

garb—an everchanging kaleidoscopic picture impossible of adequate description.

On they came, and close beneath the house they marched, the drums beating, the dervishes panting and posturing, the people shouting in great excitement. A thousand eyes were fixed upon us, a thousand faces were upturned to where we stood at our instruments. The wild multitude made a halt of a moment or two right in front of us, and then passed on a few yards more into the open, so that their backs were towards us. Here the Doseh, the culmination of the interest of the day, took place. Numbers of devotees threw themselves flat upon their faces, and over them the religious skeikh began to walk. Then in a few minutes more the procession wound around a corner and dispersed, and the strange scene was over. But memory, aided by the pictures my friend was fortunate enough to secure (my own were unsuccessful, through a defect in my camera), retains most vividly that extraordinary experience, and makes it easy to live over again its unique excitement and interest. Never can I forget that sunny morning, with Hermon strangely near in the brilliant atmosphere, with the storied plains of Damascus for a landscape, and with that wonderful panorama of wild, frenzied processionists, and its attendant crowds of onlookers and participants, so varied of feature and garb, so essentially oriental of character and creed.

It was getting to be pretty near time for Rhiza Effendi's dinner to be ready, and we somewhat impatiently waited for tidings from the little secretary. At length, we were invited to come to where, in a pleasant garden, shaded from the hot sun, the feast had been spread. A lamb, roasted whole and filled with savoury dressing, was the principal dish, and the portions were served out by the Bey, who presided at the meal, and received upon the thin flat cakes of native bread which served well enough for plates. Rice and other farinaceous compounds served as side dishes, and the usual sweetmeats followed. The food was excellent and the meal most enjoyable, our little Moslen host entering into the duties of hospitality with amazing gusto and eagerly doing everything he could think of for the pleasure and satisfaction of his guests.

It was near sunset as we drove away from Katana, the Bey and his good wife remaining behind, and giving us a hearty good-bye. Passing through the fields, as we drove toward Damascus, I saw a Moslem kneeling alone in the sunset, at prayer—all alone, without thought of other eye or ear but God's—and who shall say that that Eye did not watch him lovingly, and that that Ear did not hear with tender pity the prayer of His ignorant but earnest child? And so, on to Damascus we drove, in the fast-gathering darkness, with the blaze of Eastern starlight in the sky, and the