

village, is a house built of rough stone, laid upon mud, and with thatched roof. It differs from its neighbors mainly in having three rooms where the others have but one. In it live an educated man and woman with two little children. These missionaries are school teachers, hospital nurses, preachers and physicians, laboring with heart and hand from year to year, sometimes seeing no white visitors for months together; straitened for means, yet never cast down, much less in despair. It is in a home like this that one enters into the fullness of the pledge "My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

They were very cheerful and very busy this devoted pair, and thankful that the native women began to keep their homes cleaner, to be willing to have their girls taught to cook, sew, and read, and that a few men listened to such simple Bible stories as every child brought up in a Christian home knows by the time he is five years old.

Not long ago I met an American; one of whose friends had in a Syrian tour spent a night in this hospitable hovel. "She thought them very good people," said the traveler's friend, patronizingly, "and they seemed to have their work at heart. But she was disappointed to find them using really lovely china and solid silver forks." All wedding presents she said, or sent by her mother since; but such show of luxuries hurts the cause of Christ. It isn't like giving up all for Him you know. And this is what the foreign missionaries must do. I pass on, now, to the last glimpse of my friends, the Syrian missionaries.

In ancient Hebron, within a quarter of a mile of the cave of Machpelah where lie buried Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah and Leah, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Murray, English people, and with the exception of one other family, the only English speaking household in the town. Mrs. Murray is blind, her husband is lame, and when divinely directed to this stronghold of Moslem bigotry, they knew not one religious organization to which they could look for the means of carrying on their proposed mission.

They have lived by the day, a life of trust that casts into the shade any other I have ever heard of. Mrs. Murray and a Bible reader have collected a school of twenty-five or thirty little girls whom they instruct in all sorts of work, in the rudiments of letters, and in the Bible. At the vintage season, almost the entire population of Hebron live for two months in booths in the vineyards, and the English missionaries go with them, helping the mothers to look after their babies, nursing the sick, and altogether making themselves one with the working people! Mrs. Murray spoke with devout gratitude of the favor they have found in the sight of the Moslems of both sexes, though they are the fiercest in their bigotry of any faith to be found in Palestine. "We have never been allowed to want for any good thing," said the blind woman, the light of a great peace upon her face, "God has mercifully never let us doubt that this is our place in His great and wide vineyard." With this persuasion, labor in the foreign field is a blessed cross bearing, for the Master carries the heavier load.

At the American Mission in Cairo, I had the privilege of knowing the laborers who have made strong the foundations of a worthy enterprise. In the Bible class of young men taught by Mrs. Harvey (now Mrs. Robertson) I met, besides native converts, a dozen or more young fellows in the scarlet uniform of the British soldiery, most of them Scotchmen, to whom the Church Service and Bible class are like home voices, powerful in restraint

and in consolation. The English occupation of Northern Egypt has made the care of this element of the motley population an important branch of evangelistic work. Here again, was the same, and by now the old old story of peace that floweth like a river, and happiness in a life which, to the unlearned in such matters, appear harsh and painful, and oftentimes barren of desirable results in man's impatient calculation of profit and loss. In this cursory retrospect, I have, with intentional catholicity, dealt with various denominations of those who love our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in sincerity and truth.

Of my friends the missionaries in Jerusalem, those connected with the Church Missionary Society of London, and the two gentlewomen of our own country, who at their own charges, are doing such work among the lowest class of Jews as the Murrays are carrying on among the Moslems in Hebron, I cannot even begin to speak. What I know of them personally—their toils, their faith, and patience, their sublime confidence in the promises to him that overcometh, would consume in the lettering, more time than my readers have to give, or I the strength to take.

In our age, as in that in which our Lord lived and taught, the children of this world are more cunning than the children of light, but the wisest children of light are the ardent spirits that turn their backs upon the homes they love, and deaf to lures of earthly gain and honor, devote life and talent to the service of Him who established both home and foreign missions in the general order that has never been repeated, and never will be outlived, until time shall be no more.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem."

If this be not disinterestedness of the highest order, then I do not know what disinterestedness means.

If this be not altruism of the stamp that came into being on the first Christmas day, then heroism, and self-sacrifice and the love that vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly and never faileth, are but empty names.

P.S.—Since this book was written news has come to me over two seas of the death of one of those devoted women, Miss Robertson. To the first impulse to regret the loss to those to whom she ministered, and to the friends who loved her, succeeds our solemn thankfulness that her unsealed eyes have looked upon Him for whose coming she watched as those who wait for their Lord.

"Does not your heart fail you sometimes, in this daily round of duty to the miserable and unbelieving?" I asked at our last interview. "Sometimes when I am very tired, I am home-sick, but not for Kentucky or America, then I pray, maybe impatiently—'Lord! how long!' and 'Come quickly, Lord Jesus!' Usually I am willing to abide His own good time."

She knows now, having entered into the joy of her Lord, why she, and the world have been kept waiting.

## HE SAVETH TO THE UTTERMOST.

In a grass-thatched hut in Zululand, Sibul, the witch-doctor, first saw the light, and her childhood years were spent in the free and untaught state of the heathen Zulu child. There came a time of terror when her father and brothers were slain by a hostile tribe, her home broken up, and Sibul left in the care of a relative.

Her youth thus passed by, and, arriving at womanhood, a stalwart lover sought her hand, and brought the