

# Henry Jessup

## Fifty-Three Years in Syria



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"The history of the Church confirms and illustrates the teachings of the Bible, that yielding little by little leads to yielding more and more, until all is in danger; and the tempter is never satisfied until all is lost.  
– Matthias Loy, *[The Story of My Life](#)*

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# Fifty-Three Years In Syria

By  
**HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D.**

*Introduction by James S. Dennis, D. D.*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

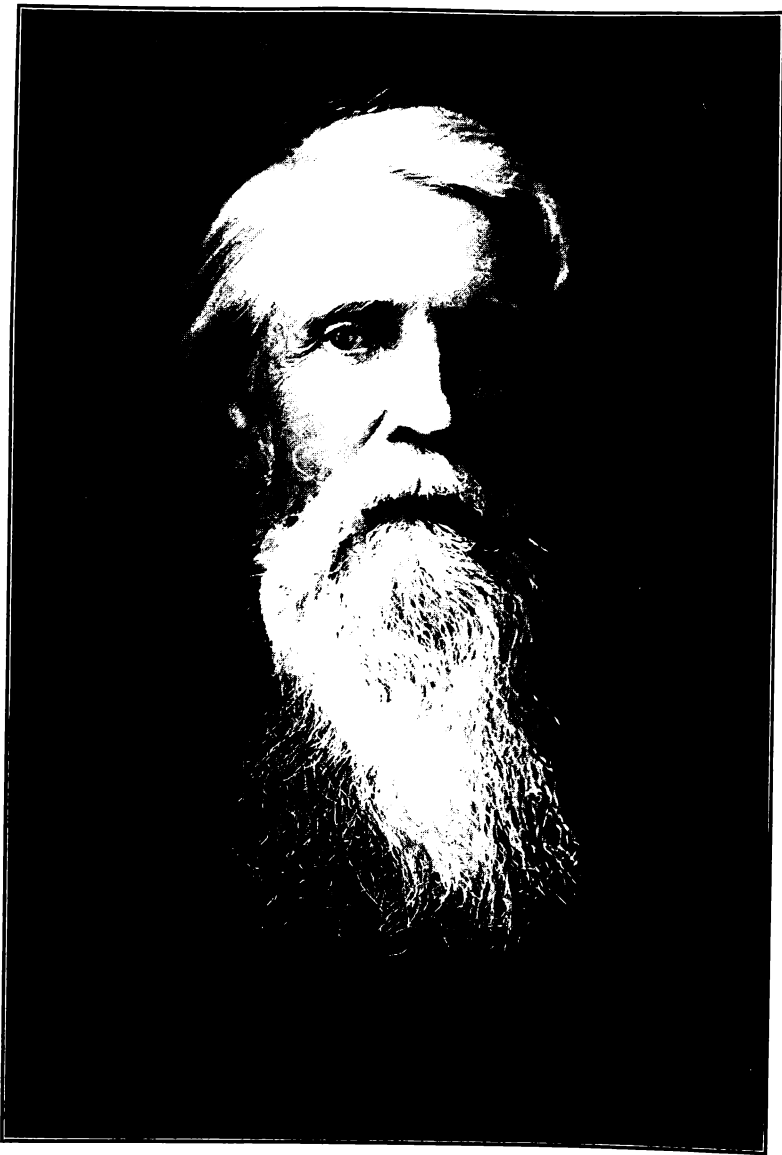


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HON. WILLIAM JESSUP



AMANDA H. JESSUP

*Dedicated  
to the  
Memory of*

*my revered father, Hon. William Jessup, LL. D., and my beloved mother, Amanda Harris Jessup: by whose godly example, wise counsel, and fervent prayers, I was led to Christ in my early boyhood; who helped me on my Christian course and to learn the luxury of doing good, and cheerfully gave me and my brother Samuel to the missionary work, at a time when a journey to Syria seemed like an act of self-immolation.*     ::     ::     ::     ::

*I have tried to follow their example, and pray that my children and grandchildren may all prove worthy of such an ancestry.*

*“The memory of the just is blessed.”*

# Introduction

**T**HE author of this volume is one of the pioneers of the new historic era and the changing social order in the Nearer East. He is entitled to this distinction not because of direct political activity, or of any strenuous rôle as a social reformer, but because of those fifty-three years of missionary service in the interests of religious uplift, educational progress, social morality, and all those civilizing influences which now by general consent are recognized results of the missionary enterprise.

It is a chronicle of eventful years in the history of Western Asia. It is necessarily largely personal, as the book is a combination of autobiographical reminiscence with a somewhat detailed record of mission progress in Syria. No one can fail to be impressed with the variety and continuity, as well as the large beneficence of a life service such as is herein reviewed. In versatile and responsible toil, in fidelity to his high commission, in diligence in the use of opportunity, in unwavering loyalty to the call of missionary duty, his career has been worthy of the admiration and affectionate regard of the Church. The writer of this introduction regards it as one of the privileges of his missionary service in Syria that for twenty-two of the fifty-three years which the record covers he was a colleague of the author, and that such a delightful intimacy has marked a lifelong friendship.

Dr. Jessup has been a living witness of one of the most vivid and dramatic national transformations which the world's annals record, as well as himself a contributor, indirectly and unconsciously perhaps, yet no less truly and forcefully, to changes as romantic, weird, and startling as the stage of history presents. We seem



to be in the enchanted atmosphere of politics after the order of the Arabian Nights. In fact, no tale of the Thousand and One Nights can surpass in imaginative power, mystical import, and amazing significance, this story of the transportation of an entire empire, as if upon some magic carpet of breathless flight, from the domain of irresponsible tyranny to the realm of constitutional government. The cruel and shocking episode of massacre in transit seems to be in keeping with the ruthless barbarity of the despotic environment.

The author has presented his readers with a chapter of church history, which resembles a modern version of the annals of the great Reformation, and at the same time has a significant bearing upon the contemporary status of Christianity where it impinges upon Islam. The early fathers wrote of the opening struggles of Christianity with an overshadowing and hostile heathen environment. Modern historians have told us of the great conflicts with the corrupt and unsavoury mediævalism of the Reformation era. Now in our day has come the turn of the later fathers of this missionary era, who are giving us a voluminous record of the world-embracing conflicts of present-day Christianity with the great dominant religions of the non-Christian world. Such volumes as Cary's "History of Christianity in Japan," Richter's "History of Missions in India," Warneck's "Outline of a History of Protestant Missions," Stock's "History of the Church Missionary Society," and the "Records of the China Centenary Conference at Shanghai," with many others that might be mentioned, already form the later chronicles of a triumphant advance, which is no doubt finally to claim a world-wide victory.

The author's record is limited of course to one storm-centre of the foreign mission field. The story as he recounts it in page after page of his book is full to overflowing with rapid movement and crowded detail, but his fund of anecdote and incident constantly enlivens what readers unfamiliar with missionary history in Syria might find lacking in personal interest to them. His reminiscences of distinguished visitors and travellers, his genial records of social hours, or of touring companionships, his wealth of judicious and

vigorous comment upon questions of missionary policy and practice, his unflinching characterization of fraud, corruption, and hierarchical assumption, his frequent allusion to the light which the land and its customs throw upon the Bible, his sketches of social etiquette and every-day life a generation or more ago, before the modernization of Syria began, are all valuable features of the narrative.

There are other aspects which no reader will fail to note, and which give a lively interest to the contents of the volume. His chronicles of persecution, spoliation, civil war, and massacre, which have so often marked the religious and political turmoils of the Asiatic Levant, his flashlights upon the confused religious entanglements of the Nearer Orient, his descriptive glimpses of the natural features and the physical phenomena, as well as the flora and fauna, of lands famous in literature and history, his references to men and women prominent in the tragic drama of civil and religious strife, as, for example, his story of Abd el Kadir, are illustrative of the variety which marks the subject matter.

His annals of church growth and organization in Syria, and the touching and often deeply stirring accounts of the experiences of individual converts, some of whom were martyrs, and all of whom passed through spiritual struggles, or endured cruel mockings and harassing persecutions, lend a living interest to the record. His report of educational progress—marvellous and beyond all expectation in the case of such an institution as the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, his chronicles of literary toil and scholarly achievements in Bible translation, as well as in a broad range of literature issued by the American Mission Press, his tribute to the untiring and unstinted services of medical missionaries in Syria, of whom the lamented Dr. George E. Post was such a brilliant example, all add a historical and personal value to this story of unwavering consecration in one of the difficult and faith-testing mission fields of the world.

The record he gives of the sacrificial lives of eminent and devout men and women who have rendered noble service to

Christ's kingdom in Western Asia should be sacred to the modern Church. In these days of phenomenal missionary advance, when converts in many fields are counted by the thousands, and when such elaborate and vigorous organized support is given to the cause of missions, there is much that is wholesome and instructive in the study of such a chapter as that upon "The Seven Pioneers of the Syria Mission," which recounts the struggles and toils of those remarkable men who faced the difficulties and perils of those early days. Let us not forget or ignore amid the missionary successes of the present those "nights of toil" which tried the faith and taxed the fortitude of the toilers. We are sure that Dr. Jessup's volume will meet with a sympathetic welcome among hosts of friends. That it will command also the attention of students of the East, as well as of that portion of the Christian public, now rapidly increasing, who are interested in missions, we have every reason to believe.

JAMES S. DENNIS.

### In Memoriam

Since the above Introduction was written the chronicle of Dr. Jessup's busy and useful life has come to its final chapter. He died in Beirut, April 28, 1910. Many appreciative notices have appeared in the public press, and his death has been widely recognized as the passing of a loyal and consecrated soul to the realm of its higher service. It is a gratification to his friends that he lived to complete this, his final task, and also that he survived long enough to know something of the welcome accorded to his captivating volumes, and the sympathetic and admiring response they have awakened in many hearts.

J. S. D.

# Prefatory Note

δοῦλοι ἀχρετοὶ ἐσμεν

“Unprofitable servants.”—*Luke 17 : 10*

**A**NOTHER book? and that an autobiography? An Arabic scholar recently died in Cairo who was a poet, grammarian and editor, and who painted his own portrait by looking in a mirror.

Through the importunity of many friends, some of them my children, and some in official position, I was persuaded to undertake a sketch of my life and times, especially my now fifty-three years of missionary service, and thus paint my own portrait. In an unthinking moment I consented, and during the past four years I have had to live over my whole life of seventy-seven years and my Syrian life of fifty-three years, until I am tired of my story and myself. A man true to himself can get little comfort from unrolling the musty scroll of seventy-seven years in order to find out what he has been seeing, thinking, and doing all this time.

My autobiography is one thing ; the history of the Syria Mission is quite another. To weave the two into one tends to magnify the one and to minify the other. I have become weary of seeing and writing “ I.”

Having kept a pocket diary since 1855, and having copied all important letters in my letter copy-books of which I have thirty volumes of 500 pages each, the tax on my memory has not been so severe as on that man about whom our good Mr. Calhoun used to tell. A bachelor storekeeper, who wrote out all his accounts on the painted doors and window casements of his house, married a tidy woman who soon put his house in order. One day he came home, looked around him, and in dismay exclaimed, “ Wife, you have ruined me ! ” “ Why ? ” she inquired. “ Be-

cause all my accounts were written on these doors and you have washed them off." After a moment she asked, "Don't you think you can recall them?" He replied, "I'll try." After a few days she asked him, "How have you succeeded?" He replied, "Fairly well; I have not got so much written but it is charged to better men!" That is the danger where one has to depend on mere memory. One may not recall as much, but he may put things in a better light than if he could refer to a record of the facts.

Once in Montrose when I was a boy, a pile of lumber fell on Judge Isaac Post and knocked him unconscious. On recovering consciousness he said that when the beams struck him he recalled in an instant every event of his whole long life, and every word he had ever spoken. Thus the contact of this pile of literary lumber has caused me to relive my life in a very short time. And what a startling revelation it has been! and how many shortcomings it has revealed! How easy to see now how I might have done better, preached better, taught better, and lived nearer to my Lord and Saviour! "Not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which Jehovah our God spake concerning us" (Josh. 23: 14). "Remember all the way which Jehovah thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, that He might humble thee to prove thee" (Deut. 8: 2).

He has been faithful to His promise, "with you always" and He has been with me in sunshine and shadow, in joy or sorrow, on land and sea, amid perils from robbers, perils temporal, and perils spiritual.

I take no credit to myself for anything God has helped me to do or rather has done through me.

How often I have felt humiliated by the fulsome laudation expressed of foreign missionaries by friends in the home land, and I have longed for the time when all Christian workers at home and abroad shall stand on a level as disciples of a common Master and equally engaged in His service. A soldier sent to the Philippines deserves no more credit than one on guard in the fort on Governor's Island.

I have tried to stick to my life-work. Tempted at various times to leave it and go home, or enter other fields of labour, I have tried to resist the tempter and to hold on. And God has helped me to hold on by giving me robust health, a happy home, and work enough to keep me from idleness.

It has well-nigh broken my heart at times to see young men entering on what seemed a life-work, obliged by failing health to drop their work, recross the sea to linger and die "without the sight." And I have always urged new recruits in the Lord's foreign army to pray that they may have long life in His service.

In writing the early history of the work in Syria I have had the goodly companionship of noble men, who stand out before my mind as men of consecration, earnestness, and unusual ability. I have tried to do them justice. Yet "time would fail me" to give details of all their lives. In some cases such details cannot now be obtained.

I cannot close this preface without acknowledging my indebtedness to my eldest daughter Anna. Her sympathy and encouragement lightened the labour. Her discriminating intelligent judgment in selection of salient points of interest to be emphasized—her industry in sifting the enormous mass of "raw material," diaries, letters, manuscripts, addresses and prior published articles—her persuasions and her dissuasions—were alike an invaluable aid.<sup>1</sup>

HENRY HARRIS JESSUP.

*Beirut, January 1, 1910.*

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*Appeal published when the Foreign Board  
suffered from a heavy debt*

---

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the ship is on a reef;  
It was freighted with Salvation, our "Captain," Lord and Chief—  
But the tide at length receded, and left it high and dry,  
The tide of gold and silver, the gifts of low and high;  
The eagles and the dollars, the nickels and the dimes,  
Flowed off in other channels, from the hardness of the times.

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the train is off the track;  
The oil all gone—a heated box—the signal come to slack;  
The Foreign Board is side-tracked with its passengers and freight;  
Its messengers of mercy, though so eager, all must wait.  
The oil was once abundant, and the wheels went smoothly on—  
But drop by drop it lessened, and now 'tis wholly gone.

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the stream has ceased to flow,  
Down from the lofty mountains in rain and dew and snow.  
It flowed in floods and rivers, in rivulets and rills,  
It gladdened plains and mountains, the distant lakes and hills.  
But now 'tis dry! The thirsty ones, they cannot drink as yet,  
For the Foreign Board is threatened with a paralyzing debt!

Tell it not among the Heathen, tell it not among the Jews!  
Tell it not among the Moslems, this melancholy news;  
Lest sons of Gath deride us, and tell it to our shame  
That Churches sworn to true and full allegiance to His Name  
No longer do His bidding, no longer heed the cry  
Of millions, who in sadness, must now be left to die!

Tell it not among the Heathen, but tell it to your Lord.  
Drop on your knees, ye Christians, and speak the truthful word;  
"We thought we gave our *all* to Thee, but now, with breaking heart,  
We see that in our giving, we had kept back a part.  
So with complete surrender, we give our *all* to Thee."  
Then tell it to the heathen, that the Church of Christ is free,  
That the tide of love is rising to float the ship again,  
That the oil of Grace is flowing to start the stranded train,  
That the rivulets of mercy are rising to a flood,  
For a blessing to the nations, and the Glory of our God!

H. H. J.

# Fifty-Three Years in Syria

## I

### The Preparation—The Call to Service—Sailing for Syria—1832-1856

**I**N preparing my reminiscences of my missionary life of fifty-three years in Syria, I wrote out at some length the account of my boyhood days, the happy recollections of my father's and mother's lives and characters, and the influences that in school, college and seminary shaped my life purpose.

These, however, are of an intimate character, personal in their interest to my children and grandchildren, not wholly appropriate to a history of missionary endeavour.

Suffice it here to preface my history of my life in Syria by a brief sketch.

My father, Hon. William Jessup, LL. D., was born at Southampton, L. I., June 21, 1797, and my mother, Amanda Harris, at North Sea, near Southampton, August 8, 1798.

My father graduated from Yale in 1815, and shortly afterwards emigrated to Montrose in northeastern Pennsylvania, where I was born April 19, 1832, being the sixth of eleven children, ten of whom grew to adult years. Montrose was then a mere "clearing" in the unbroken forest extending from Newburgh on the Hudson to Lake Erie; and my parents went by sloop to Newburgh, thence by wagon. He borrowed \$50 to start on, and taught school until he had qualified for admission to the bar.

The Jessup family (also spelled Jessop, Jessoppe and Jesup), emigrated from the vicinity of Sheffield, England. John was the first to come over, and Professor Jesup, of Dartmouth, has written the genealogy of the different branches.



My dear friend Morris K. Jesup was the shining culmination of the Connecticut branch. When, many years ago, he joined the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, he still spelled his name with two s's.

My father was chairman of the platform committee of the Chicago Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln, and that platform, which he read to that body, was largely the result of his wise and patriotic labours. A fellow delegate wrote to the *New York Mail*, years afterwards, his record of the venerable Judge, in the hotel bedroom they shared, kneeling in prayer the night before the platform was read, and commending it "to the God who would judge of its uprightness and was alone able to give it success."

My father's interest and activity in the work of the Presbyterian Church, his service in the General Assembly, his successful defense of Albert Barnes in 1837, his unswerving adherence to the cause of temperance, his unselfish acquiescence in my determination to become a foreign missionary, are all matters of record elsewhere.

I date my decision to be a foreign missionary in the summer of 1852.

I had conducted the Missionary Concert at the dear church in Montrose. I gave the missionary news and appealed to the people to support the work or to *go in person* to do it.

I then realized the incongruity of asking others to do what I was not yet willing to do myself.

But on the day of prayer for colleges, February 24, 1853, at Union Seminary, my impulse was crystallized into purpose, and in March my chum, Lorenzo Lyons, and I decided to offer ourselves to foreign mission work. I cannot here dwell on the details of that decision, the conference with my dear parents, their sympathy and Christian self-denial. But from that day my choice was made, and my preparations all directed to making myself available and useful. I attended medical lectures in the Crosby Street Medical School; "walked" the New York Hospital with my cousin, Dr. Mulford, for two months, to learn "first aid" to

the sick and wounded; I studied practical dentistry under Drs. Dunning and Dalrymple—engaged in tract distribution for the City Tract Society, experiencing rude rebuffs and learning wisdom thereby, and also finding how welcome the gospel message ever is, even in the most unlikely quarters.

June 16, 1854, at a conference with Dr. Rufus Anderson, at the Missionary House of the American Board, at 33 Pemberton Square, I read a letter signed by Dr. Eli Smith, Dr. William M. Thomson, and Rev. D. M. Wilson, pleading for a reinforcement of five men, to occupy Antioch, Hums and Northern Syria.

The appeal seemed to be the definite voice I had been waiting for. I made my decision and agreed to go to Syria.

[August 12, 1854, my brother Samuel, twenty months my junior, decided to give up his mercantile business and to begin study for the gospel ministry and missionary work. He entered Yale, thence going to Union Seminary, served as chaplain in McClellan's army until the battle of Malvern Hills, and came to Syria with his wife in February, 1863.]

During my course at the seminary I gave myself to home missionary work around my home in Pennsylvania and, in New York City, at Blackwell's Island, the Five Points, the Half-Orphan Asylum, and in Sunday-school work.

On the 23d of December of that year, I became engaged to be married to Miss Caroline Bush, daughter of Wynans Bush, M. D., of Branchport, Yates County, New York. She was an experienced teacher, in perfect sympathy with my life purpose.

On the 27th of October, 1855, I attended the morning missionary prayer-meeting at Union Theological Seminary, and met some of the beloved brethren who were expecting to go abroad: Harding (India), White (Asia Minor), Byington (Bulgaria), and Kalopothakes (Athens).

The next day I spent in Newark, N. J., in the church of that scholarly and saintly man, Rev. J. F. Stearns, D. D. I preached in the church, addressed the Sunday-school, and promised to write to the scholars, if they would first write me. I also proposed to them, that, if they felt inclined on reaching home, they

should write a resolution as follows: "Resolved, that if the Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary." One little boy, James S. Dennis, did write such a resolution, as I learned thirteen years afterwards, September 23, 1868, when I went to Newark to give the charge at his ordination, and was a guest in his house. Mrs. Dennis told me that in October, 1855, her son Jimmy came home from hearing me speak, went to his room, and soon after brought her a written resolution: "Resolved, that if God will give me grace, I will be a missionary." She said to him, "James, you are too young to know what you will be." "Yes," he said, "I did not say, I *will* be, but, 'if God gives me grace, I will be.'" "And now, to-day, you are to give him his ordination charge as a missionary to Syria!"

Surely, the Lord must have inspired me to make that suggestion when I did, for Dr. Dennis has done more for the cause of foreign missions than almost any other living man. We have always been dear and intimate friends, and in Syria, where he laboured for twenty-three years, he is beloved by all who knew him. His Arabic works, "Christian Theology" (two vols., oct.), "Evidences of Christianity" (one vol., oct.), "Scripture Interpretation" (one vol., oct.), are classics in Arabic theological literature; and his three volumes of "Christian Missions and Social Progress," with his "Centennial Survey," form an epochal work and an acknowledged authority in all Christian lands.

I was ordained November 1, 1855. My chief memory of that occasion is my father's address expressing his joy that a beloved son was called to participate in the trials and self-denials of the "grand enterprise" of the missionary work. One thing he said, that, when he stood before the altar of his God years before, he had consecrated all his children to God; nor would he wish to keep back part of the price, nor take back now aught of what he then had given.

December 12, 1855—"His Word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay" (Jer. 20: 9).

I was in Boston, about to sail. I had parted with the dear

woman who was to be my wife. Her health necessitated the postponement of our marriage, and her immediate companionship in my missionary life. My father and mother were with me to see my departure on the following day, and the precious season of prayer, in the Tremont House, comforted our hearts, and has been in memory a source of solace and strength ever since, particularly when I myself have had to part from my own dear children for years of separation, as from time to time they have had to leave us for their education in the home country.

The sailing bark *Sultana*, three hundred tons, with a cargo of New England rum, sailed for Smyrna the next day in a storm of snow and sleet. There were eight missionaries on board: Rev. Daniel Bliss and his wife, Rev. G. A. Pollard and his wife, Miss Mary E. Tenny and Miss Sarah E. West, Rev. Tillman C. Trowbridge, and myself.

It was a stormy, wretched voyage. My brother Samuel was the first missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. to cross the Atlantic comfortably in a steamer.

We reached Smyrna, January 22, 1856, and sailed on the 29th on the French steamer for Beirut, passing Patmos, Rhodes, Adalia, stopping at Mersine, near Tarsus, and at Alexandretta, Latakia and Tripoli, and landed in Beirut Thursday morning, February 7, 1856.

## II

### The Field in 1856—Its Condition and Problems

“The almond tree shall blossom.”—*Ecc. 12 : 5*

**O**N the 7th of February, 1856, when we landed in Beirut, the almond trees were in bloom; their snow-white domes in full blossom were fragrant and full of promise of abundant fruit :

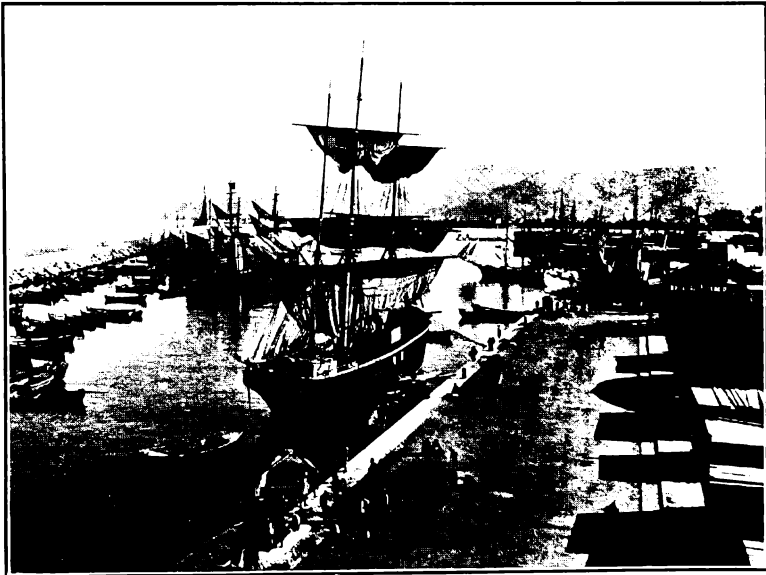
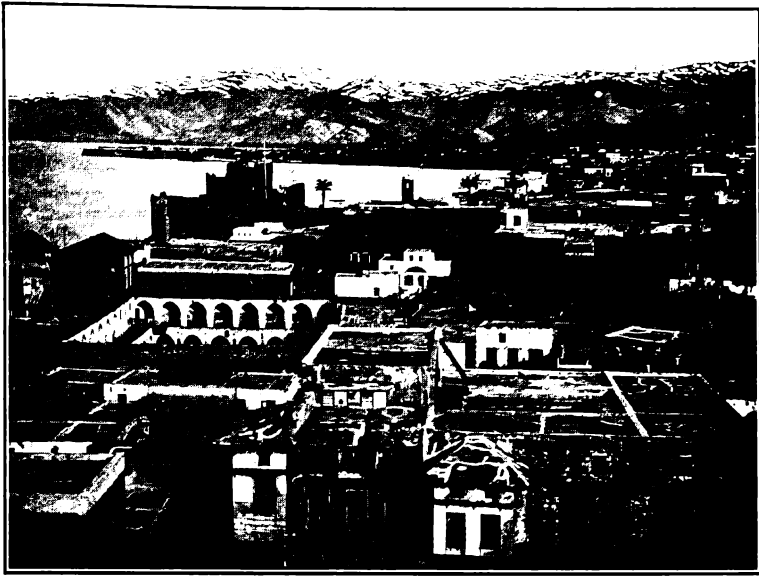
“The silvery almond flower  
That blooms on a leafless bough,”

was a token for good. Flowers promise fruit. And now, February, 1909, fifty-three years have passed. The almond snow-white blossoms have now drifted from the trees to the heads of the two youthful missionaries who landed in 1856. We are a pair of hoary heads. We see those flowers all around us and over us. They give promise of fruit—of something better beyond. The inspiration is renewed. God grant that we may “bring forth fruit in old age” (Ps. 92 : 14).

February 7, 1856—Malta, Smyrna, Cilicia, Seleucia, Beirut! Names associated with the voyages and labours of Paul the Apostle, and not less connected with the modern missionary work in the Levant. The first missionaries made Malta their first base of operations, then advanced to Smyrna, and then down the coast to Beirut. We have followed their track and have now begun to “enter into” their labours.

Here I am in Western Asia, land of the patriarchs, prophets and apostles. Yonder to the south are

“Those fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which *eighteen* centuries ago were nailed  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”



### OLD BEIRUT

As it looked in 1856, before the historic castle was removed to make way for the railway and the port.

QUAY AND NEW HARBOR AT BEIRUT





That bright sunny spring morning of our landing in Beirut I can never forget. The lofty summits of the Lebanon range, Suñnin and Kaníseh, 8,000 and 6,000 feet high, were covered with snow, shining like burnished silver, while the lower ranges were dotted with villages and the plain green and beautiful with trees and gardens. An Arab poet has said of Jebel Suñnin, that

“ He bears winter upon his head,  
Spring upon his shoulders,  
Autumn in his bosom,  
While summer lies sleeping at his feet.”

What a change from the bleak blasts of wintry Boston in December to the balmy breezes of beautiful Beirut in February, with its almond blossoms and wild flowers !

And what a welcome we had ! No sooner had our steamer anchored than we heard familiar voices in the saloon, and soon grasped the hands of my old townsman and chum, Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons, who came out a year ago, and then of Rev. E. Aiken, a new missionary, and Mr. Hurter, the mission printer.

As I stepped on the solid earth, and knew that here at length is my missionary field, my future home, the people whom I am to love, the noble missionary band, all of whom are faithful soldiers in their Master's service, and that on these mountain ranges of sunny and snowy Lebanon the Gospel is yet to beam forth with more than its original power and glory ; that here are to be witnessed yet greater and greater triumphs of the Cross ; my soul thrilled with exultant joy, and I could say in truth, that this was one of the happiest days of my life.

Yet, though nearer my work than ever before, I was stopped on the very threshold by the barrier of the Arabic language, and felt as one dumb ; with a message, yet unable to deliver it. But having come to preach in Arabic, I resolved, “ Preach in Arabic I will, by the help and grace of God ! While I study the language, its hard gutturals and strange idioms, I can study the people and learn their ways, so different from our Western ideas, and they may teach me some things a Westerner needs to know.”

We were soon introduced to the whole missionary circle, and at the annual meeting held not long after, on March 27th, the whole company met in Beirut, in the study of Dr. Eli Smith, below the present buildings of the British Syrian Mission. We five young recruits, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Aiken and myself, were welcomed to their ranks.

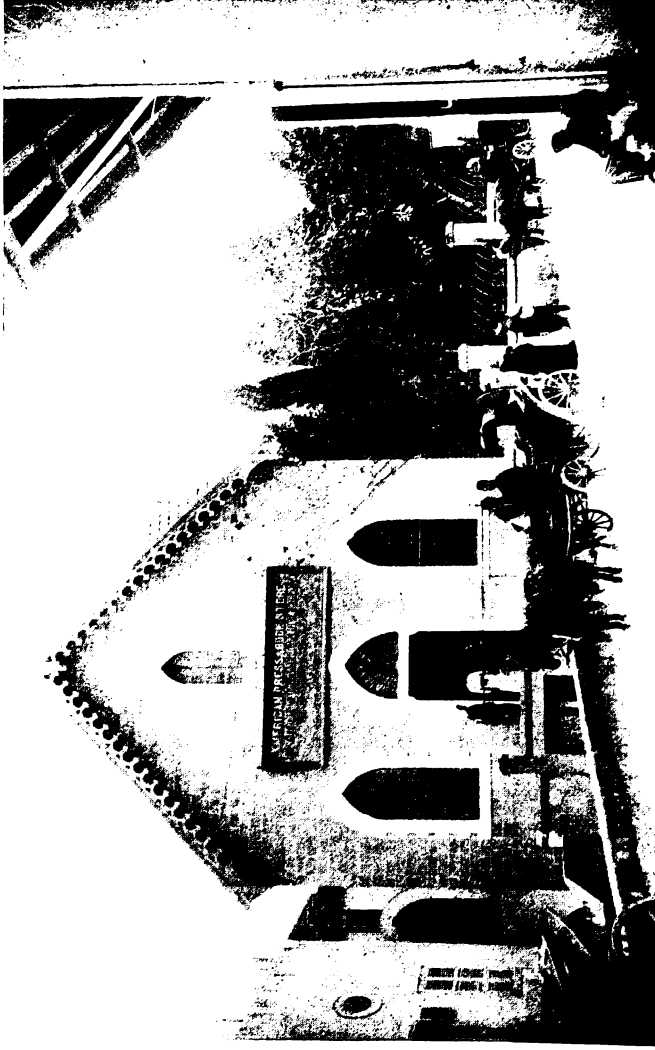
When I was first appointed to the Syrian Mission, the Board intended that I be stationed in Antioch. Fifty-three years have passed and I have never been in Antioch. There were present Dr. E. Smith, Messrs. J. A. Ford and Hurter of Beirut, Calhoun of Abeih, Dr. Thomson and Van Dyck of Sidon, Messrs. Bird of Deir el Komr, Benton of Bhamdoun, Eddy of Kefr Shima, Wilson of Hums, Lyons of Tripoli, Aiken, a new recruit, and D. Bliss and H. H. Jessup, the latest arrivals. We young men looked with deep interest on the faces of the veterans before us. Dr. William M. Thomson (1833) had been here twenty-three years. He was the picture of ruddy, robust health. When, in 1857, father went with me to the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, New York, to take out a policy on my life, the company demanded an extra climatic risk. I protested and referred them to Dr. Thomson then in New York, as a sample of the effects of the Syrian climate. The company soon removed the climatic risk. He was a man of such geniality and ready wit, so kindly and full of experience that my heart went out to him. For sixteen years, from 1860 to 1876, he was my associate in Beirut and he was both father and brother to me. At that first mission meeting we recognized the helpfulness of his clear head and wise counsels, when difficult questions arose. Next to him sat Dr. Eli Smith, pale, thin and scholarly, precise in language and of broad views of mission policy. He spoke of the Bible translation then in progress and reported that he had, up to that date, printed it as far as the end of Exodus in the Old Testament and Matthew sixteenth in the New Testament. He was evidently struggling with deep-seated disease and was granted a special furlough for a summer trip to Constantinople and Trebizond, whither he went with Dr. H. G. O. Dwight, his old friend and fellow traveller. There was Simeon H.

Calhoun, the "Saint of Lebanon," the principal of the Abeih Academy, and treasurer of the mission, in whose accounts not an error of a para could be found. He reported a memorial letter of the Board with regard to the death in November, 1855, of his colleague and brother beloved, Rev. Geo. B. Whiting, after twenty-five years of labour in Syria. Mr. Calhoun's voice in speaking or reading, and especially in prayer, was peculiarly deep, rich and tender. I knew him for twenty-five years in joy and sorrow, in peace and the horrors of the massacre summer, in his ideal home, in his lovely family, and in business relations, and I never met a wiser, saintlier or more lovable man. Whitfield could draw tears from his hearers by merely pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia." Mr. Calhoun could win hearts by a look. And there were the slender form and classical face of Dr. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck from Sidon, of few words, but of great wisdom, and evidently highly respected and esteemed by all his brethren. I have spoken fully of him in another chapter of this book. We little thought at that meeting that it was Dr. Smith's last meeting, and that in January, 1857, he would be called to a higher sphere, and Dr. Van Dyck be summoned within a year to take on his mantle, and complete his momentous work. And there was J. A. Ford of Beirut, a man of sterling worth, true as steel, a delightful preacher in Arabic, simple in his habits, a hearty, trusty friend, ready for any sacrifice in the service of his Master. He was then acting pastor of the Beirut Church. He had been in Aleppo for seven years. Of strong physical constitution, he seemed destined for a long missionary life, but, alas, fell victim, not to the Syrian climate, but to an Illinois blizzard in April, 1860.

And there was David M. Wilson, a plain, blunt man, and mighty in the Scriptures. He had come from his distant home in Hums, to plead for a colleague, and the mission, after full discussion, appointed Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, new recruits, to go as companions to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and work in that promising field. How the events of those subsequent months rise in sad memory as I write! On April 23d, a little company left Beirut

on the French steamer for Tripoli ; Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and child and I going to our new home in Tripoli ; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, accompanied by Mr. Calhoun, going on to Hums. Mrs. S. D. Aiken was daughter of Judge John O. Cole of Albany, the perfect picture of health and womanly beauty. Mr. Bliss was stationed in Abeih, as Mrs. Bliss appeared to be extremely delicate in health, and the mission thought it wiser to send the young and robust Mrs. Aiken to be a companion of Mrs. Wilson in Hums, which was four days distant from any physician. But how little we know of our Father's plans for His children! In less than two months, the lovely Mrs. Aiken was in her grave, in the court of a Moslem effendi's house in Hums. There was no Protestant cemetery and the effendi kindly consented to the temporary interment in his house then leased by Mr. Aiken. A year later, I visited that stricken home in Albany, and learned lessons of Christian resignation which I never forgot, and which helped me in my own hour of need, when, forty-four years afterwards, I followed to the grave in Sidon my own lovely daughter, Amy Erdman. The seemingly delicate Mrs. Bliss lives, surrounded by children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Another of that mission band was W. A. Benton, who came from the heights of Lebanon at Bhamdoun, and who was like a patriarch among the villagers. And then Dr. W. W. Eddy, equally at home with his pen in editing and translating, in church building and teaching theology. His handwriting was like steel engraving and his English style in sermon writing chaste and elegant. At that time, after three years in Aleppo, he was living with his family in the village of Kefr Shima, in accordance with Dr. R. Anderson's theory that each missionary should occupy a separate station. This theory the mission soon repudiated, believing that the highest health, efficiency and success of the missionary will be attained, by placing them two and two, to support each other. And it has not been found best to multiply foreign-manned stations. In September, 1857, he removed to Sidon, where he laboured for twenty-one years and then was transferred to Beirut to teach in the theological





#### THE AMERICAN PRESS

Founded in Malta, 1822; moved to Beirut, 1834. Here is found the first complete copy of the Arabic Bible. The plant and stock are worth \$180,000. The Bible, in whole and in parts, is produced in seventy different forms. Eighteen million pages of Scripture were printed here last year. On March 7 and 8, 1904, the day before and the day after the "Kurfürst" sailed from New York, 28,900 copies of the Scriptures were ordered from the American Press.

seminary in which he continued until his death, January 26, 1900. The lay missionary, Mr. Geo. C. Hurter, mission printer, was a Swiss by birth, a faithful, self-denying man, hospitable, hearty, devout. He managed the press employees well, and could conduct a prayer-meeting with profit to the ripest Christian and most learned scholar. His memory is blessed.

On the day of our arrival, February 7th, I went down with Mr. Lyons to the mission press (Burj Bird), in the lower room of which was the chapel. We there saw an interesting sight, a convention of Protestant Syrians met to discuss their civil organization. There were Butrus Bistany, Naameh Tabet, Elias Fuaz, Tannus El Haddad, T. Sabunji, Hanna Shekkoor of Lebanon, Shaheen Barakāt, Nasif er Raiees, Khalil Khuri, and Kozta Mejdalany of Hasbeiya, Abu Faour of Khiyam, Elias Yacob of Rasheiya el Fukkhar, Nasif Michail of Aitath, Saleh Bu Nusr of Abeih, Michaiel Araman, Rev. J. Wortabet, Jebbour Shemaûn, Shaheen Sarkis, Asaad Shidoody, Khalid Tabet, Yusef Najm, Beshara Hashim, Girgius Jimmal and others. I shall speak more particularly of some of these remarkable men—"immortal names, that were not born to die."

Not long after our arrival, I was taken to the American printing-press and the old mission cemetery. There, at the foot of a tall cypress tree, was a little plain, horizontal gravestone of moss-grown sandstone, and set into it a small slab of marble on which is the inscription,

*Pliny Fisk,  
Died Oct. 23, 1825,  
Aged 31 years.*

More than thirty years ago was this precious seed sown in the soil of Syria, and a little cypress sapling was planted by his grave. His missionary life was short and he "died without the sight."

Beirut, in Fisk's day, was a little walled town 3,000 feet from north to south, and 1,500 feet from east to west, on the north shore of a cape, extending about five miles from the base of Lebanon into the Mediterranean. It had a population of 8,000, Mohammedans, Greeks, Maronites and a few Druses and Jews.



Within the walls, the streets were narrow, crooked and dirty. There was no harbour, only an open roadstead, and boats landing from ships anchored outside would strike bottom before reaching the beach, and the passengers, men and women, were then borne by brawny boatmen and dumped on the land. There was but one house which had glass windows and that belonged to the British consul, Mr. Abbott. A wheeled vehicle had not been seen since the days when chariots rolled over the Roman roads, eighteen centuries before, nor was there a road on which a wagon could run. The houses had flat roofs of cement, which cracked every summer, and the walls of porous sandstone absorbed the winter rains, which covered the inside with fungus and mould. Outside the town, the narrow lanes, about eight feet wide through the mulberry orchards, were overarched with the prickly pear or "subbire," whose leaves, fringed with long, needle-like spines, threatened the faces and eyes of the passers-by. The entire water-supply was from *wells*, some sweet and some brackish, from which it is supposed the city Beer-ut took its name. Beirut was so unimportant politically, that Saida (Sidon), twenty-five miles to the south, gave name to the province. On the sea-wall were lofty castles to protect the town against Greek pirates, and a fine tower, or Burj, eighty feet high, stood outside the south-east gate to protect it against land attacks. The only roads in the land were the rough, narrow, rocky mule paths, never repaired and often impassable. The interior was little known, for the modern explorations of Edward Robinson, Eli Smith and William M. Thomson had not begun, and Palestine, the land of the Bible, was rarely visited. Steam communication was unknown, and barks and brigs, ships and schooners were the only sea-craft known along these old Phoenician shores.

The only lights known were the ancient earthen lamps like bowls, with olive oil, and the wick hanging over the side. At night, all pedestrians in the cities were obliged to carry lanterns or be arrested.

The terrible massacre of 20,000 of the Greek population of the Island of Scio (Chios) by the Turks had recently taken place in

1822, and the War of Grecian Independence had begun. Syria was in a state of semi-disorder.

Intellectually, the land was in utter stagnation. With the exception of the Koran and its literature among the Moslems, and the ecclesiastical books among the Oriental Christians, there were no books. Many of the Moslems could read, but very few of the other sects could either read or write. The Moslems who have always been devoted to their one book, had little "madrasesh" or schools, attached to the mosques, and the Oriental Christians taught a few boys who were in training for the priesthood. But it was in general true that there were in the land neither books, readers nor schools, as such. There was a little hand-press at a monastery near Shweir in Lebanon, for printing Romish prayer-books, but there were no printing-presses, no newspapers and no desire for them. The Oriental mind seemed asleep. If the "rest cure," which obliges the patient to lie prostrate for weeks in a state of mental vacuity and physical relaxation, often renews the mind and body, then the Syrian race, by their rest cure of ages, should have reached the acme of mental and physical preparation for a new era of vigour and growth.

One of the old missionaries wrote that "the Syrian people are singularly unimpressionable on religious subjects, because they are so eminently religious already. Religious forms and language abound." The salutations, ejaculations and imprecations of the people are full of the name of God, Allah. The most sacred words and expressions are on the lips of all, the learned and the ignorant, men, women and children: nay, of the most vicious and abandoned. Whatever may be the subject, religion in some form or other has its share in it. That which is most sacred becomes as familiar as household words and is as little regarded. As far as words are concerned they have religion enough. But they need to be taught the need of spiritual regeneration, and the reality of personal religious experience.

The state of woman was pitiable in the extreme. The first missionaries could not hear of a woman or girl in the land who could read. Mohammedanism had blighted womanhood, and

driven her behind the veil and into the hareem. Oriental Christian women dared not appear unveiled in the streets for fear of vile abuse and even violence from the lords of the land.

Moslems would not mention the name of woman in conversation without begging pardon from all present, by using the abominable term "ajellak Allah," or may God exalt you above the contamination of so vile a subject. They would use the same term in speaking of a hog or a dog or a filthy shoe! By degrading woman the Moslems had degraded themselves and lowered the whole tone of society. No man calling at a Mohammedan house would ever see the face of a woman, nor would he dare ask after the health of the wife or mother, sister or daughter. A young man never saw the face of his bride until after the marriage ceremony was over. Mutual acquaintance before marriage was not necessary and was impossible.

Polygamy, the upas tree of Islamic society, had corrupted all moral ideas and despoiled the home of everything lovely and of good report. The Koran enjoined wife beating. In Sura IV, verse 38 of the Koran it is said,

" Virtuous women are obedient. . . .  
But chide those for whose refractoriness  
Ye have cause to fear,—*and scourge them.*"

And this injunction of their Koran they are not slow to obey. They have degraded woman and then scourge her for being degraded. They have kept her in ignorance and then beat her for being ignorant. They have taught her all vileness and then beat her for being vile. The Oriental Christians, having been crushed under the Mohammedan domination for twelve centuries, had lost all hope of rising, and all ambition to better their condition. Numerically inferior, they could not rebel, and no hand from Christian lands was extended to protect or encourage them. The Christian sects were not allowed to ring bells, and in Damascus no Christian could ride on horseback or wear any colour but black. The other sects of the land were no better off. "A deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them."

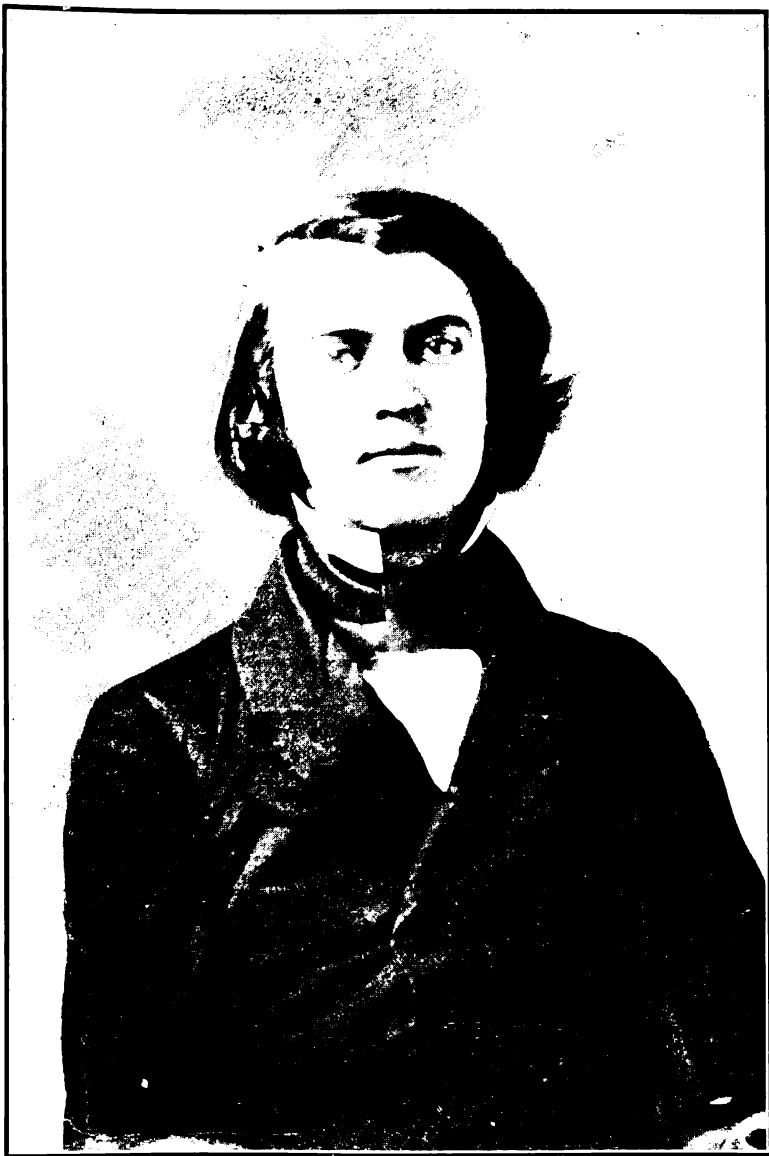
Fisk had lived two years in Syria. He pitched his tent in front of this Gibraltar of false religion, ignorance and superstition, full of faith that one day it would yield : but he died having seen but one convert, Asaad es Shidiak, the martyr of Lebanon, who followed him, in 1829, through the gates of torture and starvation, into the New Jerusalem. Fisk was buried some two hundred yards outside the city wall, beyond the Bab Yakob, in a plot of ground bought by his colleague, Rev. Isaac Bird. It was hardly thought safe at that time to live so far outside the walls.

Isaac Bird, William Goodell and Dr. Jonas King took up the work. It seemed a forlorn hope, an impossible task. For that reason God sent men of faith to begin it. What were they to do ? Where to begin ? What plan of campaign must they adopt ?

Dr. Worcester, Secretary of the American Board, in his farewell instructions to Parsons and Fisk in November, 1819, said : " From the heights of the Holy Land and from Zion, you will take an extended view of the wide-spread desolations and variegated scenes presenting themselves on every side to Christian sensibility : and will survey with earnest attention the various tribes and classes who dwell in that land, and in the surrounding countries. The two grand inquiries ever present to your minds will be, *What good can be done ?* and by what means ? What can be done for Jews ? What for Mohammedans ? What for Christians ? What for the people of Palestine ? What for those in Egypt, in Syria, in Persia, in Armenia, in other countries to which your inquiries may be extended ? " These instructions implied a work of exploration, investigation, analysis and preparation. These being done, what then ? How could they give the Bible to a people unable to read ? How open schools with neither school-books nor teachers ? How preach without a mastery of the Arabic language ? How could they expect to commend Christianity to Moslems who regarded Christianity as a picture-worshipping, saint-worshipping and idolatrous system full of Mariolatry and immorality, little better than themselves ? The government was hostile. Moslem sheikhs were hostile. Christian ecclesiastics, especially the Maronites and Latins, were

even more hostile against the "Bible men," and cursed and excommunicated them root and branch.

But young American disciples of Christ, who knew, by experience, the length and breadth and height and depth of His love, were not to be deterred by any obstacles. "None of these things moved" them. Those were the days of darkness, but there was "light in the dwellings" and in the hearts of those young men and women, and those who came after them. The mustard seed which they brought with them, had in itself the germ of life and growth and expansive power. They came to lay again the old foundations, or to clear away the débris and rubbish of ages which had covered out of sight and out of mind the Rock, Christ Jesus. How well they and their successors did their work will appear in the pages of this volume.



HENRY II. JESSUP, 1855



## The Seven Pioneers of Syria Mission Work

**T**HE question has often been asked me during my visits to America, "Were you and Dr. Bliss the first missionaries to Syria?" At times it has been hard to answer such a question with patience. In 1878 a good elder at the synod in Rock Island asked me if I was the son of Dr. Jessup of Syria? "No," said I, "there was none of my name there before me." "Well," said he, "I thought you must be eighty years old, for I have read of you ever since I was a child." I asked him, "How old are *you*?" He said, "About fifty years." I replied, "And I am forty-six!" I can only account for this idea by the fact that in the providence of God I have had to visit the United States seven times during these forty-nine years, and as my health has been uniformly good, I have travelled thousands of miles and by rail visited hundreds of churches and Sunday-schools, and many colleges and theological seminaries, "stirring up the people," and thus, in spite of myself, becoming known to multitudes.

If one asks, Why did not you in your addresses give the people the early history of the Syria Mission? I can only say that the pastors and people always ask for facts as to the *present* state of the work, and when one is allowed half an hour in a pulpit, twenty minutes in a synod and ten minutes at a general assembly, the only course is to give a brief, succinct account of the present state of your work and that of your colleagues. Unembarrassed by moderator's gavel I would fain revive the memory of some of the saints, men and women, who *were* the real pioneers in Syria and whose shoe lachets I am not worthy to unloose.

While I have been introduced in America as "the father and founder of the Syria Mission," "the bishop of the Bible lands," "the president of the Syrian Protestant College," "the manager



of the American printing-press," and as several other persons, yet when introduced thus under false pretenses, I have generally let the minister have his own way, lest he lose caste with his people, for ignorance of missionary history, and hastened to use the brief time allotted in endeavouring to arouse interest in God's work for the Arab people of Syria.

#### I. LEVI PARSONS, THE EXPLORER

Parsons was born July 18, 1792, graduated at Middlebury, 1814, sailed November 3, 1819, with Pliny Fisk as "missionaries to Western Asia, with reference to a permanent station at Jerusalem." They sailed in the bark *Sally Ann*, reached Malta December 23d, and remained until January 9, 1820. Rev. Mr. Jowett of the British and Foreign Bible Society gave them some excellent advice: "Learn the modern Greek at Scio,—go in the character of literary gentlemen, make the circulation of the Bible the ostensible object of travelling, exercise in the morning, eat sparingly of fruit at first, dress warm, wear a turban when on the passage to Palestine, appear as much like common travellers as possible."

I have before me Mr. Parsons' journal in his own handwriting and it is full of religious meditation, new resolutions and morbid self-introspection. He was constantly struggling with indigestion, which naturally caused great depression. But his strong faith shines through it all with great beauty and power. They reached Smyrna January 14th, spent five months in Scio until October, studying modern Greek and Italian, and on December 6th, Parsons sailed alone for Jerusalem, Fisk remaining in Smyrna, studying and acting as chaplain to the British Colony. He arrived in Jerusalem, February 17, 1821, the first Protestant missionary who entered that city to found a *permanent mission*. He remained until May 8th, being cordially received by the Greek clergy and especially by Procopius, secretary to the Greek patriarch, who was also the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. While there he sold and gave away "ninety-nine Arabic Psalters, forty-one Greek Testaments, two Persian Testa-

ments, seven Armenian Testaments, one Italian Testament, and twenty-three other books." The demand for Armenian Testaments was very great among the pilgrims. He also distributed 3,000 tracts, chiefly Greek. He gave them to priests, bishops, and pilgrims. He was shocked that his friends among the Greek clergy should take part in the disgraceful farce of the Holy Fire. Yet he cherished the vain hope that the Greek Church " would soon be consecrated entirely to the promotion of true piety among all classes of Christians, have the spirit of Peter on the day of Pentecost, and boldly open and allege the Scriptures and lead thousands by a blessing from above to cry, ' Men and brethren, what shall we do ? ' If I am not greatly deceived, I behold even now the dawn of that glorious day ! "

He found a wide open door in Jerusalem for *reading* the *Scriptures* to pilgrims and regarded it as the *most effective* means of doing good at Jerusalem. He also advised the sending of a missionary to the Armenians in Asia Minor.

Leaving Jerusalem May 8, 1821, he sailed to the Greek Islands, spent several months in Samos and Syra, and after many perils from pirate ships, both Greek and Turkish, reached Smyrna December 4th. Here he joined his beloved colleague Fisk, and January 9, 1822, they both sailed for Alexandria by medical advice, arriving there January 14th. Here he found the malady with which he had long contended greatly aggravated. Diarrhoea rapidly reduced his strength. He was carried from the boat in a chair to his room. His journal shows a heavenly spirit, holy aspirations, devout meditations, clear views of Christ.

February 10, 1822, at half-past three A. M., he breathed his last, aged thirty years and five months. The day before, his conversation was redolent of heaven. At evening, Fisk watched by his bed as he slept, and heard him saying in his sleep, " The goodness of God—growth in grace—fulfillment of the promises—so God is all in heaven, and all on earth." At eleven o'clock Fisk bade him a loving good-night, wishing that God might put underneath him the arms of everlasting mercy. He replied, " The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

These were the last words he spoke on earth. Towards evening, he was buried in the yard of the Greek monastery where the few English residents bury their dead. I wrote recently to Alexandria to ascertain whether there is any trace of his grave in the Greek monastery, but learned that since that time the edifice has been rebuilt and the old cemetery obliterated.

Pliny Fisk conducted the funeral service, which was attended by the entire English Colony, and Maltese merchants, some sixty or seventy in all.

Fisk wrote: "To me the stroke seems almost insupportable. Sometimes my heart rebels: and sometimes I hope it acquiesces in the will of God. I desire your prayers, that I may not faint when the Lord rebukes me."

Dr. R. Anderson says of Parsons: "His character was transparent and lovely. Few of those distinguished for piety leave a name so spotless. His disposition inspired confidence and gave him access to the most cultivated society. He united uncommon zeal with the meekness of wisdom. His consecration to the service of his Divine Master was entire."

His two years of service were years of struggle with disease, incessant study, indefatigable labours in travelling, preaching and reading the New Testament to the people in Greek and Italian. His grave no man knoweth.

## II. PLINY FISK, THE LINGUIST AND PREACHER

No name is more familiar to missionaries in Syria than that of Pliny Fisk. He was born June 24, 1792, was ordained in Salem, November 4, 1818, and sailed with Parsons from Boston in the bark *Sally Ann*, November 3, 1819. Touching at Malta, December 23d, he reached Smyrna January 15, 1820. His missionary life covered six years. During this time he lived in Smyrna, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Aleppo, Tripoli and Beirut. He distributed 4,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures, and parts of Scriptures, and 20,000 tracts. He travelled with Dr. Jonas King, the eccentric Dr. J. Wolff, the many-sided Goodell, and the studious, hard-working Bird. His teacher was the scholarly poet-martyr,

Asaad es Shidiak, the first convert, and the proto-martyr of modern Syria. He could preach in Italian, Greek, and French, and had just begun a regular Arabic Sabbath service, and had nearly completed an English-Arabic dictionary, when he was called to his rest October 23, 1825, aged thirty-three years.

Fisk was the pioneer missionary of Beirut, and it was a fitting tribute to his memory that one of the largest buildings of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut should be named after him as the "Pliny Fisk Hall."

He was appointed originally to Jerusalem, but never spent more than nine months there. He arrived in Beirut July 10, 1823, where he spent two years and three months before his death, having spent the first three years in Smyrna and Alexandria. He was "in journeyings oft, in perils of robbers, in perils in the sea," and from war and pestilence.

When he reached Jaffa, March 29, 1825, the town was full of rumours as to the object of his labours. He and Dr. Jonas King were reported to pay ten piastres (forty cents) a head for converts, and that these ten piastres were self-perpetuating, and always remained the same however much the convert expended. Others said the missionaries drew pictures of their converts, and if one went back to his old religion, they would shoot the picture, and the renegade would drop dead. A Moslem heard that they hired men to worship the devil, and said he would come and bring a hundred others with him. "What," said his friend, "would you worship the devil?" "Yes," said he, "if I were paid for it."

That idea of foreigners drawing pictures probably came from the habit of travellers to sketch the scenery and costumes of the East. My colleague, Mr. Lyons, of Tripoli, made a tour in August, 1858, and camped in Zgharta, a Maronite village near Tripoli. The men were grossly insolent, entered the tent, sat on his table, sprawled on his bedstead and knocked things around in an ugly style. He said nothing, but, taking out a note-book, began to sketch them. One of them looked over his shoulder and, seeing a face and eyes, shrank back and bolted from the tent,

yelling to the rest to follow him. Soon after, one of them came to the servant and said, "Do entreat the Khowaja not to take our pictures or harm us. We will protect you. Whatever you want we will bring, water, milk, chickens, eggs or barley for the animals." The Khowaja did promise and soon all his wants were supplied.

Mr. Fisk had a strong constitution but was often exposed to drenching rain and chilling winds when travelling. In October, 1825, he was attacked by malignant fever and died October 23d, lamented by all who knew him. He "died *without the sight*." Asaad-es-Shidiak was the only convert to evangelical Christianity in Syria up to that time.

In 1824, the year previous to his death, both he and Mr. Bird were arrested in Jerusalem by Musa Beg, sherif of the governor, and taken before the Kadi and to the governor, on the charge of wearing the white turban, and trading in unlawful books. The judge said, "These books are neither Christian books, nor Mohammedan, nor Jewish, and contain fabulous stories that are profitable for nobody and which nobody of sense will read." The governor remarked, that "The *Latins* had declared that our books were not Christian books." The two brethren were thrown into prison, and kept until the next day. Their rooms were searched and then locked, but finally, the governor finding that they were under English protection, released them, gave back their keys, charging them to sell no books to Moslems.

One of the Greek priests in Jerusalem made to Mr. Fisk the astounding confession that they had in Jerusalem a hundred priests and monks, but among them all, not a single preacher.

In February, 1824, a firman of the Sultan was issued throughout the empire, at papal instigation, strictly forbidding the distribution of the Scriptures, and commanding all who had received copies, to deliver them up to the public authorities to be burned. The copies remaining in the hands of the distributors were to be sequestered until they could be sent back to Europe.

This firman was something new for the Turks. They cared nothing for the Bible, pro or con, but the minions of Rome had

induced them to issue it, and it was never executed with any vigour. Rome is Rome in all ages, in her bitter hostility to the Word of God. Mr. Fisk was an uncommon man. "With a vigorous constitution and great capacity for labour, he possessed a discriminating judgment, an ardent spirit of enterprise, intrepidity, decision, perseverance, entire devotion to the service of his Master, facility in the acquisition of languages, and an equipoise of his faculties, which made it easy to accommodate himself to times, places and companies." He was highly esteemed as a preacher before leaving home for Syria. And "who," said a weeping Arab, on hearing of his death, smiting on his breast, "who will now present the Gospel to us? I have heard no one explain God's Word like him."

As to the results of the labours of Parsons and Fisk, we may say that,

1. They did a remarkable work of exploration.
2. They brought to light the religious condition of these Bible lands.
3. They met the leading men of all sects, Christian, Moslem and Jewish, and preached Christ to them frankly and openly.
4. They distributed great numbers of Scriptures and religious tracts.
5. They studied the climate and prevailing diseases, and urged the sending of medical missionaries.
6. They had no definite plan with regard to organizing a Native Evangelical Church, as there was but one convert, and he soon after suffered martyrdom.
7. They were sent to found a permanent mission in Jerusalem, but the early death of both of them prevented the fulfillment of this plan. Parsons spent only three months there and Fisk nine months in all.
8. The Arabic Bible which they distributed was that printed in London from a translation made by Sarkis er Rizzi, Maronite Bishop of Damascus in 1620, and printed in Rome in 1671. This version was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and circulated for many years by missionaries and Bible

agents. But it was so full of errors, that a new translation became necessary.

9. Fisk decided that Beirut was preferable to Jerusalem as the headquarters of a mission, in view of its climate, the character of the people, the proximity of Mount Lebanon as a summer retreat, its accessibility, its communication with Europe, and the ease with which books could be sent from it to Damascus, and the cities of the coast. This decision to occupy Beirut, then a town of less than 5,000 population, was divinely directed. It has more than fulfilled the highest hopes of him who selected it and whose body rests in the cemetery in Beirut. He rested from his labours and his works do follow him.

10. These pioneer missionaries unmasked the batteries of the Oriental hierarchy. They were at first welcomed by priests and people of all sects, but when it became known that their object was the distribution of the Scriptures, and making God's Word the only guide and rule in religious belief, the Oriental hierarchies stirred up opposition and resorted to excommunication and Bible burning. It was evident that the chief priests and rulers of church, mosque, and synagogue in Bible lands, did not want the Bible.

### III. JONAS KING, THE APOSTLE OF MODERN GREECE

Jonas King was the third of the remarkable trio who began the work of giving the Bible to Bible lands. He served out his enlistment of three years in the Jerusalem Mission with his dear colleague Fisk, and then, soon after, began his work of forty-one years in Greece.

He was born July 29, 1792, in Hawley, Massachusetts. His father was a Christian farmer. Under his instruction, Jonas read the Bible through once between the ages of four and six, and then once yearly to the age of sixteen. His conversion was at the age of fifteen. Without funds or aid, he determined on an education, learned the English grammar while hoeing corn, read the twelve books of Virgil's "Æneid" in fifty-eight days, and the New Testament, in Greek, in six weeks. He graduated at Will-



DR. JONAS KING  
Beirut, 1822-1825.





iams College in 1816, and Andover Seminary in 1819. Wishing to study Arabic with reference to future work in Persia or Arabia, he went to Paris to study with the famous De Sacy. Meantime, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in Amherst College, the trustees approving his studying in Paris. While in Paris, he received a pressing invitation from Pliny Fisk to come to Syria in the place of the lamented Parsons. Mr. S. V. S. Wilder, then in Paris, agreed to pay \$100 a year for three years, and the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society made up the balance; and he went to Syria as really the missionary of the Paris Society. He travelled largely with Fisk in Egypt, Palestine and Syria, as far as Aleppo, becoming a good preacher and writer in Arabic. His teacher in Deir el Komr was Asaad es Shidiak, the fine Arabic scholar and martyr. Dr. King was invited by some of the Oriental papal clergy to join the Church of Rome. He replied, in his famous "Farewell Letters," giving his strong reasons for being a Protestant, and rejecting the errors of Rome. This letter contained thirteen objections to accepting the invitation of a Jesuit priest, that he join the Church of Rome. It contained thirteen chapters, of which we give the headings:

1. Because Christ, and not the Pope, is the head of the Church on earth.
2. Because Rome requires celibacy of the clergy, contrary to Scripture.
3. Because Christ is the only Mediator, and Rome has many; the Virgin Mary, saints and angels.
4. The Bible prohibits, and Rome allows, the worship of pictures and images.
5. Purgatory is contrary to the Bible.
6. Prayer to the saints is unscriptural.
7. Rome forbids the communion cup to the laity.
8. Rome uses unknown tongues in worship.
9. Faith in the Pope is unscriptural.
10. We are saved by the merits of Christ alone and not by the merits of saints.
11. Rome authorizes and approves persecution and extermination of

Protestants, as in the Inquisition and St. Bartholomew's day, 30,000 in one day.

12. Rome forbids the Bible to the people.

13. With the Bible open in my hands I cannot become a Romanist. I wish you all to become true Christians. The name Protestant I care nothing for.

Young Asaad es Shidiak corrected and polished the Arabic of Dr. King's farewell, entitled "Wedaat Yonas Keen," and became so much interested in it that he determined to write a reply to it.

The result of this was his conversion to the evangelical faith. Then began a series of persecutions against him, incited by the Maronite patriarch, which ended in his being walled up in the convent of Kannobin, near the Cedars of Lebanon. He died from disease induced by the dreadful filth of his narrow cell, and the torments of those who visited the convent. A favourite custom of the passers-by was to jerk on a rope tied to his neck and passed through a hole in the door. Asaad's life, written by Rev. Isaac Bird, was published in 1864 by the American Tract Society.

In 1828 Dr. King went to Greece in charge of a ship-load of clothing and food for the sufferers from Turkish despotism. His distribution of food and clothing opened the way to preach Christ. The people crowded to him, begging for Testaments. The President of Greece favoured his work. In 1829 he married a Greek lady of influence, who became his efficient helper. He preached, opened schools and distributed the Scriptures, under the auspices of the A. B. C. F. M. He had a life of trial and strenuous toil, persecuted, misrepresented, imprisoned, through the jealousy of the Greek hierarchy. When arrested and brought before the Areopagus, the highest court in Athens, on a charge of reviling the "mother of God," and the "holy images," the judge asked him if he had anything to say. He replied, "Those things in my book with regard to Mary, transubstantiation, etc., I did not say, but the most brilliant luminaries of the Eastern Church, St. Epiphanius, St. Chrysostom, the great Basil, St. Irenæus, Clement and

Eusebius Pamphylis, say them." He was condemned to be tried before a felon's court in Syria, but the trial never occurred. Fifty men conspired against his life. In 1847 the king advised him to leave as his life was in danger. In March, 1851, he was appointed United States consular agent. He was, even after that, imprisoned, threatened and persecuted.

In 1863 he was anathematized by the Holy Synod of Athens. In his latter days he drew up a plan for the organization of a distinctively Protestant Greek Church, aided by his pupil, and my classmate, Dr. Kalopothakes.

On November 6, 1867, when in Paris, en route for the United States, I called with my dear friend Rev. Edward Porter on Dr. King. The next day he called and brought me an invitation from Count Laborde to speak at a missionary meeting the next day in the Salle Evangelique, Rue Oratoire. We went at the appointed hour, with that saintly lady, Mrs. Walter Baker. The meeting was held by the Paris Evangelical Society to greet Dr. King, their missionary to Palestine forty-two years ago. There were present Pasteurs Grandpierre, Fische, Pressensé, M. de Casalis, Monod and others. After an address of welcome to Dr. King, he spoke in French, giving an account of Syria and Palestine in 1825. I then spoke in English, Pasteur Fische interpreting, of Syria in 1867, and all departments of the work, evangelistic, educational and publication. Dr. King was like a prince and patriarch among those noble French Protestant ministers and laymen. On my return to Syria, after reporting my visit to Paris and meeting Dr. King, and his early connection with the French Protestant Society, the Beirut Church and Sunday-school sent several contributions, as an act of gratitude to the Paris Evangelical Society for use in its work in South Africa through M. Coillard. We sent it as the "Jonas King memorial contribution" for South Africa.

In 1874 a neat evangelical church was erected in Athens. Dr. King passed away May 22, 1869, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a thorough linguist, having studied eleven languages and speaking five fluently. His original works, in Arabic, Greek and

French were ten in number, some of them being widely read and translated into other tongues.

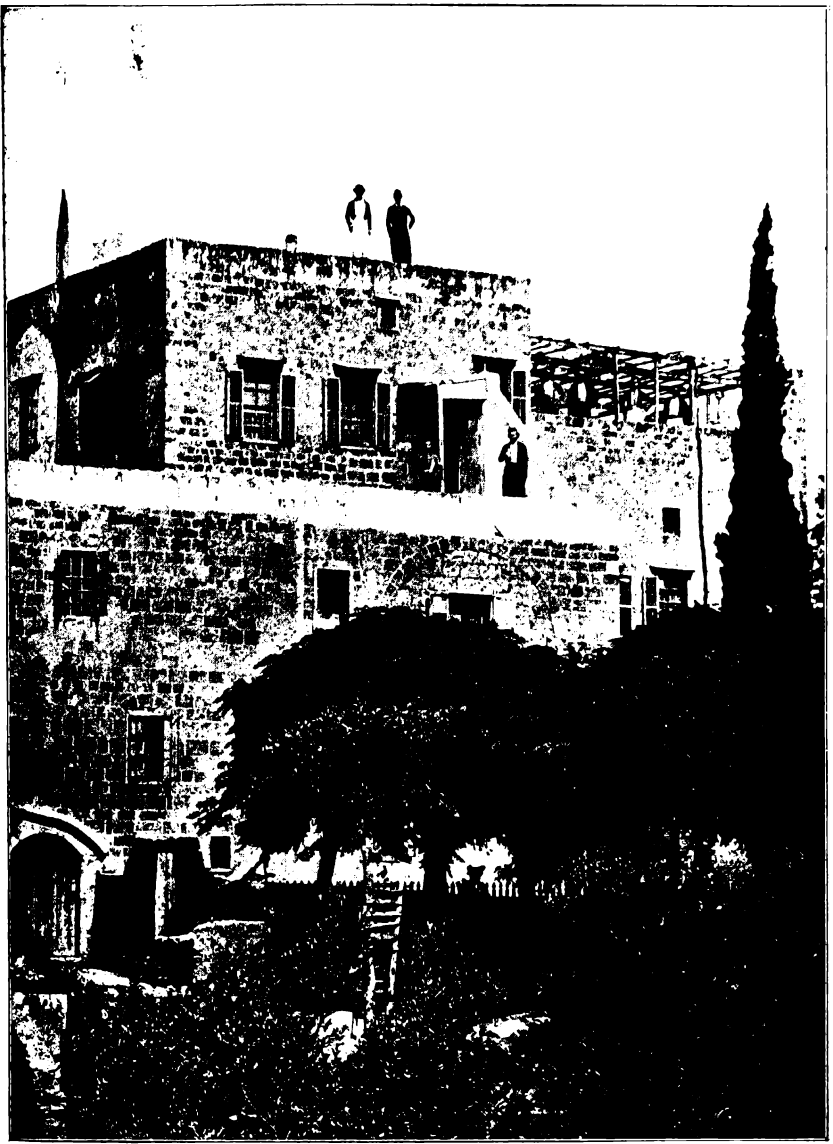
He revised and carried through the press eleven others. He distributed 400,000 copies of Scriptures, Scripture portions, religious books, tracts and school-books in Greece and Turkey. When in Paris in 1826 he bought a font of Armenian type for the Malta Press, and in England a font of Arabic type for the same press.

Dr. Anderson says, "Dr. King has left his impress on the Greek nation. To him preëminently is it owing that the Scriptures, since 1831, have been so extensively used in the schools, and that in Greece the Word of God is not bound: also under God, the visible decline there of prejudice against evangelical truth and religious liberty."

#### IV. ISAAC BIRD, THE HISTORIAN

The early history of the Syria Mission needed a historian. Syria and Palestine were then a "terra incognita," and the American Church needed men of careful observation and facile pens, to report on what they saw and heard in the East. The journals of Parsons, Fisk, King and Bird drew attention to the spiritual and intellectual needs of this people. Mr. Bird was a man of great powers of observation, a ready and accurate writer, and of methodical turn of mind. He left on record a history of "Bible Work in Bible Lands," which is the best account of those early days.

Associated with Fisk, King and Goodell, he made numerous journeys, exploring Syria and Palestine. And when the whole missionary company retired to Malta on account of the Greek war in 1829, he visited the Barbary States of North Africa. In his journal published in the *Missionary Herald*, 1830, he gives an account of a tour in the Island of Jerba off the southern coast of Tunis, where, after a battle on the 12th of May, 1560, in which eighteen thousand Spanish soldiers were slain, their bones were gathered by the Moslems and built up with mortar into this grim trophy of their victory. He also gives descriptions of the



BURJ BIRD, THE OLD MISSION HOUSE  
Built in 1833 by Rev. Isaac Bird. Photo taken in 1863.



grand reservoir of ancient Carthage, consisting of seventeen cisterns side by side with vaulted roofs, and covering a space of four hundred and twenty feet by fifty-four, with a depth of twenty feet, which were filled by an aqueduct fifty miles in length from Mount Zguan. He had previously described the ruins of the ancient subterranean corn magazines of Tripoli mentioned by classic writers.

Returning to Syria May 1, 1830, he resumed his visits among the people. He had interviews with all classes, Moslems, Greeks, Maronites, Druses and Jews. He called on the higher ecclesiastics and tried to persuade them to reform their Churches and thus remove the stumbling-block of Mariolatry and creature worship which repelled the Moslems from Christianity. But, as he says, he found "Ephraim joined to his idols." They rejected all ideas of reform and began to denounce him as a "Bibbianus" and a "Rabshoon" (lord of the infernal world), terms which they had applied to Asaad es Shidiak, the martyr of Lebanon.

Curse followed curse and excommunication followed threatening, until it became difficult for any American to hire a house or buy the necessaries of life outside of Beirut. The Maronite patriarch and the Maronite Emir Bushir ruled Lebanon with a rod of iron, and orders came from Rome to persecute, drive out and exterminate the accursed Angliz or English as all Protestants were called.

Mr. Bird and his colleagues saw from the very outset that these idolatrous Oriental Churches were the great obstacle to giving the Gospel to the Mohammedans. The Moslems whom they met taunted them with worshipping pictures and images, and were greatly delighted to find out that they did not. Then they charged Christians with having three Gods, and the subject of the Trinity proved a real difficulty in the minds of men who insisted that they would not believe what they could not understand. Early in Mr. Bird's career he met the papal legate, Monsignor Gandolfi of Antoorra. He was seventy-four years old and had lived in the country thirty-nine years. He had suffered greatly, had been assaulted and stabbed by Druses,



deceived by Maronites and Catholics, and had lost all confidence in the people. His salary had not been enough to save him from poverty. He told Mr. Bird that he had always enjoyed the calls of English and American travellers, but, said he, "This terra sancta, this land of holiness, has become a *land of devils*. It is no longer the blessed but the accursed land. I have had transactions with princes and people of various grades, with patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks and laymen, but not one man of integrity have I found among them all!" This was a damaging indictment from the Pope's nuncio in Syria, and he evidently had come in contact with the class of men known throughout the East as masters of political intrigue and hypocrisy, viz., the Oriental ecclesiastics. Yet there can be no doubt that the Oriental Christians in general have been sadly demoralized by the confessional and priestly absolution. Ignatius Peter, Syrian Patriarch of Antioch, living in the Convent of Mar Efram in Lebanon, declared the Pope to be not merely Bishop of Rome, but "General Director and Head of the whole habitable world"! In 1825 Mr. Bird had a school with eighty-five pupils, all Arabs, and all boys but two. Three of the boys were Mohammedans. Three ecclesiastics of high standing in the Armenian Church at this time abandoned their errors and took a noble stand as reformers.

In 1827 Mr. Bird took his family to Ehden near the Cedars of Lebanon, by advice of a foreign physician, on account of the illness of a child. They leased the house of Lattoof el Ashshi, a Maronite friend. This was too much for the patriarch, and he issued a "curse" against him and all his family. The language of the curse reminds one of the Spanish Inquisition. "They are accursed, let the curse envelop them as a robe and spread through all their members like oil, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel: let the evil angel rule over them by day and by night . . . let no one visit them or employ them or give them a salutation . . . but let them be avoided as a putrid member and as hellish dragons." The result of this was a riot in the village, an attack by the mob on Sheikh Lattoof and his

family, and Mr. Bird's removal to another village, B'Whyta, under Mohammedan rule, where he had peace.

On the return of the missionaries from Malta, in May, 1830, the entire Protestant community in the Turkish Empire came out in a shore boat to meet them. It consisted of three persons. That was indeed "a day of small things."

On his return from Malta in 1830, Mr. Bird with Mr. Goodell, purchased the plot of ground in Beirut now occupied by the church, press, Sunday-school, girls' boarding-school and cemetery. He also built a mission house, which was called Burj Bird. It was, at the time, the largest building outside the city walls, and the pasha, fearing he was building a fort, demanded explanations. Being satisfied, he let the work go on.

In 1833, Mr. Bird wrote his famous "Thirteen Letters" in reply to the Maronite Bishop Butrus. They were printed in Arabic at the American Press in Malta, which was removed to Beirut in April of that year.

The bishop had replied in print to Dr. King's "Farewell Letters," and as no rejoinder appeared, the Romish party gave out that the Protestants could not reply to it.

This occasioned Mr. Bird's "Thirteen Letters," on the following subjects :

1. Baptism.
2. Papal Supremacy.
3. Clerical Celibacy.
4. Intercessors.
5. Image Worship.
6. Purgatory.
7. Worship of Saints and Angels.
8. Transubstantiation and the Mass.
9. Use of Unknown Tongues.
10. Faith in the Pope.
11. Indulgences.
12. Persecution.
13. Tradition and the Scriptures.
14. Letter to Peter Paluchet, the Jesuit.

These letters were reprinted in Beirut in a neat volume and have been kept on hand up to this day. The book is based on the Bible and the testimony of the early fathers against the innovations of the papacy. It shows great research and is written in a candid and courteous spirit, and has been the means of enlightening multitudes. The original in English is in the mission library in Beirut written in a beautiful hand, and ranks with Kirwan's Letters and Gavazzi's Lectures. It should be published in the English language.

In 1835 Mr. Bird left for Smyrna on account of the health of Mrs. Bird and reached Boston October 15, 1836.

He was afterwards professor in the theological seminary at Gilmanton, New Hampshire. Removing to Hartford, Connecticut, he taught a high school for many years. His son William, afterwards a missionary in Syria from 1853 to 1902, taught in this school, and had among his pupils Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Bird died in Hartford in 1876, aged eighty-three years. His name will never be forgotten in Syria. He fought a good fight with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Two of his children and a granddaughter entered the missionary work: Mrs. Emily Van Lennep, Rev. William Bird, the beloved evangelist of Lebanon, and Miss Emily G. Bird.

#### V. WILLIAM GOODELL, THE SCHOLARLY SAINT

Syria can claim William Goodell as one of her pioneers and benefactors. He spent five years and sixteen days in Syria. He was appointed to Jerusalem but never saw Jerusalem. He came to an Arabic-speaking land, but studied chiefly the Armenian and Turkish languages with Armenian ecclesiastics who had become Protestants, and thus prepared for his great work of translating the Bible into the Armeno-Turkish, *i. e.*, the Turkish language with Armenian characters. He arrived in Beirut November 16, 1823, left for Malta May 2, 1828, and reached Constantinople, the scene of his life-work, June 9, 1831, having been transferred to that post on account of his proficiency in the Turkish and Armenian languages.

In many respects his character was unique. He seemed saturated with the Bible and Bible phraseology, so that it flowed naturally from his tongue and pen. His letter, entitled "The Missionary's Father," is a gem of pure English and devout expression, and has been perpetuated in tract form. His sense of humour was refreshing, bubbling over on all occasions, and sparkling even in the darkest hour of persecution and tribulation.

His chum and loved colleague, Daniel Temple of Smyrna, was of a grave and serious temperament, looking on the dark side, while Goodell's buoyant spirits were always rejoicing in the sunlight. One day at Andover, while they were sitting in their room together Temple said to Goodell with a heavy sigh (*ab imo pectore*), "Ah me! I don't see how I shall ever get through the world!" "Why," replied Goodell, "did you ever hear of anybody who stuck fast by the way?"

Just before they went abroad as missionaries, they were visiting together at the home of a hospitable lady in Salem, Mass., who said, after welcoming them, "Mr. Temple, take the rocking-chair." "No, madam, if you please," said Mr. Temple, "I will take another. Missionaries must learn to do without the luxuries of life." "Well," said the lady, turning to Mr. Goodell, "you will take it." "Oh, certainly," he replied; "missionaries must learn to sit anywhere!"

Dr. Hamlin says of Mr. Goodell that he had substantially Puritan theology, Puritan saintliness and Puritan patriotism, and this saintliness was adorned with the most sparkling cheerfulness. His wit and mirthfulness made perpetual sunshine. When his colleague, Father Temple, reproved him, saying, "Brother Goodell, do you expect to enter heaven laughing?" "I don't expect to go there crying," was his quick reply. His sagacity and judgment were remarkable, and it was owing largely to his good judgment, with that of his associates, Riggs, Schaffler, Dwight and Hamlin, that the Earl of Shaftesbury said in 1869, "I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we

can find anything equal to the wisdom, the goodness and the pure evangelical truth, of the body of men who constitute the mission."

