

Women constitute the majority in our church membership; hence, whatever interests and occupies them, must have a strong hold upon the Church. Women are the natural teachers of the rising generation, and should share in all that goes to make the children and youth of our churches more intelligent and more useful. Women, as a rule, succeed better than men in enlisting their neighbors in benevolent enterprises, by securing their sympathy and their regular contributions. And women have the gift—for such it really is—more than men, of making our schemes of philanthropy a vital force, and a warm, pulsating, and persuasive power in the home and in the Church.

How may our sisters help us with the monthly concert? First, by helping the pastor in planting it; and then in faithfully maintaining it every month. So far as heard from, only one of our Rhode Island churches observes this concert regularly. A few others in New England—probably less than a score in all, counting in New York and the West—are doing this same thing. Here are the facts, so far as I have been able to reach them. Who does not see the need of patient and persevering effort on the part of our sisters, towards improving this state of things?

The apostle Paul wrote to his "true yoke-fellow" at Philippi: "*Help those women.*" Were he here, I can not doubt he would say to the women of our churches *HELP THOSE MEN.* The pastors, deacons, and the brethren of the committees, all need woman's heart and hand in planning, and her hand in carrying on successfully, this monthly meeting of prayer for the world's evangelization. Who better than woman can glean the golden grains of progress from the great harvest fields, and bring them in—for cheering on men to pray, and give and work for the redemption of our lost race? With all my heart I say: May God grant that the women of our churches may now come up nobly and resolutely in support of this monthly concert of prayer for missions. —*Missionary Helper.*

An Arab Bible-Woman.

BY MARY GORDON

She is called "Im Daoud," which means "the mother of David." A woman is nothing in this land. It is only by associating her name with that of some man that she can claim any respect, as we place a unit before a zero in order to give it value. She is a pleasant-faced woman, whose dark skin and hair mark at once her Arab origin. She has adopted the European costume of "sack and skirt," but instead of a bonnet she wears a white mull veil two yards long, the middle of which she puts over her head, letting the ends fall over her shoulders and back. She and her husband became Christians after their marriage. They have quite a large family and their names, like those of Scripture, have a meaning. The first little girl who came after the conversion of her parents was called Light, because light had dawned in their hearts. The next was called Thanks, because those who have light should be thankful. The next was named Peace, because those who have light and thankfulness have also peace; and so on through a long series of children and Christian sentiments.

Im Daoud suffered much persecution because of her change of faith, and in her isolation from other companions she used frequently to go with her children to the mission school. There she learned enough of reading to pursue the branch at home with the aid of her little ones who kept ahead of her in their classes. She now spends

most of her time in efforts for her people. She sets apart several days of the week for going from house to house, to read the Bible, and hold meetings for the women. We attended one of these gatherings where over two hundred women and girls were assembled in a recitation room of the mission school. Im Daoud stood before her audience beside a little table, her white veil falling about her form and in her hand an open Arabic Bible, from which she read and spoke twenty minutes upon the passage selected. The tongue was an unknown one to us, but not the expression on the face. It was unmistakably the family likeness of the children of God and so different from that on the half-veiled faces we daily met on the streets. She was evidently deeply imbued with her subject, and spoke with an ease and forgetfulness of self which many a lady in our home auxiliary meetings might envy. The most of Im Daoud's work is done in the homes where only a few meet at once. One woman, whose husband had beaten her because she had attended the Bible-women's gatherings, sent word to Im Daoud that she wanted a meeting at her house. When reminded how much she would suffer in consequence, she replied "I have had one beating and can take another. I would rather have the meeting even with the beating."

An Arab woman had lost her favorite boy and was inconsolable in her sorrow. Im Daoud went to see her and tried such comforting words as only one mother can say to another, but with no effect upon the wild Oriental grief. She could scarcely be heard for the shrieks of the mother and the women who had come to mourn with her. At last Im Daoud ventured to try to give her an idea of her own sources of comfort in tribulation. She told her of heaven, of her loving Father; and taking her Bible from her pocket she read of Christ's tenderness to little children, of the blessedness of those who always "behold the face of the Father," and know no more pain. Gradually the mother's loud wailing and swaying of the body ceased; the hands which had been thrown wildly about in the Oriental expression of grief, were clasped quietly over her raised knee as she sat in Eastern fashion, on the mat beside the reader to listen. In half an hour Im Daoud left her calm and comforted. A day or two after, as Im Daoud sat, toward evening, in her own house, there appeared at the door this same woman bringing with her five others, who had evidently been offering her their doubtful consolations. Their noisy sympathy had disturbed the peace which Im Daoud had left with her, as a jewel is jostled from the grasp by a rude crowd. She realized anew the earthly side of her loss and, to use her Arabic expression, her heart "was aflame" for the son she should see no more. She had come to beg Im Daoud to read to her from the comforting book again. Her request was gladly complied with, and the precious words seemed to open to the poor benighted heart the same heavenly vision as before. As she left the house she said to the Bible-reader, "Oh, I thank you so much, that you have cooled my heart," this being a translation of the expression she used. Significant it is! When I compare Im Daoud's life with that of the women about her; when I see what she would have been without religion and what she is with it, I feel that it is worth while to make the long journey from America to Syria to gain the realization, which one seldom gets at home, of the power of religion when it gets thorough hold of men and women. It transforms them, soul, mind, and body.

We complain that mission work is slow, and it is; but the conversion of one such woman compensates for much weary labor, and she herself sets the work forward in geometrical ratio. I am sure if the members of our