

pared him to go to Cornelius and proclaim the Gospel to the Gentiles. Our mission house had formerly been used as a hospice for the better class of Russian pilgrims. Our fellow-worker, Mr. Barnett, elected to live there in the first story, and was soon joined by an earnest Christian Jew from Smyrna, who came to assist with the Spanish-speaking Jews. To understand and influence the people it is necessary to know their homes, occupations, and circumstances. Of necessity a great deal of time was spent by our missionaries in visiting the loathsome neighborhoods and dwellings where the Jews live. It was attempted to meet Jewish refugees on their arrival, but this was found quite impracticable, as any one who has disembarked at the port of Jaffa will realize. The confusion on board ship and in the custom house, added to the fact before mentioned, that agents from the Chovevi Zion Society are on the spot to hinder any mission work, prevents any good being done. Later, however, in groups of twos and threes the new-comers have been met about the town, and such opportunities have been made good use of. Visits have also been made to Jewish colonies in the neighborhood of Jaffa, but the winter was exceptionally severe and the roads were for long impassable.

The mission house, besides being a centre where Jews could gather for conversation, discussing their difficulties and receiving instruction without fear of being watched, was also a home and shelter at different times to homeless Jews. Some of these have come in opposing the truth, but being present at prayer, conducted by Mr. Barnett, in which others have joined, have, of their own accord, not only prayed, but done so in the name of Jesus. One Jew in particular asked God that if what he had heard of Jesus were true He would not let him die without receiving it. If only the chains of formalism were broken, and true, spontaneous, heartfelt confession of sin and prayer for pardon took the place of the continual repetition of lifeless forms of prayer, God would hear and answer, for it is this He waits for.

On Saturday afternoons, being Sabbath, and to the Jews everywhere a day of leisure, many would come and read and converse with my husband and Mr. Barnett. On Wednesday afternoons during two hours one room used to be crowded with Jewesses, all sitting, Eastern fashion, cross-legged on the ground and working. A stranger coming in might have been astonished to see the array of shoes in the open court-yard to the number of some sixty-eight pairs. Within the interest would have been sustained. Here were Spanish Jewesses for the most part, some few German, one Italian, and two or three very dark-skinned Yemen Jewesses. Some with their foreheads bound and their faces bandaged, others simply wearing a pretty kerchief on their heads and having their finger nails dyed scarlet or yellow. Their methods of work are the exact reverse of our European ways; some of these women could work very quickly and well. On leaving, many of them resumed their white enveloping sheet, which they had laid aside on entering. We had the valuable help of some Arabic-speaking