When in Beirut in 1826, during the Greco-Turkish war, Greek vessels of war cruised along the coast and attacked Beirut, the Pasha of Acre sent to Beirut a large detachment of Albanians and Bedawin to protect the city. As the Greeks who landed had evacuated the city, these troops began to plunder. A party of seven Bedawin attacked Mr. Goodell's house which was a quarter of a mile east of the city wall. They knocked at the street door at the foot of the stairs. Mr. Goodell opened the second story window at the head of the stairs, told them he was a European and warned them to desist. But they cut down the door with their hatchets and rushed up-stairs. Some city Moslems rushed up after them and took their station at Mrs. Goodell's door, not allowing a Bedawin to enter. As they passed with the plunder, Mr. Goodell and these friendly Moslems snatched from them all they could and threw it into the "hareem" of Mrs. Goodell, which they dared not enter. At length Mr. Goodell reproached them severely and told them he had already sent word to the pasha, and that Mrs. Goodell's condition prevented their going to the mountains. The villains prayed that God would bless Mrs. Goodell and make her exceeding fruitful! Some of the rogues came a few days afterwards to inquire after her health and one came to ask for some tobacco in a pouch, which he said Mr. Goodell had stolen from him when he called the other day! A Greek artist made a painting of the house and pictured the Bedawin (according to Mr. Goodell's sketches at the time) in their striped ahbas. This picture was shown to the pasha by the British consul, Abbott, and he at once recognized the men and ordered them to be bastinadoed and full indemnification (\$230) to be paid at once.

In January, 1827, Dr. Goodell wrote of a delightful communion season. It was the day of the monthly concert of prayer, and the ingathering of the first-fruits: Dionysius Carabet, formerly Archbishop of Jerusalem, Gregory Wortabet, an Armenian priest

(whose distinguished and learned son, Rev. John Wortabet, M.D., died in a ripe old age in Beirut, 1908), and Mrs. Maria Abbott, wife of the English consul, born in Italy and formerly a Roman Catholic.<sup>1</sup>

At the communion above mentioned, prayer was offered for "our beloved Asaad es Shidiak, who would have been with us were he not in bonds for the testimony of Jesus." Dr. Goodell wrote, "Oh, that this mission might henceforth be like 'the tree of life' bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month!"

In 1862 Dr. and Mrs. Goodell visited Beirut, and remained two weeks. He preached twice in English and visited old friends. I went with him to the house in which the Bedawin attacked him, and we found the aged couple, who owned the house in 1826, still living in it, and they were rejoiced to see Dr. Goodell. He says in alluding to the visit, "One of our first visits was to the Protestant cemetery, a retired and pleasant spot, which I myself purchased of the sons of Heth for a possession of a burying-place thirty-seven years ago, in 1825. Here we stood by the graves of the well-known and beloved brethren, Fisk (who died at my house in Beirut), Smith and Whiting, whose memories are as fragrant as ever and whose works still follow them. The changes that have taken place in Beirut are great, and those that have taken place on Mount Lebanon are still greater. The pride of Lebanon is broken, those high looks are brought low, and that terrible power which trampled upon all who thirsted for God or desired a knowledge of His ways, is cast down." Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Being afterwards left a widow, she married, August 3, 1835, Rev. Dr. William M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." One of her daughters, Eliza, married Mr. James Black, an English merchant, whose sterling integrity, high business principles and unflinching veracity gave him an influence for righteousness in Syria never surpassed. The Mohammedans, when wishing to use an oath stronger than the oath "by the beard of Mohammed," would swear "by the word of Khowaja Black, the Englishman." Another daughter, Julia, married Rev. Dr. Van Dyck, translator of the Bible into Arabic. Another daughter, Miss Emilia Thomson, is the senior teacher in the Beirut Girls' School.

Goodell refers to the prostration of the Maronite hierarchical power in the civil war and massacres of 1860.

He then says, "I was amazed at the amount of influence and confidence possessed by the missionaries. Their character is now known and respected, and their names, which were once odious to a proverb, are now held in honour."

In 1863 his labours in the work of translating and revising the Holy Scriptures came to a close, in the completion of the final revision of the entire Bible in the Armeno-Turkish language. This work will now remain a monument to his accurate scholarship, his sound critical judgment, his lifelong perseverance and his Scriptural piety. Before leaving Constantinople he published forty-eight of his sermons in Turkish which he had preached to the people. They were afterwards translated into Bulgarian and Armenian.

Dr. Edward Prime, in his life of Goodell,<sup>1</sup> says, "The trials of childhood and youth, his struggles into the work to which he was called; perils by land and sea; plundered by Arabs; his life attempted by poison among the Turks; living in the midst of the plague that killed a thousand and more daily, and fires that swept off every house but eight, where he dwelt: such is an outline of the life he has led, yet he is the same genial, pleasant, cheerful man that he was when he took the rocking-chair in Salem nearly a half century since." When he came to Beirut in 1862 he had strong hopes of being able to visit Jerusalem, but the movements of steamers prevented, and he said to me, "I came from America in 1823, appointed to Jerusalem, but I never got there, and now I am disappointed again. It must be that the Board meant that I was bound for the *heavenly* Jerusalem, which I am sure of reaching in the Lord's good time."

When he finished the final revision of the Armeno-Turkish Bible, he wrote to Dr. John Adams, his teacher at Andover, "Thus have I been permitted to dig a well in this distant land at which millions may drink, or, as good Brother Temple would say, 'to throw wide open the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem to

<sup>1</sup> "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," Carters, New York, 1876.







EARLY MISSIONARIES

1. Rev. and Mrs. J. Edwards Ford. 2. Mrs. George E. Post. 3. Rev. and Mrs. William Bird. 4. Rev. and Mrs. Eli Smith. 5. Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Lyons. 6. Rev. and Mrs. D. Bliss. 7. Dr. and Mrs. H. A. De Forest.

this immense population.'” In 1851 he visited his native land, where, in two years, he travelled 25,000 miles, addressing more than 400 congregations in aid of foreign missions, besides meeting students of colleges, theological seminaries, and Sabbath and select schools. In 1853 he returned to Constantinople, having published his volume, “The Old and the New.” Here he laboured until 1865, when at the age of seventy-three he requested a release from the Board and returned to the United States. He continued to preach until his death in 1867, at the age of seventy-five, at the residence of his son in Philadelphia. “He was rarely gifted, full of genial humour, sanguine, simple, courageous, modest, above all, holy. He won hearts and moulded lives.”

My father heard him address the New School General Assembly in Washington, D. C., in May, 1852. I was teaching in the academy in Montrose at the time, and father came home full of missionary enthusiasm and admiration of the eloquence, the saintliness and fascinating humour of this veteran missionary. The following winter, I heard him several times in the churches in New York and felt the same fascination. And now, at the age of seventy-seven, I am glad to pen this brief record of the works and the worth of this American pioneer in Syria.

#### VI. ELI SMITH, D. D., THE LINGUIST AND TRANSLATOR OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES

When God has a great work to be done, He raises up great men to do it. Western Asia needed the Bible in the languages of the people; Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Modern Greek, Bulgarian, Persian and Kurdish, and the Lord raised up and thrust forth into the field those brilliant scholars and remarkable linguists: Eli Smith, Elias Riggs, William Goodell, Justin Perkins, W. T. Schauffler and Cornelius Van Dyck, who have prepared the Scriptures for more than 100,000,000 of men. One of these belonged to Persia, two to Syria, two to Constantinople, and one, Dr. Goodell, to both.

I remember well my first interview with Dr. Eli Smith in the Susa house in Beirut. It was in February, 1856, the day after my

arrival. As I passed up the narrow stone staircase I saw in a niche in the wall a box of waste paper, which I learned consisted of proof-sheets of the Arabic Genesis. These were a curiosity to me, and he told me to take all I wanted. I did so, and sent them to my friends in America. He had just begun to print Genesis, after labouring eight years on Bible translation. He spoke very modestly about his work, and gave me some excellent advice about studying Arabic. He inquired warmly about his old class-mate and fellow explorer of Palestine, and my seminary professor, Dr. Edward Robinson, and was much amused when I told him that on account of Dr. Robinson's frequent allusions to the valleys of Sinai and Palestine as wadys, the seminary students called him Dr. Waddy! He asked me if I had seen in the papers Dr. Prime's account of his (Dr. P.'s) ride to the Dog River on a white, blooded Arab steed with curved neck, flowing mane, flashing eye and distended nostrils! "And would you believe it, that was my old Whitey?"

A few days after my arrival Mrs. Smith invited me to lunch, and at 2 P. M. Dr. Smith asked me if I would not like to take a walk. I gladly accepted, and we went out, I on foot and he on horseback. We soon entered on the great sand-dunes west of Beirut and I went wading and struggling through the light, deep, drifting sands about a mile to the Raushi or Pigeon Islands overlooking the sea, and then south another mile through still deeper sands to the sea beach, then up again over sand-hills and sandstone quarries, in the hot sun, and I reached home, after nearly two hours, drenched with perspiration and ready to give up exhausted. As we neared home, Dr. Smith told me that I could see that walking in Syria is not so easy as it seems. He then explained that some years ago Dr. Anderson, of the A. B. C. F. M., visited Syria. He told the brethren one day that good Christians in New England disapproved of missionaries keeping horses, and, said he, "I think you had better make your tours on foot." They acquiesced, and the next day proposed a visit to a mountain village some nine miles away. They all set off boldly on foot, but after climbing stone ledges, and along

dizzy precipices, the Syrian sun pouring down upon their heads, they sat down to rest. They then set out again, over even a harder part of the road. Dr. Anderson was about exhausted, and at length said, "Brethren, I should say on the whole, for such a journey as *this*, you would be justified in riding horses." They said, "Exactly so, and we thought of it before we started, and we shall find horses awaiting our whole party just around the next turn in the road." The result was that the American Board after that time enjoined the Syrian missionaries to own horses and use them. The missionary had to buy his own horse, but the Board supplied the barley to feed him.

Dr. Smith put me through that pedestrian ordeal in order to prevent my attempting to repeat it on a large scale in the future. And I have many times thanked him for it. I have known several stalwart evangelists come to Syria, full of enthusiasm and desire to "endure hardness," and by exposure to the blazing sun in walking over mountains induce brain fever, and die after a few days in delirium.

Dr. Smith had a delicate physical frame, was pale and highly intellectual in appearance, courteous and hospitable. It was evident that he was struggling with some occult form of disease. The following summer he visited Trebizond, on the Black Sea, with his old companion of 1829, Dr. Dwight, but fatal disease had fastened upon him and he died of cancer of the pylorus, after much suffering, on January 11, 1857.

Eli Smith was born in Northford, Connecticut, September 13, 1801, graduated at Yale College in 1821 and after teaching two years in Georgia, graduated at Andover in 1826. He was ordained and sailed for Malta to take charge of the mission press May 23, 1826. In 1827 he came to Beirut to study Arabic, and in 1828, during the terrors of the Greco-Turkish War, left with Messrs. Bird, Goodell and their families for Malta. March, 1829, he travelled through Greece with Rev. Dr. Anderson, and then with Rev. H. G. O. Dwight explored Armenia, Persia and Georgia, thus opening the way for the establishment of the Nestorian Mission at Oroomiah. Returning to America in 1832, he published "Missionary Researches in Armenia" (2 vols., Boston, 1833) and a small

volume of "Missionary Sermons and Addresses." In December, 1833, he embarked for Beirut with Mrs. Smith (née Sarah Lanman Huntington), whose bright missionary career was terminated by her death at Smyrna, September 30, 1836. Mrs. Smith commenced, in 1834, soon after her arrival, a school for girls in Beirut, which was the first regular girls' school in Syria, and under her auspices was erected the first edifice ever built in the Turkish Empire for the education of girls. A memorial column in the churchyard in Beirut marks the site of that edifice, which was removed when the church was built in 1869. Dr. Smith visited Constantinople, in quest of the best models of Arabic calligraphy in preparation for his new font of Arabic type. He then proceeded to Egypt by authority of the Board of Missions, and accompanied Dr. Edward Robinson in his celebrated tour of research to Sinai, Palestine and Syria. "By his experience as an Oriental traveller, and his intimate knowledge of Arabic, he contributed largely to the accuracy, variety and value of the discoveries of Biblical geography, recorded in "Robinson's Biblical Researches." Dr. Robinson fully recognizes this in his volumes. Dr. Smith was worth more to him than a score of Oriental dragomen, many of whom are only too ready to show travellers what the travellers want to see. A famous *savant* of Europe, when at the Dead Sea, asked his dragoman, "Is this place Sodom?" "Certainly," said the dragoman, anxious to please, and the discovery was recorded in the savant's note-book. But Dr. Smith, who was eyes, ears and tongue to Dr. Robinson, on reaching a supposed Scripture site, called the village sheikhs and shepherds, and said, "Will you please give me the names of all the hills, valleys, ruins, streams and rocks in this region?" They then began, and Dr. Smith wrote them down in Arabic, and in this way many lost sites were discovered. One day north of Nazareth, a shepherd, in reply to a question as to the name of a low hill covered with pottery, came out with the word "Kana el Jalil" or Cana of Galilee, which satisfied both Dr. Robinson, Dr. Smith and afterwards Dr. Thomson, that Kefr Kenna is *not* the site of Cana of Galilee.

After this tour he went to Europe, and in Leipsic superintended the casting by Tauchnitz of the most beautiful font of Arabic type the world had ever seen. In the mechanical preparations for this noble achievement, he was greatly indebted to Mr. Homan Hallock, the missionary printer in Smyrna, whose ingenuity and inventive genius enabled him to cut the punches and matrices for the new, so-called, "American Arabic Type." The original written models of Arabic calligraphy, gathered from the best Moslem penmen in Cairo; Damascus and Aleppo, were lost in his shipwreck, but he afterwards replaced them at Constantinople to the number of two hundred: so varied, that the punches formed from them would make not far from a thousand matrices.

An ordinary font of English type contains not more than one hundred separate types. A font of Arabic vowelled Arabic type contains about 1,800 separate types. Each letter has three forms, initial, medial and final, and each letter may have several different vowel points above or below it, and the types of the letters are grooved on the sides to admit of the insertion of the fine needle-like types of the minute vowels.

After a visit to America, Dr. Smith returned to Beirut in June, 1841, having married Miss Maria W. Chapin, of Rochester, New York, who died in about one year, July 27, 1842, leaving a son, Charles, now (1907) professor in Yale College, the alma mater of his father. After five years spent in preaching, travelling and close study of the Semitic languages, he revisited the United States and returned January 12, 1847, having married Miss Henrietta S. Butler, sister of Dr. Butler, of Hartford, Connecticut. In his new reconstituted home in Beirut he now devoted his energies to the preparation of a new translation of the Bible into the Arabic language. He collected a library of the best critical books on the Semitic languages, and on the text of the Scriptures, in English, French and German, and laboured for eight years incessantly, aided by the famous Arabic scholar and poet, Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, and Mr. Butrus el Bistany, a learned convert from the Maronite faith. He obtained from Dr. Mashaka, of Damascus, a

treatise on Arab music, which he translated into English. It was published by the American Oriental Society in 1850.

Dr. Smith was a man of great business capacity, giving attention to the minutest details. For many years he read the proof-sheets of nearly every work that was printed at the mission press, and he bestowed much thought and labour upon the mechanical apparatus of that establishment. To him every pursuit was subsidiary to a faithful translation of the Word of God into the Arabic language. Yet he did not neglect the regular preaching of the Gospel, which he regarded as the first duty of every missionary, and having early become a fluent speaker in the Arabic, this was ever his delight. It was said of him when I came to Syria, February, 1856, that Dr. Smith could not only read Arabic poetry, but could preach in such "buseet" or simple Arabic that the women of the Lebanon villages could understand him. Yet he was disposed to question the practicability of translating children's hymns into simple and yet classical Arabic. We have, however, proved by experience that our most beautiful children's hymns *have* been put into beautiful and simple Arabic, quite intelligible to the children in the common schools. Dr. Smith published in Arabic a book on the "Office and Work of the Holy Spirit," "El Babel Maftuah," which was a revelation to all speaking the Arabic language.

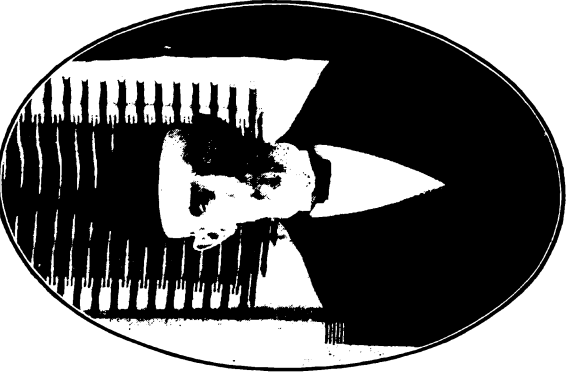
In 1850 he had received the merited degree of D. D. from Williams College.

Dr. Smith was familiar with the ancient classics, and with French, Italian, German, Turkish and Arabic. His ideal of perfection was so high that it was difficult for him ever to be satisfied with his work.

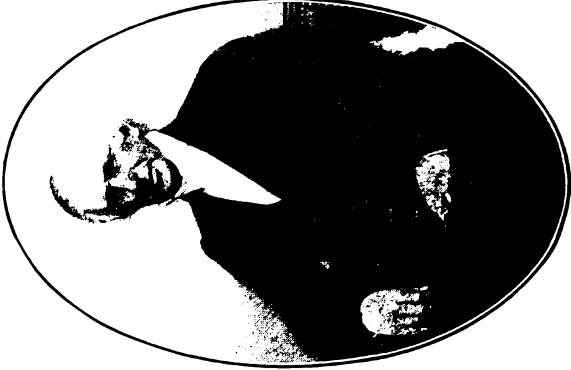
In April, 1890, I took my old Yale friend, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, through our mission premises, and as we entered that little upper room in the female seminary building, formerly the mission house, or "Burj Bird," where the Bible was translated into Arabic by Drs. Eli Smith and Van Dyck, he said, "Dr. Smith was a Yale man and we are Yale men. Why not put up a memorial tablet on the wall of this room







DR. W. W. EDDY



DR. RUFUS ANDERSON



DR. W. M. THOMSON

commemorative of the great work of Bible translation done here?" I replied, "The only objection is the want of funds to do it." "I will pay the expense," was the ready reply, and this tablet was prepared and set in the wall.

VII. WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D. D., EXPLORER AND AUTHOR  
OF "THE LAND AND THE BOOK"

As God raised up men in the West to give back the Bible to the East, so He chose among these men those who should illustrate the Bible to the West. And there was divine wisdom in sending Thomson, Robinson and Eli Smith to explore the Holy Land, while still in its primitive state, before the irruption of Western customs, implements, dress and means of communication. Dr. Thomson was a born traveller. He loved the saddle and the tent, the open air exercise, the evening talks at the tent door with Arab sheikhs and villagers, the glorious sunrise and sunset effects of the Syrian sky, the wild flowers and sweet odours of the fragrant herbs on the moors, the lofty mountains and dark ravines, the waving grain of early spring, the early and latter rains, the long rainless summer and the thunder and lightning of winter when "the voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars, yea the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon."

Of a high poetical nature and brilliant descriptive powers, he seemed called of God to picture to the Christian world of the West the unchanged and unchanging witness of the land to the verity and veracity of the Book.

Dr. William M. Thomson was born of godly ancestry in Springdale, Ohio, December 31, 1806, son of Rev. John Thomson, a Presbyterian minister. He graduated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in 1829, and at Princeton Theological Seminary, under Dr. Alexander, in 1832. He arrived in Beirut, Syria, February 24, 1833, and thus was the eighth American missionary in Syria, two having died, and two removed from Syria before his arrival.

In April, 1834, he removed with his wife to Jerusalem. One month later, after seeing his family settled in his new home, he

went to Jaffa to attend to the forwarding of his goods. Civil war then broke out in Palestine. The fellahin, from Hebron to Nazareth, rebelled against Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, and besieged Jerusalem. For two months a reign of terror prevailed in Jerusalem; siege, war, several violent earthquakes, plague in Jaffa, pillage and murder in Jerusalem. Dr. Thomson was detained in Jaffa and was unaware that an infant son (now Prof. W. H. Thomson, M. D., of New York) had been born to his wife. She was in circumstances indescribably terrifying, amidst the roar of cannon, falling walls, the shrieks of the neighbours, the terror of servants and constant expectation of massacre by the enraged mob of fellahin besiegers. After two months, Ali Mohammed having reached Jaffa with 12,000 troops, and marched on Jerusalem, Dr. Thomson followed the army and hastened to his wife. He found Mrs. Thomson nearly blind from ophthalmia, accompanied with a high inflammatory fever, and twelve days after his arrival, exhausted by the trials of the previous sixty days, she fell asleep in Jesus and was at rest. Her own letters written during the days of agony and suspense are a beautiful illustration of the sustaining power of Christian faith. Dr. Thomson removed to Beirut, in August, 1834, with his infant son. He was afterwards married to Mrs. Maria Abbott, widow of H. B. M. Consul Abbott.

In December, 1835, he opened a boys' boarding-school in Beirut. Rev. Story Hebard joined him in this work in 1836 and continued it until 1840-41. On New Year's Day, 1837, a terrific earthquake devastated Syria and Palestine, especially the town of Tiberias, where 700 of a population of 2,500 perished, and Safed, where from 5,000 to 6,000 perished out of a population of 10,000. Dr. Thomson and Mr. Calman, English missionary to the Jews, were sent as a deputation by the people of Beirut to carry relief to the sufferers: and his reports as published, giving a graphic account of the dreadful and heartrending scenes at Safed, the horrible wounds, the mangled bodies of the dead, the groans of the hundreds of victims still alive and half buried under the ruins, sent a thrill throughout the Christian world. They built a

temporary hospital, distributed money and food, and relieved the suffering Jews, Moslems and Greeks as far as it was possible to do. The survivors seemed paralyzed. One Jew refused to aid in extricating his wounded brother from under a pile of stones, unless paid for it! Spiritual comfort seemed out of the question, for it was the testimony of Dr. Thomson on this as on other similar occasions, that great overwhelming calamities seem to harden rather than soften the hearts of men. Dr. Thomson wrote, "There is no flesh in the stony heart of man. No man would work to help us, except for enormous wages. Not a Jew, Christian or Turk lifted a hand to help us except for high wages."

In 1835, the same year in which the first building erected for female education in Syria was built, at the expense of Mrs. Todd (an English lady from Alexandria), in Beirut for Mrs. Eli Smith, on the lot in front of the present church, a seminary for boys was commenced in Beirut, by Dr. Thomson, in which work he was afterwards assisted by Mr. Hebard. English was taught, and some of their pupils have since been prominent men in Syria.

In May, 1840, in company with Mr. Beadle and Dr. Van Dyck he made an exploration of Northern Syria. In one of his letters his description of a sunrise in the desert is a masterpiece of brilliant imaginative writing. This description was printed in the *Missionary Herald* and reached the Sandwich Islands, where one of the missionaries cut up the whole passage into elegant Miltonian blank verse, without altering a word. Indeed his journals printed at length in the *Missionary Herald* were eagerly read and universally admired.

On the 14th of August, 1841, the English fleet under Sir Charles Napier arrived in Beirut harbour to drive Ibrahim Pasha out of Syria. The combined English (twenty-one vessels), Austrian (six) and Turkish fleets (twenty-four Turkish transports) anchored off Beirut, being in all a fleet of fifty-one sail. The United States corvette, *Cyane*, Captain Latimer, took on board all the missionaries and landed them safely in Larnaca, Cyprus. The bombardment began and continued while the *Cyane* was still at anchor, and kept on for a month when Soleyman Pasha

evacuated the city. In October, the missionaries returned, expecting to find the mission house in ruins. But on the contrary, although the ground on the mission premises was ploughed by cannon-balls, and two bombs had burst in the yard, the house and printing-press were uninjured! The library, the costly apparatus for the boys' seminary, the invaluable manuscripts and books, and the large folio volumes of the Christian fathers, remained safe just as when the missionaries left them.

Soon after, Ibrahim Pasha was driven back to Egypt, and Syria and Palestine were restored to Turkish rule. But for the interference of England, the Egyptian dynasty would have subdued the whole Turkish Empire. While Ibrahim Pasha was in Syria there was universal security and a better government than had been known for centuries. On his departure, things returned to their old course. Again in the Crimean War, England saved the Turkish Empire from destruction. It did the same at the close of the Bulgarian War, after the treaty of St. Stephano. And it may be said that in 1861, by insisting on the evacuation of Syria by the French army of occupation, it again saved Syria to the Turk. And yet the Turks do not love the English!

In 1841, war broke out between the Druses and the Maronites. Many refugees were fed and clothed by the missionaries.

In 1843, Dr. Thomson and Dr. Van Dyck removed to the village of Abeih in Mount Lebanon, and carried on the boys' seminary, now transferred from Beirut. They continued teaching and preaching until they were stationed in Sidon in 1851.

July 18, 1843, Dr. Thomson went to Hasbeiya where 150 men had declared themselves Protestants, and on August 1st, the entire body left for Abeih to escape attack by armed men from Zahleh and the region of Hermon, but they returned in the fall, the fury of their foes being exhausted.

One day Dr. Thomson and two deacons went up the side of Hermon to the solitary lodge of a poor vine-dresser, who was deeply interested in spiritual things. He wrote of this visit, "It was good to be there on that mountainside, in the lodge beneath that olive tree, among those clustering vines, with that old man

of humble mien and tearful eye, the voice of prayer ascending from full hearts to the canopy of heaven above our heads. Yes, it was good to be there. I crept forth from this humble lodge with eyes bedimmed with tears."

In April, 1845, civil war broke out again in Lebanon, and a battle took place in Abeih. Dr. Thomson bore a white flag to the Druses' camp, and through his prompt action in securing the interference of the British consul-general in Beirut, a truce was agreed on and a general massacre of the unfortunate Maronites was prevented.

Whereupon the Greek and Maronite bishops of Beirut ordered their people to protect the American missionaries. In September the missionaries were ordered down from Abeih by Chekib Effendi, the Turkish commissioner, and returned again in December.

From this time on, during his residence in Abeih and Sidon (to which place he removed in 1851) until 1857, Dr. Thomson was engaged in making extended missionary tours in Syria and Palestine. It was my privilege to accompany him, on his invitation, in February, 1857, through Palestine, when he was engaged in elaborating his great literary work "The Land and the Book."

That journey, made one year after my arrival here, and with such a guide and companion, marked an epoch in my life. It "established my goings" in Bible study and gave me a familiarity with Bible scenes and localities which has been to me of priceless value. On reaching camp at night, when we younger men were well-nigh exhausted by long stages, through miry roads and swollen streams, he would sit up to a late hour writing up his notes of travel with the greatest care, apparently as fresh as in the morning. His buoyant spirits, his thorough understanding of men, his facility in settling difficulties, his marvellous knowledge of Scriptural scenes and sites, his hearty good nature, willingness to impart useful information about the sacred localities, and his devout and reverent spirit, made him a most charming and invaluable travelling companion. Every mountain and hill, every stream and valley, every rock and castle and cavern, every village

and hamlet, were familiar to his practiced eye. His trusty horse, which had borne him often through the "Land," seemed to know every road and by-path.

Dr. Thomson was an enthusiastic geologist, and in this we both heartily sympathized. He discovered the greater part of the fossil localities of Mount Lebanon and directed me to them. I never travel, or visit these localities, without recalling his valuable information.

He felt deeply that the Bible could only be fully and clearly understood by remembering its Oriental origin, and that it was important to study and record, with scrupulous exactness, the manners and customs, the language and salutations, the usages and peculiarities of the modern inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, before the influx of European ideas and habits should have swept away their distinctive features as illustrative of the language and thoughts of Bible characters.

His studious habits, his ready pen, his almost microscopic powers of observation, and his habit of recording conscientiously every new discovery and impression, enabled him to accumulate, during his missionary life, a mass of material such as no one had ever been able to secure. And he felt that he could not do a better service to the Church and the world, than to turn the search-light of the land upon the pages of the Book.

He was well fitted for the task and he did it well. He did it as missionary work in the broadest sense, and how well he did it, can be learned by seeing his volumes in the libraries of universities, colleges and theological schools, in the homes of pastors and teachers, in Sunday-schools and public schools: quoted by scholars, preachers and teachers, in commentaries, books of travel, and encyclopedias. Nearly, if not quite 200,000 copies of "The Land and the Book" have been sold.

When in the troublous war crises of 1841 and 1845 a number of men left the mission for America and urged the abandonment of the field, Dr. Thomson with Mr. Calhoun, and Drs. Van Dyck, Eli Smith, De Forest and Mr. Whiting resisted the suggestion, and stood to their posts, and saved the work from destruction.

In June 23, 1859, on his return from a two years' visit to the United States, he was stationed in Beirut, where he remained for seventeen years, until his final departure for the United States, August 7, 1876. I laboured as his colleague during those seventeen years and learned to love and admire him and trust in his judgment.

In the fall of 1859, the population of Lebanon was in a state of agitation and preparation for a renewal of the old war between the Maronites and the Druses.

In the spring of 1860 the war-cloud burst, and for sixty days, civil war, the burning of villages, outrage and massacres devastated Southern Lebanon, the Bookaa, the Anti-Lebanon and Damascus. Thousands of refugees, men, women and children, widows and orphans, crowded into Beirut. Dr. Thomson was most active in the practical management of the distribution, by a committee, of nearly £30,000, in money, food and clothing to the wretched sufferers. He had the special charge of the clothing department, and distributed the material for 100,000 garments.

When Lord Dufferin, and his successor, Colonel Frazier, wished judicious counsel in matters pertaining to the reorganization of the Mount Lebanon government, they consulted first of all the two veterans in missionary experience and knowledge, Dr. Thomson and Mr. Calhoun of Abeih.

Lord Dufferin, in an official report sent to England at the time, in speaking of the part borne by the Syrian missionaries in the work of relieving the refugees, states that "without their indefatigable exertions, the supplies sent from Christendom could never have been properly distributed, nor the starvation of thousands of the needy been prevented."

On the 29th of April, 1873, his devoted wife, Mrs. Maria Thomson, after more than forty years of a lovely and consistent Christian life in this community, passed to her heavenly reward, universally beloved and respected by people of all nationalities.

On reaching the United States in 1877, he resided in New



York for several years, and then removed to Denver, Colorado, where he enjoyed the clear skies and the towering mountains, which he said reminded him so vividly of his beloved Syria. In that city, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walker, and with the faithful ministrations of his unmarried daughter Emilia, he remained until April 8, 1894, when he was summoned to the heavenly Canaan, the unfading and unclouded "Land of Promise," by the great inspirer of the "Book" he had so faithfully laboured to illustrate and exalt before the minds of his fellow men.

His actual connection with the mission in Syria covered a period of forty-three years and five months. His sojourn in America lasted seventeen years and eight months. His latter days were serene and happy; enjoying the full possession of all his faculties, he retained his interest in all that pertains to the kingdom of Christ. His life and work were a blessing to Syria, in laying the foundations of the work now going on in all parts of the land. In the annual meetings of the mission, when grave questions were under discussion, he would rise to his feet, walk to and fro, and give utterance to his views in terms so clear, concise and convincing, that they generally settled the question.

His life is an illustration of the fact that in the foreign mission service there is scope for every kind of talent and acquisition. Dr. Eli Smith could not have written "The Land and the Book," and Dr. Thomson could not have translated the Bible. Dr. Thomson found in Syria and Palestine a vast unexplored field of Scriptural illustration. The land of the Bible, its topography and customs, were well-nigh unknown among the great Christian nations of the West. With unequalled facilities for traveling in the land and studying the people, he used the talents God had given him in illustrating the Word of God. Others engaged more especially in translating that book into the Arabic language, in founding schools and seminaries, in preparing a Christian literature, and in preaching the Gospel from the pulpit or in the homes of the people. While he did what he could in





REV. ISAAC BIRD



THE REV. DR. AND MRS.  
WILLIAM GOODELL



MRS. ISAAC BIRD

several of these departments of labour, he gave more especial attention to that for which God had prepared him by special gifts and graces. His works do follow him. His name will be remembered, with those of Eli Smith and Edward Robinson, as one of the three Americans who were the pioneers of exploration of the Bible lands, as a means of illustrating the Word of God.

## IV

### The Arabic Bible—Its Translation and the Translators (1848—1865)

“And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.”—*Revelation 22 : 2*

“*Hic labor, hoc opus est*”

**F**OREIGN missionaries have moved mountains. Grain by grain, rock by rock, by steady work, year after year, toiling, delving, tunnelling, the giant mountain obstacles have been gradually melted away. After years of silent, unseen, prayerful, agonizing work, suddenly a new version of the sacred Scriptures is announced, and millions find the door of knowledge and salvation suddenly opened to them. It is easy to read in a Bible society report that the Bible has been translated into Mandingo for eight millions, into Panjabi for fourteen millions, into Marathi for seventeen millions, into Cantonese for twenty millions, into Japanese for fifty millions, into Bengali for thirty-nine millions, into Arabic for fifty millions, into Hindi for eighty-two millions, and into Mandarin Chinese for two hundred millions. But who can comprehend what it all means? To those who claim that missionaries are, or should be, only men who are failures at home, who are unable to fill home pulpits, but are good enough for Asiatic or African mission work, such a statement must be an unsolved and unsolvable riddle.

Translation is an art, a science, one of the most difficult of all literary undertakings. To translate an ordinary newspaper editorial from English into French, German or Italian, would cost most scholars many hours of work. It is easier to compose in a foreign tongue than to translate into it, adhering conscientiously to the meaning, yet casting it so perfectly into the native idiom as to conceal the fact of its foreign origin. Few natives of Asia can translate from English into their own tongue

without revealing the stiff foreign unoriental source from which the material was taken.

Dr. Thomas Laurie in his able work "Missions and Science," p. 245, says, "If any wonder why so much pains should be taken to make a version not only accurate but idiomatic, let him read the following words of Luther in 1530:—'In translating, I have striven to give pure and clear German, and it has verily happened that we have sought, a fortnight, three or four weeks, for a single word, and yet it was not always found. In Job we so laboured, Philip Melanchthon, Aurogallus and I, that in four days we sometimes barely finished three lines.' Again he writes, 'We must not ask the Latinizers how to speak German, but we must ask the mother in the house, the children in the lanes, the common man in the market-place and read in their mouths how they speak, and translate accordingly.'"

If it was thus difficult for the learned Luther to translate from the Hebrew and Greek into his own mother German, how much more to translate from them into an Oriental tongue like the Arabic! And few foreign missionaries can translate ordinary tracts and books into the vernacular of their adopted country. Men must have a peculiar mental bent and devote years to studying and practicing the vulgar talk of the populace, and the pure classical language of the local literature, if there be a literature, and if not, to identify himself with those who are to read what he writes, before he can translate with success. But when you add to all this the work of translating a book of 960 pages from the ancient Hebrew, the Old Testament, and another of 270 pages from the ancient Greek, the New Testament, so as to give your readers the exact literal idea of the original, and this into a language utterly different in spirit, ideals and idioms not only from the Hebrew and Greek, but also from your own tongue, and remember that this is the Word of God in which error is inadmissible and might be fatal; knowing that the eyes of scores of missionaries, and hundreds of native scholars in the future, as well as savants in philology and linguistic science in Europe and America will scan and criticize your work, and you might well exclaim,

“ Who is sufficient for these things ? ” The true translator “ *nascitur, non fit.* ” It is born in him, and without this native genius and preparation he cannot succeed.

Translators of the Scriptures are “ called of God, as was Aaron. ” Missionary boards send out young men to foreign lands, not knowing to what special work God may call them. It may be exploring, as Livingston ; or healing, as Dr. Parker, “ who opened China to the Gospel at the point of the lancet ” ; or teaching, as Duff, Hamlin and Calhoun ; or preaching, as Titus Coan of Hilo, Sandwich Islands ; or it may be translating, as Morrison, Hepburn, Riggs, Goodell, Eli Smith and Van Dyck.

In 1847 a committee of which Dr. Eli Smith was chairman, and Drs. Thomson and Van Dyck were members, sent to the United States an appeal in behalf of a new translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, in which, after speaking of the comparatively evanescent character of translations of the Bible into the languages of tribes evidently hastening to extinction, the appeal rises to high and almost prophetic eloquence in speaking of the future of the Arabic Bible :

“ The Arab translator is interpreting the lively oracles for the forty millions of an undying race whose successive and ever augmenting generations shall fail only with the final termination of all earthly things. Can we exaggerate on such a theme ? Is it easy to overestimate the importance of that mighty power that shall send the healing leaves of salvation down the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Niger ; that shall open living fountains in the plains of Syria, the deserts of Arabia and the sands of Africa ; that shall gild with the light of life the craggy summits of goodly Lebanon and sacred Sinai and giant Atlas ? We think not. These and kindred thoughts are not the thoughtless and fitful scintillations of imagination, the baseless dreams of a wild enthusiasm. To give the Word of God to forty millions of perishing sinners, to write their commentaries, their concordances, their theology, their sermons, their tracts, their school-books and their religious journals : in short, to give them a Christian literature, or that germinating commencement of one, which can perpetuate its

life and expand into full grown maturity, are great gigantic verities taking fast hold on the salvation of myriads which no man can number, of the present and all future generations."

On the 21st of February, 1885, Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D., then a member and librarian of the Syria Mission in Beirut, wrote to Dr. Van Dyck requesting him to prepare a careful sketch of the history of the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language. The following account to p. 76 summarizes the facts given in Dr. Van Dyck's reply :

*"An account of the Arabic Version of the Scriptures made under the auspices of the Syria Mission and the American Bible Society.*

"At the general meeting of the mission held in Beirut, February, 1848, under the date of February 11th, we find the following vote :

"Resolved, that at the end of the present term of the seminary (Abeih) Butrus el Bistany be transferred to the Beirut station with a view to his being employed in the translation of the Scriptures, under the direction of Dr. Eli Smith.' (Mr. Bistany had been associated with Dr. Van Dyck in the Boys' Seminary of Abeih, from the time of its opening.)"

Under same date, February 11, 1848, we have the following resolution :

"Resolved, that Dr. Smith be authorized to correspond with the secretaries of the American Bible Society in relation to the contemplated new translation of the Scriptures into Arabic."

Under date of April 4, 1849, we find the following :

"Dr. Smith reported progress in the work of translating the Scriptures, and laid before the mission the first ten chapters of Genesis for examination, and Messrs. Whiting, Thomson, Van Dyck, Hurter, De Forest and Ford were appointed a committee to examine what had been done and report to this meeting. This committee reported April 7th, stating 'that they find the new translation' faithful to the original, and a decided improvement upon the version we now circulate, and recommend that the work be prosecuted to its completion upon the same general principles which appear to have guided the translator hitherto. They



also commended the translator and those associated with him to the fervent prayers of all the members of the mission, that they may be guided by divine wisdom in the prosecution of this all important work."

It is plain from the above that Dr. Smith began to work on the translation in 1848, assisted by Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, and Mr. Butrus el Bistany. First, Mr. Bistany made a translation into Arabic from the Hebrew or Greek with the aid of the Syriac. Then Sheikh Nasif, who knew no language but Arabic, rewrote what had been translated, carefully sifting out all foreign idioms. Then Dr. Smith revised Sheikh Nasif's manuscript by himself, and made his own corrections and emendations. Then he and Sheikh Nasif went over the work in company, and Dr. Smith was careful not to let the meaning be sacrificed for a question of Arabic grammar or rhetoric.

Under date of April 9th, the mission records state that "Dr. Smith submitted a copy of the new translation of the Book of Genesis, with some remarks and explanations, and it was voted that 100 copies of the new translation of Genesis be printed at the expense of the mission."

As each form was struck off, a copy was sent to each member of the mission, and the Arabic scholars outside the mission, especially to the missionaries of other societies, and by special vote in March 29, 1851, all the members of the mission were urged to give special attention to the new translation and to render Dr. Smith all the assistance in their power to carry it forward to its completion.

In 1852, during the visit of Dr. Edward Robinson, of Union Seminary, Dr. Smith laid on the table the translation of the Pentateuch up to the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Thomson, Whiting, Robinson, Calhoun, Marsh of Mosul and Ford, examined the translation and approved it, whereupon the translator was directed to finish the Pentateuch and then take up the New Testament. March 23, 1853, Dr. Smith laid upon the table the remainder of Deuteronomy, Matthew, Mark, and to the twelfth chapter of Luke.

March 3, 1854, Dr. Smith had completed during the year from the twelfth chapter of Luke to 1 Corinthians.

April 3, 1855, Dr. Smith reported that the New Testament had been completed, and also Jonah, Joel and Amos, and the printing of the Pentateuch had reached the sixth chapter of Exodus.

April 1, 1856, Dr. Smith made his last report, that in the Old Testament, after finishing Nahum he had taken up Isaiah, and had reached the fifty-third chapter, and that in printing, the Pentateuch had advanced to the end of Exodus, and the New Testament to the sixteenth chapter of Matthew.

At the time of his death he had devoted nine years to this work, or rather eight years of actual labour. A day or two before his death Rev. D. M. Wilson asked him if he had anything to say about the translation. He replied, "I will be responsible only for what has been printed. If the work should be carried on, I hope that what I have done will be found of some value."

Before narrating the work of Dr. Van Dyck in completing the translation, let us see what "helps" these learned scholars had at hand as a "translation apparatus," connected with the Old Testament. This list will deeply interest those who regard missionaries as unscholarly and behind the times.

1. Of Hebrew Grammars, they had Gesenius' *Lehrgebaude* (1817), his smaller grammar edited by Rodiger (1851), a gift from the editor; Ewald's *Lehrbuch* (1844) and Nordheimer's Grammar.

2. Of Lexicons: Gesenius' Hebrew Thesaurus, now completed by Rodiger (who kindly sent Dr. Smith the last part as soon as it left the press); and also Robinson's Gesenius, a gift from the translator. He had also Furst's Concordance and his School Dictionary, also Noldin's Concordance of the Hebrew particles.

3. Of Commentaries: Rosenmuller on the Pentateuch, and Tuch and Delitzch and Knobel on Genesis. Also the *Glossa Ordinaria*, a voluminous digest from the Fathers, and Pool's Synopsis, with other more common commentaries in English.

4. Of non-Arabic versions of critical value: the London Polyglot (a gift of Mrs. Fisher Howe, of Brooklyn, New York), with Buxtorf's Chaldee, and Castel's Syriac Lexicon, and Schleusner's Greek Lexicon

of the Septuagint, besides the lexicons which compose the seventh volume of the Polyglot. Also Tischendorf's Septuagint, containing the readings of four ancient manuscripts; and, for a general Greek lexicon, Liddell and Scott. Among modern versions Dr. Smith made constant reference to that of De Wette's.

5. Of Arabic versions: Dr. Smith had besides that of Saadias Gaon in the Polyglot, the Ebreo-Mauritanian version, edited by Erpenius, and three copies of the version of Abu Sa'd, the Samaritan; two of these copies he had made from manuscripts some five hundred years old, and the other edited by Kuenen, with the readings and notes of three manuscripts; also a distinct version in manuscript apparently made from the Peshito written nearly five hundred years ago. The above are ancient. Of more modern versions, I have the Romish edition reprinted by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which we now circulate, and which is conformed to the Vulgate with frequent accommodations to the Peshito. Also the lessons read in the Greek and Greek Catholic Churches printed at Shuwair and translated from the Septuagint but following after other readings than those of the Polyglot; and the Karshuny lessons read in the Maronite Churches, printed at Koshaiya and translated from the Peshito. This version of the Maronites, if reference be had both to conformity with the Hebrew and acceptableness of style to modern readers, is the best of all, but it contains, as well as the lessons of the Greeks, only a small portion of the Old Testament.

6. Of other helps, Dr. Smith had Winer's Realwörterbuch (last edition), De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament, and Hävernicks Introduction to the Pentateuch; also Sherif-ed-Din-et-Tifasy on precious stones, and the Arabic Materia Medica called Ma-la-yisa: both useful in explaining terms connected with natural history and kindred subjects. The Hebrew text used was that of Michaelis, whose notes and especial references are often valuable; and also Dr. Rossi's various readings, and Bahrdt's remains of the Hexapla of Origen.

7. This catalogue would not be complete without mentioning the more important helps to a full understanding and proper use of the Arabic language. Grammars: The Commentary of Ashmuny, on the Alefiyeh of Ibn Malik; the Commentary of Demanuny on the Teshil of the same author, and Millu Jamy of Ibn el Hajeb, also Mughny el Labib of Ibn Hashim, invaluable for its definitions of the particles. Of

rhetoric, the Mukhtasr and Muttowwal of Teftazany. Of dictionaries, I have two copies of Feiruzabady, and one of Jauhari, as well as the dictionary Feiyumy, and the Constantinople edition of Feiruzabady with definitions in Turkish. Of European works: the dictionary of Freytag and the Arabic-Turco-Persian dictionary of Meninski. Also the Tarifât of Jorjâmy, and the Kulliyat of Abu el Buka, which latter when furnished with a proper index will help to many definitions of great value.

After the death of Dr. Eli Smith many thought that the work of translation must cease. Dr. Smith was so learned, so accurate and conscientious, and so singularly prepared for this great work, that it seemed as though no one could fill his place. But though the worker falls the work goes on. The mantle of Eli fell on Cornelius. God had been preparing for seventeen years the man who was to complete the great work of giving the Bible to forty millions of men. Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck, M. D., came to Syria, April 2, 1840, aged twenty-one years and four months, the youngest American ever sent to Syria. He came as a medical missionary, had never studied theology, but in seventeen years in Syria he had mastered the Arabic language, the Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, French, Italian and German. He was of Hollandic origin, born at Kinderhook in 1818. He had a genius for languages, a phenomenal memory, a clear intellect, and excelled in medicine, astronomy, the higher mathematics and linguistic science. His knowledge of Arabic, both classical and vulgar, was a wonder to both natives and foreigners, as will be seen in the chapter on his life and work. He had been ordained January 14, 1846, and afterwards received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D., and later that of L. H. D., from Edinburgh.

At the next annual meeting of the mission after Dr. Smith's death (April 3, 1857), a committee was appointed to examine and report on the state of the translation of the Scriptures as left by Dr. Smith. This committee consisted of Messrs. Calhoun, Van Dyck, Ford, Eddy and Wilson, and reported that Genesis and Exodus had been printed with the exception of the last of Exodus which was in type but not edited. That the books of the Bible yet

untouched are Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Ezekiel, Daniel, Habakkuk, Zechariah, Zephaniah, Haggai and Malachi. The Historical Books from Joshua to Esther inclusive, and the books of Jeremiah and Lamentations, had been put into Arabic by Mr. Bistany, the assistant translator, but not revised by Dr. Smith.

It was found that in the translation of the New Testament, the Greek text followed had been that of Hahn, but in the first thirteen chapters of Matthew there are some variations from that text according to the text of Tregelles and others.

The committee were unanimously of opinion that the translation of the New Testament had been made with great care and fidelity, and that it could, with comparatively little labour, be prepared for the press, and they accordingly recommended to the mission to prosecute and complete its publication as soon as possible.

The mission then appointed Dr. Van Dyck to the work. He was then living in Sidon, and removed to Beirut in November, 1857, and went on with the work as directed. As the American Bible Society required a strict adherence to the Textus Receptus of Hahn's Greek Testament, Dr. Van Dyck revised every verse in the New Testament, taking up the work as if new. The basis left by Dr. Smith was found *invaluable*, and but for it the work would have been protracted very much beyond what it really was. The form adopted was the second font Reference New Testament. Thirty proofs were struck from each form as soon as set up in type and these proofs were distributed to all missionaries in the Arabic-speaking field, and to native scholars, and to Arabic scholars in Germany, viz. : Professor Fleischer of Leipsic, Professor Rodiger of Halle, afterwards of Berlin, Professor Flügel of Dresden and Dr. Behrnauer, librarian of the Imperial Library, Vienna. Some letters and proofs from some of these gentlemen and others have survived, and have been placed in the standard copy of the Old Testament, deposited in the library of the mission. The proofs distributed were returned to the translator with the criticisms of those to whom they had been sent, all of which were carefully examined and decided upon.

In 1862, Dr. Van Dyck wrote to the American Bible Society with regard to the labour involved in the translation of the Old Testament: "In the first place, it must be carefully made from the Hebrew, then compared with the Syriac version of the Maronites, and the Septuagint of the Greeks; the various readings given, and in difficult places the Chaldee Targums must be consulted, and hosts of German commentators, so that the eye is constantly glancing from one set of characters to another: then after the sheet is in type, thirty copies are struck off and sent to scholars in Syria, Egypt and even Germany. These all come back with notes and suggestions, every one of which must be well weighed. Thus a critic, by one dash of his pen, may cause me a day's labour, and not till all is set right, can the sheet be printed."

In regard to the style of Arabic adopted, it was the same as had been adopted by Dr. Smith after long and frequent consultations with the mission and with native scholars. Some would have preferred the style "Koranic," *i. e.*, Islamic, adopting idioms and expressions peculiar to Mohammedans. *All native Christian scholars* decidedly objected to this. It was agreed to adopt a simple but pure Arabic, free from foreign idioms, but never to sacrifice the sense to a grammatical quirk or a rhetorical quibble, or a fanciful tinkling of words. As a matter of fact, it will be seen that in the historical and didactic parts, the style is pure and simple, but in the poetical parts the style necessarily takes on the higher standard of the original, *e. g.*, Job, Psalms and parts of the prophets. The work of the translation of the New Testament was finished March 9, 1860, and a complete copy was laid upon the table at the annual meeting, March 28th, and that same copy is now preserved in the mission library.

Dr. Van Dyck was assisted by a Mohammedan scholar of high repute, Sheikh Yusef el Asir, a graduate of the Azhar University of Cairo, whose purely Arabic tastes and training fitted him to pronounce on all questions of grammar, rhetoric and vovelling, subject to the revision and final judgment of Dr. Van Dyck.

In April, 1860, the mission directed Dr. Van Dyck to carry on

the translation of the Old Testament commencing with Leviticus. The last chapter of Exodus was edited by Dr. Van Dyck immediately after Dr. Smith's death, and printed, so that the whole of Genesis and Exodus might be before the mission.

In 1864, an edition of the vowelled Psalms in parallelisms was issued 16mo, and on August 22, 1864, Dr. Van Dyck reported the completion of the translation of the Old Testament. Friday, March 10, 1865, a celebration took place at the American Press, in honour of the printing of the Old Testament, thus completing the new Arabic translation of the Bible.

In the upper room, where Dr. Smith had laboured on the translation eight years, and Dr. Van Dyck eight years more, the assembled missionaries gave thanks to God for the completion of this arduous work. Just then, the sound of many voices arose from below, and on throwing open the door, we heard a large company of native young men, labourers at the press and members of the Protestant community, singing to the tune of Hebron, a new song, "Even praise to our God," composed for the occasion by Mr. Ibrahim Sarkis, chief compositor, in the Arabic language. Surely not for centuries have the angels in heaven heard a sweeter sound arising from Syria than the voices of this band of pious young men, singing a hymn composed by one of themselves, ascribing glory and praise to God, that now, for the first time, the Word of God is given to their nation in its purity.

I translated this hymn into English, and on Sunday evening, March 12th, a public meeting was held in the old church in commemoration of this great event, and addresses were made by Rev. James Robertson, Scotch Chaplain, Mr. Butrus Bistany and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. The hymn was sung in Arabic and English.

The English is as follows :

Hail day, thrice blessed of our God !  
 Rejoice, let all men bear a part.  
 Complete at length Thy printed word ;  
 Lord, print its truths on every heart !

سَلَامًا عَلَى حَبْرَةِ الْحَيَّةِ وَيَدْعُلَانِ مِنَ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ إِلَى الْبَيْتِ. لِأَنَّ عَارِضًا الْكَلْبَ  
وَالْحَيَّةَ وَالزَّوَادَةَ وَالْقَلْبَةَ وَبَعْدَ الْوَكْرَانِ وَكُلِّ مَنْ حَيْثُ يُسَمَّعُ كَلِمًا

«أَمَا تُسَمِّعُ أَنْبِيَاءَ تِلْكَ لِمَا كُنَّ لِجَهْدِهَا كَثْرَتُ عِبَادَةِ الْأَمْثَلِ عَنِ الْكَلْبِ. أَمَا أَسْمَلُ وَزِينَةُ  
كَلْبِي. كَثْرَتُ أَسْمِ الْبَيْتِ». وَأَلْبَحُ وَالْمَكْرُوسُ يُؤَدِّي قَالُ. وَمَنْ يُسَمِّعُ فَلْيَلِ قَالُ.

وَمَنْ يَسْمَعُ فَلْيَلِ. وَمَنْ يَزِدْ فَلْيَلِ خُذْ مَا حَسْبُ عِيَالًا  
«لَأَنِّي لَمْ يَكُنْ مِنْ أَسْمِ الْقَوْلِ مِنْهُ وَمَا الْكَلْبُ إِذْ كَانَ أَحَدٌ يَزِيدُ عَلَى هَذَا

عَزِيدًا أَفْهَى الْعِبَادَةِ الْكَلْبِيَّةِ فِي هَذَا الْكَلْبِ». وَإِنْ كَانَ أَحَدٌ يَتَدَفَّقُ مِنَ الْقَوْلِ  
كَمَا سَمِىَ الْبَيْتُ عَزِيدًا فَهُوَ تَقْدِيمُ مَنْ يَخْرُجُ الْخُرُوجَ مِنَ الْبَيْتِ. الْمَسْمُوعَةُ وَمَنْ

الْبَيْتُ فِي هَذَا الْكَلْبِ  
يَقُولُ الْكَلْبُ بِهَا تَمْرًا. أَمَا آيَ رِيمًا. قَالُ. أَلَمْ يَكُنْ الْوَيْتُ يُسَمِّعُ

«بَيْتًا وَمَا يُسَمِّعُ الْوَيْتُ عَزِيدًا  
بَيْتُ

٢

سَلَامًا وَسَمًا الْفَرَّاحُ مِنَ لَيْبُو فِي بَلَدٍ سَنَةَ ١١٢١ سَمِيَّة

الْفَخْرُوسُ

الْأَصْحَاحُ الْأَوَّلُ

١ فِي الْبَدْءِ خَلَقَ اللَّهُ السَّمَاوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضَ. وَكَانَتِ الْأَرْضُ خَرَابًا وَجَاهِلَةً وَعَلَى رُوحِ  
٢ الْعُيُونِ وَرُوحِ الْهَيْرُونَ عَلَى وَجْهِ الْبَيَاءِ. وَقَالُ اللَّهُ لِيَكُنْ بَرْدٌ تَكَانُ نُبُورٌ. وَرَأَى

٣ اللَّهُ الْبُورًا ثُمَّ حَسَنَ. وَفَضَّلَ اللَّهُ قِرْفَ الْفُورِ وَالظُّلْمَةَ. وَرَأَى اللَّهُ الْبُورَ عَارًا وَالظُّلْمَةَ  
٤ وَكَانَ مَا كَلَّمَ. وَكَانَ سَاءً. وَكَانَ صَاحِبُ بَرْدًا لِيَطَا

٥ وَقَالُ اللَّهُ لِيَكُنْ عَلَيَّ وَسَطُ الْبَيَاءِ. وَكُنْ قَابِلًا بَيْنَ يَدَيْ رُوحِي. وَقَوْلُ اللَّهِ  
٦ الْكَلْبُ وَفَضَّلَ بَيْنَ الْبَيَاءِ الْوَيْتُ نَحْتِ الْكَلْبِ وَالْبَيَاءُ الْوَيْتُ الْكَلْبُ. وَكَانَ كَذَلِكَ. وَرَأَى

٧ اللَّهُ الْكَلْبَ سَاءً. وَكَانَ سَاءً وَكَانَ صَاحِبُ بَرْدًا كَانِيًا  
٨ وَقَالُ اللَّهُ لِيُسَمِّعُ الْبَيَاءَ نَحْتِ الْبَيَاءِ. وَأَيُّ مَكَانٍ لَاحِدٌ وَيُسَمِّعُ الْبَيَاءَ. وَكَانَ

٩ كَذَلِكَ. وَرَأَى اللَّهُ الْبَيَاءَةَ أَرْضًا. وَوَضَعَ الْبَيَاءَ وَرَأَى عَالًا. وَرَأَى اللَّهُ ذَلِكَ أَنَّهُ  
١٠ حَسَنٌ. وَقَالُ اللَّهُ لِيُسَمِّعُ الْأَرْضَ عُنَاً وَيَتَلَا وَيُرَى وَيَسْمَعُ كَمَا تَمْرًا مَعْلُ تَمْرًا كَثِيرًا

١١ بَرْدًا يَزِيدُ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ. وَكَانَ كَذَلِكَ. «فَأَخْرَجَ الْأَرْضَ عُنَاً وَيَتَلَا وَيُرَى بَرْدًا كَثِيرًا  
١٢ وَخَرَجَ مَعْلُ تَمْرًا بَرْدًا كَثِيرًا. وَرَأَى اللَّهُ ذَلِكَ أَنَّهُ حَسَنٌ». وَكَانَ سَاءً وَكَانَ صَاحِبُ

١٣ بَرْدًا كَانِيًا  
١٤ «وَقَالُ اللَّهُ لِيَكُنْ أَرْضًا فِي عِلْدِ السَّمَاءِ لِيُفَصِّلَ بَيْنَ الْفُورِ وَالْقَلْبِ. وَكَثْرَتُ لَوَاكِبِ

١٥ وَالْوَاكِبَاتِ تَأْمُرُ تَمْرًا. وَكَثْرَتُ الْفُورِ فِي عِلْدِ السَّمَاءِ لِيُفَصِّلَ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ. وَكَانَ  
١٦ كَذَلِكَ. «فَعَمِلَ اللَّهُ الْفُورَ فِي السَّمَاءِ لِيَكُنْ لِيَكُنْ الْفُورُ وَالْقَلْبُ الْفُورُ»





To Him who gave His gracious word,  
 Arise, and with glad praises sing :  
 Exalt and magnify our Lord,  
 Our Maker and our glorious King !

Lord, spare Thy servant through whose toil,  
 Thou gav'st us this of books the best,  
 Bless all who shared the arduous task  
 From Eastern land or distant West.

Amen ! Amen ! lift up the voice :  
 Praise God whose mercy's e'er the same :  
 His goodness all our song employs,  
 Thanksgiving then to His Great Name !

June 3, 1865, Dr. Van Dyck proceeded to New York, in accordance with arrangements made with the American Bible Society, and superintended the making of a set of electrotype plates of the entire Arabic Bible in large type 8vo, and of the vowelled New Testament. Two years later he returned to Beirut with Mr. Samuel Hallock, an electrotyper, and superintended electrotyping the vowelled Old Testament 8vo, and editions of the entire Bible and of the New Testament. The American Bible Society furnished the British and Foreign Bible Society with a duplicate set of plates of the Bible and New Testament made in New York and also of the vowelled Old Testament made in Beirut.

Thus was the Arabic Bible completed. In a short time ten editions, containing forty thousand copies, had been printed. The accuracy of its renderings, the idiomatic excellence of the style, and even the beauty of the type, which Dr. Smith had prepared especially for it, and which surpassed all that had gone before as much as the translation excelled all previous effort, made it popular among all classes, so that even the Moslem was forced to commend the Bible of the Christian. No literary work of the century exceeds it in importance and it is acknowledged to be one of the best translations of the Bible ever made.

Since that day, not less than thirty-two editions of the Arabic Bible and parts of the same have been printed, comprising about

nine hundred thousand copies, and on the title page of every copy is the imperial permit and sanction of the government of the Turkish Sultan. These books have been sent, and are still being sent, by tens of thousands of copies, to the whole Arabic reading Mohammedan world, from Mogador and Sierra Leone on the Atlantic to Peking on the East: to Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, Sudan, Arabia, Zanzibar, Aden, Muscat, Bussorah, Bagdad, India, the East Indies, Northern China, Persia, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Palestine, Syria and to the new colonies of Syrian emigrants in the United States, Brazil and Australia.

The best selling book in Syria and Egypt to-day is the Arabic Bible. It is the loving gift of the one hundred and forty millions of Protestant Christians to the two hundred millions of Mohammedans of whom sixty millions speak the Arabic language, while the rest use the Arabic Koran as their sacred book, and are scattered all the way from the Canary Islands through North Africa and Southern Asia to Peking in China.

As Mr. Calhoun has beautifully said in one of his letters, "Just as Syria, once lighted up with the oil made from her own olives, is now illuminated by oil transported from America, so the light of revelation that once burned brightly there, lighting up the whole earth with its radiance long suffered to go out in darkness, has been rekindled by missionaries from America, in the translation of her own Scriptures into the spoken language of her present inhabitants." Priest Ghubreen Jebara, a learned Greek ecclesiastic in Beirut, said in a public address, in 1865, "But for the American missionaries, the Word of God had well-nigh perished out of the language: but now, through the labours of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck, they have given us a translation so pure, so exact, so clear, and so classical, as to be acceptable to all classes and all sects."

## Organization of a Native Evangelical Church (1848)

The Oriental Churches—Their sects and peculiar beliefs—Their reform hopeless—The native demand for organization—Wisdom of the step—Protest of the Anglican Church—The Greek Church and baptism—Ikons.

**T**HE Oriental Churches may be divided into six great classes, comprising fourteen different sects :

1. The Monophysite; Eutychian or anti-Chalcedonian sects, who reject the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon held in 541. These are four; the Armenians, Jacobites (or Syrians), Copts and Abyssinians. They all have their own distinct ritual and calendar, are hostile to each other and all other Christian sects, have a married parish clergy and reject the primacy of the Pope.

2. The anti-Ephesian, who reject the Council of Ephesus in 431. These are the Nestorians or Chaldeans. These have a married clergy and a high reverence for the Scriptures, and but little picture worship.

3. The Orthodox Greek, who accept the seven General Councils. The Greek Church is Rome decapitated, a priestly system without a pontifex, an exclusive traditional church, which allows the Bible to the people. In the Turkish Empire, its patriarch and the most of its bishops are foreigners, speaking only Greek and ignorant of the wants and customs of the people, though of late the Syrians of the Greek Church have obtained bishops of the Arab race. The parish clergy are married and generally most illiterate. The present Anglican bishop in Jerusalem, Dr. Blyth, remarked to a traveller in 1890, that "no one but those who lived in the East could be aware of the gross

ignorance and immorality of the Greek priests." Ordinarily, the practice in appointing priests is that of Jeroboam, who "made priests of the lowest of the people."

4. The Maronites, a papal sect, the ancient Monothelites, who accepted the papacy 1182 A. D., during the Crusades. They get their name from John Marōn, monk, priest and patriarch, who died 707 A. D. They adhere to the Oriental rite, conducting service in the Syriac, a language not understood by the people. The only sin unpardonable by the priests is reading the Bible. The people are chiefly peasants, in Northern Lebanon, an illiterate people, and an educated priesthood, sworn to allegiance to Rome and yet like all the above, having a married parish clergy. Their head is the Patriarch of Antioch, living in Lebanon, and regarded by the people as hardly inferior to the Pope.

In the days of Bird and King, the patriarch vented his wrath on the family of Lattoof el Asshy of Ehden for having leased his house to Mr. Bird in 1827. "They are therefore accursed, cut off from all Christian communion : and let the curse envelop them as a robe and spread through all their members like oil, break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and wither them like the fig tree cursed by the mouth of the Lord Himself : let the evil angel rule over them by day and by night, asleep or awake. We permit no one to visit them or employ them or do them a favour, or give them a salutation or converse with them in any form or manner, but let them be avoided as a putrid member and as hellish dragons."

5. The SIX ORIENTAL PAPAL SECTS, who are converts from six of the above sects to the Church of Rome. They are : the Papal Greek, Papal Armenian, Papal Nestorian, Papal Coptic, Papal Syrian, Papal Abyssinian. They maintain their own calendars and saint's days, the marriage of the parish clergy, and various ancient prerogatives, which the papal legates are now striving most assiduously to abolish.

6. The Latins, a small community, composed chiefly of attachés of the French and Italian monasteries, and foreign European

residents, who have conformed in all respects to the Church of Rome.

These sects all agree sufficiently both in the common truth and the common error which they hold to be classed as one—one in their need of reformation, one in being an obstacle to the Christianization of the Mohammedan world. They all hold the doctrines of transubstantiation, of baptismal regeneration, priestly absolution, Mariolatry and saint worship, image and picture worship, auricular confession and prayers for the dead. Their patriarchs and bishops are celibate, chosen from the monastic orders, but the parish clergy are allowed to marry once. Instruction in the Scriptures is virtually unknown. The members of these sects in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Persia, not including Russia and Greece, are as follows :

Orthodox Greeks	-	-	-	-	1,000,000
Maronites	-	-	-	-	300,000
Nestorians	-	-	-	-	140,000
Armenians	-	-	-	-	3,000,000
Copts	-	-	-	-	200,000
Abyssinians	-	-	-	-	4,500,000
Nestorian Catholics	-	-	-	-	20,000
Greek Catholics	-	-	-	-	50,000
Jacobite Syrians	-	-	-	-	30,000
Other papal sects	-	-	-	-	300,000
Nestorians in India	-	-	-	-	116,000
Total	-	-	-	-	<hr/> 9,656,000

Thus we have about ten millions of nominal Christians scattered throughout the great centres and seats of Mohammedan power. These Christian sects have never felt the impulse of such an awakening as shook all Europe in the days of the Reformation. About thirty years after the death of Luther, the German Protestant divines opened correspondence with the Patriarch of Constantinople, but he rejected their overtures with contempt. The Greek Church "knew not the day of its visitation." For three hundred years after that time, with the exception of the sending

of papal legates, hardly a movement was made in Europe towards modifying the state of the Eastern Churches.

It was not the intention of the early missionary pioneers, nor was it the policy of the Board of Missions, to set up a new church organization in the East. It was hoped that the heads of the Oriental Churches might be induced to *reform* their churches. To this end, Fisk, Parsons, King and Bird visited the patriarchs, bishops, abbots and priests in their houses and convents and at first were received cordially. But as soon as they began to distribute the Scriptures and preach, "to the law and to the testimony," and that salvation is through faith in Christ alone, the whole power of ecclesiastical persecution was turned against them. They were excommunicated, cursed, reviled. The people were warned against them. Bonfires were made of Bibles and tracts. All were forbidden to harbour them, sell to them or buy from them. The Maronite patriarch, being virtually lord of the Lebanon, compelled emirs, begs and sheikhs to persecute these Bible men or be themselves deprived of office and excluded from heaven. The Jesuits obtained, through political intrigue, a firman from the Sultan, forbidding the import or sale of the Scriptures and all other books and ordering all existing copies to be destroyed.

But the light had begun to shine. The leaven was working in many minds. One after another joined themselves to the missionaries openly or secretly, and attended the preaching services, Yet when they asked for the administration of the sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper, they were referred to their old traditional churches. But they would not confess to a priest nor accept the idolatrous ceremonies growing out of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Maronites taught that inasmuch as the priest in the mass converts the bread into the perfect divinity and humanity of Christ, therefore he creates God, and as he "who creates is greater than him who is created, therefore the priest is greater than God." Yet the missionaries had been instructed "not to interfere with the Oriental Churches, but to visit the ecclesiastics and persuade them, if possible, to abandon their errors, which are repugnant to the Word of God."

The missionaries accordingly gave themselves to the work of education, Bible distribution and the press. But in 1832 the Greek bishops in Latakia, Tripoli, Damascus and other places, gathered the Arabic Bibles (printed in London from the version of the Roman Propaganda) and burned them in the courtyards of the churches. In 1829 the Maronite patriarch put to death Asaad es Shidiak for reading the Bible and rejecting the errors of Rome.

In September, 1835, Rev. Drs. Eli Smith and William M. Thomson and other missionaries, in reply to the request of a papal Greek priest from Acre to profess the Protestant faith, adopted the following minutes: "(1) It is not an object with us to draw individuals from other native Christian sects and thereby increase our own denomination. (2) Yet according to the principles of the churches which have sent us hither, when a member of any native sect, giving satisfactory evidence of piety, desires the sacraments of us, we cannot refuse his request, however it may interfere with his previous ecclesiastical relations.' On this basis, *individuals* of the various Oriental Churches, including bishops, priests and others, were received to the Lord's table, together with baptized converts from the Druses. But the number of enlightened men and women increased in various parts of the land and they demanded the right to be organized into a distinct Evangelical Protestant Church of their own. This request was finally acceded to, and the first Protestant Native Syrian Church was organized in 1848. Since that time twenty-eight other churches have been organized in this mission, with about 2,600 communicants (4,364 since the beginning) from among the Moslems, Jews, Druses, Greeks, Maronites, Nusairiyeh and Bedawin Arabs.

In India, the Christian Church is the only organization which gathers men of all the warring castes into one harmonious body. And here, the Evangelical Church is the only place where converts from all these warring sects sit together as brethren. The whole number of Protestant Churches in the empire is now about 200, with 20,000 communicants and nearly 100,000 adherents.



The wisdom of thus erecting a separate Evangelical Church has been demonstrated. It is an object-lesson to all the Christian and non-Christian sects, and an exhibition of the Christian faith in its simplicity and New Testament purity. An honest attempt to reform the Oriental Churches was made and failed.

This powerful, intelligent, well educated and upright element in the population is a living rebuke to ignorance, superstition and ecclesiastical assumption. It has weakened the tyrannical power of the priesthood, and in fact to-day shields tens of thousands of adherents of the old Churches from extortion and oppression, through fear lest they break away entirely and join the Protestant ranks. An old Maronite priest once complained to me, "You Protestant missionaries have ruined us. Our people will not pay for masses as they once did, and if we threaten them with excommunication, they laugh at us and threaten to become Protestants."

The majority of the Protestant communities are from the Oriental Churches, just as the apostles made the most converts at first among the Jewish synagogues. But the question arises now, Are we justified in keeping up the work of evangelization among these Oriental Churches? The consensus of the non-Episcopal Churches in Europe and the United States would, no doubt, answer in the affirmative. But the high ecclesiastical party in the Anglican Church protests that this whole movement is a mistake. It is denounced as proselytism, as an attempt to build up one Christian Church at the expense of another. It is said that these Greeks and Maronites and others have the "creeds of Christendom," and we have no right to receive their followers into our churches. We might reply to this charge by the "et tu Brute" countercharge, that these same high sacerdotalists do not hesitate in England and America to receive scores of Methodists and Baptists, Congregationalists and Friends to their own church without feeling that they have committed the heinous sin of proselytism. The work of missions in the East can be justified without such an "*argumentum ad hominem.*"

Let us consider the whole question calmly in the light of God's Word and Providence.

The chief and ultimate object of missionary work in Western Asia is the conversion of the Mohammedans to the Christian faith. They number 200,000,000 in Asia and Africa, and constitute one of the great influential factors in the future religious history of the race. The Gospel is to be given to them. All the Christian Churches which have any missionary zeal admit this. Thus far, they are almost unaffected by the great missionary movements of the nineteenth century. They believe in one God and in the divine origin of the Old and New Testaments (et Tourah w'el Injeel) but regard the Scriptures as corrupted, deny the divinity of Christ, His crucifixion and resurrection, ignore the spirituality of religion, and look upon Christians as their inferiors and hereditary enemies. Having seen only the Oriental type of Christianity, they despise its immorality and idolatry and protest against the creature worship and image worship of both the Greek and Latin Churches. Images and pictures are the abomination of the Mohammedan world.

The pagans of the second century objected to Christianity that it had neither altars nor images: the Moslem of the twentieth century objects to Christianity that it has only images and altars. The Christian missionary to-day urges a Mohammedan to accept Christianity. He is met with the derisive reply, "Thank God we are not idol-worshippers as are you Christians, and, God willing, we never will be. We have lived among Christians twelve hundred years, and we want none of your creature worship. There is no God but God." The missionary may protest and explain, but until he can show the Moslem a pure Christianity in life and doctrine, and illustrate by living examples the Bible ideal of a Christian Church, his appeals and argument will be in vain.

This state of things confronted all Christian missionaries in Oriental lands eighty years ago, and it confronts them to-day. These Oriental Churches are among the greatest obstacles to the conversion of their Mohammedan neighbours. -

Protestants will generally admit this with regard to the Church of Rome, and at the same time there are those who contend that the Greek Church is purer, and hence should be entrusted with the work of evangelizing the Moslems and Jews in Western Asia. As this question is now a "burning" one in the Anglican Church, let us ask, What is the teaching and practice of the Greek Church in Western Asia to-day?

The Nineteenth Article of Faith of the Church of England declares that "as the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch have erred, so the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." And in Article Twenty-two, "The Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration as well of Images as of Reliques and also Invocation of Saints, is repugnant to the Word of God."

The Greek Church teaches in its Catechism and Synnaxar the following doctrines :

1. That salvation is merited by good works.
2. That baptism, the holy chrism and communion, are indispensable to salvation.

In 1886, I wrote to Rev. Dr. Schaff as follows :

*Beirut, Syria, Jan. 4, 1886.*

PROF. P. SCHAFF, D. D.,

*Dear Brother* :—I have at length secured the facts and information with regard to the mode of baptism among the various Christian sects in Syria, for which you ask in your letter of September 14, 1885. The "statement of Dr. Hitchcock, based upon the authority of Dr. Van Dyck" as to the word "*amamud*," is evidently a misunderstanding. I sent the letter to Dr. Van Dyck, and he replies :

"There is no such Syriac word as *amamud*. It is evidently mistaken for the Arabic word *ma'mud*. The passive participle of Syriac '*amad*' (Arabic '*amada*') is '*amid*'. The Arabic word *ma'mud* has been mistaken for a Syriac word. But that does not at all affect the argument. *Immersion*, in whole or in part, supplemented by pouring if necessary, is the Oriental mode of baptism. A Greek priest in Hasbeiya re-

baptized a Copt by immersion in the river of Shiba, *i. e.*, in one of its pools formed among the rocks."

In addition to what Dr. Van Dyck here states, it is well known that the Orthodox Greek Church insists upon trine immersion as essential to salvation, whether in the case of infants or adults. Yet sometimes, in case of necessity, they baptize by pouring water three times upon the head.

An adult woman, born a Druse, and baptized by Mr. Calhoun when a young girl, was rebaptized by a Greek priest near Tripoli, on being married to a Greek. The priest's wife took her to a pool of stagnant water, stripped off her clothes, the priest standing with averted face. The priest then walked backward into the water, and immersed her three times, turning his head the other way. The father, a native preacher, was so outraged in his feelings by the act, that he left the Protestant sect, on the erroneous idea that the Protestants could have prevented it.

A Greek priest in Munsif, in Mount Lebanon, had a child eight months old brought to him for baptism. It was too large for the stone baptismal font, so he held it on his left arm, and poured the water three times over its head.

In a village near Tripoli, a mother took her child to the abbot of a Greek monastery to be baptized. The abbot baptized it by holding it on his left arm and pouring the water three times over its head. The mother protested that this was not baptism, and complained to the Greek bishop. He rebuked her, telling her that the baptism was perfectly legitimate and sufficient.

A Maronite teacher has given me a statement about the mode of baptism among the Jacobites or Syrians.

The priest strips the child to the waist, holds him under his left arm, uses neither salt nor oil; then *pours* water *three times*, with his right hand, on the head, in the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

In the Syrian-Catholic Church (Jacobite Catholic) the baptism is similar to that of the Maronites. The priest takes the child from the hand of the godfather and godmother in the door of the church and carries him into the church, lays the child on a white veil on the floor, then prays over a handful of salt, puts salt into the child's mouth. Then he pinches the child's nostrils, saying: "Open, ye nostrils, and

inhale the heavenly odours." Then he takes the child to the font, and hands him to the godfather, who repeats the creed. Then the priest asks him: "Do you repudiate the devil and all his works?" Ans. "Yes." "Do you believe in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?" Ans. "Yes." "Do you believe in the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ, and in the articles of faith of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church?" Ans. "Yes."

He then asks the name of the child, and does he wish to be baptized? "Yes." Then he prays over the water in the font. Then he drops three drops of melted wax from the lighted taper into the water, for the three persons of the Trinity. Then he makes the sign of the cross with the candle in the water, saying: "God commanded four rivers to water the four quarters of the globe. Thus God blessed you, O waters of the wedding in Cana of Galilee," etc. Then the priest puts his hand into the water three times, then drops three drops of oil into the water. Then he repeats the question: "Do you wish to be baptized?" "Yes. I wish to be baptized according to the baptism of the Catholic Apostolic Petrine Church, and unite my intentions (purposes) with yours."

The priest then takes the child under his left arm, and holds his head over the font and pours three handfuls of water on his head, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He then raises up the child, wipes his head with a towel, and hands him to the godfather. The priest washes his hands and wipes them. He then brings the holy oil of Mairon, bares the breast of the child, and anoints with oil, in the form of a cross, his breast and two shoulders. He then wipes off the oil with cotton, then washes off the oil with soap and water, then drains off the water from the font, burns the cotton in the font, and washes out its ashes.

Then the priest gives the godfather a white towel (given by the family), saying: "Take a pure white towel to meet your Lord in purity."

Then they walk around the church, carrying the child and singing: "Blessed be thou, now baptized with the baptism of the Spirit." I do not feel called upon to draw inferences from these statements; but some things are plain.

1. Trine immersion is the baptism of the Greek Church, yet they allow pouring when immersion is not convenient.

2. The Jacobites baptize by *pouring* three times.

3. The Maronites and Papal Jacobites by pouring three times.

The fonts in the Greek Churches are always small, and in case of

large children or adults they must either pour or resort to pools or rivers.

The word '*amad*' in Arabic means to stand upright; *at amad* means to resolve, to purpose; '*amūd*' means a pillar; *ma'mudiyet* means baptism; *ma'mud* means one baptized, as do *māt amad* and *m'ammad*.

Whether the meaning "upright" and "standing" attached to this word has anything to do with the *posture* of the one baptized, it is not easy to decide.

The Lord grant us all, and especially these dead Christian sects of the East, the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Yours affectionately,

HENRY H. JESSUP.

3. Penances are appointed to "cleanse the conscience and give peace of mind."

4. The communion is a sacrificial mass. In the liturgy of the mass, hardly a vestige of the original institution of the Lord's Supper is preserved. It is a sacrifice "for the believers who are dead, for the primitive parents, for the fathers, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, preachers, martyrs, confessors, hermits and teachers, and for the soul of every just man who died in the faith." During the service of the mass, persons enter the inner temple where the priest is sacrificing, and lay down money to pay for masses for their dead.

5. They believe in a "limbus" where the souls of the departed are received and kept until the Day of Judgment.

6. It teaches and requires the worship of "ikons" or holy pictures. They repudiate carved images, but devoutly pray to pictures, light candles and burn incense before them.

In the Synnaxar for the first Sunday in Lent is the abominable expression, "As to the impious infidels who are not willing to honour the holy images (ikons), we excommunicate and curse them saying, Anathema." And in the Horologion, Beirut edition, 1849, page 696, is the following curse: "May the lips of the impious hypocrites (-el-munafikeen) become dumb, who worship not thy revered likeness, O Mary, which was painted by Luke, the most holy evangelist, and by which we have been led to the faith!" In the Greek Churches, the worshippers burn incense,

light tapers, bow before the filthy painted boards and devoutly kiss them !

7. The Mariolatry of the Greek Church is also a grievous error and a stumbling-block in the way of Mohammedans. The following prayers are from the Horologion (Prayer-Book) page 678: " We are lost through our many sins, turn us not away disappointed, for *thou alone art our only hope.*" " We take refuge in thee." " O thou who alone art the hope of Christians." " Save from future punishment those who put their trust in thee. Alleluia."

This last is a plain deification of the Virgin Mary, and led the Mohammedans to charge, as they do to this day, that " the Trinity is a blasphemous elevation of a woman to a place in the Godhead." Space will not allow our giving details as to the worship of relics, the prayers offered to the reputed wood of the cross and the brutal deception of the " Holy Fire " at Easter, annually sanctioned and promoted by the patriarch bishops and priests of Jerusalem as a proof of the orthodoxy of the Greek Church.

It brings a blush to the cheek of every true Christian visiting Jerusalem to know that these ecclesiastics light a torch with a lucifer match and then thrust it through a hole in the wall of the Holy Sepulchre, telling the surging thousands of ignorant pilgrims that this is a miraculous flame lighted from heaven ; while Mohammedan military officers and guards, placed there to keep the mob of crazed fanatics from trampling each other to death, look on with disgust and contempt at such a fraud enacted in the name of Jesus Christ !

The high Anglicans demand that we leave these ecclesiastics to evangelize the Mohammedans, and get us out of the country ! How, then, shall the Gospel in its purity be given to the Oriental Churches ? With such doctrines and practices, there is no hope of a union between Protestants and the Greek Church, until Protestants submit to trine immersion at the hands of a Greek priest.

Again, there is no hope of reforming the higher ecclesiastics and through them the people. The twelve labours of Hercules

were slight compared with such a task. The patriarchs and bishops of the East are, as a class, wealthy, avaricious, masters of political intrigue, unscrupulous, and trained to hierarchical tyranny over the consciences of men, and will probably be the last class in the East to accept the Gospel in its simplicity. No change in liturgies, prayers, doctrines and usages would be possible without a council of the four patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria, and the Holy Synod of Russia, and such a council for such an object is about as likely as a council at Rome to abolish the papacy or a council at Mecca to abolish Islam.

