

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 5.

## THE GREAT SOUTH.



LOWER SUGAR FORK FALL—BLUE RIDGE—NORTH CAROLINA.

### AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

“You ain’t a show, be ye?” said the small boy.

The question was pardonable; the GREAT SOUTH expedition, and the travelers who had joined it, certainly presented a singular spectacle that rainy June even-

ing, alighting from their weary and mud-bespattered horses at the door of a little inn, in a Tennessee mountain town, and proceeding to unload their baggage-wagon. Such mysterious array of traps the small boy’s round, wondering eyes had never

"AJELLAK ALLAH;" OR, THE WOMEN OF THE ARABS.

THERE is an Arabic proverb which says : "A man can bear anything but the mention of his women." Perhaps in no language on the face of the earth has hard public opinion been more densely crystallized, or more sparkingly expressed, than in this single utterance. If any true Moslem is obliged to allude to a female, he invariably prefaces her name with the deprecation, which is chosen as the title of this article.

"*Ajellak Allah*" means—May God elevate you! That is, in this connection—May divine grace or power put you out of reach of being contaminated by what I am now going to say! Hence it resembles that quaint Celticism, employed when one has a disagreeable subject to mention : "Saving your presence, sir!"

It is related that there once came to the study of Dr. Van Dyck in Beyroot, a Mohammedan Mufti. One of his wives was ill, and he wished for medical advice. But all the conventional good-breeding he possessed was at risk, if he should insult the good physician by alluding to a female. So he commenced with the usual innumerable salutations, multiplying them all the more copiously by reason of the peril : "Good morning—may your day be happy—may God grant you help"—until he thought he had by compliment sufficiently paved the way to business. Then he proceeded : "Your Excellency must be aware I have a sick *man* in my house. May God give you blessing! Indeed, peace to your head! *Inshullah*, it is only a slight attack!" The amused missionary inquired what was the matter. "*He* has headache, pain in *his* back, and *he* will not eat." Of course immediate attendance was engaged : "I will come and see *her* this afternoon ; who may it be?" The man fumbled, and out with it : "*Ajellak Allah*, it is my *wife*! May God increase your good! Good morning, sir!"

The concentration of fastidious contempt could seemingly go no farther than this. I am informed that it would not be genteel Arabic for one to begin, without using the same apologetic formula, if he intended to speak of a shoe, a dog, a hog, a donkey, or a woman. The whole notion of the female sex in Egypt and Palestine is degrading and ignoble. Fathers rejoice if a son is given them to keep up the family name ; but one of their poets has

sung, what the people contentedly repeat : "The threshold weeps forty days whenever a girl is born."

A RECOGNITION AT LAST.

Just now there has been issued from the press a most admirable volume, written by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D., for nineteen years an honored and useful American Missionary in Syria. It is entitled *The Women of the Arabs*, and is published by Dodd & Mead of New York. It contains, within the compass of a duodecimo of nearly four hundred pages, a singularly interesting and valuable account of the actual condition of females among the Arabic-speaking races of the East, as well as of the worthy and efficient efforts, which from time to time have been made to relieve it.

It is hard to say which makes most impression in this book, its information or its pathos. So long have these poor, down-trodden women been without a defender or a friend, that now when one appears, the sensibilities are touched with the sincerity of championship. Day by day, in those desolate lands, the maiden bears her pitcher, and the matron turns the heavy stone of the mill. Nobody knows them ; nobody cares for them. Uneducated, and without a chance, an opening, or a hope, they cannot get in an appeal. It makes one think of the amended verse about the stars : "No speech, no language—their voice is not heard." All that toil can attain, all that thrift can save, goes to the inevitable taskmaster to pay taxes, or is iniquitously seized by the Bedouins. Beaten, impoverished, worn and weary, this part of the Sultan's empire is the basest of kingdoms, and there the women are slaves.

It is interesting to know, as one of the most significant of all illustrations, that some years ago the attempt was made, by a famous musician in Europe, to represent in an orchestral composition what he intended to call "Souvenirs of the East." He introduced the many sounds which he heard in those countries. But so unutterably sad and wild were the strains, that the piece was rejected. One lonely and unchanging creak was evermore present in the windings of the harmony, the sound of the terrible instrument in Egypt for the

lifting of water, as the rude wheel turned upon its unoiled axle; and with it another, low and murmuring, from Palestine, as the mill bruised the corn for the thin loaf.

