

affectionate. Another patient, Alice, is seven years old, she had had *hot irons burnt* all over her poor little body to cure her of indigestion! It makes one so thankful to feel we can aid these suffering little ones. Blankets will be a great want, Indians do not seem able to exist without a blanket, and of course they cannot have those in the Hospital, and yet in some cases their own blankets cannot again be used." [Miss Turner tells further what an advantage it is to have some pink candy to help the children to bear the dressings, &c. Some very much interested little girls in Toronto are about to send up a good supply, knowing from their own experience how much the promise of something to take after it, helps down the disagreeable medicine.—ED.]

PALESTINE.

Extract from a letter to a friend at Peterboro' from Bethlehem, Syria.

"It will be getting towards Easter when you get this letter, still I am sure you will be interested in hearing about my Christmas in Bethlehem. Of course we wished to make it a happy one for the children and a large party of mothers who were coming also, so I went into Jerusalem with our man, Kusta, to lay in a good stock of candies, oranges, etc.; the Arabs love all sweet things. Our treat for the day school children was at 2 p.m. but as soon as it was daylight they came, and of course played about in the school grounds until the doors were opened. We had a fine Christmas tree for them, don't imagine a fine balsam or spruce tree please; it was an *olive tree* out of our own garden (an old tree past bearing). There are no trees in this part of Palestine but olives and figs. Around Jerusalem there are very few trees at all—Titus leveled all the trees from Scopus to Olivet—however we made our tree look very nice. At two o'clock our proceedings began: the children sang and recited, then each received a present from the tree, Bibles, Testaments or Gospels for the elders, according to conduct and attendance, the little ones had dolls, then we had to hurry to prepare for our evening guests, but when we went in at 6.30 the room was packed, over 300 women had squeezed themselves in. Waridy and I showed the magic lantern, the slides were upon the Life of Christ; Mr. Boctcher spoke to the women very beautifully I was told, but my Arabic is rather too imperfect as yet to follow an address. There were several Moslim women present, covered up all but their eyes. One poor woman was ready to come, only waiting for her little boy of 5 to come home, and presently came some men with his little dear body; he had been playing in the market, when some camels laden with wood passed by, the cord which bound the wood of one broke, and fell on the child; it was so very sad. As of the story of the gospel, she was a widow and this her only child.

At midnight some of the elder girls, with Miss M——, went down to the "shepherds' fields," attended by our man. They sang "While