High offices are bought and sold. In August, 1891, an intrigue was carried on by a high Greek ecclesiastic in Jerusalem to purchase the patriarchal chair of Antioch (in Damascus and Beirut) by the payment of £10,000 and the endowment of the chair with nearly £90,000 on his death!

A third plan has been to preach the Gospel and give the Bible to the people, leaving them in their own ecclesiastical relations, in the hope of reforming the Church from within. This plan has been patiently tried, as we have stated above, in Syria, Asia Minor and Egypt, without success. For no sooner do men read the Bible and become enlightened, than they make haste to "come out and be separate." Enlightened New Testament students will not pray to a creature or worship a painted board.

The result has been that the people themselves have demanded and compelled the organization of a new Oriental Evangelical Church in Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor. It has vindicated the claims of Christianity to be a pure non-idolatrous religion. Mohammedans can see the Bible acted out in life in the teaching and practice of the Protestant Churches.

In 1850, in the agreement between Baron Bunsen and Archbishop Sumner with regard to the Jerusalem bishopric, it is said, "Duty requires a calm exposition of Scriptural truth and a quiet exposition of Scriptural discipline: . . . and where it has pleased God to give His blessing to it, and the mind has become emancipated from the fetters of a corrupt faith, there we have no



right to turn our backs upon the *liberated captive* and bid him return to his slavery or seek aid elsewhere."

This is high authority, and the 20,000 communicants in the Protestant Churches in the Turkish Empire are simply "liberated captives." The recent exhibition of iconolatry in Russia, when a whole carload of holy "ikons" or pictures of saints was sent with General Kuropatkin on his departure from St. Petersburg for the war, to insure him victory, was received among the Mohammedans of the Turkish Empire with derision and contempt. They said, "Do the Russians expect that painted boards are going to conquer the armies of Japan?" The fact that the Greek Church allows its people to read the Bible is full of promise, but as long as it makes tradition of equal authority with the Bible, it will hold on to Mariolatry and picture worship.

To place ourselves on a vantage-ground with the Mohammedans, we must let it be thoroughly understood that we are distinct and separate from the idolatrous Oriental Churches. The Moslems look on these "Christians" as creature worshippers. They are now beginning to understand that the Protestants hold to a purer faith. Sheikh Mohammed Smair, of the Anazy Arabs, on entering our simple church in Beirut, stood by my side in the pulpit, and placing his hand on the open Arabic Bible, said, "Truly this is the house of God. There is no image or idol here, only the house of God, and the Book of God."

The Greek Church in the last twelve hundred years has written its own condemnation. Where is the list of its converts from Islam during this long period? If it be replied in apology that the Greeks have during this time been politically *subject* to Islam and could do no proselyting work, we reply by pointing to the Ottoman Tartar conquest of the Arabs, when the conquerors embraced the religion of the conquered.

Alas, it is too true that the Greek Church in Syria and Palestine has lost all missionary zeal, and has ceased to honour the Holy Spirit while nominally holding to His divinity.

We as Protestants must present the Gospel to Islam in its

pristine purity and simplicity. Let us repudiate all alliances with human traditions and anti-Christian idolatries.

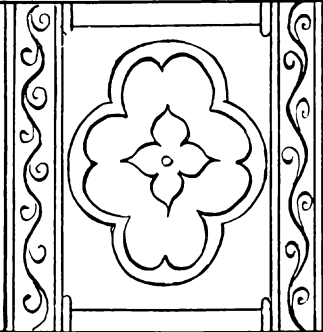
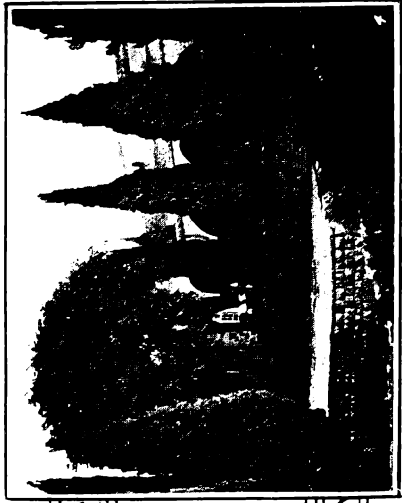
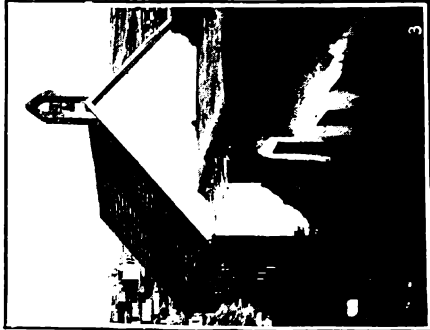
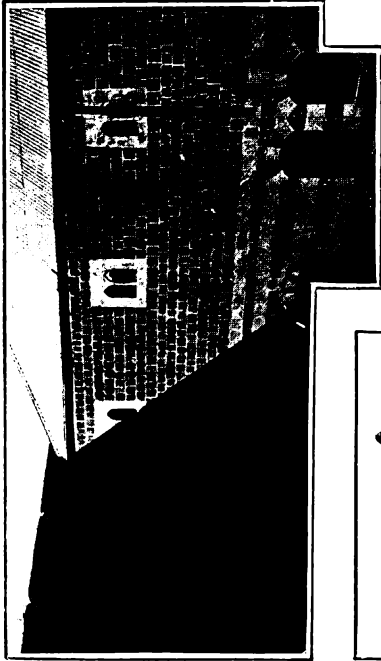
The Oriental Churches have lost the spirit which might enable them to evangelize Islam. They care not to do it. They cannot do it. They will not do it. This "kingdom" of privilege and service "shall be taken from them and given to another," even to the Churches of the Reformation.

The Evangelical Native Churches in Syria are all Presbyterian in polity and doctrine; those in Palestine, Episcopal in polity and doctrine, but truly evangelical, and not in sympathy with high Anglican assumptions; those in Egypt, chiefly Presbyterian of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States of America; those in Asia Minor and European Turkey almost all Congregational. In connection with the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria are three presbyteries; that of Mount Lebanon and Beirut; that of Sidon and dependencies, and that of Tripoli and Hums. Their organization is regular but simple, and the annual meetings are largely occupied with religious conference with a view to the promotion of the spiritual life. The Syrian pastors and elders have shown themselves able to conduct deliberative bodies in a grave and orderly manner, and to yield gracefully to the voice of the majority. Thus far, the American missionaries retain their connection with their home presbyteries in the United States, and at the same time, by consent and request of the Syrian brethren, are regular members of the Syrian presbyteries, and will probably continue so until the native churches are fully self-supporting. There are twenty-eight churches with 2,600 members, and the average congregations are 5,600.

Self-support is making good progress, but its great hindrance is the phenomenal emigration of Syrians to the United States, South America, Australia and the Transvaal. They have been emigrating for twenty years, and tens of thousands of the strong and enterprising young men have left their native land. Many of the churches are depleted and crippled, like the country churches in New England. Should the tide ever turn, and these emigrants return, the churches would soon feel the impulse and

enter on a new era of growth and self-support. It is an encouraging fact that five of the educated native preachers who emigrated to North and South America have returned to Syria, more than ever contented to remain here and full of enthusiasm for the cause of the Gospel.





CHURCHES AND SCENES

1. Hums Church.
2. The two lone cedars in the B'sherreh Grove, called "The Sentinels."
3. Zahleh Church.
4. The Historic Abeih Boys' Seminary Building, 1845-1871.

## VI

### Educational Foundation Stones

Abeih, 1846—Dr. De Forest's school for girls, 1847—Simeon H. Calhoun, "The Saint of Lebanon"—Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck.

**T**WO institutions were begun during this period, the Abeih Seminary for boys under Dr. Van Dyck, November 4, 1846, and Dr. De Forest's family boarding-school for girls, in Beirut. The Abeih Seminary passed under the care of Rev. Simeon Calhoun, in 1849, and continued to flourish as the highest literary institution in Syria, until the Syrian Protestant College was opened in 1865.

#### DR. H. A. DE FOREST

The family boarding-school for girls in the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. De Forest began in 1847 and continued until Dr. De Forest returned to America in 1854. He and Mrs. De Forest had proved the capacity of Syrian girls to pursue a liberal course of education. Their cultivated graduates became wives and mothers, whose homes were distinguished in Syria for piety and high culture. Dr. De Forest insisted on teaching the English language to the young women, in order to open up to them the rich treasures of English literature. For years one could pick out the girls taught by Dr. and Mrs. De Forest, and some of them became eminent as teachers.

In 1854 Dr. De Forest was obliged by failing health to relinquish his work, and return to the United States. A nobler man never lived. Tall of stature, courteous and genial, with a voice of great depth and sweetness, a natural orator and a skillful physician, he was universally beloved and admired. During my first interview with him, in 1854, he gave me wholesome advice with regard to caring for health. He said, "Beware of exposure

to the Syrian sun. It is your enemy. Protect your head and the back of your neck. I went to Syria with an iron constitution. I was wont to walk long distances at home without fear of sun or storm. I thought I could do it in Syria. As a foreign doctor I was in great demand, and walked through the narrow lanes in the suburbs of Beirut, in the deep sand and under a blazing sun with a small black hat and no umbrella. One day after a long, hot walk, I felt a strange sensation in the back of my head, and soon found I had a sunstroke. From that dreadful stroke I never recovered. For twelve years I have studied and taught and preached and practiced medicine, and never a week, without that agonizing pain in my head. Even now I cannot converse or read long without a return of the agony. I warn you never to trust the Syrian sun." I have now for fifty-three years acted on that advice, and have always carried an umbrella, and in summer worn also a pith helmet hat. I have tried to pass on Dr. De Forest's advice to successive generations of young men who have come to Syria from America and Europe. In three cases the advice was indignantly rejected. "I am not afraid of the sun. I have always been accustomed to walk in sun and rain with only a small cap on my head," etc. These three men all died in a very short time of sunstroke and brain fever.<sup>1</sup> The direct rays of the Syrian sun on the back of the head of a European seem to act like the X-rays or radium.

Dr. De Forest and his accomplished wife were admirably fitted to train young women in piety, intellectual knowledge and a beautiful domestic life. The lovely Christian families in Syria, whose mothers were trained by them, will be their monuments for generations to come. In 1850, a report of Beirut station said, "Unhappily, only one of our native brethren is blessed with a pious wife." At the present time there are nearly 1,300 women who are church-members in the bounds of the Syria Mission, and the girls of all sects are being taught in all the cities and many of the villages of Syria. All honour to the men and women

<sup>1</sup> These were volunteer English missionaries. One died at Bagdad, and two in the Lebanon.

who gave the first impulse to female education in Syria. Their labours have aided as much if not more than any others in the elevation and enlightenment of Syrian society. Dr. De Forest died in the United States in November, 1858, greatly beloved and regretted.

REV. SIMEON H. CALHOUN, "THE SAINT OF LEBANON"

Mr. Calhoun was born in Boston, of Scotch-Irish parents, August 15, 1804, and graduated at Williams College in 1829. While in college he was a sceptic and indifferent to religion, but the prayers of a godly mother, who had consecrated him to Christ and to the missionary work at his birth, followed him, and in 1831 he was converted. While engaged as tutor in college he was noted for the peculiar simplicity and ardour of his piety, and for the great influence he exerted on the students. "His delight in the Scriptures was exceptional, and his remarks on the truths therein revealed were uncommonly suggestive and stimulating." He did not enter a regular theological seminary, but studied theology with those two giants, Drs. Griffin and Mark Hopkins, who constituted a theological faculty rarely equalled. In 1836 he was ordained, and left the United States in November as an agent of the American Bible Society for the Levant. In 1843 he was appointed a missionary of the American Board. During the eight years of his work in Smyrna, Constantinople, Asia Minor, the Greek Islands and Greece, he coöperated with the missionary bodies, preaching in English and modern Greek, and was indefatigable in teaching, touring, and distributing the Word of God.

On reaching Syria, in 1844, although forty years old and having passed the age when men can readily master a foreign language, his familiarity with the modern Greek aided him in studying the difficult Arabic language; difficult on account of its guttural sounds and peculiar idioms.

Dr. Van Dyck, in his "Reminiscences," states that "When the American Board deputation (Dr. R. Anderson and Dr. Joel Hawes) reached Smyrna, they found Mr. Calhoun quite ready to relinquish the work of Bible agent, and persuaded him to join the Syria Mis-



sion. He came to Syria with them on a tour of inspection. They recommended the opening of a seminary to be managed by Mr. Calhoun when he should join the mission, and after he had learned the Arabic. Mr. Calhoun took up his residence in Bhamdoun, and so steadfastly and perseveringly applied himself to the study of Arabic, that although somewhat advanced, he was, in a little over two years, able to teach and preach in Arabic." His teacher was Abu Selim, Yusef el Haddad of Tripoli, who knew nothing of Arabic grammar, but was a fine penman and full of anecdote and a great talker. If the deputation did nothing more than secure Mr. Calhoun for Syria it was worth all the expense involved.

During the civil war of 1845 between the Druses and Maronites, Mr. Calhoun summered in Bhamdoun, and used to ascend the high mountain ridge above the village and from under a walnut tree count the villages in flames. That jowz tree became known as "Jowz Calhoun," just as a conical marl hill, east of the village, where Mr. Beadle discovered a famous locality of fossil Ammonites, was known as Bustan Beadle, or "Beadle's Garden."

In 1846 he visited the United States, and at Braintree, Massachusetts, was married to Miss Emily Reynolds, a niece of Dr. Storrs. This estimable lady was the worthy companion of so noble, godly and consecrated a man, and made his home in Abeih a fountain of blessed influence for thirty years. She recently, November 4, 1908, died, in Natal, South Africa, where, with her daughter, Mrs. Ransom, she was labouring to lead souls to Christ.

In 1849 he was called to succeed Dr. Van Dyck as principal of the high school or seminary in Abeih. To this work he gave the best years of his life. In the summer of 1864 he visited England, but did not return to the United States until June 10, 1875. His lecture-room in Abeih was the centre of a mighty influence which is still felt all through Syria and the East. He was clear in statement, gentle in manner, dignified, yet in sympathy with the poorest and most ignorant lad, patient and perse-

vering. He was a scholar. His attainments were high as a classical scholar and as a mathematician.

He was a theologian. He was a "Doctor in Divinity," whether made thus by the universities or not. When this degree was conferred on him, he hesitated about receiving it, and finally wrote declining it, stating as a reason that it was at variance with the *parity* of the Christian ministry. His letter declining it was published, but by a typographical error, he was made to say that it "was at variance with the 'purity' of the Christian ministry." This error caused him great distress, and he said to me, "Brother Jessup, perhaps I had better have kept silence than to seem to make such a charge as that against my brethren."

His depth and breadth of views on the great doctrines of Christian theology have been attained by few, and *can* be attained only by those who, like him, draw from the fountain-head of the sacred Scriptures, and are taught by the illuminating Spirit. He often startled us with his fresh thoughts on old familiar subjects. Yet he had nothing about him of the dogmatic theologian. His own wide views of the many phases of truth kept him far from any approach to bigotry. On essentials he was firm as a rock and uncompromising; in non-essentials his was the largest charity and the full liberty of the New Testament.

He was an effective preacher. His commanding presence, his pleasant voice and his earnestness of manner, were all calculated to give force to his words: but there was something in his preaching beyond presence, or voice, or earnestness. The simplest truths, enunciated in the simplest way, seemed to fall from his lips with power.

The same things said by another would have made little if any impression. This has been remarked by comparative strangers, as well as by those who knew wherein lay the secret of his great strength. Christ seemed to be in him and to be seen through him.

He was a great teacher. In America or England he would have been a Mark Hopkins or Dr. Arnold. Whether the subject was algebra or astronomy or Greek or the Bible, he taught his

pupils. They grew under his teaching. His object in teaching was, first, to make wise unto salvation, and then to fit for usefulness. And he succeeded, as is proved by the large number of native labourers now in the field.

He was a loving, sympathizing friend and brother, and the sorrowing and troubled, whether foreign missionaries or native Christians, looked to him for comfort in the day of trouble.

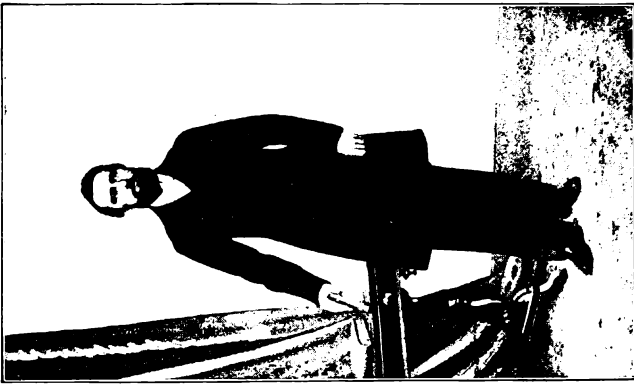
He was a wise and prudent counsellor in our mission affairs. With excellent business capacities, executive power and natural shrewdness, he could foresee with acuteness, advise with wisdom and conduct with decision. He was mission treasurer for many years, and used to say that he was not aware that there had ever been a discrepancy of *five paras* (half a cent) in his annual accounts.

After the massacres of 1860, when Colonel Frazier was British commissioner in settling the new régime of government in Lebanon, he made Mr. Calhoun literally the man of his counsel. And when Daood Pasha, the first Christian governor of Lebanon, entered on his duties, he often visited Mr. Calhoun in his house, to consult him on questions pertaining to the Druse nation.

And the Druses, that brave, hardy, warlike, courteous yet mysterious people, trusted Mr. Calhoun implicitly, asked his advice, and sent their sons to him for education. During the summer of 1871, when I was in Abeih teaching in the theological class with Dr. Eddy and Mr. Calhoun, a young Druse sheikh was killed by falling from a roof. A stately funeral was given him. Hundreds of white turbaned Druse sheikhs from villages miles away came to condole with the family. I went with Mr. Calhoun to express our sympathy. That great multitude were seated in concentric circles under a great oak tree. As we approached, they all arose and stood until we were seated. Then they all saluted us over and over again, "Allah grant us your life instead of the deceased." "Allah spare to you *your* children." "The will of Allah be done," etc.

No people can be more effusive in courteous and elaborate salutation than the Druses. When they were all seated, there was a great silence and all eyes turned to Mr. Calhoun. At

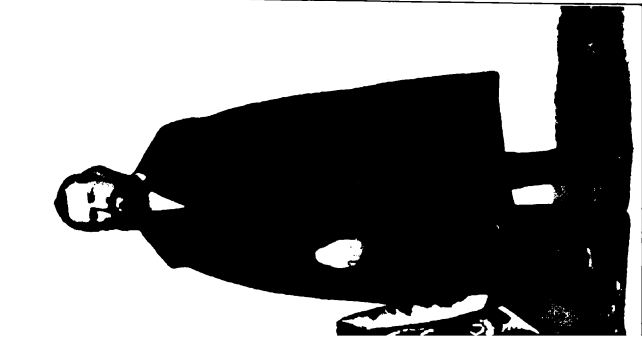




REV. J. L. LYONS



REV. SIMEON H. CALHOUN



REV. J. EDWARDS FORD

length he spoke, "Whenever I see the dead body of a brother man, I am filled with indignation, yes, I may say *hatred*." All seemed startled at this unusual remark from a man noted for calmness and self-control. "Yes," he continued, "with hatred of sin, which brought death into the world and is the cause of all our sorrows, troubles and woes. Why should we not hate sin, and love Him who knew no sin, but tasted death for every man?" Then there was silence. At length a venerable sheikh began to discourse on the duty of patience and resignation, and the duty of entire submission to the will of Allah, in eloquent and beautiful Arabic, reminding one of Job or Moses or Abraham.

When the war of 1860 began, I was a guest in Mr. Calhoun's house in Abeih, and the Greek Catholic, Maronite and Protestant men all fled to Beirut. The women and children remained and brought all their valuables, money, jewelry and silks tied in bundles and threw them at the feet of Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun. They asked no receipt and did not even seal the packages and we took them and piled them in a closet. Two months later when the French army came up into Lebanon the Druses fell into a panic and brought all *their* treasures to Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun in the same confiding way, until all the treasures of Abeih were in "safe deposit" in their humble, unprotected house. During all those days of war and pillage, burning and desolation, I never, up to the time of my leaving for Beirut, saw Mr. Calhoun perturbed or anxious. His placid face showed no sign of fear. The very peace of God filled his soul and the light of God shone in his face though "he wist not that his face shone."

On one occasion later on, his face did betray real agony. Twenty-two hundred men had just been massacred through Turkish treachery, by the Druse army at Deir el Komr. The only men left alive were thirty Protestants of Ain Zehalteh who had taken refuge in Rev. William Bird's house. Mr. Bird, much against his will, had been compelled by the United States consul to come away to Abeih with his family. The next day, Thursday, June 21st, was the massacre. That night the Druse begs in Abeih came to Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird and said, "Deir el

Komr is gone—the men all slain. None remain but those in Mr. Bird's house. You must go at once and bring them away. We will go with you, and hasten, lest the Hauran Druses, knowing that Mr. Bird's house is full of Christian treasure, should break in and kill your Protestants." Long before light they set out. It was an agonizing three hours' ride to both these brethren, and more agonizing when they entered the town and rode over the corpses of Mr. Bird's old neighbours and friends. They arrived just in time. Those wild Druses of the Leja had brought a huge beam and were ramming the door. But the Druse commander, Bushir Beg, and his men drove them off, and Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird entered and found the thirty men alive. The Druses then took all of Mr. Bird's furniture and all the deposits and carried them to the Druse Khulweh or assembly house and guarded them securely. Then the two missionaries headed the procession, and with a Druse guard, conducted these rescued men over to Abeih. The next day, Saturday, Mr. Calhoun alone, with a Druse guard, took these thirty brethren to Beirut. He came to my house, and as he opened the door, with a look of weariness and pain such as I never before saw in his face, exclaimed, "Brother Jessup, what does all this mean? Truly God is speaking to us." He returned at once to Abeih and with Mr. Bird made daily trips to Deir el Komr bringing away on mules Mr. Bird's furniture and library and such women and children as had not been conveyed by the Druses to the seashore whence English gunboats carried them to Beirut. On the 26th, Mr. Calhoun wrote me, "I am weary."

Years afterwards, Ali Beg Hamady, one of the leaders of the Druse attack on Deir el Komr, told me why Mr. Bird's house was spared on that dreadful day of wrath. Ali Beg was a haughty warrior. He led a regiment of rough-riders to the Crimean War and had the rank of colonel in the Turkish army. Twenty-five years after the massacre of Deir el Komr, in 1885, I called on Ali Beg in Baklin, his home. He was a tall, stately man, with a white turban, a long beard, flowing robes, and received us with that beautiful courtesy for which the Druses are so famous. A

young man of the family was then in the college in Beirut. He asked me, "Do you know why Mr. Bird's house was not attacked during the massacre of 1860? It was because of the character of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird. I saved that house and set guards to protect it."

Years afterwards in Beirut a Druse called at my house one day before sunset, and said he brought a message from Ali Beg who was ill and wished to see me. The messenger said, "Bring your New Testament (Injeel) with you." I hastened to the house with my Arabic Testament. He was lying on a bed on the floor, bolstered up with cushions. Fixing his piercing eagle eye on me he said, "I am a dying man. I honoured and loved Mr. Calhoun, and he loved the Injeel. Read to me the passages he loved." I read to him the sweetest of the gospel invitations and promises. He listened like one hungering and thirsting. "Read more," said he, "read more. Is there pardon for a great sinner like me?" I was deeply affected, and pointed him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. I led in prayer, asking God for Christ's sake to forgive him, and he repeated the words after me. After a long interview, at his request, I left the New Testament with him, promising to call in the morning, and earnestly praying that the Saviour would reveal Himself to this dying warrior. The next day I went down to call on him, and met a long procession in the street. "What is this?" I asked. "The funeral of Ali Beg." Mr. Calhoun had been dead for nearly fifteen years, but I doubt not he welcomed to glory this aged man of war and blood, ransomed through their common Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mr. Calhoun went to the United States in 1875 on furlough. He spoke with great power at the General Assembly in Brooklyn, May, 1876. He had always expressed the hope that he might rest on Mount Lebanon, but he fell asleep in Buffalo, December 14, 1876. A return to Syria was fully expected, but disease developed, and his fond desire of sleeping his long last sleep beneath the shade of the Lebanon cypresses was not granted. The return in the culminating years of his life to his native land



and the Christian Church of America was not, we are sure, without meaning in the plan of an unerring Providence. Mr. Calhoun was able before his health seriously failed to travel to a considerable degree in the United States, to make many visits, and to address a number of the large and important assemblies of the Church of Christ at home. He thus gave the rich garnerings of his long and fruitful experience and the benefit of his profound wisdom to the Christian public in his native land, and cast the impress of his Christlike personality upon multitudes who listened to his words and looked upon his benign countenance. It has seemed to us that the sphere of his life's usefulness was widened in this summing up of his career by his personal presence in the home land at its close.

Had he died in Lebanon the Druses and perhaps others would have made his tomb a shrine of pilgrimage, so greatly was he revered.

He was called "The Saint of Lebanon," and "The Cedar of Lebanon" from his holy life and noble, commanding figure. God called him to bear the cross and labour in the earthly Canaan, and then called him to wear the crown in the heavenly

#### DR. CORNELIUS VAN ALAN VAN DYCK

No American name is more revered and loved in Syria and the Arabic-speaking lands to-day than that of Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck.

He was born in Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, August 13, 1818, studied medicine at Jefferson College in Philadelphia, and sailed for Syria as a lay medical missionary in February, 1840, when twenty-one and a half years of age. A Christian woman in Hornellsville, New York, remarked to Dr. Harris in 1903, that when she was a young girl in Kinderhook, she heard a friend say one Sunday, "It is discouraging that at our communion services to-day, only two persons were received, one a negro woman and the other a young man named Van Dyck." Yet this young man was one day to reflect greater

honour on his native church and town than even the famous Martin Van Buren of Kinderhook, and will be remembered and revered when the most of his Kinderhook cotemporaries are forgotten.

He was of Dutch descent, and owing to his father's financial misfortunes, was left to gain his education largely through his own efforts. When young he was a lover of nature, and prepared an herbarium of all the plants of his native country. At eighteen he lectured on chemistry to a school for girls.

He sailed from Boston, January 12, 1840, in the bark *Emma Isodora*, of 200 tons. The vessel was ice-bound in Boston harbour for three days. There were nine missionaries, three married men and Dr. Van Dyck, a bachelor of twenty-one and a half years, and three other passengers. "There were no decent accommodations for passengers. The cabin was about ten by thirteen feet. Small pens called staterooms had been 'knocked up' in the after hold, and five married couples were crowded into this 'Black Hole.' The doctor slept in the deck house over the companionway. The table was over the stairs, resting on the railing, so as to shut off what little air could get down below that way. On a previous voyage to the West Indies, coffee had been spilled in the hold, and decayed, and produced a bilge, the smell of which was simply indescribable. There is nothing vile enough to compare with it. The agent of the Boston mission house had bought as his sleeping outfit a small blanket, too short at both ends, and as thin as a lady's veil, and a thin cotton spread, and this for a winter voyage. But for a buffalo robe he brought with him from home and a thick overcoat, he might have suffered. He was young and in robust health and did not mind matters at all. But the case was different with those five poor ladies, who were shut up below, and compelled to endure the smell of the bilge. A strong current of air drew down from the foresail into the forecabin, whence it drew through the hold to the cabin, taking the whole abominable compound of stinks, and keeping it up, on those poor creatures below, whence it came up through the companion-

way under the dining table in the deck house. You may imagine the result!

"They reached Smyrna February 26, 1840, in forty-five days from Boston, and were received into the families of Messrs. Temple and Riggs. Mr. Adger was absent. Mr. S. H. Calhoun was stationed at Smyrna as agent for the American Bible Society. He was absent on duty in Athens. Some time in March they took Austrian steamer for Beirut, calling at Larnaca, Cyprus, where they met Messrs. Ladd and J. Thomson and also Mr. Hebard, who was en route for Constantinople.

"On the 2d of April they anchored off Beirut and were met by Messrs. William M. Thomson and E. R. Beadle, who came alongside. Though they had a clean bill of health, they were landed with all their goods and boxes (which in his case consisted of a small box of books and a trunk) in the quarantine, and kept fourteen days in durance vile in a leaky house. Then at the end of the fortnight some of them were taken into Dr. Thomson's family and some into Mr. Beadle's. Dr. Eli Smith was then in the United States, Mr. Hebard in Constantinople, and Messrs. Lanneau and Sherman in Jerusalem. Miss Tilden was teaching with Mr. Beadle in the Beirut Boys' Seminary."<sup>1</sup>

Arriving in Syria April 2, 1840, he began at once the study of Arabic which he kept up all his life, with remarkable success. In May, 1840, he made an extensive tour in Northern Syria with Dr. Thomson, and in July proceeded to Jerusalem to have the medical care of the missionary families. Returning to Beirut in January, 1841, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Butrus Bistany, a recent convert to the Protestant faith from the Maronite sect. These two young men formed a warm attachment. Bistany was a scholar and an industrious student, and their congeniality of taste bound them together their whole lives. At Mr. Bistany's funeral, in 1883, he was requested to make an address, but was so overcome that he was only able to say with deep emotion, "Oh, friend of my youth!"

Dr. Van Dyck studied Arabic with Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, the poet, and Sheikh Yusef el Asir, a Mohammedan Mufti, graduate

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Dr. Van Dyck's "Reminiscences."

of the Azhar University in Cairo. The former was Dr. Eli Smith's Arabic assistant in Bible translation for eight years, and the latter assisted Dr. Van Dyck also for eight years in the same great work. He soon mastered the best productions of Arabic poetry and literature, and by his wonderful memory could quote from the poetry, proverbs, history and science of the Arabs in a way which completely fascinated the Syrian people. They said, "He is one of us." He had no peer among foreigners in his knowledge of the Arabic language and literature. This taste for language was natural to him, and was a divine gift and a divine preparation for the great work of Bible translation to which in due season God called him.

On the 23d of December, 1842, he was married to Miss Julia Abbott, whose mother, the widow of the British Consul-General Abbott, had married in August, 1835, Rev. William M. Thomson.

In June, 1843, he removed with Dr. Thomson and Mr. Butrus Bistany to Abeih in Lebanon, fifteen miles southeast of Beirut, where he founded the Abeih High School, which was afterwards known as the famous Abeih Seminary, and which was under the care of Rev. S. H. Calhoun for twenty-six years, from 1849 to 1875. During his six years' stay in Abeih, he prepared in Arabic school-books on geography, algebra, geometry, logarithms, plane and spherical trigonometry, navigation and natural philosophy. These books, afterwards revised by himself, continue to be standard works in the Arabic language.

His geography of Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, is a thesaurus of graphic description, and full of apt quotations in poetry and prose from the old Arab geographers and travellers. The people delight in it and quote it with admiration. I found it to be one of the best possible reading books in acquiring a knowledge of the Arabic vocabulary.

In 1847 he was a member of a committee with Drs. Eli Smith and G. B. Whiting to prepare the appeal in behalf of a new translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, which we have already quoted in the chapter on Bible translation. From this time until 1857 he lived in Sidon in a house "on the wall," with

his father-in-law, Dr. Thomson. Their field extended to Tyre and Tiberias and to Mount Hermon and even Damascus. And they made extended tours, preaching and healing the sick. Their house in Sidon was open to all, and their evening Bible classes were thronged with young men.

When he removed from Abeih to Sidon, he expressed great joy at the prospect of giving himself more completely to the work of preaching. But his linguistic tastes led him more and more to lay up great stores of Arabic learning.

Dr. Eli Smith died January 11, 1857, having laboured eight years in the translation of the Scriptures. In the chapter on Bible translation we have given a full account of Dr. Van Dyck's success in finishing it. It was indeed *finished*. But few errors, and those of secondary importance, have ever been found in this wonderfully accurate translation. It is the enduring monument of the scholarship, taste and sound judgment of the two eminent men whom God raised up for the work.

In 1865 he went to New York to superintend the electrotyping of the whole Bible, to save the enormous expense of setting up the type whenever an edition was printed. While in America he gave instruction in the Hebrew language in Union Theological Seminary in New York, and was offered a permanent professorship, which he declined, saying, "I have left my heart in Syria and thither I must return." He returned to Beirut in September, 1867, and in addition to his regular duties as editor of the press and of the weekly journal, the *Neshrah*, he accepted the professorship of pathology in the medical department of the Syrian Protestant College, and continued in this office until 1883, when he resigned. During the sixteen years of his connection with the college, he published a large Arabic volume on pathology, another on astronomy, and a work on chemistry. He aided in the foundation of the observatory, and brought out a telescope which he afterwards sold to the college. Together with Drs. Post, Wortabet and Lewis, he conducted regular clinics in the St. John's Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Berlin.

After his resignation from the Syrian Protestant College, he

accepted an invitation from the Greek Hospital of St. George in Beirut and continued to attend its clinics for ten years, and aided largely not only in raising its character, but in inducing the wealthy Syrian Greeks to contribute to its enlargement and its higher efficiency. In 1891, the year of his jubilee of fifty years in Syria, the Greek citizens placed a white marble bust of Dr. Van Dyck in the open court in the midst of the hospital as a proof of their appreciation and gratitude. It was the first memorial bust erected in Syria in modern times, and the Greek Society have shown great liberality and sincere gratitude by setting it up to commemorate the labours and life of an American Protestant missionary physician. Several eloquent addresses were made, and Greeks, Mohammedans, Maronites, Protestants, Catholics and Jews united in the celebration.

During the latter years of his life he published in Arabic eight volumes of science primers and a fine volume, "Beauties of the Starry Heavens." His last Arabic work was the translation of "Ben Hur," which was published after his death by two of his pupils at the "Muktataf" Press in Cairo.

Dr. Sarroof states in a brief Arabic memoir, that Dr. Van Dyck was most sensitive with regard to the honour due to Dr. Eli Smith, and would never allow the translation of the Bible to be spoken of as his alone. When Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, called upon him in 1877 he complimented him on his translation of the Bible. Dr. Van Dyck at once replied, "Perhaps Your Majesty has not been informed that I am not the only translator. The work was begun by Dr. Eli Smith, and after his death I completed it." He scorned flattery and once on receiving a visit from a deputation of learned sheikhs and Ulema from Damascus, the leading sheikh, a noted scholar, began to praise the doctor in efflorescent Oriental style, and asked, "What gifts and talents must a man have to attain such learning as you have?" The doctor curtly replied, "The humblest may attain to it by industry. He who strives wins."

On April 2, 1890, his jubilee was celebrated by his friends, native and foreign. Committees had been formed in Syria and

Egypt, and subscriptions raised. On the day of his jubilee deputation after deputation visited him, presenting addresses and tokens of esteem. The native committee presented him with a purse of £500. The American missionaries gave him a Gothic walnut case containing all of his Arabic publications, twenty-six in number, elegantly bound. A photographer presented him a large picture of himself in an Oriental frame. The managers of the Greek Hospital gave him a silver coffee set, and a valuable gift was presented him from the Curatorium of St. John's Hospital.

Among the addresses presented to him on his jubilee were those from the Central Committee, from the Orthodox Greek Patriarch of Antioch in Damascus, Dr. Edward C. Gilman of the American Bible Society, the Curators of St. John's Hospital, the Syrian Evangelical Society, the session of the Beirut Church, the Greek Bishop of Beirut, the Alumni of the Syrian Protestant College, the Syrian Young Women's Society, the Y. M. C. A., the undergraduates of the Syrian Protestant College, and an elaborate address from his brethren of the Syrian Mission read by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Eddy.

In 1892 Dr. Van Dyck received the honorary degree of L. H. D. from the University of Edinburgh.

After a brief illness, he entered into rest on Wednesday morning, November 13, 1895. The public sorrow was perhaps unparalleled in Syria. He had requested that no word of eulogy be uttered at his funeral and the request was strictly complied with. It is an old custom in Syria for the poets to read eulogistic poems at funerals, and no Oriental custom was more distasteful to him, so that literally a score of poets were greatly disappointed. But a few days after, on Wednesday, November 30th, by general request, the writer pronounced a funeral discourse to a large congregation. His admiring friends, however, sent to the local press, and to his old pupil, Dr. Iskander Barudi, not less than forty-seven elegiac poems, which were published in a volume.

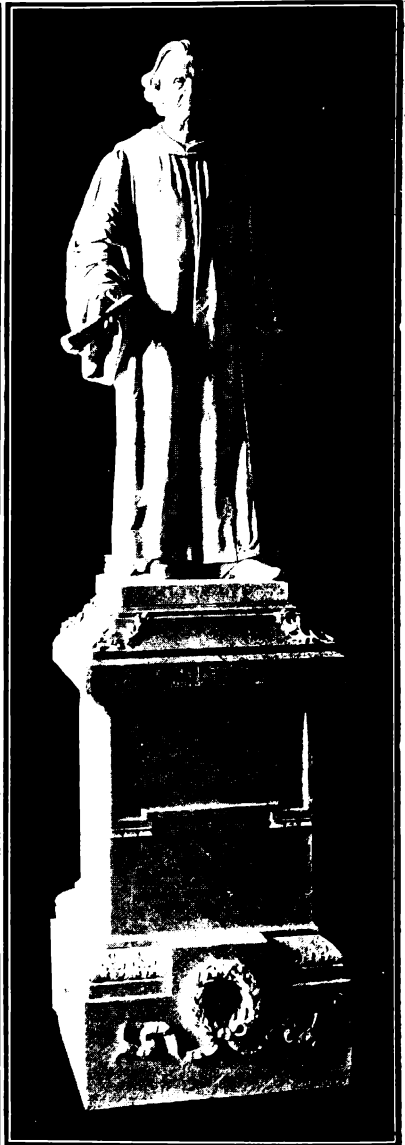
His old pupil and fellow teacher, Dr. John Wortabet and a







TOMB OF DR. C. V. A. VAN DYCK



STATUE OF DR. DANIEL BLISS

few associates, erected over his grave a monument of red Aberdeen granite suitably inscribed in both English and Arabic :

*Cornelius Van Alan Van Dyck*  
*Born in Kinderhook, August 13, 1818,*  
*Died in Beirut, November 13, 1895,*  
*After labouring 55 years among the sons of the*  
*Arabic language.*

## Life in Tripoli

The glory of the Lebanon—A missionary home—Coffee and poisons—The fellahin—Geology in Syria—Sketches—My first sermon—A furlough.

**A**S will have been seen, my personal connection with the mission did not begin until nearly the end of the second period of the mission's history. Before and after the annual meeting already spoken of, I visited several stations in Mount Lebanon,—Bhamdoun, Ain Zehalteh, Deir el Komr and Abeih. In Ain Zehalteh I heard my colleague, Mr. Lyons, preach his first Arabic sermon, and then took my first meal in a Syrian home, that of Mr. Khalil Maghubghub, the teacher. As I had never seen the thin Arab bread called "markoak," which is baked in round sheets about fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, I took a loaf and spread it on my lap supposing it to be a napkin. On my asking Mr. Lyons why they had no bread, he replied with a smile, "Because they eat their napkins!" I exclaimed, and the teacher on hearing of my mistake joined us in a hearty laugh. On every visit since that time to Ain Zehalteh during these fifty-three years, I am reminded of my eating my napkin.

On April 23, 1856, we went up by French steamer to Tripoli, the station to which I had been appointed by the mission as a colleague of Mr. Lyons. We were accompanied as far as Tripoli by the Aikens, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Calhoun who were en route for Hums. Mrs. Wilson was already in Hums.

I was soon domesticated with Mr. and Mrs. Lyons in Tripoli. That city had a reputation for the aristocratic pride of its people, both Moslems and Greek Christians. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Foote had made many warm friends there. Only one man, Mr. Antonius Yanni, whose father was a Greek from the Island of

Miconos, had become an open Protestant. As American vice-consul he was obliged to be courteous to Americans, much against his religious prejudices, but by degrees, read the Bible with Mr. Wilson from beginning to end, and came into gospel light and liberty. He used to tell with much amusement of the horror with which he received a religious tract from Dr. Thomson in the Meena, and then, holding it at arm's length, ran a mile and a half to his home in Tripoli and burned it in the kitchen. He then went to the priest and confessed his sin. The priest fined him three piastres (twelve cents) for having received the tract, and forgave him, but then bethinking himself, asked, "What was the name of the tract?" Yanni replied, "Asheat al Ahad," a selection of Psalms to be read Sunday evening. "Ah," said the priest, "those were the Psalms of King David, and to burn them was a great sin." So Yanni paid three piastres more and went away much perplexed at the logic of the priest.

As the summer drew on, the heat increased, and we walked out at evening through the shady walks among the orange orchards, enjoyed the luscious apricots and plums and often gathered shells along the seashore, to send home to our friends. I studied Arabic about six hours daily, with three teachers, Abu Selim of the Meena, the Port of Tripoli, who had taught Mr. Calhoun in 1841, Nicola Monsur, and Elias Saadeh, a young Greek, who in after years came out boldly as a preacher of the pure Gospel. The scenery of the plain of Tripoli with its luxuriant gardens is beautiful. But the crowning glory of the scene is that goodly mountain, Lebanon. It rises in the distance, range upon range, at its base bordered with gardens and orchards, with here and there a stone-walled village, hardly distinguishable at this distance from the white rock of the mountain ridges, while further up is bleak, rocky desolation. Towards the southeast, the highest range recedes, sweeping eastward in a majestic curve, and returning again towards the southwest, thus embracing in an amphitheatre of grand dimensions, the famous valley of the "Cedars of Lebanon," while to the north of this valley, and almost due east from the city, the summit of Jebel Makmel sits

enthroned above all in snowy magnificence. Here the range of Lebanon proper terminates, and towards the northeast you see the immense precipice, where that mountain abruptly sinks to a level, and sweeps away to lose its identity among the shapeless hills and undulating plains, which extend to the Orontes, and border the "entrance of Hamath." You may gaze at the scene for hours and days and not be weary. You may view it at sunrise, when the sun bursts forth in all its glory from the snowy summits, revealing peak after peak and valley after valley, dissolving the mists, reflecting the rays of the monarch of heaven from the sheets of ice which encircle the brow of this monarch of earth, and throwing long spectral shadows down the dark ravines; or at evening when the last rays of the setting sun array the clouds in crimson and purple and gold, and then the rugged forms of the mountain peaks, bathed in a flood of mellow light, seem to lose their sternness, gradually fading from view in a halo of indescribable glory; or at midnight, when the full moon beams down so serenely and brightly through the transparent Syrian air, that you can almost forget the absence of the sun, and the tall cliffs stand out clear and cold, and awfully silent, overwhelming the mind with a new sense of the presence of Him who made the heaven and the earth, and the everlasting mountains, and before whose glory even the "glory of Lebanon" shall be a thing of naught; and though this be oft repeated, you will not be too weary to wonder, or too indifferent to praise. Here you become conscious of that indescribable something in mountain scenery which exalts, and at the same time humbles the spirit, and the earnest wish begins to burn within your soul, that it may be yours to live and die beneath the shadow of Mount Lebanon.

My first duty was language study. We had no good dictionaries. My principal one was Freytag's quarto Lexicon in four volumes, the meanings all given in Latin, and studying Arabic with such helps was a weariness to the flesh. We had also little reading primers, and reading-books, with the geography and arithmetic published at the American Press. The chief difficulty was obtaining suitable teachers. My first teacher was Abu

Selim Diab, who was recommended by Dr. Van Dyck as having been the teacher of Mr. Calhoun in Lebanon, in 1845. He knew no grammar and taught me more blunders than I was aware of at the time, but his chief excellence was story-telling, in which he used correct Arabic. When it became necessary to study grammar, we secured Sheikh Owad, a fanatical and conceited Moslem, who loathed the necessity of teaching the sacred Arabic grammar to a foreign "infidel."

The mission at that time had no definite rules for Arabic study and no examinations of new missionaries, so that each new recruit was obliged to stumble along as best he could. Some missionaries for this reason acquired habits of false pronunciation which adhered to them all their lives. One of my chief advantages in acquiring the colloquial was almost daily association with Mr. Yanni who was the most voluble and rapid talker I have met in the East. Once able to understand him, I could understand everybody. I began Arabic writing with Abu Selim, and during my six months' visit to America the following year I kept up Arabic correspondence with him. But it should be stated that an Arabic letter in those days consisted of three parts: a long, flowery, poetical introduction covering one-third of the page, a similar conclusion covering the last third, and a brief letter in the middle. Important business, however, was written in a postscript diagonally across the right hand bottom of the page, and this was the part generally read by the receiver. Ever since, I have written my Arabic letters myself. A missionary who cannot himself write a letter in the vernacular is greatly crippled and embarrassed in his work.

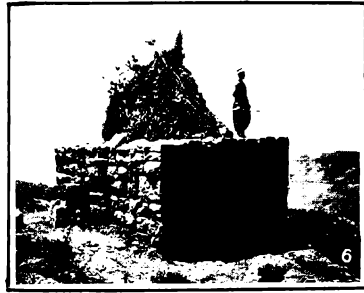
The boards of missions now, having learned by experience, insist upon a definite course of language study and rigid examinations, failing in which the new missionary is expected to resign.

The houses occupied by the missionaries in those days were the old-fashioned native houses in the cities and mountain villages. The roofs generally leaked and the walls were soaked by the winter rains, so that the walls were often discoloured by green-

ish fungus. In the mountain villages the houses were dark, with heavy earthen roofs, mud floors and few windows. Glass windows were almost unknown when I came to Syria. The first labour of a missionary in occupying a mountain house was to have openings made in the stone walls, and window frames and sash brought up from the cities on the plain. These facts seem almost incredible to the modern Syrian dwellers in the cities and the better villages of the Lebanon range, where the houses are rapidly becoming thoroughly Europeanized,—dry, airy and comfortable.

My first home in Tripoli was homely enough. For a year before my marriage and for six months after it, I enjoyed the hospitality of my dear colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons. But in the fall of 1858 we hired a house which stood near the site of the present Greek Church. Only a few rods to the south of this house was the Massaad house where Mr. Wilson had lived before, and where my brother lived afterwards. Between the two was a ruined Moslem wely (or tomb) surmounted by a moss-grown dome and overgrown with brambles and stunted fig trees,—the haunt of snakes. In 1855 Mr. Wilson caught in a box rat-trap a snake five feet long, and after my brother took the house, his wife, on going to her room one evening, saw a huge serpent hissing on the iron bars of the open window.

Our house consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, opening into a vegetable garden, and two rooms on the roof of a neighbour's house, reached by a flight of thirty stone steps, with a kitchen and servant's room under the stairs. One of the rooms on the ground floor, a long, low, narrow, rakish affair, had been used as a stable, and it required days of work to shovel out and wash out the accumulated filth. The broken stone floor was mended up, rat-holes filled with stone and mortar, two windows cut in opposite walls, the walls whitewashed, poison applied to the woodwork, long strips of white cotton cloth nailed to the blackened and half-rotten ceiling,—and our parlour became the admiration of the boys and young men who crowded in on stormy winter nights to warm themselves by the cook-stove in the lower



#### RURAL SCENES IN LEBANON

1. Basket-making in a Lebanon village. 2. Feeding the fatted sheep and baking bread. 3. Winnowing the grain by tossing it in the air. 4. Spreading grapes on the ground to make raisins, in a Lebanon vineyard. 5. Ain Zehalteh fountain. Washing the fatted sheep. 6. Druze watchman in a Lebanon vineyard.





end of the room. To reach our bedroom we crossed a paved yard, sheltered by umbrellas when it rained, then up a covered staircase and across a flat, uncovered roof. The following fall we removed to the Tromb house on which three new rooms had been built of the porous sandstone, plastered on the outside with white mortar. After the first hard rain in November, these walls absorbed water like a sponge, and the inside walls were soon coated with mould of many colours,—yet we wintered there, and bore the discomforts as best we could.

My second summer in Duma, in 1858, my wife and I spent in the house of a Greek priest, Soleyman. It was an antique mountain house, consisting of two long parallel rooms, separated by a wall of kowar (woven reeds plastered with clay, and divided into sections or bins, holding wheat, barley, cut straw, and various household stores). This wall extended only three-fourths of the height of the ceiling. No other house was obtainable at that time. The floors, as usual in those days, were of clay, which was washed over weekly by the women and rubbed down with a smooth pebble, thus killing the flees and renewing the surface. Over this were spread mats which were a protection. As the peasants leave their shoes at the door, and use no chairs or tables, the floors did good service. But our chairs and tables soon broke through the crust of clay, to the dismay of the priest's wife, who was a very patient, hard-working woman.<sup>1</sup>

The only roads in those days were caravan tracks and bridle-paths. The first wheeled vehicle known in Syria was in 1861, and that on the French diligence road to Damascus, the only carriage road in Syria until about 1865 a little branch road was built to Baabda, the winter seat of the Lebanon government. Since that time roads have gradually been built. The carriage road to Sidon was not finished till 1902 and the completion of

<sup>1</sup>Since those days the village has been completely transformed. Emigrants to North and South America have returned enriched and have built beautiful homes, with tiled roofs, glass fronts and marble floors, vying with city houses. Indeed this holds true of the Lebanon villages for a hundred miles along the mountain range. Everywhere the people say, "This was done with American money."

the one to Tripoli is now (1909) in the near future. For twenty years a road has been surveyed from Sidon to Judaideh. Successive kaimakams have taxed the people grievously for building this road. After building a few hundred rods the kaimakam would be removed to another district, carrying the road funds in his pocket. Similar jobbery and robbery were carried on for many years by the governors of Latakia and Hamath who reported to the government progress in taxing the people and building the road which has never yet been completed.

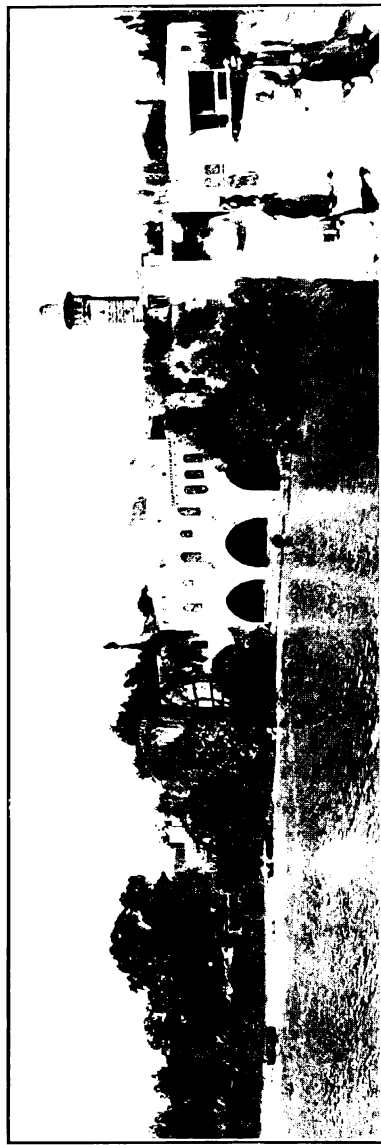
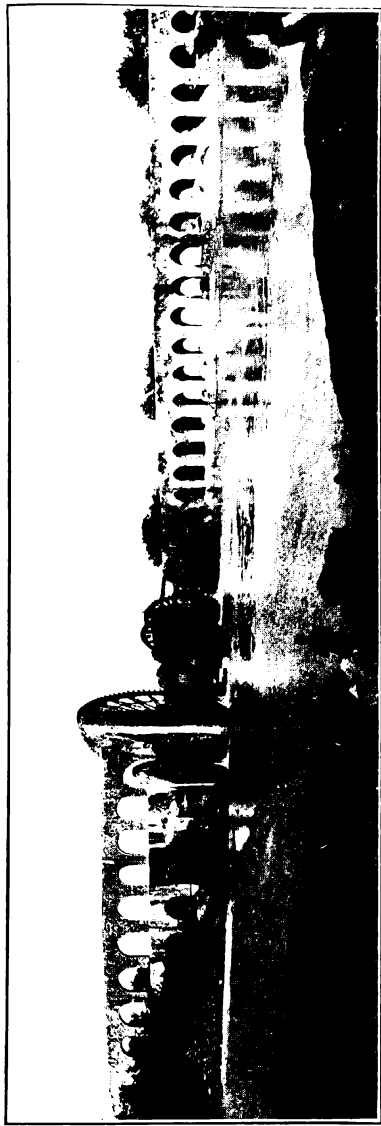
There was one institution in Tripoli, which still exists in many cities in Syria, which was a source of stupefying wonder to the average small boy. I refer to the vice-consulates of the European Powers. France and England were represented by foreigners, but Russia, Austria, Italy, the United States, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland, by Oriental Greeks and Catholics. In the simple life of those old days, "to be a vice-consul was greater than to be a king." On feast days, especially the Turkish official holidays, they marched with stately tread through the narrow streets, preceded by armed, gaily caparisoned Moslem kavasses or janizaries, with their tall silver-headed staves rattling on the pavement, the pompous dragoman or interpreter in the rear, a fringe of small boys all around, like the American boys following the elephant. The ordinary Moslems looked on with bitter disdain, but they were careful to keep silent lest they draw on themselves the wrath of czar, emperor or king. Feast days were innumerable. In the Greek Church the people are obliged to refrain from work for about fifty holy days in addition to Sundays, so that the working men lose one-sixth of their working days. To make the round of calls needed on a first-class feast day, either Moslem or Christian, was a strenuous business. In those days to refuse coffee or sweets was to imply that you feared poisoning, and twenty coffee cups of black Arabic coffee were a peril to the health. The old way of getting rid of an obnoxious pasha or condemned criminal or secret enemy was to put corrosive sublimate in coffee, and I have been often warned in going to a certain place to avoid drinking coffee. Once in

Hasbeiya, when visiting at the house of good Deacon Kozta, the Turkish kaimakam called. He was a new governor, and every honour was shown him. Coffee was made as a matter of course. But Kozta, in order to relieve any suspicion on the part of His Excellency, brought in the coffee himself, in a little tin boiler on a tray. The tiny cups were on the tray, inverted. He took a cup, turned it over and over, to show that nothing was in it, and drank it himself. Then taking the same cup he filled it from the boiler and handed it to the governor, who drank it cheerfully. Ordinarily, sugar was not used, partly because in those days it was rare, and partly because it resembled the white powdered poisons.

Only quite recently Dr. Mary P. Eddy was warned not to drink coffee in a certain bigoted Maronite district, lest harm befall her, but that old custom is rapidly going into disuse. Since the chemical laboratory of the Syrian Protestant College was established, the rulers of Mount Lebanon have frequently had analyses made of the stomachs of men dying suddenly, and poisons have been detected and the culprits punished, so that it was no longer easy to poison men through a cup of coffee. Coffee is the national beverage of the Arab race and indeed of the whole Eastern world, and the coffee-house is an orderly, quiet place, only broken in upon by the voice of the professional hakawati, or talk maker, who reads or recites, with violent gesticulations, the glory of Antar the Arab Hercules, or some other ancient lay. In those early days, drunkenness was confined to Oriental Christians and Nusairiyeh. The Moslems, as a rule, were total abstainers, and this fact, in spite of their other vices, has tended to maintain their virile vigour as a race. But European civilization has brought in its train the fashion of drink, and many Mohammedans high and low have yielded to its fascination. The ruling pashas provide their guests with champagne and costly beverages, and the lower classes of Moslems vie with Greeks and Catholics and Armenians in drinking that poisonous liquor known as arack, distilled from barley or grapes, which crazes the brain, and is already responsible for three-fourths of

the crime of the Turkish Empire. When I came to Beirut in 1856, there was one grog-shop kept by an Ionian Greek. The pasha closed it, but the Greek consul opened it as being under the protection of a Christian power. The bark I came in from Boston to Smyrna had a cargo of New England rum. Commerce of this kind has done its best to ruin the people of Turkey, as it is now decimating the tribes of Africa. The strong ground for temperance taken by American missionaries in Turkey has given them great influence among the Moham-medans, and the drinking habits of certain European Christians have proved to be a serious stumbling-block.

In July, 1856, we removed from Tripoli to Duma, a Greek village of the Northern Lebanon Mountains. It is about 2,600 feet above the sea, with beetling cliffs rising around it on the east, south and west, while the mountainside slopes down to the north into the deep ravine of Nahr el Jowz, beyond which another range rises between the ravine and the plain of Tripoli and the Koora. Mr. Lyons and I leased the house of Simaan Abden Noor Abu Ibrahim, for ten dollars for the summer. I made a mountain bedstead before leaving Tripoli, as I brought out a kit of carpenter's tools, and it only broke down once or twice during the summer. The floors of the two-roomed house were of mud, rubbed smooth with a round stone, and under the mud were reeds and stones, and often the legs of bedsteads and chairs would pierce through the floor to the dismay of the occupant. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons curtailed off one-half of their large room with an American flag for a bedroom. The other half served as parlour, dining-room and servant girl's room. My big room with a window was divided into my bedroom, the storeroom and cook's room. As Mr. Lyons' room had no window, a special contract was made with the owner to put in a glass window. This required the tearing down some twelve feet of the thick stone wall, which was three feet thick. The roofs were of huge logs covered with large stones, thorns and earth. Owing to the building of fires for heating and cooking for many years on flat round stone moukadies or hearths on the floor, with no chimneys, the smoke had covered



**WATER WHEELS ON THE ORONTES**

There are hundreds of these along the banks, of which those in the picture are the largest.  
The water is carried up in buckets and emptied into the aqueducts.

**BRIDGE OVER THE ORONTES AT HAMATH**

Showing one of the water wheels.



the ceiling with a densely black shining coat of soot, which was claimed to have a preservative effect on the wood. The effect on the eyes of the people, of sitting in a dense cloud of wood and tobacco smoke for hours, every winter, day and night, could be seen in the almost universality of eye diseases. We took our teachers with us and I used to go to the grove of snobar pines east of the village, and study in the sweet resinous air of the grove.

Every feast day the house was crowded from morning till night with those hardy peasants and ironmongers. High up in the southern cliffs were the mesābik or iron smelting furnaces or kilns, where iron ore was abundant and the forests were cut down for fuel. The rough little pigs were then brought down to the village and reheated on charcoal fires, and hammered out into plates for making horseshoes and nails. The iron was exceedingly malleable and the Duma Greek smiths supplied all Northern Syria with horseshoes and nails. Their industry was admirable and we could hear the ring of their anvils all night long as they took turns at the hammer.

But in a few years the forests were gone, the furnace fires went out, and the smiths bought Swede's iron in Beirut and Tripoli in bars, bent them by heat and brought them on mules to the village. The Arab horse and mule shoe is a plate of iron covering the entire foot, a very useful plan on these rocky roads. The sanitary arrangements of the village, as in all Lebanon villages at that time, were simply shocking. And the orchards and gardens around it were unspeakably vile. We had to teach our landlord over again, what Mr. Wilson had taught him three years before, and our insistence on decency and cleanliness seemed to him quite a piece of Franjy folly. Years later, when Rustem Pasha, an Italian by birth, became governor of Lebanon, he made a great sensation by ordering every house in Lebanon to provide a decent outhouse, but he enforced the rule, to the great benefit of the people. I once made a tour in Coele-Syria, visiting some twelve or fifteen villages, and there was not in one of them an outhouse, except in one house in Tulya.

One of the eccentric characters of Duma was Hajj Ibrahim,



the Egyptian doctor, the impersonation of conceited ignorance. Nothing surprised him. He had heard it all before. We told him of Robinson Crusoe, and loaned him the Arabic translation of the book.<sup>1</sup> Yes, he heard of Crusoe when he was with the army of Ibrahim Pasha, in Yemen. He doctored by bleeding and giving various decoctions to the poor peasants. An old man eighty-five years old was dying of physical exhaustion. The Hajj bled him in both wrists, until he expired. I was sent for, as I lived near by. Seeing the old man actually expiring, I asked the Hajj what he had done. "I bled him in the right arm for belghum (phlegm) and in the left for dem (blood) and the only trouble is that I did not take quite enough blood." As it was too late to protest, I kept silence. One day in the summer of 1858, the Hajj called in his usual pompous and affable style and requested the gift of some "journalat" or American newspapers. Supposing that he wished them for wrapping-paper, we gave him some copies of the New York *Weekly Tribune*, for which he expressed great gratitude. Some three weeks after, he came again, effusive with thanks, and said he could not express his obligation to us, and insisted that we go with him to his vineyard and eat fresh grapes and figs. On passing his house he obliged us to go in and take a cup of Arab coffee. As we entered he repeated his thanks for the papers so earnestly that we asked what use he had made of them. "Look here," said he, and he led us to an earthen five gallon jar in the corner of the room, in which he had dissolved the papers into a pulp and, adding olive oil, had fed them to his patients, and, said he, "The medicine works like a charm, nothing like it, I thank you with all my heart." We looked on solemnly, and then after coffee was served, went to his vineyard, where he loaded us down with fruit.

Years after, in November, 1864, I was a guest of Mr. W. E. Dodge in New York, just after the reelection of Abraham Lincoln, and the Republican glorification dinner was at the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr. Dodge took me as his guest, and in the waiting-room he introduced me to Horace Greeley, editor of the

<sup>1</sup> This had been printed in Malta.

New York *Tribune*. I told him the above incident, and of the powerful medical efficacy of the *Tribune*. He shook with laughter and at length he inquired, "Do tell me, how did it act? Was it a cathartic or an emetic?" I was unable to answer, but judging from the vigorous health of the Dumaites, it must have been a tonic.

The simple-minded fellahin of Duma were in some respects a puzzle to me. Not one of the villagers had ever been educated. The priest could read and write but the people never had a chance to learn. One feast day, Mr. Lyons and I told the crowd gathered in our house of the cannibals who eat B'ni Adam (man), and that they had killed and eaten a missionary, a Khowaja. Instead of looking sad, they all burst into uproarious laughter, and one of them, named Ghuntoos, pulled off his tarboosh, threw it on the ground and roaring with laughter exclaimed, "And did they eat the signora (the lady) too?" It is difficult to give a psychological explanation of such conduct.

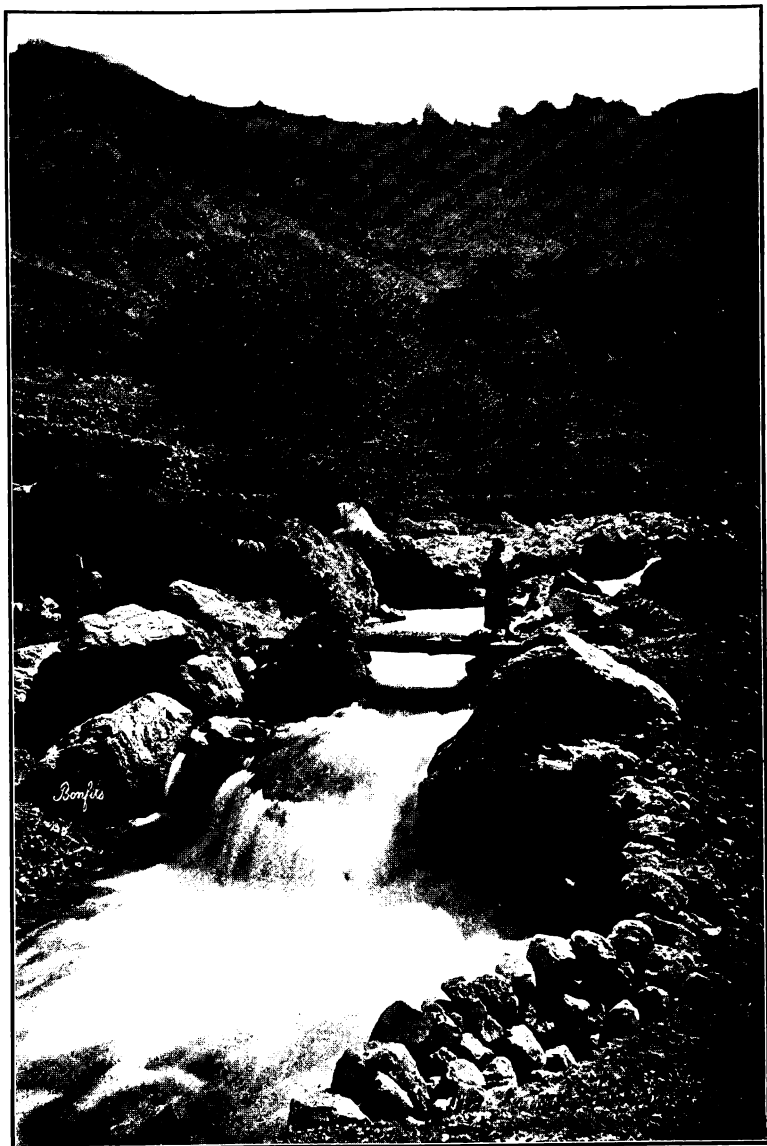
That first summer in Lebanon was a continued delight. Arabic study, magnificent scenery, intensely interesting geological strata and fossil remains, meeting with the people, and trying to express myself and to understand their salutations and stories, the priests and monks, the muleteers, the donkeys and camels and flocks of sheep, the simple, sturdy life of the peasants and their unbounded hospitality, their readiness to argue and discuss, and to hear the European news, their pride in their rocky terraces, the result of the industry of ages, their Abrahamic plows and threshing-floors and bread making, their great acuteness and at the same time extraordinary credulity, their religious views and their stock arguments against other sects than their own, gave one constant themes for study and a longing desire to do them good. Duma is on a mountain slope surrounded by high cliffs of cretaceous limestone, full of interesting fossil shells. It was a pleasure to me to collect these fossils and send them to America.

#### GEOLOGY IN SYRIA

How I have enjoyed geological research these fifty-three years in Syria! The range of Mount Lebanon, 100 miles long, is of

cretaceous limestone with strata of recent sandstone and lignite and dykes of basaltic rock. Anderson of the Lynch expedition, Dr. E. R. Beadle, Dr. W. M. Thomson, Rev. William Bird of Abeih, Lartet, Conrad, Fraas, Noetling, C. E. Hamlin, E. Hull, Max Blankenhorn and lastly Prof. R. P. Whitefield and my son-in-law, Alfred E. Day, of the Syrian Protestant College, have described most of the cretaceous fossils of Mount Lebanon and the Jurassic fossils of Mejdal Shems, south of Mount Lebanon. The geological structure of Lebanon has had much to do in determining the history and diversifying the habits of the inhabitants. Two ranges of mountains running north and south, parallel with the seacoast and separated by deep cut valleys, extend, the westerly one all the way from Asia Minor to Kadesh Barnea, and the easterly one from the region north of Baalbec to the gulf of Akabah. The limestone soil formed by the disintegration of the richly fossiliferous cretaceous limestone strata, and the black soil, formed by the crumbling of the volcanic rocks, are constantly renewed, needing little fertilizing to make them productive. Sun and rain seem to be all the fertilizers needed in the great part of Syria.

The indurated limestone of Lebanon and Palestine furnishes solid building stone and has developed a hardy race of stone-cutters and builders, quite different from the indolent dwellers on the great plains where the want of stone compels the people to build houses of adobe or sun-dried brick. So also the character of the warlike Druses of the Leja (Trachonitis), east of Jordan, seems to have been made more independent by the frowning deep cut defiles and tortuous passages in the basaltic dykes which form their home, as did the Black Hills the home of the Modoc Indians. In these narrow, crooked, deep gorges a few men can stand against hundreds, and their frequent successes in cutting to pieces bodies of Turkish troops have added to their untamed ferocity. The architectural stones of Syria are varied and valuable. There is the recent sandstone of the coast overlying the limestone of which most of the coast cities have been built for ages, the cream-coloured indurated limestone of the temples of Baalbec and Pal-



THE KADISHA RIVER  
Which runs from B'sherreh to Tripoli.



myra, the orange Nerinean limestone of the hills near Mar Rukus, of which Post Hall of the Syrian Protestant College has been built, the lithographic limestone of both Lebanons, the ribbon stone of Deir el Komr, and the crystalline trap rocks of Northern Syria and of the giant cities of Bashan and Banias. The city of Hums is built of black basalt and its streets are beautifully paved with cubical blocks of the same material.

Fossil fish abound in the white lithographic limestone of Northern Lebanon at Sahil Alma, and Hakil. Oyster shells are found (*Ostræa Syriaca*) in beds and ledges through the ranges of Lebanon. There are also fossil bivalves and univalves in endless variety, in Ehden, Duma, Abeih, Deir el Komr, at Shweir, Tel Wakid, Bhamdoun, Aaleih, Mukhtara, Mejdal Shems, and many other places. There are Ammonites, *Strombus*, *Arca*, *Nerinea*, *Nerita*, *Cerithium*, *Scalaria*, *Natica*, *Corbula*, *Cardium*, *Trigonia*, *Hippurites*, *Perna*, *Lima*, *Trochus*, *Terebratula*, *Nummulites*, and whole mountains of the Oolite. I began early in my life in Syria to collect fossils, and finally gave my entire collection to the Syrian Protestant College. Dr. W. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," was enthusiastic in collecting, and told me of many localities. The unique collection of our beloved Rev. William Bird has also been secured by the Syrian Protestant College, and Prof. Alfred E. Day is engaged in determining and describing those not hitherto described. Once I sent a camel load of quartz and calcite geodes from the hill east of Baaklin to the college, and another time I sent from Tell Kelakh, on the wagon road to Hums, nearly half a ton of beautiful pillars of columnar trap by wagon to Tripoli where the missionaries forwarded them to the college cabinet in Beirut. One summer I sent by cart from Jumhour, on the Damascus Road, to the college cabinet a huge block of Nerinean limestone, containing thousands of these beautiful spiral shells. The block is about four feet long and two feet and a half wide and eighteen inches thick. Dr. D. Bliss had it polished on three sides, and it constitutes a lasting monument of the most ancient pre-Adamite inhabitants of Syria. One of my first horseback rides in Syria was to a then well-known locality of

quartz geodes above Baabda, about an hour's ride from Beirut on horseback. Our party consisted of Dr. Eli Smith, mounted on his little white horse, Rev. J. E. Ford on his own steed, and Mr. Hurter, the printer, with us new missionaries, Bliss, Aiken, Dr. Haskell, Lyons and myself on beasts of low degree, hired from a Moslem khanajy in Beirut. Mr. W. W. Eddy joined us at Baabda, and we climbed up to the locality on the chalky hill, where I filled my little borrowed saddle-bags with the quartz geodes, lined with beautiful, clear crystals. I wrapped them in paper and tied them with string to keep them from injury. From the duhr or summit, we rode down cautiously the steep descent to Kefr Shima, where Mrs. Eddy had kindly invited us to dinner. On our return towards evening to Beirut through the olive and mulberry orchards, we rode at a moderate, dignified pace, but as we returned to the broad sand road between the pine groves, suddenly a white streak seemed to flash by me, and my old horse which had no doubt "seen his fast days" grew restless. Mr. Lyons, my nearest companion, exclaimed, "There goes Dr. Smith on his Whitey," and in a moment every horse broke into a gallop. As my poor steed began to gallop, the saddle-bags began to wallop, flying up and down and flapping like wings, pounding his ribs and making an unseemly rattling, until the bags began to rip and tear, and I was obliged ingloriously to fall to the rear and enter the city, last of the train. But I landed my geodes safely in Mr. Lyons' house and soon after shipped them to friends in America.

It has generally been my custom in making long journeys, in which mules are required to carry beds, tents and provisions, to pick up stones during the day, take them in my saddle-bags to the tenting place, and wrap them in bed bundles in the morning. At times I have known muleteers to wonder at the increasing weight of the loads, but the average muleteer cares little for weight as long as the two sides of the loads balance. Perhaps you will ask, How could you find time, in making missionary tours, to stop and pick up specimens? It did not take up much time, but it relieved the tedium of long rides, and thus the dreariest and most

rocky regions became full of interest, and I found constantly new beauties in the variety of fossil remains and in the marvels of geological upheaval.

He who has an eye for beauty will see it. A botanist will revel in what to another is a wilderness of weeds. I have found delight in hot plains and stifling valleys and chilling heights, because I found wonders of stratification, and colossal mountains tipped over and the strata lying at all angles from vertical to horizontal. In April, 1856, just eight weeks after landing in Syria I went to Tripoli and Duma with Rev. David M. Wilson. He was a hearty Tennessean, a plain, blunt man, with a big heart, and mighty in the Scriptures. My object in going was to secure a house for the summer in Duma and visit Gharzooz. We hired packhorses in Tripoli of Mohammed a Muslim. We had neither saddles nor bridles, only pack-saddles with rope stirrups and rope halters. Going over a breakneck road without getting our necks broken, we slept at Duma at the house of Abu Ibrahim where many missionaries have since summered.

The next day we rode to Gharzooz, and when half-way, we stopped on a high ridge and left our horses with the muleteer. Mr. Wilson, knowing my taste for geology, said he would take me down to the *Fossil Fish* locality at *Hakil*. So down we walked, carrying our simple lunch, in a blazing sun, down, down to the bottom of the deep gorge, then through Hakil, where a Greek blacksmith showed us the way to the quarry. We found some good specimens, and went back and rested at the blacksmith's house. Then up we went, my pockets full of stones, and when I reached the top, my clothes were soaked with perspiration and a cold north wind was blowing. We mounted and set out, and soon I was chilled through and reached Gharzooz with blinding headache. This taught me a lesson, never to walk up-hill in travelling in Syria. A young man once said to Dr. Eli Smith, "Doctor, why don't you dismount going up a steep hill and ease your horse?" Dr. Smith replied, "That is what I have a horse for, to carry me up." Walking up-hill in Syria at any season is dangerous, if followed by riding or standing in a wind.



I would cordially recommend to every young man going out as a missionary to study some branch of natural science. Let him pursue it in his missionary field as a means of recreation, mental invigoration, relief from the routine of regular duties, and a means of gaining enlarged ideas of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, who created alike the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation. As Hugh Miller says, "There are two records, and both were written by one hand." These records are the Mosaic and the geologic, that of the pages and that of the ages. I think my life has been prolonged by the outdoor exercise involved in studying the rocks of Syria.

#### SKETCHES OF SYRIA

May, 1856—The coast of Syria has just been visited with one of the most violent storms ever known at this season of the year. The rainy season generally begins in November and ends in March or April; and from that time onward a shower is rarely known on the seacoast. The amount of rain which fell during the past winter was not as great as usual. In the month of April there was but little rain, and by the middle of May the weather became settled. The owners of mulberry gardens had built their frail summer-houses of reeds and matting in the open air; the process of feeding the silkworms was considerably advanced, and all were anticipating a fine yield of silk to compensate for the losses of last season. But on Wednesday, May 28th, the air was thick with a dark cloud bank over the sea, and distant thunder, towards the south and on the mountains, threatened a storm.

Before midnight the rain fell in torrents. The thunder and lightning were fearful. The whole atmosphere seemed one sheet of flame. On Thursday the storm continued with such violence that the streets were flooded, and the beautiful river Kadisha rose to a height unprecedented at this season of the year. Above the city, it swept over vineyards and orchards, destroying property, and in one of its branches a little girl and boy were engulfed in the water and drowned. Towards evening, we walked

out upon the bank of the river. It was a terrific scene. The roar of the waters dashing through the narrow arches of the stone bridge, and thence over the dam eight feet in height—now almost concealed by the volume of the water—was really fearful. The river was rushing with mad violence in its haste to mingle with the sea. Its surface was covered with grass, sticks and shrubs, uprooted by the mountain torrents, and brought from distant heights not far from the snowy valley of the “Cedars of Lebanon.” But the most remarkable feature of the scene was the colour of the water. It was of deep red colour, like blood, and the angry tide seemed crested with a bloody froth. The origin of this discolouration is in the ochreous soil which abounds along the sides of Lebanon, and is washed down by the rains. The river seemed literally “laden” with it, as the Arabic term for a rise in the river imports, and at the point where the waters of the river mingle with the sea, the blue waters were discoloured by this deep red colour of the stream for a great distance, the outline between these two seemingly inharmonious elements being visible for miles. This singular colour of the water, common to many of the streams of Lebanon, gave rise to that mythological story connected with the river Adonis (now the Nahr Ibrahim), between Tripoli and Beirut. Lucian says of the river Adonis, that “at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, the river assumed the colour of blood, in sympathy for the death of the beautiful hunter who was killed by a wild boar on the neighbouring mountains.”

Nothing could be more natural for an uncultivated, imaginative people given to creature worship, than the ascription of such an origin to this remarkable colour of the water. Even more enlightened minds have been filled with amazement at the phenomenon. The feast and worship of Adonis, which were observed extensively in ancient Phœnicia, like other systems of idolatry, stained and contaminated the character of the Jewish nation in the tumultuous days of their decline, even as the earth stains the pure water of an agitated river, and were known to the prophet Ezekiel. The fabled death of Adonis had given rise to the

annual commemoration of the event, when the Phœnician maids mourned his death with every display of grief. The great feast continued some time, consisting of two parts—a season of mourning and a season of joy. As this occurred yearly in public, the Jewish women soon learned to unite in the celebration of an event so well calculated to enlist their sympathies, especially as it is an Oriental custom, preserved until the present time, for the women to lament the death of a young man with most extravagant manifestations of grief. Thammuz is the Hebrew name for Adonis, and when the prophet Ezekiel was shown the various abominations of the house of Israel, he regarded this “weeping for Thammuz” as the greatest of all.

In allusion to this is Milton’s language, when summoning up the various “devils,”

“who were known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the heathen world. . .

“Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,  
In amorous ditties all a summer’s day;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.”

And in his “Hymn of Christ’s Nativity,” in speaking of the destruction of heathenish superstition, allusion is made to the scene :

“Peor and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice battered god of Palestine,  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven’s queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with taper’s holy shine ;  
The Libyan Hammon shrinks his horn,  
*In vain the Syrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.*”

The same superstitious imagination which transformed the muddy stream of Lebanon into the blood of Adonis also invested

a mountain flower of Lebanon—the scarlet Adonis—with a similar mythic character. This flower, which abounds on Mount Lebanon in the spring, was said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, and

“From shape and hue and odour  
Grieved for Adonis.”

But enough of this strange, yet beautiful myth. The storms which have deluged the country and discoloured the waters of the Kadisha, in Tripoli, giving rise to this allusion to the past, were also a present reality, and were exceedingly destructive of life and property. In Beirut the storm continued a whole day. Three men were killed by lightning, one had his beard burned off, and the printers in the America Mission Press felt the shock of a heavy stroke which passed down the lightning-rod. Near Sidon, three men were killed by one stroke. A tree was struck within a few yards of the house of Rev. Mr. Eddy at Kefr Shima. During this one day three-fourths as much rain fell as during the whole previous winter. Large quantities of merchandise along the shore of the harbour at Beirut were swept into the sea and were destroyed. It was a memorable storm, and will afford material for many a story and conversation among this gossip-loving people. The old Moslems gathered in crowds at sundown along the shady banks of the river, and discussed the event with declarations of submission to the “will of God,” which would be quite commendable were they not inspired by a heartless fatalism.

June 7, 1856—There are no newspapers in Syria. The nearest approach to one is the *Miscellany*, published occasionally by the missionaries in pamphlet form. An Arabic newspaper has also been recently commenced in Constantinople but it is little known here and its circulation is quite limited. Hence news in Syria is *traditional* to an extent which is quite unpalatable to us as Protestants, to say the least. Whatever of local news is afloat is so encumbered with “new versions” and exaggerations among a people not specially attached to the truth, that it is necessary

to wait several days before the exact facts can be ascertained. We have just had proof of this.

A day or two since, it was currently reported that a Maronite had been imprisoned for cursing the name of Moses, one of the prophets of the Koran. To-day we learn from authentic sources that it is otherwise. A Maronite, a man of bad reputation even among his own sect, took occasion, when in the company of several Moslems, to curse most violently the name of Jesus Christ. They were greatly enraged, and immediately obtained his arrest, and he now lies in prison, awaiting orders from Constantinople, whither the governor of the city has written, requesting authority for his execution. The aggravation of the offense consists in its being a curse against the name of one of the six great prophets of the Moslems: Adam, Noah, Moses, Solomon, Christ and Mohammed being of equal dignity in this respect. If the man had cursed the name of God Himself, it would have been considered a light matter, not worthy of the slightest notice, and what every Moslem is guilty of every day if not every hour of his life. Nor did the crime consist in its being an insult to Christ as God, for the Moslems deny the divinity of Christ; but it was because it was a curse upon One who is "the greatest of the prophets next to Mohammed." The reason of this is a distinction which the Moslem makes: "If you curse God," says he, "God is merciful and will forgive; if you curse a prophet he cannot forgive; therefore you are to be punished by the sons of the Prophet." This is a gross and monstrous perversion of sacred truth, and the "mercy of God" is made the general apology for every species of blasphemy and profaneness. It enters into the very texture of society, forms a seemingly inseparable element in conversation, and it is almost impossible to converse with a Moslem without hearing the name Allah in every breath. Whether this blasphemous Maronite will receive any further punishment than a month's confinement in a dark, damp, loathsome dungeon, remains to be seen. The position of the Sultan with regard to religious liberty, will, of course, prevent a decree of death; but it is a great offense in the eyes of the Moslems, and they demand a

great punishment. What a disgrace to the name of Christianity, that one who is called a Christian should be punished by the enemies of Christianity for blaspheming the name of our Divine Redeemer, whom they esteem only as a prophet and a man. Truly, one does not wonder that Moslems despise such a Christianity! Yet the nominal Christians of Syria are proud, ignorant, and self-sufficient. Oh! fallen, fallen Syria! Corrupted, marred, disrobed of thy ancient glory! Crushed to the earth by ten thousand leaden weights of form and superstition, until thy once pure throbbing heart has ceased to beat. Physical symbols speak forth in living eloquence thy glory and thy fall!