If one listens as he journeys, out in the fields where the men would be likely to be most jocund, and the women feel freest, he might at times hear the fellahin singing. The best tune they have is one called "The Song of the Harvest." But even this is a mere plaintive melody, the intervals of which are all minor. It is impossible for our voices, trained to the musical scale, to catch the strains so as to reproduce it. Digging, planting, rowing, the laborers will chant roughly; but the sound is like that of grown people crying. The land seems to weep and wail, as if under a divine visitation.

#### THE COMMON HUMANITY.

I once spent some curious and industrious days in Beyroot. I met the multitudes of common people face to face, at the exact point where they came most closely in contact with our forms of Christian civilization. We heard the daughters of heathen parents sing our American Sunday-school songs in their own language, to our tunes, and repeat the same prayers we had taught our little ones on the other side of the world. Of course, we had to rely on others much for interpretation, but we certainly saw with our own unbiased eyes.

I instituted somewhat diligent and extensive inquiries, seeking explanations of what I could not myself understand. I made frequent visits to the Christian schools there. And I feel quite ready to pronounce that men, women, and children are there, precisely as here, singing all the music of ordinary life with eight notes to the octave. They are debased, as all bad people are debased; they can be uplifted, as all enlightened good people are uplifted.

The countenances of the children are at times full of sprightliness and intelligence. Many of the girls in the schools had learned to speak English fluently, and so were accessible to conversation. I say soberly, there appeared no reason why these creatures in human form should not be considered human, precisely like the rest of our race. Degraded they are, but degraded they need not remain. A wealthy native merchant in that city once remarked: "The Europeans have a thing in

their country which we have not; they call it *ed-oo-ca-shion*, and I am anxious to have it introduced into Syria."

Some few little touches of nature interested me very much in the children. They have some of the same games we have in our own land. The girls play "puss, puss in the corner," and "pebble, pebble, (button) who's got the pebble?" and the boys play leap-frog, and the ordinary rings of marbles, as well as "tag" and base-ball.

But they seem deplorably poor, and it is a fact that they defy all description as to filthiness. It is a sage comfort sometimes to hear a missionary make a facetious remark. Good Mr. Williams, of Mardin, is recorded as having said that some of the children who came to him were so ragged and tattered that there was hardly cloth enough to their garments to make borders for the holes! And my own eyes can bear witness that the type of utter dilapidation in garments certainly resides somewhere in Egypt or Northern Palestine.

The very first effect of this wild, half vagrant life is to destroy self-respect. We do not need to cross the ocean to find that out; for do we not know what "street Arabs" are? Add to this the notion of abandoned hopelessness which the women have, and one can see where it leads the girls. One of the most pathetic instances of pure Orientalism that ever came to my knowledge is related as a positive fact. While the children of the Abeih school were playing together one day at recess, two small girls fell into pleasant dispute as to the size of a certain object—plaything, perhaps. One said, "Oh, it was so *very* little!" and the other asked, "How little?" Then the missionary looked out of the window, and heard her answer, "Why, a little wee thing." Then the other pressed her still further, "Well, *how* little?" to which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry or the pathos of her comparison, "As little as was the joy of my father on the day I was born!"

#### THE VICES OF THE PEOPLE.

The general thriftlessness of all the aborigines in Oriental countries is noticeable to everybody who passes through. On our first visit to Jerusalem we were most surprisingly benefited by an instance of this sort. The entrances of the city are closed at sunset; we had been around on the Mount of Olives, and were belated. But we remembered that the Jaffa gate had



BLIND MEN BEGGING BY THE WAYSIDE.

There is a laziness indescribable which controls everybody. The white footpaths through Syria are hedged in often with a dense growth of cactus and young pomegranate trees, beneath the scanty shade of which the inhabitants sit, squat like the letter N inverted, their knees drawn up till they fairly touch their chins, precisely as if their lean bodies were roughly hinged at only two points, and would fold up in the shape of what printers call "condensed type."

