

World of Missions.

Door-Step Scenes in Syria.

Syrians are a peculiarly social people. They are apt to look upon strangers who come among them as cold and unfeeling because they are so often under pressure of work. The Syrians think that a short call might as well be no call. So we sturdily put aside our list of many engagements and the problem of fulfilling them, and start out on our calls with a calm exterior, ready to devote time unlimited as the case may require.

In that happy-go-lucky, ease-loving country, where *deshabille* is the normal condition, the guest who sends no warning always takes the family by surprise. But the welcome is none the less graceful and cordial. On one occasion, a Beirut woman was caught doing an extra day's washing in the middle of the week. She was in her little front yard, bending over the inevitable kerosene-tin, in this case adapted for a clothes-boiler. She was clad in a calico sacque and the usual baggy trousers, which were now tucked up about the belt and reached only to the knees. Both garments were dripping. Her switch was hung for safe-keeping on a mulberry-tree overhead. But disconcerted? never! Her poise and hospitality were perfect. At the visitor's request that the work should not be interrupted, a straw cushion was placed for her under the tree, and the hostess resumed her lowly work over the wash-bowl on the ground, chatting pleasantly all the time. No wash-board nor modern contrivance was used, of course; but the clothes were rubbed clean, wrung out, and jiled in wet coils in another bowl. With a graceful apology, the woman rose to hang the garment out to dry. Her visitor could not help smiling at the near view, as she stepped lightly about, in bare feet, her wet clothes clinging—and hair still waving from the twig overhead! Presently she returned to attack a pile of unwashed dishes on the door-step. In all delicacy let me say, she washed them first in the hot sud, which had been used for the clothes, but she rinsed them by pouring cold water over them from a pottery jug and wiped them with a cast-off garment of her husband's, and had the comfortable satisfaction of being a neat housekeeper. Work over, the guest was invited into the house, the hostess arrayed herself in her best, and the call ended with a flourish. The beauty of it all was that no sense of incongruity was felt throughout.

In making calls in Beirut, we are apt to break in upon a picturesque group of silk spinners. The women cannot earn more than two or three, perhaps four, cents a day at this work; but it is light and favorable to the dearest element in the Oriental's existence, social intercourse. The women are pleased by our interest in their work. We ask with concern: "Does not biting off the knots of thread all day injure your teeth?" "Oh, yes," they answer; "we wear them all away; such is our unfortunate life." "But why do you not use your scissors?" We ask, noticing a pair on the floor. "That would be a good plan," they assent. "Praise God who has given you foreigners broader thoughts than ours! But you see, lady, we have been accustomed to doing it with our teeth, and it is easier for us to keep on the old way."

In our calls on the Lebanon, we see more primitive ways. The most common door-step scene is the bread making. The woman takes a lump of dough as big as her fist, and pats it out on a board into a flat cake. This she throws deftly from one hand to the other till it is thin as a wafer and two feet in diameter. She then throws it upon a cushion and with the cushion slaps the cake upon a heated iron disc. As it bakes it peels off of itself from the disc, and the woman transfers it to the tray in readiness and slaps down another loaf. The bread supply is the main dependence of the family. Their olives, onions, and stews, are merely a relish to make the bread go down.

We ask the housekeeper to show us her store for the winter. With some pride, she takes us into a recess where various utensils and provisions are

kept. Around the walls are earthen barrels (made like the walls, of mud) containing wheat, lentils, and beans. When the housewife wishes to take out her daily supply, she pulls out a rag plug from a hole near the bottom of the barrel and lets as much as she wishes of the contents run into a vessel placed under the hole. This was no doubt the barrel which the widow of Sarepta used. The medium for the miracle was perfect. The stopper would be taken out, and the meal from an unseen source would pour out.

The life of Syrian peasants shows much of the simple trust of the widow in the days of the prophet. Their life of dependence has taught them to look to God as the source whence all their needs are supplied. It is a great help in mission work to have this groundwork to begin on; and when we complain of their failings in some other ways, we do well to remember that in simple trust we have much to learn from them.—"Woman's Work for Women."

Working Together With God.

BY M. AINSWORTH.

God is working his purpose out, as year succeeds to year;

God is working his purpose out, and the time is drawing near—

Nearer and nearer draws the time that shall surely be;

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,

By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God.

Give ear to me, ye continents—ye isles, give ear to me;

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase

The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace?

What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,

That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth may shine throughout the world;

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed;

Vainly we hope for the harvest, till God give life to the seed;

Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

—Missionary Intelligencer.

From Afar.

The difference in manners in different countries is illustrated by the fact that in Africa a chapel that would be thought only large enough for sixty Europeans holds two hundred of the natives.

One woman in Turkey was reported by the missionaries as showing her eagerness to read the Bible by putting on three pairs of spectacles at once as helps, occasionally looking over their tops to ask a question about some difficulty.

As some missionaries rose from their knees after prayers in a Turkish cafe where they were spending the night, the Turks crowded around and asked whether they were Protestants. "What are Protestants?" they were asked. "They are those who do not tell lies," "Those who do not cheat," "Those who believe only in the Bible, and try to live as it tells them," were the Turks' definitions.

A traveller in Africa came across a man having across his shoulders a fragment of a coat made of English cloth. The traveller learned that the coat had been given ten years before by a white man who

had made an impression then that could not be forgotten. He had treated black men as his brothers, and he would long be remembered as one whom it was a pleasure to serve. The description left it no doubt that it was Livingstone whose memory was so cherished.

Home and Foreign Missions.

The great work of missions—the bringing of men to know and love Jesus Christ—is one in all lands. The claims of foreign and domestic missions are too often compared as if they were two separate and even antagonistic forms of Christian service. They are essentially one; they are the fulfillment of one command, "Go ye and teach all nations;" they are inspired by one motive, love to man fired by love to Christ; they are the utterance of one message, "Christ came into the world to save sinners." "Go ye into all the world" means equally the next street and the antipodes; an American village and a South Sea island.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

CONSULTED FOUR DOCTORS, BUT THE ONLY RELIEF THEY GAVE HIM WAS THROUGH INJECTIONS OF MORPHINE. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED HIM TO HEALTH AND ACTIVITY.

From the News, Truro, N. S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Colchester Co., N. S., is now one of the hardiest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said:—"I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed-ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that each box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.