Yonder snowy peak of Lebanon, pure, serene as light itself, lifts its awful form, ancient and majestic as thine own glorious past; while from his base bursts forth a turbid river, stained as it were with blood, sweeping away in its progress the lives and tenements of men, and discolouring with its ruddy tide the pure blue waters of the sea—and this is thy present, this thy fall, fair Syria! But is there no future? Is there no resurrection from thy moral death?

As certainly as the waters of yonder river mingle with the sea, and yonder sea ascends in unseen vapour, again to mingle with the sky; so certainly shall the day of thy glory come again, and thy people rejoice in the light of a preached, believed and beloved Gospel! And this is thy future, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

*Duma, Mount Lebanon, Syria, August 19, 1856.*

MY DEAR FATHER :

In accordance with our plan mentioned in a previous letter, and suggested no less by the interesting nature of the scenes to be visited than by a regard for our own health, we set out this morning from our mountain home in Duma, for the Cedars of Lebanon and the Ruins of Baalbec. When one has been applying himself constantly to books and study for a long time in this climate, a kind of nervous weakness comes upon the system, bringing with it an indifference to mental pursuits which the experience of missionaries in years past, and our own brief experience, proves to be most effectually relieved by a change of air and

occupation. This is found in Syria by travelling over the mountains, and we are just beginning a journey which will continue for a week.

Setting out upon a journey in Syria is far different from anything you have ever known, unless it were in those early days in Montrose history when all travelling was on horseback, and the lawyers accompanied the judges from town to town, carrying their baggage in saddle-bags. I think a Syrian missionary would make a very good Western pioneer.

This morning we had no railroad tickets to buy, no depot to reach, no carriage to put in order, no harness to perplex us, and no smooth plank road before us to effeminate our tastes and unfit us for the steep ascents of life. The first business in a journey is to provide animals. Lorenzo has a horse which Mrs. Lyons will ride. We must have then horses for Lorenzo and myself, a mule for Shehedan and Mennie each, and mules to carry our beds, bedsteads, kitchen apparatus, provisions and tents. He is not a wise traveller who neglects his overcoat, white umbrella, drinking cup, straps, strings, papers, drawing-paper (if he can sketch), geological hammer (if he be given to scientific research), mariner's compass, spy-glass, pamphlets for pressing flowers, and a full supply of clothing adapted to the coldest and hottest extremes of weather. The pocket Bible, hymn-book, Arabic Testament and Psalter are quite indispensable.

The muleteers, having agreed the night before to be ready at sunrise, appear at that time, but without mules enough, and we were delayed until nine o'clock. Syrian muleteers are men of a character *sui generis*. They are like the Cretans of whom the apostles speak, proverbially faithless, and if one makes extensive calculations based upon their word, he will suffer the consequences. For our saddle animals they brought a fine mare, and a little ash-coloured, sleek-skinned mule which we thought best Lorenzo should ride as the mule was not strong enough for me. At a little before nine we set out. The "Cedars" are a little north of east from Duma, but in order to cross the fearful ravine which lies to the northeast of us, we had to make a gradual descent for an hour in a northwesterly direction and then ascend again three hours before we were out of sight of our own village. With the burning sun upon our heads and slow-paced animals, it was tedious enough. Mennie carried little Mary in her arms on the back of the mule. Arab women ride on mules without a side saddle or stirrups, having a cushion on the top of the pack-saddle, and keeping themselves from falling by holding on to

a rope which secures the cushion in its place. It is not surprising that they sometimes fall, especially when carrying an umbrella and a child, and travelling over a Mount Lebanon road. Mennie was thrown before we had been two hours on the road. In descending the Duma mountain, we passed terraces of mulberry, fig and grape, and the cotton plant. Irish potato, Indian corn, tobacco, beans, squashes, and egg-plants were growing side by side in great luxuriance, while the hedges were covered with great clusters of ripe blackberries. This is the season of figs and grapes, both of which are now in their prime. How I would delight to welcome you to these beautiful gardens and vineyards and show you the tempting clusters of large white and purple grapes, and the red and white figs which melt like honey on the tongue. These are the native luxuries of Syria, and the season of vintage is the jubilee of the Mount Lebanon peasantry.

After descending the mountain, passing the old convent of Mar Yohanna (St. John) where two poor ignorant monks eat and drink and sleep, we reached the beautiful level valley, about a mile and a half long and an eighth of a mile wide, through which flows a little river of clear cold water, irrigating the large fields of Indian corn, which seem so much like home, that I almost forget that I am in Syria. The fragrance of the tassels and silk in the morning breeze was almost equal to a visit to the old farm at home. But how soon the scene changes. Leaving the beautiful valley, we thread our way through a dirty village of the Metawilehs, and find a street so narrow that the baggage animals are compelled to return and find another route. We then ascend the mountain towards the village Kefoor—passing a large stone sarcophagus in the field, a ruined convent with its old oak tree, the almost universal accompaniment of a ruin in Syria.

You would be interested in the geological character of this goodly mountain, which we are rapidly ascending. We are now riding over strata of limestone rock all of which slope upward from the sea to the mountain top at an angle of between twenty and thirty degrees. Occasionally you come to a bed of iron ore, a vein of whitish yellow sandstone, or a trap dyke, and then come back again to the original limestone rock. These trap dykes, or masses of igneous rock, seem to stand like monuments on a great battle-field, telling the history of Lebanon in language not to be mistaken. Here is a vast black mass of trap, standing all alone among the shattered masses of the white limestone strata,



seeming to exult in a consciousness of strength and to rejoice at the havoc it has made. And perhaps it would thus tell its own story: "Long, long ago, when the sea slept on the face of yonder mountain summit, and all these rocks reposed beneath its crystal waters, I was a molten, shapeless mass in the very centre of the earth. Heaving, restless, burning for distinction, I asked for a commission to do as others had done, in breaking up the surface of the earth. My request was granted. And forth I came, seething, bubbling, heaving up the mighty rocks, breaking through the crust of the earth, while the sea foamed and boiled, and dashed away in wild confusion as I raised on my shoulders the vast range of Lebanon. You see yonder trio of mountain peaks, Hermon, Sunneen, and Makmel. On each of those the strata lie horizontal, and from the precipices at their sides were broken off those huge cliffs which now slope down to the east and west, forming a kind of parapet of defense on either side, as the great centre of the range was raised steadily up from unknown depths below. This black mass upon which you now stand extends but a few rods on the surface, and then again the white limestone seems to be the prevailing rock. But you will find again a few furlongs away a vaster extent of my own fiery substance, and journey where you will on Lebanon, you will find everywhere proofs of my presence, fragments of my shattered body. You may think me insignificant, perhaps a mere phenomenon. But go down along my black crystalline system—follow one of these pentagonal columns, and after descending many thousand feet far below this limestone, which on the surface makes such a magnificent display, you will still wonder at my vastness and strength; and when you approach the region of perpetual fire, you will feel my throbbing pulse and understand that the same great force which, under the direction of the great Creator of the Universe, first upheaved mighty Lebanon and made it the glory of the earth, is still working far beneath the surface, and in its giant pulsations shakes the solid crust with earthquakes and devastates it with liquid volcanic fire. Now you may learn that I am Lebanon, for I elevated these giant ranges, and now sustain them upon my scarred and blackened body. Now I am hardly noticed by the hastening traveller, while yonder lofty white cliff elicits his admiration and enjoys an immortal name. Learn from my experience that one may labour and another reap the fruits of his labour. One may toil and suffer, and another receive the praise. For I, who constitute the

great mass of the earth, am comparatively unknown, while this superficial film of limestone strata, which I have toiled to shatter and upheave, dwells in sunshine above the clouds, clad in a mantle of glory, a name and a praise in the earth."

In such unspoken language have these rocks discoursed to me as I have journeyed along to-day on the toilsome ascent of Lebanon. We are now on our way to the cedars which are sublime in their antiquity, and to Baalbec which is equally interesting from the strange mystery which hangs about its origin, but here are rocks, older and more venerable than either; rocks on which the cedars grow, and from which Baalbec was first built. The cedars are but the growth of a day, and Baalbec is but the child of an hour, compared with these rock-ribbed mountains, ancient as the sun.

But we must journey on. After reaching the summit of the range northeast of Duma, and in a southeasterly direction from Tripoli, we have a magnificent prospect on every side. After looking at the sea, the southerly mountains, Tripoli, and the coast sweeping in a sharply defined curve towards Latakia, you turn and gaze towards the cedars. There they lie, a little dark green clump of trees five hours or nearly fifteen miles away. On the east, north and south of them the great summits of Lebanon, smooth and round as the shaven head of a Maronite monk (begging pardon of the mountains for the comparison), look down in silence on the scene, while towards the west, the amphitheatre opens upon the sea far away and far below. The mountains are so lofty and grand that this little cluster of evergreen cedar seems like a mere spot of moss on their rocky sides in the distance. But these are the cedars and we will journey on, hoping soon to stand under their ancient boughs and enjoy their sweet, refreshing shade.

It is now two o'clock P. M., and our muleteers, who are paid by the day, seem determined to lengthen the road, and by delays innumerable contrive to disappoint our hopes of spending the night at our place of destination. We give them notice, however, that if they do not get through we shall not pay them for more than one day for the journey from Duma to the cedars. This stirs their latent energy, but they finally fall back again, and we are compelled to pitch our tent in an open field, near a little fountain. On our way, we saw in the afternoon the farmers in one field reaping and threshing their grain, and in another, plowing and sowing the wheat just taken from the threshing-floor. The

season is so short on these heights, six or seven thousand feet above the sea, that harvest and seed-time come in the same week. The great part of the wheat in Syria is winter wheat. On the plains between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon (called the Bookaa) they sow their wheat later as there is little snow, but here they hasten to put in the seed before the cold winds and the driving mountain storms prevent all outdoor labour. As we came through the wheat fields to-day, the little girls engaged in the harvest would bring a handful of wheat to our horses, and expect a present. The custom is peculiar to this portion of Lebanon, and some of our men who came from Southern Syria were quite offended by it, thinking it a disgrace to the people. Yet we gave a little coin to the children, and I thought it by no means so great a disgrace as these Arabs seemed to think. The mountaineers of Lebanon are an industrious, hard-working people, but they are exceedingly ignorant. When the Gospel shall have taken hold of the people, as it has in America, there will be a style of character developed here which will be truly noble and commanding. The Arab mind has capacity enough. It needs the light of truth, education and elevation. As it is now, the great part of the women think that they have no souls, and the men treat them like slaves. One learns from such a state of things how suggestive an index of the degree of the civilization and moral elevation in a country is the position of woman.

I must not forget to allude to one of the notable things of to-day's experience. Many people think that the "Cedars of Lebanon" are found in but one place. This is a mistake. On our road to-day, we have passed thousands of young cedars, and some of considerable size, all growing vigorously. They are green and beautiful, identical in bark, leaves, and cones with what I have seen and heard of specimens of the true cedar. To-morrow will decide.

Wednesday, August 20th—This morning we arose early, struck our tents, ate our breakfast, mounted, and were off for the Cedars. They were in sight all the time, yet we were nearly two hours in going about in a zigzag course among the little hills, or rather, rounded knolls, which abound in the vicinity of the cedars. The ground was covered with fragments of basaltic rock and iron ore, fossils and crumbling limestone. There are wheat and barley fields within twenty rods of the ancient trees. As you approach the cedars, you are astonished at their almost entire isolation. There is hardly a tree visible for miles, except-





**CEDARS OF LEBANON IN BARÛK GROVE**

Ancient B'Sherreh Grove of Cedars of Lebanon. They are surrounded by a wall built by Rustem Pasha, Governor of Lebanon.

ing those which grow in the villages scattered here and there down the valley towards the sea. There is certainly but one other tree to my knowledge within two miles. The surface of the ground is of a light yellow colour, the prevailing stone being limestone, and a more arid, dry, uninviting soil could hardly be conceived. Thorns and thistles abound. There are great thickets of a dwarfed species of the barberry high up under the ledges near the summit of the loftiest mountains. There is one peculiar species of thorn (for almost every shrub on Mount Lebanon produces thorns) which grows in little mounds, about a foot in diameter and perhaps eight inches high, of a pea green colour and covered with beautiful flowers. The flowers are dry like silk paper, and are very tempting, but the moment your hand approaches them it is met by innumerable thorns or spines like needles, which teach you circumspection in the future.

We are now entering the ancient grove of the cedars. The muleteers are far behind and in the still, sweet air of the morning, we enter the sacred shade. Sacred indeed—but not as these superstitious people believe, on account of any sanctifying virtue in the trees themselves—for this is a blasphemy—but sacred in their history, their interesting associations, their wondrous antiquity. The birds are singing in their branches, and the slight breeze sighs in plaintive, melancholy music, like the voice of the pine in November nights, as we ride slowly through the grove, over the undulating surface, to the level spot used from time immemorial as a camping ground by travellers from all parts of the world. The tent is soon pitched, a woman is despatched to bring a jar of water from the fountain more than a half hour distant, our things are all arranged, and away we go, one to one place, another to another, to take measurements, to sketch, to meditate, to wonder, and to praise.

The results of our investigations are somewhat as follows: The grove of the cedars stands in a vast amphitheatre of lofty mountains which border it in grand magnificence on the north, east and south. The slope of these mountains downward is at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, being covered with a loose, sliding soil, of a light yellow colour. The cedars are nearer to the northern range than to the southern. It is perhaps 100 rods to the base of the slope on the north side. The width of the valley from north to south, I should think, must be about two and a half miles, perhaps less. The surface of the valley between these three ranges is very uneven, consisting of innumerable small,

rounded hillocks or moraines, covered with loose stones, thorns and thistles, but without rocks of any large size, though some of them are simply rough ledges of limestone rounded by the action of the sun and snows and storms of ages. The ground on which the cedars stand is of the same general character. They occupy about six of these mounds, the distance from outside to outside in an easterly and westerly direction being about fifty rods, and nearly the same from north to south. The difference in elevation between the top of the highest hillock and the lowest intervening valley in the grove is about 100 feet. I infer this from the fact that we could look down from our encampment, which was on about the highest level, upon the tops of some quite tall cedars in the valley below. The number of cedars is about 400. Of these, the greater part are quite large and high, many of them being straight enough for a ship's mast and spars. The leaves and bark are exactly like the American fir tree, and the cones of the younger trees also resemble them. One peculiarity of these trees is their angular appearance. The limbs of the older trees grow at right angles with the trunk, and that too at the very top of the tree, where the limbs are often very large, giving the tree top the appearance of a mushroom, or an umbrella. The top of one of the twelve largest trees sends out branches horizontally so numerous and regular that one might make a floor of great uniformity and almost perfectly level, by simply laying boards from branch to branch. The top of the tree above the limbs, where the silvery green leaves seem matted together and sprinkled with the dark brown cones, is like a Damascus carpet of the finest texture, and is remarkably beautiful. The twelve largest trees are natural wonders. The people have a tradition with regard to these twelve trees that Christ and the eleven apostles once visited the spot, and stuck down their walking staves in the earth, and from them sprang the greatest and oldest trees. Mr. Calhoun, who has often visited this spot, and has counted the rings which indicate each successive year's growth, infers from this indication, as well as from the fact that these old trees have not increased in size for 200 years, as is known from a name carved in the solid wood, that the trees are at least as old as the days of Solomon. If I were to give names to the twelve trees it would be those of the twelve patriarchs, and not of the apostles.

I have enjoyed this day's visit beyond description, and I shall ever treasure up the meditations and memories connected with my first visit to the Cedars of Lebanon. Who can imagine a more glorious scene than

this goodly Lebanon when all its mountain valleys were filled, and its hilltops crowned with such trees as these? The "glory of Lebanon" must have been something glorious indeed. But how much of this glory has departed, and this solemn, solitary grove, 6,500 feet above the sea, in the region of the snows, on a sterile soil, without a fountain or a stream to give it vigour, seems to flourish in perpetual verdure and ever-renewed strength, a memorial of the past, a glory in the present, and a promise for the future; showing forth the greatness, the majesty and the sovereignty of God, to all generations. The Cedar of Lebanon in its glory was used by the Psalmist as the symbol of a righteous man, and the judgment of God upon the unrighteousness of His people is given thus in the tenth chapter of Isaiah: "The rest of the trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may write them."

I would gladly linger longer here and speak of the numerous allusions to these "cedar trees," "cedars of Lebanon," the "trees of the Lord which He hath planted," etc., but time will not permit.

I have numerous sketches of the cedars from various points of view, and the cones, mosses, stones, gum from the trees and flowers from the grove, I will send on to you in due time. I have omitted to mention that the two largest trees are about fifty feet in circumference, and ten others vary from twenty to fifty feet. The people are very careful not to mutilate the trees, and an old monk lives in the trunk of one of the trees, making it his business to furnish honey, milk, fruit and water to the travellers, and then expect a bukhsheesh in return. There is a church for saint and image worship under one of the trees, and the ignorant people come here to receive a blessing. Thank God we come to these scenes without that idolatrous superstition, which while it professes to expect the blessing, brings down the curse of the Almighty.

Peaceful is our sleep under this cool shade, for our covenant-keeping God is here.

I preached my first Arabic sermon in January, 1857, in Tripoli. This sermon was finished December 15, 1856, just ten months and eight days after my arrival. It was the fruit of weeks of labour on the Arabic, with my teacher, Mr. E. Saadeh. He was only a novice in Arabic grammar at the time, but in after years he became an authority. The congregation numbered about thirty. I read from the manuscript. I was greatly complimented,



but that was from the true politeness of the company. They listened respectfully, but how much good they received I would not dare to conjecture. I did not preach another sermon for three months. I continued to preach from manuscripts for a year, and then broke loose from the bondage and ever since, excepting on rare occasions, have used only an English outline, or an Arabic skeleton. I still keep that first sermon as a curiosity, but could not be hired to preach it again exactly as it is written, for love or money. Preaching in Arabic has been my delight. For forty-nine years it has been my joy. It is now much easier for me to preach in Arabic than in English. Coming to Syria fresh from the seminary, I had only six written English sermons, and I have not *written* more than a dozen since. In Arabic preaching I have always aimed at simplicity in thought and language. Our Syrian native preachers are apt to use "high" Arabic. Now high Arabic is beautiful. It is ringing and poetical, and, to an audience of Arabic scholars, is a literary treat. But the common people do not understand it. They wonder and admire but they are not fed. I have often heard them say after listening to a sophomorical sermon, "The man was 'Shatir' (smart) but we did not understand him." I have always aimed at the common mind. And simple Arabic in a religious discourse is enjoyed as much by the scholars as the classical would be. A manuscript in Arabic preaching is a clog and hamper. You cannot write the simple colloquial and hence you fall into a stilted semi-classical style. I always watch to see whether the women and children are paying attention. If not, I let down my style at once to their comprehension. It was said of Dr. Eli Smith, as a proof of his great accomplishments, that the women of Bhamdoun could understand his preaching. I have been accustomed for all these years to address Sunday-school children and speak every Friday forenoon to our Girls' Boarding-School and the British Syrian Girls' School, and the constant practice of speaking to the young has not only kept my heart young, but has kept my tongue young and simple. I heartily recommend all foreign missionaries to practice speak-

ing to the women and children, especially the children. It is no small part of my comfort in retrospect, to think of the thousands of Syrian children to whom I have preached during fifty years. And the love and confidence of the children, in a land where there is so much of priestly tyranny and fanatical bitterness against us as missionaries, is a source of joy and comfort indescribable.

Tripoli was a quaint old city, with its snow-white houses, surrounded on three sides with green olive and orange groves, and above it the brown sandstone castle of Raymond of Toulouse, on a range of low hills which is cut through by the dashing river Kadisha or Abu Aali which comes down through deep rocky gorges from the Cedars of Lebanon and runs through the city, through the orange gardens to the sea, which is a mile distant. The people were three-fourths Moslems and one-fourth Orthodox Greeks, and a few Maronites and Papal Greeks and about fifteen Jews. Several of the mosques were once Oriental churches and the Great Mosque had a spacious court, paved with stone, hundreds of feet in extent.

The keeper of this mosque was Sheikh Rashid, a man of great dignity and nobility of bearing, who was a model of courtesy and a friend of the Christians and had several times prevented an uprising of the Moslems against the Christians. His son Sheikh Aali succeeded him and was very friendly to all Americans, though conceited and conscious of his dignity as "Mikaty" or time-keeper for the mosques of Syria. He had half a dozen clocks, English, French, German, Swiss, and American, and was often put to it to keep them running together. His maktab or office was near the north gate of the Great Mosque, and there, seated on his cushion on the Turkish and Persian rugs, he received his visitors and furnished tobacco and coffee. One day a Maronite from Lebanon was driving a hog to the Maronite quarter of the city, when it broke away and ran into the court of the Great Mosque around the corridors, by the minbar (pulpit) and the quiblah or mihrab (niche towards Mecca) and thence out into the street. Sheikh Aali was horror-struck.

The sacred mosque had been defiled, polluted beyond remedy, by an unclean animal whose very name could not be mentioned without using the word "Ajellak Allah," may God exalt you above the contamination of so vile a subject. A council was called. The mufti came and the kadi, and the chief sheikhs and Ulema. They sat around in solemn silence, until at length Sheikh Aali cautiously broached the awful subject, concluding with, "the holy place has been polluted and must be closed and never used again for prayer to Allah." Then silence, until the mufti cheerfully reassured the desponding faithful as follows: "My children, no harm has been done. When that creature, Ajellakum Allah, entered the mosque, the great holiness of the place at once transformed it into a lamb, and it remained a lamb until it went out at the gate when it resumed its original character." All exclaimed, "El Hamdu Lillah, Sabhan El Khalik. Praise to Allah. Praise to the Creator." Mutual congratulation followed. That mufti should have been made an honorary member of the Philadelphia bar.

Another interesting character in Tripoli was Saleh Sabony, a devout Moslem, but one of the truest and most self-sacrificing friends the American Mission ever had in Syria. He was a confectioner making jezariyeh and buklawah and lived in great simplicity. Being a friend of Mr. E. Saadeh, my teacher, he often came to see us and offered his services in anything we might need. When we leased, for seventy years, a room to be used as a chapel, he superintended the repairs and then acted as sexton to keep unruly street boys quiet.

He then volunteered to go with us on journeys, acting as muleteer, guard and companion. He loved to hear the Gospel and often said, "I love Jesus Christ, but I cannot understand the Trinity." He defended us against Moslems, Greeks, Catholics, and Jews and they could not answer him. He acted as assistant to Dr. G. B. Danforth, then to his brother-in-law, Dr. Charles William Calhoun, and has now, 1907, been for twenty-two years the constant friend and helper of Dr. Ira Harris at the Meena or Port of Tripoli. It is a beautiful sight to see this gray-bearded

and white-turbaned Moslem acting as hospital usher and keeper, comforting and encouraging the poor Moslem women who throng the clinics of Dr. Harris. His fidelity, strict integrity and veracity are wonderful and he regards all Americans as his brothers and sisters. His intellectual difficulty about the Trinity does not prevent his offering prayers to Christ. In June, 1906, Saleh called on me at the house of Rev. Paul Erdman in Tripoli. His eyesight is feeble and his strength failing, but he was as cheerful as when I first knew him. I asked him about his means of support. He said, "I have lost all my property and live by simple doctoring of the people's sore eyes and earn a few piastres now and then. A loaf in the morning and another in the evening is all I need. Allah is good." I then said to him, "Saleh, you have always said you could not become a Christian because we believed in the Trinity. Now you know we do not believe that God begets and is begotten, as Moslems assert. Does not the New Testament say that the Father is God, Christ the Word is God and the Holy Spirit is God?" "Yes." "Well, you need not worry to explain it. The Bible asserts it and you can leave it there. Do you believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners?" "Yes." "You have read this invitation, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest'?" "Yes." "Do you think He can save you?" "Yes," said he, "I have known that for forty years." "Will you accept the call and come to Him?" "Yes, I can." "Very well," said I. "If you can put yourself in His hands you will be safe. Let the philosophical question alone." He assured me that he prays to Christ as his Saviour. Dear man, may he be "accepted in the Beloved."

Sheikh Yusef El Asír, who was a graduate of the Azhar University in Cairo, and laboured eight years with Dr. Van Dyck in translating the Bible into Arabic, helped me to translate into Arabic several beautiful children's hymns and then taught them to his sons and brought them to me to recite them. Years after, I met one of them, a telegraph operator, and he assured me that he had not forgotten the hymn, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

When the Lord comes to make up His "jewels," I doubt not there will be many saved from among the Moslems of Syria. A Moslem sheikh once said to Miss Taylor, "Many Christians will rise from Moslem graves in Syria."

January 11, 1857—Dr. Eli Smith passed away January 11, 1857, as stated in the sketch of his life; Dr. Van Dyck succeeded him in the work, removing from Sidon to Beirut in October. Mr. Eddy removed to Sidon in September, 1857, and Mr. Ford in August, 1859, on Dr. Thomson's return from America to join Dr. Van Dyck in Beirut. In February, 1857, I accepted Dr. Thomson's invitation to accompany him and Mr. Aiken on a tour through Palestine. It was the opportunity of a life-time to go with such an experienced traveller, explorer and author, and such a genial companion as Dr. Thomson. He made the land expound the Book all the way from Sidon to Hebron, and from Capernaum to Jericho. Every hill and valley, every rock and stream, every ruined wall and temple became vocal and eloquent. The whole land was stamped on my memory and the Bible became a new book. I learned from that saintly scholar, what I never ceased to urge on young pastors and theological students, that the best preparation for the Christian pastorate is not a fellowship of two years spent amid the bogs and clouds of German university speculation, but a tent life of six months under the clear sky of Palestine, where the land will confirm the Book, and both Old and New Testaments sparkle with divine light and human life and reality. When Professors Park, Hitchcock and H. B. Smith visited Syria and Palestine together in May, 1870, they came to Abeih to visit the missionaries and visit the theological class. They all expressed deep regret that they had not visited Palestine in the beginning of their ministerial life, and declared that they should henceforth urge upon their students to make the tour of Palestine. The older missionaries assured me that a tour with Arab muleteers and servants, after the first year of language study, was an excellent way of learning the colloquial Arabic. And I found it to be so.

On the 16th of June, 1857, I sailed for America to be married,

and acted as the escort of Mrs. Eli Smith and her five children. The three boys were Charles (now professor in Yale), Edward Robinson (a connoisseur in art), and Benjamin Eli (editor of the *Century Dictionary*). All of them inherited their father's scholarly tastes.

We crossed the Atlantic in the side wheeler, *The Vanderbilt*, which was afterwards given to the United States government and transformed into a war cruiser. We sailed from Havre July 8th and reached New York on the 19th, having had constant fogs. We ran by "dead reckoning," 3,000 miles without seeing sun or stars, and when we stopped on the 19th the fog suddenly lifted and we were near the Sandy Hook light-ship.

I took Mrs. Smith and the children to Brooklyn and then crossed to Jersey City where my father and sister, Mrs. J. B. Salisbury, were awaiting me. I then went on to Montrose, and after journeyings oft, I was married, October 7th, to Miss Caroline Bush in Branchport, New York. After our marriage we visited my old friend and my father's friend, Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, then chancellor of Ingham University, at Leroy, New York. The doctor gave us a reception, and read us a poetical address which was followed by an Arabic address by Professor Röerig of the university, to which I replied in Arabic. He had studied in Constantinople and Cairo, and his Arabic was stiff and stilted. I was amused at his calling a girls' school "El Madriset el Mo'annisiyet," *i. e.*, the feminine school, whereas it should have been "Madriset el Binat"—girls' school.

We had expected to sail from Boston in the new sailing bark, *Henry Hill*, in December, but learned that it did not leave Smyrna until October 31st. It reached Boston December 29th and was advertised to sail January 30th, but did not sail until February 23d. During this visit home I met again that apostolic missionary, Dr. Henry A. De Forest, whom I first met in Hartford in September, 1854, on his arrival from Syria. He loved Syria as I do now and his descriptions of Syrian scenery and climate, its mountains and skies, the blue sea and the wild flowers, were simply fascinating. He died

November 24, 1858, in Rochester, his wife surviving him nearly forty years.

Our voyage to Syria was long. We were becalmed frequently. On March 21st, Captain Watson told us we had only made one hundred miles in a week. On March 29th we entered the Straits of Gibraltar. It was a dead calm and nearly fifty sailing vessels, like ourselves, were being carried eastward by the current, which dashed and boiled almost like the rapids above Niagara. There being no wind, the rudder was useless and we drifted, sometimes stern foremost, and other vessels were drifting around us, and in danger of collision. At 7 P. M., a five-knot breeze filled the sails and we went gaily on our course, reaching Malta April 4th. Rev. Mr. Wiseley, the Scotch chaplain, took us to visit the capuchin monastery of dried monks. Each holy monk on his death is desiccated, and then dressed in his monkish robes and set up in a niche to grin in a ghastly way at all brethren and visitors. The monk who showed us about was a corpulent and jolly brother and talked freely in Italian with Mr. Wiseley. We asked Mr. Wiseley to ask the monk how long it takes to dry a monk. He said that depended on the man's physique. Mr. Wiseley dryly remarked, "It will take a long time to dry you." The old monk shook with laughter, as if he were enjoying thinking what a time his successors would have in reducing him to the mummy condition. Captain Watson was greatly chagrined that the new bark, *Henry Hill*, proved to be slower than the old *Sultana*.

We reached Smyrna April 13th. Mr. Dodd met us on board with news of the wonderful revivals all over the United States and we rejoiced together. We remained in Mr. Dodd's house until April 20th, when we took passage in the Messageries French steamer, *Ganges*, for Tripoli. On Sunday the 18th, I heard Mr. Dodd preach in Turkish and I preached at 4 P. M. in English. I enjoyed hearing little Hetty Dodd singing the children's hymns I taught her two years ago, and the family were enjoying the melodeon I had ordered for them at that time from Mr. Theodore Lyons at Montrose.

We sailed by Chios, Samos and Patmos and anchored a few hours at Rhodes. Two years before I had visited the old castle north of the town. We went again to see it and found only an immense funnel-shaped cavity in the ground. The powder magazine under the castle had been exploded by lightning and the castle walls, foundations and all went flying over the town leaving only a gaping crater. As we sailed along the coast of Cilicia the snow-capped range of Taurus seemed far more beautiful than either the Sierra Nevada of Spain, the white mountains of Crete or Mount Elias of Greece.

On Monday, April 27th, we landed in Tripoli, our Syrian home. We were greeted by our colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and loved friend, Mr. A. Yanni. Many Syrian friends called to welcome us, among them Elias Saadeh and Abu Selim Diab, my old teachers, and Saleh Sabony, the Moslem.

Letters came from Rev. D. M. Wilson in Hums telling of bitter opposition by the Greek bishop who has knocked down a young inquirer with his cane, and the city is in an uproar. One young Greek girl, who came to hear Mrs. Wilson read the Bible, was seized and dragged by her hair through the streets and Mrs. Wilson fears for the life of her husband. Young men come in crowds to argue with him but they find him mighty in the Scriptures. One of his favourite texts is, "To the law and the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8: 20).

As I write these words in June, 1907, there is a flourishing Protestant Church in Hums, with a native pastor and a prosperous self-supporting boarding-school. The Greek bishop of today was himself taught, when a child, in a mission school in Lebanon, and he has the New Testament as a text-book in his own schools.

In May we leased for seventy years a vaulted room to be used as a chapel. During the repairs the huge stone lintel over the old door had to be taken down, and Saleh, our Moslem friend, had it slid off upon his head and then he lowered it to the ground. It was a compact limestone slab, seven feet long and a foot square



and must have weighed about three hundred pounds. He is one of the strongest men in the city. Once in Duma, a Lebanon village, he had cut a handle in a stone weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and would raise it with one hand and throw it over his shoulders. The people of Beshaleh, a neighbouring village, hearing of Saleh brought their champion athlete, who broke Saleh's record by lifting the stone and holding it in one hand over his head. This stone lifting is one of the usual feats of the Lebanon peasantry.

The leasing of that room for seventy years was a curious transaction. After vain attempts to buy a house to be refitted for a church, we succeeded, after weeks of bargaining, in leasing a large arched room or koboo thirty by forty feet and twenty feet high for seventy years at one hundred piastres per year (\$4.00) paid in advance, and ten piastres yearly "wokf" tax to be paid to the family of the lessors. This lease was drawn up in the American vice-consulate and signed by Messrs. Lyons and H. H. Jessup and Mohammed and Ahmed Shellaby and Antonius Yanni; year of the Hegira, 1274, and middle of month Showwal, A. D., May 26, 1858. And the figures were also written in reverse order 8581 to prevent error in the future. At the end of the seventy years the owners could only take possession on repaying all that the lessees had expended on it during the seventy years with interest so that it amounted virtually to a sale. About thirty-three years afterwards, in 1891, Talcott Hall was built in Tripoli, and the old Shellaby koboo was sold by the mission. Yanni remarked after the lease had been signed and the money paid over, that "Satan must have been asleep when that bargain was made or we could not have got it so cheap." While the koboo was being repaired, Saleh slept in it to keep watch. The Moslem said to him, "What, sleep in a church and you a Moslem." "Yes," he said, "and to-morrow I may pray in it, and who will hinder?"

The summer and fall of 1858 were times of ominous portent. There were rebellions north of Tripoli and highway robbery all over the land. In Jeddah, the seaport of Mecca, the Moslems

rose and massacred the foreign consuls and nearly all the Christian population. The Moslems of Tripoli reported that firearms had been landed by a French gunboat, whereupon they bought five hundred muskets and the government in Beirut sent ten pieces of cannon to Tripoli to protect the city against the Maronite Christians of Zgharta. Southern Lebanon was also in a state of unrest and misrule, a condition which continued through the whole of the next year and finally culminated in the outbreak of 1860.

Last Sabbath (7th of November) I preached for the first time in the new chapel. Mr. Lyons preached the two previous Sabbaths. The chapel is situated in one of the principal streets, and the people say it is like a fisherman's net, for it catches everybody who passes by. The consequence is that there is generally a great crowd around the door, and many passing in and out.

On Sunday last, there were about fifty in their seats, and the attention was good. I preached from Gal. 6: 14, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." I had the heads written out, but preached extempore, and succeeded better than I anticipated. We are now waiting for the curtain which is probably on its way from Boston to Smyrna. At present no Arab women come, or at least only a few, but when the curtain is up, the women can come and be shielded from the gaze of the men.

We are very thankful that we have so good a room for religious worship. It looks as though it were originally built for a church, although it was first a store, and then a grog-shop. We are obliged to preach in very simple language, as the majority of the people cannot understand the classic Arabic, and in reading the Scriptures we are obliged to explain carefully the meaning. I trust that the opening of our chapel will prove a dawning of a new day in Tripoli.

Wednesday, November 10th—Mercury, A. M., 79°; P. M., 75°. Mr. Wilson writes from Hums that two great Arab tribes, the Mowalee and the Hadadee, have had a battle just outside of the city gate of Hums. Mr. Wilson witnessed the battle. The

Mowalee were beaten. The villages about Hums are being plundered, and the people are flying to the city to get protection within the walls. Mr. Wilson well remarks that it is well for the Sultan's government that these wild denizens of the desert expend their strength in fighting each other rather than in rebelling against the government. The troops of the Pasha of Beirut which passed through here some days ago are now among the Nusairiyeh trying to find and kill Ismaeel Khire Beg, who was governor of Safita, and who had the battle near Tripoli in June. The only charge I can hear of as made against him is that he is not a Moslem and will not pay bribes enough to the government.

Tuesday, November 16th—We hear to-day that Ismaeel Khire Beg, the Nusairiyeh chieftain, has been slain by his own mother's brother. Ismaeel fled from the Turkish pasha who came after him, and took all his goods, household furniture, and valuables on five or six hundred mules to the north. While stopping at the village "Ain Keroom" one of his party died, and the funeral was attended at once. While they were weeping at the funeral, the uncle of Ismaeel approached and asked why they were weeping. "We are weeping for the dead," said Ismaeel. "Who will weep when you are dead?" said the uncle, and drawing his pistol, shot Ismaeel through the heart. He fell and as he was expiring, pled with his uncle to take care of his son. The ruffianly, heartless uncle seized the boy and shot him before his dying father's eyes, and then seized all his property and his wife whom he made his own wife at once. The Turkish pasha, who wished to take Ismaeel alive, has seized the uncle, but will not probably inflict any punishment upon him. One can hardly conceive a more brutal act, yet such things are too frequent to be noticed in this land. This man who was killed had committed deeds during the last few months which will hardly bear recording. He seized rebellious subjects, burned out their eyes, cut off their ears and noses, and flayed them alive. Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The physical miseries of the unevangelized nations are surely enough to awaken the sympathies of philanthropists in every land.

Thursday, November 18th—We have letters again from Hums. There has been another battle between the Arab tribes. The Mowalee who were beaten in the first battle sent to the Metawileh sheikhs of Baalbec for help. The Metawilehs came with a large force and joined the Mowalee against the Hadadee, but the Hadadee routed them both, and about fifty were killed. Zano, the muleteer who is our letter-carrier, lives in a village only five minutes from the gates of Hums, and yet through fear he has removed his family and property into the city. Hums is in a barbarous region. Tripoli is civilized in comparison with it.

Monday, November 22d—To-day we have been writing and studying, and I have been out among the people. I found a company of men from the neighbouring village, none of whom could read or write. They never heard of America, and wished to know how many days' journey it would be to one riding a mule. I told them about four hundred and sixty-six days, but as it is by sea and not by land, we go in thirty days by steamer, and sixty or seventy by sailing vessel. They wondered at the very thought of such a stupendous distance, and asked me what I came here for, leaving all my friends behind. I spent half an hour in talking about Christ, and several Moslems were in the crowd. You can hardly conceive the ignorance and mental vacuity of such men as these.

The missionary work went on with little interruption. At Alma, southeast of Tyre, a village of 500 souls, forty had become Protestants, and a church was dedicated on November 7th. The new converts were violently persecuted. A Moslem inquirer from Bagdad was rescued from the Jesuits in Tripoli and sent to the Malta Protestant College. During that year there were thirty-two schools, and 1,065 pupils, 268 of them being girls. The number of pages printed was 2,258,000, about one twenty-ninth of the pages printed in 1905.

The work of female education received a new impulse in the arrival of Misses Temple and Johnson at Suk el Gharb, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss removed from Abeih to that village to aid them in opening a girls' boarding-school. Miss Johnson's health failed and she returned to America in 1859.

In May, 1858, Rev. R. J. Dodds and his family, later of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission in Latakia, went to Zahleh to found a mission. They were forcibly driven out by a mob led by a dozen priests. They were shamefully treated and grossly insulted. The government of Lebanon was at that time divided and weak, and the Zahlehites defied it. They boasted of their prowess, of their 1,000 men armed with guns, and gloried in the protection of the Virgin to whom their cathedral church was dedicated. The Orthodox Greeks, who were in the minority, were more liberal than their Papal Greek townsmen, but in opposing Protestantism they were a unit. They had no schools and cared nothing for education. They were brave, rough, and hospitable to everything but the Bible. Their business was chiefly in sheep, wheat and barley, which they bought from Kurdish shepherds and the Hauran Arabs. For this purpose they made frequent trips to the plains about Hamath and Hums and to Hauran, going in bodies of twenty armed men and fearing no foe. They boasted that no Druse or Moslem could live in Zahleh. Some of the families became wealthy and all were industrious. In religion their bishops and priests were supreme. They had heard of the "Bible men" from America, and occasional native colporteurs had visited the town, but when Mr. Dodds arrived with his family, the town was in consternation and the priest-led mob made short work of driving them down to Moallakah, where, under a Moslem governor, they were allowed to rest in peace. Mr. Dodds then withdrew to Latakia and founded the mission which has continued to the present time. In 1859, just one year later, Rev. W. A. Benton of Bhamdoun (only five hours on horseback from Zahleh), who had met many of the Zahleh merchants and muleteers during his ten years of Syrian life, resolved to beard the Zahleh lion in his den. So, taking his wife, who was a noted doctress, and his little children, with beds and clothing and books, he entered Zahleh as guest of an Orthodox Greek. The priests soon heard of it, and raising a mob went to the house and literally carried them all, bag and baggage, out of the town down the valley until they were beyond the

sacred soil of Zahleh, and then dumped them in the wilderness.

Zahleh was not yet open. It needed the discipline of God's hand in war and disaster and humbling defeat by their merciless Druse foes, to teach them their weakness and open the way for messengers of peace. One solitary man, Musa Ata, a Greek Catholic (or Papal Greek), had become a Protestant, but owing to his family and position was able to hold out in spite of boycotting and priestly anathemas. In 1872 I conducted his funeral and preached to a curious and noisy crowd of 1,000 Zahlehites in the schoolhouse of Miss Wilson, the brave Scotch lady, who alone at that time held the Gospel fort in Zahleh. The Lebanon School's committee had a school previous to that time in Moallakah, and in 1871 the Syria Mission voted to establish a regular station in Zahleh.

In June, 1859, Dr. Thomson arrived from America and transferred his residence from Sidon to Beirut. Rev. J. A. Ford removed to Sidon. On leaving Beirut Mr. Ford expressed his great relief in leaving the Beirut church, which a few ambitious men had controlled, and in which self-support had been persistently opposed. It was hoped that Dr. Thomson, from his age and experience, would be able to guide the church in ways of wisdom. In fact, no effort had been made up to this time to enforce or induce self-support in the feeble native churches. Nothing was paid for their preaching or education. Abeih Seminary, the leading school, gave board and tuition without charge. The same was true of all the schools in the land. The churches were weak and education was such a discredited exotic that parents rather expected to be paid for allowing us to experiment on their children. The value of preaching and teaching was yet to be learned. The teaching of Mr. Calhoun in Abeih was thorough and spiritual, as narrated elsewhere, and its fruits are now seen all over the land.

At the opening of 1859, Dr. Van Dyck had the whole of the new translation of the four Gospels in type. Five thousand nine hundred and sixty-two volumes and tracts were issued from the press in 1858, and 3,638,000 pages were printed. Seven stations

were occupied: Beirut by Dr. Thomson, Dr. Van Dyck and Mr. Hurter, mission printer; Abeih by Mr. Calhoun; Deir el Komr by Mr. Bird; Bhamdoun by Mr. Benton; Sidon by Messrs Ford and Eddy; Tripoli by Messrs. Lyons and H. H. Jessup, and Hums by Mr. Wilson; in all ten missionaries and one printer.

But clouds were gathering in the political sky and there were ominous mutterings of the coming storm. On August 30th a quarrel between a Druse and a Maronite boy about a chicken in the village of Beit Mirri, on a mountain ridge east of Beirut, led to a bloody affray between the two sects which raged a whole day. The Druses lost twenty-eight more than their opponents and vowed vengeance.

## The Massacre Summer of 1860

**E**VEN now I find it difficult to recall the scenes and events of the Syrian massacres of 1860 without a shudder. Every event was so branded into my memory that it seems but yesterday that this beautiful land was grimed with fire and sword, pillage and carnage.

Mount Lebanon is a range of mountains extending 100 miles along the seacoast, and some thirty miles into the interior. The Damascus Road, in those days a mere mule track, afterwards a French diligence road, and now an "Abt System" Railway, divides the Lebanon into two provinces, the Northern, chiefly Maronite Catholic, and the Southern, Druse, mixed with Maronites and Greeks. The Druses are neither Moslem nor Christian, but a peculiar, secret, mystic sect, having no priesthood and no assemblies for worship, claiming to be Unitarians, or believers in one God, infinite, indefinable, incomprehensible and passionless, who has become incarnate in a succession of ten men, the last of whom was the mad Egyptian caliph, Hakim b'amr Illah, who was assassinated A. D. 1044. They are more of a political than a religious society, and the national spirit is intense. The Druse nation can neither increase nor decrease. It is lawful to pretend to believe in the religion of any sect among whom they dwell. Among the Moslems they are Moslems, among the Jews, Jews, among the Greeks they are Greeks, among the Romanists they are good papists, and among the Protestants they are evangelical Biblical Christians. In politics they look to the English for protection, and have always favoured the American schools. They are courteous, hospitable, industrious, temperate and brave. The okkal, or initiated class, use neither tobacco nor liquors of any kind. Any one leaving their sect for Christianity would be disinherited.



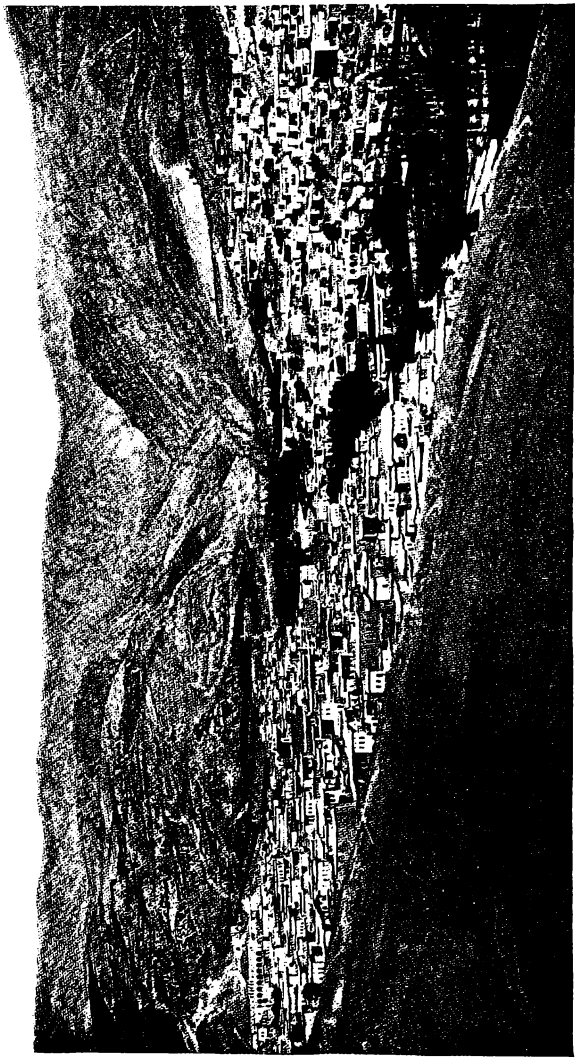
They live in Lebanon, in Wady Et Teim, northwest of Mount Hermon, and in Hauran.<sup>1</sup> They number in all between 75,000 and 100,000. They have several feudal families in Lebanon, the Jumblatts, the Arslans, the Telhooks, the Bu-Nakids, the Abdul Meleks, the Hamadys, the 'Amads, etc. Saïd Beg Jumblatt was called Kees ed Druse, "The Purse of the Druses," Khattur el Amad, the "Sword of the Druses," and Sheikh Hassein Telhook, the "Tongue of the Druses." As a national body they are compact, united and bound to obedience in peace and war.

The Maronites of Northern Lebanon are a Romish sect, in abject obedience to their priests, bishops and patriarch, at that time an illiterate people with a well-trained priesthood. The sect is of great antiquity and for centuries maintained its independence in the heights of Northern Lebanon against Moslems, Greeks and Bedawin Arabs. In the twelfth century, during the Crusades, they accepted the primacy of the Pope and have ever since been devoted to Rome. The patriarch was, in the beginning of modern missionary work in Syria, the unscrupulous enemy of light and of God's Word, claiming the right to arrest, imprison and even put to death any Maronite reading the Bible or leaving the sect. He caused the death of Asaad es Shidiak in 1829, the first Protestant martyr in Syria in modern times. These Oriental hierarchs are avaricious, haughty, and full of political intrigue, encouraging their people to oppress other sects. Their policy is to keep the people in ignorance, educating only those in training for the priesthood.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Druses called to the government of Lebanon, the Mohammedan family of Shehab, a branch of the Beni Koreish, and allied by blood and marriage with the line of the prophet Mohammed. The Shehab emirs had ruled Hauran ever since the taking of Damascus by their ancestor, Khalid, surnamed the "Sword of God." In the twelfth century Sultan Nouredin gave them the petty principality of Hasbeiya and Rasheiya at the foot of Mount Hermon.

<sup>1</sup> It is not correct to say "the Hauran," the Arabic form of Auranitis. In Ezekiel 47 : 16, there is no definite article. It is simply Hauran.





#### THE TOWN OF ZAHLEH

Famous for its fruits and "cold flowing waters,"—Jer. 18: 14. The largest town in the Lebanon, hidden in the mountains; has a Christian population of 15,000. From here tourists begin the ascent of Mount Sennin, 8,560 feet above sea level.

They long remained firm friends of the Druses and placed the feudal system of the Druse begs on a firm basis.<sup>1</sup>

But, in 1756, two of the Shehab emirs were converted to Christianity and became Maronites, and several others followed their example. This fact increased the ambition of the Maronite patriarch to crush the Druses and bring all Lebanon under his sway. The ruler of all Syria including Lebanon, at this time, was the infamous and cruel tyrant Jezzar Pasha of Acre, whose pastime was burning out the eyes, mutilating and impaling men obnoxious to him and his minions. Nofel Effendi Nofel, one of the most learned and excellent men of modern Syria, told me, in 1865, that his grandfather was publicly impaled by Jezzar, a sharp stake being driven through his body from below and out of his mouth, and he was left to die of this horrible torture.

He was the Nero of modern Syria, and degraded and corrupted the people by extinguishing all self-respect, and dividing them into hostile factions, each anxious by fawning and cringing to gain his favour. Colonel Churchill says that he inaugurated that unscrupulous policy, which continued to 1860, of keeping the Lebanon in a constant state of weakness and paralysis.

Up to the time of Jezzar Pasha in Acre, and the Emir Beshir Shehab in Lebanon, there had been no "fanning of religious animosities" in Lebanon. Druses and Christians lived together in perfect harmony. During the wars of the feudal chiefs, Druse and Christian together fought promiscuously on *rival sides*. The Emir Beshir Shehab who ruled from 1789 to 1840, although a Maronite, never thought of rallying the Maronites in a crusade against the Druses. He felt that the Druses were the most important element of his power, and never in all his wars called for aid from the Maronites. The Christian sects, Maronite and Greek, now prospered and increased in wealth and security, in striking contrast to the condition of their coreligionists in the great towns and on the plains, who were under direct Turkish rule. The city Christians were allowed to live as they paid the tribute. If suspected of having money they were forthwith

<sup>1</sup>See Churchill's "Druses and Maronites," p. 20.

robbed. A Christian was not permitted to ride even a donkey. He must dress only in black. He could not have his seal engraved in Arabic, that language being too noble for his usage; his name was engraved in Hebrew or Greek. If his house was noticed as higher than that of his Mohammedan neighbour it was pulled down. His corpse might not be carried before the door of a mosque. The Christians sought relief by bribing prominent and influential Mohammedans to befriend them.

In 1831 Syria passed under the dominion of Mohammed Ali, viceroy of Egypt, and his son Ibrahim Pasha, and he enforced the equality of all sects before the law. The Moslem aghas, effendis and kadis conspired to nullify his liberal laws and after the battle of Nezib in which Ibrahim Pasha destroyed the Turkish army, he executed some scores of these fanatical Moslem agitators. Christians were admitted into the local councils and allowed liberty of dress, person and property. Commerce increased and the country prospered.

But in the summer of 1840, the allied fleets of England, Austria and Turkey bombarded the Syrian seaports and drove Ibrahim Pasha back to Egypt. As he had enforced a military conscription on all sects, the Maronites refused to yield and consequently they welcomed the fleets. In six months Syria was restored to the Turks, and everything went back to its old condition of oppression, extortion, and misrule. The Emir Beshir Shehab surrendered and was banished to Malta. The Emir Beshir Kasim Shehab succeeded him as governor of Lebanon and soon alienated all the Druse sheikhs by his haughty and arrogant treatment and his threats to put them under the iron rule of the Maronite patriarch. This patriarch now issued an Irlam or circular, virtually abolishing the ancient and feudal rights of the Druses. Colonel Hugh Rose, British commissioner, in a despatch at this time states that "the Maronite clergy show a determination to uphold their supremacy in the mountains at the risk of a civil war." At the same time the Druses were ordered by the Emir Beshir at the instigation of the patriarch, to close the Protestant schools which had been opened in their villages. The bishop of

Beirut boasted that ere long the Maronites would drive the Druses out of the country. Under the old emir, religious toleration had been sternly prohibited, and as we have seen in the sketches of King, Bird and Goodell, the early efforts of Protestant missionaries were promptly crushed. Any one who was known to hold intercourse of any kind with Englishmen or Americans was immediately put under the ban of excommunication. The idea was sedulously impressed on the minds of Maronites and Greeks, that the English were free masons and infidels, and as such, outcasts from the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. On the arrival of the British fleet off the coast in 1840, a decree was issued throughout the mountain that whoever went down to look on the ships should have his eyes put out. But the presence of the English army and imperial commissioner, on Syrian soil, broke the spell. The Druses everywhere welcomed the English, asked for schools and wanted to be taught, enlightened, civilized. This increased the bitter hatred and animosity of the patriarch and his priests and monks against the Druses, and their efforts, to stir up discord and strife in the mixed districts south of the Damascus Road.

On September 14, 1841, an affray took place at Deir el Komr, arising out of the shooting by a Maronite of a partridge on a shooting preserve of the Druse chief, Nasif Beg Abu Nakad. The Druses lost thirty-two killed and wounded and the Maronites thirteen, and a Druse army was suddenly mustered and surrounded Deir el Komr, and only the prompt interference of Colonel Rose, H. B. M. Consul-General, who happened to be in the town, prevented a general war. The Druses now prepared for war in self-defense, and the Maronite patriarch announced that he and his clergy was ready to head the Maronites and exterminate the Druses. The Druses also entered into a compact with the Turks and were guided by their secret instructions. On October 18, the Druse army of the Jumblatts, the Abu Nakads and the Amads, again attacked Deir el Komr and kept up the fight three days, burning houses, and the Abu Nakads burned the neighbouring Maronite villages, slaughtering the inhabitants.

On the 16th, Colonel Rose, with Ayûb Pasha arrived from Beirut, just in time to save the male population from a ruthless massacre. Colonel Churchill says, "When Druse vengeance is once aroused, it is remorseless. They imbrue their hands in blood with a savage joy that is incredible. Yet as a general principle, they never touch women."

The war now became general throughout Lebanon, the Greek Christians joining the Druses in attacking the Maronites. In less than ten days the Druses had completely subdued the Maronites residing among them, sacking and burning their villages and convents, and, but for the moderation and intense activity of Naaman Beg Jumblatt, the war would have been carried into Northern Lebanon. "The Maronite patriarch, bewildered by the sweeping successes of those he thought to exterminate, shut himself up at first in a room in his convent, and finally negotiated for refuge on a British man-of-war."

On November 5th, Deir el Komr surrendered to the Druses, and the Emir Beshir Kasim rode out, deprived of his arms and his turban, in great chagrin, and as he approached Beirut, saw the villages of Baabda and Hadeth in flames, together with his own palace and those of the Shehab emirs, and he saw the Maronite fugitives being wounded, plundered even to the women, and stripped by the Turkish irregular cavalry, sent out to restore order. The Maronites declared that "they would sooner be plundered by the Druses than protected by the Turks."

The crushing of the Maronite power in Lebanon encouraged the Druses and certain Turkish officials to attack Zahleh and even exterminate the Christians of Damascus. But by the energy of H. B. M. Consul Wood in Damascus, the effort failed and the bloody wave was stayed. For two years Lebanon was in constant ferment, until January 1, 1843, the Porte invested the Emir Haider Abu Lama, a Maronite, as kaimakam for the Christians of Lebanon, and the Emir Ahmed Arslan as kaimakam for the Druses south of the Damascus Road. As a large body of Maronites lived in the Druse district they protested against being under Druse rule. The Greeks, however, were quite

content to have a Druse governor. The Maronite patriarch then declared that "all Lebanon must be under either Druse or Maronite rule, the blow must be struck, and he who strikes first will have two chances to one in his favour." This principle the Druses *acted* upon. Colonel Churchill says that large funds had been received by the Maronite patriarch from France and Austria to relieve the sufferers from the last civil war, and he used these funds for the promotion of a second.

In January, 1845, Saïd Beg Jumblatt summoned a grand meeting of all the Druse sheikhs at Mukhtara. Being the wealthiest chief of the Druses his influence was supreme. In April, the storm burst, in Deir el Komr, Jezzín and Abeih. In Abeih Dr. Thomson bore a flag of truce to the Druse leader who had besieged the Shehab emirs and the Maronites in the castle. Hostilities ceased and the timely arrival of Colonel Rose saved the lives of hundreds of Christians. A Turkish governor was placed in Deir el Komr and matters settled down to the usual quiet of alarms and rumours. The feudal chief, Beshir Beg Abu Nakad, driven out of his ancestral seat in Deir el Komr, vowed vengeance and bided his time.

Deir el Komr increased in wealth, in silk weaving and various industries, and its merchants built elegant stone houses paved with marble, while, as Colonel Churchill says, "their wives and daughters were apparelled in silks and satins, and blazed with jewelry, gold and pearls and diamonds. They boasted of having 2,000 warriors, who, if properly led, could have defended their town against any army the Druses could raise. Beshir Beg Abu Nakad wished to build a house on his land about a mile west of the town, but they refused him permission, and threatened to raze as fast as he would build. He desisted, but exclaimed, "Those dogs, I will yet lay the foundations of my house with their skulls!"

The town of Zahleh, the other Lebanon Christian stronghold on the east of Lebanon, and facing the great plain of the Bookaa, had risen rapidly to wealth, by its trade in sheep, wool, and in wheat from Hauran. Its population was about 12,000, boasting



3,000 warriors, horse and foot, and claiming that they protected the great plain of the Bookaa from the marauding raids of the Druses and Bedawin Arabs. They were Orthodox Greeks and Greek Catholics, and were in a kind of federal alliance with Deir el Komr for general protection against the Druses.

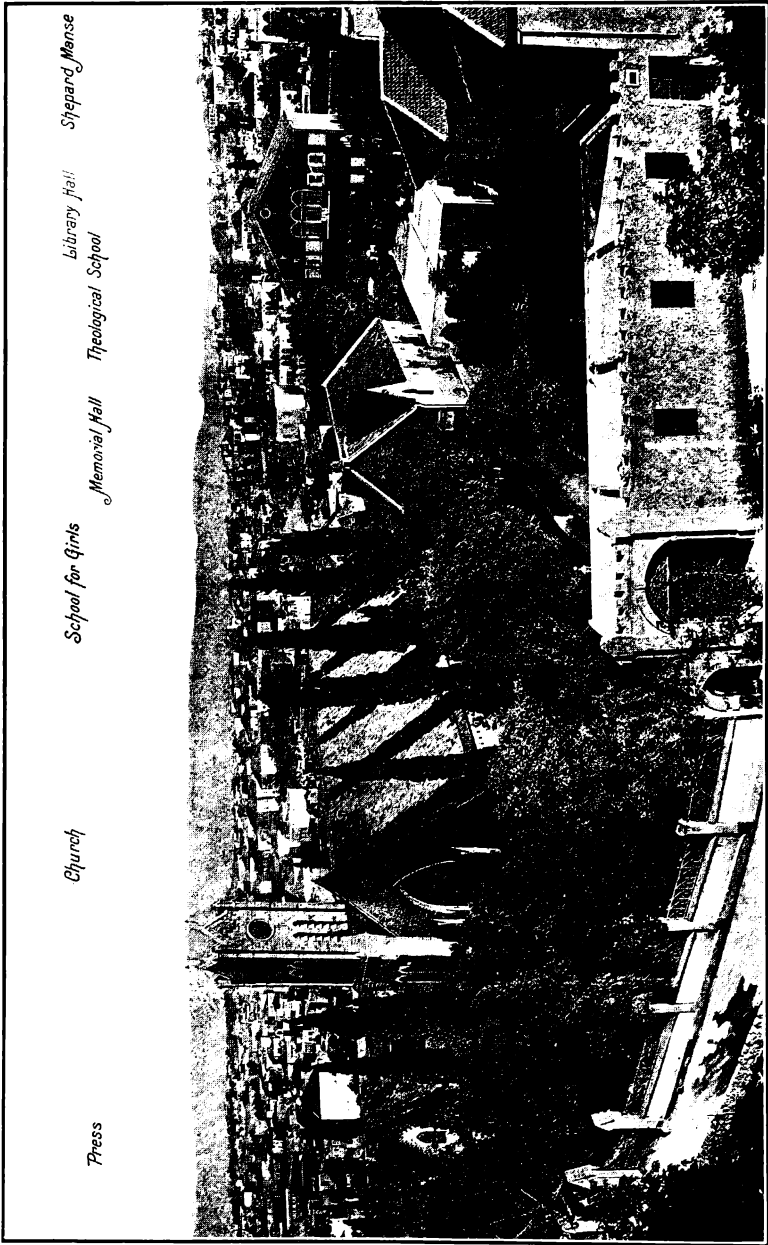
In the Anti-Lebanon, at the foot of Mount Hermon, was the large village of Hasbeiya, with a population of 6,000 Orthodox Greeks and scarcely 1,500 Druses. The Mohammedan Shehab emirs, worried and in constant conflict with the Druses, had a warm friendship for the Greeks and the few Protestants of the town. Long before this time Protestantism was well established in Hasbeiya, a church edifice built, and Rev. John Wortabet, M. D., was the faithful pastor. But the whole region around Hermon was insecure. Highway robbery and murder were constant. In Druse Lebanon, Colonel Churchill declares that "In ten years, upwards of eleven hundred murders were committed without an attempt at investigation or inquiry."

French intrigue was active, and as Churchill says, "In Northern Lebanon the Maronite kaimakam, the Maronite patriarch and the French consul-general formed a triumvirate, animated by two principles, submission of the civil to the ecclesiastical power, and exclusive devotion of both to France." France was at that time the "elder son of the Church," and all Catholic sects in Syria looked to France as their protector. It was even proclaimed that Lebanon would be occupied by a French army. The Greeks on the other hand looked to Russia, and the Druses to a great extent to England for protection.

I cannot enter into the part borne by Khurshid Pasha of Beirut in the events which culminated in the awful massacres of 1860. I would refer the reader to Colonel Churchill's book, "The Maronites and the Druses," for his views of the political situation and the treachery of that infamous character.

But in 1859 we saw clearly that a crisis was at hand. Arms and ammunition were being imported freely by both parties without objection from the custom-house officials. Dr. Thomson said to me that the then existing dual government of Lebanon





*Church*

*School for Girls*

*Memorial Hall*

*Library Hall*

*Shepard Mense*

*Press*

*Theological School*

AMERICAN MISSION, BEIRUT, SYRIA

could not last. A murderer in the north would find a refuge in the south, and a murderer in the Druse region had only to cross the Damascus Road and he was safe from arrest. The mountain thronged with untried and unhung murderers. The blood of their victims cried to God for vengeance.

The Maronite Bishop Tobiya of Beirut organized a Maronite Young Men's League, for the extermination of the Druses. His chief lieutenant was one Aiub Beg Trabulsy, who once presented blooded Arab mares to Secretary William H. Seward. In Damascus itself, the new liberties granted to the Christian sects, their growth in wealth, the appointment of their prominent men to foreign consular offices, with armed kavasses before whom haughty Moslem effendis must stand aside and give way, and the inroads made on the pride and exclusiveness of Damascene Mohammedans, whose city was the third of the holy cities, ranking after Mecca and Jerusalem; all these and other causes had kindled fires of fanatical hatred and preparations were made for the destruction of their Christian vassals and the restoration of the ancient glory of Islam. So holy was this city, and so strong the feeling of its divine rights, that up to that time the Ottoman government had exempted its population from the military conscription.

Colonel Churchill lays great stress upon the point that the then existing dual kaimakamate in Lebanon was utterly distasteful to the Turkish government, and that "their object was to show (to the European Powers) that no government but their own could possibly succeed in Lebanon."

In 1859 I was living in Tripoli, a seacoast city fifty miles north of Beirut. It is a Moslem city whose aristocratic families and Ulema look with disdain on the small population of Greeks and Maronites dwelling among them. But, as is generally the case, where the Christians are in a small minority, there had never been any attack by the Moslems on the Christians, but the chief reason was probably the existence of a powerful Maronite population in Lebanon, near by on the east, who often, out of mere bravado, threatened to attack the Moslems

of Tripoli should they injure their Maronite and Greek fellow citizens.

But in Southern Lebanon matters had become critical. On the 30th of August, 1859, a quarrel between a Druse and a Christian boy about a chicken led to a bloody affray, in the village of Beit Mirri, nine miles east of Beirut on a high mountain range 2,500 feet above the sea. Both Druses and Maronites were reinforced and the battle raged a whole day in which the Druses lost in killed twenty-eight more than the Christians. The Druses, chafing under their defeat, began to prepare for civil war. All through the fall and winter, both sides hastened their preparations. The government of Beirut could have stopped these movements at any moment, and prohibited the importation of arms and ammunition. But for some reason they did not interfere.

On the 26th of March, 1860, I left my home in Tripoli with my wife, to attend the annual meeting of the mission in Beirut, expecting then to spend the spring and summer in Abeih, in Southern Lebanon, preparing an Arabic atlas and assisting Mr. Calhoun in the boys' seminary. The mission meeting was interesting and yet saddening. The Civil War in America had crippled the resources of the Board, and we were obliged to retrench, disbanding schools and reducing work in the press. We had the counsel of Mr. William A. Booth of New York, and Mr. Alpheus Hardy of Boston, who were in Beirut, having just completed the tour of Palestine, and while the general outlook was encouraging, all felt that a cloud of ominous portent hung over the land. Some of the American tourists, coming from Damascus early in April, found the Metawileh attacking the Christian villages southeast of Baalbec. Threatening rumours came from all parts of Lebanon, but it was felt that there would be no general outbreak until after the gathering of the silk crop and sale of the cocoons, as all parties depend on the silk crop for their livelihood. Mr. Calhoun, therefore, left April 5th for Aintab to visit that wonderful mission station, and returned May 22d. Mr. and Mrs. Bird of Deir el Komr, with Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, left on the same steamer for a visit to Tripoli, returning April 20th. On the 8th of May we

removed to Abeih and enjoyed the cheery hospitality of Mrs. Calhoun, whose bright disposition was like sunshine in the gloom of apprehension which filled all minds. The air was thick with news of outrage and murder: two Christians killed at Owaly bridge near Sidon, four Druses killed at Medairij on the Damascus Road, three Christians at Jisr el Kadi bridge; two Moslems at Juneh north of Dog River near Beirut; muleteers carrying flour to Deir el Komr stopped by the Druses, the highroad everywhere dangerous. The Druse leader, Saïd Beg Jumblatt, held constant councils, and his adherents poured in from all quarters.

I was busy with my work, conducting Arabic prayers in the seminary at 6 A. M., Arabic Bible study in Isaiah at 8, and then working on the Arabic atlas with Mr. Ibrahim Sarkis.

The Druse begs of Abeih, Kasim Beg Abu Nakad and his brothers, Saïd Beg and Selim Beg, were constant in their assurances that we need have no fear in Abeih, as they would guarantee that whatever might occur, this village would be protected, and they kept their word. Mr. Calhoun returned May 22d, finding great excitement in Beirut and all over the land. All confidence in the ruling authorities was lost. Dr. Thomson and the United States consul in Beirut sent up word urging us and Mr. Calhoun and family, and Mr. Bird and his family in Deir el Komr, to remove at once to Beirut. The consul sent up an armed kavass, together with Hamîyeh, a venerable Druse horseman from the Emir Ahmed Arslan at Shwifat, to remain with us and accompany us to Beirut. Mr. Bird replied that he could not come away and leave the Protestants in that field, as his presence was a protection to them. Mr. Calhoun declined to leave, and did not remove during the whole of that battle summer. The circumstances of my family made my duty more clear, as it was impossible to say when all communication between Beirut and Lebanon might be cut off. On the 23d we heard of ten murders in the Shûf district near Deir el Komr, and also the burning of the Maronite Convent of Ammeuk near Deir el Komr, and the murder of the superior in his bed.

The placid, undisturbed peace of the saintly Mr. Calhoun was a joy and an inspiration. He knew the Druses well, better probably than any foreigner, unless it were Colonel Churchill, who had lived among them twenty years, and written a history of their religion and their feudal families and the Lebanon. Every day the Druse begs called, and after giving Mr. Calhoun news of what was going on in other parts, renewed their assurances of perfect security in Abeih, where the bulk of the property belonged to the Druses, and the peasants were largely their tenants. Besides it was understood among the Druses that no American or Englishman was to be harmed. This was partly from shrewd policy, and partly because their only schools were those opened by the Americans.

The Protestants in Ain Zehalteh, nine miles east of Deir el Komr, were now in danger, not from their own Druse begs, but from the horde of wild Druses from Hauran east of the Jordan, who were now pouring into Lebanon in response to signals flashed by fires from Lebanon to Hermon and from Hermon to the regions beyond.

Mr. Ford came up from Sidon May 24th, and accompanied Mr. Calhoun to Suk el Gharb, to consult with Mr. Bliss with regard to the closing of the Suk Girls' Boarding-School, as the teachers were in a panic, and the parents were anxious to have their daughters sent home. That day three Druses were killed on the plain near Beirut.

A Maronite champion now appeared on the scene, Tannoos Shahin el Beitar, who had led the rebellion of the Kesrawan peasants against their feudal sheikhs of Beit el Khazin, with the aid of the Maronite patriarch.

On Saturday the 26th, we made an American flag to hoist over the mission premises as a protection in case the hordes from Hauran should invade this district, for we had no fear from the Lebanon Druses. The whole population were in a state of apprehension. Bodies of armed Druses, horse and foot, marched from village to village, singing their weird song, "Ma hala, Ma hala, kotl en Nasara!" "How sweet, how sweet, to kill the

Christians." Early on Sunday, May 27th, the Protestants of the village all came to Mr. Calhoun to get advice. Shall we stay or go down to Beirut? Mr. Birbari, teacher in the seminary, was much exercised, as his relatives were in Hadeth on the plain which was threatened by the Druses. Mr. Calhoun reassured him, and said that as soon as he thought it unsafe for them to stay he would give them word. Kasim Beg Abu Nakad came in and reassured them that nothing should happen in Abeih. At ten o'clock we went down to the little church under Mr. Calhoun's house. That church was an old tank or reservoir belonging to the Im Hassein house which was burned in 1845, and repaired and occupied by Mr. Calhoun. It was my turn to preach. I looked down on a company of anxious faces. I had begun the service and was reading the first verse of "My faith looks up to Thee," "Araka bil eeman," when the report of a gun near by, followed by a scream, startled the congregation. Just then a man ran by the church door shouting, "Abu Shehedan is killed. Rise and run for your lives!" That church was emptied in a moment. It had been agreed beforehand among the Protestants, Greeks and Maronites, that if any Christian was killed in Abeih they would all run en masse down the steep mountain descent of six miles to Moallakah, a large Maronite village on the seashore and thence twelve miles to Beirut. So no time was needed for consultation.

The entire male Christian population fled, over walls, terraces, vineyards and through pine groves and the rocky slope, avoiding the roads. A few fell by the way, waylaid by the Druses, but the great majority reached Moallakah in safety and some went on to Beirut. Kasim Beg came at once with the Druse sheikhs and explained the matter to Mr. Calhoun and myself. He said that in the civil war of 1845, Abu Shehedan killed a Druse of Binnai, a small Druse village one mile over the ridge from Abeih, and the family had been watching for fifteen years an opportunity for revenge, and this morning a small body of them crept in and surprised him and shot him. He said he regretted it deeply and had driven the men away, and would guarantee that there should be



no more shooting in Abeih. But his new assurances came too late. Not a Christian man or boy over ten years was left in the village. As the Druses never touch women in their wars, the Christian women and girls all remained. And now began a procession of Maronite, Greek and Protestant women to the house of Mr. Calhoun. It was a little house of five small rooms below and two up-stairs, one of which, a low, vaulted room, part of an ancient castle ruined long ago, formed Mr. Calhoun's study. From the windows you could look down on the lower spurs of Lebanon and beyond them, fifteen miles away, in plain sight, on the Cape, the city of Beirut. Every one of these women brought a bundle of valuables to deposit for safe-keeping with Mrs. Calhoun. There was gold and silver money, jewelry, precious stones, bridal dresses embroidered with gold thread, and even rugs. These things had no labels, were unsealed, and the women did not ask for receipts, so absolute was their confidence in these good missionaries. Mrs. Calhoun's closets were soon full and piles of bundles lay on the floors. Four months later, September 25th, when a detachment of the French army, which had landed in Beirut August 16th, moved in two columns into Lebanon, the Druses fell into a panic and stampeded to Hauran, leaving their women and children behind, and then the Druse women in town brought *their* jewelry and treasures and threw them at Mrs. Calhoun's feet, so that these missionaries, who had been years before cursed and excommunicated by the Maronite patriarch, bishops and priests, as "incarnate devils," now held in trust without a receipt all the wealth of both Christians and Druses.<sup>1</sup>

That Sunday was a weary and dismal day. All to the north we could see the smoke of burning villages, and just below

<sup>1</sup>This confidence of the people in the missionaries continues to this day, and the Syrian emigrants of all sects, in the United States, Brazil and Australia, often send back their savings to their families in sterling drafts on London payable to the order of the American missionaries. Mr. W. K. Eddy in one year received thousands of pounds in this way, and he deposited the money and paid it out through his own checks.

Abeih a Maronite village was burned. Scores of frightened women and children filled the open court of Mr. Calhoun's house, crowded on the pavement, making it difficult for Mrs. Jessup and myself to reach the rickety wooden staircase leading up to our room. That room had a second door opening upon the terrace above towards the boys' seminary, but we felt so little concern about Mr. Calhoun's house that we did not look to see whether that upper door was locked. We soon had occasion to regret the oversight.

Monday, May 28th, we had finished the sheets of the Arabic atlas. Messrs. Appleton in New York had prepared the maps in outline, putting in the rivers, mountains, etc., and we had written in the names in Arabic in India ink. These sheets were placed in a tin case and shipped, June 30th, on the bark *Speedwell* to the United States, and there the artists photographed them upon stone and printed an edition, the first correct atlas in the Arabic language. Kasim Beg sent to Moallakah and tried to induce the refugees to return and attend to their crops, but in vain. Mr. Bird sent a boy messenger from Deir el Komr saying that the water-supply was cut off, and the people in great straits for food, as the Druses had stopped all traffic on the roads. That evening Rev. J. A. Ford, Mr. P. Carabet and three guards arrived from Beirut with orders from the consul that we remove to Beirut.

On the 27th of May, 3,000 men of Zahleh advanced to attack the Druses of the Arkoob, near Aindara. On the Damascus Road they were encountered by 600 Druses led by their sheikhs and after fighting all day, the Christians were defeated and fled. The Druses then entered the Metn at Modairij, and burned down some Christian villages. Indeed during the month of the war, some sixty villages in that district were entirely destroyed. The Christians lacked leaders and discipline. Every priest, monk and sheikh wanted to lead and give orders, and the result was utter confusion and defeat. They were brave enough, but had no good leaders. The Druses on the contrary had perfect discipline, skillful and daring leaders and all moved as one man.

Khurshid Pasha of Beirut had stationed a regiment of Turkish

troops at Hazimiyeh, three miles from Beirut at the foot of Lebanon, on the road running from Northern to Southern Lebanon. Tannoos el Beitar, hearing that the large Maronite villages of Baabda and Hadeth near Beirut, home of the Shehab emirs, were in danger, sent 300 men to protect them. The pasha allowed the force to go to Baabda, but the next day, May 29th, sent word to the emirs to send back the reinforcements, as he would protect them. They obeyed, but immediately the mass of the male inhabitants fled to Beirut, having lost all faith in his assurances of protection. On the morning of May 30th, the Druses from our part of Lebanon descended on Baabda and Hadeth, compelling their Greek and Protestant tenants to go with them and help in burning those two fine villages. We saw the column of black smoke ascending all that day, and the Druse begs came in and told us what had been done.

At 9 P. M. we went up-stairs. I closed the door at the head of the stairs and lighted the candle on the bureau. Just then Mrs. Jessup, who was hardly able to bear a sudden shock, called out "Listen!" and hurried into the vaulted study which was in darkness. I turned and saw the bedstead shaking violently, and just then out crawled a burly fellow, who rushed to me trying to kiss my feet and begging to be allowed to stay under my protection. I had never seen him before, and ordered him to leave. I never carry weapons and was glad I had none at that time, or he might have followed Abu Shehedan. He refused to go. I threw open the door at the head of the stairs and pushed him towards it, and planting my foot in the middle of his back, sent him headlong down the stairs. He fell into the crowd of women who were gathered there and were allowed to sleep there, and they broke into terrified screams. Then there came a clamour of voices and a loud laugh. "Why," said they, "it's old Shaheen. He was afraid of the Druses and crept in through the upper door and under the bed, expecting you to protect him!" He was allowed to stay near the house all night, but the nervous shock was not soon forgotten. All that night, the drear sound of the Druse war-song echoed over the mountains and would startle us

from sleep. On this day, May 29th, the Druse begs came and begged Mr. Calhoun to write the European consuls, and secure their influence to stop the war. Mr. Calhoun was anxious to go to Deir el Komr to see Mr. Bird and confer about his removal to Abeih, but the Druse begs advised him not to go, owing to the marauding parties on the roads and passes. We could hear firing to the north and east and south and the air was lurid with smoke. Here were the subjects of the Porte killing one another and destroying the mountain villages, and yet the pasha's troops outside of Beirut looked on, doing nothing, but occasionally aiding the Druse bands in killing Lebanon refugees on the highways leading to Beirut. Khurshid Pasha was afterwards brought to trial and, at least temporarily, disgraced. After burning Hadeth and Baabda, the property destroyed in Central Lebanon was immense. The silk crop comprising tons of cocoons had been carried off or burned. The Druses hurried on with mules, donkeys and camels to remove their plunder, and "hundreds of Maronites with their families flying from the Druse mountains and coming north to Beirut by the seashore were suddenly intercepted by the Druses and Turkish irregulars and cut to pieces, the latter sparing neither woman nor child."<sup>1</sup> The gardens around Beirut now became hourly thronged with masses of unhappy fugitives, lying about under the trees in all directions, some bleeding, some naked, all in the last stage of destitution.

The Europeans in Beirut now bestirred themselves to aid the sufferers, and subscriptions were appealed for to America and England. We could hear the Druses on all sides rejoicing over their victories. Kasim Beg sent down to Moallakah-by-the-Sea, and begged the Abeih Christians to return, but they refused, and soon all reached Beirut and crowded our mission premises. On the morning of the 30th of May, Mr. Hurter, our good mission printer, arrived in Abeih, bringing muleteers and a "Takht-el-Erwam," or palanquin, to convey Mrs. Jessup to Beirut. So, on the 31st of May, we set out for Beirut, over that rough, rocky, tortuous road, the muleteers steadying the takht to keep it from

<sup>1</sup> Churchill, p. 146.

capsizing in the narrow zigzags of the road. We were frequently passed by armed bodies of Druses hastening north to the Metn district, the men carrying guns, swords and ammunition and the women bread and water. These Druses saluted us with profuse salutations and we had no fear whatever of being molested. Our course lay along the shelf or terrace of Lebanon, keeping at about the height of 2,500 feet above the sea, passing Ainab and Shemlan, and thence to Suk el Gharb, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss, and the site of our girls' boarding-school. We found the village in great excitement. They were all Orthodox Greeks and Protestants, and were in favour with the Druses, and donning white turbans for their own protection, had been forced to help in the burning of Baabda and Hadeth. Their white turbans had saved them from being killed by Turkish irregulars, who hung around the villages during the pillage and burning. Our nine horsemen, including the three armed guards, and the attendants, made a heavy draught on the hospitality of Mrs. Bliss, especially as it was now well-nigh impossible to get provisions from Beirut, and no flour could get through from Damascus. Mr. Bliss and I walked over to the neighbouring house to see the famous Colonel Churchill, the English officer of engineers, who stood on his flat roof watching with his field-glass the burning villages of the Metn. This remarkable man of the Marlborough family came to Syria at the time of the bombardment in 1841, remained as British agent, and, liking the climate, settled at B'Howwara in a Lebanon valley, married a Syrian lady and spent nineteen years in studying the history of Lebanon and especially the religion and history of the Druses, and published two octavo volumes which are reliable and deeply interesting. He was allied by his second marriage with the Maronite Shehabs and yet was the confidential adviser and military counsellor of the Druse begs and sheikhs. Regarding this war as begun by the Maronite patriarch and bishops, who openly announced their plan for exterminating the Druses, and anticipating that, after a short season of village burning and plunder as had been usual in previous civil wars, peace would be restored, he threw his whole influence on the side

of the Druses, and actually planned the "Bethel and Ai" campaign against Zahleh. But, in justice to him, it should be said that as soon as the Druses, with the aid of Turkish military officers of the Nizam, or regular army, began to disarm the Christians and then massacre them like sheep, he turned against them, wrote to them and spoke to them denouncing them as wild beasts and fiends. His book on "The Druses and Maronites" is the only correct published account of the struggle of 1860 and its political causes and results.

