

Mr. and Mrs. Mott's British and Foreign Colonial School in this place has a large training school for women teachers. The young girls from fourteen to eighteen, with dark eyes and hair, rich brown complexion, and happy expression, were a pleasing sight. They were neatly dressed in simple pink calico dresses, all made by the wearers. Their singing was particularly good. The girls are induced to stay in school here and at the seminary for a longer time than in other parts of Palestine, as the missionary influence has been longer felt in this centre, and the value of the intellectual training is more appreciated. The students read English well, and also Arabic, but have more difficulty with mathematics, and pay less attention to the subject. Classes for the blind evidently meet a great need, since they are remarkably large. This may be explained by the fact that the babies and young children have often sore eyes, and that there is a superstition about driving away the flies which settle upon them. We often wondered how children could live to mature age with such diseased and neglected eyes. Perhaps they are taught patience in that severe way, but we found many men and women blind in one or both eyes, or suffering from ophthalmia. If the mothers could be taught the importance and duty of cleanliness alone, it would work a great reform.

After the terrible massacre of the Christians by the Druses, in 1860, many homeless orphans were left in the mountains, who were driven by hunger and a desire for protection into Beirut. The German Deaconesses gave them food and shelter and started the orphanage now under their care. To get the funds necessary for their work, these women conduct a pay school for the children of English residents and missionaries, and thus make their finances balance. The training in cleanliness alone—for their house is a model of neatness and order—is bringing the children nearer to godliness. But it was plain to see that further instruction was not wanting. The orphans were dull looking children, and they proved their dullness in their recitation which we heard in arithmetic. The sister said that they did not care for arithmetic, and were much better at memorizing. Our respect for these deaconesses increased as we saw how difficult was their double self-imposed task, and how well the helpless, under their direction, were trained in helping themselves.

In our pension in Beirut there was staying temporarily a niece of the poet Wordsworth, Mary Wordsworth Smith. She was a maiden lady, advanced in years, who had devoted the greater part of her life to the care of an invalid brother. On his death she was left with some property, and looking around to see where she could benefit humanity by her efforts for the rest of her life, her attention was called to the Druses inhabiting the Lebanon mountains. This warlike sect had massacred the Christians and had shown such murderous hatred to their innocent fellowmen that she longed to carry to them the tidings of peace and good-will. She built a house in a Druse village on the Lebanon mountains, won the hearts of the villagers by giving them medicine and by the occasional visits of a doctor giving them a chance of medical advice, established a dispensary in charge of a trained nurse, then a school for boys and girls, and, finally, the Sunday School. She had been there some ten years, and was on friendly, and even cordial, relations with the entire village. Her school prospered, the dispensary was a well appreciated part of the work, and the people came now to her Sunday school, even the old Druse chief came to her to talk of religious matters. The dear old lady had grown blind and was in Beirut for treatment. Her face had the outline of her uncle, the poet, and her sweet expression and quiet composure testified to the inner beauty of a life that had so impressed her rough and murderous neighbors. The courage of such self-sacrificing devotion in renouncing the comforts of a civilized home for isolation among a hostile and treacherous people needs no comment and commands admiration.

In Bishop Gabat's school, in Jerusalem, in which many a young dragoman has his first lesson, a feature novel to the Orient is introduced in manual training. We were able to procure there models in clay of the water jar, and in wood of the winnowing fan, the goad, the oriental plow, and the yoke. From a recitation we judged that memorizing and strict discipline were characteristic of the school.

While halting for lunch between Khan el Minyeh and El Khyisa, we saw an approaching bridal cavalcade. The central figure of the procession was a mule, on which was a white canvas-covered frame, with an escort of three or four mounted Bedouins. We were told that within this moving tent was a bride on her way to the home of her future husband. Our dragoman informed us that the ladies of our party would be permitted to see her in return for a gift in silver. The caravan halted, and the canvas curtain was drawn slightly aside, enough to show the single observer the bride seated within. By her side was an elderly relative. The bride extended a slender hand, stained with henna on palm and finger nails; but not until she felt the weight of the franc piece did she draw aside her veil and show her black hair, dark eyes, and eyelids stained with kohl or antimony. She was dressed in white, with ornaments of gold coins, a necklace and a headdress. For a compensation in the



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form of backshish, our dragoman had no trouble in persuading the Bedouin escorts to leave the bride waiting while they showed their skill in a mock combat, in which spears were flourished, and fine horsemanship was displayed.

One interesting feature of the mission work for the education of women in Beirut is the women's class. The wife of a professor in the theological seminary, who started the plan, took us to visit one of these classes. We crossed an old Moslem burying ground to reach the native house, the place of gathering. On the low benches, lining the room and filling the centre, were sixty or seventy native women, representing all ages and grades of social standing, as was shown by their faces and garments. Just in front of me was a bleary-eyed woman with red hair—a very unusual type. Back of her was seated a young girl, scarcely in teens, with her baby; and still farther back a serious-eyed woman of middle age, with the tattoo-marks of slavery or superstition on her arm. A very handsome girl, with beautiful eyes, olive complexion, and regular features, sat in the rear; and as I looked at her she drew her white izzar partly over her face in a shy, coquettish way. The lowest grade of humanity was represented by another, and we wondered how life could hold anything of interest for such a blind and withered, distorted and misshapen creature as her. The teacher who conducted the service, a sweet-faced woman, was reading in Arabic the verse from the New Testament: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that all who believe in him might have eternal life." Most of the women listened, but some showed the fickleness of children in attention, turning in the midst of the reading to a neighbor with a remark, or speaking out directly if they felt inclined. An assistant said she was policeman while the teacher read, and they exchanged offices in turn. The two elements of reader and policeman were quite necessary. After the reading and explanation, the laides and a native teacher heard a recitation and a verse from each, passing around among the benches. The roll was called, and some made this a signal to rise.