

and most of them lead hard, laborious lives, and have a love of patient endurance which excites the sympathy of travellers. Betrothal and marriage are the chief events in the life of a Syrian girl, but she has no voice in the matter, rarely even seeing the youth to whom she has been betrothed till the marriage ceremony is over. None of them were at all educated till Christian missionaries began to labor among them, and many still think it useless for girls to learn to read.

Moderate mission work was begun in Syria about the year 1820, the first design being to seek to revive the dead Christian Churches, but violent persecution soon arose, no Maronite or Greek being allowed to continue in his own church if he professed the doctrine of salvation through the atonement of Christ alone, so a Protestant Syrian Church was in time formed in which have arisen many devoted Christian workers, and not a few who have, for Christ's sake, suffered the loss of all things. I will give you one instance. About ten years ago two Maronite children, a boy and girl, named Effendi and Adel, were brought to know Christ as their Saviour by hearing of Him in a Mission Sabbath School. Their parents were very angry when they found that they had become Christians, and often beat them cruelly to compel them to give up their faith; finding this useless they locked them into a dark room, and almost starved them. Still the poor children kept firm, staying themselves upon God, and often in the dark night little Adel would put her arms round her brother's neck and repeat the promise, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." After a time their father told them he had made up his mind to send them to their uncle, a Maronite priest, who, he said, would find means to compel them to give up their new religion. The poor children were terribly frightened and clung to each other till far into the night, when the hope that they might possibly escape made them get up and examine their prison, when to their great joy they found that their father had forgotten to lock the door, so, very quietly, and praying God to help them, they managed to get out without waking anyone, and went to the missionaries' house where they were gladly received. Upon hearing their sad story the missionary felt there was no time to be lost, so hasty preparations were made, and before dawn he and the children were on their way to a distant mission station where the children were kindly received and cared for. The parents, of course, searched for them, and soon found out where they were, but by offering to pay them a sum of money the missionary succeeded in getting them to consent to allow the children to remain with him, and at the time I read their story they were nearly grown up and were still faithful to Christ and trying to lead others to Him.