At 2 P. M. we resumed our march to Beirut, taking Miss Temple and the teachers, with nine girls of the boarding-school and a crowd of refugees. The descent over rocks and ledges on the old mule track was a perilous one for the takht, with one mule ahead and the other behind, but we at length reached the plain at Kefr Shima, and in five hours and a half reached Beirut, not having seen a living creature on this road generally thronged, excepting one black slave looking for plunder in the smoking ruins of Hadeth and an ownerless, hungry dog. All the way down we could see the columns of smoke in Lebanon, showing that some twenty-five villages were in flames. We saw the Turkish military camp whose sole object seemed to be to restrain the Maronites and give the Druses a free hand.

We found Beirut in a ferment, the Moslems morose and insolent, threatening trouble, and the Christian refugees, terror-stricken, hungry and shelterless, fearing for their lives and not knowing whom to trust. Their ecclesiastics had urged them to begin the war, and now were powerless to aid them. We found it necessary to open relief measures at once. Two hundred and fifty refugees were sleeping in the room now occupied by the steam printing machines of the American Press. We had daily religious services and the crowds of fellahin sleeping on our premises would venture in and hear words of heavenly comfort. The new translation of the New Testament had just been published, and it was ready for hundreds, and later on for thousands, who had heretofore been taught by their priests that Protestants were the enemies of God and man.

Our missionaries were now at their stations : Dr. Thomson and Mr. Hurter in Beirut. Dr. and Mrs. Van Dyck had just gone to Europe on furlough on account of his impaired health ; Messrs. J. A. Ford and W. W. Eddy were in Sidon ; Mr. Bird in Deir el Komr ; Mr. Calhoun in Abeih ; Mr. Benton in Bhamdoun, Mr. Wilson in Hums and Mr. Lyons in Tripoli. I occupied the house of Dr. Van Dyck in Beirut.

Letters from all the stations agreed in the existence of a reign of panic and terror among the Christian population everywhere. The American and Irish United Presbyterian missionaries in Damascus wrote of constant threats by Moslems of a general massacre of all Christians and foreigners. It was even said by Druses, Moslems, Metawileh and Arabs, that orders to that effect had come from Constantinople. About this time Mr. Wilson, with his Syrian helper, Mr. SulleebaJerawan, set out from Hums to Tripoli to get information as to the state of things and consult with Mr. Lyons as to duty. On reaching the bridge of the Orontes, three miles from Hums, they were suddenly surrounded by a party of Bedawin Arabs, who ordered them to dismount. Mr. Wilson spoke to his companion in English, telling him to say nothing, but listen to what the Arabs would say. One said, " Let us kill them. Our lord, the Sultan, has ordered us to kill every ' ghawir ' (infidel) native or foreign. We can throw their bodies into the Aasy (Orontes), and take their clothing and horses as booty." Another objected, " We cannot do this without orders from the sheikh. Let us take them to the sheikh and do *his* bidding." This counsel prevailed, and to the sheikh's tent they went. A little after, the sheikh arrived, and Mr. Wilson told him the story, and asked why his men had arrested them on the public highway. The sheikh replied, " Khowaja, it is a time of peril. No road is safe now. Why did you set out for Tripoli through that always dangerous region without a guard from the governor of Hums ? I will escort you back to Hums, to the governor, and there my responsibility ceases. Be sure not to go again without a guard." They went to Hums, obtained a guard, and made the journey to Tripoli and back safely. But ere long Mr. Wilson was persuaded

to remove his family and go with Mr. Lyons and his family to the seaside village of Enfeh, nine miles south of Tripoli, where they were in a Christian Greek population, and had a quiet summer.

Saïd Beg Jumblatt had by this time assumed the command of the Druse forces of Lebanon, and hearing, through an intercepted letter from the Maronite bishops to the people of Zahleh and Deir el Komr, that the Maronites boasted of "an army 50,000 strong," whereas the Druses could only muster 12,000, and that this was "a war of religion," resolved on "war to the knife."

On June 1st, 4,000 Druses suddenly attacked Deir el Komr. The Jumblatts, Abu Nakads, Amads and Hamadis poured down upon the town. Only half of the Christians joined in the defense. The other half had made secret submission to the Abu Nakads. Yet the battle lasted all day, the Druses losing 100 killed, as the Christians fired from their stone houses. June 2d, the town surrendered to the Druses, and the day following Tahir Pasha arrived from Beirut with 400 soldiers. After the surrender, the Druses burned 130 houses and then retired. The pasha remained a fortnight and although the people were suffering from famine and want of water, he assured them of their safety and said, "Resume your ordinary occupations. Fear nothing. Deir el Komr is as safe as Constantinople." June 18th he returned to Beirut.

Saïd Beg now attacked Jezzin. His brother, Selim Beg, led 2,000 Druses who suddenly pounced on the town. The people fled. Twelve hundred were cut down on the mountain. The women and children fled down towards Sidon, joined by hundreds of men pursued by Kasim Amadi, agent of Saïd Beg. As this body of 300 Christians approached the walls of Sidon, the gates were closed against them, and they were attacked by a horde of city Moslems and village Metawilehs, who slaughtered them all. The house of Dr. Eddy in Sidon was on the eastern wall, and from his window he saw Moslem acquaintances killing these unarmed fugitives and called on them to desist. But the bloody work went on. Young girls and women were carried off by their assailants who heeded not their screams for help.



Several Catholic monasteries and nunneries were invaded, robbed and burned, nuns being carried off, and in some instances suffered personal violence. "In the wealthy convent of Meshmouhy, thirty monks had their throats cut."<sup>1</sup> The plunder here was something fabulous,—in gold vases, cups, jewelled crosses sparkling with diamonds, besides whole heaps of money, the accumulated stores of a century. The whole was valued at £80,000. The buildings, after being stripped of furniture, doors and window-shutters, were burned.

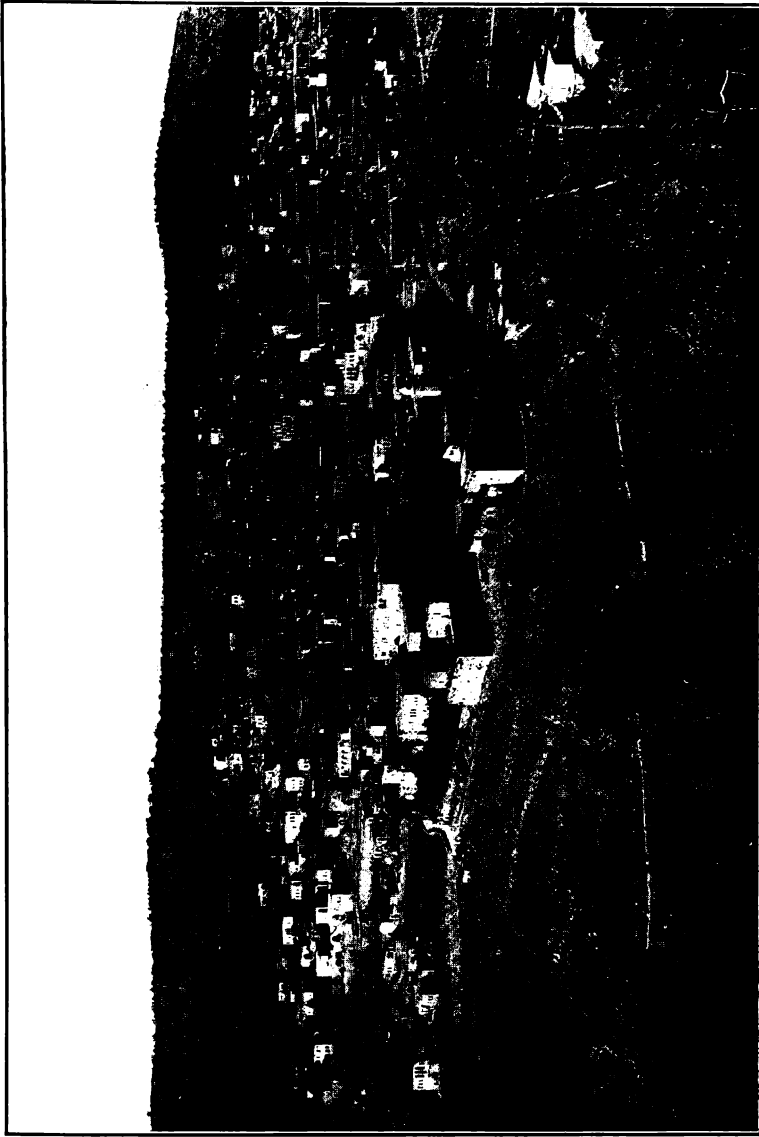
In Sidon itself the alarm had become appalling, and the lives of the Christian natives, Catholic and Protestant, as well as the two missionary families, were in imminent peril from the Moslems. But the opportune arrival of H. B. M. ship *Firefly*, Captain Mansell, June 3d, and the vigorous measures taken by that gallant officer, overawed the governor and the populace, and restored confidence to the people.

The Druses now turned their attention to Hasbeiya. Sixteen years before, in 1844, thirty armed horsemen from Zahleh had come to Hasbeiya and driven out eighty Protestants who would not give up the right to read the Word of God. The Greek bishop of Hasbeiya was in league with the pugnacious Zahleh "defenders of the faith." But now, alas, both towns were to fall victims to Druse ferocity.

There were in Hasbeiya two characters whose names have gone down to everlasting infamy, Osman Beg, the Turkish colonel, and the Sitt Naaify, sister of Saïd Beg Jumblatt. Osman as a soldier may have thought he was obeying orders, but his summary execution in August for treachery, by Fuad Pasha, would indicate that his conduct in Hasbeiya was the result of his own fanatical hatred of Christians. Sitt Naaify was a woman of great intellectual power, sternness and duplicity, yet none could surpass her in apparent courtesy and hospitality. These two were in constant conference, she in her palace above the town and he in the seraia in the midst of the town.

On Sunday, June 3d, the Druse forces surrounded Hasbeiya.

<sup>1</sup> Churchill, p. 157.



HASBEIYEA

The Seraia, in the foreground, was the scene of the massacre in 1860.



The Christians demanded protection from Osman Beg. He told them to go out and defend themselves. They went out and fought all day and then returned en masse and took refuge in the spacious seraia. Then Osman asked the Sitt Naaify her wishes. She replied unconditional surrender and the delivering up of their arms. Osman gave them a written guarantee, pledging the faith of the government for their personal safety. The next morning she came down and witnessed the stacking of their arms. The best were selected by the Druses and the Turks and the rest, eight hundred stand, were packed on mules ostensibly to be taken to Damascus, but actually divided among the Druses.

The unfortunate Christians in the seraia were now enduring the double misery of imprisonment and starvation. Water was hardly to be got. Bread was scarce and at exorbitant prices. The men lived chiefly on bran, dried beans and vine leaves, and gradually they lost strength, hope and courage. The women in despair tore off their ornaments and gave them to the Turkish soldiers, to move them to pity. They appealed with frantic grief to Sitt Naaify to release their husbands and fathers. She selected a few who were tenants of her son-in-law, Selim Beg, and also asked the Protestants to accept the protection of her house. A few consented, but the rest said, "No, Osman Beg has promised to protect us and why should we go to you?" Colonel Churchill insists that she protected the men in her house in order that, when the day of reckoning came, she might prove her clemency and favour to the Christians. I notice in Black's life of the Marquess of Dufferin, he claims that the Sitt Naaify was a noble woman, "a bright exception to the above record of barbarity, that she took on herself to shelter within her house four hundred Christian fugitives, and when their would-be murderers, panting for more blood, demanded of her to give up the dogs of Christians, she replied, 'Enter if you dare, and take them.' The poor refugees by command of their patroness were carefully escorted to Mukhtara, thence to Sidon, and thence brought off by a British man-of-war to Beirut." Colonel Churchill, who was in

constant communication with the Druses, gives an entirely different account, as we shall see.

Word of the condition of Hasbeiya reached Damascus, and the Christian bishops and European consuls demanded of Ahmed Pasha the governor that he send immediate relief to Hasbeiya. So he ordered a Druse sheikh, Kenj el Amad, who had been for a fortnight laying waste the Bookaa with fire and sword, burning Christian villages and slaying every Christian he could overtake, to proceed with 150 horsemen to bring all the Christians of Hasbeiya and Rasheiya to Damascus! Stopping at Karaoon he took sixty Christians with him, and being joined on the way by Ali Beg Hamady, the lieutenant of Saïd Beg Jumblatt, they entered Hasbeiya together on June 10th. The fugitives were thrust into the seraias and the order of Ahmed Pasha was read. The Christians were overjoyed, and cried, "Long live the Sultan!" Kenj and Ali Beg then went to Sitt Naaify to receive orders. Colonel Churchill says, "All depended upon Sitt Naaify. Whatever was to be said must be said quickly. Ali Hamady had to make a last, perhaps a presumptuous appeal, and he made it. Saïd Beg was inflexible, but a woman's heart might yet relent. 'Are the Christians all to be massacred?' said he, earnestly looking in her face. 'Think of their families, the widows and the orphan babes, and take compassion. Spare those fine young men. Execute the leaders, the most turbulent, the most obnoxious. Come down and see *them* executed if you will, but spare, oh, spare the rest!' 'Impossible,' she exclaimed, 'impossible; my brother's orders are peremptory and explicit,' holding a letter from him in her hands. 'Not a Christian is to be left alive from seven to seventy years.' Not another word was uttered. The Druses now thronged to the seraias. Colonel Osman Beg ordered the trumpets to sound. The soldiers stood to their arms. The seraias are three stories high, surrounding an open court in the middle with spacious chambers and lofty corridors. The soldiers now drove the Christians down into the central court, beating and stabbing them and tearing off their clothes. The gates were then thrown open and the Druses rushed in with a loud yell. The soldiers were ordered to go out,

and then the butchery began, the Druses first firing and then springing on the unarmed Christians with yataghans, swords and hatchets. Yusef Raies, who had paid two hundred pounds to Osman Beg for protection, was the first victim. Then the Moslem Shehab emir, Saad ed Deen, was decapitated, and his head sent as a trophy to Saïd Beg. He had befriended the Christians. Thirty other Shehab emirs were also killed. Then the Protestant elder, Abu Monsur Barakat, who had been stoned and persecuted by many of these Greek neighbours around him, seeing the impending fate of all, stood up and prayed for them all and for the fiendish Druse butchers, and as he prayed he was cut down by a battle-axe. And as he said, 'In Thy name, Lord Jesus,' his murderer responded, 'Call upon your Jesus and see whether He can help you now! Don't you know God is a Druse?' "

Nine Protestants were killed in the seraia: of the remainder, some took refuge at Sitt Naaify's, who saved them, it is believed, in order to prove to the English her own innocence, and some fled through the mountains to Tyre.

Colonel Churchill says that in the evening Sitt Naaify went to the seraia, and "for a long time feasted her eyes on the ghastly sight." Eight hundred mangled corpses lay piled on each other before her. "Well done, my good and faithful Druses," she exclaimed; "this is just what I expected from you."

Osman Beg then gathered the women and children and took them to Damascus, where on the 9th of July they went through another massacre.

We in Beirut received constant news from Hasbeiya, and all the surrounding region, of burning, pillage, and universal ruin. Thousands fled by night to Tyre and there awaited transport to Beirut. Mr. Eddy and Mr. Bliss now went to the British Consul-General Moore and asked for one of his armed kavasses to go as their escort, and they would go to Hasbeiya and try to save the imprisoned Christians. The consul-general, acting with the pro-Turkish policy of Palmerston of absolute non-interference, declined, saying that he "could not interfere in the domestic affairs of the Turkish Empire." As no one could go without such

an escort, and the Druses would respect none but a British guard, the journey was reluctantly abandoned. Then came the dreadful news, on Thursday, June 14th, that on Sunday, June 10th, 800 Christians were massacred in Hasbeiya. Every Christian house was burned, as was the Protestant Church. The Druses carried off the bell and the furniture before firing the roof.

On Friday a crowd of refugees arrived by sea from Tyre and came to my house. Among them was a Hasbeiya Protestant, Jebran Haslob. His clothes and hair were matted with blood. In the seraia he had covered himself with dead bodies, lay in a pool of blood until 2 A. M., when he crept to a window, let himself down to the ground and ran all night to the west, and by hiding in the daytime and travelling at night, he reached Tyre exhausted. There he got food and was sent on board a ship coming to Beirut. His accounts were heartrending.<sup>1</sup>

Just before the Hasbeiya massacre, Mr. Bliss had volunteered to take a mule train loaded with flour to relieve Mr. Bird and his large family. During the siege, Mr. Bird had gone through the Druse lines to Ain Zehalteh and brought away thirty Protestants. They reached B'teddin after sunset and as firing was going on, the Druse sheikhs insisted on his waiting there until morning, before entering Deir el Komr. All that night houses were burning right in the direction of his own house, and the flash of musketry was incessant. The next morning he entered the town with these thirty refugees, thirty more mouths to feed and the town supplies cut off! So Mr. Bliss had some apprehension that he would not be able to get through the cordon of besiegers. About an hour this side of Deir el Komr he passed through the Druse village of

<sup>1</sup> In December the Sitt Naaify was brought to Beirut. Her house was at once surrounded by hundreds of Hasbeiyan widows wailing and shouting, "Give back our husbands, brothers and sons!" They sent word to Fuad Pasha that if she appeared in the streets she would be torn to pieces. She was thrown into prison and placed on trial. On the 11th of the following May, her brother, Saïd Beg Jumblatt, died in the Beirut prison. On November 27, 1860, the infamous Mutsellim of Deir el Komr died suddenly in the barracks, and rumour was busy as to his having drunk a fatal cup of coffee.

B'Shafteen. Suddenly a Druse sprang out from a hedge, rushed up, seized the bridle of Mr. Bliss's horse with his left hand and drew out from under his cloak with his right hand, and thrust towards Mr. Bliss a long cucumber! The situation was so grotesque that all burst into laughter. Years after Dr. Bliss, as president of the Syrian Protestant College, passed that way, and seeing the selfsame Druse by the wayside, recognized him, and asked his name. "Hamiyeh," he said. "All right," said Dr. Bliss, "come to Beirut and you shall have work." He came, and for some twenty years was the faithful gatekeeper of the college, true to his trust and liked equally by the teachers and pupils.

Mr. Bliss reached Deir el Komr in safety. Bushir Beg Abu Nakad passed him through the lines to Mr. Bird's house. This was June 12th. Mr. Bird did not feel willing to come away then, but said he would do so whenever it was plain duty. He felt that his presence was a restraint on the Druses, but the large company in his house and the gathered treasure of the people made the situation extremely perilous to himself and family. So Mr. Bliss returned alone to Beirut with his Moslem muleteers and American consular kavass.

Just at this time Dr. Thomson sent to me an elderly Arabic scholar, asking me as an act of charity to employ him as an Arabic teacher. He was a white-bearded and truly venerable man, Tannoos es Shidiak, from Hadeth, brother of the Protestant martyr, Asaad es Shidiak, who was starved to death by order of the Maronite patriarch, just thirty-two years before. Tannoos in 1825 gave his brother Faris a caning for reading the Bible and other books belonging to Asaad. He was now very friendly to us Protestants and having fled with his fellow townsmen May 29th, before the burning of Hadeth, he had lost everything, having barely a quilt to cover him at night. So I read daily with him in Arabic his "History of Mount Lebanon and its Feudal Families." It was an opportune time to read of the old families of sheikhs and begs who were now in deadly strife, with the aid of the author himself, but the circumstances were not favourable for much consecutive study.



Ships of war now began to arrive in the port ; the *Firefly* had been on the coast for many months making a chart of the entire Syrian coast for the British Admiralty, and Captain Mansell's charts are now the standard for all navigators in these waters. Captain Mansell gave himself cordially to the work of protecting the seacoast cities. Then came the *Gannet*, a gunboat, and the *Exmouth*, eighty guns, Captain Paynter. There also arrived two French war steamers, and a Russian fifty-gun ship.

On the 14th of June Mr. Eddy came from Sidon on the *Firefly*, bringing dreadful particulars of the work of burning and massacre all through his missionary district, from Tyre to Sidon, and east to Merj Aiyun and Hasbeiya ; Khiyam, Ibl and Deir Mimas burned, churches ruined, schools scattered, people either killed, or refugees, and all possibility of itineration or missionary work at an end for the present. As the time for his furlough was near, the mission authorized him to take his family to the United States and he sailed June 26th. Mr. Ford also left Sidon and came to Beirut to aid us in the work of caring for the refugees.

So many thousands of refugees had now come to Beirut that the Moslem populace became threatening, and there was a general panic and stoppage of business. Every night hundreds of Maronites and Greeks went on board the shipping in the harbour to sleep, and the conduct of the traitorous Khurshid Pasha only increased the public anxiety. The European consuls warned him of the dangers of the situation, but no one trusted him.

Two Christian strongholds now remained in Lebanon, Zahleh, which had hitherto defied the Druses, and Deir el Komr, which lay helpless and starving in their hands. On June 14th, Ismail el Atrosh, the leader of the Hauran Druses, after massacring 700 Christians in Rashaiyat el Wady, joined his forces with the Lebanon Druses and moved up the Bookaa to attack Zahleh. This town, then of 10,000 inhabitants, lies on both sides of a narrow valley through which roars and dashes the cold mountain stream, the Bardouni. It is four miles north of the Damascus Road on the eastern slope of the Lebanon range. Its people had been for years prosperous, trading in wheat, sheep and silk, and they had

not only defied the Druses but the government itself. They were a rough, hardy, vigorous race and if well led, and had they been supported by the bragging horde of Maronites just west of them and not ten miles distant, could have defended their town against even the 8,000 Druses who were coming to attack them. But the Kesrawan sheikhs, monks and priests contended for the right to command, and no one moved to the relief of Zahleh. In Zahleh itself counsels were divided. Jealous disputes arose, and the different parties charged each other with treason. Yet on the morning of the 14th, 200 horse and 600 foot sallied forth to the plain of the Bookaa to meet their foe. This great plain, fifty miles long and from five to ten miles wide, has been a battle-field from the days of Sargon and Nebuchadnezzar down to 1860. The Christians were defeated and dispersed and the Kurds, Arabs and Druses returned to their camp carrying seventy Christian heads on the points of their spears. The next day the Christians repeated the sortie with similar results. The Turkish *kaimakam* at Moallakah, a suburb of Zahleh, now tried to persuade the Zahlehites to give up their arms and trust to him and his soldiers to protect them, but they declined and preferred to trust to their own right arms.

On the morning of the 18th, the Druses attacked from the plain, repeating the tactics of Joshua at Ai, drawing the Zahleh men, numbering some 4,000 men, out of their town, and down the valley below Moallakah, when suddenly from the heights above, 1,200 Druses came running down. They soon reached the centre of the town and set fire to the houses, when the Zahleh army, panic-stricken, turned and fled up the northern side of the gorge, fighting as they went, the Druses picking off stragglers, but before sunset the entire population had crossed the ridge to the northwest 3,000 feet above the town and reached the Maronite districts, whither the Druses cared not to pursue them. The town was now plundered and laid in ashes. That is, the poplar wood ceilings and roofs were burned out and the limestone and adobe walls left standing. The churches were rifled. The great church of Saiyedet en Neja, "The Lady of Refuge," *i. e.*,

the Virgin, which the priests had told the people would miraculously protect the town, was destroyed, only bare walls left standing. The most of the money and jewelry was saved and the Zahleh people were able to return in the fall and rebuild, before the people of any other town.

The fall of Zahleh filled the Christians with consternation. The cowardice of the Maronites and the conduct of the Turks had betrayed them. "Though 15,000 Maronites were standing by their arms within six hours of Zahleh, not one moved to its defense, owing to the treason of their selfish aristocracy and the bombastic ravings of their bigoted and contemptible priesthood."<sup>1</sup>

And now came the turn of Deir el Komr. Through the urgent demands of the United States consul in Beirut and the advice of his fellow missionaries, Mr. Bird brought his family over, three hours' ride, across the deep gorge of the Damur River to Abeih, on Monday, June 18th. He was obliged to leave the thirty Protestants of Ain Zehalteh in his house, and the Druse sheikhs promised, as Mr. Bird came away, that his house should not be molested. On that day Mr. Calhoun came down to Beirut and we had a mission conference that evening at Dr. Thomson's. Mr. Ford of Sidon reported that the Metawileh chiefs of Belad Beshara had brought multitudes of Christian refugees to Sidon and the governor refused to admit them until compelled to do so by the English vice-consul. It was a relief to know that Mr. Bird was safely out of Deir el Komr, as the Druse vultures of Hauran and the whole Druse army of Lebanon were now surrounding that ill-fated town.

We were driven to earnest prayer. The element of fury and the thirst for blood were raging unrestrained. Damascus was threatened. Beirut was threatened. Provisions were becoming dearer, and thousands were without food or shelter. Dr. Thomson said, "Brethren, the work of forty years is destroyed, and if we are spared, we must begin again." Others said, "It cannot be that the new translation of the Scriptures is to be in vain, or that the foundations already laid can be utterly uprooted." We all

<sup>1</sup> Churchill, p. 189.

felt that the plowshare of the divine judgments was rending the soil of Syria to prepare the way for a new seed sowing in the future.

On Tuesday, the 19th of June, Mr. Calhoun returned to Abeih as calm and unquestioning as if he had been in a New England village. His peace was like a river and comforted and encouraged us all. On that same day the Druses began to concentrate around Deir el Komr. Kasim Beg in Abeih told Mr. Calhoun on his return that matters looked serious for Deir el Komr. The Christians there asked Abd es Salaam Beg, the Turkish colonel, what was the meaning of this new army of Druses. He replied that there was no real cause for alarm, but they had better bring their valuables to the seraia, where they would be safe until order was restored. "Forthwith, men, women and children began streaming into that building from every quarter, carrying trunks, chests and bundles filled with clothes, linen and jewelry, with gold, pearls and diamonds in profusion, an immense booty which the Turks proceeded to divide among themselves. The majority of the men were now crowded within the seraia and adjoining buildings. Then began the slaughter. Every Christian in the streets and houses was cut down. They had been disarmed by the Turkish colonel on promise of protection. Priests fled to their churches and were butchered before their altars" (Churchill).

On Thursday the 12th, Ali Beg Hamady led the armed Druses to the seraia and demanded admittance. The kaimakam (colonel) refused to open the gates but pointed to a low wall close by. Over went the Druses "like bloodhounds into a sheepfold," and began to hew in pieces the helpless men within the walls. With axes, swords and bill hooks the slaughter of Hasbeiya was repeated. For six long hours the infernal work went on. "The blood at length rose above the ankles, flowed along the gutters, gushed out of the waterspouts and gurgled through the streets. The Turkish colonel sat smoking his pipe, the bowl resting on a corpse, and the stream of blood running beneath him into the inner court." Not a body was buried.

Twenty-two hundred bodies lay, heaps on heaps, nearly all that was left of the manhood of Deir el Komr. The Druse leaders at once gathered the women and children, and led them, a heart-broken and terror-stricken company, down to the mouth of the Damûr River on the sea, and sent word politely to the English consul to send and take them to Beirut.

The *Gannet*, Captain West, and the *Mohawk*, Captain Lambert, were sent at once and embarked the wretched sufferers. The women frantically threw themselves into the surf in their anxiety to get on board, some holding their infants high above their heads. Several had sabre cuts. Most of them had not tasted food for four days. But they were all brought safely to Beirut, and found lodgings where they could, in khans, vacant rooms and under the olive and mulberry trees.

On Thursday evening, June 21st, Kasim Beg Bu Nakad called about nine o'clock on Mr. Calhoun (see sketch of Mr. Calhoun's life in this volume) and Mr. Bird. After an ominous silence, he said to them, "The Deir has fallen, not a man remains alive, excepting those in Mr. Bird's house. But they are in danger. It is hard to restrain the Hauran Druses. We have protected the house thus far, but cannot much longer. You will do well to go with us early to the Deir and bring away those thirty men."

Very early in the morning they set out, a silent, sorrow-stricken pair. In three hours they reached the town. The air was thick with smoke from the burning houses. The streets were blocked with corpses. Old friends and pupils of Mr. Bird, and neighbours for long years, lay ghastly stiffened corpses along the streets, and Druse men and women were still at work stripping the corpses of the last shred of clothing. At the seraia was that awful hecatomb of hundreds of the dead, stripped, mutilated and indistinguishable. They hastened to Mr. Bird's house. A band of wild Hauran Druses had just brought a long roof timber and were using it as a battering-ram on Mr. Bird's door. The Abu Nakad begs drove them back and ordered them off. The terrified Syrian pastor within and his flock, hearing the familiar

voice of Mr. Bird, opened the door. The Druses now took Mr. Bird's furniture and books up to their khalweh or sacred room and kept it until he could send for it. The two heart-stricken and weary brethren then began their journey home to Abeih, leading the procession of the rescued ones, whom Ali Beg Hamady years after told me he had guarded out of esteem for Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird.

A few of the men of the leading families, the Meshakas, the Dumanis, and others were invited before the massacre to Mukhtarata by Saïd Beg out of motives of policy and were escorted safely to Sidon. On Saturday, June 23d, Mr. Calhoun alone escorted the Ain Zehalteh men to Beirut. All along the streets from the suburbs into the city they were taunted and threatened by the Moslems, and felt that they were hardly safer here than in Lebanon. Mr. Calhoun hastened back to Abeih and there he remained all through that summer of peril and anxiety.

On the 5th of July, Mr. Bird and family sailed for the United States. His station was gone, his people killed or scattered. He and Mrs. Bird were quite prostrated from long watching and weariness by day and night and needed the rest of a complete change. Meantime we in Beirut had been through our season of terror by day and night.

June 21st, Khurshid Pasha went to Deir el Komr and arrived after the awful massacre was over. What he said and what followed I cannot vouch for. Colonel Churchill gives details, which are shocking in the extreme, of his interviews with leading Druses, etc. But it is well known that the Druses and Moslems had agreed upon a day for the sack and massacre of Beirut. Two thousand armed Druses had entered the town and were secreted in the Moslem houses or were walking about the streets. The thousands of refugees constantly recognized Druses who had massacred their fathers, brothers or husbands in Jezzin, Hasbeiya or Deir el Komr. The whole city was in a ferment. We afterwards learned that Sunday, the 24th, was the day fixed for the burning and massacre of Beirut. On the 22d, a Moslem was killed in the public square in Beirut. Immediately the shout

arose that a Christian had done it. All the shops were at once closed and deserted. An armed rabble paraded the streets singing war-songs, and demanding the arrest and execution of the murderer before sunset, or they would rise on the Christians during the night and massacre them. Europeans were insulted. The French consul-general had a sword flourished in his face. An Englishman had a pistol snapped at him. A young Maronite was then seized, dragged along to the seraia, and after a hasty trial was condemned to death and was taken outside the gate and executed, although undoubtedly innocent. The poor lad calmly and heroically said, "I am innocent. God knows I am innocent; but if my death is necessary for the safety of my brethren, I gladly give up my life."

The mob was thus for the moment satisfied, but the night was a sleepless one. All the ships of war lowered their boats, filled with armed marines, ready to land on a signal from the shore. Every ship sloop and coasting craft in port was covered from stem to stern with crowds of trembling fugitives.

But God in His providence interposed. The next morning, June 23d, there arrived from Constantinople a Protestant Hungarian, General Kmety, whose Turkish title was Ismail Pasha, with 1,800 troops. He was a confrere of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriotic leader, and on the crushing of the revolution of 1849, fled to Constantinople and entered the Turkish military service as Ismail Pasha. He had been sent on demand of the European ambassadors in Constantinople as the only officer they could trust, to restore order in Syria. His troops were instantly landed, and the general called together the European and American consuls to ascertain the state of things. He then called together his officers, and gave them directions to place guards at the European and American consulates, and detachments all over the city. Then, drawing his revolver, he said to the officers, "You are to keep the peace. If a Christian is injured or killed in any part of the city, I will shoot the officer in whose section the event occurs without a trial. Do you understand?" Thus Beirut was saved. The Druses, who had been welcomed by

the Moslems, and who walked with braggart air through the bazaars receiving the congratulations of the Moslems, who decked their firearms with flowers, now slunk away and went back to the mountains. It was days before the city was quiet. On the 23d, Messrs. Eddy and Ford arrived from Sidon on the English ships of war, bringing 1,000 women and children from Deir el Komr and Merj Aiyun. The European consuls met and sent a letter to the Druse chiefs warning them to stop the war and threatening them in case they should invade Northern Lebanon. This alarmed the Druses, and evidently broke whatever alliance existed between them and Khurshid Pasha.

That afternoon, by advice of Dr. Barclay, I took Mrs. Jessup on board H. B. M. ship *Exmouth*, eighty guns, Captain Paynter. The captain received us very courteously. Being aware of her delicate condition he refrained from firing salutes while we were on board. Several European families came on board for the night and a large number of wounded refugees were being kindly attended by the ship's surgeons. The better class of families in Beirut chartered sailing vessels and steamers and left for Athens, Syra and Alexandria. Merchant steamers laden with goods were ordered to take their goods back to Malta.

From the British official papers "relating to the disturbances in Syria," page 48, it is stated plainly that "nothing could convince the Christian population of Beirut, but that the fate of their brethren at Deir el Komr, Hasbeiya and Rasheiya awaited them at the hands of the Turkish authorities and their troops." That night a comet appeared, which filled the superstitious common people with apprehension of "war, pestilence and famine."

Sunday, June 24th, Dr. Eddy and family came on board the *Exmouth*, and at 2 P. M. we returned to the shore, as the consul, having a guard of five soldiers from General Kmety, felt sure that his house was secure, and invited us to his house. We then entered into negotiations with the captain of the American bark *Speedwell* to take us with Dr. Barclay and family to Cyprus. Dr. Thomson was fruitful in expedients, and it was arranged that if the captain would consent, we would go the next day, and



hundreds of Syrians were ready to take passage at the same time. That night at the consul's we could hear firing in Lebanon, and every noise in the streets seemed the beginning of an outbreak. It was a troubled Sunday. The Arabic service was crowded with refugees who were sleeping under the Pride of India trees near the church door. But the English service was omitted. We were all living by the day, simply trusting, praying earnestly for divine guidance and sure of safety under the shadow of His wings. We felt comforted, however, by the manifest divine interposition in sending a Protestant general just at this awful crisis, to hold Beirut with a grip of iron, and to save this city as a refuge for the homeless, houseless and hungry refugees from Lebanon and the interior.

Monday, June 25th—This morning we removed from Consul Johnson's house back to Dr. Van Dyck's house. Then came a rumour, which proved to be false, that the Druses were coming, and for a time the whole town was in a panic, but General Kmety's prompt action quieted the Moslem populace and the panic subsided.

Dr. Thomson's house was adjoining ours, and we went over to dine with him, as all our goods and utensils were packed, in anticipation of leaving town. At 3 P. M., word having come that the *Speedwell* would sail soon for Cyprus, we again sent for porters, and walked down, taking "bag and baggage," to the port and went on board. It was a small clipper bark, loading with wool for Boston. The weather was intensely hot, with a strong westerly wind, so that the sea was rough, and the crowds of refugees on the deck were suffering the agonies of seasickness. The sailors soon cleared a space large enough for us to spread our bed, and around it we piled our baggage. Dr. and Mrs. Barclay and his sister, Mrs. Consul Johnson, were our neighbours on the deck. We curtained off a space around our bed, and were just being rocked to sleep, when one of the deck passengers suffering from delirium tremens made night hideous with his shrieks of terror. All along the shore, near the custom-house, lay the boats from the English, French and Russian ships of war with marines

ready to land at a moment's warning by signal of a cannon discharge from General Kmety's artillery. But the troubled night, June 25th, wore away and the bright sun cheered us all. The captain now announced that he could not fix a day for sailing to Cyprus. We then tried to induce one of the Liverpool screw steamers in port to go to Cyprus, but in vain, and in the afternoon, on the urgent request of Dr. Barclay, our physician, with the aid of Mr. Ford, we again removed for the sixth time in four days, and went ashore at sunset, bag and baggage. The "bag" we were allowed to take, but as the custom-house officials had all left, the watchman would not allow anything else to pass. So we walked up to the house to an empty room, well-nigh exhausted. Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Black, daughter of Dr. Thomson, and others promptly provided bed and bedding and all things needful. At three o'clock the next morning, my wife gave birth to a daughter. Never were friends more kind and attentive and thoughtful. Our hearts were filled with thanksgiving to God and gratitude to these "friends indeed." The good Syrian woman, Im Shaheen, brought by Mrs. Black to help us, was a devout Maronite. Shortly after the advent of the dear child, she came to me, as I stood on the flat roof outside our door, to congratulate me, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Rah el Kurseh," pointing to Beit Mirri on Lebanon, where stood the country palace of the Maronite Archbishop Tobiya of Beirut. "The palace is gone!" I looked and saw the bright flames of the burning palace of the man, who, next to the patriarch, had done more than any other Maronite to precipitate this awful civil war. The next few days were crowded with interest. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird were busy, with an escort of Druses, in bringing from Deir el Komr to Abeih all Mr. Bird's property. The American kavass brought down from Abeih forty people and seven students of the seminary. The mission voted to suspend the seminaries, and Mr. Bliss took six of the schoolgirls back to Lebanon to villages not likely to be molested. Mr. Calhoun, always placid in his strong faith in God, wrote down from Abeih, "I am weary." No wonder, after going day after day to that charnel house of putrefying corpses, which so recently

had been the prosperous capital of Lebanon. On the 28th, we were surprised to receive Mr. Eddy's horse from Sidon, sent on by Kasim Beg el Yusef, who was called by the people "Azraeel," or the "Angel of Death." On the 28th, Sitt Naaify, of Hasbeiya, sent out seventy Christians, whom she was supposed to be protecting, to reap in her fields, and they were all cut off by the Druses. That day began the great Moslem feast of Sacrifice, or "Aieed ul Adha," which lasted four days. There was little sympathy among the Christians for the Moslems in their rejoicings, and in some parts of the land, Christians instead of sheep were being offered as sacrifices. On the 30th, the *Speedwell* sailed for Boston. By it we sent the case of Arabic maps to the Appletons. On Sunday, July 1st, no church bells were rung in Beirut. I preached in English, and Mr. Araman and Dr. Wortabet in Arabic. We appointed daily meetings in the little church, and recommended Friday for observance as a day of fasting and prayer.

Mr. Cyril Graham, an English traveller, now visited Deir el Komr and its horrors, and then went to Saïd Beg Jumblatt, leader of the Druses, to present the consular letter calling on him to stop the war. This great "Friend of the English" assured Mr. Graham that he knew nothing of recent events and had no influence whatever with the Druses. Bushir Beg Abu Nakad, who had boasted that "he would lay the foundations of his house with Christian skulls," now insisted that he was quite innocent and ignorant of what had been going on. Mr. Graham returned to Beirut, thwarted at every step, but the consular letter did stop the massacres in Lebanon. At length the Maronite leaders signed a paper forced on them by Khurshid Pasha, making peace on condition that the past be forgotten, no plunder restored, and no indemnification given. This satisfied the Druses, enriched with the spoils of the murdered Christians, and there was peace in Lebanon.

July 2d, we formed an Anglo-American relief committee, headed by Consul-General Moore and the American Consul J. A. Johnson, and later on, by the German Consul-General Weber, with English and American residents. We sent off urgent ap-

peals to Europe and America for help for these thousands of refugees. The British naval commanders in port seconded our appeals, and from that time on until November the best of our time and strength, from sunrise to sunset, was devoted to relief work. We had carefully prepared lists of the refugees from hundreds of villages, until we had 16,000 names of persons receiving aid. In August and September money came pouring in from all over the civilized world, even from India and Australia, so that we handled over \$150,000, the accounts being strictly kept by Mr. James Black, the eminent English merchant, and the Imperial Ottoman Bank. I used to begin at sunrise and work till sunset for months, in that stifling heat, my whole body covered with blotches of prickly heat. Our Syrian teachers were working with us as clerks and assistants, sifting out the lists, and ferreting out impostors, and helping in the religious services. Work in the printing house was suspended and some of the rooms used for relief work. The ladies, headed by Miss Emilia Thomson and Mrs. Consul Johnson, directed a large corps of Syrian Protestant women, many of them recently widowed, in cutting out, and binding in bundles, cotton cloth and prints, with needles and thread, for 100,000 garments.

On Saturday, July 7th, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Frazier, Dr. Hatty and Rev. Jules Ferette of the United Presbyterian Mission in Damascus, reached Beirut after a journey of terror and narrow escapes. They reported the condition of things in Damascus as most alarming. Christians were reviled, insulted and threatened, and all the men were forced to wear black turbans. That same Turkish regiment, which a month before had presided over the massacre in Hasbeiya, was now ordered into the Christian quarter of Damascus to "protect" the Christians. These unarmed and defenseless people now tried to propitiate their protectors. They bribed and feasted them and raised hundreds of pounds for this purpose.

The European consuls appealed in vain to Ahmed Pasha. Even the British consul refused to believe the urgent representations of Rev. S. Robson that a massacre was imminent, and

would not believe it, until forced by his kavasses to go on the roof and see the ascending flames of the Christian quarter. At length, on the 9th of July, three Moslem lads were arrested for trampling on crosses in the street and insulting Christians. They were sent, accompanied by police, through the bazaars to sweep the Christian quarter. This insult was the signal for the Moslems to rise. Two men started shouting, "Deen, Deen, Deen Mohammed" (religion, religion, the religion of Mohammed). This was enough. At once an infuriated mob of the lower classes with guns, swords, battle-axes and pistols rushed to the Christian quarter, shouting, "Kill them, butcher them, plunder, burn, leave not one alive, fear nothing, the soldiers will not touch us." Then began the work of plundering and burning. The supply of water was cut off. By sunset the whole Christian quarter was in a blaze. The first day the chief thought was plunder, and all the rich spoil of the Christian houses was carried off, gold, silver, copper, money, jewelry, rugs, silks and Damascus wares. The people tried to escape but were driven back by the Turkish soldiers. Then began the work of butchery. The Christians were cut down in the houses and in the streets. The priests were tortured in their churches and then beheaded. Nothing seemed able to prevent the extermination of the entire Christian population.

But God had prepared a deliverer. In 1848, the Emir Abd el Kadir, prince of Algiers, after resisting the armies of France for fifteen years, surrendered to the French General Lamoriciere, and took a solemn oath of loyalty to France. That engagement contains the following language: "Grace to God only. I give my sacred word that does not admit of any doubt. I declare I will not again excite my people against the French either by person or by letters, or by any other method. I take my oath before Mohammed, Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ, by the Tourat (Old Testament), the Ingeel (New Testament), and the Koran, by the book of Bokhari and that of the 'Moslem.' I take this oath solemnly from my heart and tongue. This oath is binding both on me and my friends, who sign not this present

paper with me, because they do not know how to write. Compliments of Abd el Kadir, son of Moohyeh-ed-din."

He was then retired in 1852 by Louis Napoleon in honourable exile to Damascus, the city of his choice, with a princely pension. He was accompanied by one hundred of his faithful Algerine body-guards, and purchased a spacious house in Damascus, which had been for ten years a model of hospitality, open to all. He was visited by European notables, French nobility, English lords, American tourists, Protestant and Catholic missionaries, and Mohammedan pilgrims from Asia and Africa. No visit to Damascus was complete without a call on this noble Moghrabi emir. He was the noblest type of an Oriental, devout in his religious belief in one God, constant in prayer, a lover of the poor, bounteous in his benefactions to them, broad and liberal in his views. Dr. Meshaka, the Protestant doctor, United States vice-consul, and author, was one of his intimate friends. He declared all men to be his brothers.

Colonel Churchill, who wrote his memoir after his death in 1883, says of him, "His brightest laurels were his reverses. He had accepted his destiny with cheerfulness and resignation, and joyfully contemplated his career as finished. But Providence had reserved for his brows another and a nobler wreath, a work of mercy; and, heaven-directed, he arose this day to do the deed that was to shed fresh lustre on his name."

When the attack began, he was in the suburbs of the city far away from the Christian quarter. No sooner did he hear of it, than he sent out his faithful Algerines into the Christian quarter with orders to rescue all the wretched sufferers they could meet. Hundreds were safely escorted to his house before dark. Many rushed to the British consulate. Rev. Mr. Graham, Irish Presbyterian missionary, was cut down with a hatchet in the street. Rev. Mr. Robson, dressed as a woman, escaped to the house of a friendly Moslem effendi. Dr. Meshaka fled through the streets, until he was rescued by a Moslem friend, just after he had received a cut in the head from a hatchet. But he lived to be a swift witness against the instigators of this dreadful carnage. On

the 23d of August Dr. Meshaka sent to Beirut the following account of his experience during the outbreak (translated from the Arabic):

“ On Monday morning, the 9th of July, the city was quiet and his highness the Emir Abd el Kadir had left for the village of Ashrafiyeh on business (about twelve miles up the river Barada). At 2 P. M. excitement was caused by the government having put some Moslems in chains for having made that morning crosses in the streets and obliged the Christians to trample over them. I was then alone in my house. My kavasses had gone to the seraia on business. But the Kavass Haj Ali returned immediately. It was then that the insurrection reached our quarter and I could not go out alone. I sent my kavass at once to the Emir Abd el Kadir, to beg his highness to send me some of his Algerines for my protection. He had then returned from the village and sent me four, but being without arms, they could not reach me. But my kavasses came boldly to me alone. I then locked the doors of my house. I had only time to put some money in my pocket, when the door was broken open and many ruffians rushed into the house, the most of them irregular Turkish troops. They began firing frequently but I escaped from them with my kavass and my two young children, Ibrahim and Selma, by going out of a door at the back of the house. Their attention was diverted from me by plundering the house. I then resolved to hide myself in one of the neighbouring Moslem houses, until I could escape safely to the house of the Emir Abd el Kadir. But none of them would receive me. I then directed my steps to the house of his highness, and a party of the rabble met me and fired at me. I threw them some gold coins to turn their attention from me, and returned to the street of Bab Tooma where soldiers were stationed. Here I met another party of plunderers. I threw them money as before. Then I met many armed persons and knew eight of them. I afterwards gave their names to the local government. Six were caught, and two of them were hanged on the 20th inst. Some of them attacked me with firearms, some with axes and clubs and one with a sword.

"My two children were behind me, crying to the men, 'Kill us and leave our father! We cannot live without him.' One of these ruffians came and struck my daughter Selma with an axe and wounded her. I then threw them more money to divert them.

"Thanks be to God, all the shots missed me though one of them shot at me twice at two yards' distance. I was, however, wounded by axes and clubs. I received a severe wound in the head from an axe and had not my kavass weakened the force of the blow, it would have killed me. I was also struck by a large club on my eye and received several wounds on my right arm from a sword. After severe suffering, by the aid of my kavass, who was constantly with me, I reached the house of Mustafa Beg Hawashe, appointed by the government to protect the quarter. When I saw the beg I asked him to receive me into his house. He refused and sent me to the house of Faris el Kelf, a notorious ruffian in the same street. I saw from the windows the mob breaking into Christian houses and massacring the inmates. The beg's people were plundering and some of the plunder was brought to the house where I was. This made me feel unsafe, and I planned to escape after dark to Mustafa Beg's, who would not dare to kill me in his own house. Just then a body of armed men knocked at the door and came in. They were Abd el Kadir's men with my friend Saïd Mohammed es Sautery. He had been searching for me and finding my house plundered and empty, traced me to Mustafa's house. He then obtained eight Algerines from Abd el Kadir and demanded me of Mustafa who, alarmed, sent his nephew to guide them to me. I was taken at once to the Emir Abd el Kadir's, where I was received very kindly, but as I was covered with blood and the house was crowded with Christians, the emir allowed Saïd Modammed es Sautery to take me into his own house. The Saïd then went to look for the members of my family and was searching until the morning. He found all but my son Selim, who, after being given up as dead for three days, was found in the house of the daughter of Ali Agha Katilee in the Shaghûr quarter.



"I remained a month in the house of Saïd Mohammed es Sautery and was very kindly treated. As we were only half clothed and had only two or three piâstres in money, Sheikh Selim Effendi el Attar sent me clothes and money. He sheltered, in his house, more than one hundred Christians, providing them all necessaries.

"As for me, I was on the morning of the 9th a rich man, and on the 10th a poor man, but I ought to be thankful to God for saving my life and that of my family. There was a sufficient reason for the distrust which I felt in the house in which they first put me, because, since the arrival of H. E. Fuad Pasha, it has been proved that Mustafa Beg, his nephews and his people, by different devices, murdered hundreds of Christians, one of whom was Rev. Mr. Graham, Irish missionary. The Almighty saved me from their brutality. The beg, his two nephews and some of his people were hanged on the 20th inst." The wound by an axe affected Dr. Meshaka's sense of smell in a peculiar way. Meat and certain vegetables had such a nauseous odour that he could only bear it by closing his nostrils. This continued for many months and he could not allow the odour of cooking meat in the house. The medical profession were much interested in his case.

Fresh hordes of Kurds, Arabs, Druses, with the Moslem populace and soldiers now began the dreadful work of massacre. All that night and the next day the pitiless work went on. But Abd el Kadir and his men stood between the living and the dead, and, forming the Christians into detached parties, forwarded them under successive guards, first to his own house and then to the great castle, where he reassured them, consoled them, fed them. "There, as the terrific day closed in, nearly 12,000 of all ages and sexes were collected, and huddled together, a fortunate, but exhausted residue, fruits of his untiring exertions. There they remained for weeks, lying on the bare ground without covering, exposed to the sun's scorching rays, their rations cucumbers and coarse bread."

Abd el Kadir himself was now menaced. His house was full

of hundreds of fugitives, European consuls and native Christians. Hearing that the mob was coming, "the hero coolly ordered his horse to be saddled, put on his cuirass and helmet, and mounting, drew his sword. His faithful followers formed around him, brave remnant of his old guard, comrades in many a well-fought field, victors at the river Mootaia, when with 2,500 horse and foot he defeated the army of the Emperor of Morocco 60,000 strong.

"The fanatics came in sight. Singly he charged into the midst and drew up. 'Wretches,' he exclaimed, 'is this the way you honour your prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame upon you, shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians: but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men orders to fire.' The crowd dispersed. Not a man of that Moslem throng dared raise his voice or lift his arm against the renowned champion of Islam."

All honour to that noble man! His work of mercy and humanity became known all over the civilized world, and all the rulers of Europe sent him letters and tokens of acknowledgment.

On the 15th of September I saw at the United States consulate in Beirut a beautiful pair of gold-mounted revolvers properly inscribed as a present from the President of the United States to Abd el Kadir, and I afterwards saw them at his house in Damascus. Both Abd el Kadir and Schamyl, the Circassian Mohammedan prince who was obliged to surrender to Russia, wrote eloquent protests against the massacre, as contrary to Islam and the Koran, and these were widely distributed.

In 1883 the great emir passed away, aged seventy-five. Sixty thousand persons, it is said, followed him to his grave, and among the vast throng there were many bowed with "grateful grief," at the remembrance of how gallantly he had stood by the flying Christians when the gutters of Damascus ran with the blood of their kith and kin.

*From Schamyl, the Circassian, to the Emir Abd el Kadir :*

To him who is famous among all, renowned for his exalted benevolence above all mankind, who extinguished the fires of insurrection when they were at their height, and uprooted the tree of enmity, whose proportions had become like Satan himself ! Moreover, praise to him who grants to his servant piety and faith, that is, to the beloved Abd el Kadir the Just. Peace be unto you, and may the palm tree of glory and excellence continue fruitful in your life.

After this, we state, after there had smitten my ears that which paralyzes the hearing and from which human nature revolts, with regard to what happened in Damascus between the Moslems and those under their covenanted protection (zimneh) the Christians, events which ought not to happen among the people of Islam which tend to the spread of corruption among men ; my hair stood on end and my face grew dark with melancholy, and I said, How has corruption appeared on sea and land, in the horrors men's hands have wrought ! And I wonder how any among the rulers could be so blind as to enact such a mighty iniquity in the face of what the Prophet of God (prayer and peace from God be upon him !) has said. "Whoever oppresses one under covenant, or lessens his rights or taxes him beyond his ability or takes from him aught by force, of such am I the accuser in the resurrection day." This is a just and true remark. When then I heard that you had spread the wings of compassion and mercy to them, and checked those who passed the bounds set by God most Exalted, and that you had run a good course in the highway of praise, and had deserved all thanks, I was pleased with you, and God the Exalted will show you His approbation in that day when neither wealth nor sons will remain with you. For you have loved the word of the great prophet whom God the Exalted sent as a mercy to the ages, and you have held in check those who violated his law and majesty. (God forbid that any should transgress his laws !)

"My object in writing this is to show you how well pleased I am with you, and may my epistle be to you as a refreshing draught of cold water.

*From the poor Schamyl the stranger.*

*Reply of Abd el Kadir to Schamyl :*

Praise to God, Lord of the ages. Prayer and peace from



1. Amir Abd el Kadir. 2. Sir William Muir. 3. Butrus Bistany.  
4. Dr. Meshaka.



God upon our lord Mohammed and upon all his brethren the prophets and apostles !

From the poor one to his master the rich, from Abd el Kadir the son of Moohyeh-ed-din-el Hasneh, to the brother in God and the beloved for God's sake, the Imam Schamyl ! God has been our portion at home and abroad. The peace and mercy of God be upon you ! . . . After this we say that your most precious letter has reached us ; your discourse was a joy and a delight to us. What you have heard and been pleased with in regard to our protection of the people of the " zimmeh " and the covenant (Christians), and our defense of their lives and their virtue, was, as is well known to your precious intelligence, *necessitated* by the commands of the law most holy and exalted, as well as by humanity and self-respect. For our law fulfills the rules of a generous nature and requires the doing of all those praiseworthy actions which lead to friendship by a bond closer than that of a golden collar upon the neck. In every sect violence is abhorred. Its practice is vile ; yet man, often in the hour of temptation, sees that to be good which is not good.

By the name of Him whose we are and to whom we return, I deprecate the lapse of the followers of religion and the want of faith in the Victorious One, in Truth and its Defender. Unlearned men have begun to think that the root of the faith of Islam is stupidity, brutality, harshness and violence. It is well to be patient and God will bring deliverance. There is no object of worship but God.

These letters are interesting from the remarkable history of their authors and as indicating the current and shape of the opinion of the more enlightened Mohammedans in the East in these days.

One of the proposed solutions of the future of Syria was the appointment of Abd el Kadir as viceroy over all Syria. But it is well that he was not. In an interview with an Englishman familiar with the Arabic, he stated that if made viceroy, he would govern justly, but that he would not allow Christians to enter the army, nor to testify against Moslems, " as Christians can never be on an equality with Moslems," as the Mohammedan " Shera " (the religious law of the Koran) is paramount to all other laws, and must be obeyed above all. He would regard

Christians as "zimmeh" or under covenant, and entitled to entire protection as long as they pay tribute. This view of Abd el Kadir, the finest specimen of Mohammedan manhood in modern times, shows how impossible it is for a Moslem sovereign to grant equal rights to Christian subjects. Where the people are all Moslems, a Moslem ruler does well. But in a mixed population, a Moslem ruler cannot grant equal rights to non-Moslems and must exclude them from military service and from the high God-given right of testifying in a court of justice.

Seven thousand Christians had been killed or burned alive in their houses, 1,000 of them in the Franciscan convent. A survivor, who was a boy at the time, told me that he was in the Greek Church when the mob broke in and that they took thirty priests one by one and cutting off their ears, noses and hands would call on them to deny Christ and then behead them amid fiendish jeers. This young man said that although thirty years had passed, he would often awake at night screaming with terror at the memory of that horrible scene. Young girls and women were carried off to Moslem hareems and forcibly married to Moslems.

The news of this massacre spread terror all over the land, and Jerusalem, Jaffa, Acre, Tyre and even Aleppo were in great danger. One Russian steamer took 1,000 refugees to Alexandria.

July 17th Fuad Pasha, the grand vizier of the Sultan, arrived with three frigates and additional troops. He was clothed with absolute authority over the military and civil officials and ordered to punish the guilty at once. The next day there was an eclipse, which added to the terror of the ignorant populace. On the 19th, we printed the Sultan Abdul Majid's new firman, and it was publicly read before Moslems and Christians, but no one responded, "Long live the Sultan," the usual reply at such a time. On the 20th Fuad Pasha was visited by a black-veiled procession of 3,000 widows and orphans and seemed to be much affected. He promised to provide for them and to punish the murderers.

Abro Effendi, secretary to the pasha, formed mixed commissions to examine the claims for indemnities for all foreigners.

The claims of the natives were to be settled by the government itself. The American and English Commission consisted of Abro Effendi, Mr. James Black, Dr. Thomson, Mr. M. Beihum and myself. We had to examine claims for damages to American property in Damascus, Hasbeiya, Deir el Komr, Sidon and other places, amounting in all to about \$10,000. The purely American claims, as to the correctness of which we could give our word of honour, were allowed to the last piastre. But we learned that the majority of the lists handed in by the suffering natives were cut down one-half and often three-fourths, and then paid in orders on the government, which were bought up by brokers and bankers at less than half their value, so the real sufferers never got a fourth of what they lost.

The British flag-ship *Marlborough* (131 guns, Admiral Martin) arrived on the 24th of July, and soon after there was a fleet of twenty-five British ships of war, and nearly twenty French, Austrian, Dutch, Italian, Greek and Turkish ships. Then came news of the coming of a French army of 10,000 men, and in case of need of as many more of other nations. Mustafa Pasha declared that he would resist their landing, and the Moslem populace became much excited. But soon orders arrived from Constantinople that the troops were coming at the request of the Sultan, and to aid him in restoring order.

Khurshid Pasha, who had been sent by Fuad Pasha to Latakia on some trivial errand, returned on the 26th, expecting to resume his office at the seraia. But before his arrival, Admiral Martin addressed an emphatic protest to Fuad Pasha, demanding that he be punished. He said, "The Turkish government will have no claims to consideration if it should not do voluntary and ample justice. The matter will probably be taken out of their hands, if they exhibit any indication of shortcoming." He also demanded "conspicuous retribution to infamous functionaries." So on the arrival of Khurshid he was arrested at the landing, his sword taken from him and he sent as a prisoner to the barracks.

The missionaries, Thomson, Bliss and myself, called on Admiral Martin, and on the other officers of the fleet. The sight of that



display of two and three deckers, all full-rigged ships, lying in a line a mile long off the port, was one never to be forgotten. On shore we had our hands full, and the distribution of money and clothing to the wretched refugees kept us constantly busy.

There was great excitement among the Lebanon Druses when they heard of the coming of a French army, and some of their leaders proposed to burn the remaining Christian villages in Southern Lebanon, massacre the remnant of the people and then flee to Hauran. But in the providence of God this plan was thwarted. Mr. Calhoun said that was the only time when he was really in danger, as the begs, his friends, would have been unable to stem the tide had such a course been adopted by the leading sheikhs.

Colonel Frazier now arrived, August 1st, as British commissioner to coöperate with Admiral Martin, and it appeared that the time of retribution had come. On the 29th of July Fuad Pasha reached Damascus with 2,000 troops, and arrested all the leading officers, civil and military, and hundreds of the prominent Moslem sheikhs and effendis, and put them in prison. He began at once a rigid investigation. We cannot enter into all the details of the punishment he visited on that guilty city. General Ahmed Pasha, the governor and military commander of Damascus, who was proved by Mohammedan evidence to have caused the massacre, was shot, and with him Osman Beg and two other officers who presided at the Hasbeiya massacre. One hundred and seventeen others, officers, police and Bashi-bazouks, were also shot. Four hundred Moslems were condemned to imprisonment and exile. Fifty-six of the leading effendis and sheikhs of the city were hanged. Eleven of the notables were exiled to Cyprus and Rhodes, which was a very light sentence.

A levy of one million dollars was made on the city, which was not a tenth of the loss suffered by the Christians. He then compelled the Moslems to vacate three districts of the city and put Christians into their houses, and made a prominent Moslem house into a temporary Greek church. In the course of the few months following he compelled the Moslems of the city and the

neighbouring villages to carry away the débris and ashes of the Christian quarter, outside of the city, and to cut down poplar and walnut trees for rebuilding the Christian quarter. They were also obliged to furnish flour to the Christians left in the city. A raid was also made on all the Moslem houses, and beds, rugs, clothing and copper utensils were recovered and given to the sorrowing Christians. In the course of a month eleven thousand of the Christians were transported to Beirut and lodged in the quarantine buildings, and in khans and houses rented for the purpose by the government. We used to stand on the Damascus Road to see these long processions of men, women and children passing mournfully along, on horses, mules, donkeys and camels, a melancholy sight. Among those in the quarantine buildings were 600 children. Within a month 100 of them had died from exposure and improper and insufficient food. All these 11,000 names were added to our relief lists, and garments were given to every man, woman and child.

Not the least crushing blow, however, to the pride of Moslem Damascus, was the immediate enforcement of the military conscription. From the days of Mohammed until 1860, Damascus, as one of the four holy cities (Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem being the other three), had been exempted from the conscription, and no Damascene Moslem ever entered the army. But now Fuad Pasha seized the opportunity to humble the proud city. Within three months 21,000 men were sent handcuffed to Beirut and thence by ship to Arabia, Asia Minor and European Turkey. Some hundreds were culprits more or less directly implicated in the massacre, and the rest were thrust into the army, and ever since, the conscription has been enforced. A large stone barracks was erected at the entrance of the Christian quarter to prevent any recurrence of a Moslem invasion.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>In December the following urgent orders were sent to Damascus, to be enforced by the army :

Section 1 appoints a committee of four Christians, three Mohammedans, and a secretary and president elected by Fuad Pasha. The members of the committee must be from the higher classes of the community.

The spectacle of the arrival in Beirut, week after week, of bodies of one hundred, two hundred or five hundred Damascus Moslems, some of them sons of the highest families, all with their wrists fastened in wooden stocks, nailed fast, was an object-lesson to the whole country and especially to Beirut. And during all these subsequent years the memory of the punishment visited on that city has kept the Christians in safety. The French army of occupation began to arrive August 16th, and in a few weeks entered Lebanon. A Turkish army also entered Lebanon from Sidon by way of Hermon, to cut off the retreat of the Druses. But a gap was left in the cordon, and 2,000

Section 2 requires one thousand Mohammedan men with two hundred mules, to be collected from Damascus itself and all of the villages within a distance of three hours or nine miles in every direction, for the purpose of cleansing the ruined quarter and preparing it for building.

Section 3 requires that all tools and implements needed in this work, such as shovels, pickaxes, baskets and ropes, together with the provisions of the labourers, shall be furnished by the city and the above mentioned villages.

Section 4 orders the storing away in proper magazines of all the beams, timbers and hewn stones found among the ruined houses.

Section 5 requires that all the labourers and animals must be on hand ready to work within three days of the date of the proclamation.

Section 6 requires the immediate repair of all the water-pipes and canals leading to the Christian quarter, and inasmuch as the most of those skilled in the construction of the watercourses are Christians, that class may be employed, and their wages must be paid by the Mohammedan citizens.

Section 7. An overseer shall be appointed in every district of the Christian quarter with two guards, to attend to the collection and preparation of the building materials which have escaped destruction.

Section 8. One hundred and fifty howr trees (this tree is a white-barked poplar which grows tall and straight and is much used for roofing houses) are to be cut down from the gardens of Damascus, and from the villages in every direction around for a distance of fifteen miles, according to the number of trees found in each place.

Sections 9 to 14 provide for the proper registration of all the trees cut down, the giving of receipts to the sheikhs of the villages for them, and the marking the trees with the stamp of the "commission" to prevent their being removed and others substituted in their room before they are taken into the city for use.

Druses escaped to Hauran to the utter chagrin of the French General Beaufort d'Hautpol who found himself thwarted by Turkish treachery.

On September 8th, Lord Dufferin arrived, and the European commission was organized to investigate the massacres and plan for a new government for Lebanon. The members of the commission were as follows: Fuad Pasha, for Turkey; Lord Dufferin-and-Claneboye, for England; M. Beclard, for France; M. Novikoff, for Russia; M. Weckbecker, for Austria; M. De Rehfuss, for Prussia.

Its labours extended over five months, its last and twenty-fifth meeting taking place March 5, 1861, the day of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

Owing to differences of opinion among the members as to who should be punished, the French advocating the execution of a few leaders, and the English the hanging of the actual rank and file perpetrators of the massacres, and owing also to the fact, stated by the biographer of Lord Dufferin (p. 42), that "unfortunately British policy was then strongly pro-Turkish," and "M. Thouvenel (French minister), who acted with energy throughout, had a good deal of difficulty in persuading Lord John Russell to consent to the landing of an international force;" and owing also to the consummate ability of Fuad Pasha who succeeded in arousing the jealousies of the European Powers to thwart the ends of justice,—the result as a fact was that not a single Druse was executed. Many were tried and condemned. Several hundreds were temporarily exiled to Tunis and Belgrade, Cyprus and Crete. France and England were fearful of each other's influence in Syria. Lord Russell saw in the French occupation a preparation for annexation and determined that it should cease. The international treaty fixed the term of the occupation at six months, but, owing to the unsettled state of the country, and the difficulty of embarking an army from a harbourless coast in midwinter, it was prolonged four months and the last French soldier sailed June 8, 1861. It had thus lasted from August 16, 1860, nearly ten months. During the last

four months, the Emperor Napoleon III proposed a still longer occupation, and for a few weeks, as we learned from Colonel Frazier, who remained after Lord Dufferin departed in May, 1861, there was imminent danger of war between France and England, which would have been ruinous to Syria. We were distinctly informed by official authority, "that if France did not evacuate Syria by the 5th of June, England would drive her out by force of arms. Already 10,000 troops were in readiness in Malta and Gibraltar, and," said our informant, "if necessary, England will land troops at Acre and Tripoli on the Syrian coast and arm the whole non-Christian population of Druses, Moslems and Arabs, and expel the French, no matter what happens to the Christians." It was a very serious crisis. Very few knew what was transpiring between London and Paris. But the French departed on time, and the world was saved the spectacle of English officers leading an army of unhung Druse and Moslem murderers against the French army, which came in the interest of our common humanity to put a stop to the awful Syrian massacres.

The joint commission completed its labours March 5, 1861. "It laboured faithfully to reorganize the country; it endeavoured to restore the scattered Christians to their homes; to rebuild their ruined tenements; to fix the amount of their pecuniary indemnities; to supervise the criminal procedures against the inculpated Turkish authorities and the Druse malefactors; and lastly, to frame such a plan of government for the Lebanon, as might bid fair to give the inhabitants that peace, order and security which they had been vainly invoking for twenty years."<sup>1</sup>

The "Organic Statute" agreed upon, and finally approved by the Sultan, made Lebanon a distinct, independent pashalic, under a Mutserref, or pasha, appointed by the Sultan and confirmed by the six signatory powers (now including England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy). He must be a Latin Catholic, and not a native of Syria, and cannot be removed but by consent of the European ambassadors in Constantinople.

<sup>1</sup> Churchill, p. 258.





GOVERNORS OF LEBANON

1. H. E. Daúd Pasha. 2. Wassá, Pasha of Lebanon. 3. Rustem, Pasha of Lebanon. 4. Franco Pasha.

Lord Dufferin, twenty-seven years later (1887), when Viceroy of India, was confronted with a somewhat analogous problem in the rising of the Ghilzais, an Afghan tribe, and in a letter to the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, suggested the substitution for the existing régime in Afghanistan of some such system as that established by him and his fellow commissioners in the Lebanon in 1861.<sup>1</sup>

He says, "Every plan in Lebanon failed in turn, until we put each principal section of the people under its own chief, assisted by divisional councils, with an intertribal (volunteer) police, under an independent governor, appointed by the Turks, though not himself a Mohammedan. Under this system the domestic independence both of the Druses and the Maronites remained perfectly free and uncontrolled. The Turkish troops garrisoned certain strategical points *outside* the privileged limits, but no Turkish soldiers were permitted to be quartered on the villagers, or to enter within the liberties of the tribes. Within a couple of years after these arrangements had been carried into effect, blood feuds entirely ceased, and from that time until the present day the Lebanon has been the most peaceful, the most contented and the most prosperous province of the Ottoman Dominion."

The three seaport cities, Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon, which front the middle, the northern and southern extremities of Lebanon, being ports of entry, and having a large Moslem population, were excluded from the Lebanon district and remained under direct Turkish rule. Thus, to this day, Lebanon has had no seaport and all traffic and passenger travel must be through ports in the hands of the Sultan's officials.

Lebanon has had seven Christian pashas since 1861, Daûd, Franco, Rustem, Wassa, Naoom, Muzaffar, and Yusef, the present ruler. As Lord Dufferin says, "It is the most peaceful, contented and prosperous province of the Ottoman Dominion." It pays no taxes to Constantinople and its army is a volunteer army of Maronites, Greeks, Catholics, Protestants, Druses and a few Moslems. The people are industrious and easily governed.

<sup>1</sup> "Life of Lord Dufferin," p. 58.



Since 1860 the value of property has increased a hundredfold. Vast regions have been brought under cultivation and planted to the mulberry, olive, fig and vine. The very architecture of the houses has improved wonderfully, and macadamized carriage roads zigzag through the mountain range in every direction.

On New Year's Day, 1861, Syria was prostrated, humbled and sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Homeless widows and orphans, exiles, despairingly begged for the restoration of their property and the rebuilding of their homes. Schools were closed, church buildings in ruins and the people dead or dispersed.

The foreign missionaries were mostly gathered in Beirut. Dr. Crawford of Damascus had summered in the Moslem town of Yebrud, north of Damascus, and was unable to reach Damascus until the 7th of August and soon after, with Rev. S. Robson, came to Beirut. After frequent consultations, we decided to hold on to all our stations, and reoccupy them when the land became settled. But the prospect was dark enough. It seemed as though the work of forty years was swept away. On the 18th of September, 1860, I wrote to my brother Samuel, then studying in preparation for the Syria Mission work, as follows:

"I think the prospect brighter for our mission. The Druses are to be attacked at once, and the Christians restored to their homes as soon as possible. *Tell George Post not to give up Syria.* Dr. Van Dyck is overburdened, and must have some one to relieve him of the medical work, to give him time for the translation of the Old Testament. Let nothing discourage you. I regret having written anything to put you in doubt, but when one expects every minute to be massacred (as we did in July) he cannot write *very* encouragingly. Now, we are all hopeful, and I doubt not we shall need you both and more besides, before December, 1861."

Dr. Van Dyck had returned from Europe and at once resumed work on the translation of the Old Testament. Mr. Ford returned to Sidon. We never doubted that God would bring good out of this appalling disaster. And He did.

To add to the gloom of the year 1861, the Civil War began between the federal government in the United States and the Southern seceding slave states. Financial ruin seemed impending over the Northern states. Churches and missionary societies were staggered and crippled. The Board of Missions sounded the note of warning and retrenchment. No boarding-schools could be reopened—no new books published—no new missionaries sent out. In the spring of 1861, we were all assembled in Beirut at our annual meeting, when the mail brought the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. We were startled and thrilled, and as one man felt like starting for home to defend our beloved country's flag from dishonour.

But it soon became evident that God had still a work for His servants to do in Syria.

The total receipts of the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee, up to December 31st, were over £20,000 or \$100,000, of which one-fourth came from the United States. This sum was expended on bedding, clothing, medical relief and bread.

Of this sum \$40,000 was given in wheat for seed, \$14,000 for clothing, \$5,000 for medical relief, \$3,000 for soup rations through the soup kitchen of the Prussian deaconesses, and the balance in food and clothing. Twenty-five thousand dollars of this sum passed through my hands and was distributed in cash to the needy according to carefully prepared lists, and all the accounts were audited by a British merchant in Beirut.

The number of refugees on all our lists in Beirut, Belad, Baalbec, and Sidon reached 26,000. In addition it should be remembered that large sums were raised in Catholic Europe which were distributed through the European consulates and the Romish orders. The Turkish authorities also furnished rent and a small pittance daily, especially to the refugees from Damascus, Deir el Komr and Hasbeiya. In December we had distributed 1,000 shepherds' coats for elderly people. One steamer several weeks later brought from England 2,000 beds, 4,000 blankets, 500 rugs and forty large boxes of clothing, most of it almost entirely new.

Lord Dufferin in his report to the British Foreign Office, in speaking of the part borne by the American missionaries in this work of humanity and religion, awards to them unmeasured commendation, declaring that "without their indefatigable exertions, the supplies sent from Christendom could never have been properly distributed, nor *the starvation of thousands of the needy been prevented.*"

## Light After Darkness

Eight results of the upheaval—Enormous development of Bible circulation—The new impetus to educational work.

“The wrath of man shall praise Thee: with the remainder of wrath wilt Thou gird Thyself.”—*Ps. 76 : 10.*

**T**HE year 1860 had thus been a crisis in the history of Syria. It was also a crisis in the Protestant missionary work. From that time the tide turned. The plowshare of God's judgment had upturned the soil and overturned many of the mightiest obstacles to the Gospel. Syria had been little known in Protestant England and Germany and little cared for. But great disasters, famines, pestilence and massacres draw forth human sympathy and make all men brothers. The events in Bulgaria in 1876, in Armenia in 1894, in China in 1900 and the Indian famine in 1900, prove the power of Christian sympathy. After the massacres, Syria was filled with correspondents of the English, Scotch, Dutch, Swiss and American journals, who supplied their readers with facts concerning the appalling condition of the Oriental Christian sects in Syria. I was asked by Dr. George W. Wood of New York to act as “our own correspondent” for a new Christian daily journal just started in New York, *The New York World*, edited by Rev. Dr. Spalding. To this journal I wrote about thirty letters, giving minute day-to-day accounts of the massacres and the resultant sufferings of the survivors, and these letters probably had something to do with the awakened interest in Syria. Then came messengers of mercy from America, England, Scotland, Germany and Switzerland, who opened schools, orphanages and hospitals all over the land.

We can see several distinct results more or less direct from the events of 1860.

To understand these results in Syria, let us look at what had already been accomplished. The American Mission had established thirty-three schools with 967 pupils, 176 of them girls. There were four organized churches with seventy-five members. The press was printing about 4,000,000 pages annually, and had printed from the outset 112,825,780 pages. The New Testament had been translated, and two editions printed; a 12mo reference edition and a pocket edition, and in 1860, 4,293 copies were sold notwithstanding the poverty of the people. The country had been largely explored. Patriarchs and bishops had ceased to hurl anathemas at the "accursed sect" of the Protestants. Education and the press had opened the eyes of multitudes. The Protestant sect had been legally sanctioned by imperial firman, and became entitled to official recognition and protection. The American Mission in Syria had withdrawn, in 1843, from Jerusalem and all of Palestine south of Acre and Tiberias, and concentrated its efforts on Lebanon, the Bookaa and Northern Syria. A large number of prominent Syrians had embraced Protestantism, among them the martyr Asaad es Shidiak, Gregory Wortabet, Butrus Bistany and Dr. Meshaka of Damascus. The two latter are immortalized by their contributions to Arabic Christian literature.

When the smoke had cleared away, after the close of the war of 1860, and a reasonable estimate could be made of the actual losses of the Protestant community, it was found that only nine Protestants had been killed out of a community of several hundred. One missionary, Rev. Mr. Graham of the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Damascus was killed. The Hasbeiya church was partially destroyed. The scattering of villagers and people of the large towns like Zahleh, Hasbeiya and Deir el Komr, was a great disaster and set back all systematic work for months.

But on the other hand the final outcome was a great gain to Syria, as will appear from the following eight results.

1. The power of the old feudal families and tribes was forever

broken. These sheikhs, begs and emirs had enjoyed almost unlimited power. The fellahin<sup>1</sup> or farmers were their serfs. A Druse beg or a Shehab Maronite emir could order twenty or fifty fellahs to leave their work without notice, and walk before him ten or twenty miles, without compensation. These feudal lords were gradually appropriating the landed estates, and shared with the monks the best property in Lebanon.

But by the new "Organic Statute," the official status of these titular families was forever abolished, and since that time they have had to take their chance with others in getting office. Their sons now go into business, or enter college to become lawyers, doctors or officials. As a fact, the kaimakam of the great Druse district of Es-Shoof in Southern Lebanon has been chosen alternately from one of the two great rival Druse houses of the Arslan emirs and the Jumblatt begs. In the other districts which are either Maronite, Greek or Papal Greek, the kaimakams are taken from the predominant sect. Each district has its medjlis or local council, and the pasha at the capital of the mountain has a central council and court of appeals.

2. The political power of the native hierarchy was broken. The patriarchs and bishops, priests and monks, had interfered in the courts, set up and put down officials, and made Lebanon on a small scale what the papal states were before Garibaldi entered into Rome. They even had the power of life and death as in the case of Asaad es Shidiak. They kept the people in ignorance, and allowed of no schools, excepting those for training up a priesthood. They had for ages been appropriating the best lands of Lebanon, by intimidation of men on their death-beds, and by seizing the property of widows and orphans, so that it is true even to-day, that all the most fertile land, the finest water rights and the wooded hills of Lebanon belong to the bishops and the monks, and the fellahin are chiefly their tenants.

But the upheaval of 1860 deprived the priesthood of political power. The collapse of the patriarch's crusade to exterminate the Druses lessened greatly his prestige. When Rustem Pasha

<sup>1</sup> "Fellah" means "plowman."

was in office (from 1871 to 1881) he exiled the Maronite Bishop Butrus el Bistany of B'teddin to Jerusalem, for political intrigue and banished a Papal Greek priest from Zahleh for beating a Protestant in the street.<sup>1</sup>

In the purely Maronite districts, the priests still try to "manage" political affairs, but the people have learned their rights and are free to assert them.

3. A stable, free, and virtually independent government was established in Lebanon. This was politically and socially the greatest boon to Syria in modern times. It is the freest, most peaceful and prosperous province in the empire, and is envied by the other provinces. It opened the way for the vigorous and industrious people to improve their property without fear of armed horsemen, tithe gatherers, extortioners and bribe-taking officials. No longer do mercenary judges and arbitrary rulers intimidate witnesses and corrupt the tribunals.<sup>2</sup> The taxation is light and is all expended on local interests. When murders occur, the culprits are arrested and imprisoned, and murders would be much fewer, were capital punishment allowed.

4. The domineering pride of the Damascus Mohammedans was broken. The enforcement of military conscription, the enormous money levies on the city and Moslem villages, the increase of the military garrison, and the introduction of municipal improvements, have lowered the tone and subdued the manner of the Damascene Moslems towards native Christians and foreigners. Christian schools have multiplied, the Turkish schools for boys and even girls are crowded with pupils, newspapers are published and read, and there is friendly intercourse between Moslems, Christians and Jews.

5. The war of 1860 forced tens of thousands of the people, great and small, rich and poor, out of their secluded villages and brought them into contact with foreign Christian benevolence.

<sup>1</sup> That priest, Jeraijiry, afterwards was made bishop and patriarch, and became the most broad-minded and liberal of the Romish clergy, the friend of education and most courteous and friendly to Americans.

<sup>2</sup> At the present time, alas, this is no longer true.

The very men whom their priests had taught them were godless, enemies of God and man, and emissaries of Satan, had fed and clothed them for months, given them medicine and medical attendance and helped them in rebuilding their houses in the fall and winter. No wonder that months afterwards, deputation after deputation came to Beirut asking the missionaries for teachers and schools, and that there was a growing demand for Arabic Scriptures and other useful books.

In some of the remote and stricken villages there are now flourishing evangelical churches. In Zahleh, from which missionaries had twice been driven out and stoned, there is a fine church edifice and four Protestant schools. This is the town which sent thirty armed horsemen in July, 1848, to Hasbeiya, ordering the Protestants to leave on penalty of death. In 1860 the mission had twenty-seven village schools. Now in the same territorial districts there are not less than 150, and the number could easily be increased were the means sufficient.

6. A demand for education. No sooner had the sky cleared after the storm of 1860, than there sprang up in all parts of the land a demand for schools, which has continued to increase until the present time. It has resulted in the founding of not less than twenty Protestant boarding-schools and institutions in Syria and Palestine whose influence for good is incalculable.

7. Then came a new demand for the Arabic Scriptures and other religious and miscellaneous books. The new translation of the Arabic New Testament was printed in March, 1860, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and was ready for the multitudes who poured like a flood into Beirut from hundreds of villages in and around Mount Lebanon. Many out of their deep poverty bought the New Testament, to others it was given, and thus God's Word went back with the poor and stricken and disheartened people to comfort them in their desolate homes. On August 23, 1864, Dr. Van Dyck completed the translation and printing of the Old Testament, and in June left for the United States to attend to electrotyping the entire Arabic Bible. Since that time thirty-two editions of the Bible and parts of it



have been issued from the Beirut Press, all of which bear on the title page the imperial sanction of the Ottoman government. Up to 1909, more than nine hundred thousand copies of the Arabic Scriptures have been printed at the Beirut Press, and it now has a capacity for printing 50,000 Bibles a year.

