after twelve years of struggle against relations and towns people finding that his religion made little headway, and that he was viewed with dislike and suspicion by most, Mohammed, hearing of a band of believers in the town of Medina, 300 miles away, ordered the whole body of the Faithful to migrate there. From this—the Hejira or Flight—is dated the Mohammedan era, 622 of the Christian era, and the 53rd of Mohammed's life. During these years in Mecca Mohammed sustained an irreparable loss, the wise and loving wife Khadija, died. Older by some years than Mohammed, it is probable that while ardently believing in his vision, her counsels were of great value. In the year following her death, Mohammed twice married again, and the greatest reproach levelled against him thereafter is because of domestic relations which were in defensible, except on the grounds that he did not wholly escape the corruptions of the times in which he lived. It seems probable that, at first, he believed himself to be divinely inspired but that later he was able to deceive himself into receiving revelations that permitted acts which otherwise he could not have justified to himself or his followers. This very fact showed the man to be of a higher moral character than the average of his time. How many of those days felt immoral tendencies to be wrong, or to need excuse?

From the Hejira, Mohammed entered on a new phase. He was not only prophet, but legislator and warrior, and founder of a social system. In the year after "the flight," hostilities were begun against Mecca, and lasted, intermittently, until about ten years later when Mohammed re-entered Mecca at the head of 10,000 devoted followers of Islam, destroyed the idols in the Kaaba, and set up the Standard of Islam which has waved there ever since. The tenets of the Moslem faith as set forth in the Koran were professed by Mohammed to be the revelations which he received in trances. By this book or "reading" the Moslem world is governed. It enters into minute rules of conduct and life. "It is the sacred book of more than one hundred millions of men, some of them of old civilizations, and by all of them it is looked on as the word of God." It is compounded of fragments written from time to time at Mohammed's dictation, not collected, or published, or gathered till after his death. At the flight Mohammed was already 53, so that by the time Islam was established at Mecca the prophet was an old man. His last illness was only of about ten days, and seems to have been one of the fevers so common in Eastern countries. He gradually sank to rest, in the arms of his favorite wife, his last words being of Paradise and Pardon. The scaculations were broken, and while some authorities give words as beautiful as any that have been used by Christian faith, others state that the utterances were indistinct. But at least, it seems certain, that his thoughts were turned to God and pardon, and who can say what silent confession, what self-abasement went up to the throne of grace in the last broken words of the man who had struggled out of darkness towards the Light, without finding it.

In considering the character of Mohammed, we have to remember the age in which he lived, the influences of life around him, and the colossal nature of the work he undertook. Those who denounce him as a fraud forget that amongst his contemporaries he was known as "the faithful or trusty one," and the following tribute was paid not long after his death, by some followers who implied the protection of the Christian King of Abyssinia against the persecutions of the Koreish Arabs: "Oh, King!" they said, "We lived in ignorance, idolatry and unchastity; the strong oppressed the weak; we spoke untruth; we violated the duties of hospitality. Then a Prophet arose, one whom we knew from our youth, with whose descent and conduct and good faith we are all well acquainted. He told us to worship one God, to speak truth, to keep good faith, to assist our relations, to fulfill the rights of hospitality, and to abstain from all things impure, ungodly, unrighteous. And he ordered us to say prayers, give alms, and to fast. We believe in him. We follow him." Carlyle says, "To the Arab nation it was as a birth from darkness into light. Arabia first became alive by means of it." Of the man himself Carlyle says: "A spontaneous, passionate yet just, true meaning man! Full of wild faculty, fire and light: of wild worth all uncultured; working out his life's task in the depths of the desert there. . . Islam means in its way Denial of Self, Annihilation of Self. Such light had come, as it could, to illumine the darkness of this wild Arab soul. A confused, dazzling splendor as of life and Heaven in the great darkness which threatened to be death; he called it revelation. That Providence had un-speakably honored him by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness; that he therefore was bound to make known the same to all creatures; this is what was meant by

"Mahomet is the Prophet of God." There is no one in Ancient History who stands out to-day as Mahomet, and there is no one, round whose life and work such diverse opinions have grown up. It would be presumptuous in me to do more than quote; and if I have chosen words which show Mohammed in a favorable light rather than those that are adverse to him, is it not the junction of the Master whom we serve, that the sifting of the wheat should be left to the harvest—the servants were not to attempt to separate the grain from the chaff. It is because I feel that if the body of Christendom to-day is to accomplish anything against this great force, it will be by the spirit of love, therefore, I urge the charitable view of Mohammed. Principal Grant, in his "Religions of the World," says: "Organized Mohammedanism will remain until organized Christianity reflects the Spirit of Christ," and if our Lenten studies and prayers are to be of any practical value to us or to others in this great work of the church will they not be more powerful if our attitude is one of love and forbearance even where we do not approve. A. M. T.