Of course the filthiness of some of these creatures matches their indolence. Men, not rarely, wear a single garment for six months without so much as removing it for even a night. And by that time one can conjecture its population is beyond census.

We saw more than once a line of human beings in single file along the narrow way, headed by three or four stalwart men, carrying only their long pipes, while behind them came as many women, young and old, having on their heads such loads of brush-wood, which they had somewhere gathered for fuel, that they actually staggered under the weight; and not one of these lords of creation even so much as cast a glance behind him. We frequently passed the ploughmen in the furrow, scratching the surface with the point of their mere stick for a share. And once we saw a camel and a cow yoked together; and once a woman and a donkey, while a man drove them with a sharpened goad.

How these wives can abide such cruelty, or ever stick to such brutes for husbands, passes ordinary comprehension. Yet there is at times some sort of real affection among them. They take a curious way of showing it also. A suddenly bereaved widow, in a village near Lebanon, refused to allow her house or her clothes to be washed for more than a whole year afterward. It was her own peculiar method of mourning. But one is ready to believe that it proved effective, and

experienced some affliction or other, so that it would not shut. Four years later, while we stood waiting in the rain, disconsolate and damp, for a most provoking season of delay, trying to get passage out to our tents, we recalled the preparations for repairs we had noticed so long ago. Now the trouble was that the old portal would not open on the new hinges only on one side. We drew the innocent conclusion that it might be possible this triumph of eastern enterprise would be witnessed at its full completion by some one even of this generation of old beggars sitting there to watch for alms in their pails.

For that is exactly the way in which they do sit—by generations. We know, for instance, that Bartimeus means "Son of Timeus," and some people say Timeus means *blind*; and it is very easy to make out three degrees of the Timeus descent, with the one Jesus healed for a start; he was "Son of Timeus, son of Timeus;" and so it would seem that they had the family stand a good while there at the gate of Jericho.

## الصلوة الربانية

ابانا الذي في السموات. ليتقدّس اسمك. ليأت ملكوتك.  
 لكن مشيتك كما في السماء كذلك دلى الارض. خبزنا كفافنا  
 أعطنا اليوم. واغفر لنا ذنوبنا كما نغفر نحن ايضاً  
 للذنينين بنا. ولا تدخلنا في تجربة. لكن  
 نجنا من الشرير. لان لك الملك  
 والقوة والمجد الى الابد.  
 آمين

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ARABIC.

drew around her a line of reserve which few would invade.

A kind of hand-to-mouth life it is that they all appear to lead. They do not cultivate the want of very many things, and a forward look is something they cannot comprehend. One generation succeeds another with no advance. Dr. De Forest once asked some men in B'hamdun, where they all suffered almost unendurably from the sun-glare, "Why do you never plant a tree?" And one extraordinarily illumined individual answered, as he solemnly removed his yard-long pipe, "We should not live till it was grown." "No," replied the doctor, "but your children would." "Let them plant it, then!" was the complacent answer; and the heated crowd of dozing by-sitters grunted a profound acquiescence in such wisdom.

### LYING AND PROFANITY.

An old man in Beyroot once warned the missionaries against trusting anybody in Palestine; for, said he, "if there are twenty-four inches of hypocrisy in this world, twenty-three of them are in Syria!" One of the nursery tales for children relates how, in the beginning of the world, Satan came down with seven bags of lies, which he intended to distribute in the seven kingdoms of the earth. The first night after he arrived on the planet, he slept in Syria, and opened one of the bags, letting the falsehoods loose. But when he fell fast asleep, some one came and opened all the rest of the bags; so that Syria really got more than her share!

But the most universal, and one would

fain believe, the most unconscious, vice among the Orientals is profanity. The use of God's name in common conversation is almost incredible. Its repetition is introduced, when not even a morbid taste for forcible expletives demands it. The ordinary salutations are only meaningless jumbles of prayer formulas. A more devout people would not seem easy to be found in this terrestrial ball, if one could only have a little confidence in their piety.