Dr. A. J. Brown says that "the Beirut Press is next to the greatest mission press in the world, being exceeded in output only by the Presbyterian Mission Press in Shanghai."

The demand for the Arabic Scriptures is increasing, not only in Syria and Palestine, but in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Arabia, India, Egypt and the Soudan, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Zanzibar, Aden, the East Indies, North China, and every other country where the Arabic language is read and spoken.

Much the same is true of the religious, educational and scientific works published by the American Press. About seven hundred and fifty millions of pages of all classes of publications have been printed at the American Press. The first impulse given by this press has called into existence a score of printing houses in Beirut and other parts of Syria. The largest of these is the Jesuit Press of the University of St. Joseph, which has published a translation of the Vulgate Bible into the Arabic and a large line of works in Arabic literature.

The land is filled with newspapers, and the people have awakened to a new intellectual life. Native booksellers tell me that the best selling books in the monasteries and among monks and priests are the flashy French novels translated into Arabic.

But the best selling book throughout the East to-day is the Bible. It has now a firm footing in the empire, and has been published in eleven languages. The Arabic version contests with the Koran the supremacy over the future intellectual, moral and religious life of the Arab race. The Koran is in one language exclusively for one sect, and is not allowed to be translated; there are no Koran societies for distributing Korans among non-Moslems, and any copy of the Koran found in the possession of a native Christian or a European traveller is confiscated. The

Bible is freely offered for sale to all. More than sixty thousand copies of the Scriptures are sold annually in the Turkish Empire. The Word of God is having "free course" and it shall "be glorified."

8. After the events of 1860 and largely as a result of Protestant Missions, there was an intellectual and educational awakening throughout the whole Turkish Empire. The American schools had been in operation forty years, before the Turkish government officially promulgated (in 1869) school laws, and instituted a scheme of governmental education. But there was no public school system for *all* the people. The government schools are for Mohammedan children, and thus exclude the millions of Christian children who must be provided for by their own sects, or by missionary societies.

In 1864 there were said to be twelve thousand five hundred elementary mosque schools for reading the Koran, in which there were said to be half a million of students. In 1890, according to official reports, there were in the empire 41,659 schools of all kinds of which 3,000 are probably Christian and Jewish. As there are 35,598 mosques in the empire, and each mosque is supposed to have its "medriseh" or school, there would appear to be about 4,000 secular government schools not connected with the mosques, independent of ecclesiastical control by mollahs and sheikhs, and belonging to the imperial graded system of public instruction; yet many of the mosque schools have now been absorbed into the government system so that there may be 20,000 of these so-called government schools. The great majority of the schools, public and private, native and foreign in the empire, have come into existence since 1860, and now there are in the empire not less than 1,000 Protestant schools, with nearly 50,000 pupils. Of these 20,000 are girls, a fact most potent and eloquent with regard to the future of these interesting peoples.

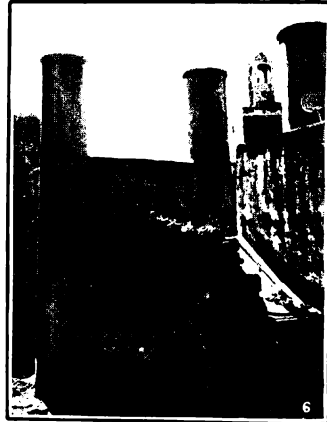
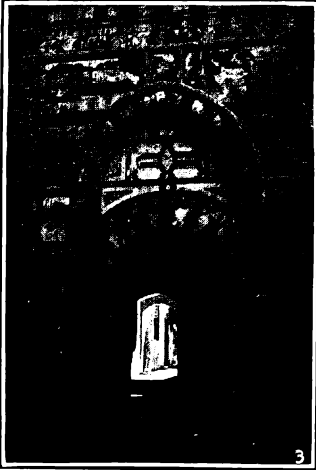
I can only recount briefly the history and work of the various evangelical institutions of the post-massacre period, *i. e.*, since the year 1860.

## THE BEIRUT FEMALE SEMINARY

After the events of 1860 there followed an unprecedented demand for education for both boys and girls, and this in higher schools than those in the villages. Foreign languages were wanted, especially the French, owing to the intimate commercial relations between Syria and France. After the reconstruction of Lebanon, the Abeih Seminary was reopened. But owing to the strictly vernacular policy enjoined by the American Board of Missions neither English nor French could be taught in it. The same was true of *female education*. Dr. De Forest had taught all the young women in his family school the English language, and it proved a priceless boon to them. But after the departure of the American young ladies who were expected to carry on his work, the question was reopened in Beirut, with regard to the propriety of teaching English and French. As it could not be done in a school supported by the Board it was decided in 1861 to open a girls' boarding-school in Beirut independent of the Board, and with native Syrian teachers.

The first contribution towards it was given by Colonel Frazier H. B. M. Commissioner. Mr. M. Araman, his lovely wife and Miss Rufka Gregory who had been trained in the families of Mrs. Whiting and Mrs. De Forest, undertook the work. The school soon attained a high reputation, and after the departure of Miss Gregory (as Mrs. Muir) to Australia, it was found necessary to engage American lady teachers, and through the labours of Miss Everett, Miss Carruth, Miss Jackson, Miss Loring, Miss Fisher, Miss Thomson, Miss Barber, Miss Law, Miss Tolles, and Miss Horne, with an excellent corps of Syrian teachers, the seminary has become the leading girls' boarding-school south of Constantinople. It began with six charity pupils and now has sixty paying boarders, and gives a high grade diploma to its graduates. And these graduates are in demand as teachers at good salaries in Syria and Egypt. When Dr. A. J. Brown, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, visited Cairo in 1902 with his wife they were sur-





## BEIRUT

1. The Elliott F. Shepard Manse. 2. Ancient Baḡ ed Dirkeh, Beirut.  
3. Deir el Komr, Gateway of Serala, in which sat the Turkish colonel during massacre of 1860. 4. American School for Girls, Beirut. 5. The Gerald F. Dale, Jr., Memorial Sunday School Hall. 6. Pillars of Forty Martyrs, Beirut.

prised and delighted to attend an evening reception at the house of a lady eminent as a teacher in Cairo, where they met about fifty cultivated ladies, her fellow graduates of the Beirut Seminary.

The English language is taught thoroughly, as it is now in all the Protestant high schools for boys and girls in Syria and Palestine and Egypt. The demand for English is one of the facts to be confronted in the opening of the twentieth century. It is rapidly supplanting French and Italian. No school can succeed without it. In 1870, on the transfer of the Syria Mission to the Presbyterian Board of Missions, this institution was adopted by the Women's Board of Missions and has been maintained by them to the present time.

On December 14, 1870, the executive committee of the seminary consisted of Drs. Thomson, Van Dyck, H. H. Jessup, of Beirut, Messrs. Bird and Calhoun of Abeih, Dr. Daniel Bliss and Dr. George E. Post of the Syrian Protestant College. We then addressed to the new Presbyterian Board of Missions an historical statement and appeal on behalf of the seminary. We urged the raising of an endowment of \$30,000, or, in default of this, a permanent provision for its support. We said, "We believe that it has an important future before it in the great work of female education and evangelization in this land. It is an institution which should enlist the sympathies and prayers of the mothers and daughters of the thousands in our Presbyterian Israel. Here in the land of Hannah and Rachel, of Ruth and Mary, would we lay wisely and permanently the foundations of a school which is to train the daughters of Syria of all sects and tribes in all the generations to come."

In 1864, the mission authorized me, during a brief visit of thirteen weeks in the United States, to raise funds for the erection of a suitable building for the Beirut Seminary, on the mission premises, by adding to the old mission house or "Burj Bird," erected by Rev. Isaac Bird in 1834. With the cordial coöperation of Hon. William E. Dodge, and Mr. William A. Booth of New York, Matthew Baldwin, John A. Brown, Horace

Pitkin and Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, and many others, a sum of ten thousand dollars was raised. A cholera epidemic interrupted the building from July to November, 1865, but it was completed and dedicated in 1866. In 1869 a beautiful porch was erected over the main entrance by Mrs. D. Stuart Dodge.

What changes and what contrasts are suggested by such a building, and for such an object on the shores of old Phœnicia! Young maidens of the children of Japheth coming seven thousand miles across the great ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules to teach the Semitic girls the religion of their own greatest Prophet, the Incarnate Son of God! An American school for Syrian girls! An evangelical school for Moslem and Druse, Greek and Maronite, Papal Greek, Jacobite, Armenian and Jewish girls! Any school for girls would have been an impossibility when the American missionaries first landed in Syria. The people thought and said that there was more hope of teaching a cat than a girl. The Moslems said that girls could not be trusted with a knowledge of reading and writing. Girls were to be servants, slaves, beaten, despised, degraded, dishonoured. They could not be trusted. No Moslem would allow his wife's face to be seen by his own father or brother. No Moslem would mention the word woman in the presence of other men without saying, "Ajellak Allah," which means, May God exalt you above the contamination of such a vile subject! The Mohammedan religion has destroyed the family, degraded women, heaped ignominy and reproach upon the girls. Secluded at home, veiled when abroad, without training, veracity, virtue or self-respect, men despised them and they despised themselves. If a European doctor insists on seeing the face of a sick Moslem woman, the husband has often been known to say, "Never, let her die first—but no man shall ever see her face."

The Oriental Christian women were driven into partial seclusion by the intense fanaticism of their Moslem neighbours. When the seminary was opened in 1861, no parent could be induced to pay a piastre for the education of a daughter. The first class of six consisted only of charity pupils, and the first de-

mand for payment for board met a serious rebellion. From 1861 to 1870, the burden of supporting this school rested on me. The American Board declined to help it as it taught English and French.

This school was carried on in faith. At times we did not know where the funds for the week's expenses were to come from, but the Lord provided wonderfully and the school lacked no good thing. On the last day of December, 1869, Mr. Araman, the teacher, came to me and asked for money to the amount of three or four thousand piastres (about \$150) to pay urgent bills. I told him we had not a piastre in the treasury. We conferred and laid the matter before the Lord in prayer, and he went away. Just then came a knock at the door. Mr. Stuart Dodge came in with a package containing thirty-three and a half Napoleons, which he had found in the mission safe, deposited there by Mr. Booth and labelled "for the girls' school." Then came another gift of ten Napoleons from an unexpected source, making 850 francs or about \$170, so that our prayers were answered and our credit saved.

For nine years I raised by correspondence with personal friends and Sabbath-schools the salaries of the teachers and the scholarship funds to support the girls. Tourists passing through Beirut gave substantial aid, but it was a growing burden, and great was my joy when the new Presbyterian Women's Board of Missions assumed the support of the Beirut Girls' School and placed it on a substantial basis. Up to that time the school had no financial connection with the American Board. Miss Everett, its first American teacher, was appointed missionary of the Board, but her salary was paid by Mrs. Walter Baker, the saint of Dorchester.

We fought the battle to maintain the school, although it was not on the simple vernacular basis required by the American Board, and I regard it as one of the best labours of my life that I carried this darling school on my shoulders and on my heart for nine years. It has been a blessing indescribable to Syria and the East. A change has come over men and women, too, in



Syria. In 1878, the seminary received from paying pupils eleven hundred dollars. It now (1909) receives annually about three thousand dollars and has to turn away many pupils for want of room.

It is a high school teaching Arabic grammar, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, botany, physiology, history, ethics, English and French, with music and drawing for those willing to pay for them. There is a regular academic course giving a diploma which warrants the preparation of the graduates for teaching. It is also a thoroughly evangelical and Biblical school. All the pupils are instructed daily in the Bible, and brought under religious influence in the church and Sabbath-school and in the seminary family. Nothing of religious instruction is abated or relaxed on account of the religion or nationality of any pupil. Her parents know that it is a religious institution, and yet are willing to pay for its privileges. The Orientals do not believe in non-religious schools. They think every man is bound to have a religion of some kind, and prefer to have their children taught our religion rather than none at all.

The building cost about eleven thousand dollars. The lumber was brought from the state of Maine. The windows and doors were made in Lowell, Mass., as before mentioned. The stone pavement of the floor was brought from Italy, the tiles for the roof from Marseilles. The cream-coloured sandstone of which the walls are built was quarried near Beirut; the stone stairs are from Mount Lebanon. The desks are from New York, the zinc roof of the cupola from England, the glass from Vienna, and the petroleum oil for the lamps from Batoum. The playground in the rear of the seminary is shaded with beautiful zinzalakht or Pride of India trees which were planted in 1839 by Dr. Thomson and Mr. Story Hebard. In the attic of the old part of the seminary building is the room where the Bible was translated by Dr. Eli Smith (1848-1857) and Dr. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck (1857-1865). This great work is commemorated by a marble tablet on the wall, erected by Dr. Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University.

Just in front of the church is a memorial column, to mark the site on which was erected in 1835, for Mrs. Eli Smith, the first edifice for the education of girls ever erected in the Turkish Empire. It was a day-school for thirty little girls which only continued for a few months and was suspended on the departure of Mrs. Smith for Smyrna where she died September 30, 1836.

The pupils of the Beirut Seminary are native Syrian, Egyptian and a few Armenian girls, from ten to sixteen years of age. Many of them are bright and quick to learn, and comely in appearance. Nine out of ten of them have black eyes, as have the majority of the Arab race. A blonde in Syria is rare, and consequently greatly admired. These girls go forth from the seminary cultivated and refined, ready to be teachers of youth or wives and mothers of families. Many of the graduates have been truly converted. This seminary is a light shining in a dark place, and it has been shining to such good purpose that the dark place itself is becoming light. Beirut is a city of schools, and it has none more useful or successful than this American female seminary. In April, 1904, the alumnae of the seminary, resident in Egypt, presented to the institution an elegant oil portrait of Miss Eliza D. Everett, the first American teacher in the seminary, and who was connected with it for more than twenty-five years. Mrs. W. W. Taylor (née Miss Sophie B. Loring) of the seminary in the year 1886 raised in the United States the necessary funds for building a summer home or sanitarium for the Beirut Seminary. It is located in Suk el Gharb on a rocky ledge overlooking the mountain slopes, the plain and the blue sea, is well built and convenient and is known as Beit Loring or Loring House. It is in sight of Beirut, and nine miles distant, 2,500 feet above sea level.

#### THE BRITISH SYRIAN SCHOOLS AND BIBLE MISSION

This interesting mission is a direct result of the massacres of 1860. I well remember the arrival of its founder, Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson, in the latter part of October, 1860. We had been for

four months labouring early and late to feed the hungry and clothe the naked refugees, who had gathered in thousands in Beirut. The city and environs were crowded with widows and orphans. Large contributions had come from England in money, clothing, blankets and bedding. I learned that an English lady, who had been connected with the London Syrian Relief Fund, had arrived in Beirut anxious to do something for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the widows and orphans. We found her to be an intelligent and consecrated Christian widow, whose husband, Dr. Thompson, had died in the British Military Hospital at Scutari after service in the Crimea, and who had lived several years in the vicinity of Antioch, and who had come to aid in the relief of the suffering. We extended to her the hand of welcome and sympathy, and during all the nine subsequent years of her life in Syria it was our privilege to cooperate with her in her work for the daughters of Syria. She began at once her labours by hiring a house and gathering the widows and orphan girls to learn sewing and reading. She opened a laundry for the men of the British fleet, thus giving employment to many women. She engaged the services of experienced young women teachers trained in the American Mission "for such a time as this," and soon had a flourishing school. Her work extended to the homes of her widows and orphans, Hasbeiya, Damascus, Zahleh, etc., until in twelve years she had twenty-three schools, twelve in Beirut and eleven in the interior, with 1,522 pupils, seventy-nine teachers, and seven Bible-women. After her death, November 14, 1869, her work was carried on successively by her sisters, Mrs. Augusta Mentor Mott and Mrs. Susette Smith, and was greatly enlarged until there were forty schools, 3,000 pupils, and a corps of Bible-women. The mission is undenominational, although Mrs. Thompson and her sisters belonged to the Church of England, and their English lady teachers have regularly attended our mission services with their Syrian teachers and pupils.

These English and Scotch ladies have certainly evinced the most admirable courage and resolution in entering several of

these places, without European society, and isolated for months together from persons speaking their own language, except when visited by the missionaries on their itineration or by casual tourists. And not a few of these consecrated women have laboured at their own expense and given largely of their private means to carry on the work.

Such instances as these have demonstrated the fact that where woman is to be reached, woman can go, and Christian women from Christian lands, even if beyond the age generally fixed as the best adapted to the easy acquisition of a foreign language, may yet do a great work in maintaining centres of influence at the outposts, superintending the labours of native teachers, and giving instruction in the English language. The young girls graduating from our Beirut, Sidon and Tripoli boarding-schools and the British Syrian Training Institution in Beirut, cannot go to distant places as teachers and *ought not to go* according to both foreign and Syrian standards of propriety without a home and protection provided for them. Such protection *is given* by a European or American woman who has the independence and resolution to go where no missionary family resides and carry on the work of female education.

The British Syrian schools are doing a good work in promoting Bible education, and the relations between their teachers and directors and the American Mission have always been of the most harmonious character. And why not? We are engaged in a common work surrounded by thousands of needy perishing souls, Mohammedan, pagan and nominal Christian,—and the Lord's husbandmen ought to work together, forgetting and ignoring all diversities of nationality, denomination and social customs. There should be no such word as American, English, Scotch or German attached to any enterprise that belongs to the common Master. The common foe is united in opposition. Let us be united in every practicable way. Let our name be *Christian*, our work one of united sympathy, prayer and cöoperation, and let not Christ be divided in His members.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE PRUSSIAN DEACONESSSES OF KAISERSWERTH  
IN BEIRUT

The Orphan Home, boarding-school and Johanniter Hospital, with which the Prussian deaconesses are connected, were established in 1860. The two former are supported by the Kaiserswerth institution in Germany, and the latter by the Knights of St. John of Berlin. These consecrated sisters have trained hundreds of orphan girls and educated the daughters of the foreign residents for more than forty-five years. They have regularly 130 orphan girls, and about one hundred European paying boarders and day pupils.

These schools were a direct outcome of the massacres of 1860, and the teachers and nurses were among the first to come to the relief of the sufferers, and for months kept open a soup kitchen for the hungry in aid of which our Relief Committee supplied \$3,000.

THE JOHANNITER HOSPITAL OF BEIRUT

This noble institution was a direct outgrowth of the massacres of 1860. The Knights of St. John in Berlin sent Count Bismarck Bohlen, who hastened to send medical aid and nurses to the sufferers from the massacres. They began their work in Sidon and then removed to Beirut where Fuad Pasha gave them a tract of land, a rocky hillside where they built a commodious hospital. The nurses are a corps of nine deaconesses from Kaiserswerth, and the physicians the American medical professors in the Syrian Protestant College. The site is salubrious and cheerful and thousands of patients, indoor and outside-clinical, have blessed its founders and attendants for forty-four years. A local Curatorium of Germans, British, and Americans, is the organ of communication with the Order of the Knights of St. John in Berlin. The Emperor William II, on his visit to Beirut in 1898, conferred a decoration upon Rev. George E. Post, M. D., the dean of the American faculty.

## MRS. WATSON'S LEBANON SCHOOLS

Soon after the massacres, in 1862 I think, Mrs. E. H. Watson, after teaching in Valparaiso, New York and Athens came to Syria and opened a girls' school in Beirut, then in Shemlan and lastly in Ain Zehalteh. The Shemlan school was transferred to the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and recently to the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission. Mrs. Watson erected two school buildings in Ain Zehalteh as a permanent school for Protestant orphan boys, and purchased a large tract of land whose income was to support the school. Mrs. Watson died in Shemlan July 29, 1891. The Ain Zehalteh property has been diverted by her heirs to personal use and the school perished for want of support.

The Shemlan school has been a blessing to the land and continues to give a sound Christian training. Under the care of the British Syrian Mission its future is assured.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND SCHOOLS FOR JEWISH BOYS  
AND GIRLS IN BEIRUT

These schools were established in 1865 under the care of Rev. James Robertson then pastor of the Anglo-American Congregation in Beirut. They are now under the care of Rev. George M. Mackie, D. D., with an efficient corps of teachers, and a boarding-school for Jewesses has been opened under the direction of Miss Milne. One of the teachers of the boys' school is a converted Jew of the family of Harari of Damascus, who has been a faithful teacher for more than thirty years. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon have now undertaken the teaching in the boys' day-schools. These schools have done much to break down the contemptuous pride and the superstitious practices of the Syrian Jews, and the results of forty years of patient labour are apparent in the friendly attitude of the younger generation.

Dr. Mackie, as acting pastor of the Anglo-American Congregation in Beirut, has endeared himself to the whole community.

MISS JESSIE TAYLOR'S ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL FOR  
MOSLEM AND DRUSE GIRLS

This school was opened in 1868 for the poorest of the poor Moslems. For a long time it had only day pupils, but now for years it has received from twenty to forty boarders and with her sewing classes for poor women, has been an untold blessing to hundreds of Moslem families. Miss Taylor has won the confidence of all classes, native and foreign, and has instructed multitudes of women and girls. On her seventieth birthday she received a testimonial of seventy gold sovereigns from her friends of the foreign community, and still lives to bless the people of Syria. Mohammedan men as well as women come to consult her, and often come in crowds to her evangelical preaching service on Sunday evening.

References to her and her work will be made later.

## After the Massacres

Removal to Beirut—Retrenchment—The Abu Rikab.

**I**N 1860 I was transferred from Tripoli to Sidon. But my goods, shipped on a "shaktoor," were driven into Beirut harbour by a storm, and the mission by an emergency vote directed me to stay in Beirut where I have since remained. I undertook the Arabic preaching to lessen the burden on Dr. Thomson.

In May of that year Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left for America with their children, one of whom, Samuel Tyndale, is now president of Maryville College, Tennessee.

The English preaching services also devolved upon us. The missionaries had maintained them since 1826. It was in 1866 that the Church of Scotland agreed to supply those services, beginning with the Rev. James Robertson.

The French occupation was a curse to Syria. Fifty grog-shops and many houses of ill fame were opened and drunkenness became a vice theretofore little known.

In April, 1861, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge with his bride, Ellen Phelps, sister of William Walter Phelps, visited Syria. His meeting Dr. Bliss, who came down from Suk el Gharb to meet Mr. and Mrs. George D. Phelps of New York, was the beginning of a friendship never interrupted since, and which resulted in the founding of the Syrian Protestant College, of which his sainted father, William E. Dodge, laid the corner-stone in December, 1871.

In February, 1861, we heard that Mr. Lincoln had offered my father a diplomatic post, and on his refusal had offered to appoint my brother Samuel consul at Beirut. It was thought he could



master the language during his incumbency and then enter his missionary work.

We successfully dissuaded Samuel from a step which would have been so disastrous to his missionary influence. It would have impregnated his whole future with a political tinge that would have been in direct antagonism to the spiritual character of his life-work. Samuel thereupon volunteered as a chaplain, and my brothers George, William and Hunting also entered the army. But the relief work we were engaged in in Syria was a duty so high and pressing we had to choke down our eagerness to go home and do our share.

July 3d the Sultan, Abdul Medjid died and was succeeded by Abdul Aziz. On the 4th, a brilliant comet was visible, and we had our Fourth of July celebration, with the native illumination of the city in honour of the new ruler. I made an address from Isaiah 8: 12, which from its reference to the "confederacy" was startling to my hearers.

July 18th Daûd Pasha was inaugurated as governor-general of the new pashalic of Mount Lebanon. The ceremony took place in Beirut barracks. The firman of appointment was read in Turkish and Arabic, and addresses were made by Maronite and Greek priests, and the cavalcade set out for Deir el Komr. During the reading, a Deir el Komr widow saw in the crowd the Druse who had murdered her husband and by her screams compelled the pasha to order his arrest and imprisonment at once. As the pasha's party of mounted Christians and Druses entered Deir el Komr en route for the palace of B'teddin, the widows who had returned sprang on the Druse horsemen and forbade their reëntering the town. They had to retreat and take another road. During the summer, the French wagon road to Damascus was completed and became a great public benefit. The French evacuation in June did not eradicate the effects of the occupation. These were both good and evil. The French army restored order, reassured the people, and quieted the land. But the army followers, who opened forty liquor saloons and many houses of ill fame in Beirut, introduced among the thousands

of youths in Beirut licentiousness and intemperance to a degree never known before.

I regret to say that the example of the English was not much better. In July, 1861, five midshipmen from the British liner *Mars* came ashore in Beirut and after drinking more brandy than was safe, entered the confectionery shop of M. Troyet, a Frenchman, and demanded more liquor. M. Troyet, seeing their intoxicated condition, refused them, whereupon they opened a broadside of chairs and canes upon the mirrors, glass cases, jars, and furniture of the saloon, doing damage to the amount of five thousand francs. Complaint was made and the "young gentlemen" were court-martialled, imprisoned, and fined to the full amount. A fine example for Englishmen to set before the Arabs of Beirut.

In August, 1861, I visited Zahleh from which Messrs. Dodds and Benton were expelled in 1859. I found five Protestants, Musa Ata and others, but the people at large looked at me with undisguised animosity. I wrote at the time, "The scenery about Zahleh is charming; around you are the ranges of Lebanon and the splendid plains of the Bookaa half covered, at this season, with bright green fields of Indian corn, and the threshing-floors piled high with myriads of sheaves of wheat and barley and other grains. A small river of cold crystal water, the Bardouni, runs down through the narrow valley which divides the town into two distinct quarters. The people are a hearty, vigorous, and superior looking race, and some day the Lord will bring them into the light."

The Turkish government began to collect a million dollars from the Moslems of Damascus, and their rage was so great that they plotted another massacre. They planned killing the pasha, and then all the Christians and foreigners left in the city. But though the plot was discovered and thwarted, yet it produced a new panic in the city and all over Syria. Miss Mason and Miss Temple reopened the girls' school in Sûk with six pupils. Mr. Calhoun, in the Abeih Seminary, being unable for want of funds to open the school, received a small class of men for theo-

logical instruction. In the printing of the new Arabic translation of the Old Testament, Dr. Van Dyck had proceeded as far as the thirty-third chapter of the Book of Numbers. But owing to the inferior character of the old printing machine, it was extremely difficult to obtain a register, that is, to have pages correspond on the opposite sides of the leaf. So Mr. Hurter, the printer, was authorized to visit America and obtain, if possible, a new and improved machine.

A meteor, said to be of the size of the full moon, passed over Anti-Lebanon early in August and moved to the southwest of Mount Hermon, leaving a train of fire behind it. It passed off towards Carmel and exploded with a noise like a cannon.

A young Englishman named Lee visited the famous Dog River, nine miles from Beirut, for the purpose of studying the inscriptions on the ancient rock-hewn tablets of Sesostris, Esarhaddon, and others, of which there were nine. On reading his "Murray's Guide," he was surprised to find that the face of one of the ancient tablets had been smoothed down by a chisel, and a French inscription cut upon it, commemorating the French military expedition to Syria in 1860-61 with the name of Napoleon III, and the officers of the army. Supposing it to have been the work of some unauthorized vandal, he took a stone and defaced the emperor's name from the inscription. On his return to Beirut he was summoned to the British consulate to answer a charge of the French consul that he had destroyed French property. He then wrote an apologetic answer to the French consul and also expressed his surprise that the French officials who had sent Renan to explore the Syrian antiquities should have authorized the destruction of one of its most ancient monuments. The French consul returned his letter as unsatisfactory and there the incident closed.

In September Messrs. Ford and Lyons laid the corner-stone of a new church in El Khiyam. Sixty dollars of the money used in this building was money received by me from Sunday-schools in America and given to poor Protestants for buying seed wheat. They sowed the wheat, harvested it and repaid the money for

the church edifice, and thus it has done a double service, in giving bread to their bodies and the bread of life to their souls.

On September 20th, we received orders from Dr. Anderson of the A. B. C. F. M. to cut off one-third of our expenses. So we met and applied the surgeon's knife, cutting down our own salaries, and those of all the native agents, and closing the boys' and girls' boarding-schools. We did this as an expression of our sympathy with our suffering friends in America. October 17, 1861, I wrote to the missionary society of Illinois College urging the claims of missions and apologizing for a brief letter on the ground of pressure of duties, as I had to preach in Arabic every Sunday and in English once a month, conduct a weekly Arabic Bible class, a singing school, translate hymns for a new hymn-book, correspond regularly with the missions at Aleppo, Aintab, Latakia, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Cairo, attend to receiving and forwarding all mails, English and Arabic, and all boxes for the press, and for individuals, attend to a large private correspondence, attend meetings of the Anglo-American Relief Committee, and the Claims Commission for losses during the massacres.

At this date the mission was reduced to seven men, Messrs. Wilson and Hurter having left for America and Messrs. Eddy and Bird being still absent, and we were earnest in pleading for reinforcement. We had abandoned, for the time being, the whole of Syria north of the Dog River, and awaited help from our afflicted native land. I removed my home in Beirut to Beit Jebaili in the eastern quarter and was surrounded by Damascene refugees, many of them very delightful and lovely people. Mrs. Jessup and I opened at once a Sunday-school and I had a weekly Bible class for men and women. In 1862 we opened a school for their girls with a pupil of Mrs. De Forest, Mrs. Saada Haleby, as teacher, and soon we had ninety girls under instruction. That school was afterwards in 1864 transferred to Mrs. Bowen Thompson, founder of the British Syrian Schools.

The severe retrenchments and closing of Abeih Seminary compelled leading Protestants to send their sons to Lazarist and Jes-

uit Schools. Even the zealous Dr. Meshaka of Damascus, the Martin Luther of Syria, sent his son to Antura, the famous school of the Lazarists. In October, 1861, the French fleet of six liners sailed away from Beirut. At the same time two of the better class of Druse sheikhs, Yusef Abdul Melek and the Emir Mohammed Arslan were released from prison and returned to their homes, and were afterwards useful in the government of Lebanon.

My brother Samuel was ordained by the New School Presbytery of Montrose, September 10th, having been excused from his regiment for the purpose and then returned to the army, where he remained until after the battle of Malvern Hills, July 31, 1862.

In the middle of October, Beirut was visited by its first epidemic of dengue fever, called by the Arabs " Abu Rikab " (father of the knees), from the severe pain at the knees. Not less than 25,000 out of a population of 60,000 of the people were sick at one time.

Whole families were prostrated, but very few died. It was supposed that no more than 2,000 of the 60,000 people escaped it. It was probably caused by the filthy state of the city and the gardens, after the residence of so many thousands for nine months, with no regard for sanitary precautions and no steps taken by the government to prevent disease. For forty days not a cloud appeared and the sky was like burning brass. There had been but one day of rain for six months. The sick longed for rain. About December 1st, when the dark clouds had gathered in the southwest larger than a man's hand, Fuad Pasha ordered the religious heads of all sects to assemble in the public square and pray for rain. After they had assembled, the wind rose and one Maronite priest prayed holding an umbrella over his head. Fuad Pasha had not studied his barometer in vain, for that night the rain descended in torrents and continued for ten days. The air was cooled, the sick recovered, and the epidemic ceased.

A strange event took place at this time in Beirut. Mr. Giurgius Jimmal, a wealthy Protestant of Acre, whose house was attacked by a gang of Moslem robbers, succeeded, with the aid of his servants, in binding them and shaving off their beards. They

complained of the indignity, and the government arrested Mr. Jimmal and put him in irons for ten days and only released him at the protest of Colonel Frazier, H. B. M. Commissioner in Syria. The robbers were not molested.

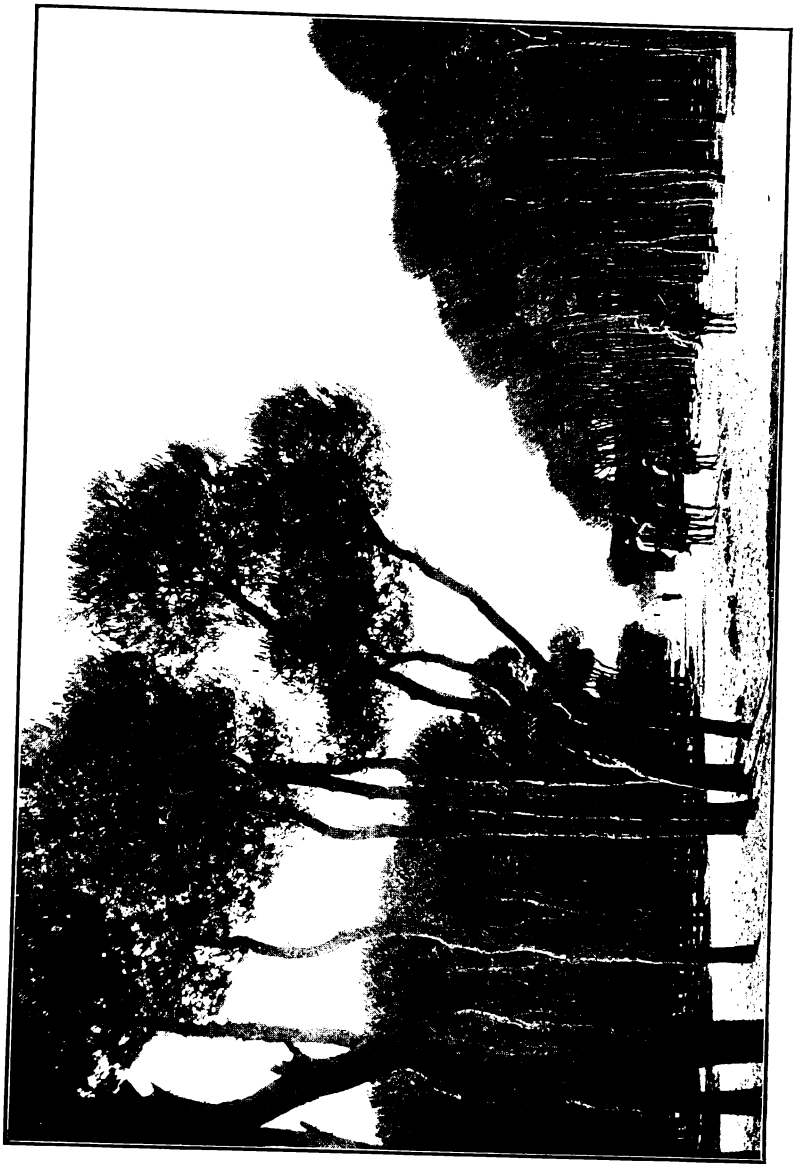
November, 1861, was a period of great anxiety. The Board had cut off \$6,000 from our mission funds. We were all over-worked. The great work of the mission, the translation of the Scriptures, was in jeopardy. The health of Dr. Van Dyck was very precarious. He suffered from severe headaches, was thin and weak, and had serious effusion in his joints. Yet in addition to his labours of Bible translation, he was constantly called on for medical advice and attention, in the mission families and among the people, and we were full of apprehension lest his health fail and the great work of Old Testament translation be indefinitely postponed. This fact added force to our appeals for reinforcement, but none came for fifteen months afterwards.

On December 14, 1861, Fuad Pasha left on the frigate *Tayif* for Constantinople to enter on his office as Sadr Azam or grand vizier. The Beirut people gave him an ovation on his departure and no man in modern times has been more popular in Syria. He took with him fifty blooded Arab horses, the finest display ever seen in Beirut. Not less than 3,000 trunks, boxes, barrels, baskets, and packages were sent on board the corvette which went with the *Tayif* as a tender. The Pasha of Beirut sent him some 500 baskets and boxes containing lemons and oranges, dried fruits, silks, rugs, furniture, and all the chief officials vied with each other in sending him rich presents. In return he bestowed liberally decorations of different grades of the Medjidiyeh order.

On December 20th, Mr. Ford of Sidon sailed for England, at the expense of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society, for three months' absence, to plead the cause of Christian education and evangelization in Syria. In a letter to Dr. Wortabet, January 4, 1862, I stated that immediate steps would be taken to establish a large Protestant native institution in Beirut of a high order, with the coöperation of all the missions in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. As will be seen elsewhere, in the sketch of the Syrian Protestant

College, we had under serious consideration the sending of a learned Syrian, Mr. B. Bistany, to join Mr. Ford in his appeals for the new institution. It was wisely given up. A dual control in an institution will end in disaster. A native school, founded and supported by natives, should be under native control. A foreign school, founded by foreign funds, should be under foreign control.

On December 28th, we were in intense anxiety with regard to threatening war between England and America, growing out of the Mason and Slidell affair. It would have cut off all our mails and supplies and would have been inexpressibly disastrous to our work.



PINE GROVE SOUTH OF BEIRUT





## Further Growth (1862-1865)

Temporary converts—Systematic giving—Mr. Coffing's murder—The Nusairiyeh—The plan for a college.

**T**HE opening of 1862 was marked by a mission vote of momentous consequence. It was to establish a college in Beirut with Rev. Daniel Bliss as its president, and on August 24th he sailed with his family for America to raise funds for its support. In April Miss Temple left for the United States, and after her arrival she was married to Mr. George Gould of Boston. On the 27th of July Rev. William Bird and family were welcomed back to Syria. They had been absent for two years, and took up their residence in Abeih, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun. In October Miss Mason opened a girls' school in Sidon and resided with the family of Mr. Ford. The Beirut Girls' Boarding-School also opened in October, taught by Mr. Michael Araman and Miss Rufka Gregory, with no support from the Board.

Early in January, during the rainy season, the city of Mecca, the Holy City of 150,000,000 Moslems, was visited by a cloudburst with terrific thunder and lightning. It commenced at midnight and the swelling flood poured down from Jebel-en-Nur into the midst of the city, and filled up the sacred mosque, the Haram Èsh Sherif, with water to the depth of sixteen feet, submerging the famous black stone, and with it thirty unfortunate men who were sleeping in the mosque. The greater part of the fine library of Arabic books was utterly destroyed, a loss beyond repair, as this library contained several books not extant in any other library in the world. Three hundred houses and shops were destroyed, 300 lives lost, and one-third of the city was in ruins. Was it an accident or a Providence, that the British Consul-General Wood of Tunis arrested an agent from Mecca with letters on his person proving

that the Damascene massacre was concocted in Mecca? This coming in connection with the flooding of the Kaaba is a proof that sometimes the plots of the workers of iniquity return upon their own heads.

January 25th—At that date there were six hundred Protestants in the Sidon district, five hundred in Lebanon, two hundred in Beirut, forty in Hums, and thirty in the Tripoli field. A part of the Hasbeiya widows now decided to return to their ruined town and homes. They had a meeting at my house, and one of them, a consecrated Christian woman, addressed them in language which it almost broke my heart to hear. She comforted them with the words of Christ, telling them that He loves them and will be a father, husband, and brother to them, and if they love Him, will bring them home to rest in peace in heaven at last. She said, "Be patient and trusting; have faith in God; love one another and try to bear up under this heavy load of sorrow." I felt that this truly was the sweet fruit of the Gospel and I thanked God that some of these poor suffering ones had been taught to look to Jesus for rest and peace.

It was at this time that the mission voted to set apart Rev. Daniel Bliss to the principalship of the new literary institution.

A spasmodic Protestant movement took place at B'teddin-el-Luksh, near Jezzín. It was a characteristic Maronite device to stop the oppression of their priests. We sent a teacher and opened a school. The bishop and priest arrested and imprisoned several men and began their usual policy of force and excommunication. Colonel Frazier, H. B. M. Commissioner, interfered on their behalf, and they held out six months, when, having carried their lawsuit against the priests, they became reconciled and returned to Rome, and drove out Asaad el Ashshi, the teacher. This is a typical case. In at least a dozen Maronite villages of Lebanon several hundreds at a time have professed Protestantism, obtained a school, frightened the priests, secured their claims, and slid back again to the old sect with the blandest of smiles, as though they had effected a fine business transaction.

Such has been the case with B'teddin-el-Luksh, Cana, Wady





THE BEIRUT NATIVE EVANGELICAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,  
1876

1. Michael Gharzuzy. 2. Nicola Tobbajy. 3. Selim Kessab. 4. Francis Shemaon. 5. John Abcarius. 6. Michael Araman. 7. Ibrahim Hourani. 8. Yusef Abd en Nur.

Shehrur, Deraoon, Mezraat-Yeshua, Kornet-el-Homra, and other places, until all that is necessary in a Maronite village, when the tyranny of the priests becomes too galling to be endured, is to threaten to become Protestants en masse, and then the clergy surrender. Yet each such movement lets in a little light, sows a few Bibles, teaches the children a few hymns and Scripture truths, and in most cases removes old prejudices against Protestantism. The people tell us that the very presence of Protestant missionaries in the land is a shield over the people against the extortions and oppressions of their clergy.

A new movement now took place in the Evangelical Church in Beirut which was a blessing to the people. An evangelical missionary society was formed on the systematic benevolence plan, every one, old and young, agreeing to give a fixed sum, however small, every week. The amount thus raised surprised every one. The officers were all Syrians. Similar societies were organized in Abeih, Sûk, El Khiyam, and Deir Mimas. The great part of the Damascenes and Hasbeiyans, widows in the school of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, who were wretchedly poor, insisted on writing their names, and took delight in giving of their deep poverty for the spread of the Gospel. The cheering news from Hums that a multitude was seeking instruction, that two Greek priests had doffed their robes and opened shops, that three villages near Damascus were asking for teachers, and a general awakening in Zahleh, Shweir, and Aitaneet, inspired the Beirut society to assume the entire support of M. Sulleeba Jerawan in Hums. The letter from Hums signed by thirty-six men was very touching. They said that they had been taught by Mr. Wilson to study God's Word and they had done so for two years and now they longed for a spiritual guide, for "We are as sheep without a shepherd. We are ready to suffer persecution and loss. Come over and help us." A month later hot persecution arose, imprisonment, beating, and anathemas. Many who were forced back into the Greek Church formed a Bible class and were aided by an enlightened priest, Aiesa, who largely aided the Protestant movement.

This was the first movement towards "Christian Giving" in Syria. One of the brethren said to me, "Truly the Lord has prepared our hearts for this." Another said, "There is a great preparation for this among the people, and it will be good to feel that we are giving to the Lord, and helping others as the Lord has helped us."

The Greek priests in Hums, having exhausted all their own means of persecution, had recourse to the Moslems of the baser sort, telling them that these Protestants are Free Masons or worshippers of the sun, who deny the existence of God, hoping thus to stir up violence against them. Mr. Jerawan went and remained for years as their leader and guide, and was at length ordained as their pastor, and in 1872, Rev. Yusef Bedr succeeded him. In writing to Dr. Anderson of these new accessions in Syria, I urged him not to expect too much from them. "The almond trees, now in full bloom, are loaded down with their mantles of snow-white blossoms, yet their fruit may be so small as hardly to repay the gathering. Yet, however we may be disappointed in human appearances, we know that the Lord's promises are not always almond blossoms."

The rehabilitation of the refugees from Damascus, Hasbeiya, Rasheiya, and other places, proceeded slowly. Not one Druse had been executed, and the people feared to return to their ruined homes and confront the murderers of their friends. Lebanon was more secure under a Christian ruler, Daûd Pasha.

The Druse leaders, in order to educate their boys, set apart some of their "wukf" revenues and opened a boarding-school in Abeih, calling it the Davidic School, from Daûd Pasha, and he was present early in February at its formal opening on Sunday. The attractive feature of Abeih was the existence of the Abeih Seminary of Mr. Calhoun, a man held in profound reverence by the entire Druse nation. And the first principal of this Druse school was a former pupil and teacher of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Asaad Shidoody.

Syria was now outwardly quiet. But nothing can give it permanent quiet but the prevalence of the pure Gospel of Jesus

Christ which is a religion of righteousness and peace. The great bane of Syria is the multitude and virulence of the conflicting sects. There can be no true peace until these hostile elements are reconciled, and nothing can reconcile them but a common faith in Jesus Christ. Mohammedanism has ceased for the present to be aggressive. Romanism, with its creature worship, can never appeal to Mohammedans. A pure Gospel can conquer both.

On March 20, 1862, the city of Beirut received from the Sultan "three hairs from the beard of the Prophet Mohammed," to be placed in one of the mosques. The military was called out and marched with music and banners to escort the wonderful and sacred gift of the Sultan, while crowds of long-robed Moslems and filthy dervishes and sheikhs joined the procession which bore the holy relics to the Great Mosque. The whole Moslem population was excited, and the baser sort uttered threats against the infidels, etc., but Ahmed Pasha kept the town in quiet. Some thought that Abdul Aziz sent it at this time, in order to counteract the rapidly increasing European and Christian influence in Beirut which is leaving the Moslems in the minority. Another more likely explanation is, that it is to effect a compromise between the Egyptian and the land route of the holy Hajj or pilgrimage to Mecca. The Egyptians wish the Hajj to go via the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The interior towns wish it to go via Aleppo, Damascus, and down east of the Jordan to Mecca. This raises Beirut to high religious rank, and as Damascus is "Bab el Kaaba" (or "Gate of the Kaaba"), so Beirut is the port of the Kaaba, and it became necessary to give it the needed sanctity by sending three holy hairs of the Prophet's beard. The effect on the Beirut Moslems was various. Some ridiculed them as spurious. Others insisted that the use of any relics of any kind is forbidden in the Koran, and say, "Are we to imitate the Christians in creature worship?" In 1890 two hairs from the same beard were sent to a mosque in Tripoli and received by the populace with frantic demonstrations bordering on idolatry. So Moslems as well as Maronites and Greeks hold to the veneration of the hair, teeth, and bones of their saints.



The people of Hasbeiya were notified on returning to their homes that indemnity would be paid them for their losses, but no Christian testimony would be received as to the amount of the losses. They bring Moslem or Druse witnesses. As the leading Moslems of the Shehabs had been killed, and the Druses were the very persons who had massacred the Christians and sacked the town, the case was simply exasperating. The Druses knew that they would have to pay whatever was assessed, so they swore down the Christian losses to the lowest possible figure. It is hardly credible that Fuad Pasha could have known of this iniquitous procedure. But who could blame the Turks when the European Powers looked on in silence and suffered such things to be done!

On the 29th our boys' day-school was examined and the son of the sherif of Mecca was present and after listening with much interest, expressed his satisfaction with the work of the pupils. Dr. Robson wrote from Damascus that the Algerian body-guard of the Emir Abd el Kadir in Damascus has been reduced to a handful, and the emir says, "Damascus is like a fire in the desert smothered with sand. A blast of wind may kindle the flames again."

April 5th—A letter came from Mr. Calhoun, dated Alexandretta, March 31st, telling of the murder of Rev. Mr. Coffing. Mr. Calhoun was on his way to the annual meeting of the Aintab Mission, Mrs. Coffing and Dr. Goodell of Constantinople were in Antioch, and on reaching there, he received the sad news. Mr. Morgan and he set out at once, reaching Alexandretta after sunset March 26th, finding Mr. Coffing already dead. Mr. Coffing left Adana, Monday, March 24th, intending to reach Alexandretta Friday evening. The first part of the way he had a government guard of three men, but dismissed two and came on with his servant, the muleteers, and a single guard. Within three miles of Alexandretta, robbers in ambush in the jungle fired on the party. Two balls struck his left arm, shattering the bone and severing the large artery. The servant had a ball through his lungs and a chance native traveller had his arm broken.

Mr. Coffing was brought to Alexandretta that night to the United States vice-consul, Mr. Levi, and died at five o'clock the next morning. The servant died after four days of suffering. It was supposed to be the work of fanatical men from Hadjin, whence Mr. Coffing had been driven last summer, who had threatened his life.

On the 6th of April, the French admiral took the American consul of Beirut on his flag-ship, the corvette *Mogadore*, to Alexandretta to investigate the facts as to Mr. Coffing's murder. This act of courtesy was highly appreciated by all Americans in Syria. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Goodell went immediately on to Aleppo and Aintab to the annual meeting. It was afterwards learned that the murderers were two Moslems from a village above Alexandretta. They had confessed the crime. The villagers for a time defied the government. The two murderers were arrested May 21st and one escaped. And in September, one named Ahmed was executed in Adana in the presence of five thousand spectators. He was beheaded and the Turkish executioner was seven minutes hewing off his head with a huge dull knife. Ahmed confessed the crime and said he was instigated by none but the devil.

The statistics of the Beirut church at this time showed thirty-seven members, a Sunday-school of one hundred and fifty, and a native missionary society of one hundred and seventy-five members, with weekly offerings of seven dollars and a half. I had a weekly singing-class of three hundred and fifty children. We had two boys' day-schools with ninety pupils, a girls' school of seventy, and a dozen boarders in the girls' boarding-school. Miss Mason opened her school in Sidon. Miss Temple sailed for America to enter one of the "united" states.

On Tuesday, May 6th, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean Stanley, entered Beirut and received an ovation unparalleled in Syria. The Damascus Road for three miles was lined by tens of thousands of Beirutians and Lebanon mountaineers, and he entered the city with the thundering of cannon firing a royal salute, amid the shouts of the multitude. After receiving and returning official visits, he visited the British Syrian

Schools of Mrs. Bowen Thompson, and I had the honour to conduct him through them, and explain their origin in caring for the widows and orphans of the massacres of 1860. He expressed himself as much pleased with the school, and all present were delighted with the mild and modest demeanour of the Prince. In Damascus, Rev. S. Robson, who was in the midst of the massacre, conducted His Royal Highness through the ruins of the Christian quarter and narrated to him the story of those days of horror and blood.

My son William (now stationed at Zahleh) was born April 26th, while Dr. Goodell was here, and Dr. Goodell remarked, "It will be no more remarkable should this child become a missionary and preach in the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Stamboul, than it was when we were born, that we should come to this land and live to see what we now see in Beirut." At this writing, in 1908, that infant is the Rev. William Jessup, of Zahleh, Syria, who has a devoted wife and four daughters, and is labouring faithfully for the people of Lebanon and the Bookaa. He has not yet preached in the Mosque of St. Sophia, which is a church turned into a mosque, but he and his colleagues in Turkey are doing what they can to preach the Gospel to people of all the Oriental sects.

When in Beirut, Dean Stanley called on Rev. Dr. Van Dyck to inquire with regard to the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language. Dr. Van Dyck showed him the New Testament which was completed in April, 1860, and told him that the Old Testament was finished as far as Job and considerable work done on the prophetic books.

Between Hebron and Mar Saba, in that howling wilderness, the party of the Prince was surrounded by a body of armed Bedawin Arabs. The Turkish guard made no resistance. The Arabs demanded the surrender of a certain Turkish officer they supposed to be in the party. On finding that he was not there they demanded money. The dragoman then said to them, "Do you not know that this man is the son of the Great Queen of the Angliz?" "Oh," said they, "is that so? then minshan Khatroo

(for his sake or pleasure) we will let you off," and thus the future king escaped through the condescending permission of these barelegged robbers of the desert. They could have carried him off to the trans-Jordanic wilderness, in spite of the ridiculous guard sent by the Pasha of Jerusalem, but they allowed him to pass.

We took a step forward this month by requiring pay from the pupils of our day-schools. This was the first demand for payment in a mission school and the people have accepted the situation. It is a step in the right direction and there will be no retrograde.

May 13th we were visited by Rev. and Mrs. H. Guinness. I bought a bay horse of Mrs. Guinness for \$38.80. He was strong, a good trotter, but a hard backed animal. I once loaned him to Dr. Van Dyck for a trip to Suk el Gharb. On his return, Dr. Van Dyck said, "Brother Jessup, I would like to buy half of that horse." "Why?" said I. "I would like to buy one-half of him and shoot my half." His hard trot, like a four-post bedstead, thump, thump, was most painful to the doctor with his distracting headaches, and he thought the horse ought to be abated.

Violent persecutions broke out against the Protestants all over the Lebanon and in Hums. In Lebanon, Daūd Pasha proved a pliant tool in the hands of the priests, and Colonel Frazier, British commissioner, declared his utter disappointment in the narrow-minded, illiberal course of the pasha, who yielded slavish obedience to the priests. French influence was predominant, and the Jesuits were given a free hand in Lebanon, because it was the policy of Napoleon to support the papacy. As England, through the policy of Lord John Russell, had shielded the Druses from punishment, the nominal Christians of Syria, notwithstanding the munificent charitable aid of the English people, hated the Angliz, and as Protestants were known by the name Angliz, they were persecuted by the bishops and priests of the old sects in the most relentless manner. At B'teddin-el-Luksh, where the Maronite peasants had been ruined by the Druses and their houses burned, a large body who became Protestants were in turn driven

from their newly built homes by the pitiless fury of the monks and priests. Daûd Pasha, anxious to please France, gave full liberty to the priests to root out Protestantism. Colonel Frazier, disgusted and chagrined at finding himself unsustained by the Foreign Office in his attempts to secure religious freedom in Lebanon, declared his intention to resign and to labour for the removal of Daûd Pasha. Two American young men, Rev. J. Hough, a classmate in Cortland Academy, and Carter, a brother of my Yale classmate, visited me in Beirut and went on through the Holy Land. While bathing in the Jordan, Carter was drawn under and swept away by the muddy current and his body after four days' search could not be recovered. Hough went on home in great sadness.

The withdrawal of troops for Montenegro led to an increase of murder and outrage, which the pasha checked by hanging two Moslem murderers in Damascus and a Druse murderer in Hasbeiya. And *per contra*, a Greek Catholic, who murdered a Druse near Deir el Komr, was hung at B'teddin, in the palace of Daûd Pasha. News came of the murder of Rev. Mr. Merriam of Philippopolis by brigands. The English residents sent us a telegram forwarded from Alexandria, that "General McClellan had surrendered his whole army to Lee." As my brother Samuel was in McClellan's army, the news filled us with great anxiety although we did not credit it for a moment. We found all the British residents on the side of the South, and it became very difficult to have any intercourse with them. It was a great relief afterwards to find that the rumour was false and it was an equal relief to learn that my brother was safe and was about to resign and prepare for Syria.

In July the vowelled edition of the Arabic New Testament was issued from the press, marking an era in Bible work in Syria. Hitherto it had been printed without the vowels, so that non-Mohammedan children have found it very difficult to learn the Arabic correctly. Now the Christian schools can be supplied with this beautiful book, and learn to pronounce the Arabic language as correctly as the proud Moslems who boast of their Koran.

The last act of the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee was performed August 11th. Sixty thousand piastres were voted for the relief of Hasbeiya widows and orphans in Sidon and Tyre, twelve thousand for medical aid in Damascus, ten thousand for needy cases in Lebanon, the surplus to be devoted to keeping up the Beirut hospital until the next January.

In the summer of 1862, I had the joy of seeing a children's hymn-book published at our Beirut Press, "Douzan el Kithar" ("Tuning of the Harp"). I wrote my musical friend, Dr. Charles S. Robinson of New York, who had aided me in bearing the expenses, as follows: "It has sometimes been a question with me whether the Arab race is capable of learning to sing Western music well. (This is partially due to the one-third intervals between the whole notes as against our one-half intervals.) The native music of the East is so monotonous and minor in its melody (harmony is unknown), so unlike the sacred melodies of Christian lands, that it appeared to me at one time that the Arabs could not learn to sing our tunes. It is difficult for the adults to sing correctly. They sing with the spirit, but not with the understanding, when using our Western tunes. But the children can sing anything, and carry the soprano and alto in duets with great success. All that is needed is patient instruction. I have had more real enjoyment in hearing the children sing in Syria than in almost any other thing in the missionary life. They sing in school, in the street, at home, in the Sabbath-school, in public worship, and at the missionary society meetings. There is a tide and a power in children's singing which carries onward the older people and not only drowns out the discords and harshness of older voices, but actually sweeps away prejudice and discordant feeling from older hearts." Sacred music has achieved great triumphs in Syria since those days. Thousands of copies of our hymn and tune books have been sold; the teachers of boarding-schools for boys and girls have trained their pupils to sing; pianos have become quite common; and the Oriental taste is becoming gradually inclined to European musical standards.

In Mohammedan mosques and Oriental Churches, a woman's voice is never heard, and when the voices of women and girls were first heard in the Protestant Churches, many of the old conservatives declared they would not allow it. But that day has passed, and the women and girls now sing with both the spirit and the understanding also. I have often asked whether the idea of harmony in music is natural to the European or a matter of cultivation. It was not known in the early centuries but since its introduction it has become universal. In Asia it is still a stranger. The Arab scale, founded on an ancient Greek scale, gives nothing but melody, and that with intervals impossible to all European instruments but the violin. But education and cultivation are developing a genuine musical taste in the rising generation in Syria which is already bearing remarkable fruit. A Syrian teacher in Beirut and his wife had both been trained to sing Western tunes. Their second son in early years developed a passion for music, taught himself to play the piano, borrowed of Mrs. Jessup bound volumes of music of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and Mendelssohn and played them at sight. He then composed an oratorio with an orchestral accompaniment which was performed by the Anglo-American chorus in Beirut. With the aid of friends, he went to Paris, studied, supported himself by playing at evening meetings of the McCall Mission and the Y. M. C. A., entered the Conservatoire, achieved great success, and is now organist of the largest French Evangelical Church in Paris. His sister is organist of the Syrian Evangelical Church in Beirut. He is a modest young man of exemplary character.

Another Syrian boy, who was blind, went to London with letters of introduction to the director of the Upper Norwood Musical Institute for the Blind, made good progress, and is now piano tuner to a large music house in London. He excelled both in vocal and in instrumental music.

In September, 1862, Colonel Frazier, British high commissioner to Syria, resigned and left the country, universally esteemed. He had saved the country more than one outbreak of violence,

and was a man of stern and sterling integrity. His health was impaired by his incessant labour.

On the 23d of September word came that brother Samuel had resigned his office as army chaplain after the battle of Malvern Hills, and would at once prepare for sailing to Syria. We were overjoyed and thanked God that the Board had the courage, in the midst of the dreadful war for the Union, to send out new labourers into the great harvest field. The apprehension of privateers on the high seas led us to write him to come on an English steamer to Liverpool and thence by steam via Gibraltar and Alexandria to Beirut.

The Board hesitated long before indulging in the expense of sending out a missionary by steam, and actually engaged his passage on a clipper bark, but rumours of danger on the sea compelled him to come by steamer. He was the first Mediterranean missionary to sail from America by steamer.

In October a Maronite student, Selim Toweel, in Abeih Seminary, passed through a remarkable experience. He entered the school a devout Maronite, full of suspicion of Protestantism, and had never had a Bible in his hands. In a few weeks he began to think and inquire, and for several successive nights had trances, which excited greatly all the teachers and pupils. He was heard talking aloud after midnight. There was a dim light in his room and the students sprang up and came to his bed. He was sitting upright, his eyes wide open, but he did not notice them. Mr. Calhoun was called, and Selim went on with his preaching. He seemed to be addressing Maronite priests and monks and preaching free salvation in Christ. After waiting for their reply, he said, "You have now found Christ, pass on, the next." Then he preached to another and another imaginary convert, telling of his own spiritual change and experience and joy in his Saviour, the great change he had met, to the amazement of his fellow students, who stood listening and who tried in vain to rouse him from his trance. His language was eloquent and profoundly spiritual, but the next morning he had not the slightest recollection of what had occurred. After that day he



was a consistent praying Christian, surprising all by the profoundness and clearness of his spiritual views, and was full of zeal for the salvation of his fellow countrymen.

In the latter part of 1862, the policy of Daūd Pasha of Lebanon became more liberal. He appointed an Englishman chief of police and a Syrian Protestant, Mr. Naameh Tabet, to a secretaryship. From this time onward, Protestantism in Lebanon was at rest from the open assault of the ecclesiastics. Mr. Hanna Shekkoor was made kadi of the Protestant sect in Lebanon. The pasha issued peremptory orders for the construction of cemeteries in all the towns of Lebanon. Up to that time burials had taken place in plots adjoining the churches in the villages and, on each new interment, the bones of those previously buried were thrown out upon the surface to be exposed and trodden upon, and in every village skulls and bones were visible in the little burial places. The pasha forbade burying twice in the same grave.

On December 26th I addressed one hundred and twenty children at the Christmas festival of Mrs. Bowen Thompson's schools, and the same day over a hundred Arab orphan girls at the Prussian Deaconesses' Orphan House. As Mr. Hurter was absent, I had all the secular work; press accounts, post-office, purchasing, customs house, shipping and receiving goods, besides Arabic preaching. Mr. Bliss had gone to America but Mr. Bird had returned to Lebanon and we had the cheering news that brother Samuel Jessup was on his way to Syria and Mr. W. W. Eddy would return in the spring, and thus our ranks be full again. At the close of 1862, the mission had six stations: Beirut, Abeih, Suk el Gharb, Sidon and Hasbeiya, Hums, Tripoli, and two outstations. There were nine missionaries, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Van Dyck, Mr. H. H. Jessup, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bird, Mr. Ford, Mr. Lyons (Mr. Bliss and Mr. Eddy in the United States), and Mr. Hurter, printer; five native preachers and sixteen teachers. Petitions for schools poured in from all parts of the land. The Sunday-school and Bible classes were full of interest. The pocket edition of the New Testament of five thousand copies

was speedily exhausted and one thousand two hundred and thirty four copies of the other edition sold. A number of copies of the uncompleted Old Testament translation were subscribed for, the sheets being taken as they issued from the press. There were new zeal and interest in the native churches and the outlook was more encouraging than ever before.

#### SOLEYMAN EFFENDI THE ADANITE, AND THE NUSAIRIYEH

In November, 1862, a rough and repulsive-looking man came to my house in Beit el Jebaili in Beirut, bringing an Arabic letter of introduction from the famous Dr. Meshaka of Damascus. He was short of stature, had a low forehead, projecting chin and negroid lips, ruddy countenance, and altogether as repulsive a man as I have ever met in the East. I opened and read the letter. Dr. Meshaka stated that the bearer was a convert to Christianity from the mystic Nusairi faith ; that he was a man of learning and wide reading, and that Dr. Meshaka had obtained his release from the military conscription on the ground of his being a Christian,—that he had been arrested in Adana as a renegade from the draft, and was now coming to Beirut to enjoy liberty of conscience and of worship.

I bade him welcome and found him a room to lodge in, and was not long in discovering that my guest was truly an extraordinary character. I had travelled among the semi-pagan Nusairiyeh of Northern Syria and met some of them, and heard much of their secret rites, initiations and passwords, but this was the first time I had met at close range an authorized expounder of that weird system of truly diabolical mysteries. Day by day he told me his life's story. He was born in Antioch, a Nusairi, about 1834, and when a child seven years old, removed to Adana near Tarsus. He was taught by a sheikh to read and write, and on reaching the age of seventeen, was initiated into the mysteries. This initiation extended over nine months. An assembly of notables of the Nusairis of Adana was convened and he was summoned before them, and a cup of wine was given him. Then the leader stood by him and said to him, " Say thou, by the mys-

tery of thy beneficence, O my uncle and lord, thou crown of my head, I am thy pupil, and let thy sandal lie upon my head." The servant then placed the sandal of the leader on his head, and the leader began to pray over him that he might receive the mystery. He was then enjoined secrecy and all dispersed. After forty days another assembly was convened, another cup of wine drunk, and he was directed to say: "In the faith of the mystery of Ain Mim Sin (*Ain* stands for Ali, or the archetypal Deity, the Maana; *Mim* for Mohammed, or the expressed Deity, the Ism; and *Sin* for Salman al Farsi, or the communicator, the Bab) and he was charged by the imam to repeat the cabalistic word A. M. S. five hundred times a day. As before, secrecy was now enjoined, and the so-called "King's Adoption" was accomplished.

After seven months more, he was called to another assembly, where, after numerous questions and imprecations he was asked, "Wilt thou suffer the cutting off of thy head and hands and feet, and not disclose this august mystery?" He answered, "Yes." Twelve sponsors then rose, and the imam then asked them, "In case he discloses this mystery, will ye bring him to me that we may cut him to pieces and drink his blood?" They answered, "Yes."

Then he swore three times that he would not disclose the mystery of A. M. S. and the imam said, "Know, O my child, that the earth will not suffer thee to be buried in it, shouldst thou disclose this mystery, and thy return to earth will not be in a human form (in the transmigration), but to a degrading form of beast, from which there will be no deliverance for thee forever."

They then put a veil over his head, the sponsors placed their hands on his head and offered three long prayers, then gave him a cup of wine. The dignitary then took him to his house and taught him sixteen formulas of prayer in which divine honours are paid to Ali.

Being naturally of a shrewd and inquisitive mind, he devoted himself to the study of that faith (which none but the initiated can understand), learned the worship of the sun and moon and adopted the horrible and gross superstitions of the sect. They

hold to the transmigration of souls, that the souls of all men at death pass into new bodies, and that unbelievers are at death transformed into some one of the lower animals. They believe that the spirits of Moslem sheikhs at death take the bodily form of asses; that Christian doctors enter swine bodies; that Jewish rabbis take the form of male apes; that wicked Nusairis enter into domestic animals; great sceptics among them into apes, while persons of mixed character enter bodies of men of other sects.

They simulate all sects, as do the Druses, and on meeting Moslems swear to them that they likewise fast and pray. But on entering a mosque they mutter curses against Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman and others. They say, "We are the body, all other sects are clothing: but whatever clothing a man may put on, it does not injure him, and one who does not simulate is a fool, for no reasonable man will go naked in the market-place." So they are Christians with the Christians, Jews with the Jews, and all things, literally, to all men.

They have secret signs, questions and answers by which they recognize each other. For example, one says on meeting a stranger, "Four, two fours, three and two, and as many more twice over in thy religion, what place have they?" Answer: "In the Journeying Chapter," etc. They use signs, and they use the interlacing triangle. In their secret worship they partake of bread and wine. They have borrowed from the Bible, the Koran, and from Persian and Sabian mysticism. They teach that out of man's sins God created devils and Satans, and out of the sins of those devils He made women, and hence no woman is taught their religion. When the initiated meet for prayer to Ali, guards are placed to keep the women at a distance. Their most binding oath is to swear by the faith of the covenant of Ali, prince of believers, and by the covenant of "Ain Mim Sin." Soleyman bribed one of the chiefs of the "Northerner" sect of Nusairis to tell him the "hidden mystery," which proved to be that the heavens are the impersonation of Ali Ibn Abu Talib: the wine-coloured river in heaven is Mohammed; and the milk-

white river is Salman al Farsi; that when we are purified from earthly grossness, our spirits will be elevated to become stars in the Milky Way, etc.

But the more he read and thought of his religion, the more he doubted its divine authority. One of the tenets of the faith is that on the death of a Nusairi a planet descends and takes up the soul of the departed which becomes a new star in "derub et tibban," *i.e.*, the Milky Way. Several times when holy sheikhs were dying, he stationed himself outside the door and watched the hole over the door which is left in every house as an exit to departing souls, and saw no planet descend and no star ascend. This shook his faith, and on going about Adana, he began to examine the other religions. He decided that there must be a better religion than the pagan Nusairi absurdities, and went to a Moslem sheikh as a seeker after Islam. They read together the Koran and the sheikh explained. He was a Mohammedan about a month, when, as he said, he found in the Koran "three hundred lies and seventy great lies," so that he was unwilling to remain longer a Moslem. He then studied the books of the Greek Orthodox Church, turned Greek and was baptized by a merchant of Adana. Entering on this new faith, he frequented the church and was horrified to find that though professing to worship the true God, the Greeks actually worshipped pictures, the holy "ikons." Attending the mass, it was explained to him that the priest blessed the wafer or bread, whereupon it was transformed into the perfect humanity and divinity of Christ. "What," said he, "does it become God?" "Yes, certainly." "And then what do you do with it?" "We eat it." "Does the priest eat it?" "Yes." "What! Make a god and then eat their god?" This was too much. He said he had read in an old Arabic version of Robinson Crusoe about men eating one another, but here were people eating their god!

Finding Christianity to be of such a nature as this, and knowing of no better form of it, he decided to become a Jew, as the Jews read the Old Testament in the original Hebrew, and all sects acknowledge the Old Testament (the "Tourah") as true.

For four years he continued a professed Jew, and learned to read the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Talmud. He was at first greatly troubled lest God could not admit a heathen among His chosen people; but says he was quite relieved when he read that Ruth and Rahab, both heathen women, were among the progenitors of David. Two things led him at length to leave the Jewish faith, viz., the absurdities and blasphemies of the Talmud, in which he read that God Himself studies in the Talmud three hours every day; and also the prophecies regarding the coming of Christ. He then decided to become a Christian again, hoping to do so without adopting picture worship and transubstantiation. As he was baptized before by a layman, he now applied to a priest, but found no special difference, as he was obliged to worship pictures again, and, as he said, to eat his God. He could not remain a Greek; he had tried Paganism, Judaism and Islamism in vain, and now began to look for something else.

The Greeks had told him of the "religion of the Angliz" (Protestants) and that they were an heretical sect, who denied the Resurrection; and he wrote a tract against their heresy, bringing proofs from Scripture for the doctrine of the Resurrection. A Greek from Beirut, living in Adana, told him that there were learned Greeks in Beirut who could convince him of the truth of transubstantiation, and the propriety of picture worship. While visiting this man he saw a book lying on the table, which he took up and began to read. It was a copy of the famous work on the papacy, in Arabic, by Dr. Michaiel Meshaka of Damascus. He was so absorbed in the book that the Greek, who had bought it for his own use against the Catholics and not to make Protestants, became alarmed and took it from him. He then went out determined to get it for himself, and finally found Rev. Mr. Coffing, American missionary, and Adadoor, the native helper, whom he had regarded before as Sadducees, and obtained the book. He was delighted. Here was Christianity which neither enjoined picture worship nor taught transubstantiation. He became a Protestant at once and wrote a letter to Dr. Meshaka in Damascus, thanking him for having written such a

work. The Mohammedans and Nusairiyeh were now leagued against him, took away his wife and child and property. He was thrown into prison and two Moslem sheikhs came and tried to induce him to become again a Moslem or Nusairi. They pictured before him the sensual delights of Paradise, but he replied that they were welcome to his share of their Paradise; he was rooted in the religion of Christ and would not leave it. While in prison a Nusairi sheikh said to him, "You have laid up a great store of merit by your devotion and learning and now it will all be lost, unless you will sell it to me." "Done," said Soleyman, "I will sell it." He finally sold out all his religious merit for four piastres, or sixteen cents!

He remained in prison twenty-one days, and then was sent as a conscript to enter the Turkish army in Damascus. While in prison he wrote several prayers, which he read to me, in which he pleads that God who rescued Joseph and David and Daniel and the three Hebrew youths, would rescue him from prison and from the hands of his enemies. Though illegally arrested, being a Christian and not liable to conscription, his hands were put in wooden stocks and he was marched by land all the way to Damascus, some 600 miles.

On the way to Damascus he stopped at Nebk, where he found Protestants, and requested them to write to Dr. Meshaka in Damascus, to use his efforts for his release, after he reached that city. After a month's search, Dr. Meshaka found him in a loathsome prison. Though his fellow conscripts declared that he was a Christian, the Turkish military authorities refused to release him, until, providentially, Colonel Frazier, the British commissioner to Syria, visiting Damascus, heard of the case and procured his release. He remained a month with Dr. Meshaka, and came to Beirut in November, 1862, bringing a note of introduction from Dr. Meshaka. He said he was anxious to labour for the conversion of the Nusairiyeh people who are in gross darkness and ignorance. I gave him a room near my house and had frequent interviews with him. He soon made the acquaintance of Dr. Van Dyck and of the Syrian Protestants, and we encouraged

him to write a book, describing the tenets and mysteries of the Nusairi religion. His memory was remarkable. He could repeat whole chapters of the Koran, and from the Arabic and Hebrew Scriptures, and he had at ready command the poetry, history and strange mystic teachings of the Nusairiyeh. In a few weeks he had finished his book. He then went, on invitation of the Rev. R. J. Dodds of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission, to Latakia, Northern Syria, where he remained six months, and then returned to Beirut and printed the tract at his own expense. While staying with me, he came in one day with flushed face and breath redolent of strong drink. I asked him if he had been drinking. He said yes, he was used to it. (In the Incense Mass described in his book, wine is spoken of as "Abd-en-Noor," or "servant of light," and wine is an image of Ali, who is revered as God. No wonder that the Nusairis are noted for drunkenness, which places them on a far lower plane than the Moslems.) I then said to him, "My friend, we Protestants do not drink liquor, and if you drink again, I cannot allow you to enter my house." He said, "Give me a paper." I gave him a sheet and he wrote on it and handed it back to me. I read it. "I, Soleyman of Adana, do hereby pledge myself never to drink a drop of liquor again, and if I do, my blood is forfeited, and I hereby authorize Rev. H. Jessup to cut off my head, and drink my blood." I told him that was rather strong language, but I hoped he would keep his pledge. Alas, he did not, and as I never had any other sword but the "sword of the Spirit," his head remained on his shoulders, even after his often relapses.

His book attracted wide attention. The Syrians bought and read it eagerly and copies were sent into the Nusairi districts where it made a sensation. A council was called. The young sheikhs were clamorous for sending a man at once to Beirut to kill him. The old foxy sheikhs, however, were wiser. They said, "We have a right to kill him, but if we do, the world will say he was killed for revealing our secrets, and all will know his book is true. But let us deny the truth of the book, declare it a false invention, and let him alone and men will soon cease to



talk of it." So they let him alone, at least for the time being.

We sent a copy of the printed work to Prof. E. Salisbury, Professor of Arabic in Yale College. There could be no better proof of Professor Salisbury's fine Arabic scholarship than his lucid and accurate translation of this mass of Oriental mystical twaddle. Professor Salisbury read his translation of it with notes before the American Oriental Society, May 18th and October 27, 1864, and it was published in their *Journal*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, 1865. I cannot give even a résumé of the peculiar features of this strange faith. It was founded by Mohammed Bin Nusair, whose third successor was Al Husain al Khusaibi, their greatest author and teacher. He taught that the Messiah was Adam, Enos and all the patriarchs; also Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, Job, St. George, Alexander and Mohammed; also Plato, Galen, Socrates, Nero; also Ardeshir and Sapor. He calls Abu Bekr, Omar and Othman (the three first successors or caliphs of Mohammed) incarnations of Satan. In this he adopts the Shiah or Persian hatred of Orthodox Islam and deification of Ali.

The feasts of the Nusairi include the Udhiyah or Moslem Feast of Sacrifice and other Moslem feasts; Christmas, New Year, Palm Sunday, Pentecost and the Feast of John Chrysostom.

In the mass of Al Ashara, Ali is adored as God, and the Nusairis seem to know no other God.

"Praise be to Ali, the light of men, to Ali the lord of glory, to Ali the seed burster, to Ali the creator of the breath of life, to Ali the fountain of wisdom, the key of mercy, the lamp in darkness,—the worker of miracles, whose love is unailing, lord of the last and first of time, the render of rocks, the cause of causes, the elevator of the heavens, the originator of time, the veiled mystery, the knower of secret thoughts, the omnipotent sovereign, who was Abel and Seth, Joshua and Simon Peter. To this archetypal Deity we give glory, reverence, laudings, magnifyings, extollings and ascriptions of greatness. This is the adoration of our inmost souls, in simple confidence in Ali, the mysterious, the uncompounded, the indivisible, whom no number

comprises, who is neither conditioned nor finite, to whom periods and ages bring no change ; to whom, to the magnificence of the glory of whose awfulness, and the greatness of the splendour of the lightning of whose divinity,—to whom all necks bow, and all obstacles and difficulties give way.”

It seems almost incredible that Soleyman could have known by heart all these extraordinary disjointed writings which combine the ridiculous with the sublime, and the æsthetic and beautiful with the horrible and revolting—for some of the passages are too indecent for translation. Yet he wrote from memory and his quotations tally exactly with other reports of their secret teachings.

After remaining some months in Beirut, he returned to Latakia. In March, 1863, Rev. R. J. Dodds wrote to me : “ Soleyman is setting the mountains on fire. He assails with his arguments every fellah who enters the schoolhouse, and is sending out letters in all directions. It is with difficulty that we restrain him from going out among the villages. He often attacks the fellahin whom he meets on the street, but we restrain him as much as possible from this open-air preaching. There is a screw loose in his head somewhere, but I think that he is doing much good.”

As he could neither teach nor preach and knew no handicraft, the matter of his livelihood became a problem. At length he married the daughter of a Greek priest, and not long after returned to his drinking habits. Years after, he revisited Adana, his birth-place. The Nusairi sheikhs now used the greatest finesse in gaining his confidence in order to destroy him. They called upon him, complimented him as the sun of learning, the crown of wisdom, the boast and glory of their sect. They consulted him and lauded him in Adana and all the villages of the plain. Then the leaders invited him to feasts, and sent gaily caparisoned horses to bear him from village to village, until he was completely off his guard and in their power. Then one day he was invited to a village feast. Mounted on a spirited horse and escorted by young men who sang and fired their guns as a token of honour and joy, he was just entering the village, on a path among the

immense manure heaps which are allowed to accumulate around many of the Oriental villages, when suddenly he was dragged from the horse and thrown into a deep grave, dug in a dunghill, and buried alive! Some days after, the body was exhumed, the tongue cut out and preserved in a jar of spirits. In May, 1888, when I was in Adana, a Syrian teacher told me the Nusairi villagers informed him that at their evening gatherings the sheikhs would place this ghastly and gruesome relic on the table, and pour upon it their weird imprecations, cursing it and him and consigning him to the torments of the damned!

1863—My brother Samuel and his wife arrived January 24th, on the steamer *Atlantic*, in a rough sea, after lying off the coast for twenty-four hours through stress of weather, as shore boats could not venture out to the offing. When they anchored, the ship was rolling fearfully, and I went out through the breakers, and after many perilous approaches to the ladder, got them all aboard the boat and safely to land and to my house. Our cup of joy seemed full. It is not often that a foreign missionary can welcome a beloved brother as a fellow labourer. I wrote to my father on his arrival, "I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel this morning in welcoming dear Samuel and Annie to our Syrian home. We can only give praise and glory to God." He was stationed in Sidon, as Mr. Lyons' failing health required a return to the United States.

Saïd Pasha of Egypt died, aged forty-one years, and he was succeeded by Ismaïl Pasha (second son of the famous Ibrahim Pasha) who was in his thirty-first year. He was superior in many respects to Saïd. The Emir Abd el Kadir of Damascus, on his way to Mecca, was entertained by M. de Lesseps that he might influence the new pasha in favour of the completion of the Suez Canal. Saïd, as one of his last acts, prepared to send 1,000 Sudanese black troops to aid the French in Mexico, but through the protest of the European consuls, the project was abandoned. Port Saïd received its name from him, as Ismailiyeh did from Ismaïl Pasha. The three murderers of Rev. Mr. Merriam of

Adrianople were executed in that city January 5th, and a salutary impression has been made on the surrounding population.

Three earthen jars, containing 3,000 gold coins of Philip and Alexander, have just been dug up in Sidon. The government seized the bulk of them, but many found their way into private hands. I saw at a Beirut jeweler's a necklace being made for the pasha's wife, with twenty-five of these antiques, each weighing as much as two English sovereigns.

In Damascus a Christian was rebuilding his house in the ruined district, when he found his well filled with the dead bodies of seventy-two men who were killed in July, 1860. They were in a remarkable state of preservation and the sight must have been similar to that at the Bloody Well of Cawnpore. When the procession went out to bury them, the Christians were insulted by Moslem hoodlums.

The first telegraphic despatch went through from Beirut to Constantinople February 1, 1863. The Moslems were filled with wonder and say it is a pity that Mohammed did not know it, as, had he known of it, all the world would have gone after him. Nor was Beirut unworthy of being ushered into the society of Europe. In 1823 it had 6,000 population; in 1840, 10,000; in 1856, 22,000, and in 1863, 70,000. Seven lines of European steamers touched at Beirut and the streets of Beirut were being widened and macadamized to allow the carriages of the French Damascus Road Company to pass.

A terrific storm raged along the Syrian coast February 20th, and the range of Lebanon from the summit, 9,000 feet high, to the very seashore, was one white mass of snow. In Tripoli and Sidon a little snow pyramid crowned every orange and lemon in the gardens. The French steamer *Jourdan* was driven on shore in Beirut and broken in two, but the passengers were all safely landed by a line thrown from the shore.

I made a tour to Tripoli with my brother, and we received several earnest petitions from villages for schools and teachers. In Beino, a good brother, Weheby Aatiyeh, was seized by the people and taken out with hammer, nails and ropes to crucify him.

He made no resistance but said, " Oh, happy day ! Oh, blessed hour ! for the Lord has given me grace not to deny His name in the midst of severe temptation and in the face of death. I am not worthy to die for Christ. Thus they did to Stephen and thus they did to my Lord. I am not afraid to die." Just then an influential Protestant from Halbe rode up and persuaded the excited people to desist, and Weheby was set free. Many of his relatives have embraced the Gospel and one of them has become distinguished as a preacher and author.

On Sunday, February 15th, in the midst of the Arabic service, a deputation of thirty men from Rasheiyat el Wady entered the Beirut chapel. They were of the Jacobite Catholic Church. They had come to beg for a school and a teacher. Their priests had robbed them of a great part of the indemnity paid by the government, and they were so incensed against the priests that they resolved to abandon them and embrace a purer faith. They went away with Arabic Scriptures, and the missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Damascus sent them a teacher. It was recorded as a remarkable fact at this time that the people had begun to buy the Arabic Scriptures. Heretofore they had refused to purchase, insisting on receiving them gratis. But since that time, excepting in rare instances, the Arabic Scriptures have been paid for by the people.