The Indian and the Missionary.

Saturday Night. Among the workless men who have stormed the Toronto City Hall this winter there have been some tactless ones who might learn a lesson in diplomacy by reading a story told by a missionary here recently. He at one time labored among a tribe of northern Indians, and it was his custom to bring out such refreshments as he was possessed of when any of his converts from a distance visited him; sometimes cider was included. An old man had heard of the good man's hospitality, and he proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit. They explained that he must be a Christian first. He inquired what that meant, and they told him he must know all about the Bible. When the time came the old man declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. The missionary, he seated himself close to the latter, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious, indeed. In answer to an inquiry from his host, he rolled up his eyes and solemnly uttered the following words, pronounced in his own fashion, with a pause between each: "Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary, astonished. "Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah—" again began the old fellow. "Stop, stop," cried the missionary; "what in the world do you mean?" "Cider," quoth the Indian solemnly.

Closed His Life in Faith.

Discoveries have recently been made regarding Napoleon's religious views. Perhaps the queerest "find" is that he had any religion at all. It reminds one of the chapter in natural history headed "Concerning the owls in Iceland," which began, "There are no owls in Iceland." However, religion of a certain kind Napoleon certainly had, as J. T. Herbert Baile, in an attractive volume proves. His cynical remark that "God is on the side of the big battalions," seems to have been one of those little pessimistic utterances for which the emperor displayed a liking during his last days at Helena. Dr. Barry O'Mears, surgeon at one day seated in his bath, reading the Bible. Questioned about his fondness for the Scriptures, Napoleon got off another one of his cynicisms. "Man has need of something spiritual," he said. Furthermore, Napoleon's own Bible has come to light. It is full of marked passages, comments and notes, in a religious strain. His views on the character of Christ are interesting. He said: "Everything in Him astonishes me. Between Him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison; His birth and the history of His life; the profundity of His doctrine, which grapples with the mightiest difficulties, the most admirable solution. His gospel; His apparition; His empire; His march across the ages and realms—everything to me is prodigy, an insoluble mystery which plunges me into a reverie and from which I cannot escape; a mystery which I can never deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human."

Story of the Shamrock.

St. Patrick once, in Ireland, Was to the people preaching; He, foremost of a little band, To bring the church's teaching; A great and wondrous mystery, He tried to make them know it— The mystery of the Trinity— What could he do to show it? He preached out in the open air, By fields of grass surrounded; And round about him everywhere The shamrock green abounded. He gathered one, that all could see Its lesson as he taught them, A sign of that blest Trinity Whose gospel he had brought them. Three leaves, yet one, distinct and clear, The truth the shamrock teaches; We cannot understand it here, It far beyond us reaches; We're taught of God the Three in One, And, though we can't perceive it, We worship Him—the Father, Son, And Spirit—and believe it.

Heathen Sacrifice Renewed.

The tribe of Bagobos, in the Philippines Islands, living in a settlement called Talon, have been offering a human sacrifice. Allan Walker, District Governor of Devao, went on an expedition of investigation. Datu Ansig, the chief, told the Governor that they had offered the sacrifice according to their custom, as a religious duty, and would tell him all about it—that they offered sacrifices to the gods of evil to avert drought, and to allow widows to marry again. Addy and Obby, two widows, had asked him to have a sacrifice offered that they might marry, and the ceremony was arranged for them. A slave, boy, eight years of age, deaf and cross-eyed, was tied, naked, to a tree, and amidst formalities these two widows stuck a spear through the child. The body was cut up into little pieces, and distributed as a protection against the evil spirit. The U. S. authorities summoned these people to trial and convicted them, but suspended the sentence, feeling that mercy and the missionary treatment of the heathen, under the circumstances, would be more efficacious than justice; but the Governor told them plainly that, if anything of the kind should occur again, the members of the tribe would be convicted of murder and executed. The chief promised the government to be good.

TREASURED LONDON RELIC.
Is the Old Gateway in Smithfield at St. Bartholomew's Church.