There is always something of venerableness in the habits of these Mohammedans. We watched them more closely at the

Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, than anywhere else. Their great deliberation in putting their shoes from off their feet, and their repeated bowings and prostrations, inspired reverence. But there is no use in trying to trust it.

"A man may cry church, church at every word,  
 With no more piety than other people;  
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,  
 Because he keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

We took one of the missionaries into our confidence, and had a decided *séance* with our dragoman, Mohammed Achmed. He used to pause to pray, with a dreadfully irritating hindrance to our progress, all the way up through Galilee. But in the two midnights, wild with storm, when our tents blew down over our heads so, beside the Sea of Tiberias, oh, how we did hear him pertinaciously swearing at the men outside! We put him to task when we found somebody whom we could trust among the vocables of Arabic. Then, too, we found out some things.

*Allah* means God, and *Yullah* means O God; *Inshullah* means, If God will; *Wullah* and *Bismillah* mean, In the name of God; *Hamdillillah*, Praise to God. The rapidity and volubility with which men and women interject these oaths are simply inconceivable; equaled only, however, by the inveteracy with which they cling to them.

Dr. Post once rebuked an old sheikh for swearing so constantly; argued with him closely until the man engaged never to do it again. His choice oath was *Wullah*. But, in an instant more, out it came as usual. "There now," said the shocked Christian, "did you not promise? What is

your word worth? Will you pledge me never to say *Wullah* again?" And the penitent fellow, thoroughly abashed, replied most conscientiously, "*Wullah*, I will!"

Perhaps it is only the part of candor for me to state why I have so much feeling in this connection. I was betrayed on one occasion into a most shameful indiscretion. We started for the usual tourist-trip through the Holy Land, four Christian women, three ministers of the Gospel, one Sunday-school teacher, and a theological student;—all of us, of course, perfect patterns of propriety in our poor way. We were hardly out of the beautiful orchards of Jaffa, on our way to Upper Bethoron, the first day of tent-life, before Mohammed shouted *Yullah* to the beasts that bore us, the cry strained at the very top of his voice, to urge them forward.

Now we had been trying, modestly and by sundry little ingenuities of our own, to exhilarate the horses' spirits, having a vague notion that they might be Arabian—it seems they were. But we had long since become convinced that they did not understand the English language at all. The "chirrup," the "click," even the "get-up" of ordinary courtesy to the high-bred animals of our own land, made no more impression than boarding-school French makes in Paris. But the moment Achmed shouted *Yullah*,

and black Abdullah, the cook, repeated it, and our brilliant servant-boy, Hassan, echoed it, (and at the same moment deftly shied a persuasive stone at the leader,) all the cavalcade pricked up their ears, and started into a profound enthusiasm for as much as two minutes; then, of course, it all had to be done over again. But there was present gain and hopeful comfort in understanding we had discovered what was the thing to do in depressing exigencies.

So for thirty days we all rode on, and vociferated *Yullah* whenever things got dull. As we neared Beyroot—oh, how wearied, man and beast, and Mohammed's steed lying dead down just beyond Sidon!—we caught a far glimpse of the author of this new volume, Dr. Jessup himself, coming forth on horseback to meet us. If ever mortals were glad to see a dear friend, we were glad to see him then. We could not consent to be tame under such a welcome. Two or three of us knew him at a distance. Up went hat, and hand, and handkerchief to greet him as he cantered on. Then we put forth every effort to come in in style. Oh, if these jaded beasts would only comprehend the position! We whipped them and spurred—one happy man had a spur—alas! we shouted *Yullah*, like so many agitated Indians. We all shouted *Yullah*,

all the horse-arabic we knew, till the Syrian air quivered. Then we swung our green sun-umbrellas like faded banners, and screamed louder and louder. All this in honor of the missionary!

But it became evident he was not pleased. For he stopped short; he put up both his hands; he waved them deprecatingly; something was wrong. Yet all which that excellent man said *then* was, "O friends, please stop saying *Yullah*!" And we did.

But we never recall our masterly approach to Beyroot that hot noon without an ignominious sense of profane failure. Dr. Jessup has told us since, with a hushed voice, that he never, before or since, saw such a platoon of whooping, swearing troopers entering the town, as we were. And so



A MARRIAGEABLE MAIDEN.

it may be understood we made that dragoon learn a lesson, when he had taught us to go blaspheming unconsciously, men and women, all the way through Palestine!