In March, the native missionary society held its anniversary and reported receipts of 10,000 piastres, or \$400. Many of the members were poor widows and orphans, who gave cheerfully out of their deep poverty. The mission was greatly embarrassed by the flood of petitions for schools which poured in from every quarter. Mr. Bliss reported from America good progress in raising an endowment fund of \$100,000 for the college.

On Easter, 1863, Daûd Pasha held a reception for the notables of Lebanon and made them an address. In it he used the following illustration: " A doctor fell sick, and called in a fellow physician and said to him, ' We are three, you, I, and the disease. If you will help me, we will conquer the disease. If you help the disease you will conquer me.' So we in Lebanon are three ; you,



**SYRIAN PROTESTANT GROUP, 1863**

Back Row (beginning at left): Khalil Rubalz, M. Musully, K. Mejdelyany, S. Sarkis,  
R. Ata, H. H. Jessup.

Front Row: Tanoos Haddad, E. Fuaz, R. Konawaty, Nofel Nofel.



the people, I, the ruler, and the traditional animosity of races in Lebanon. Help me and we shall conquer it. Help it, and you will ruin me and yourselves together." This was a pithy and just way of stating the case. And nothing but popular education will do away with these racial hatreds. The Druse High School in Abeih, taught by Mr. Shidoody, a scholarly Protestant, and supported by the sacred "wukf" funds of the sect, will go far towards levelling down the feudal begs and sheikhs, and levelling up the Druse peasants. And the fact that the two sons of the late Saïd Beg Jumblatt, the wealthiest nobles in Lebanon, are being trained by Rev. S. Robson, an Irish Presbyterian missionary, at the expense of the British government, is a guarantee that the future of the Druses will be under a pacific régime.

The Sultan Abdul Azîz visited Egypt in April and conferred decorations on the head men of the Christian and Jewish communities. He was attended by Fuad Pasha and his brother's son. Notice had been sent that he would visit Beirut and the house of Moohyeh ed din Effendi Beihum was prepared to receive him, but changed his plans and failed to come. After the Sultan's departure, a young Mohammedan professor, a graduate of the Kosr el Ain Medical School in Cairo and in government employ, became convinced of the truth of Christianity and wrote an article for a French journal attacking the Koran and the religion of Islam. The article was reprinted in the French journal of Alexandria and the young man was arrested, tried in haste, and condemned to banishment to the Sudan, which in those days meant that he would be taken up the river, tied up in a bag, and thrown in the Nile. The matter was brought before the foreign consuls and his release secured. The article may have been needlessly acrimonious, and all writers on Islam in the empire need great wisdom in treating so perilous a subject. England demands religious liberty in the empire. The Sultan agrees to it, but the local authorities do not admit that this means the right of a Moslem to apostatize. They say it means the right of every man to remain unmolested in his original sect, and yet they not only



allow Christians and Jews to become Moslems without let or hindrance, but reward them with honours and office and freedom from military service. The Turks have learned intolerance largely from Russia, which insists that all Russia must conform to the Greek Church. So, they say, we demand that Islam shall be the favoured sect in the empire.

In April I made a seventeen days' tour to Tripoli and Hums, finding open doors and loud calls for missionary instruction everywhere. The people were overjoyed at the expected arrival of Dr. Post for that field. One merchant in Hums had bought one hundred Testaments in Beirut and had them on sale in his shop. One hour south of Tripoli, at Kolamoon, I found splendid specimens of fossil Pectens and Echini of large size, which I put into my mule load for Beirut.

In May Dr. Van Dyck, having finished the translation of the Psalms, took a much-needed sea voyage on an English steamer to Liverpool and was gone two months. Dr. Riggs, of Constantinople, visited Beirut on his return from a health trip to Egypt, for the sake of his daughter. In those days there were no first-class hotels in Cairo, and in none of them a stove or a fireplace, and Dr. Riggs said that they had suffered more from cold than they would have done in New York, that it was a poor place for invalids.

June 12th—Rev. J. L. Lyons and family left for America. For six years he had struggled bravely with racking headaches and weak eyes and finally consented reluctantly to take a furlough. He went to his wife's home in South Berwick, Maine, where he lay helpless in bed for several years. The doctors could find no organic disease. The connection between will and muscle seemed severed. He could not raise his hand nor stand alone. At length his brother, Theodore, in Montrose, Pa., some four hundred miles distant, resolved to make a heroic effort to rally him. He went to South Berwick, arranged with Mrs. Lyons at evening to pack his brother's trunk and get his clothing ready for a journey. He did not see his brother till morning. In due time a carriage was at the door, the trunk put aboard, and Theo-

dore went to his brother's room. "Lorenzo, what are you doing here? Get right up, we are going to Montrose."

He replied faintly, "I cannot. I cannot stand or walk."

"No matter, get right up."

Then he took him out of bed and stood him on his feet. "Dress yourself at once, no time to be lost, we must catch the train."

He obeyed. The dormant will was wakened. He dressed, walked with his brother down the stone steps to the carriage and on they went to Boston and New York. Every hour he grew stronger, until he reached his mother's home, to the astonishment of the whole community. He recovered fully and laboured as agent of the American Bible Society in Florida, Georgia, and Tennessee for many years, his home being in Jacksonville, Florida, where he lived until his death, March 14, 1888. He wrote me that he travelled over the mountains and often preached five times a week. We were boys together although he was eight years my senior. His daughter, Mary, returned to Syria in 1877 and taught in the Sidon Seminary three years when ill health obliged her to return to America.

June 25th—Rev. W. W. Eddy and family returned to Syria and were stationed in Sidon. This enabled the mission to transfer Rev. Samuel Jessup to Tripoli where he was joined by Rev. George E. Post, M. D., in November. In October, Rev. and Mrs. Philip Berry reached Syria, located in Sidon, and returned to America in exactly two years, owing to a breakdown in health.

July 9th—A Metawileh Moslem was hung in Sidon for the murder of an Austrian Jew near Tiberias, the first time, it is said, that a Moslem has been executed for killing a Jew. The Sultan, Abdul Aziz, contrary to precedent and prejudice, has had his photograph taken in Constantinople. The dervishes and fanatics will protest but they are impotent to prevent it.

News came of an earthquake in Rhodes destroying thirty villages, killing five hundred and maiming thousands. The seaport city was nearly destroyed. The shock was felt slightly in Beirut.

The Okkals, or religious initiated class of the Druses, have tried to break up the new Druse high school in Abeih on the ground of misappropriation of "wukf" property, but as the school is named for Daûd Pasha "El Madriset ed Daûdiyey," he will not allow it to be interfered with. A fire recently destroyed the ancient palace of the Sultan Selim in Constantinople, one of the finest structures in the empire. The grand vizier, Fuad Pasha, nearly lost his life in trying to rescue the fair inmates of the hareem. He made his escape through a window just before the roof fell in. The Pasha of Adana, in trying to arrest the second murderer of Mr. Coffing, attacked his village, when the Moslem villagers fired and killed several troops and the murderer escaped.

September 8th—The American bark *Fredonia*, Captain Birk, arrived in Beirut from Boston flying the British flag, through fear of rebel privateers.

At this time Mrs. Watson, an English lady, used the fund given her by the London committee in opening a boys' school in the house of Mr. Bistany of Beirut. She had thirty boys. Mr. Bistany took charge and the school soon developed into the "Wataniyet" which continued for several years with two hundred pupils, and was subsidized for a time by the college local committee to prepare boys for the college. Mr. Bistany was a man of remarkable ability and industry. He aided Dr. Eli Smith in the Bible translation, conducted the school, published an Arabic grammar, two large Arabic dictionaries, and nine volumes of an Arabic encyclopedia, besides editing a weekly paper, the *Jenneh* and a monthly magazine, the *Jenan*. He was an elder in the Beirut church for thirty years and taught a Bible class for twenty years, and was the most influential Protestant in Syria. He was also dragoman of the American consulate in Beirut for many years. He died in May, 1893, greatly lamented, aged sixty-four years.

One hundred and fifty of the exiled Druses returned to Lebanon, and some of them signalized their return by attacking two French Jesuit padres en route from Zahleh to Deir el Komr. They robbed and stripped them naked and cut off one ear from

each of them. Daûd Pasha at once arrested the culprits and they were condemned to long imprisonment.

Daûd Pasha had a difficult rôle. He had not only to reckon with the animosities of the old feudal sheikhs and peasantry, but to circumvent the intrigues and secret schemes of the Philo-Russian Greeks, the Philo-French Maronites, the Philo-English Druses, and the Philo-Turk Moslems. Lebanon is easy to govern if left to itself. The great peril after the initial trial of the new order of government by Daûd Pasha was not from Zahleh or Deir el Komr, but from Paris and St. Petersburg.

The Pasha of Damascus recently tried to enforce the military conscription among the Druses and Bedawin of Hauran. The result was the decimation of the troops sent to enforce it. Some one asked a veteran missionary how he thought missions would succeed among the Bedawin Arabs. He replied, "That would depend to a great extent upon how fast a horse he rode," meaning that the Bedawin live in the saddle and any one to reach and teach them must turn Bedawy and follow them into the desert.

"The Roving Englishman" has just roved through Syria en route for Bagdad and Bussorah to aid in the laying of the India telegraph. He is a character of some note and was known as "Percival the Detective" or, the "Secret Service Man." He has been in the East for years, disguised now as a Bedawy sheikh, now as a black Moslem slave, and now wearing the uniform of a British officer, and mingling with all classes of society, speaking Arabic, English, or French, as suits the occasion, playing the "hail fellow well met" with Moslem kavasses of the various consuls in the khans and coffee-houses, ferreting out the secrets of consular gossip, ascertaining how consuls are liked, and whether they are faithful and honest and pay their debts, and learning everything in general and particular about everybody and then writing it home to some mysterious persons in some mysterious way, having confidential access to the Palmerstonian or Lord Russellian ear. He met me, called me by name, and said, "How are you?"

I replied, "I beg your pardon, you have the advantage of me."

"Yes," said he, "don't you remember once having a call from a black Moslem slave with white turban and flowing robes, and that he addressed you in English, and you complimented him on having acquired the language so thoroughly? I am the man. I am now a British officer and understand pretty well all that is going on in the empire." He was felt to be a dangerous man, a very chameleon, and especially feared by consuls, to whom it was not the most comforting reflection that "a chiel's amang ye taking notes, and faith he'll print them."

Two Syrian brethren of the Hums Church made an eight days' missionary tour among the pagan Nusairiyeh and the entire expense of the trip was two dollars. They walked and had a lame donkey to carry their books. That church has been noted for forty years since that time, for just such voluntary labours for their countrymen and the fruit is seen in the little churches growing up in all simplicity and faith throughout that region. They wanted a foreign missionary, but have always had native pastors with occasional visits from missionaries.

At the close of the year 1863, there were in the mission ten missionaries and nine native preachers, three churches, and one hundred and twenty-eight members. At the press, 6,869,000 pages were printed. There were twenty-four common schools with nine hundred and twenty-five pupils. In Abeih Seminary there were twenty-two pupils and four theological students. Within eight years, thirteen missionaries, male and female, have entered the Syrian field, and twenty-five have left it.

Rev. Geo. E. Post and Mrs. Post arrived November 28th, and proceeded immediately to Tripoli where they remained four years. He made remarkable progress in the Arabic language. In 1867 he visited America on account of health and was called to the professorship of surgery in the Syrian Protestant College. He has been distinguished as the greatest surgeon and botanist in the East, and as an Arabic preacher. He is the author of books on surgery, zoölogy, an Arabic concordance and Bible dictionary, and an English Flora of Syria and Palestine. "*Nihil tetiget quod non ornavit.*"

It was at this time that I first made the acquaintance of Rev. H. B. Tristram (Canon of Durham Cathedral). He came to Palestine on a scientific tour, bringing with him a body of young men, a geologist, a botanist, an ornithologist, zoölogist, photographer, and taxidermist. He was himself familiar with all these sciences and after about five months of work east of the Jordan and in Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon, came to Beirut. I was able to give him valuable specimens, and as he had discovered at the Dog River bluff on the floor of an ancient cavern a fine deposit of bone breccia, I undertook to excavate it. I did so, and shipped to him half a ton of fine specimens of breccia, bones, flint, and teeth, some of which I afterwards saw in the British Museum. The acquaintance then begun continued until his death in 1905.

Xenophon, in his account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, says that when in Colchis, within two days of Trebizond, a strange accident happened. The soldiers, finding an abundance of beehives and honey and eating the same, were seized with violent vomiting and fluxes attended with delirious fits. "The earth was strewn with their bodies as after a defeat; however none of them died and the distemper ceased the next day." Last week, a small sailing vessel reached Beirut from Asia Minor bringing a large quantity of honey in skin bottles. It was sold so cheaply that multitudes of people bought it and took it home. That night there was a running after doctors such as has not often been seen. All who ate the honey were seized with vomiting blood, and bloody discharges from the bowels. At first the cause was not known, but by daylight the next day it was traced to the honey, and the pasha seized and destroyed all the Cilician honey in the market. All who ate of it recovered, though greatly weakened. The origin of the poison in the honey is the flowers of the poppy and wild oleander on which the bees feed. Why it does not poison the bees is a question for the naturalists.

Aghil Agha of the Ghor below Beisan, on whom Dr. Thomson and I called in February, 1857, visited Beirut at this time with a vast retinue of mounted Bedawin warriors, armed with spears and

swords, muskets and pistols. He came to pay his respects to the pasha but had the air of a sultan. He is now at peace with the Turks and the Jordan valley is quiet.

On December 30, 1863, a meeting was held at the house of Dr. Van Dyck in Beirut, attended by Dr. Van Dyck and Messrs. Ford, H. H. Jessup and Hurter of the American Mission, Rev. S. Robson of Damascus, James Black, Esq., British merchant of Beirut, and J. A. Johnson, Esq., United States consul. The by-laws forwarded by Rev. D. Stuart Dodge for the Syrian Protestant College were discussed and approved. In our reply, we insisted on the evangelical character of the college and that every professor must be an evangelical Christian. The creed, or doctrinal basis of the Evangelical Alliance was adopted as the standard to which every professor should subscribe, and continued as such until the year 1902, when, although it continued as the basis of belief, no one was obliged thereafter to subscribe to it.

Towards the end of the year, several of the oldest and most prominent members of the Beirut church were in an unfortunate quarrel, not even speaking to one another. Argument and persuasion seemed of no avail. At length we appointed a day of fasting and prayer. A meeting was held which was very solemn. I then made personal visits to all parties concerned, and at nine o'clock at night, in a pouring rain, went with my lantern to the house of two of them to go with me to the third, the oldest of all, and after prayer there was a melting and a falling on each others' necks, and asking pardon, and our hearts were filled with praise and gratitude. It was a fitting close to the year and a preparation for new joys and trials, both of which soon followed.



**BEIRUT, CITY, BAY, AND MOUNT LEBANON**

Beirut is the port of Syria. It has no Bible history. The bay is protected on the north by the mountains of Lebanon. Population about 120,000. The American Protestant College is the chief attraction.





## XII

### Obstacles to Success

1864-1866—Conversions slow—Mrs. Jessup's death—A sorrowful furlough—Cholera epidemic—A new church building.

**A**T the opening of 1864, Dr. Thomson was in Egypt en route to Sinai, engaged in Biblical researches, accompanied by Dr. E. R. Beadle (of Hartford and Philadelphia and formerly a missionary in Syria), and Rev. Arthur Mitchell.

January 3d six adults were received to the Beirut church, one of them a daughter of Shaheen Barakat, the elder of the church in Hasbeiya who was killed in the massacre while praying for his enemies. The Sunday-school and Bible classes were well attended and there were seven hundred and fifty children in Protestant schools in Beirut and about two thousand in all Syria, not including Palestine.

January 11th I wrote to Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, who had just removed to Newark, N. J. In the letter I said, "I feel more and more that whatever else we may do as ministers of the everlasting Gospel, our work is vain, if we never hear the inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' and although the missionary work in Syria is by no means a failure, yet I often long for a few weeks or months in some church at home where God is pouring out His Spirit in great power. Thus far in Syria, conversions have occurred in isolated cases, here and there an individual coming out on the Lord's side, but we have not yet seen a general revival, enkindling all hearts and giving such a foretaste of heaven on earth as *you* have often witnessed during your long ministry, and such as, I pray, you may often witness again. We have just received six persons in our church. Some of the cases were deeply interesting, evincing a deep spiritual experience such as is

not often met with in this land. Dr. Van Dyck has proceeded with the Old Testament translation to Isaiah 30th, and 6,869,000 pages have been printed during the year; 12,419 books were issued from the press, of which 6,142 were Testaments and parts of Scripture. A great impulse has been given to education. Mr. Bistany, a Protestant Syrian, has a boarding-school of 117 paying pupils. A few years since, the people could hardly be hired to send their children to school. Now they are willing to pay eighty dollars a year for their boys and forty for girls, in Protestant schools."

In my diary of this year I noted: "An intelligent French gentleman, who was present at the marriage of the Nile and the Red Sea at Suez, has just told us of that historical event, when the sweet waters of the Nile were let loose on the briny waves at a point where fresh running water was never known before in the history of man. If M. de Lesseps has achieved no other success than supplying Suez with fresh water, he would be worthy of lasting honour." Up to that time all the fresh water used at Suez had been transported by rail from the Nile, a most difficult and expensive undertaking. The ceremony of joining the sweet and bitter waters in wedlock was one of not a little excitement. A crowd of invited guests, European gentlemen and ladies from Cairo and Alexandria, had assembled to witness the memorable event. The water was to be let through from the canal to the sea by the hands of fair ladies, and to trickle down in a gentle rivulet for the entertainment of the spectators, while eloquence and music were to commemorate the august event. But no sooner had the decorated spade removed the first little barrier of earth, than the crumbling sand of the embankment melted away and the turbid tide swept through with such violence, that the distinguished guests only escaped sharing the fate of Pharaoh's army by a general stampede. The reddish, muddy water of the Nile then flowed forth unchecked, staining the greenish water of the sea for several miles and giving it reason for once, if never before, for having the title of the "Red Sea."

On the 20th of January my son Henry Wynans was born; and

with one daughter and two sons, my cup of joy seemed full. Months passed on. On April 3d brother Samuel baptized little Harry at a Sunday evening meeting at our house, at which Drs. Thomson and Van Dyck were present, also Dr. Norman McLeod, Rev. Donald McLeod, Mr. Alexander Strahan, the publisher, and a large company of friends. These eminent men proposed to us the establishment of a Jewish mission and English chaplaincy in Beirut, under the auspices of the Church of Scotland, their missionary to occupy the pulpit of the American Church at 11 A. M. The first missionary was Rev. J. Robertson, D. D., afterwards Professor of Semitic languages in Glasgow University, who laboured for thirteen years until 1877. He opened schools for Jewish boys and girls, and preached most acceptably during this period. At first he confined his labours to Jewish children, but on our suspension of the day-school for boys, he opened his school to all sects, and this school has continued to this day. In 1880 Rev. George M. Mackie, D. D., took up the work and still continues the beloved pastor of the Anglo-American Congregation and active in every good work. He has instructed hundreds of Jewish children and has a hold upon their confidence and affection which shows the advantage of continuity in the missionary work. Dr. McLeod's remarks on Numbers 14: 21, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord," made a profound impression upon my mind. The divine voice of bright promise speaking out in that darkest hour of Israel's history gave me a new vision of the glory of Christ's kingdom.

During those spring months we had visits from many Christian tourists, among whom were Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Dr. Beadle and a second visit from Canon Tristram, also Dr. Geo. W. Wood and Mr. Goss, a remarkably promising young missionary from Adana, who after only a few months was cut down by a malignant fever. My time was taken up with Arabic preaching, visiting, and the custom-house business of the mission. Messrs. Calhoun and Hurter left for England and America on May 31st. On the 13th of June I went to Suk el Gharb and engaged a house for the

summer. Mrs. Jessup was now attacked with a severe nervous affection which did not yield to medical treatment, and on the 21st Dr. Van Dyck decided that a sea voyage was necessary for her recovery. Brother Samuel and his wife came on from Tripoli and aided in the needed preparations, and on the 30th we sailed for Liverpool on the English merchant steamer *Isis*, taking only Anna and William, as Harry's nurse refused to go, and he was left an infant in the loving care of his Aunt Annie.

That night of embarkation was one of peril. The weather was intensely hot. The steamer had gone to Juneh Bay, twelve miles up the coast, to take on fifteen hundred sheep, and as it would not return to Beirut roadstead until ten o'clock P. M., Captain Horsefall agreed to signal with rockets on leaving Juneh. We saw the rockets and walked down half a mile to the landing, porters carrying the sick one on an iron travelling bedstead. In those days there were no carriages available. We reached the landing in pitch darkness, having one small lantern, brother Samuel and Dr. Thomson being with us. I was nearly exhausted from want of sleep and the great heat. We wound sheets over the bedstead, securing it to the boat, Dr. Thomson being with me; Samuel was in another boat with the two children. The steamer was far out and had not anchored. We went up alongside the stairs, and Samuel with the boatman carried the little ones up to the cabin, walking over the backs of a dense mass of sheep which covered the deck from stem to stern. The captain's boat lay alongside and he gave orders to transfer the bedstead to his boat and then it would be drawn up to the davits and we could easily lift it on the deck. We had just removed it from the shore boat when the screw began to back water, and as we were close to the stern, the boiling, foaming waves around us rocking the boat, nearly threw us all into the awful roaring waters. We shouted ourselves hoarse in calling to the sailors on deck to haul away on the davit pulleys and just then they hauled on the ropes attached to the bow of the boat, and it began to rise until it was almost on end. Dr. Thomson and I grasped the sides of the boat and the bedstead, and it seemed as if we should all be pitched

down into the water, when providentially, some one saw the mistake, and the other end was raised and we finally reached the deck. How the bed reached the saloon over the crouching, bleating mass of sheep I do not know. I fell back and fainted from sheer exhaustion. The sick one was placed in a hammock in the ladies' cabin, and soon the steamer started on its way. Seasickness, the horrible filth of the decks occasioned by the sheep, and a very rough head wind made the run to Alexandria most trying. In forty-four hours we reached the port of Alexandria, Friday evening. On Saturday, July 2d, Drs. McKay and Ogilvie came on board and declared the case of the patient very serious, and at 2 P. M. she fell asleep in Christ. The funeral service was conducted the next morning, Sunday, at 7 o'clock by Rev. Andrew Watson, of the American United Presbyterian Mission. The burial was in the English cemetery. Dr. Watson kindly invited us to his house. After full consideration, I decided to reëmbark on the *Isis*, with the two children, for Liverpool and Samuel returned, July 6th, to Beirut. I sailed on the 7th, and after eighteen days reached Liverpool July 25th, where I was welcomed by that dear brother, Mr. Hurter, who had preceded me.

While in Alexandria, I met the Maharajah Duleep Singh with his Christian wife. He was rejoicing in his honeymoon. The son of one of the richest princes of India, he was living in honourable exile in England on a princely stipend, and had long since embraced the Christian faith. He told me that he could not marry an Indian princess, as she would be a heathen, nor an English princess, as her tastes would be so different from his own, but he had found in the mission school in Cairo a maiden who was of mixed English and Abyssinian blood, a cultivated Christian girl, having both the Eastern and Western characteristics. Out of gratitude for this wife of his choice, he for years sent an annual gift of £1,000 to the American Mission in Egypt.

On July 27th I sailed from Liverpool with the two children and Mr. Hurter on the *City of London* for New York. The voyage was cold and rough. On the 3d of August we saw nine icebergs and the sea was full of floating ice. In the distress of seasickness

and the chilling air, I kept my room the most of the way, and Mr. Hurter, in the kindness of his heart, cared for the two children. We reached New York August 8th.

The past months looked like a dream. The sudden breaking up of my home and the scattering of my children had come upon me as a fearful shock. What did the Lord mean by sending me home? I was not long in discerning His hand and His providential guidance. The Beirut School for Girls was as the apple of my eye. I felt that the future of Syria depended on the education of its girls and women. Our school had started, but it had no building and already had to turn away applicants for want of room. Yet the Board of Missions declined to erect a building and we saw no way to raise the needed funds. When it was decided that I go to America, the mission gave me a vote approving the raising in America of a sum of ten thousand dollars for a building. Could it be done? In September and October I visited New York and Philadelphia and laid the subject before a few friends of missions. The American Board gave me their sanction on condition that it should not interfere with their regular income. Mr. William A. Booth and Mr. William E. Dodge of New York were my advisers and they both subscribed liberally. Matthias W. Baldwin, John A. Brown, and Jay Cooke of Philadelphia did the same. I went from city to city and from one man to another until in the middle of November the greater part of the sum was raised, and I went back to my Syrian home with a thankful heart, leaving the dear daughter and son with loving friends, William with his grandparents and Anna with her Aunt Mary Chandler. Few children separated from parental care have been more wisely and tenderly trained than were these three little ones, and they have all proved to be faithful followers of their Lord and Master. During that visit of thirteen weeks the Lord used me in not only insuring the erection of the Beirut Girls' Boarding-School but in awakening wide interest in missions and in the support of the school. Early in October I attended the meeting of the American Board in Worcester and had to speak five times. Mr. A. Yanni, our

zealous brother in Tripoli, Syria, had sent by me two boxes of cones of the cedars of Lebanon, sea-shells, and other Syrian curios, to be sold for the benefit of the wounded Union soldiers in the hospitals. A number of young men and women in the church in Worcester took charge of the sale, and handed me at its close one hundred and eighty dollars. My old college friend and my brother's classmate, E. P. Smith, was then active in the Christian Commission and for this sum bought seven hundred and twenty Testaments for the boys in blue. It was a very gratifying incident, and filled Mr. Yanni's heart with joy.

On the 26th of November I sailed on the *City of London* for Liverpool, reaching London December 8th, where I took lodgings in the same house with Dr. Bliss and family. He was engaged in raising funds for the Beirut College, the endowment of \$100,000 having been already raised in America. While waiting in London to make connection with the Marseilles steamer, I visited Canon Tristram at Greatham, Stockton on Tees, and spent a week with his delightful family. He had a wonderful collection of shells, birds, and birds' nests. He was an authority on botany and ornithology and we had many tastes in common. He took me to Hartlepool where we saw fast steamers being built to run the blockade to Charleston to bring out cotton. Dr. Tristram was, like most Englishmen, in sympathy with the South, but before I left he admitted that he had modified his views. His ten children, all under thirteen years of age, were a delight to me and they showed me through the two almshouses, "for twelve old fathers and twelve old mothers," all over sixty years of age, describing the peculiar characteristics of each. Father William was pointed out as "greedy" and always wanting the biggest piece of everything.

On Sunday Dr. Tristram drove me six miles to Norton where he preached a charity sermon for Rev. Clements. After service we went into the rectory and the sisters of Mr. Clements brought in a tray with decanters and glasses with two kinds of wine. They were amazed at my declining wine, and said they had never before seen a person who drank only water. Returning



to London, I had a brief visit with Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. Dr. Bliss had many opportunities to address public meetings in London. He once addressed the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Exeter Hall. Lord Shaftesbury presided. A Church of England clergyman, with that spirit of fawning to the aristocracy which is so common in English public meetings, said, "I congratulate the Bible Society in being honoured by your Lordship's presence as chairman," etc., etc. Dr. Bliss followed and said, "Your Lordship, I do not congratulate the Bible Society in having your Lordship as chairman but I do congratulate you on being allowed to preside at a meeting held to promote the distribution of the Word of God." At the close Lord Shaftesbury took Dr. Bliss by the hand and said, "It was refreshing to hear from you such a sensible remark. I am sick of this constant flattery."

1865—I landed at Beirut January 11th. I was welcomed to the hospitable home of Dr. Van Dyck where I remained a month. I then set up housekeeping with my cook Assaf Haddad and his wife Margarita in the house of Amaturi near the Damascus Road. Assaf continued to be my cook ever since until October, 1908, and is a grandfather.

January 17th the annual meeting of the mission was held. Nine missionaries were present, among them Rev. J. E. Ford. Rev. Mr. Williams of Mardin had requested us to send Mr. and Mrs. Ford to reinforce that station, but in view of the needs of the mission and the health of Mrs. Ford, it was decided that Mr. Ford and family visit the United States, and they sailed June 30th with Miss Mason, whose school in Sidon had given such excellent satisfaction.

The translation and printing of the Old Testament having been completed March 10th, it was voted that Dr. Van Dyck be authorized to go to New York and superintend the electrotyping of the Arabic Scriptures. The celebration on March 10th is noticed in the chapter on Bible Translation. On March 12th we had a public service in commemoration of the completion

of the translation of the Bible, and addresses were made by Rev. J. Robertson, Mr. B. Bistany, and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. Dr. Van Dyck and family sailed June 3d, and he remained in New York until October 20, 1867, when he returned, having accomplished successfully his great work. He brought with him Mr. Samuel Hallock, electrotyper, who was a son of Mr. Homan Hallock, the ingenious American who made the first punches and matrices for the Beirut font of Arabic type. In June, 1865, we broke ground for the new girls' school building in Beirut, the new edifice including the old press building, so long known as "Burj Bird."

In July cholera appeared in Egypt and there were five hundred deaths a day in Cairo. It was brought to Beirut by the refugees and the city fell into a frightful panic. Not less than twenty thousand people left the city in a week. I saw them surging by my house, the "Im Beshara" house on Assur, old and young, mounted and walking, faces pale with fright, and all this before there had been a single case in Beirut; but after a few days the disease broke out. I removed to this house June 2d and had Mr. Calhoun as my first guest. In March we had a visit from Rev. Frank F. Ellinwood and Mr. Alling, of Rochester, and on the 20th I went to Damascus with them and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. Four days later, at 4 A. M., Mr. Dodge and I walked the whole length of Damascus from Mr. Crawford's house to the Diligence Station, fighting our way against almost innumerable colonies of dogs. Mr. Dodge and the servant carried the baggage and the lantern, and I was armed with stones with which I kept at bay the ferocious barking "curs of low degree" as we went through the little doors in the numerous gates which divided one quarter of the city from another.

The old chapel in the "Burj Bird" in Beirut was at this time enlarged, owing to the growing congregation.

Early in April, Sir Henry Bulwer, H. B. M. Ambassador to Constantinople, visited Beirut. It was understood that he was on his way to Egypt to interfere in some way with the completion of the Suez Canal, or at least to prevent its becoming a

French affair. Several months before, two Moslems in Damascus who had professed Christianity had been imprisoned in the Great Mosque, and another was imprisoned in Beirut in February with chains about his neck. The case was laid before the British consuls in Damascus and Beirut and they said they could do nothing as they would not be supported by the British embassy in Constantinople.

On February 13th I wrote a private letter to Dr. Daniel Bliss in London as follows: "Two Mohammedans have become Christians in Damascus and one of them has been brought to Beirut in *chains*, and is now confined in the barracks here, exposed to insult and suffering. Chains are on his neck and he will probably be speedily put out of the way. We shall do what we can, but the Turks have all read in the Arabic newspapers an account of the conduct of Sir Henry Bulwer in Constantinople, and they care absolutely nothing for European protest against such barbarous persecution. We can pray for this poor persecuted man but no one is allowed to see him. It reminds one of the old days of pagan Rome in her persecuting hatred of the Christians. These cases of converted Moslems are multiplying in every part of the East. There are forty in one part of the empire inquiring in earnest and I trust that their place will be kept secret, for there is nothing so fatal to inquiry in this part of the world, as to have the names of the secret inquirers published. The case of the man now in bonds in Beirut is so public that I do not add to his danger by speaking of him. If we can do nothing for him, we can at least call public attention to this new and glaring violation of the principles of religious liberty. Will the time not come, when the voice of Protestant England will again be regarded in the East?"

Dr. Bliss was then in daily communication with the secretary of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society, Rev. H. Jones, and with Dr. Schmettau and the leading men of the Evangelical Alliance. He naturally informed them of this letter. Mr. Jones asked the loan of it, and without consulting Dr. Bliss, sent a copy of it to Earl Russell, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Earl Russell at once

sent a copy of it with a letter to Sir Henry Bulwer and the mail reached him on his arrival in Beirut. He was, to speak mildly, furious. The next day he called on the American consul, J. A. Johnson, and at once began to use violent language. "Who is this American named Jessup? I demand that he be expelled from Syria." He then used expletives about the American missionaries generally and myself in particular which could hardly be repeated in polite society. The consul replied that American citizens were not easily expelled from Syria and added, "Sir, I demand an apology for this insulting language in my house." He then turned and left Sir Henry alone in the room.

The next day, Sir Henry having had time for reflection and probably having made some inquiries as to the facts of the case, returned and humbly begged Mr. Johnson's pardon for his language on his previous visit. My letter having been a private letter, and made public without Dr. Bliss's knowledge, I did not feel responsible for the wounding of Sir Henry's sensibilities. But it was the testimony of all Englishmen in Syria and Constantinople with whom I came in contact, that Christian England was grossly misrepresented in the character of Her Majesty's ambassador at that time. His visit to Egypt did not stop the digging of the Suez Canal, and the Prince of Wales was glad to attend its historical opening in October, 1868, and later on Disraeli made a master stroke in securing for England a controlling interest in this magnificent work.

The months of April and May were full of exciting events. We heard of Lee's surrender, the end of the war, and the assassination of President Lincoln.

Dr. Thomson returned from his journey to Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine with a rich treasure of photographs. On this trip he discovered the site of Ai near Bethel.

The Church of Hums, which had written us an insulting letter because we would not send them an American missionary to be their pastor, now wrote a letter full of regret and penitence at their language, begging us to ordain over them a native pastor, and on the 28th of May, Rev. Mr. Calhoun and Dr. George E.

Post ordained and installed Rev. Sulleeba Jerawan as their pastor. Previous to this, Dr. and Mrs. Post had buried their first-born son, Arthur, aged six months, who died during his father's absence in Beirut.

In May, 1865, the demand for the Arabic Scriptures was so great that it became absolutely necessary to hasten the electrotyping of the Arabic Bible. Before Dr. Van Dyck sailed, he made an estimate of the working capacity of the press in Beirut, and of the probable time required to supply every person of the one hundred and twenty millions of the Arabic-speaking race with a copy of the Scriptures. The sixteen workmen in the Beirut Press can print an edition of 10,000 Bibles in six months or 20,000 a year. At that rate it would require 6,000 years to supply the Arab race with the Bible. Giving one to every family of five persons, it would require 1,200 years. With the electrotype plates, the Bible Society in New York may be able to print in a year two hundred thousand Bibles and even then would not be able to supply the Arab race in less than six hundred years. Surely there is room for all the presses of all the Bible societies in this great field.

The departure of four missionaries this year threw heavy burdens upon those remaining. Dr. Van Dyck sailed June 3d, with his family, to electrotype the Arabic Bible in New York. On June 30th, Mr. J. Ford and family left by medical advice. In October, Mr. and Mrs. Berry were ordered to leave on account of feeble health, and on December 16th, Dr. W. M. Thomson left for England. I was thus left alone in Beirut, and was called upon to do extra work. Preaching twice on Sunday, with Sunday-school, Bible classes, the care of the press, proof-reading and editing, a large correspondence, the custom-house and post-office work, pastoral visitation, and the planning and erection of the female seminary edifice and new building for the press, I had few idle hours. But my health was perfect, and nothing is better for a healthy man than hard work.

The outbreak of cholera in July and the stampede of 20,000 people to the mountains broke up our congregation, the press

work, and the building, as the workmen had all left the city. It was a time of great solemnity. The sight of such a city as this almost deserted through a mere panic, when no case of cholera had occurred, impressed one with the mighty power of God. The press men deserted in a body and went off to Lebanon. The new building was left without a workman. Leaving our faithful deacon, Elias Fuwaz, in charge, July 12th, I made a visit to my brother Samuel and Dr. Geo. E. Post in Duma and six hours further to the Cedars of Lebanon. My companion was Mr. Pye-Smith of Alexandria, a nephew of Dr. Pye-Smith, the English geologist. On our return south through the upper range of Lebanon, we found ourselves blocked by quarantines at every village and had to prove that we had been away from Beirut at least ten days. On reaching Abeih, July 28th, I found that all communication with Beirut was cut off by a quarantine, in the open field, of fifteen days. Letters brought up by muleteers were fumigated in the field in the quarantine tent. The loads were dumped on the ground and left to sun for a day or two and then brought into the village.

August 1st came a telegram from Tripoli of a murderous attack on Dr. Post and Mr. Samuel Jessup in Duma, by a drunken Maronite named Nasif Bu Kemal of Bekfeia. One man snapped a gun at Dr. Post's head which missed him. Another struck him on the shoulder with a huge club, but it only inflicted a slight bruise. I wrote at once to Bhamdoun to consult the American consul, and he telegraphed to the acting governor of Lebanon, and to Mr. Yanni in Tripoli. Daûd Pasha, governor of Lebanon, had gone to Constantinople to get troops to suppress the rebellion of Yusef Keram of Ehden, near the Cedars. The whole mountain was in disorder and roads unsafe, as Yusef Keram's peasant soldiers and the horsemen of Silman Harfoosh, a Metawileh outlaw, were plundering at their will. In view of the complication which might arise, were two American families left in that disturbed region, Mr. Bird and I were instructed by the mission to go to Duma with mules, and bring the two missionaries to Abeih. On our arrival we found that Yusef Keram, the Ehden rebel, and

sent and offered to come and burn Duma and punish Nasif, the Kesrawan criminal. His object was to show his authority in Northern Lebanon. The offer was declined, as the attack was not made by the people of Duma, and further, we would not allow the burning of the village on our account. Samuel and family went first with me, and Dr. Post and family a week later with Mr. Bird. The culprit was punished and obliged to pay the entire expenses of the trip to remove the missionaries. This the consul insisted upon and for years after that time the American missionaries in Tripoli summered there with a hearty welcome from the people.

On my return to Abeih with Mr. Pye-Smith, I found a letter from President McLean, announcing that Princeton had conferred on me the degree of D. D. As I had never been in Princeton, and belonged to the New School Presbytery of Montrose, I was much surprised. I could not say "an enemy hath done this," nor was I sure that a friend had done it, and it remained a mystery, until a letter from my friend and my father's friend, Rev. S. H. Cox, D. D., explained his intervention in the matter. In acknowledging this honour to President McLean, I wrote, "I trust that this act of your institution is but an omen of that coming day, when the Presbyterian Church shall be one in outward union again, as it is one in doctrine and traditions and sacred associations, for we are 'one body in Christ.' I am confident that if the question of reunion were left to the missionaries of the Old and New School in foreign lands, it would be speedily consummated."

Just before the cholera outbreak in Beirut, a Mohammedan sheikh, Abdul Khalily, who had read a vowelised Testament brought to him by one of his pupils, became a Christian. His wife raised an alarm and he was hurried off to prison. This information was brought to me by Moslem friends. It is not likely that he will ever be heard from. Cholera epidemics prove convenient times for disposing of obnoxious persons. Sheikh Yusef el Asir told me that he had been sent to Damascus.

During the cholera epidemic in Beirut, every village in Lebanon put a quarantine of fifteen days against Beirut. The Moslems,

being fatalists, will not flee nor take medicines. But the New School Moslems believe in running away, and they hired a learned sheikh to preach in the mosque on the doctrine of fate as affected by cholera. He said the doctrine was no doubt applicable and well enough in the days of the prophet, and did apply to the plague. But as there was no cholera in his days, it was not a violation of the Koran to flee from cholera. The result of this "fetwa" or legal decision was a great exodus of Moslems from Beirut to Lebanon. This cholera visitation swept off 46,000 in ten days in Mecca and 1,000 a day for some days in Cairo and moved northward. Not less than 3,000 died in Beirut, chiefly Mohammedans. Whole families were swept away. All business ceased. The labouring classes were on the verge of starvation. In Damascus the ravages of the pestilence were frightful. At the same time locusts appeared in Syria and devastated whole districts, adding to the dismay of the afflicted people. The cattle murrain also ravaged Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, in some places destroying all the cattle. There has hardly been a year since I came to Syria when some one or more of these plagues have not visited the land.

In Safita, Northern Syria, a cruel and barbarous persecution was carried on against the Protestants by Beit Bashoor and the Greek priests and bishops. The people were turned out-of-doors, their houses plundered, their grain burned on the threshing-floors, their women and girls turned over to Turkish soldiers, and women with children beaten with clubs, until the whole little community were driven into the wilderness. They appealed to Rashid Pasha, the new Waly of Syria, in Damascus, and he arrested the chief persecutors.

Truly that summer of 1865 was one of trial, affliction and sorrow, and out of the depths we cried unto the Lord. But there was one relief. Sir Henry Bulwer resigned and left Constantinople to the great joy of all British subjects in Syria, and was succeeded by Lord Lyons.

Among my correspondents was Rev. W. F. Williams of Mardin and Mosul. He agonized over the Arabic gutturals,



and once, in a letter, asked me, "Do you really think that a man who speaks easily these awful guttural sounds can enter the kingdom of God?" At another time, speaking of the desperate poverty of some of the villagers, he said, "The children are so wretchedly ragged that there is not cloth enough in their garments to make borders for the holes." During this summer, in spite of cholera, I sent off supplies through our Beirut agent to the missionaries in Northern Syria and Asia Minor.

Early in October the cholera ceased, and the refugee population came back to Beirut. Many found that their houses had been robbed during the months of cholera, and the business losses had been immense. But they had saved their lives and that was enough to make up for all money loss. Then the Abu Rikab or dengue fever broke out and hardly a man, woman, or child escaped, though it was not fatal.

The press workmen returned, and the stone masons and carpenters resumed work on the girls' school edifice, but in a few days they too were down with the fever, which lasted a few hours, but left the body exhausted and enfeebled for weeks. Then came, on October 16th, a burning sirocco east wind with stagnant stifling heat by day and night. And how we longed for rain, the "early rains"! May, June, July, August, and September had passed without a drop of rain, and the ground, as usual at this season, was parched, the grass dry, and the leaves of the trees white with dust. The siroccos generally come in April and May, but this year the fierce east wind seemed to roll waves and billows of furnace-like hot air down over Lebanon into the sea, for at such a time it is as hot on Mount Lebanon (Sunneen 8,600 feet above the sea level), as it is on the plain.

About November 1st Daûd Pasha returned from Constantinople with plenary authority to suppress Yusef Keram's rebellion. After various engagements in which Keram's motley army of peasants, priests, and monks were defeated by the pasha's troops, he surrendered in March, 1866, at the request of the French consul-general, and went into exile. Yusef Keram was a devout

Maronite, fond of the clergy, but fatally ambitious, and his fall was a blessing to distracted Lebanon.

After the first battle between Keram's and the pasha's troops, a stalwart Maronite peasant came to my house. He was a tall robust fellow bristling with arms, a gun, pistols, and sword. He said at once, "Beddi akloob Angliz" (I want to turn Protestant). "Why?" said I. "Oh, because yours is the only true religion, and I love you very much." I said, "Do you know what we believe?" "No," said he, "but I can learn." "Well, supposing we worship the devil?" "All right," said he, "whatever you worship I'll worship." "Nonsense," said I, "what is the use of your talking about religion? What did you come here for? Tell me the whole case." "Ah," said he, "I'll tell you. I belong to Yusef Beg Keram's army and was captured by the pasha and have escaped, and if he catches me a second time he will shoot me, so I want to turn Angliz and get the protection of your flag." I gave the poor fellow some instruction in gospel truth, and then said, "Yusef Beg has surrendered, and the pasha has granted an amnesty to all his army." "Thank you," said he, "then I'll go; good-day, sir," and bolted out of the house.

In December the learned Mohammedan of Beirut, Abd el Kadir el Khalily, came to visit me again, night after night, like Nicodemus, and seemed deeply interested in the Gospel of Christ. He has narrowly escaped death for his course and been in prison and bonds, but still continues to inquire. One of our school-girls was taken from school to be married, being twelve years old. Another one, aged ten, was married, and when she came to visit her teachers brought her dolls with her. A young Copt from Abyssinia named Selim called on me and wished to learn about Christianity. He said he had been brought up as a slave by a Moslem who taught him nothing; then he was taken by Armenian monks in Jerusalem who did not teach him, "and now I am eighteen years old and have no religion. Can you tell me what to do? I cry every night when I go to sleep because I have no religion and do not know how to pray and am afraid of God. Do you think God would send me to hell if I should die

without knowing how to pray?" I told him of Christ the Saviour and explained the way of salvation by faith, read to him from the New Testament, and showed him how to pray. The tears came to his eyes and he thanked me, and often came to get instruction and seemed to have found peace in believing.

The year of 1865 was one of bitter persecution in Safita, where the little flock was sifted like wheat, crops burned, cattle stolen, houses attacked, women insulted, and all by a feudal family of Orthodox Greeks who had enough influence with Turkish local officials to commit every outrage without fear of punishment. Years after three boys from Safita were in the Syrian Protestant College, one from among those persecuted, and two were the sons of the chief persecutors. They were staunch friends and the poor boy placed his bed between theirs.

The number of Scriptures issued from the press in 1865 was 4,333, of which 2,120 were sent to Egypt. Not the least of my personal burdens during 1865, when my colleagues were absent, was the voluminous correspondence required to carry on the girls' boarding-school in Beirut and complete its building. I wrote not less than five hundred pages of letters to pastors and Sunday-school superintendents, and raised about thirty annual scholarships of eighty dollars each to support charity pupils. Nothing was received from the American Board, and we had to carry the load as individuals. As I look over those letters in my copy-book now I am amazed at the amount of work laid out and the eyesight expended.

To my great relief Mr. Henry E. Thomson took charge of the business department of the mission and the press. But I was not able for many years after this to shake off the custom-house business of the mission, and I have spent many precious hours and suffered from many bruises in my body and rents in my garments, from climbing over boxes, barrels, and bales in the custom-house amid the yelling, crowding and cursing of a score of rough porters and the jostling of merchants and traders protesting against the ruthless smashing of their goods. These porters designedly tear open sacks of rice and sugar and boxes





JISR EL KHARDELI, OVER THE LITANY (LEONTES)

Which Dr. Jessup crossed in 1866 for Deir Mimas.

Note the typical Arab double keystone to the arch.

of valuables in order to steal the contents in the confusion. A Turkish custom-house is the best earthly type of pandemonium.

The last of September, 1865, we received a copy of the Sultan's order giving us the same privileges as the French, in allowing all missionary goods to enter the custom-houses free of duty. We never asked this privilege, but as it was given now to all clergy, rabbis, moolahs, priests, nuns, monks, teachers, and doctors of the hospitals native and foreign, we accepted the offer. But some years after, when the Turks found that some of the foreign monks and nuns were importing European goods and handing them over to native merchants for sale, then the rule was modified and gradually greater and greater restrictions have been put on the missionaries, and we had (in 1907) the anomalous condition that while the American Missions in Constantinople and Smyrna had no duty to pay on imported goods, we in Syria were subject to full duty on all importations. But through our ambassador, Mr. Leishmann, the custom-house immunities have been partially restored to us (in 1908) thus placing us on the same footing as other foreigners in the empire.

1866—In January of this year the Syria Mission, having decided to build a church edifice in Beirut which should at the same time be a home for the Syrian Evangelical Church, and also for the Anglo-American Congregation, began to raise the needed funds at home and abroad. After forty years of conducting the English preaching service at Beirut the mission had invited Rev. James Robertson, missionary of the Jewish Committee of the Church of Scotland, to assume this service, and this committee, with a desire to make the work permanent, agreed to give £450 sterling, on condition that they have control of the pulpit at 11 o'clock A. M. every Sunday. After ten years, if either party terminated the agreement by giving one year's notice, then £300 must be refunded to the Scotch Committee. Dr. Robertson afterwards accepted a professorship in the divinity school of Glasgow University, and was succeeded by Rev. George M. Mackie in 1880, who has continued to the present time.

During this month I again engaged a Maronite from Kesrawan to blast the bed of bone breccia discovered in 1864 by Canon H. B. Tristram on the Dog River promontory. After the rock had been thoroughly broken up, I went out and selected several camel loads and shipped two boxes to Canon Tristram, to the British Museum, and five blocks also to the cabinet I was collecting for the college.

I also sent specimens to my old professor, James D. Dana of Yale College, and said in a letter to him, "You will find in the masses sent sharp elongated chips or fragments of flint, some of which are not unlike the American Indian arrow-heads. I also send a package of these flints broken out of the rock. From the small fragments of bones and teeth sent to Dr. Tristram last year, scientific men in England have inferred that they belonged to a species of gigantic bison. I should be interested to know the opinion of yourself and Professor Silliman. The central deposit is sixty feet in length, thirty feet in width, and ten feet in thickness. The fossil geology of the Lebanon range has hardly begun to be explored. Dr. Anderson's report in Lynch's "Dead Sea" was necessarily meagre. It does not touch the fossil fish or the fine pectens and echinoderms of the Northern Lebanon. In every missionary journey we continually stumble upon new specimens, and the collection which I am now making for the Syrian Protestant College will contain numerous interesting fossils which have never been described. The rock surrounding the bone breccia is a compact tertiary limestone containing fossil corals and sponges."

In March, 1869, I received from General Cesnola, American consul in Cyprus, a box of minerals, supposed to be cupreous ores, which I sent to Professor Dana of Yale College for analysis. As the ancient supplies of copper came chiefly from Cyprus there must be extensive deposits of the ore in that classic island.

During that winter the mission kindly brought brother Samuel and his wife from Tripoli to Beirut. Samuel had been trained to bookkeeping when a merchant, and he soon reduced my press and mission accounts to order. Being the only trained business

man in the mission up to that time, his business knowledge was invaluable and has been so for the forty-six years of his missionary life. He and his wife had charge of my youngest child Harry, and this visit gave the little boy, two years and a half old, his first opportunity to get acquainted with his father.

The ex-Jesuit William Gifford Palgrave was in Beirut January 10th. His moral and religious history is a curious study in ethics. Before his journey through Arabia he was a zealous Jesuit missionary, disputing with the Syrian Protestants and was known as "Kus Mikhael."<sup>1</sup> After his journey and when he no longer needed French Catholic aid, and when he *did* need the good-will of his kindred in England in order to get his share of the inheritance, he went to Berlin, openly renounced the Pope and papacy, and became a good Protestant again. He was a moral chameleon.

The death of Sarah Bistany in January made a deep religious impression on all the young people in the schools and the church.

During this year we began to raise funds for building a new church in Beirut. It was the policy of the American Board to leave the erection of new buildings to the natives, but in view of the fact that this building was to be used not only for the Arabic but also for the Anglo-American Congregation in which scores of tourists worship every year, they consented to give the land and one thousand dollars towards the building. This edifice was completed, the tower finished and the bell and clock set up, early in 1870, as will appear later in this volume.

This month of January, 1866, was full of financial anxiety. I was engaged in building the girls' school edifice and had finished the lower story, when the funds began to give out and I wrote to the New York friends a new appeal. As we were very properly obliged to accompany our appeal with a request that the donations should not interfere with the regular gifts to the Board, we made slow progress. For economy's sake I had postponed building the lateral partition walls on the upper story, but a

<sup>1</sup> Kus=Reverend.



hurricane on March 1st, which blew off the upper tier of stones, compelled us, funds or no funds, to strengthen the walls and build the partitions. God in His providence interposed, and funds were given to finish the building; Mrs. M. B. Young, of Fall River, gave \$800 to dig a rain-water cistern to hold 10,000 jars of water which has been an untold blessing to the school. At that time we had no water-works in Beirut. All water for drinking and washing came from wells and was expensive. This cistern saved the school \$200 a year. Carlyle once proposed that instead of a monument to a man they sink a coal shaft to him. Mrs. Young's cistern has been a noble monument to her liberality.

The sheikh of the village of Mahardee, northeast of Hamath, came to Hums to get a Bible. Not having the ready cash he gave his sword for a Bible. My brother Samuel secured the sword and it was sent on to New York and hung in the room of the American Bible Society where it remains. That Bible wrought wonders. An evangelical church was established, schools opened, and it is (in 1908) one of the brightest spots in Syria. No better exchange could a man make than to give a sword of steel for the Sword of the Spirit.

February 13th—A touching incident occurred in the girls' school. One of the little girls, aged seven, came to her teacher and said, "I am Jesus' girl now. Last night I gave my heart to Jesus and He took it." Truly out of the mouths of babes has the Lord perfected praise.

Dr. Post and family moved from Tripoli to Abeih this week, to aid Mr. Calhoun in the seminary. They brought word that Mr. Samuel Mitchell, brother of our dear friend Dr. Arthur Mitchell, will join our mission this fall. He was in my Sunday-school class in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church in 1854-55. As I had agreed, in taking possession of the old mission house (the Burj Bird) for the girls' school and thus turning the press out-of-doors, to erect a new press building above the cemetery, I did so, and thus expended 34,000 piastres (about \$1,200 of the

seminary building fund, but we gained the old building which we could not have erected for twice that money.

On the 2d of March we welcomed back from America and England Rev. Dr. Daniel Bliss, Mrs. Bliss and four children. They occupied the Kamad house in the eastern part of the city and summered in Aitath, Mount Lebanon. Dr. Bliss began at once his teaching work in the houses leased from Mr. B. Bistany. A selected class of boys was put in training for the first college class. During his eighteen months' stay in England he had secured about twenty thousand dollars for current expenses of the college and made many friends for the institution.

## The Syrian Protestant College

**T**HE Syrian Protestant College is the child of the Syria Mission, and but for the mission work done in Syria from 1820 to 1860, it could not have existed. The American preachers and teachers who had founded the native evangelical church and trained a native ministry, planned and proposed a literary institution which should control the higher education of the future in the Orient in the interests of religion and the Bible.

The exclusion of the English language from the Abeih Seminary in Lebanon, and the girls' boarding-school of Beirut, and confining all instruction to the vernacular Arabic, had begun as early as 1858 to lead prominent families to withdraw their children from American schools and send them to the French Lazarists and Jesuits. And thus the edict of Dr. Anderson excluding English from all mission schools of the American Board was largely the occasion of the founding of the Syrian Protestant College. The Abeih Seminary which had stood at the head of Syrian high schools now shrank to a third or fourth place. It was training men solidly in Arabic, in the Bible and the sciences, and could fit men to be native preachers in the villages, but its instruction was largely gratuitous.

But the country demanded something more than this. Steam had brought Europe face to face with Syria, and the Syrians demanded French and English. They also needed medical science and educated physicians. The land was suffering and groaning under a dynasty of ignorant and conceited quacks. Who would come to the rescue? Who would initiate, adjust, guide and control such a system of education? Was it to be left to the Jesuits, those enemies of a pure Gospel, those masters of intrigue and

duplicity and perverters of the human conscience? This must not be. The men were ready. Those who had started the first steam printing-press in Syria and the first boys' and girls' boarding-schools, were the first to initiate what took final form as the Syrian Protestant College.

The massacres of 1860 had brought Syria anew to the attention of England and America. Many intelligent men from both countries had visited Beirut, and expressed a desire that more should be done for the future education of the Arab race. The missionaries concurred in the desire and had frequent consultations on the subject. Various plans were proposed. The Malta Protestant College, founded years before, had gathered students from Greece, European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt, but had not been a success. They had not proved to be a benefit to their native lands. The experiment of educating the youth of a country in a foreign land is a dangerous one, especially if it be gratuitous. Dr. William M. Thomson's favourite theory was to found a school, with native Arab teachers and principal, as soon as practicable, but to assist it by endowments from abroad. This was also his plan in the Native Protestant Female Seminary, founded in 1861, as a successor to Dr. Henry De Forest's high school for girls. October 17, 1861, I wrote Rev. D. Stuart Dodge in New York as follows: "We have now in contemplation a plan for establishing a Protestant college in Beirut, to be under native professors and teachers, to relieve the Board of the expense of higher education in Beirut and Syria. We have the men for the teachers, and Europeans and Americans will constitute the board of trustees to control the funds which we hope to raise in England and America, if it can be done without necessitating a Church of England control of its affairs. We should have made the appeal in America as did Dr. Hamlin of Constantinople, but the Civil War forbids."

On December 20th Rev. J. A. Ford left for England at the invitation of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society with the understanding that Mr. Butrus Bistany, a learned Syrian Protestant, would follow him ere long to aid in raising funds for a higher

literary institution where the president and professors should be native Syrians.

Even as late as January 4, 1862, I wrote to Rev. John Wortabet as follows: "If war does not break out between England and America, immediate steps will be taken to establish a large Protestant native institution of a high order in Beirut, with the coöperation of all the missions in Syria, Palestine and Egypt."

But after extended correspondence and mature deliberation it was found that none of the educated Syrians had had experience with modern college methods and training; and it became apparent that the liberal donors in Europe and America would not give money unless the institution were under Anglo-Saxon control.

The Beirut Girls' School was carried on for six years with Syrian teachers, when the principal broke down under the load, and as no available Syrian woman was qualified to take her place at that time, it became necessary to secure American teachers.

After repeated conferences and thorough discussion of the question in all its bearings, it was decided by the Syria Mission, January 23, 1862, that Dr. Thomson and Mr. Daniel Bliss be a committee "to prepare a minute in relation to a contemplated literary institution to be located in Beirut." Mr. Bliss was also proposed as principal.

The minute was presented January 27th and adopted, and Mr. Bliss was elected principal. One of the clauses of the minute was as follows: "It is deemed essential for the success of the undertaking that the contemplated institution should be guided and guarded by the combined wisdom and experience of the mission and have for its principal a person who shall be able, with the divine blessing, to infuse into it that elevated moral and religious influence without which scientific and literary education may prove a curse and not a blessing." The plan was then referred to the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. for their consideration and sanction, and they were asked to authorize the appointment of Mr. Bliss.

In reply the Prudential Committee gave their approval of the

plan, but with evident misgiving, and consented to the appointment of Rev. D. Bliss as principal, his salary as missionary to continue for the present.<sup>1</sup>

Their letter was a masterly statement of the objections to a high grade English teaching institution on the mission field, and their approval of the ground taken by the mission, that such a school should not be supported by ordinary mission funds, but have its own independent endowment and board of trustees. They also insisted that the vernacular institution at Abeih could *not* be modified to meet the wants here contemplated; but that the college could in time relieve Abeih Academy of its literary department, leaving it thereafter to pursue only theological studies. They quoted from the Liverpool Conference of Missions, that "it is difficult to educate, without, to a certain extent, denationalizing, and that the denationalizing tendency is to be corrected by emphasizing the vernacular part of the educational course, and that it is difficult to get those acquiring an English education to pay attention to their own language." It was also urged that Asiatics acquiring civilized habits will be unfitted to live at home in their native region, and do good to their own people. Dr. Anderson, who was the writer of the Board's reply, summed up his views by saying in substance that the education given should *not be gratuitous*; that it should involve no necessary change of habits and tastes; and that "we confess to an apprehension that Beirut will not be found the place for the young men preparing for the ministry." He quotes Dr. Alexander Duff as saying that "the missions want men with a simple but sufficient education, especially adapted to the condition and wants of the rural population, who will be cheerfully willing to labour for moderate salaries; but that a smattering of English fills men with conceit, makes them unwilling to labour in the villages, and that they will be dissatisfied and heartless grumblers, were we to offer them less than double or treble the sum cheerfully accepted by those educated in a vernacular course." He quotes Dr. Kingsbury of the Choctaw Mission as saying that "with a few interesting ex-

<sup>1</sup>Anderson's "Missions to the Oriental Churches," Vol. II, p. 388.

ceptions, those that have acquired the most English seem to be the furthest from embracing the Gospel." Dr. Anderson insists that the education be *evangelical* as opposed to the Jesuit scheme. Their education is showy but deceptive. They fear to cultivate the reasoning powers; we fear nothing in the region of logic, nothing from the light of truth. "But do not attempt to educate the masses. That must be done by the people themselves and they must support their own native pastorate and their own village schools."

This letter was read by the mission and carefully considered, but there was nothing suggested that made us hesitate to go forward with the enterprise. Reasons of health requiring that the family of Mr. Bliss visit the United States, he was authorized to go, and reached New York September 17th, in time to attend the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in Springfield, Mass. There he met Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dodge and their son, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. The interest of the latter in foreign missions, and the fact that he had hoped to become a missionary to Syria, made him a hearty advocate of the new college scheme, not only in his own family, but in the pulpit and the press. It was decided, after mature deliberation, to form a board of trustees, and Mr. William A. Booth and Hon. William E. Dodge consented to act, and through their influence Messrs. David Hoadley, Simeon B. Chittenden, Abner Kingman and Joseph S. Ropes were induced to serve. A local board of managers in Syria was then appointed, composed of American and British missionaries, American and British consuls and British merchants, eighteen in all.

An appeal was issued for an endowment—we had asked Mr. Bliss to raise, if possible, \$20,000. But the sagacious and far-seeing trustees insisted that the sum be \$100,000. Hon. W. E. Dodge headed the subscription with \$15,000, and Mrs. Dodge with \$10,000.

In February, 1863, a circular appeal was issued by the trustees, and Mr. Bliss and Mr. D. Stuart Dodge set about the work. It was in the midst of the war for the Union, and a dark time, but

money was plenty and "greenbacks" were being multiplied. In 1857 I gave President Woolsey, of Yale, several antique bronze coins of the Emperor Probus. He observed with a smile, "We have 700 coins of Probus in the Yale library. Probus was the S. P. Chase of antiquity; he seems to have done little but manufacture coins."

The local government of the college was vested from 1864 to 1902 in the board of managers and the faculty. The board of managers met annually and often held special meetings. In the outset, it was responsible for the financial management of the college, and received every year the official report of the president and faculty, which it ratified and transmitted to the trustees. But after thirty-six years, in view of the increase in the number of the members of the faculty and their large experience and admitted ability to manage the internal affairs of the college, and the fact that, owing to the rapid growth of the college and the multiplication of its departments it was impossible for the managers to give the needed time and study to the needs and interests of the college to enable them to vote intelligently on questions of policy and administration, the managers decided, after long and prayerful consideration, to withdraw and leave their functions and responsibilities to the faculty. They at the same time expressed their unfailing interest in the college and their willingness to aid by counsel and cooperation whenever the faculty or trustees should ask their aid.

When Dr. John Wortabet was nominated by the managers in Beirut as professor in the medical department in September, 1866, objection was made on the ground that he was not an American but a native of Syria. Dr. W. M. Thomson was a strong advocate of his appointment and said emphatically, "If the appointment of native professors is to be impossible simply because they are native, I must decline to have anything more to do with the college." But this ground was never taken. The objection which came from beyond the sea was based on the experience of certain institutions where there was evident incompatibility between men of different nationalities trying to work together.



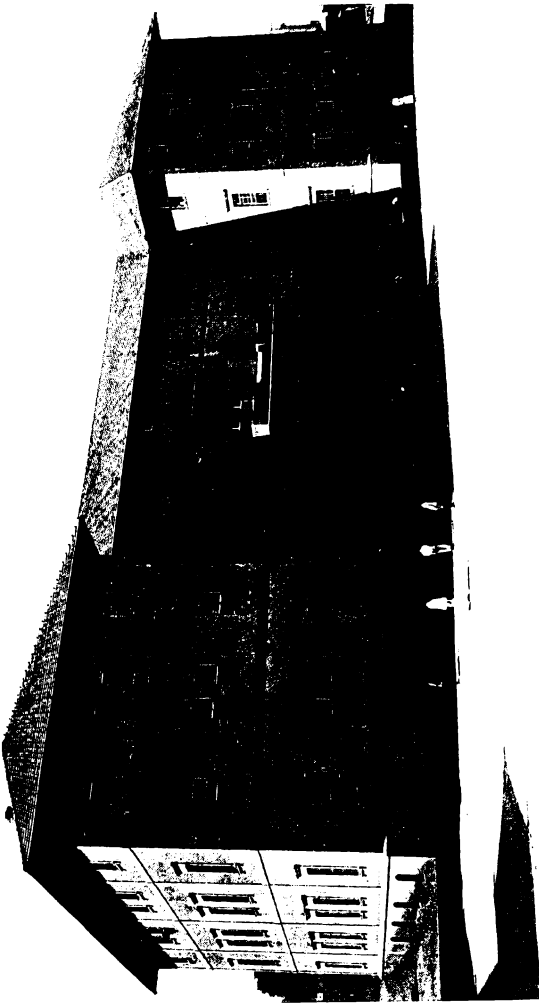
Germans and Englishmen had not worked well together in certain well-known cases. Dr. Wortabet was elected and did excellent work as a teacher. He is the author of "The Religions of Syria," a standard book, which in its line has no peer.

After the completion of the endowment in America, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss spent about a year in England where they were cordially received by public men, clergymen, statesmen and civilians, prominent among whom were Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Culling Eardley, the Duke of Argyle and others, and the sum of \$20,000 (£4,000) was received for purchasing needed furniture and apparatus, and paying current expenses.

In March, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss returned to Beirut, and in the autumn the college was opened with sixteen pupils, all received gratuitously. A preparatory class had been formed the previous year in connection with the national school or "Wataniyeh" of Mr. Butrus Bistany, an eminent, industrious and learned Syrian Protestant scholar. The faculty of the college in the outset consisted of Rev. D. Bliss, President; Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Rev. George E. Post, M. D., D. D. S., Professor of Surgery and Botany, and afterwards Mr. Harvey Porter, Professor of History, with Mr. Asaad Shidoody as tutor in Arabic. The first class graduated in 1870. The medical department was organized and opened in 1867, the first class graduating in 1871. The preparatory department was begun in 1871, but was not fully organized until 1880. The school of commerce was opened in October, 1900.

During the early years of the college, Arabic was the language of instruction in all departments. This was later changed to English. The classes of 1880 in the collegiate department, and of 1887 in the medical department, were the first to be instructed through the medium of that language.

The reasons for this change were various. There was, first, a "strong and insistent desire" on the part of the young men of the East to know thoroughly some foreign language, either English or French; secondly, the absence of Arabic text-books in the



PLINY FISK HALL  
Syrian Protestant College.



various branches taught. Dr. Van Dyck and others had published in Arabic works on geography, arithmetic, pathology and the higher mathematics, but before a scientific text-book could be translated, printed and bound, it might be quite out of date, and the enormous expense of publishing Arabic books with their slow and limited sale made it impossible to keep up with the progress of science, and so English was chosen as the language of the institution. Again, students other than Syrians were debarred by the Arabic language from entering the college. Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Persians desired to come, and by making English the common language, the door was thrown open to all. The British occupation of Egypt moreover created a demand for the English language and for medical and scientific and business men trained in English. Since 1880 the students have had direct access to the wealth of literary, scientific and philosophical works found in the English language; the latest medical and scientific text-books are readily obtained, and highly qualified tutors, graduates of American colleges and universities are annually secured for a three years' term of service. Yet this adoption of English has not been at the expense of the Arabic, for "the Arabic instruction is so efficient that the graduates average higher ability to use the tongue acceptably than those of any other missionary institution in the Arabic-speaking world. The thorough Arabic instruction supplies the channel through which our graduates can communicate to their peoples the thought of modern learning; the English equipment supplies thought worthy to be communicated."

The rumour of the opening of a Protestant college stirred up all the various sects of the land to action. The Papal Greek patriarch built a large edifice in the Museitebeh quarter and brought out a Parisian to teach French and an Irishman to teach English. The patriarch did not know that his school was just what we all rejoiced in. For we felt sure that the Syrian Protestant College would yet compel all Syria to be educated, and this hope has been realized. The Jesuit Fathers removed their college from Ghazeer, Mount Lebanon, to Beirut and constituted it a university.

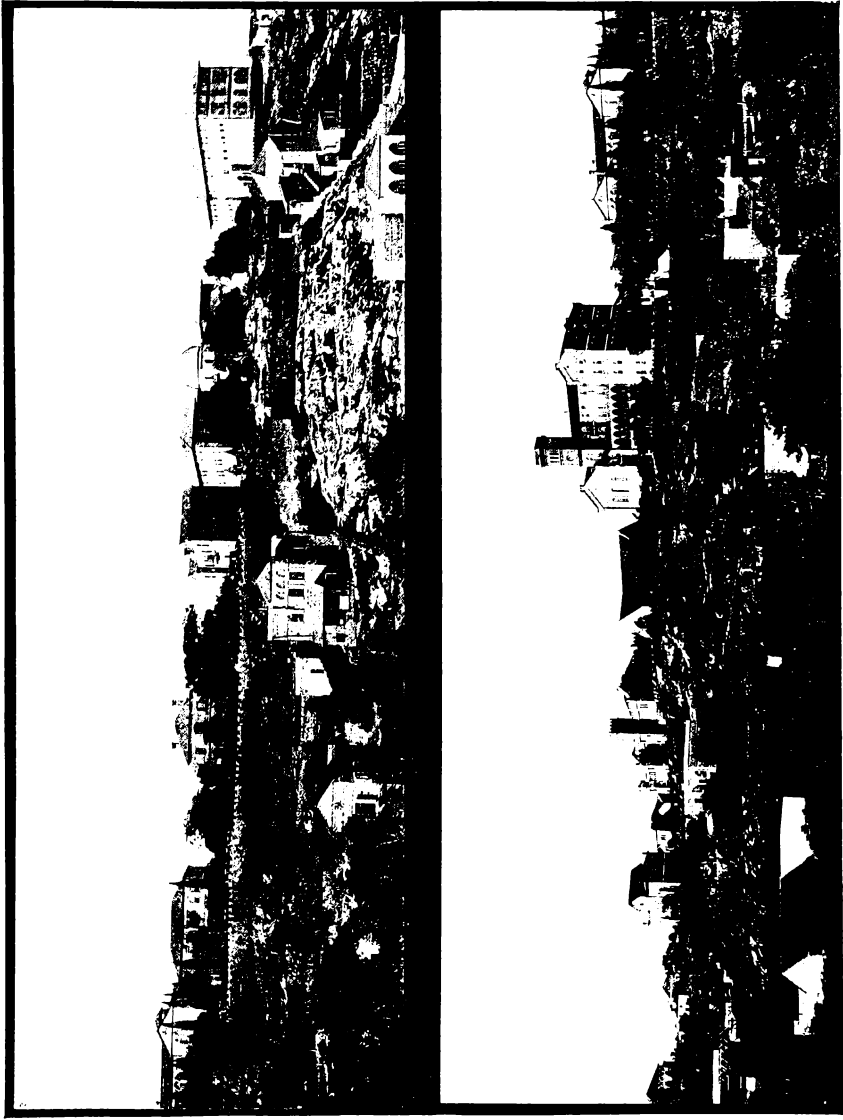
The Maronite archbishop also opened a college in the eastern quarter in Beirut.

The Turkish government has opened several high institutions for Mohammedan youth, and the Israelitish Alliance an academy for Jewish boys.

The details of the college property, equipment, faculty and student body are well shown in President Bliss' report for 1901-02 and in the annual catalogue of 1908-09 in which is announced the new training course for teachers. Table II in the catalogue shows the annual growth in student enrollment from sixteen in 1866 to 876 in 1908.

The model of the campus and its buildings made by me in 1902 for the college I reproduced at the request of Morris K. Jesup, using one of the rooms in the American Museum of Natural History, where Mr. Bumpus courteously gave me every facility and assistance required. It was enclosed in a mahogany and plate glass case and sent to the St. Louis Exposition, being awarded a gold medal.

I had the pleasure of explaining the complete model with exact reproductions of each building carved out of "Malta" stone to a gathering on February 13, 1903, invited by Mr. Jesup and his fellow trustees.



PANORAMA OF THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE



## Progress and Revival

Ishoc es Shemmaa—Locusts—A native pastor—The meteoric shower of 1866—Elias Saadeh.

**R**ETURNING to 1866 it must be noted that in March the Yusef Keram rebellion was still raging in the northern part of Lebanon, and we were straining every energy to complete the new girls' school building and to raise funds for the new church edifice. The French government had joined the other European Powers (England, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy) in aiding the Turkish government to suppress the Keram rebellion of priests and monks, Metawileh highwaymen and uncouth peasants. On April 29th, Rev. Khalil Maghubghub was ordained native pastor in Ain Zehalteh, Mount Lebanon. He was converted in 1846 by reading a Bible stolen in a Druse raid on a Christian village in the civil war of 1845.

Just at that time we heard the sad and stunning news of the sudden death of our colleague, Rev. J. Edwards Ford, in Geneseo, Ill., U. S. A. He rode out on horseback Sunday morning, March 25th, six miles across the prairie, to preach. It was a bright, mild morning and he wore no overcoat. On his return a fierce northwest blizzard began and before he reached home it had literally congealed his blood; double pneumonia set in, and in nine days, April 3d, he passed away.

The mission was thus deprived of one who was one of its strongest, ablest, and most efficient men. Mr. Ford was a master of the Arabic, a clear and cogent preacher, of commanding personality, sagacious in counsel, calm and patient and greatly beloved by the people. He was eminently a man of prayer. No one could be in his society or communicate with him in any way without being impressed with this fact. He was a wise counsellor.



His judgment was sober, calm and clear, and his opinions, though modestly expressed, were well weighed and of great value.

In missionary labour he was indefatigable, of an iron frame, and with great physical vigour he endured what few other missionaries could. He seemed capable of doing anything without fatigue. He was thought to be the strongest man in the Syria Mission.<sup>1</sup>

On May 1, 1866, Rev. S. H. Calhoun took his elder children to America for education, and returned January, 1867.

In March a young silk dealer from Hums, a member of the church, named Ishoc es Shemmaa, gave up his business and announced his purpose to give up his life to preaching the Gospel. Preparatory to entering a course of training under Mr. Calhoun in Abeih, he went on a preaching tour in the mountains west of Hamath. His life history is full of thrilling incidents. His grandfather, also named Ishoc, a Greek of the Orthodox Church, was a wild, fearless youth in league with the robbers and murderers of Hums. His weapon was a sharp sickle and night was his day. He was a famous swordsman and once put to flight a body of men with a walnut pipe stick. Being arrested for crime, he was taken out of the city by the governor and troops, to be hung. The governor said, "Ishoc, turn Moslem, and we will save your life and make you a governor, for you are a worthy man." He replied, "Impossible. I have been a man of blood and it will go hard with me. I cannot deny what religion I have. Whatever you wish to do, do it." Then he sprang and attacked the commander of the guard but was seized and hung to a tree. The Greeks canonized him and said that a star appeared over his grave. Ishoc's father was even worse than the grandfather, and added to the sharp sickle swords, pistols, daggers, and guns, and became a notorious highway robber. He once dispersed fifty armed men. He was famous in the use of the sword, the club,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Joshua Edward Ford, born in 1825, graduated at Williams College 1844, graduated Union Seminary 1847, reached Syria March 8, 1848, reached Aleppo April 19, 1848, removed to Beirut November 11, 1855, removed to Sidon August 1, 1859.

and the spear, and an expert player on the harp, lute, and cymbals. A large number of enemies attacked him one night by the river Orontes. Some of them he cast into the river, others he killed and others he wounded. He too was a man of blood. Ishoc's account is now given in his own words: "As I grew up he used to beat me and threaten to butcher me so as to teach me to be bold and fight. He also taught me to sing vile songs and to play the stringed instruments. He took me to every haunt of immorality and crime and the people applauded my singing.

"In 1860 I began to think about religion. I had persecuted the Protestants and mobbed them. I bought a Testament to read about the miracles of Christ, and see how great a man He was. A man asked me, 'Have you heard this new Gospel?' I read the Testament, was troubled, saw my error and sin. My father said, 'What is this book? Are you becoming Angliz?' He took a sword and rushed to kill me. Neighbours crowded in. I said, 'Blessed are ye when men persecute you.' Father said, 'That is the talk of the Angliz.' I said it is the Word of Christ. Again he tried to kill me and watched his chance. At night he would say to my mother, 'Let me rise and butcher Ishoc while he sleeps, and be rid of such an iniquitous son.' Mother told him to wait a little and I would return to the Greek Church. So he waited and watched me. When I read the Gospel I seemed to be in the very days of Christ and the years of the apostles. Then all the family and town arose upon me and took my book. I fled, fearing that father would kill me. When I returned he asked me to read from the book. God opened his heart, he believed and rejoiced, went out to preach and was mobbed. People said, 'We thought that he would convince his son, but his son convinced him.' Yet all feared him. He testified for Christ. And when the people saw that he would not sing vile songs for money, nor drink arak, nor lie, they said, 'Truly they are Protestants.' He died trusting and rejoicing in Jesus and was persecuted even after his death, for his grave was insulted and dishonoured, but he was with Jesus." Ishoc after-

wards laboured for thirty years as a faithful colporteur and evangelist in Beirut, Lebanon, and Latakia, where he is still at work.

In March, 1866, the locusts again appeared and the entire male population of Beirut was ordered out to the pines to gather them. When full grown the body of each female locust is a sac of eggs. Each man is required to gather six pounds of the eggs, *i. e.*, the bodies of the locusts. Poor Syria! The land seems to be the victim of successive plagues: cholera, cattle murrain, civil war, locusts come one after the other or all together, so the people hardly recover from one before they are smitten with another. These, with the exactions and cruel extortions of the merciless tax-gatherers almost drive the people to desperation.

Dr. Thomson returned in March from England, having completed arrangements for publishing "The Land and the Book," and having helped Dr. Bliss in securing substantial aid for the college. By April our sorrow and anxiety about the failure of funds to complete the girls' school building were turned into joy. In one week came a draft for £100 from Mr. Henry Farnum then in Paris; £240 from Mr. William A. Booth; and £50 from Robert Arthington, £390 in all. Dr. Thomson, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Eddy, and Mr. Bird were all in Beirut when the news came and we had a service of thanksgiving and praise to God. On that very day Mr. Tod of Alexandria was in Beirut. His wife gave money for the first girls' school building for Mrs. Eli Smith in 1834, and he said he wished to contribute £100 towards this second edifice.

April 3d—I wrote to Dr. H. B. Tristram, "As soon as the college gets settled in a permanent building, we hope to establish a Biblical museum of all the plants, birds, animals, minerals, and implements, etc., mentioned in the Bible, for the use of the pupils and the conservation of many things now rapidly going out of use. It is astonishing to see how rapidly the West is encroaching on the East."

At this time one hundred and ten new families came out as Protestants in Hums. The Emir Soleyman Harfoosh was

poisoned in Damascus by a dose of "soleymany" (corrosive sublimate), given to him in coffee in the Damascus prison. The people exclaimed at the correspondence between his name and his bane.

In May the son of an American millionaire came to Lebanon for the summer. He held a nominal political office in Egypt and brought with him a Moslem Nubian servant, who was dressed in Parisian style with a gold-headed cane and high boots. The American did not have any religion to boast of but had evidently a vein of humour in his nature. One day he asked the American consul to inform Mr. Calhoun that his valet Ali was ready to be baptized, as he had become a Christian. The consul said, "What proof have you that he is a Christian?" The millionaire replied, "Tell Mr. Calhoun that he eats pork and gets drunk, and that proves that he is not Moslem, so he must be Christian." Alas, his master also used to get drunk, but neither of them were considered fit subjects for baptism.

June 9th—There are rumours of cholera at Tiberias. No wonder! Many of the Jews of Tiberias have made a vow that they will not change their clothes until the kingdom is restored to Israel; a convenient vow for such a lazy, unwashed rabble, but bad for their neighbours in cholera times.

The ever-recurring question of a Syrian pastor for the Beirut church was most pressing at this time when the foreign missionary force was so depleted and feeble. We were constantly criticized by neighbouring missions at the north and by Board officials at home for not having a native pastor in Beirut. No one regretted our failure more than I did. As acting pastor I urged upon them their duty to have a native pastor. We tried every educated native preacher but none would accept the place. We trained men for the ministry but they were tempted away by the higher salaries paid by other missions. In a letter to Dr. Clark of the American Board, I poured out my soul as follows: "The prospect of securing a native pastor for the Beirut church is as remote as ever. I cannot see a man among the young Protestants in Syria who seems to promise anything like what is needed

in a pastor for this church. The central position of Beirut will require the presence of an American missionary for some time to come, and it is not easy to satisfy the people with a native pastor while a foreign missionary is within reach. For this reason we steadily refused to send an American missionary to Hums. At length they were brought to the necessity of calling Sulleeba, their present pastor. While Hums was in this transition state we had to do our best to prevent any other foreign missionary going there, a point which we could not forcibly carry in Beirut, should we abandon the native church in order to oblige them to get a native pastor. I would like to see the experiment made, were it not that the English or Scotch would be only too glad of an excuse for introducing an Episcopal or other foreign missionary. This is the great bane in this holy land. It is the carcass for all the missionary eagles, and it seems doubtful whether any foreign mission could settle native pastors over native churches and then pull up stakes and leave entirely, without simply opening the way for the entrance of another foreign mission. Yet our duty is not modified by this state of things. We have two native pastors and hope for more. We will preach and pray and print books as long as the Lord allows us to labour here. I believe Syria will yet be evangelized and in the simple gospel way, and true churches be formed on every side.

