

not been there, she would, in all probability, have died in a few minutes. She was saved by the use of a hypodermic needle.

A week later she and a little boy were taken in a cart the 60 miles to the missionary's home and, after weeks of nursing and care by the doctor, restored to health again. To-day these children, and many others probably, are living witnesses to the value of prayer and of medical missions.

Yong Jung, Korea



Funeral Customs in Palestine

By Mrs. A. M. Wright

I imagine that a funeral procession in Palestine would astonish some of the young people of America could they witness one. There is no order and, from our viewpoint, little solemnity displayed at these Eastern funerals, unless one excepts the low, monotonous repeating of the words, "La illah illa Allah" (There is no god but the one God) repeated by the men over and over, without intermission, as they walk along.

The dead, lying on a bier and covered with a cloth or drape, is carried on the shoulders of bearers. The others in the procession walk briskly or straggle lazily along, according to their inclination, either singly, in twos or threes, or larger groups, going sometimes to one side and then to the other, or before or behind the cortege, just when and where and how they choose, without any attempt at regularity or order; while the women among them toss and wave their arms, beat their breasts, and making strange, ear-piercing sounds which they call "wailing" fairly shout their grief and lamentations, thereby making what a Westerner would consider a shocking and most unnecessary din for so solemn an occasion.

Were these seemingly heart-broken and hysterical cries and sobs of the women demonstrations of genuine grief, one would incline to be more tolerant of such a display of feeling in public, but, as every one present knows, these weeping women are usually not friends or relatives, and possibly have not been even acquaintances of the dead. Instead they are hired by friends of the deceased to go with the funeral and make before

the public a loud and exaggerated display of grief. After the burial these women remain at the grave or tomb for days and sometimes for weeks, to keep up their cries and lamentations. Generally they return to their homes at night time, and early in the morning they come back to the grave to resume their wailing.

The wail of the women is a most peculiar sound. Once, years ago, I heard an old Irish woman "keening," as it is called in Ireland, over the sudden death of her son, and never shall I forget the unearthly, wildly weird and bloodcurdling qualities of the sounds she made. The wailings of the Eastern women sound much the same, only, of course, they lack the genuine ring of sorrow that made one hold his breath on hearing the old Irish woman's heart cry.

Sometimes there are true mourners among the wailing women at an Eastern funeral or grave; but, as a rule, the genuine sorrowers are too grief stricken to be able to make the continuous and noisy demonstrations before the public which custom demands as a proper expression of their trouble, and therefore they engage the hired mourners.

Usually the people of Palestine show great respect for the graves and tombs of the dead. There is one tomb there, however, toward which they do not hold this sentiment. It is the so-called Tomb of Absalom, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. It is a beautiful monument. It is close to, Jerusalem, so that many pass it. But few Arabs or peasants do so without stopping to either spit on the ground or to throw a stone at it, in token of their contempt of an undutiful son.

Calgary, Alberta



"Now"

Rise ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armor
And forth to the fight have gone :
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each one has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are looking
In the face of the stern To-day.