There seems little need to go over the rehearsals of particular vices among these Syrian people any further. The ordinary moralities have all given out. The Arabs themselves have a fable, which is just in point. They say a man once asked a camel what made his neck so crooked; and the beast answered—"My neck? Why do you ask me about my neck? Is there anything else straight about me, that led you to notice my neck?"

When the entire people lie debased beneath such degradation, unrelieved and disastrous, what can be hoped for the female sex, that lies lowest of them all! It seems inconceivable to our enlightened minds. One can imagine the shock which that excellent American lady received when the official report was sent her concerning the growth and behavior of a girl she was religiously supporting in one of the schools of the mission. Thus it ran: "She still *lies* and *swears* awfully; but she has greatly improved during the past two years, and we are much encouraged!"

#### EFFORTS FOR AMELIORATION.

It is the object of the volume to which I seek to call attention, to show what has already been attempted,—already been done,—to uplift the female sex, especially in Syria. The influence of the work done in northern Palestine has been felt in Egypt, and in all parts of the Turkish empire.

There is something inexplicable in the interest one immediately feels for this class of persons in the East. Their mysterious costume, covering them all up like a sheet; their ways of shrinking out of sight, like hunted animals;—everything one sees in them appeals to his sympathy. They do not avoid the men from delicacy, but from fear. It was at Bethany we first saw them at the grave, mourning. They turned their faces straight towards the stone, then flung their garments close over their persons, as if hurrying into a safe concealment. Type action is that of all their lives. They have come to recognize that they have no rights which men are bound to respect.

It seems a pity that sometimes even the endeavors to lift and benefit this depressed and ignorant class of fellow-beings result

at first in their greater suffering. Greediness of gain is the earliest passion invoked. When the Christian teachers, having received the girls into school, begin to become attached to them, the parents are quick to perceive a basis for beggary. They will keep their children away, and maltreat them, so as to force the benefactors to intercede for them with gifts, or be tortured by their pain.

Just so with older females. These avaricious men think they see *back-sheesh* in everything. They fawn upon foreigners for hope of it. Once a missionary noticed that no women were in his congregation upon the Lord's Day. He expostulated with his male hearers, and told them to bring their wives along. The next Sunday there they all were,



AN ARAB PLOWING.



THE WATER-CARRIER. SEE ISA. 55: 1.

If they are restrained from open violence by personal fear, they will seek sneaking opportunity of inflicting injury, when no defender is by. Until a very recent period, woman-killing in Syria was not considered murder. The females could be poisoned, beaten to death, cast into the sea, thrown down wells,—and if no one of their relatives interfered, or commenced suit, the government made no inquiry in the matter. Even when, for the sake of gain, or possible feeling, a prosecution resulted in a verdict, all the murderer had to do was to pay the price of blood, which was fixed by law at thirteen thousand piastres, or about five hundred dollars. When, therefore, by the interposition of foreigners, the authorities are forced to take cognizance of these abuses as crimes to be punished, the old lords of soil feel as if their prerogatives were denied them, and hate women the more.

hosts of women, as meek and quiet as could be wished. The preacher was delighted; but knowing the perversity of the sex, he inquired how their husbands persuaded them so easily to come. And one of the doughty heroes replied,—“We had to *beat* them soundly all of us; then they consented!”

And far beyond this; the very protection extended to these abused creatures exasperates the wretches who have been accustomed to trample upon them with impunity. In this all sects of the male inhabitants unite. Few persons have any real notion of ill-temper, unreasoning injustice, obstinate passion, and cold-blooded cruelty, unless they have studied the character of ordinary Eastern men. Every one of them is naturally a despot. The hardest faces I have ever seen have been those of an oriental Pharisee, with his phylactery on his forehead, and a Mohammedan teacher, his whole figure inflated with pride and bigotry.

Such people instinctively beat women.