London is in danger of losing one of her valuable relics of mediæval times, the old gateway in Smithfield, at St. Bartholomew's church. Besides being one of the oldest Norman structures in Europe, this gateway has associations which make it both romantic and gruesome. Near it in earlier days was a famous battleground, where great tournaments were held, several of which figure in legendary lore. Many a knight after a hard fought battle was brought in through this gateway to receive the last sacraments of the ancient church. Also it was through this entrance that the Smithfield martyrs were led to the stake to be burned to death. Their execution took place almost opposite the portals of the ancient St. Bartholomew archway and citizens crowded the top of the structure to witness the event. Before a burning, martyrs were brought into the church and their faith tested. If they did not answer certain questions of dogma correctly, they were condemned to be burned.

When in 1544 the property of the monasteries in England was seized by Henry VIII he gave the St. Bartholomew priory and church to Lord Rich. Two hundred years previous to this the old priory was celebrated throughout Europe, and in Henry's time was one of the wealthiest church establishments. Today St. Bartholomew's is considered the finest specimen of Norman church architecture in England. Though the church is a huge, rambling structure; which might well be called a cathedral, it has been literally buried by modern buildings, which have enclosed it on all sides. An enterprising landlord years ago actually built rooms over the gateway, which he let at a good rental, and the beauties of the old arch had been almost entirely lost. Before that time, the church itself fell into semi-ruin. Some of its aisles were boarded off and let to a firm of printers; horses were actually stabled in the old Norman arches in another portion of the structure. About twenty years ago several shops were occupying the church premises. In recent times, however, Rev. W. F. G. Sandwith has managed to clear out the stables and shops and the old church has been more or less restored.

By the side of the church runs one of the quaintest streets in London. It is called Cloth Fair and is not much wider than the length of a man's arm. It was in this little passage in the early days that the beautiful fabrics that went to make up the picturesque costumes of the Elizabethan times were sold. An effort is being made to raise \$10,000 with which to buy the land on which the old gateway stands in order to retain it as a relic. Already about half of the sum has been subscribed. If the money is not raised, a modern office building will be built around the arch.

Memorial Tablets Are Many.

In the eastern half of Bavaria, on the borders of Bohemia, lies the so-called Bavarian Forest. This part has been in many ways untouched by civilization, and owing to its seclusion some strange customs are still in vogue. One oddity, strictly observed by the population, is the way they keep alive the memory of their dead by the erection of "totenbretter," or "death-boards." These are wooden planks cut in the shape of tombstones and roughly painted. Sometimes they bear the image of a saint. They are erected—often in a row of thirty or more—on the roadside, in fields and meadows, near chapels and crucifixes, in the village streets—in short, everywhere; they are even nailed to houses and barns. They do not mark burial places, as might be supposed. As soon as a person has died the corpse is put on a board, and there it lies in state until it is put into the coffin shortly before the funeral. These boards, then, are the so-called "death-boards," and after the funeral they are cut into shape, and decorated with an inscription containing the name of the deceased, his age, and, in most cases, some lines of poetry. In the poorer districts these boards are not always cut into shape and painted, but are simply deposited just as they are at the foot of some crucifix, where they remain untouched until they moulder away.

England Merrie England Again.

