

at night, when my horse was out of sight down a little ravine, and my attendant, dressed like a Turkish officer, was ahead of me, a company of robbers watching the road accosted him with their secret password: 'Where are you going?' Well knowing that they would fire on him, I called out immediately: 'What is it to you where he goes?' They replied, 'Oh! is that you, doctor? We have been waiting all the evening for you. The sheikh of the village has killed a sheep for you, and invites you to spend the evening with him.' Of course this was made up offhand. I politely asked to be excused on account of pressing business, hoping to avail myself of his hospitality at some other time. Although I knew that, near by us, a Turkish officer, recently killed there, was hidden in a well, we were allowed to go on our way unhurt." Since Dr. Metheny's arrival, the mission at Lattakia has prospered. On an imposing campus, on the highest ground in the town, is the mission compound, with its group of buildings, consisting of schools, dispensary, and dwellings for the missionaries, mostly, I believe, erected at Dr. Metheny's expense, out of the fruits of his practice. A most encouraging work is carried on among the Nusairiyeh and the native Christians, and an era of prosperity has succeeded one of discouragement and barrenness. Dr. Metheny has gone to Mersine, where he has organized a most promising work on the same lines as that in Lattakia. Dr. Balph has taken up the medical work in Lattakia.

Eighty miles south of Lattakia, at Tripoli, is the centre of the extensive medical missionary work of Dr. Ira Harris. The doctor is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, but an able physician and surgeon, and a devoted worker for Christ. His name is a power throughout all the region occupied by the Tripoli station, and, in fact, over the whole field of the Syria Mission. He has a dispensary and hospital in Tripoli, where thousands of the poor are treated every year, and all Syria is full of the fame of his skilful operations and his kindly, helpful sympathy. This work alone would be quite enough for one man; but Dr. Harris frequently makes the tour of his own station, and sometimes of other stations, generally in company with one or more of those who labor in word and doctrine. One of his clerical brethren writes me: "Missionaries reached a village near evening. It was at the end of summer, and water was scarce. The servant was sent to secure water for the animals and food for the party, with instructions to pay for everything. He returned to report that no one would furnish anything. Soon, however, it was learned that there was a doctor in the party, and the people vied with each other who should be the first to bring water, and speedily a sumptuous meal was prepared and sent from the sheikh's house to the honored visitors." The same missionary gives an account of how Dr. Harris proved the means of enabling the missionaries to enter Ehedin. Many years before the elder Mr. Bird and his family were treated with indignity and driven from Ehedin, as were also Messrs. Wilson and Lyons, of Tripoli. In 1886 Dr. Harris was invited to summer in Ehedin, owing to services rendered to the