#### NEED OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

No one can make himself intelligent in the history of Syria during the last forty years, and then cherish confidence or keep up hopefulness in relation to the people there, with any other end in view than the civilization of the entire countries according to our Christian forms of life. No pressure on the governments will help them; no visit of the Sultan to Paris will raise them. The gospel sun must begin a new day, and rise in the East once more. It is notable how little the customs have changed since Bible times. Seven hundred and twelve years before the new song was heard, ushering in our era, from the Bethlehem hills, Isaiah wrote this verse, repeating the cry of the water-carrier: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!”

And there you will hear the same call to-day, as the man, with his skin-bag, claps the metal saucers together like a chime. And that is the call we must



echo there, until man is regenerated, and woman is free.

Meantime these social customs are actually changing. The living presence of families, constructed and maintained on Christian principles of equality between the sexes, becomes an invincible argument at once, and an illustration of a better method of life.

The most lamentable thing of all, in the domestic arrangements of these unhappy people, is the early age at which the girls are married. The Arabic journal, the "Jenneh," made a boast one day of having seen a grandmother of *twenty* years, herself having been married before she was *ten!* Dr. Meshakah, of Damascus, that venerable, white-bearded patriarch, with his little wife whom he married at *eleven* years of age, remarked that in his day young girls received no training at home; young men who wanted wives to please them, had to marry them early, so as to educate them to suit themselves. One of the scholars in the Beyroot Seminary came in at eight years of age, and remained for two years. At ten her parents sent for her, and took her away to be married. And one of the teachers records in a very artless way what carelessness they had getting her off, and sending her dolls with her!

Into all these customs a better notion is beginning to steadily press its way. The Europeans resident there are forcing a healthy public sentiment through all those lands, which must before long do some good to this despised and down-trodden sex. A most interesting incident occurred some time since in the old city of Hums, the influence of which is felt even to the present day.

In 1863 Dr. Jessup was invited up to perform the marriage ceremony of two Protestant young men, the first of the kind in that region. The grooms, Ibrahim and Yunis, came in to make arrangements. When they heard the form, as



WOMEN WEeping AT A TOMB.

read over to them, they expressed much surprise that the brides were going to be asked to say No and Yes in the course of it; indeed, they would need to be very careful, lest they should get the syllables in the wrong places. The minister proposed to go over to the residences of the girls, and give instructions to all at the same time. Against this they violently protested, saying they had never visited either bride's house when she was present, and it would be a grievous breach of decorum, if they were to do so. So Dr. Jessup alone went, with some of the girls' relatives to point out the place. But only the utmost diplomacy prevailed upon the girls to even see him; even then they were partly veiled.

But once in his presence, the women, and with them some married relatives likewise, were voluble enough, "Do you have the Communion before the ceremony?" "No." "Do you use the Ikleel, or crown, in the service?" He told them he sometimes used a ring, no crown. One of the

girls, unable to restrain her curiosity, burst out, "I hear that you ask the woman if she is willing to take this man to be her husband!" He answered, "Certainly." "Well, well," interrupted one of the old wives present, "if that rule had been followed in my day, I know of one woman who would have said *No*; but they never give us Greek women any such chance!"

At last each of the young people was made to understand that when, standing beside her groom, she should be asked if she knew any reason why she should not lawfully be united to him in marriage, she was to answer *No*; and then, when she should be asked if she took him for her wedded husband, she was to answer *Yes*. These replies they repeated over and over again, to guard against mistake. And the matrimonial rehearsal concluded with the remark of the before-mentioned irrepressible matron: "I should have put my *No* in the right place," said she, with a suggestive shrug of the shoulders.

All this gave any amount of gossip in the neighborhood. What caused deepest surprise was the announcement that the girl should have a right to say *Yes* or *No*. This was new doctrine for the ancient city of Heliogabalus. As was to be expected, the news soon spread through the town that on the next evening a marriage ceremony was to be performed by a Protestant minister, in which the bride was to have the privilege of refusing the man, if she wished. And what was a still greater affront to ideas of propriety in Hums, it was rumored that the wives were to walk home from the church, *in company with their husbands!* This was too much; and certain of the young men threatened a mob, in case of so flagrant an assertion of woman's rights.