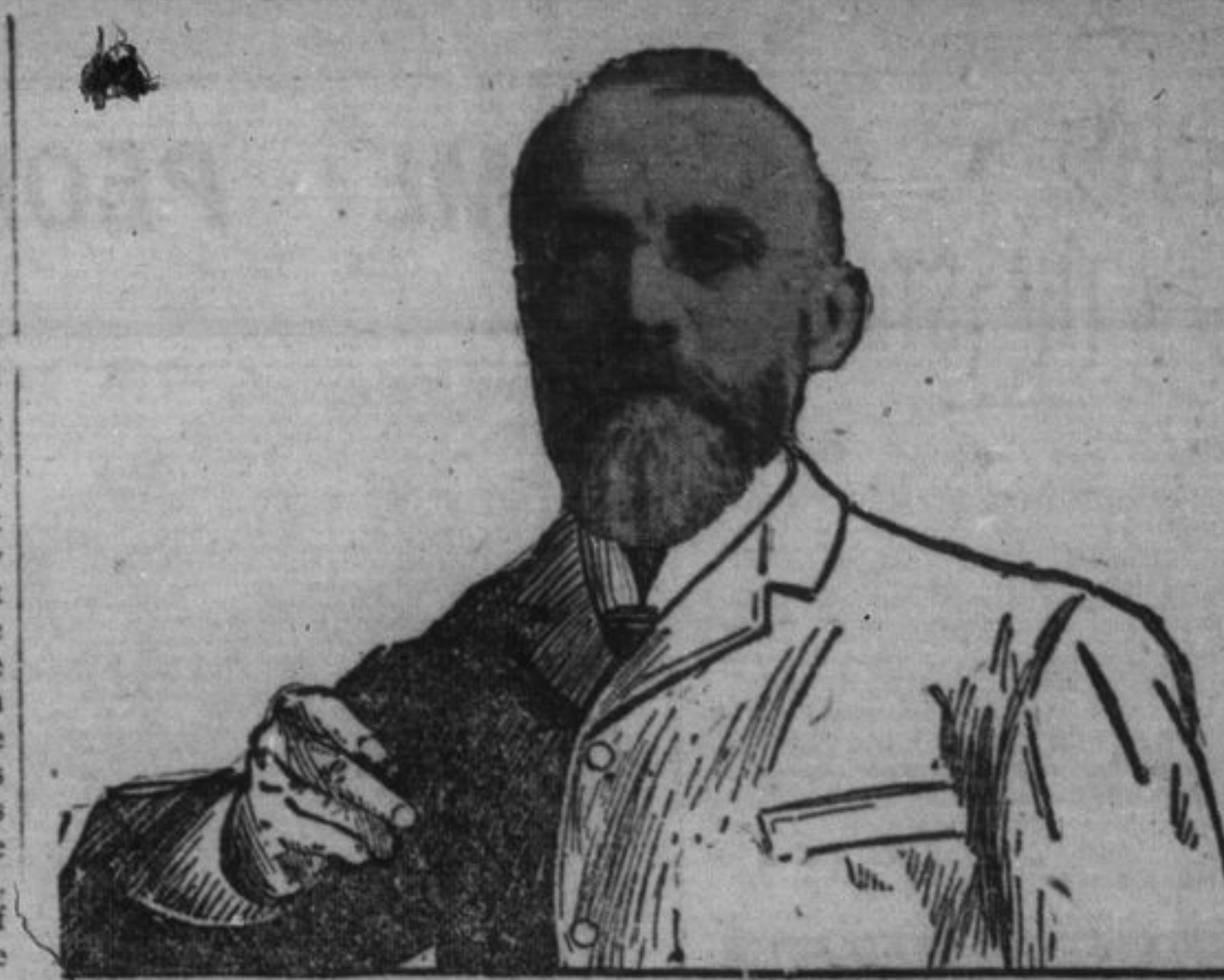
An association for the revival and practice of folk music has given a demonstration in Queen's hall, London. A troupe of young girls made a pretty picture in Morris dances and quaint old English games. The association hopes to spread all over England, and petitions the London council to direct the county bands to learn the Morris music and to allow instruction in the dances in the parks and evening schools. Earl Lytton and Miss Mary Neal are active advocates and Mrs. Humphrey Ward is speaking and writing much for the general movement to teach the children of the London poor how to play. Twelve play centres in London are open five evenings a week. Beginning three years ago with an attendance of 5,000 children, the system is now educating 23,000 a week in healthy enjoyment. Nothing could be more inspiring than to see the children of the slums dancing the old country dances, gleefully singing the forgotten songs and reveling in the graceful games of the one-time "Merrie England." The sight is even more moving when they are taken down into the country to show the country children their own native pleasures. It is a strange idea that modern children need to be civilized by obsolete games, but it is now a weak civilization in which the people do not know how to play, and can amuse themselves only by watching others play.

A Philosophic Class Meeting.

The Sunday school is supposed to be a forum for the calm and reasoning discussion of topics pertaining to this life and the hereafter, but now and then we see that the opinions of the attendants are not always conventional, not to say unorthodox. They were discussing in a class of boys the story of the fire which descended upon the apostles, and it seemed to be the general impression that it had descended only upon those who were good and in every way worthy of it. "If that fire were to fall on this church now," ejaculated a member of the class, "and it hit only people like those you spoke of, there wouldn't be enough of it to light a cigarette!" They came near calling a meeting of the "session" after that.

Unfortunate Choice of Parents.

New York Sun. There isn't much the matter with the American boy except his parents. If they would do their duty by him instead of listening to the devoted persons who have made a profession of telling other people how to bring up children, he would not be the unruly nuisance which he is threatening to make of himself.



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Miss Minnie Reid, of Teeswater, Ont., says: "I caught a cold, but very foolishly let it go on without taking much notice of it, thinking that it would soon pass off again. Instead of this it fastened upon me, until I became downright ill, and when the cold did get better it left me in a terribly weak condition and a martyr to Catarrh."
"My health was quite broken up, nor did I make any improvement. I was tired all the time, lost my appetite entirely, while the pain in my head was at times intolerable. I got so nervous that I would start at the slightest sound, until life did not seem worth living under such conditions."
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