

yard, the village winepress, or the village church, as our numbers nightly increase. One night, when our congregation had been densely packed in the hall, we lifted a corner of the rug to close the door, and saw an immense scorpion in hiding there. What a providence that no one had been bitten! At another meeting, held in the cool evening breeze on Hermon, the graybeard of the village was present, and another of the audience was a baby boy eighteen days old! At another time the village priest was making us a call, and a fine young fellow who had bought 24 mules to take down to Egypt to sell came in to receive a parting blessing to ensure quick and profitable sales.

All my other traveling experiences are as nothing compared to crossing unknown rivers at uncertain fords. Usually in August the largest rivers are fordable, but high up in the mountains an earthquake caused a landslide last summer which demolished several houses and killed several villagers. In the early spring even the smallest streams are swollen with rapidly melted snow, and my assistant, who braves everything on *land*, often stands appalled at the brink where the flood rolls swiftly before her over the large, smooth, treacherous stones of the brook.

Sometimes I am obliged to hold my clinics in the village church, and it cannot be very reassuring to the patients to recount their ills and ailments while the village bier affords them a temporary seat! During the evening meeting in one of my stopping-places, the bier was the favorite seat of the smallest children, who were lost in the crowds on the crowded church floor.

The fierce, warlike Ansairy people have recently for the first time furnished me patients, and I am hoping on my next trip to visit one of their villages if the country is safe enough. I am leaving home this week for a trip northward, and expect to visit a tribe of Turcomans who have been encamping in the plain of the Bukàa; they are clothed in sheepskins, men and women.\*

## THE JEWS RETURNING TO PALESTINE.†

BY R. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

One of the signs of the times which seems to me of peculiar significance, tho the wisdom of this world takes no notice of it, is the very remarkable increase which the last few years have seen in the Jewish population of Palestine, and the extent to which they are found in towns "building the old wastes, raising up the former desolations, repairing the waste cities, the desolations of many generations" (Isa. 41: 4), and in the country "building houses and inhabiting them, planting vineyards, and eating the fruit of them" (Isa. 66: 21).

Fifteen years ago the Jewish population of that country was believed not to exceed 40,000, of which not more than 20,000 were thought to reside in Jerusalem. Now that of Palestine is reckoned at 80,000 to 100,000, and that of Jerusalem and its suburbs at 35,000 to 40,000 at the very lowest, out of a total population of 60,000.

Fifteen years ago that city was strictly walled, and its gates were shut daily at sunset and never opened until sunrise. Outside the walls there were extensive wastes of unoccupied lands, the value of which was little

\* Dr. Eddy's address during the winter will be Beirût, Syria. Any one desiring fuller mimeograph reports of her medical work among the villages may address her there.

† A letter to the London *Baptist*.