The day arrived, and with it such a crowd as never before filled that dwelling. With the brides came a great train of women, sheeted and veiled, carrying candles, and singing. At last the company got into place, and in a measure into silence. Here occurred a difficulty. The

two brides were all covered up with veils indistinguishably. Ibrahim was slender and tall, at least six feet three; but Yunis was short and thick-set; and one of the young women was tall; and the other even shorter than Yunis. There was no relief from the embarrassment, and Dr. Jessup arranged them symmetrically, tall and tall, short and short, and went ahead.

He says he delivered a practical address, and "improved" on the occasion. No Methodist exhorter ever got more extraordinary responses than he from his Hums audience. "That is so." "That is news in *this* city." "Praise to God," exclaimed a hopeful old crone, "women are something after all, Mashullah!"

After he had concluded his harangue, he turned and began impressively, "Ibrahim, do you take—" when suddenly one of the old women cried out, "Stop, stop, Khowadji, you have got the wrong bride by that man; he is to marry the short girl!" They made a genial interchange, though it destroyed the look of the thing, and went through successfully with the mighty monosyllables without mistake. Then all waited for the crowd to disperse. But the curiosity was too great, and at last the two brother missionaries rigged up



JEW WITH PHYLACTERY.

their lanterns, seized their heavy canes, and walked home, first with Ibrahim and wife, then with Yunis and wife, one on each side. And the crowd were a little afraid of the two Khowadjis with their sticks, and had to be contented with mere jokes and laughter.

Nine years after this, when on a visit to Hums, this same missionary records that these happy Christian families, with their children, met him at the door of the church.

Many are the weddings that now take place in that dull old town. Maidens wear their dowry in rows of silver coins on their foreheads as they used to. But the men that seek them know full well by this time that the lips can say No and Yes, in such ways as that they must abide by the decision, and all Hums keep silence when they speak.

#### GENERAL RESULTS THUS FAR.

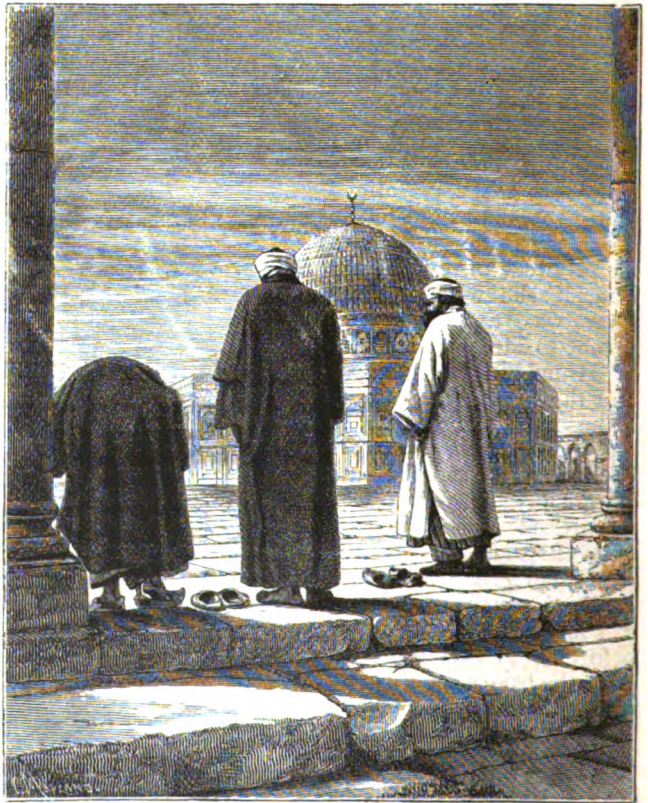
It hardly seems consistent with the limits, perhaps not with the character, of this paper, to attempt to rehearse what has really been accomplished among the women of the Arabs. No one of us, even in politest circles, would be harmed, if he left off now the apologetic, *Ajellak Allah*.

I have been interested beyond the power of expression in the histories of Rufka Gregory, Luciya Shekur, Raheel, and Miriam the Aleppine. It seems a miracle performed when one sees this low, desolate life coming up through the night to the light. On the whole, those photographed groups of Christian families are the most affecting pictures the sun ever traced. The sweet, new life of parents and children; the unmistakable honor and reverence for the mother which the father cherishes; the uncringing, frank face of the small child, nowise humiliated because she must grow up a woman,—these tell their own tale.

