

and, evidently, like most Christian physicians in the East, he is as much missionary as doctor. While the gentlemen were talking to him I was greatly interested in hearing from his sister, Miss Hannah Kavar, an account of the work she is doing among the very poor Moslem girls, and women. She has a class of fifty-five of the older girls whom she teaches sewing, singing, reading and writing; and "above all" (to use her own words) "the love of Jesus." She has done this alone since her father's death some years ago, with only such pecuniary help as she obtains from the sale of her pupils' work to the few tourists that visit Nazareth in the spring and autumn. She described to me the poverty and ignorance of these girls and the difficulty she has in procuring the funds necessary for carrying on her good work, concluding—

"Ah! Madame, will you not try to send me some help from your country, to buy books and materials for work for my class?"

Her soft, low voice, and dark, pleading eyes, so strongly seconded her request, that I longed to give her an unqualified promise to send her the needed help—instead of a promise to *try* to do it.* Before leaving we were served with the usual Syrian refreshments—preserved quinces, Turkish sweetmeats and coffee—and we came away with a very pleasant impression of the bright, simple little home which is the centre of so much unselfish effort to spread the light of truth, a home in itself a daily lesson which the most ignorant can read.

It was now late in the afternoon and we were going to see the sunset from the top of Jebel es Sikh. We realized afresh, as we went up, up, up the narrow, stone-paved streets, that Nazareth is built on a hill-side; a system that has its advantages where sewers and health-committees are not. No wonder these steep streets look clean—the winter rains must come down them like a cataract. The view from the hill-top embraces many of the features of that from Mount Tabor, but is less extensive. The town lies on the south-eastern slope of the hill and looks little more than a village, though the population is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. (A Turkish census always leaves room for individual judgment.)

Nazareth was never at any time a place of importance; it is not mentioned in the Old Testament, and Thompson thinks that even Josephus knew nothing of it. There were then many important towns in this region; busy commercial seaports on the

* Any reader of these notes desiring to contribute to this beautiful charity may do so, either by sending their contributions direct to Miss Hannah Kavar, Nazareth, or through Mrs. Carman, at Cornwall, Ontario, or through the Editor of this magazine.—*En.*