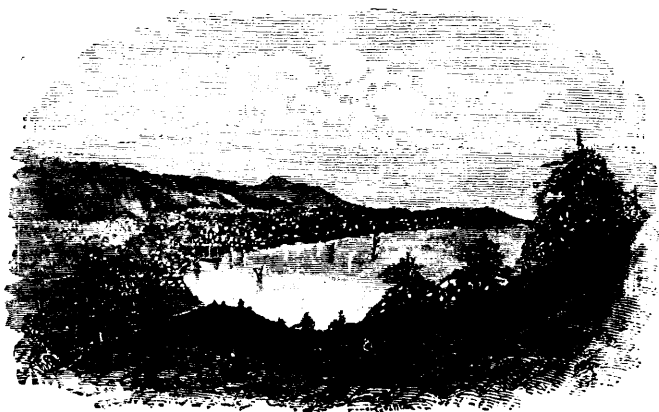


delight, as was also the outlook over the orange-groves and blue sea. The mission church is a handsome Gothic structure, and the adjacent school-room was erected by a loving father in memory of his little son, Gerald Dale, of New York, aged four. No boy in the world has a nobler monument.

In the Sunday service Dr. Jessup, a tall, venerable man with a patriarchal beard, included in his comprehensive prayer the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, the Imperial Parliament, whose legislation so largely moulds the destiny of the world, the Emperor of Germany and all Christian Protestant sovereigns, the Sultan of Turkey and



DISTANT VIEW OF BEYROUT.

all missionaries in Mohammedan, heathen and non-Christian lands.

The Sunday-school service was held in Arabic; the sweet-faced Syrian girls and women wore graceful white veils and sang very sweetly the familiar tune "Beulah Land" to Arabic words. Many of the faces were not unlike those the artists picture of the Virgin Mary. Mr. Read and I were introduced to the school. Dr. Jessup gave them our greeting from Canada, and they sang again that beautiful benediction, "God be with you till we meet again."

In the afternoon we visited the Kaiserswerth deaconess hospital, where the kind-hearted sisters nurse annually about six hundred persons of different confessions and creeds. Here I met a young man from Montreal, nearing his end, but full of kind words for the gentle sisters who, with Christlike sympathy, cheered his last hours. I found that Dr. Graham, of Ottawa, was high in the confidence of the Christian and Moslem community.