My office is performed, if I have succeeded in turning attention to the volume, and awakening a wish to possess it.

Only one more living evidence may be of interest. Raheel Bistany's little daughter died; Werdeh, one of the educated pupils of the Beyroot Seminary, wrote a poem, lamenting the loss. The Arabic version, that is, her own actual composition, is in my hands, electrotyped by the American press in Beyroot. I annex it here, to show at once:—how finely science has driven itself in here with the high appliances of civilized life in a heathen city, where such exquisite work of typography can be produced—and how well an Arab girl (*Ajellak Allah!*) can show her training, give her but a fair chance.

A musical translation (printed below the poem) is given by Dr. Jessup, which he vouches for as literal. The sweet Christian spirit, as well as the literary merit is to be noted.



MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

قالت ترني سارة بنت المعلم بطرس البستاني

يا بين ويحك هل بقيت في البشرِ عينا بلا دمة حرّس ولا كدرِ  
 وهل تركت بذى الدنيا لنا كبدنا سليمة وفوادا غير منظرِ  
 قطفت زهرة بستان سنبت في روض الجنان نظير الانجم الزهرِ  
 وبجي على غصن بان مال منكسرا واي قلب عليه غير منكسرِ  
 يا من مضت وهي عني غير غائبة وشخصها لم يفت سمعي ولا بصري  
 تبكي على ففدك الأتراب دمع دم اغنت ثراك به عن مدع الطيرِ  
 قد كنت بين بنات المصر جوهرة عظيمة الشان تررب افضل الدريرِ  
 اين اللغات واين العلم واسفا لم يترك البين من عين ولا اثرِ  
 يا وجم قلب اب يبكي ووالدة حزينه تستعيض النوم بالسهرِ  
 ان كنت سرت عن الابصار نارحة فان شخصك في الاكباد لم يسرِ  
 لبست ثوب بياض في النعيم كما البست كل حزين اسود الحبرِ  
 يا قبر اكرم فتاة فيك قد نزلت كريمة من ذوات الطهرِ والحفرِ  
 سارت بغير وداع سارة عجلا فهل سلام لها ياتي من السفرِ  
 يا نومة ما لها من يقظة ابا وغيبة ما لها في الدهر من حضرِ  
 ان لم تعد نحونا يوما فحن غدا نسى اليها ولو كنا على حذرِ

WERDEN'S ARABIC POEM, LAMENTING THE DEATH OF SARAH BISTANY.

THE TRANSLATION.

Oh sad separation ! Have you left among mortals,  
 An eye without tears, hot and burning with sorrow ?  
 Have you left on this earth a heart without anguish,  
 Or a soul unharrowed with grief and emotion ?  
 Thou hast plucked off a flower from our beautiful garden,  
 Which shall shine like the stars in the gardens celestial.  
 Wo is me ! I have lost a fair branch of the willow  
 Broken ruthlessly off. And what heart is not broken ?  
 Thou hast gone, but from me thou wilt never be absent.  
 Thy person will live in my sight and my hearing.  
 Tears of blood will be shed by fair maids thy companions.  
 Thy grave will be watered by tears thickly falling.  
 Thou wert the fair jewel of Syrian maidens,  
 Far purer and fairer than pearls of the ocean.

Where now is thy knowledge of language and science ?  
 This sad separation has left to us nothing.  
 Ah, wo to the heart of fond father and mother,  
 No sleep, naught but anguish and watching in sorrow  
 Thou art clad in white robes in the gardens of glory,  
 We are clad in the black robe of sorrow and mourning  
 Oh, grave, yield thy honors to our pure lovely maiden,  
 Who now to thy gloomy abode is descending !  
 Our Sarah departed, with no word of farewell,  
 Will she ever return with a fond word of greeting ?  
 Oh, deep sleep of death, that knows no awaking !  
 Oh, absence that knows no thought of returning !  
 If she never comes back to us here in our sorrow,  
 We shall go to her soon. 'Twill be but to-morrow !