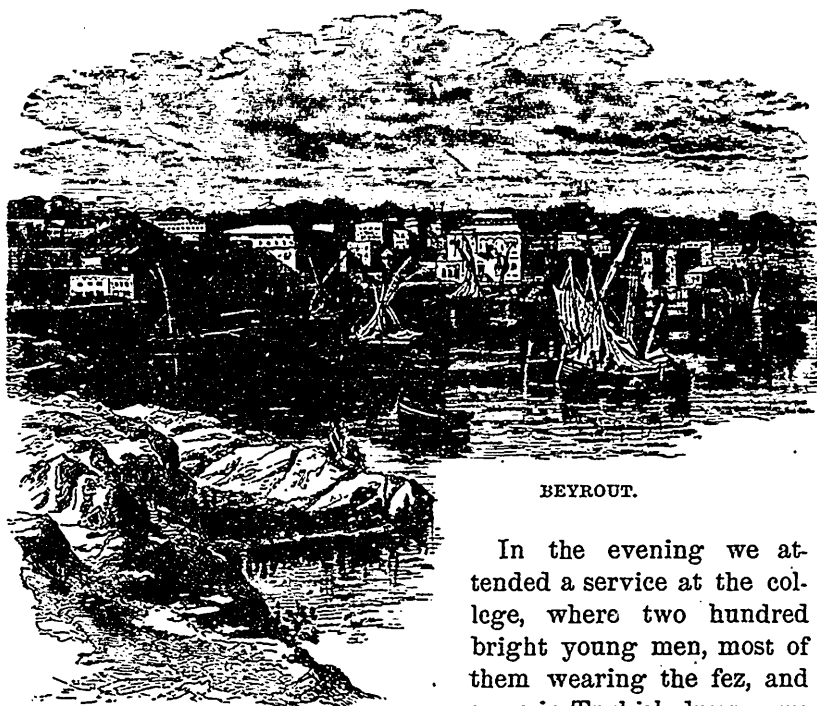




BEYROUT.

In the evening we attended a service at the college, where two hundred bright young men, most of them wearing the fez, and some in Turkish dress, were assembled for worship. A more intelligent-looking group I never saw, and the curriculum of this college in arts and medicine would compare very favourably with that of either Toronto or McGill Universities.

We visited with special interest the Kaiserswerth mission school, where over one thousand Syrian, Arab, Maronite, Greek and Druse girls have been diligently trained by the kind-hearted deaconesses. Pleasant it was, under the escort of one of the gentle sisterhood, to explore the extensive premises, bakehouse, kitchen, laundry, dormitory, and school-room, all scrupulously clean, and the reception and school-rooms adorned with mottoes and decorative pictures. Its cool, clean alcoves and corridors breathed the very air of peace. After the dreadful massacre, in 1860, of fourteen thousand Christians in Mount Lebanon by the Druses, thousands of orphans and widows fled to Beyrouth. In a few weeks ten Kaiserswerth deaconesses were on the spot. Their difficulties were great. They knew not a word of Arabic, but their philanthropic purpose at once procured them friends. A home was soon provided and money raised for the maintenance of the widows and orphans.

The harbour at Beyrouth is an open roadstead. There lay our