

demcanour, and evident good standing with host and hostess, proclaimed his western birth in as unmistakable English, as did his wistful eye and his wagging tail.

We can never forget that wonderful week, M. and I, when we roamed at large the labyrinthine streets, under the doctor's guidance, introduced to many a strange phase of Oriental life and character; when we bought at the bazaars, secure from the rapacity of the venerable-looking merchants, and peeped into the homes where we saw the realities of eastern life as these realities are. Our visits to the dispensary, too, where the good doctor places his skill day after day at the disposal of the poor diseased creatures of every sect, with patient, gentle, Christian skill and pains, examining, operating, advising and prescribing as occasion requires. Scores and scores of poor sufferers of both sexes and all ages flock to receive treatment from the good Christian *hakim*. I have photographed large groups of these strangely picturesque and pathetic groups indeed, as they waited in the dispensary court for their turn to see the doctor. What a Christ-like work is this medical mission work, how strongly must it recommend the Great Physician and His followers to those who have such evident and tangible proof of the kindness and unselfishness which the Christian religion evokes, and how telling the contrast between the gratuitous kindness of the Christian missionary and the harsh indifference of their compatriots and co-religionists and the grinding rapacity of their Turkish masters. Very touching was it to hear that one of the names given to the doctor as he paid his kindly visits was *Abou Fakhra*, the Father of the Poor.

But remember, my gentle reader, that all this work, gratuitous and unspeakably appreciated by the people as it is, is done sorely against the will, and, indeed, in direct resistance to incessant opposition from the Turkish authorities. Every stone they can place in the way, they put there, every petty annoyance and worrying hindrance they can devise they industriously apply, every check they can give the work they eagerly watch for and use. The work is widespread and beneficent in spite of them, but only because the doctor maintains his rights as an English subject, and refuses to obey orders except from the highest quarters and officially made known to him.

It is the same in Syria generally, and I presume throughout all Turckdom, schools are closed, churches hampered, medical missionaries prohibited from doing their work, and preachers silenced, if the authorities can do it by any possible means, or with even the flimsiest excuse. But, thank God, the light shines; and in Damascus, certainly, it shines in a very dark place. Nevertheless, the