

old fanatical city is quite a centre of missionary operations. The great Presbyterian Church has long had a cause there—one of its missionaries died a martyr's death in the outbreak of 1860—and a native church and a flourishing school under their management attest the practical value and success of their work. All honour to the noble men and women who have given their lives and their life's labour to the mission-work of the East. 'Tis but a little leaven now, and it is "hidden" indeed, in the midst of its difficult and resisting surroundings; but it is working, and its work is telling and must tell more and more upon the insensate and fanatical peoples among whom the hand of God has placed it.

The time would fail me to tell of all the varied interests and employments of that most eventful week, and of our pleasant intercourse with the missionary circle at Damascus. One evening—and a scene comes up very vividly as I write—the doctor had received a lamb from a grateful Bedouin chief as an acknowledgment of medical service rendered him or his, and this lamb our host decided to "sacrifice on the shrine of hospitality," and have a feast in true Oriental fashion. Behold us, then, in the *lewan* on the last evening of our stay, a merry party, partly English, partly native, seated *a l'Arabe* around a *skimleh* on which smoked the aforesaid lamb roasted whole, and garnished with the *entremets* appropriate. A merry party truly, and withal a typical one, made up from diverse lands, and clad in diverse garbs.

One of the number, and one of the brightest, was Dr. Selim, a young Syrian gentleman, educated in Edinburgh, handsome, skilful, brilliant, a noble man and Christian, the hope of his race, full of promise of years and usefulness and honour. Alas, within two years he was no more, drowned while bathing in the Sea of Galilee, and once more was manifested the inscrutable providence of God, who "buries His workmen but carries on His work."

While we were at Damascus, a famous and extraordinary religious festival took place at Katana, a large village some miles from the city. This festival is called the Doseh, and consists of a great procession, in the course of which devotees throw themselves upon the ground, that a high ecclesiastical dignitary, a religious sheikh, may walk or ride over their prostrate forms. It does not often take place, and, indeed, has been attended with such danger that the riding has been prohibited by Government. It is a very popular festival and very largely attended, and great enthusiasm and excitement prevails whenever it has been decided to hold one. To see a Doseh is, therefore, something that falls to the lot