

Catholic lady. I know more about her than you do, and I know about her confessor, too, and that he died renouncing every error of the Roman Catholic Church.' He went on to say that he had been a Roman Catholic himself; that he was employed as cook in the convent of the Oratory, that as the confessor's faith in the Church of Rome was so shaken, the other priests were not allowed to come near his death-bed, but he (the cook) was appointed to attend on him; and that which he witnessed at his death-bed and that of other priests had led him to come out of the Church of Rome. He expressed great anxiety that the whole story should be printed as an encouragement to others."

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

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The life of a medical missionary presents many varied and interesting phases. The first week of stay in a village is pretty well occupied with tending to patients, still one can take time to return the salaams of one who comes to pay merely a formal visit. But the next week the patients swarm in from all the neighboring villages, and if the stay is prolonged over a fortnight, patients travel three, four, and five days' journey for consultation; they encamp on walls, steps, porch, and roof, so that you are a prisoner in your own house. It is necessary to move on to other places, but it is heart-rending to leave such numbers needing help behind.

One of the last days of my stay in Keffeir, a village on the slope of Mount Hermon, a poor leper came from a distant village, and hearing that I would receive no new patients before leaving, was in despair. He saw the throng at the door, and knew that waiting would be of no avail. He was the local versifier or poet improvisator of his district, so he went to the teacher in the place and said, "Get pen and ink quickly." The teacher did so. "Now," he said, "paper, for I'm in haste." He then improvised a poem in Arabic, a really remarkable production, in which he first extolled my skill and wisdom, then draws on his imagination regarding a conversation in which my father tells me in starting out upon my life work to regard the poor, the weakest, the most needy. He then relates his case and describes the long years of his misery, and point by point makes his case to resemble those for whom my father desired me especially to labor. The poem ends with the full name and home address of the poet patient. Armed with this precious document and a long reed, he painfully toils up the hill once more. The tip of the reed is slit, the fluttering document is slipped into it and hoisted to the window. I was operating at the time, but one of my assistants was attracted by the paper and the hubbub under the casement, and finally the poor fellow was allowed to enter.

One learns something in such a life of how Christ needed to go apart for rest and prayer. Sometimes after a meal I could not get across the hall to my own room for a few moments' rest before resuming work. I would be obliged to go outside of the house, climb over two roofs, let myself down on to some steps, and enter my room through the window.

The evening gatherings in every place are largely attended, from 60 to 300 persons usually coming together. We choose a large house, but usually have to adjourn first to the front steps, then to the porch, front