

spoke to troops of peasants. Miss Whately says it would require a volume to describe the

NUMEROUS DIFFICULTIES

she encountered during the first four or five years of her work. Amongst these were the discouraging stories of her friends and acquaintances in Cairo. Then her assistants, unable to bear affronts or contemptuous treatment on the part of their friends often left at a moment's notice. The dirty almost savage habits of the children were also very trying. And when reduced to something like cleanliness and civilized habits, the girls left at the ages of fourteen or fifteen to be married before they had acquired an amount of knowledge to be of much use to them in after life. The children came to school in the mornings hungry, and shivering with cold, and were thankful for a few spoonfuls of hot milk and water or the remains of their teacher's coffee, diluted and sweetened with coarse sugar. Again, the idle ones, fancying they were hungry, would take out of some pocket in their ragged garments, a green onion, a piece of sticky date paste, a pickled turnip or bit of sugar cane, all of which had to be confiscated until "recess."

Further, she was advised not to go to the huts of the poor and brave dirt, vermin, risk of infection and abuse as a Christian, for what was sure to result in nothing. At first the people did throw handfuls of dust over her, and assail her with various epithets, muttering curses of all kinds. Still she persevered and after a time these same parties softened and even received her kindly. An old woman who had been in the habit of cursing her, greeted her arrival one day with the pretty Arabic expression, "Welcome be thy hands and thy feet."

AMUSING SCENES

were witnessed in the attempts made to get the boys to come to their school, as well as learn anything. The first boys had to be literally dragged in by their sisters who affectionately coaxed and encouraged them, by telling of the pleasures of the school. Accustomed to harsh treatment, the boys were much more timid than the girls had been at first, and crying out "they will beat us," fled precipitately. Others came and stayed; but one little fellow, having only one eye, consented to stay on condition of being allowed to keep the door wide open, by sitting on the floor with his back against it, so that at any sign of foul play he might get off. The nine who stayed were a dirty lot, clad in blue shirts with cotton caps on their little cropped heads. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks and difficulties, Miss Whately went on and in time reaped her reward. The schools gradually

INCREASED IN NUMBERS

and even the children of respectable classes began to attend Copts as well as Moslems. Miss Whately's adopted daughter, a Syrian, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Shakoor, now aided in the girls' school, for several girls who had been trained as pupil teachers, married and left and even now efficient teachers for girls are not to be had, and yet help from the natives is absolutely necessary, owing to the difficulties of the language, for even when a foreigner can speak it well and read it fairly, it is seldom that others than natives can instruct any but junior classes in Arabic.

In the spring of 1869, the late Khedive made to Miss Whately a present of a

PILOT OF GROUND

outside the city wall. On this she soon began to build, and finally erected not only a dwelling for herself and friends, but a school-house large enough to accommodate several hundred children. In this she was helped by English friends to some extent; but by economy she had, up to this time, borne the chief part of the expenses of the Mission herself. Subscriptions were occasionally sent by old friends, and during her visits to England meetings were now and then held and contributions received. The Female Education Society had sent aid to the female school from the beginning. But after the erection of the new buildings, scholars began to come unasked, instead of needing persuasion, until the number on the roll averaged about 700 pupils of different nationalities, the great majority being Egyptians. About two-thirds of the girls and one-half the boys are Moslems, the remainder being Copts, with a mixture of Syrians, Jews, etc.

Many of the better classes now demanded superior education, so that a French teacher had to be added; and higher teaching in some branches for boys, and more ornamental needle-work for the girls were neces-

sary. The better class was able and willing to pay something, but only a small sum generally, and many of them were taken entirely free. A small school for Europeans residing in Cairo, and such high-class Orientals as wished their daughters to receive a complete

EUROPEAN EDUCATION

was recently added to the establishment, and is superintended by Miss E. J. Whately who visited Switzerland during the past summer, but has now returned to Cairo. This is quite a distinct school, though it is in connection with the Mission and under the same roof, so that Miss M. L. Whately can overlook it in the absence of her sister. The parents of those who attend this branch of the work pay, but as many of them are not rich the sum asked is small compared with the advantages offered, and I learned from Miss Whately that it was not yet quite self-supporting.

The Mission sustained a great loss in the death, within a few years of each other, of the two

BROTHERS SHAKOOR,

who had by great exertions established the boys' school, and who did excellent service as missionary teachers. Happily the work by that time had been well established, and much as their presence was missed, Miss Whately had by her indomitable energy, succeeded in overcoming every obstacle, and in keeping the whole machinery in order, so that it continues to move regularly and well. Mrs. Shakoor, widow of the elder missionary, lives in the Mission House, and helps in visiting the women of the better class of families well as in receiving the parents of the pupils. She assists also in the general superintendence of the whole work. About five years ago, Miss Whately opened a

MEDICAL MISSION

with the view of reaching the adults amongst the Moslems. An excellent doctor, Syrian by birth, skilful, well-trained and an earnest Christian, became one of the staff. He has a dispensary where daily meet the "maimed, the halt and the blind" to hear the Scriptures read, and to receive healing. The good feeling produced by this work has been most satisfactory.

A BIBLE WOMAN

is constantly at work, and much private visiting in families is accomplished. Every year, too, Miss Whately makes a trip on the river near Cairo, with some of her missionary assistants, and distributes books in the teeming villages on the banks of the Nile. Of these trips I may give some notes in a subsequent letter.

Of course no subjects of a controversial nature are permitted in any of the schools, nor in any of the meetings. The knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ—the one mediator between God and man, is clearly made known, and the Scriptures are read to all who will listen. Many of the pupils on leaving school take copies of the Bible with them, and some, it is said, have left the world with a frank avowal of their faith in Christ alone. Of course no one who knows anything of the state of social life in Egypt, will expect to hear much of professed converts at present. That would be attended by too serious danger. Meanwhile Miss Whately and her sister and their assistants, continue to sow the seed of the kingdom, while imparting secular instruction, which some regard as the only hope for the people of that unhappy land. In the present disturbed state of affairs, we may truly say that the Medical Mission and these Schools, so admirably directed by Miss Whately, are like refreshing oases in the burning desert.

Clarens, Switzerland, November, 1884.

KASHIBAI'S STORY.

At the last monthly meeting of the Kingston Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, a member read the following interesting sketch of the life of Kashibai, or Kassibai, a Brahmin woman, which was given at a meeting of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of the United States, as a preliminary to the touching and stirring letters which follow, written by herself. It is given in THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN in order to enable its readers more vividly to realize the forlorn circumstances of Hindoo women, and their need of the Bread of Life.

"On the western side of Hindostan, directly north of the Mahratra province, where American missionaries are labouring, is the province where Kashibai lived. This woman, like most women in India, had been mar-

ried at the age of five years. Her husband (a widower), was married to Kashibai when he was ten years of age. This girl's education had mostly been of a kind that modesty forbids our describing. The religious training had been left to the mother who was accustomed to take her to the god's room, and show her how to present offerings, and teach her to pray for such things as wealth, male children, and that her next appearance upon earth might not be in some vile body. For the new birth of the Hindoos is the returning, after death, into some other body, which may be a reptile, a beast, or a bird.

"Kashibai saw her husband the day of the wedding, and but once again till the age of twelve, when she was removed to the house and care of her mother-in-law. She was a beautiful woman, and notwithstanding the severity of her mother-in-law, she won her husband's love, and she loved him with the fullest affection. Her amiable, noble ways made her a favourite in the house. When the event drew near upon which her hopes for life-long happiness or misery largely depended, more than once every day she fell down before Mata, the great mother goddess, weeping and praying for the only gift that would prove her worthy the respect of her family. She even employed a Brahmin to stand in the sacred river with the water up to his neck, half a day at a time. The sex of the little stranger was the important part of the event. But the prayers were all unavailing, for the baby was a girl.

"During the two long months of ceremonial separation, she was kept apart, in a little damp room, having no sympathy, and not a visitor except the attendant who brought her food, and gave her such attentions as were absolutely necessary. Even her husband could only look at her through a grating, and in his anger and disappointment did not even do that.

"When poor Kashibai was restored to her position in the family she found herself despised, and even her husband took no delight in her. Before the child was a year old, plans were begun for her marriage, but the beautiful little Moti was not fully wedded until she was six years old, and in three years more she was a widow—her husband died of small-pox. When Kashibai heard of this, she was almost frantic with grief, tearing her hair, beating her breast and crying: "My poor Moti, my lost child! No sons—only a girl, and even she is a widow!" The most fearful of curses had fallen upon them, and the years of sorrow and abuse that followed can never be told.

"When Moti arrived at twelve years of age, priests were called, and she was deprived of all her rights of caste, and the endearments of home. Her beautiful hair (in which every Hindoo takes pride), was shaven off; her handsome clothes were exchanged for a coarse black wrapper; all her ornaments were removed from her arms, neck and ears, nose and ankles. From that day forth, according to Hindoo law, she must sleep on the ground, be both prisoner and slave; even the mother would be condemned if she manifested any tenderness to the one "whom the gods had cursed."

"About this time Dowhikan, the father, made the acquaintance of an English gentleman, who asked him if he would not be happy to make the acquaintance of his (the Englishman's) wife—to visit the ladies of their secluded home. Many excuses and delays were invented, but finally, after some years, the missionary lady found her way to the proud Brahmin's house. She never was allowed to see the hated Moti, who, after a time found a way of escape, and years afterwards was heard of in a disreputable house, having chosen a life of shame rather than endure the bondage of her father's dwelling.

"I should like to tell you more of the poor mother's trials, in the introduction of a new wife, to whom were transferred the love, attention, jewellery and fine clothes that she had once delighted in. But I must hasten to tell you that the two years of faithful instruction by the missionary lady, had revealed to that crushed, but noble-minded woman, the truth that a woman has a soul, an immortal soul—that even sinful women may go to heaven, and that the way is provided by Jesus Christ, the Son of God Himself. I have not time to tell you all the experiences and perils that made her a member of the missionary's family and of the household of faith, but I will send you a part of her letter to her husband and Christians in America.

"This letter of Kashibai's to her husband was written from the Mission House; we only send the part touching this subject."