We feel the pressure as perhaps few missions do. Alas, how many bright hopes have been blasted on this arid Syrian soil. How many young men of whom we had hopes that they would preach the Gospel have been tempted away by commerce or by higher pay in other missions, or become dragomen to travellers, or entered purely secular business. All missionaries feel that commercial centres and European communities in foreign lands are not favourable sites for the development of native independence in any sphere. The inland stations seem to assume more readily the principle of self-support and to demand a native ministry. I served the Beirut church nearly thirty years as acting pastor.

In June, 1867, I endeavoured to persuade Rev. John Wortabet,

M. D., recently called to a medical professorship in the Beirut college, to accept the pastorship of the Beirut church, but he absolutely refused. Mr. Williams of Mardin assailed me by almost every post insisting that I leave the church to itself until it found a native pastor.<sup>1</sup> The church consented to raise a sum annually equivalent to a pastor's salary and continued on this basis until 1890, when, after a very plain talk by Dr. Arthur Mitchell they called Rev. Yusef Bedr to be their pastor. During that twenty years we were training native preachers but the mere mention of the Beirut church terrified them. "There was Mr. So and So," and so many high and lofty characters, each one of whom claimed to be the greatest, that young preachers refused to preach to them lest they be repressed and humiliated.

A few months ago an elderly English lady, very deaf and decrepit, took lodgings at the Bellevue Hotel in Beirut. She had come on to the Holy Land to witness the winding-up of the present dispensation. She prophesied a great earthquake in March which should destroy both London and Paris, and then Louis Napoleon would come to Beirut on a white horse leading the Jews back to the Holy Land. She laboured with some of us in the kindness of her heart and tried to persuade us to be ready

<sup>1</sup>When in New York, January 20, 1879, I was invited by Dr. H. Crosby to attend the New York ministers' Monday meeting at the Fourth Avenue Church, as the subject was to be, "How can foreign missions best honour the Holy Spirit by promoting the independence of the native churches and ministry?" I went and Dr. Clark called on me to explain why the Beirut church had not a native pastor. I explained, and gave a history of my agonizing efforts in this direction and how the church was contributing almost enough for the pastor's salary, and that we should throw the burden on them as soon as the right man should be found. Dr. Clark replied that there was altogether too much suppression of the native element in foreign lands. Then one of the brethren, I think Dr. W. Phraner, called out, "And I would like to ask Dr. Crosby why it is that this Fourth Avenue Church has been for years suppressing the independence of its mission chapel in — Street, and reporting its members as of the 1,300 members of the Fourth Avenue Church and ignoring the mission chapel which ought now to be independent and self-supporting." There was loud applause at Dr. Clark's having found himself in the same box as myself.

for the coming of the Lord. We did all we could to answer her in Christian gentleness and printed some Arabic one-page tracts for her, containing Scripture texts about the certainty of death and similar themes. March came, but the earthquake did not, nor did Napoleon, nor the white horse, nor the Jews, and she paid her passage back to England in bitter disappointment.

In November, Dr. Post came to Beirut and was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bliss in Beit Kamad in the eastern quarter of Beirut. Here he had a severe attack of brain fever and his life was despaired of. On the night of November 11th I watched with him, and the delirium of fever was very alarming.

Dr. Post recovered, and took a trip up the Nile, where, owing to the bitterly cold desert winds at night, he had an attack of pneumonia, but was mercifully restored. His physicians and brethren now said to him, "Doctor, no man can carry two watermelons in one hand. You are carrying two professions, that of preacher and itinerant missionary, and that of surgeon and physician. You must drop the one or the other."

The claims of the college were then so pressing that he withdrew the following year from the mission and entered the service of the Syrian Protestant College. He then had one watermelon in his hand, but, none the less, he could not relinquish the other, and has done what the Arabic proverb declares impossible. He has been not only the most skillful surgeon of the Orient, but a preacher, teacher and the author of an Arabic zoölogy, concordance of the Bible, surgery, Bible dictionary, and the Flora of Syria and Palestine.

Drs. Van Dyck and Wortabet were also elected professors in the medical college by the trustees in New York, and it began under the most favourable auspices.

In the fall of 1866, our former mission printer, Mr. G. C. Hurter, brought out for Boston merchants a cargo of kerosene oil and pine lumber. He introduced kerosene oil into Syria and thus conferred an untold blessing on the people. Before that time olive oil was the only oil used in lamps and it was becoming very expensive.

The sale of the American Press to private parties was seriously urged by some members of the mission, but, providentially, it was never effected. As long as matters continue as they are in the East, it would not be wise to subject the whole matter of printing the Bible to the whims of local censors and policemen. It remains American property and will remain so for many years to come; the very stronghold of truth and the fountain for sending out tens of millions of pages of God's Word every year in the future.

In October I had correspondence with Rev. Benjamin Davies, of Regents' Park College, London, about obtaining a manuscript copy of the "Kerm Sedde Kamûs," a famous Arabic lexicon. A priest was engaged to copy it and another priest to copy the marginal notes, and the work required infinite pains in sending messengers, receiving the sheets and mailing them as they were received.

Just as I had finished the girls' school building and installed the teachers in it I began to purchase stone and lime for the new church. Mr. William A. Booth, of New York, always our staunch and wise friend, sent out an architect's plan which was adopted, and we made preparations to carry on the work. Dr. Thomson and his son-in-law, Mr. James Black, took much of the burden, and Mr. Black's labours have been commemorated in a memorial baptismal font of white marble which adorns the church.

Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph, Mr. Geo. D. Phelps, of New York, and Mr. Henry Farnum, all residing in Paris, each sent \$500 towards the building of the Beirut church.

This year (1866) a Scotch lady, Miss Jessie Taylor, came to Beirut and began work among the Moslem girls and women in the Bashura quarter of the city. By loving words and acts, caring for the sick and hungry and orphaned, she gained the confidence of the public. Then she took a few needy girls into her own house as boarders and the work extended for forty years during which time she trained hundreds of girls in her home boarding-school. She was a woman of strong faith and courage and her pure, holy life exerted a powerful influence upon the community



at large. In March, 1869, she had seventy-five Mohammedan girls.

The illness of Dr. Post, the removal of Rev. Samuel Jessup from Tripoli to Sidon, and the absence of Mr. Sulleeba Jerawan, left the whole northern part of the mission field without supervision, but the good seed grew and the church in Hums continued to prosper.

The meteoric showers of November 11th and 14th were notable events in Syrian history. My old college friend, Professor Newton, of Yale, had predicted a return of the periodic meteors or Leonids of 1833 in November 11th to 14th, 1866. In order to draw the attention of the people to the subject, we published in the weekly Arabic journal a request to the public to watch during the nights of the 13th and 14th of November for a grand display of falling stars. The notice was read with wonder by some and ridicule by others. The venerable Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy, the greatest modern Arabic poet, and the assistant of Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible, declared that he would not believe it until he saw it, and that it was a piece of Western assumption to claim to know the future. On the morning of Sunday, November 11th, a little after midnight, some young men saw what they described as a rain of fire, the stars seeming to have got loose, and to be running about the sky in disorder. A few minutes after a terrific thunder-storm set in; there was almost continuous thunder and lightning. On the two succeeding nights nothing was seen, as it was cloudy and rainy. I was watching in the sick-room of Dr. Post, and although I looked out every hour in the night, I could see nothing in the shape of meteors. On the morning of the 14th, at three o'clock, I was roused from a deep sleep by the voice of one of our young men calling: "The stars are all coming down." I arose immediately, called our guests, Dr. Budington and Mr. E. P. Hammond, and we spent the rest of the night on the flat roof of the house watching the wonderful display. The meteors poured down like a rain of fire. Many of them were large and vari-coloured and left behind them

a long train of fire. One immense green meteor came down over Lebanon seeming as large as the moon, and exploded with a loud noise, leaving a green pillar of light in its train. It was vain to attempt to count them and the display continued until the dawn when their light was obscured by the King of Day. The alarm was first given by a native watchman of the preparatory department of the Syrian Protestant College, who had heard of the expected display and was on the lookout. The Mohammedans gave the call to prayer from the minarets, and the common people were in terror.<sup>1</sup>

1867—On Monday, January 7th, the Johanniter Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Berlin was inaugurated at 2 P. M. The German addresses were made by Count Wurtens Leben and Pastor Ebel, and the Arabic address by H. H. Jessup. Thus was begun a noble charity, which has continued for these forty-one years, a blessing to thousands of natives and hundreds of foreigners. In 1871 the medical management was entrusted to the American medical professors of the Syrian Protestant College.

January 26th I wrote to Dr. Holdich of the American Bible Society, asking permission to reprint the minim edition of the Arabic New Testament, as Dr. Van Dyck was then in New York and it would be long before that small edition could be electrotyped. I also stated that Ishoc, the colporteur, had visited 200 villages and been severely beaten by a robber hired for the purpose by a Greek priest. The Protestants of Safita were persecuted almost to death by the Greek priests and feudal chiefs. A Moslem sheikh, owning two lots at each extremity of the village, sold out his land and all the land lying between to a Greek scribe in the village. Owing to bribery he got a deed of nearly every house in the village, and proceeded to eject the Protestants from the houses for which they had legal titles. For two years the persecution went on. One day the entire

<sup>1</sup> On November 27, 1872, there was a similar fall of Leonids which continued from sunset till past midnight. The display was brilliant in the extreme.

body, men, women, and children, were seized by armed soldiers, and shut up in a small room where damp straw was set on fire, filling the room with dense smoke so that they were almost suffocated. Then, at midnight, they were driven out in a driving storm to sleep among the volcanic rocks on the mountainside. Through the interposition of the British Consul-General Eldridge, Kamil Pasha of Beirut sent stringent orders which gave the brethren peace for the time being. The Syrian ecclesiastics, with rare exceptions, have been bitter enemies of the Gospel; using stripes, imprisonment, torture, and cruel oppression without compunction. But the Gospel has moved steadily on, and now in that district between Tripoli and Hums are prosperous churches, among the largest in Syria.

#### REVIVAL INCIDENTS

My first Arabic teacher in Tripoli in 1856 was Yusef Diab, who had sixteen years before been Mr. Calhoun's teacher in Bhamdoun. He knew no grammar, but was a voluble talker and story-teller, and helped me greatly in enlarging my vocabulary. But I soon had need of a grammatical teacher and found one, Elias Saadeh, among the crowd of young men who used to throng our houses on feast days and Sundays. He had studied Arabic grammar and logic with the learned Moslem sheikh, Owad, and regarded himself as a champion among the Greeks. He was a special favourite with the Greek bishop who saw in him a hopeful candidate for the priesthood. He respected our civilization and could not conceal his wonder at our libraries, but regarded our religion as little better than Islam. He often said to the Greeks, "Far better turn Moslem than Protestant; these Protestants have no priests, nor sacrifice, nor saints, nor Virgin Mary. They are heretics."

He consented to teach for the sake of the money. Month by month he taught us. We read the Arabic Testament with him from beginning to end. He attended our family prayers and listened with respect, yet with no more apparent feeling than a stone. He was a fine penman and when I commenced writing

Arabic sermons he copied them all out in a clear, legible hand and I read them in the pulpit ; but after writing a dozen sermons, I began to preach untrammelled by manuscript, using only brief notes in Arabic and English.

Elias continued to teach Mr. Lyons and myself until 1860, the dreadful massacre year, when I removed to Beirut. Up to that time he seemed unimpressed and unimpressible on the subject of personal religion. He had given up saint worship and picture worship as beneath the dignity of an enlightened man, and seeing that they were essential parts of the Greek Orthodoxy, he gave up all religion and became an open scoffing infidel. Among the young men of Tripoli he taught that Christ was an impostor, and the Bible a lie. He had stifled the promptings of conscience and seemed given over to hardness of heart. He then taught a grammar school for the Greeks in a village near Tripoli, and when Rev. Samuel Jessup and Dr. George E. Post began work in Tripoli in 1863-64, he taught them Arabic and continued through the cholera season of 1865. Previous to this he had spent some time in Hums where he became acquainted with Asaad, and Miriam, his sister, who were apparently the only fruit thus far of the faithful labours of Rev. D. M. Wilson and wife for five years. Asaad and Miriam were persecuted, and she was dragged through the streets by the hair of her head because she would not worship the pictures (the ikons) of the Greek Church. Elias married her and in 1866 removed to Beirut and taught a boys' day-school for us. He was still proud and conceited, quoting Arabic poetry, and displaying his knowledge of grammar and logic among the young men, but utterly without feeling on the subject of religion. We had prayed with him and for him and all seemingly to no effect. The missionaries in Tripoli regarded him as intellectually a Protestant, but in fact an infidel. Miriam taught their little son Hanna to pray, but Elias would not allow it to be done in his presence. He used the New Testament in the school, but had no appreciation of its spirit and its saving truths. He was always at church on Sunday and sat with the college students because he thought it respect-

able to be among students, but he seemed hardened in heart and I began to doubt whether we had done right in bringing him to Beirut to teach. But I continued to pray for him without ceasing.

On Monday P. M., November 12, 1866, Elias Saadeh called at my house, knocked at the door, came into my room and sat down on the divan (mukod) by the door in silence, his face buried in his hands. At length I said to him, "What is the matter, Elias?" He looked up and said, "I know that you are my friend. I am in trouble, great trouble, and I don't know what to do. I have never felt so before in my life. What is the matter I cannot tell. I went to church yesterday afternoon and when I came out my hair stood on end and I trembled from head to foot. As I passed through the gate it seemed as if the ground were opening beneath my feet and I could feel the fires of hell. Just then a voice came from above saying, 'You are a lost man! you are a lost man!' And then, as I went on towards my house I could see those Arabic sermons which I copied for you and Mr. Lyons ten years ago, written as with a pen of fire on the sky. I shut my eyes but there they were. When I reached home I could hear nothing else, see nothing else. I could eat no supper. Miriam said to me, 'What is the matter, Elias?' I replied, 'Nothing, only I do not feel very well.' At bedtime I took little Hanna to put him to bed and he looked up in my face and said, 'Ya abi laish ma b'tsully mithel Imme kobl en noum?' 'Father, why don't you pray with me as mother does before sleeping?' It seemed as if God had raised up my little child to rebuke me and remind me of my sin. And so it was all night long. I could not sleep; that voice was ringing in my ears, 'You are a lost man.' This morning I went to school, but I could hear nothing and see nothing, and so it has been all day and if it keeps on much longer I shall lose my reason. Sir, what shall I do? I have never felt so before in my life. What does it mean?" All this time he sat trembling and spoke with a faltering voice. I said to him, "Elias, you do not know how glad I am to hear these words from you. You do not know



**HOUSE AND YARD OF LEBANON PEASANT**

A woman is stuffing the fattened sheep with mulberry leaves.



how many prayers have been offered for you during the last ten years, and now you ought to fall down and thank God that He has sent His Holy Spirit to show you your sins. You will never see the sweetness of Christ until you first feel the bitterness of sin. I hope you will feel your sins even more than you have and cast yourself upon Christ for mercy. Elias, have you prayed?” “Prayed?” said he. “A man like me pray to Christ when I have so grossly insulted Him? When I have called Him an impostor and His word a lie? Never.” I then said, “Would you like to have me pray?” “Yes,” said he, “if you think it will do any good.” We knelt in prayer, but I could hardly control my feelings so as to speak audibly. When we arose he bade me “good-evening” and left the room.

I saw him no more until the next afternoon at four o'clock, when he came in again, his face beaming with a light almost unnatural. I never saw a human countenance so changed. Every feature seemed softened and luminous. He almost sprang towards me and seizing my hand with a grasp which I can never forget, he exclaimed, “Oh, Mr. Jessup, is it not wonderful? Was there ever such love? Last night I took up the Testament to see if I could find anything to relieve my despair when the first passage I saw was this in the first epistle of John, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ Why, sir, if that word ‘all’ had not been there I should have had no hope. But there it was, ‘all sin.’ That meant mine too. The words seemed to glow with light. They stood out on the page. I looked and wept. ‘Can it be,’ I said, ‘can it be that Jesus whom I have reviled will cleanse my sin? Is He so merciful as that?’ And then I looked up and said, ‘Oh, Thou blessed Jesus Christ, if Thou wilt accept of me, Thy blood can cleanse my sin. Then I am Thine forever.’ Oh, sir, it seems to me as if heaven had begun on earth. I called Miriam and told her, and we wept and prayed together. It seemed so natural to pray then. I could not help it. Mr. Jessup, is it not wonderful? Is it not wonderful that He has spared me until now? Why did He not cut me off ten years ago in my sins? Why did He not smite me when I was



reviling His name? What shall I do? What can I do? There are young men in Tripoli whom I taught that the Bible is a lie and some of them are dead now. Oh, that I could call them back and tell them of the Saviour's love. Do you not think that I had better go at once to Tripoli by the first steamer and speak to those young men? Oh, if I could but be the means of saving one soul I should be perfectly happy." I said to him, "Elias, would you like to pray now?" "Yes, indeed," said he, and he prayed such a prayer as I had not heard for many months. We spent that hour in prayer and praise. Now and then he would burst out in some new expression of wondering love. Said he, "When I read the Bible now the name of Jesus seems so new and so sweet that I can hardly contain myself." I asked him if he had never seen that verse in 1 John 1:7 before, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He said, "I copied a sermon on that text, but I did not know its meaning then, but now I do."

I saw that he needed something to do now for Christ, and as he could not well leave for Tripoli I urged him to labour for some of the young men in Beirut whom he knew. Said he, "I know a few and I will try to do them good."

On Wednesday afternoon he came in again bringing with him another young man, Beshara Haddad. I had known him for years. He was the first Protestant child baptized in Syria, and his aged father, a saintly man, was one of the first who came out on the Lord's side long years ago and went through the fires of persecution which raged so violently in the days of Jonas King, Isaac Bird, and the martyr Asaad es Shidiak from 1826 to 1830. The good old man died a few years previous, mourning that his first-born Beshara had not yet found the Saviour. Beshara had been trained under Mr. Calhoun in Abeih Seminary and was now teaching in the preparatory department of the Syrian Protestant College.

After a few words of salutation I turned and said, "Beshara, what brought you here to-day?" He said, "I think God brought me here. I had long known the truth, but I had hardened my

heart and at length came to the conclusion that I had committed the unpardonable sin. But a few Sabbaths ago I heard you preach on that subject, and you said that if any one had a desire to be free from sin it was a proof that he had not committed the unpardonable sin. Well, I thought I did desire to be free from sin, and I thought it over more and more, and last Sabbath I determined that this week I would begin to think of my soul's salvation. Yesterday I decided to give up the hour after eight in the evening to this subject, as my school duties would be over and I could be alone. So I went to my room at eight o'clock and shut the door. Very soon there was a knock. I hesitated, then opened the door. In came Mr. Elias Saadeh. My heart sank within me. I thought, 'Why has he come to take my time? He is the last man in Beirut I would wish just now to see. He has come to jest about religious things and all my good resolutions will be lost.' But to my surprise Elias stepped up to me and seized my hand and said with a trembling voice, 'Beshara, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' I could not guess what he meant, and thought he was quoting Scripture to ridicule it; but he held my hand tight in his and said again, 'Beshara, it *is* so, and it has cleansed me and I have come to tell you about it.' If the very stones in the floor had cried out I could not have been more astonished. I fell on his neck and wept. We wept together; we prayed together. I believe that God sent him there at that very hour to bring me to Christ. The Saviour Himself seemed to be present. Oh, sir, such an hour I have never known! Well, after we had prayed a while I told Elias, 'There is Ibrahim Nasif Aatiyeh in the next room; let us call him in and see if he too does not want a Saviour.' So we called him and prayed with him and to-day he thinks he has found the Saviour, and he will be here very soon."

I listened to Beshara's words with the most intense interest, the tears flowing unbidden and unrestrained. Soon Ibrahim came in and we spent an hour such as I had never spent before in Syria. The Saviour Himself seemed to be with us.

The young brethren wanted something to do and they found it. The city was divided into districts, and they went around two and two holding evening meetings, praying and singing, and reading the Scriptures in families where the voice of prayer and praise had not been heard before. The prayer-meetings of the brethren of the church were more numerously attended and ere long eleven young persons stood up in the great congregation and professed their faith in Christ.

When the church session were assembled to examine candidates for admission to the church, there came among them a rough, rustic youth about sixteen years of age, an entire stranger to us all. Deacon Fuaz proposed that he be informed of the nature of the meeting and be asked to retire, but we decided at length to allow him to stay and listen, hoping that he might receive some benefit. Late in the evening, when the examination was concluded and we were about to close with prayer, I turned to the young man and said to him, "What is your name?" "Hanna Bedr." "Where are you from?" "From Shweir, Mount Lebanon." "What are you doing in Beirut?" "Working in the stone quarries." "Why did you come here to-night?" "I came because you gave notice in the church that all who wished to confess Christ before men should come here to-night and I wish to confess Christ, so I came." "Well, Hanna, when did you first learn about Christ?" "Not long ago. You see my brother Yusef is in the Abeih Seminary and when I was in the mountains last summer he came home for a vacation, and said to me, 'Hanna, it will never do for you to live on in this way. You must trust in Christ and follow Him or you will be lost forever. You must read the Gospel and there you will find it all plain.' I told him I could not read. Then he said he would teach me, and he taught me the alphabet and I began, and when I returned to the quarries I began to read at noon and at night and I found it all just as Yusef said. Then I came to the mission church and heard the preaching and it was all the same, all about Christ, and I knew it was true. One day as I was reading I found these words, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' That, I

thought, is the Saviour for me. So I said to Him, 'Jesus, if you will give me rest, then I will be yours.'"

Said I to him, "Do not the quarrymen persecute you?" "Yes," said he, "they stone me and curse me." "Do you then curse them again?" "How can I? I only wish they knew what I know; they know no better."

"Well, Hanna, do you ever pray?"

"Yes, sometimes I say, 'Our Father,' and then I pray a little prayer of my own. I say, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I'm poor Hanna Bedr. I don't know much. I am a sinner. You said, "Come unto Me," and so I come to you. Amen.' Is that right?"

"Yes," said I, "Hanna, that is right. But what do you mean by confessing Christ?"

"Why, I mean that if the Lord has done so much for me, I am not ashamed to tell the world of it."

The old deacon turned to me and said, "This poor, rough boy whom we were going to turn away has passed as satisfactory an examination as any one to-night."

Elias soon after left for Tripoli and laboured in the villages and city, teaching the missionaries, proclaiming the Saviour whom he once despised and preaching the faith which he once destroyed. He became the Arabic teacher of nine successive missionaries in Tripoli. His son Najib, after receiving his theological diploma in June, 1888, preached with great acceptance until his untimely death in February, 1893. Several years later, Elias with his wife joined his children, who were in business in New York and he was chosen pastor of the Syrian Evangelical Congregation there, and won all hearts, not only by his polished Arabic sermons, but by his godly exemplary life. One Sunday in November, 1902, when on his way from Brooklyn to New York to preach, he dropped dead in the street, and went to see his glorified Redeemer. He had the sermon he was to preach in his pocket, from the text Job 4: 5: "But it is come upon thee and thou faintest; it toucheth thee and thou art troubled." It was a remarkable providence that Rev. Geo. E. Post landed in New York the very day of the funeral and made the funeral address in Arabic to a large

assembly of Syrians in the Old First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue.

Beshara soon after went to Latakia to labour with the Reformed Presbyterian Mission for the pagan Nusairiyeh and laboured faithfully for many years. He died December 21, 1873.

Mr. Beshara el Haddad, eldest son of Tannoos el Haddad, a name memorable in the early annals of the Syrian Mission, died recently a triumphant Christian death, glorying in the Cross of Christ. He was educated in the Abeih Seminary, and when a boy, although not of brilliant intellectual abilities, was of an amiable and upright disposition. In 1866 he was engaged in teaching in Mr. Bistany's high school, which was then the preparatory school for the Syrian Protestant College, in Beirut. In November the Spirit of God visited us and a number of young men were converted, among them Moallim Beshara. His conviction of sin was deep and thorough and he was driven to the very verge of despair, almost believing that he had committed the unpardonable sin. At length light dawned upon his mind and he took a decided stand as a Christian, and has now for five years been teaching in the mission high school in Latakia, having for his pupils youth from the pagan Nusairiyeh. Two months since he came to Beirut suffering from a cancerous affection, and on Sunday, December 21st, entered into his rest. He said, a few hours before his death, "Jesus is my Friend. I know He is my Saviour." He called his widowed mother, his wife, and his two sons, Rashid and Tannoos, and his sister Sara, and laying his hands on the heads of the little boys, bade them all a loving farewell, rejoicing that he would so soon be with Christ his Saviour. He was peculiarly grateful to those who had been the means of his conversion, and one day he exclaimed, "Welcome, dear brother, you led me to Christ, you led me to Christ."

Ibrahim Aatiyeh is still living, having been a successful teacher and faithful evangelist under the charge of the British Syrian Mission among the pastoral Arabs of the coast, and among the soldiers and gendarmes of the Lebanon government.

Hanna Bedr, after serving as a volunteer in the Lebanon in-

fantry, resigned and went to Abeih to study to fit himself to preach to the Bedawin Arabs; but in the summer of 1871 was prostrated with quick consumption and after a religious experience which made his sick-room luminous and attractive, he passed away in triumph to meet his Lord and Saviour.

Prof. E. D. Cope of Philadelphia wrote asking me to send him a barrel of snakes and fish in alcohol. I hired a deaf and dumb Druse named Hassan, a snake charmer, to bring me snakes. One day on returning home I saw him standing in the court with a leather bag full of snakes. In order to exhibit his goods he loosened the string and let the whole squirming mass out upon the floor. I made good my escape up-stairs, shutting the door behind me, and motioning to him to gather them up. Looking down from the flat roof I saw him seize the last one, and when I went down he emptied them into the cask of spirits. His sign language and mimicry in describing how he caught these snakes were extremely amusing. I was relieved when the cask was full, headed up and shipped to Professor Cope. The entire cost of snakes, alcohol, small animals, and barrel was twenty dollars.

On the 21st of March we had a visit from what seemed an apparition. I had read when a boy of General Jackson's administration and of his postmaster-general, as though characters of ancient history. When Amos Kendall was announced, I thought it must be his grandson, but it was the veritable venerable Amos with his son-in-law, Mr. Stickney, his wife, and son. It seemed as if Andrew Jackson had risen from the dead and was visiting this ancient land of shadows. It was interesting to see a man of seventy-eight years, General Jackson's old postmaster-general, riding on a Syrian horse through the Holy Land with no more fatigue than his grandson. He has climbed Vesuvius, the dome of St. Peter's, and in Beirut declined the offer of a cane as it was an incumbrance. He was a devout man, a Baptist. He showed the greatest interest in the girls' school and the college with its sixteen freshmen and eighty preparatory students.

Another of what seemed to be periodical panics among the Christians of Damascus broke out early in March. The pasha, in order to raise funds to help the suffering Moslems of Crete, whose villages had been plundered by the Greeks and many of them killed, issued an inflammatory placard asking for help; calling on the Moslems "to remember the blood of their martyred brethren who had been killed by those beasts, the Greeks," etc. The Damascus Moslems were greatly excited and began to threaten the Christians who fled by hundreds to the mountains and Beirut, fearing a repetition of the massacre of 1860. The consuls remonstrated with the pasha, who saw his error, and ordered all the placards to be removed and soldiers to be stationed in the Christian quarter, but it was a long time before confidence could be restored. We say, "A burnt child dreads the fire." The Arab proverb has it, "One bitten by a snake is frightened by the shaking of a rope."

There is something about the fanaticism of a Moslem rabble which is akin to frenzy. The elderly and graver Moslem sheikhs dread an uprising as it will bring disaster upon themselves and their property, but they are equally intolerant with the lowest class and to all of them, all non-Moslems are infidels and enemies.

A beautiful incident occurred recently in Northern Syria. A few weeks since, the colporteur, Ishoc, of the American Bible Society, visited a dark Maronite village where he had heard there was a man who had a Testament. On knocking at the door he was met by a man over sixty years of age, with only one eye and wearing glasses. He had a Testament in his hand, and when Ishoc told him he was a brother in the Gospel, who was going about to preach and sell Scriptures, he burst into tears, embraced him, and wept aloud. He had never before seen a missionary, nor had he seen the Old Testament, and his joy was intense. He called in his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him, and an old man of ninety blessed God he had seen the whole Bible before he died. Some twelve men in that village have become enlightened through that one Testament, without

ever seeing a missionary. They are now undergoing severe persecution, and some of them have been driven from their homes by the violence of the papal priests.

An extraordinary document reached Beirut April 3d, addressed to the United States consul, from fifty-three Persians in Bagdad, petitioning the United States Congress for the release of their leader, Beha Allah, the Babite Persian reformer, who appeared in 1843, and was followed by thousands, 30,000 of whom were killed by the Shah of Persia. He was arrested in Bagdad by the Turkish government, and is now (1867) in prison in Adrianople, European Turkey. His particular doctrine is "the universal brotherhood of man." The petitioners claim that they number 40,000. A German traveller writes from Bagdad enclosing the petition and speaks admiringly of the reformer, and asks for his release on the ground of religious liberty which is now granted by the Sultan to all his subjects. One of the documents appended to the petition is signed with a Free Masonic Seal.

Ishoc Shemmaa, the colporteur of the American Bible Society, was reading the Bible in the public square of Beirut when a great crowd of some 200 people assembled to listen. Some street boys began to shout and make a disturbance and Ishoc rose to leave, the crowd following. Kamil Pasha, governor of the city, was standing near by in a shop door and called to Ishoc, and asked him what he was doing to create such a crowd. Ishoc, holding up a Bible, said, "Your Excellency, I am selling God's Word and the people wished to hear it read; this is the cause of the crowd, and some have made a disturbance." The pasha said, "It is a good book," and sent his guard to disperse the disturbers of the peace.<sup>1</sup>

This pasha afterwards became grand vizier, and held the office

<sup>1</sup> This was our first knowledge of the "Bab." In June, 1901, I published in the *Outlook* an account of these Babites, and my interview at Haifa, with Abbas Effendi, son of Beha Allah, and present head of the Babites. His doctrines are a mixture of Sufism, Islam, and Christianity. His followers believe him to be a divine incarnation.



for twelve years, and is now in his old age Waly of Smyrna. He was a level-headed, liberal man, and loved to see fair play, and hated the persecuting spirit of the Oriental church ecclesiastics. He once said to me when I remarked that all hoped he would one day become grand vizier (prime minister), "I have no ambition that way. That is the summit, and beyond that there is only descent." (1909—He was made grand vizier under the new constitutional government.)

In May I received a visit from one of the most saintly women I have ever known, Mrs. Walter Baker, of Dorchester, Mass., and with her were two young men, choice spirits, Edward G. Porter, and Isaac N. Cochran. Mrs. Baker was my guest together with Dr. and Mrs. Post, and the young men were at the hotel. Mrs. Baker insisted upon my going as her guest to Damascus, Baalbec, and the Barûk Cedars, and I was afterwards her guest in Paris and Dorchester. She became the steadfast friend of our girls' boarding-school and the mission. She paid the whole support of Miss Eliza D. Everett, the first American teacher in the Beirut school, for two years, until the school was taken up by the Woman's Board of the Presbyterian Church.

What made her friendship especially charming to me was the fact that she was the warm friend of my two very dear college classmates, Dr. Theodore T. Munger and Dr. James G. Vose. Dr. Munger in his early ministry was called to the Dorchester church, and Mrs. Baker invited him to spend Sunday with her. He accepted and remained with her for seven years, reminding one of Dr. Watts who lived with Sir Thomas Abney for thirty-six years.

On my way to America in November, 1867, she introduced me to Dr. Jonas King of Athens, and the French Protestant pastors, as I have elsewhere narrated.

On June 5th the corner-stone of the new Beirut church was laid, with religious services. Mrs. W. M. Thomson laid the corner-stone. The northeast corner had been left open to receive it as more than half the walls were built. In the corner-stone were placed an Arabic Bible, the constitution of the native

church, list of American missionaries from the beginning, list of the Anglo-American Congregation, Arabic journals of Beirut, Constantinople, Damascus, and B'teddin, list of publications of the American Press, and a list of Protestant institutions in Beirut in 1867. The church was dedicated March 28, 1869, after my return from America. Before sailing from America for Syria in October, 1868, with my family, I had shipped a fine bell, the gift of the Scranton people, and a \$1,200 tower clock, given by the Madison Square Church in New York. But the building funds were exhausted when the tower was but half finished, and neither clock nor bell could be set up. The citizens of Beirut, Moslems, Christians, and Jews, were so anxious to see and hear a clock whose striking could be heard throughout the city, that a local subscription was raised, through the influence of James Black, Esq., and the tower was completed. Thus the Mohammedans who abominate bells, and the Jews who dislike Christian churches, contributed to the erection of a Christian bell-tower. And when the clock was finally in place and began to strike the hours, crowds of people gathered in the streets to hear the marvellous sound.

Since then, five different tower clocks have been set up in Beirut, one of them near our church at the Turkish barracks, and others at the Syrian Protestant College, the railroad station, the Jesuit College, and the French Hospital. Thus in this, as in many other matters, the Americans set the pace and others followed their example.

The funds have been contributed thus far by the American Board of Missions, the Kirk of Scotland, friends in England and America, the Native Evangelical Church, and the Anglo-American Congregation, representing at least seven different denominations, thus presenting a united and harmonious front to the many enemies of the gospel faith in Syria and proving that Christian union in worship and service is possible. Upon the advent of the ritualistic Bishop Blyth of Jerusalem, however, most of the Church of England people withdrew, and set up a schismatic chapel of their own. I use the word "schismatic," as

it is a word the "Anglicans" love to apply to all outside their own sect.<sup>1</sup>

At this time, Mr. Calhoun, in addition to his school duties in Abeih, was teaching a theological class of five young men, four of whom were M. Yusef Bedr, M. Yusef Aatiyeh, M. Yusef Shaheen, and M. Abdullah Rasi.

H. E. Daûd Pasha, at the last Easter, was called upon by the magistrates of the town of Deir el Komr including the Catholic bishops and priests. In reply to their congratulations he said that he had one criticism to make upon them as the spiritual guides of the people. "And what is that?" they exclaimed. "It is that all the shops of your parishioners are kept open on Sunday and business goes on as usual, greatly to the detriment of the people." The priests replied, "Your Excellency, this greatly grieves us, but really we have not the power to stop this evil. The people will not obey us." "Then," said the pasha, "I will help you, and next Sunday any man who opens his shop will be imprisoned." The order was issued, and, after a few arrests, the nuisance was abated, and this notorious stronghold of papal intolerance had externally a well-kept Sunday every week.

At this time, the Sultan Abdul Aziz went to the Paris Exposition taking gifts to the Empress Eugenie to the value of \$300,000. As an offset, new taxes, grievous to be borne, are being levied on the people of the empire.

Rev. Samuel S. Mitchell and wife arrived in Beirut in June, as recruits for our missionary force. His wife (Lucy Wright) was born in Persia, daughter of a missionary, and they both gave promise of a life of usefulness, but feeble health soon compelled their withdrawal. Mrs. Mitchell afterwards studied the "History of Art," lectured in Florence and Berlin, and published a book (Dodd

<sup>1</sup> When I was visiting Canon Tristram in December, 1864, he preached in Hartlepool one evening and took me with him. Passing along the street, he pointed to a plain building, saying, "That is Schism corner," referring to the Methodist chapel. Years afterwards we were walking together in Beirut, and as we neared the Church of England chapel, I said to him, "That is Schism corner!" He saw the point and enjoyed having the tables turned upon him.

& Mead, New York) which has become a standard work on art. Mr. Mitchell attained some celebrity as a landscape painter.

On June 22d the annual examination of the girls' school was held. Seventy-five girls were examined in three languages for four days, and no such examination had ever before been held in Syria. Khuri Jebara, a Greek priest who was present, delivered a very excellent Arabic address highly eulogistic of the American missionaries and their work in Syria. Such an address had never before been heard in Syria. He publicly thanked the missionaries for the Arabic Bible and other good books and for their schools and seminaries. This same priest purchased sixty copies of Edwards' "History of Redemption" in Arabic and gave them to his people.

In August I bought a snow-white mare of a native friend by recommendation from my reliable friend, Dr. Daniel Bliss. It was a beautiful creature with a pedigree, and I bought it "unsight unseen," as it was in Lebanon in Abeih, and I was in Beirut. The owner, hearing that I was in Aleih, at Dr. Post's house, sent the mare over there. Mrs. Post was at a loss what to do with such a fiery creature. A young missionary who was her guest finally consented to ride her to Beirut, although he had no experience in riding. She went quietly enough the mile to the Damascus carriage road, but there, alas, she saw a white canvas-topped cart for the first time in her life, and then another, and the noisy train came rattling and thundering along, until she was beside herself, and she sprang forward over the broad macadamized road Beirut-wards. Her rider, paralyzed with fright, dropped the reins and seized the saddle pommel with both hands. The mare flew ahead on a dead run, past the sixteenth kilometer stone, then the fifteenth and on to the fifth and fourth, but just at the second near the Beirut pine grove, a blockade of camels stopped her. The rider slipped off and let her go, and she went on arching her neck and snuffing at her first glimpse of a Syrian city.

He walked on, lame, bruised, and demoralized. About 3 P. M. I heard a knock at my door. There stood Mr. ———. He

called out in a faint voice, "Has the mare got here?" "What mare?" I replied. "Why, your new white mare." He then told the story, and I found that if he had not broken his neck he had broken all records of Syrian horse-racing. I then told him I had never seen the mare and that she had never been in Beirut and how should she know my house? I called Assaf, my trusty servant, and sent him at once to the public "Place de Canon" or "Burj" where the Damascus Road enters the city. In half an hour he brought her drenched and heated to her new home. But she was too aristocratic for me. She danced and pranced, with curved neck and flying mane and wanted to gallop through the streets. It exhausted my strength to hold her in, and at length I sold her to Consul Lorenzo Johnson whom she threw over her head three times on the sand-dunes and as this did not comport with consular dignity he sold her to a Lebanon sheikh.

In a letter to the eccentric but sensible Mr. Williams, of Mardin, I alluded to interference with our schools by other societies, who virtually bribed the children to go to their schools,—and said, "I am not willing to surrender to —— the fruits of the American Mission's thirty years' toil. My rule is never to fight but if you are forced to fight, fight it out on a straight line. The Arabs say, 'The camel never falls down but when he does fall he never gets up again.' The Syrians are an independent race, but they have been demoralized by having too much done for them and some of them see it and feel it. We must now try to remoralize them. They cannot manage to support first-class institutions as yet, but everything else they ought to support."

In August, 1867, Dr. Thomson returned from England much improved in health. On September 30th, Dr. Post and family sailed for America, and on his arrival he resigned his connection with the American Board, having been appointed Professor of Surgery in the Syrian Protestant College.

On October 20th Dr. Van Dyck and family arrived from the United States. He brought with him duplicate electrotype plates of the vowelled Bible. Mr. Samuel Hallock came with him as electrotyper and mechanical superintendent of the press.

In November, Rev. Isaac N. Lowry and wife arrived from America and were stationed with Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitchell in Tripoli. As Mr. Mitchell left the mission in the summer of 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jessup were again transferred from Sidon to Tripoli.

The excursion steamship *Quaker City*, Captain Duncan, arrived with Mr. Moses S. Beach and "Mark Twain" on board, on September 10th. I had engaged for a party of them a dragoman for Baalbec and Damascus, and went on board. By order of the mission I presented to each one a gilt copy of the Arabic New Testament. Thirty of them visited the girls' school and Dr. Beach gave two hundred dollars for the school and the new church.

Owing to the return of Drs. Thomson and Van Dyck, and the fact that Dr. Wortabet was also to be in Beirut, the brethren of the mission and the secretaries of the American Board in Boston insisted on my going this fall to America, as I was nervously broken down, and a sufferer from acute insomnia. I was the more willing to go as my absence would facilitate the securing of a native pastor for the Beirut church. Yet the ties which bound me to the Syrian people old and young were not easily broken and I dreaded the parting scenes. I handed over all the lines and threads of work to Dr. Thomson.

Miss Rufka Gregory, the Syrian lady who taught in the Beirut Syrian Girls' School for five years, and who was the ablest Syrian teacher of modern times, was quite broken in health in July, 1867, and we gave her a six months' furlough to visit friends in Egypt. While there she made the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Muir, of Melbourne, Australia, married him and went to Melbourne to live, where, after his early death, she conducted a successful school for girls for many years.

With her departure it became necessary to secure an American teacher. I count it one of the providential reasons of my being sent to America in October, 1867, that I was able to find Miss Eliza D. Everett, the accomplished and consecrated lady who came to Beirut with me in October, 1868, and laboured in

Syria for twenty-five years in the Beirut Female Seminary with remarkable acceptance and success.

I sailed from Beirut October 22d, and arrived in Paris November 5th. In Paris I found my friends, Mr. Frederic Marquand and Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Baker insisted on my being her guest in the Rue St. Arnaud, and Rev. Edward Porter obtained a permit and took me to see the Paris Exposition which had been closed to the public for six days. We spent five hours there and I saw the missionary exhibit and a set of the Arabic books of our Beirut Press. Returning we called on Dr. Jonas King and Mrs. King of Athens. He returned the call and brought me an invitation from Count Laborde to speak at the missionary reception to be given the next day by the Paris Evangelical Society to Dr. King whom they sent as their missionary to Syria in October, 1822. That night I was very ill but recovered so as to attend the meeting at the Salle Evangelique at 4 P. M. M. Grandpierre presided. Dr. King spoke in French of his life in Syria and Greece I spoke of the present state of the work in Syria and Pastor Fische interpreted. Among those present were Pressensé, De Casalis and Monod.

Taking the midnight train to Brest, I embarked November 9th on the *St. Laurent*. The ship was crowded. We had two hundred and sixty in the second class in the bows of the ship. The voyage was terrific and the ship rolled violently, but I was perfectly well and clear headed every hour of the passage.

I found congenial company in Rev. Dr. Washburn of Calvary Church and the Hon. David Dudley Field.

Mr. Stuart Dodge met me on landing November 20th, and I spent the night at his father's house, and the next day with joyful anticipation took the train for Montrose. Mr. Dodge and Stuart took me to the ferry. At Scranton two sisters and others met me. At 8 P. M. I entered the dear old home. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews and my dear child Anna greeted me and we sat around the open fireplace until a late hour, recounting the mercies of the past, and closed with family prayers. On November 25th brother Hunt-

ting brought my son William, then five years old, from Branchport.

We had a happy Thanksgiving November 28th, and twenty-six of the family sat at one long table at the dinner. We wrote a union family letter to brother Samuel in Syria, and after dinner we spent an hour in family singing.

On my arrival Mr. Treat of the American Board wrote me enjoining my taking complete rest.

What Mr. Treat meant by "rest" appears from his telegram six days later, instructing me to go to Yale College for December 8th. I went, and was the guest of that beloved man of God, President Woolsey. The weather was severe, mercury ten degrees below zero with a cutting northwest wind.

On Sunday I spoke in Yale Chapel and in Dr. Eustis' Church. On Monday I spoke to the theological students and met Charles Smith, son of Dr. Eli Smith, whom I brought from Syria to America in 1857. That evening I spoke to the Hartford theological students. The next day I went to Boston in a beautiful snow-storm and was the guest of Mr. Charles Stoddard and the next day visited the missionary house. I also visited my classmate Munger at Haverhill and my sick colleague Mr. J. L. Lyons at South Berwick. On December 17th I met the Prudential Committee of the American Board and after full consideration they agreed to appoint a teacher for the Beirut Girls' School in case her support could be secured. This was pledged by Mrs. Baker and resulted months later in the selection of Miss Everett. I also met President Mark Hopkins of Williams College, president of the Board, a man of giant intellect and heart aflame with love for Christ and His kingdom.

The next day I visited South Hadley to inquire about a possible candidate for the Beirut school, but failed to find one with the requisite qualifications who was willing to go.

December 20th I went with Dr. Clark to Andover Theological Seminary and thence to Cambridgeport as the guest of my college friend, the brilliant Rev. Kinsley Twining. Sunday was a most unpropitious day, a foot of snow and water making the



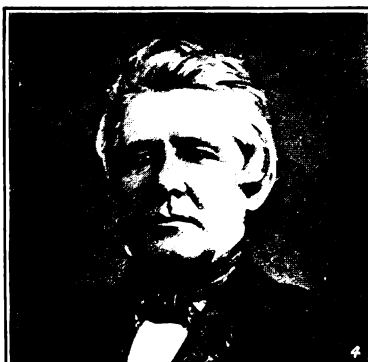
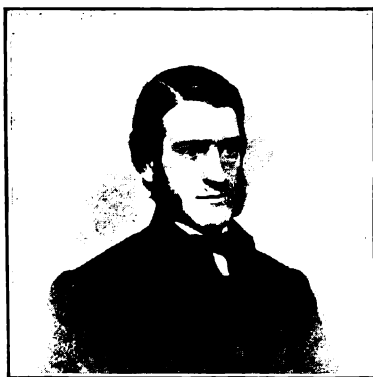
streets well-nigh impassable, but at the Shepherd Church in the evening the Harvard students came out in crowds. Dr. Peabody of Harvard presided, prayer was offered by Dr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Treat and I both spoke. Dr. Peabody offered the closing prayer full of evangelical missionary aspiration and inspiration and closed "in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." I thanked God for such a missionary meeting in old Harvard. It was one of the surprises of my life to find Dr. Peabody so cordially interested in the foreign missionary work.

On Monday, December 23d, I went to New York and in crossing the Connecticut River the ferry-boat stuck in the mud at low tide for three hours. In New York I was the guest of Prof. Alfred C. Post and found there our Dr. Post and his brother-in-law, Rev. Arthur Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell went with me to the ferry next morning and told me that there was a Mr. Dennis in Newark who ought to go to Syria.

1868—In January I went to Newark and had full conversation with Mr. James S. Dennis and he virtually decided to go to Syria. I met old friends and spoke twice in the Sunday-school of the First Church and in Dr. Poor's church. In New York I addressed the Union Seminary students and had private conversation with individuals in Gardner's room.

After various visits I accepted the invitation of my seminary friend, Rev. J. B. Bonar of the American Presbyterian Church and went to Montreal January 22d, where I was the guest of Mr. P. D. Browne. I remained five days, spoke six times, once to a union children's meeting, then to the French Canadian Missionary Society and in the church.

Returning to New York via Springfield I found on the train at Springfield President Woolsey and a New England pastor and we had two hours of delightful conversation. At length the pastor, a well-known person, said to me, "Jessup, you must come to my church. We have —— there, a former missionary and he has done much harm to the cause by his folly. If you or



1. Rev. George E. Post. 2. Rev. J. S. Dennis, 1868. 3. Rev. Samuel Jessup, 1862. 4. Rev. William M. Thomson. 5. Rev. and Mrs. George C. Hurter, 1862. 6. Mrs. Samuel Jessup, 1862.



some other decent man does not come to us soon it is all up with foreign missions in \_\_\_\_\_."

Then followed visits to Branchport and Penn Yan, Prattsburg and Susquehanna and then to Rochester on invitation of District Secretary Rev. Chas. P. Bush, who was the means of my hearing of Miss Everett. I spoke in Rochester nine times to old and young, and on Tuesday, March 3d, went to Clinton as the guest of Mrs. Dr. Gallup of Houghton Seminary. The snow was drifted over the fences, and the driver of the sleigh from New Hartford to Clinton dumped me at eight o'clock on a dark night in a snow-drift before a girls' seminary, and drove off. I waded through the drifts to the door and was told that this was the "Liberal Institute" and the "Houghton" was some distance up the street. So I trudged through the deep drifts dragging my heavy satchel behind me and finally reached the door of the "Houghton." Mrs. Gallup gave me a cordial welcome and after hearing the object of my visit, brought in Miss Everett and I explained at length the situation in the Beirut Girls' School, giving them all the facts and documents in my possession. Miss Everett received the proposition favourably, but could not give a definite answer until after consulting her parents in Painesville, Ohio. Her acceptance of the position put new life into the school, and her long connection with it was a blessing to the daughters of Syria.

The next day I called on the pastor, Rev. Albert Erdman, and saw Mrs. Erdman and the children, little thinking that one day his son Paul would marry my daughter Amy. I addressed the Hamilton College students and the church in the evening, although the day was bitterly cold and blustering. In Utica I called on Ellis H. Roberts, a Yale friend, a prominent editor and afterwards controller of the United States Treasury. We recalled the day when he a junior in 1849 stood up in the college chapel and professed his faith in Christ.

In New York I met the Beirut College trustees, Messrs Booth, W. E. Dodge, Hoadley, Kingman, and A. C. Post. Dr. Geo. Post and I were present and plans were made for a public meeting in

behalf of the college. News had just come of the falling of a stone arch in the new Beirut church, and the trip of Mr. Stuart Dodge and Frederic A. Church, the artist, to Petra.<sup>1</sup>

In New York the mission rooms were in the Bible House and in charge of Dr. Geo. W. Wood and Mr. Merwin. Here I met returned missionaries and theological students and was always welcomed by the genial Dr. Wood.

In Scranton I spoke several times and was the guest of my dear sister, Harriet A. Post, visited the ironworks and the coal mines and gathered specimens to take to Syria. Next to Montrose Scranton contained the largest number of my family relatives. Here also were noble men who had founded the town and the church,—Col. Geo. Scranton and Selden Scranton, Messrs. Platt, Archbald, Blair, Hand, Boies, Fuller and Post and others. These good men gave me the money to buy the bell for the Beirut church which has been ringing and striking the hours for thirty-nine years.

In March I spent a Sunday in Williamstown and was the guest of Prof. Mark Hopkins and met his brother, Prof. Albert Hopkins, "par nobile fratrum." One of our Syrian boys, C. William Calhoun, took me to the Mission Haystack, the birth-place of the American Board. We had a rousing union meeting Sunday evening. Dr. Clark and Mr. Treat, secretaries, were

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Dodge afterwards told me in Beirut of how their dragoman, M. Hani, overawed the Bedawin cameleers. The party left Hebron and camped six miles further south. In the morning after the loads had been roped and ready for loading, the Arabs refused to load saying that the loads were too heavy, etc. Argument proved unavailing. Threats did no good. Then Hani yelled at the top of his voice to the Arabs, "Unbind that box." They sprang forward and took off the ropes. He then unlocked the canteen, took out a dinner plate and raising it over his head dashed it to fragments on a rock. Then he took another and smashed that, to the amazement of the Arabs. Then said he, "Thus shall I smash all these hundreds of plates and then the Queen of England will come here with an army and make you pay a pound for every plate and put you all in prison." The Arabs rushed forward and stopped him saying, "Dukhalak (we beg you), don't break another. We'll put on the loads." And they did, and the travellers had no more trouble. The genius of Hani was equal to the occasion.

present. The sight of that company of college students in that historic spot with such a leader as Mark Hopkins was most inspiring and enough to make any man eloquent.

I then visited New Haven and called on President Woolsey and Professors Dana and Marsh, with whom I had a talk about the geology of Syria. I also met Daniel C. Gilman and my beloved tutor, Rev. Wm. H. Goodrich, who was brutally attacked by a Southern student in our freshman year and never fully recovered from the effects of the blow on his head.

In New York I was the guest of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge. Dr. Geo. E. Post was then in New York and we had frequent interviews with Messrs. Dodge and W. A. Booth with regard to funds for the Beirut College. Dr. Hallock of the American Tract Society gave me a selection of electro cuts for our Arabic journal.

On April 4th I was invited to attend the Chi Alpha Society. There were present a noble body of men: Drs. S. H. Cox, W. Adams, Burchard, H. B. Smith, Prentiss, Bidwell, Cuyler, Schaff, John Hall, Eastman, Hallock, Hastings, Ganse, Hatfield, Bonar, Kittredge, Hutton, Skinner, Murray, Wood, Crosby, Shedd, and others. Only four are living now (1906). In all my subsequent visits to the United States this society has bidden me welcome, and I owe its members a great debt of gratitude.

April 9th we had a public meeting in behalf of the Syrian Protestant College with addresses by the Rev. Willard Parker, Dr. Wm. H. Thomson, Dr. Post, Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, and myself. The object was to raise an endowment for the medical department.

I also visited Auburn, speaking in the First and Second Churches and to the students; and then visited Painesville, Cleveland, Elmira, Providence, R. I., and Stonington.

On the 6th of May I became engaged to Miss Harriet Elizabeth Dodge, daughter of Dr. David Stuart Dodge of Hartford and niece of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge. We were married October 1st by Dr. Wm. Adams, and sailed for Syria October 17th, taking with us my daughter Anna, and Misses Everett and Carruth for the Beirut Female Seminary.

May 23d I spoke in the General Assembly in Harrisburg, Pa. During that assembly at a morning devotional meeting the son of an eminent deceased pastor, who had been a warm friend of my father, made a fervent appeal for foreign missions. A little later his widowed mother came to me and said, "Do urge my son J—— to enter the foreign mission service. It would be my highest joy to have a 'missionary son.'" I went at once to him and said, "Your remarks this morning show that you have the missionary spirit and ought to be a missionary." "Yes," said he, "that is true; but I have a widowed mother to care for and I cannot leave her." I then told him what his mother had said and how earnestly she desired that he become a missionary. He was much affected and said at length, "I would go gladly, but I cannot leave my mother in her dependent circumstances." He has been useful at home.

A week later I spoke at the Boston anniversaries, and May 30th addressed the yearly missionary meeting of the Orthodox Friends in New York.

June 7th I met Dr. N. G. Clark of the American Board at Clinton and we held meetings in Dr. Erdman's church, in Hamilton College, and in Houghton Seminary. Miss Everett decided definitely to go to Syria.

In Boston, July 1st, I called on Father Cleveland aged ninety-six. The Sunday before as city missionary he had preached twice!

Reaching home July 3d I found father much more feeble, being unable to speak.

In Pittsburg, July 13th, Mr. Wm. Thaw gave me \$500 for the Beirut church building.

In July I attended Yale commencement. In New York Mr. J. S. Dennis announced his decision to go to Syria, and Mr. Frank Wood of the Astor Library called to consult with reference to going to Syria.

August 20th—In Montrose father's mind became clear and he spoke with animation of the missionary work and the Church and was delighted to hear of the progress towards the reunion of

the two Presbyterian churches, but he could not remember secular affairs. On September 11th I was on the Erie railroad train returning from Branchport when the conductor handed me a telegram of the death of dear father. He died with his staff in his hand, like a pilgrim ready for the long journey before him, falling asleep in Christ. We laid the palm branches brought from Syria upon his coffin, a token of triumph through Christ. On the 14th I wrote to brother Samuel in Syria:

“The long-expected and sad event has at length transpired. Our beloved and honoured father fell quietly asleep on Friday last at ten o'clock. His death was as serene and peaceful as his life had been, and he has attained the victory through the blood of the Lamb. For him we have no tears to shed. He has long waited for his Lord to come and now his triumph is complete. Such a life as his few men have lived. ‘The memory of the just is blessed.’ What a legacy of piety and virtue and Christian beneficence he has left behind to his family and country! May his mantle fall on us his children who owe so much to his example, his counsel, and his prayers.”

September 23d I gave the charge at the ordination of Rev. Jas. S. Dennis as missionary to Syria and his mother then told me of his boyhood resolution to be a missionary.

October 1st I was married to Harriet Elizabeth Dodge, and we went on to the meeting of the American Board at Norwich. At that meeting I met seven former Syria missionaries, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Eli Smith, Mrs. De Forest, Dr. Laurie, Mr. Sherman, Dr. Beadle, and Dr. Wolcott.

October 17th we sailed for Syria via Liverpool, Paris, and Marseilles, myself, wife, daughter Anna and Misses Everett and Carruth. At Messina, Sicily, we were joined by my old friend Dr. David Torrey and his two nieces Ada and Carrie. Dr. Torrey had arranged by correspondence to board our ship at Messina. On our arriving there, November 12th, his courier came on board with a note from Dr. Torrey stating that his party had been so exhausted by crossing from Naples in a small steamer that they had abandoned the trip to the Holy Land. As our



steamer was to stay only a few hours I saw that vigorous action must be taken. I hastened ashore with the courier, went up to Dr. Torrey's room, knocked at the door and shouted to him to get up at once and rouse his nieces and come on board. Hot coffee was ordered and in spite of some feeble protests from the next room, I soon had them ready and they came with me on board and added greatly to our pleasure on the voyage to Beirut. Thence they went through Palestine and Egypt where one of the accomplished nieces married Dr. Grant, the eminent physician and Egyptologist of Cairo. Neither Dr. Torrey nor Mrs. Grant ever regretted my boisterous knock on his door at the Messina Hotel!

We reached Beirut November 22d and received a hearty welcome from our friends native and foreign.

On my return I found that my brother Samuel had again been transferred from Sidon to Tripoli, being his third removal to Tripoli. Rev. S. Mitchell had returned invalided to America, Rev. I. N. Lowry and wife, both in infirm health, had been located in Tripoli, but after two years they both returned to America where both died of consumption within two years. This and similar cases in other fields led the Board of Missions to require all missionary candidates to pass a strict medical examination before appointment. It used to be allowable to send candidates with weak lungs to warm climates in the hope of their recovery, but that plan has wisely been abandoned. It was hoped that Mr. S. Jessup's removal to Tripoli would be permanent, as the Tripoli people had reason to think that the chief end of the American missionary is to move in, rent houses in advance and then move out again. In thirteen years they had seen this done by eight missionaries.

My home was reconstructed, two of my children, Anna and Henry, being with me, the third, William, remaining with his grandparents in western New York, where he grew up with a robust vigorous frame and became fitted to join me afterwards as a missionary colleague in Syria.

The American Board had decided that I was in no case to return to the acting pastorate of the Beirut church. The only

native-born Syrian preacher qualified for the Beirut pastorate was Rev. John Wortabet, son of an Armenian convert and ordained in 1853 as pastor of the Hasbeiya church, and later missionary of a Scotch society in Aleppo, now instructor in the Syrian Protestant College. But he absolutely declined the post. He was receiving a salary equal to, if not greater, than that of Dr. Thomson, Dr. Post, or myself, and could not expect as much from the native church, yet this was probably not the chief reason for declining the office. So the work of preaching was thrown back again upon the missionaries resident in Beirut. I was to leave Beirut and teach in the theological seminary in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, in connection with Mr. Calhoun.

I wrote to Dr. N. G. Clark: "I shall enter upon the work of theological teaching with all fervour. It will be necessary in the first place to find out what my own theology is, for I have not had time to decide thus far, but I suppose that if I follow Hodge, Henry B. Smith, Park and Taylor and stick to the Bible and catechism, I shall be considered orthodox all around. You must come out and see me ere long and set my theology right."

The mission agreed with me that the Beirut church must have a native pastor but were not clear as to the best location for a theological seminary.

On the 10th of February, Rev. Jas. S. Dennis arrived from America and was stationed in Sidon to aid Dr. Eddy who was appointed teacher in the Abeih theological class. The literary labours of Dr. Dennis in preparing in Arabic a treatise on Theology based largely on Dr. Hodge's volumes, a work on Scripture Interpretation and another on the Evidences of Christianity were a noble contribution to Arabic Christian literature. For years he was at the head of the theological seminary after its removal to Beirut in 1873 until his resignation in 1891.

On his arrival in Syria, owing to the fact that his name had an unpleasant significance in Arabic, he received and accepted the name of Ennis which means affable or polite and endured the self-denial of ignoring his own name among native friends for twenty-two years of his residence in Syria.

It was finally decided to begin a theological class in Abeih on the 3d of May, 1869, with Messrs. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, and H. H. Jessup as teachers. We had a class of eight men, all of whom had already had experience as teachers and helpers, and four of whom became ordained pastors, Messrs. S. Jerawan, Y. Bedr, S. Hakîm, and K. Zarub. We carried on the class until November 1st and resumed it the following May.

The question of a native ministry was so urgent in 1868 and 1869 that we called a meeting of the Beirut church to give them notice that they must have a pastor and support him. They met and voted, 1st, that it was their duty to have a pastor; 2d, to support him; 3d, that as there is no pastor in view that they will raise annually a sum equal to a pastor's salary and when he is secured devote it to his support; 4th, that 20,000 piastres be raised this year. One said, "I am ashamed to sit in the chapel and hear preaching from the American missionaries for which I pay nothing." Others used strong language and all seemed to feel that self-respect compelled them to pay their own ministry.

In opening a theological class in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, as a summer school from May 1st to November 1st the mission gave the best proof of its determination to train a native ministry. And since that time the class has had varied experiences, being transferred to Beirut in 1873 as a winter school from October to June until 1891, then, from 1894 to 1901 as a summer school in Suk el Gharb, Lebanon; and lastly reopened in Beirut, October, 1905, as a winter school.

The teachers have been Rev. Messrs. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, H. H. Jessup, J. S. Dennis, C. V. A. Van Dyck, G. A. Ford, Mr. Ibrahim Haurany, Mr. Rezzuk Barbari, Rev. Beshara Barudi, O. J. Hardin, S. Jessup, F. W. March, F. E. Hoskins, and A. Abdullah.

But it was not until 1890 that we finally succeeded in ordaining a native pastor, Rev. Yusef Bedr, over the Beirut church. Since that time the native pastorate has continued.

March 28, 1869, the new church edifice in Beirut was formally dedicated. I preached the Arabic dedication sermon at 9 A. M.,

and Dr. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh the English sermon at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon Mr. Calhoun preached in Arabic. The congregations were large and there was great rejoicing at entering such a spacious edifice after worshipping in the low crowded arched rooms of the old mission house.

#### THE CHURCH CURTAIN

When the new church was finished the question arose, Shall the old red broadcloth curtain of time-honoured use in the old chapel for thirty years be hung in the new church to separate the women from the men? We missionaries declined to settle the question and left it to the native brethren. After long and serious discussion they decided that if the curtain were not hung in the new church no Moslem woman would ever enter it and many Christian women would not, and parents of the schoolgirls might object to their being stared at by men and boys. So the curtain was hung with hooks on an iron rod extending from the front pew back to the organ. It hung there for several years and was finally removed by the Syrians themselves without our knowledge and presented to a church in the interior which is still under the sway of old Oriental customs.

The church bell and clock had arrived from New York, but the tower was not finished and so eager were the people of Beirut to see and hear the striking of the clock that with one accord Moslems, Jews, Greeks, and Maronites contributed liberally and the work was completed. By an agreement with the Jewish Mission's Committee of the Church of Scotland the missionaries of that church have maintained the English preaching at 11 A. M. on Sunday from that time until the present, thirty-nine years. Rev. Dr. Jas. Robertson and Rev. Dr. G. M. Mackie have been the incumbents with other temporary supplies and their Catholic spirit and faithful labours have been and are a blessing to the entire Anglo-American community.

On the 2d of April Theodore Booth, son of Wm. A. Booth of New York, died at Hotel Bellevue in Beirut. Owing to the warm friendship of Mr. Booth and family for many members of

the mission we all felt deeply the death of this lovely young man cut off in the spring time of his life.

His remains were embalmed and taken to America. His brother Frederick, who was summoned from Jerusalem, was detained by a storm in Jaffa and unable to come to the funeral.

Mr. Booth founded, as a memorial of his son, the "Theodore Fund" of the Syrian Protestant College, the income of which was to be used for the publication of works needed in the course of instruction, and Mrs. Booth gave the chandeliers for the new church also as a memorial of her son.

On August 17th Dr. and Mrs. Post were greatly afflicted in the death of their infant son Robert, in the Saracenic building in Baalbec. Dr. Bliss and Mr. Stuart Dodge hastened thither, riding all night and returned with the sorrowing parents to Beirut and Mr. Calhoun went down by night to Beirut to conduct the funeral.

In October with the aid of Dr. Eddy's son William I made a collection of the specimens of the rocks in all the strata from the summit of the Metaiyyar Mountain above Abeih to the bottom of the valley below, measuring each stratum and recording its thickness and wrapping the specimens in cloth bags made for the purpose. These were presented to the cabinet of the Beirut College.

The theological class closed in Abeih October 30th and the students went to their fields of labour for the winter. Mr. Calhoun had the chair of Theology; Mr. Eddy Bible Exegesis, and I had Church History, Homiletics, and Evidences of Christianity. It became necessary to prepare lectures at once in Arabic in the two former and for the latter we used Alexander's Evidences. As my preference has always been for preaching, this settling down and preparing lectures was a new and difficult task, but I have kept it up to this day (1907) and have had the satisfaction of aiding in the training of about ninety young men for the ministry.

We decided to teach the theological students English. It was felt that Syria cannot be kept to the standard of Eastern Turkey. The land is full of European Jesuits and European infidel litera-

ture. Our young brethren will be derided unless they are able to cope with the arguments of Voltaire and defend even the text of the Holy Scriptures. Even in Hums books are in circulation which few men in a Christian land could satisfactorily answer. And the young men of that church and community have spent weeks trying to answer the old objections of Celsus, Arius, Voltaire, Hume, and Renan, revamped and eloquently stated in the recent Arabic Mohammedan book entitled "Izhar el Hoc."

But recently (1904) this book has been triumphantly answered in an Arabic work (the "Hedaiyet") written and printed in Cairo. But none the less the Arabic pastors of this generation need a good knowledge of English.

We returned to Beirut where I once more took my turn with Dr. Thomson in the Arabic preaching. The Scotch preaching service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Fenwick.

On November 14th Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson died in London and on Sunday, November 28th, I preached funeral sermons in English and Arabic commemorative of her nearly nine years of faithful service for the women and girls of Syria.

She was a woman of earnest piety, great courage and resolution, undaunted by obstacles, a good organizer, and in the few years of her life in Syria had founded a system of day-schools for girls in about ten towns in Syria, and a Central Training Institution in Beirut. With her sisters Mrs. Mott, and Mrs. Smith and Miss Lloyd, who succeeded her, she worked in entire harmony with the American missionaries, and her teachers and pupils were received to the communion in our native churches. In this she had to resist repeated overtures from the high church party in England, but although a member of the Church of England she would not consent to bring about a schism in the native Evangelical Church. We of the American Mission acted as pastors for her Christian teachers and pupils, and from the day of her arrival in October, 1860, I extended to her a warm welcome and stood by her when not an English resident in Beirut would recognize her. Their conduct was, to my mind, based on misrepresentations, and I saw in her a strong and consecrated character,

capable of great usefulness and in the end she won the confidence and coöperation of all.

In February a deputation from the village of Mezraat Yeshua near the Dog River came to Beirut stating that sixty families of Maronites had "turned" Protestants, or, as they say, wished to "nuklub Protestant" and wanted a preacher. After long questioning and sifting their stories we learned that there was a deadly feud between two families in the village, that one man had been killed but that the government had settled the quarrel. Nukhly, one of my two guests, wanted to be made priest and the other party opposed it. We had little confidence in the sincerity of the men but it seemed a call of God to enter in while the door was open and preach the Gospel. The result, however, was the same as in another case I have instanced at length.

Near this village on the mountainside there was formerly a stone statue of Diana or Artemis. The Arabic name is Artameesh. The monks ages ago built a monastery and called it the Monastery of St. Tameesh, so they are praying to Diana. Higher up is the convent of Bellona, sister of Mars, the goddess of war. She is reputed a saint by the people and offerings are made at her shrine in the convent. There are nearly fifty convents within fifty miles along the coast of Lebanon and some 2,000 monks live on the fat of the land. By terrors of purgatory the priests and monks have for ages extorted from the dying their houses and lands until nearly all the fine fountains, rich arable land, forest groves, and fruit trees belong to the monks and the poor fellahin or farmers are mere tenants at will. And those not tenants have generally borrowed money from the monks and priests so that they are held by a grip of iron. This state of things has made the Kesrawan district of Lebanon a byword and a hissing throughout Syria. The people are in a state of physical and ecclesiastical bondage.

I mention this incident as one characteristic of the Maronites of Lebanon and of some other sects. I have known of about a dozen villages in which from fifty to 500 people have declared themselves Protestants and continued so for weeks and months

and then suddenly *all* gone back except perhaps two or three, and that without a blush or sense of shame. Such movements took place in Aindara, Ain er Rummaneh, Deraûn, and many other places. They had expected foreign consular protection and when that failed they slipped back in their socket like dislocated bones. The threat to turn Protestants or Jews or Moslems is a common weapon with which the people threaten their priests without any thought of a sincere change of faith. An honest movement to evangelical Christianity in masses is unknown in Syria. It is different among the Armenians. The popular movement in Aintab and Marash in 1851 arose from a sincere desire to know God's Word and to follow its teachings, and as a result stable evangelical churches of true, honest men and women were speedily organized and have continued to this day. In Syria the popular conscience has been so warped and corrupted by the confessional and the easy condoning of sin, that men can profess to change their religion with no idea of a real change and with only a sinister object. As a consequence, the Protestant movement in Syria has been chiefly that of individuals, one here and another there, so that the organization of churches has been a slow work and the want of a large membership rendered self-support impossible in the early decades of the mission.

In Safita, Northern Syria, 300 Greeks and Nusairiyeh declared themselves Protestants in 1866, and only a dozen held out to the end. In Wadi Shahroor 250 came out as Protestants in 1876 and not one proved to be sincere. In B'teddin-el-Luksh 150 declared themselves Protestants in 1861 and had a preacher for a year, and all then turned back again. If all the people who have "turned" Protestants in Syria had remained steadfast, the land would soon be Protestant. In the most of these cases, the so-called Protestants present a petition, signed with their seals, declaring that they will live and die Protestants, calling God to witness their sincerity. And yet in a few weeks they violate the pledge without the least compunction, assured that their priests will condone their perjury.

Every man in Syria has a seal with his name and title engraved



on brass or agate or carnelian, and even his signature is of little account without his seal. Placing one's seal on a document is equivalent to an oath and is regarded as sacred.

Mezraat Yeshua was a specimen of the way in which popular movements in Syria towards Protestantism collapse. Such a thing as a village asking for the truth in the love of it has not been heard of in modern times. They generally ask for a preacher to spite somebody or get even with the tyrannical priesthood.

It often happens that when a man is at law, and the priests and bishops take sides with his adversary, he will turn Protestant as a menace, and thus bring over the clergy to his own side, and then drop his Protestantism. So many suspicious characters come to us offering themselves as pillars to the cause of the Gospel, that I not unfrequently ask a man, as the first question after the usual salutations, "Have you committed robbery or murder, or are you in a quarrel with your family or priests, or do you wish to marry a person forbidden by your religion, or what is the reason of your coming to me? Did you ever hear of a man's leaving his religion without a cause? Now tell me plainly, what have you done?" Sometimes it turns out that a man really wants instruction, but the case is generally otherwise. If fifty men turned Protestants in a village, one ordinarily counts upon about ten as likely to stand, but every movement of the kind loosens the grasp of the priesthood and prepares the way for a more thorough work in the future.

In 1835-1836 members of all the Druse feudal families of sheikhs in Lebanon declared themselves Protestant Christians and asked for preachers and teachers. For a time they were steadfast, some of them even going to prison, but the missionaries felt that they were not sincere and when the hope of political protection was cut off they politely bowed the missionaries and teachers out of their villages. On the other hand, the Protestant churches in Syria have grown up gradually from individuals or small bodies of men who have endured persecution from priests and sheikhs, suffering social ostracism and political disabilities, yet standing firm in their faith.

One of the first Protestants, Asaad es Shidiak, suffered martyrdom rather than yield to the patriarch and return to Mariolatry and creature worship, and every little church throughout the land has originated with men who have suffered for Christ's sake. A full account of some of these men would make a valuable chapter in modern church history.

Up to the present time about ninety-five young men have been taught in the theological class, of whom fourteen have been ordained (1908). The poverty of the churches has greatly hindered the ordination of native preachers as the mission first, and afterwards the presbytery, decided to ordain no one unless at least half his salary was paid by his church.

I am almost amazed at the extent to which evangelical light pervades the nominally Christian communities here. The Greek Church in Beirut will go over some day to Protestantism en masse, if the light continues to spread in the future as it has in the past ten years. A prominent Greek said a few days ago, "You Protestants need not trouble yourselves about converting Syria. Our children are all going to be Protestants whether you will or not. The Bible is doing the work."

Another Greek was visited recently by a priest who came to receive the confession of the family, previous to the sacrament. The priest said, "My son, I have come to hear you confess." "All right, your reverence, I have a big score to confess to-day."—"Go on, my son." "Well, I do not believe in the worship of pictures." (This is a cardinal point in the Greek Church.) "No matter about that, as long as you are an Orthodox Greek."—"But I do not believe in the invocation of the Virgin and the saints."—"Ah! you do not? Well, that is a small matter. Go on."—"Nor do I believe in transubstantiation."—"No matter about that, it is a question for the theologians."—"Nor do I believe in priestly absolution."—"Very well, between you and me there is room for objection to that, so no matter as long as you confess."—"But I do not believe in confession to a priest."—Here the priest became somewhat confused, but finally smoothed the matter over, and said, "No matter about that." The man

then replied, "What business have I then in a Greek church? Good-morning, your reverence. I have done with the traditions of men."

The growing enlightenment of the people is greatly alarming the priesthood of all sects, and they are setting themselves and taking counsel together how to check the growth of Protestantism. Every species of annoyance and petty private persecution is resorted to, but where the truth has taken root nothing will avail to check it. Were there entire liberty of conscience here and were the power of persecution and oppression taken out of the hands of the clergy, there would be an astonishing movement towards Protestant Christianity.

Two young men, of good families in Beirut, and both of the Greek sect, have been turned out of their houses within a fortnight by their own parents for attending our church and prayer-meetings but they both stand firm and have now been asked to return home again. One of them brought his father to church last Sunday and his sister to the Sabbath-school.

At a recent meeting of our church session, a letter was sent in, written by a young man who was suspected a year ago of a gross sin and had persistently denied it, but in this letter he acknowledged his sin in bitter anguish of repentance, and begged the church to watch over him and help him in his efforts to live a new life for Christ.

But not all who call upon us as inquirers can be implicitly trusted. A German Jew turned up recently who wished aid, stating that he was inquiring and was therefore entitled to pecuniary aid. He is still here, having been baptized in another part of the country, and says he will be content with six piastres for working half a day as he wishes to study the other half.

An old Maronite papal priest called, about sixty-five years old, and expressed great interest in the truth. Suspecting that something was wrong, I asked him to tell me the whole story in the outset, and then we could get on better together. So he said his wife had died and that he had two grown up daughters who were about to be married and the patriarch was about to divide the

large family property between the daughters. "Now," said he, "I wish to marry again and raise up sons, who will be my heirs and preserve my name, but the patriarch forbids my remarrying, so I threatened to turn Protestant. He imprisoned me in Deir Meifük but I escaped and fled to Beirut. I want protection from your government to enable me to marry again."

I gave him some books, explained the Gospel to him and advised him to go home and live in peace with his daughters and let the marriage question alone.

Five men called one day from a distant Maronite village, deeply interested in the truth, *profoundly* impressed, as they said, and they wanted a preacher and a school. After an hour's cross-questioning and probing, I learned that they were deeply *in debt*, and wished us to buy their heavily mortgaged property and build a boarding-school so that they could pay their debts or use us as a shield in repudiating their debts.

Another aged priest came and offered to become Protestant, if I would guarantee him a salary of twelve dollars a month with or without work.

Then a monk came and said that he loved me very much and loved the Gospel, and wanted to know if I would advance to him the sum of 6,000 piastres (\$240) on a note he held which had no date nor witnesses. He said that in case he could get the money, he and his abbot could buy the control of a better monastery than their present one and have a good opportunity to preach the Gospel! The man had some light and had read many of our books, but lacked the simplicity of the Gospel. I told him that we never dealt in mercantile affairs and he had better sell his note to the brokers.

Such cases as these are constantly occurring, but never discourage us, for we always anticipate a certain percentage of similar cases, and take it for granted that every professed inquirer has some sinister design unless we have previous knowledge of the person, or he gives proof of honest intentions.

Two of my missionary correspondents at this time were prodig the Syria Mission for not having native pastors, and several

in America were insisting on our forming at once a presbytery. Mr. Williams of Mardin declared that we were putting education in the place of evangelization. Dr. Lansing of Egypt urged that we go ahead and form a presbytery. The New School Presbyterian Foreign Mission Committee in New York, which was then connected with the American Board, insisted that the Presbyterian missionaries in Syria under the American Board "have something to show in the shape of presbyteries on mission ground after all these years of labour."

Now I would yield to no one as to the importance of a living native church with its own native pastors, and this has been the aim of the Syria Mission, amid difficulties innumerable, for sixty years. But although I am a Presbyterian by birth and conviction, I cannot put Presbyterian polity above the interests of the native churches in the mission. A presbytery consists of the pastors and elders of churches in a given district. Foreign missionaries are not pastors and should not be. A presbytery in Syria composed of foreign missionaries only, would not be a legal presbytery. Nor is it desirable that a presbytery in Syria should be composed of mixed American and Syrian pastors and Syrian elders. We therefore postponed the organization of a presbytery in Syria until 1883 when Sidon Presbytery was formed and afterwards the Presbyteries of Mount Lebanon and Tripoli. The missionaries here all retain their connection with their home presbyteries in America, and sit as corresponding members of the three presbyteries in Syria; that of Sidon, Beirut and Mount Lebanon, and Tripoli. We decline to vote, but the Syrian brethren entreat us to sit with them and at times even to accept the office of moderator. The twelve ordained missionaries in Syria would, if legal members of the native presbyteries, be able to override and outvote their Syrian brethren.

In the three Syrian presbyteries, where the churches have no pastors, the licensed preacher, if acting as supply, has a seat in presbytery with his elder. This enables the presbytery to cover the field and these young preachers are trained to transact business and to enter into spiritual sympathy with their fellow work-

ers throughout the land. After long discussion and full study and consideration, all the presbyteries have adopted the form of government of the Presbyterian Church.

There has thus far been no attempt to unite in one body the American Presbyterian Mission, the Irish Presbyterian Mission of Damascus, the Scotch United Free Mission in Tiberias, and the Reformed Presbyterian or Covenanter Mission of Latakia, Cyprus, and Mersine. When these three branches of the Presbyterian Church at home unite, the missionaries on the foreign field will no doubt respond with enthusiasm. At present I understand that there is not material enough in the way of ordained pastors and organized churches to warrant the formation of a presbytery in either of these three missions. The close communion principles of some of these churches make it difficult to have even a union evangelistic service. One rather exceptionally radical devotee of psalm singing in Northern Syria requested the Brummana Conference of some 120 Christian workers from all parts of Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, to forego hymn singing and to sing only psalms in order to enable him to come. The secretary, Dr. Mackie, replied kindly to this assumption by suggesting that he could refrain from singing altogether and yet enjoy the benefit of a conference led by the saintly Rev. F. B. Meyer. But he refused to come. The *non possumus* of a pope could not be more unfraternal.

In November, 1869, Dr. Norman McLeod of Scotland passed through Cairo on his return from India. Meeting Rev. Dr. Barnett, a stiff United Presbyterian of the American Mission, Dr. McLeod asked him what he thought of all Christians uniting in foreign fields to form an evangelical church on the basis of the New Testament.

"Not at all," he replied, "as long as so many of these churches will follow 'will worship' in singing human productions" (meaning hymns). "What," said Dr. McLeod, "do you mean to say that you would make a schism in the Church of Christ for such a reason?" "Yes," said Dr. Barnett. "Then," said Dr. McLeod, "I wish your whole church was in the bottomless pit."

That was severe language and too strong and too much like bringing fire from heaven as James and John wished to do, but Dr. McLeod was a man of broad sympathies and strong convictions and could not bear intolerance. We were at that time corresponding with all the missions in Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt with regard to holding a Union Missionary Conference in March, 1870, and we had strong hopes of a delegation of the United Presbyterian brethren in Egypt, but none came, and the Covenanter brethren of the North did not even answer the circular invitation. Since that time a much broader and more fraternal spirit has prevailed and we exchange pulpits with our saintly brethren in Egypt and our "mutual love is fervent."

We can explain to the people the difference between presbytery and prelacy, but I have not been able to make an Arab understand why missionaries labouring to lead pagans and Moslems to Christ should refuse to commune with other missionaries because in their church service they sing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and other inspiring Christian hymns of prayer and praise.

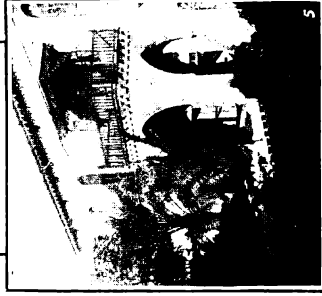
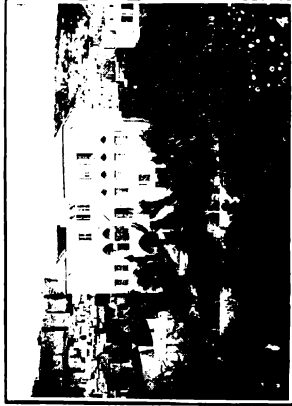
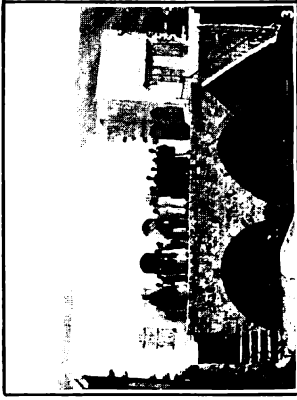
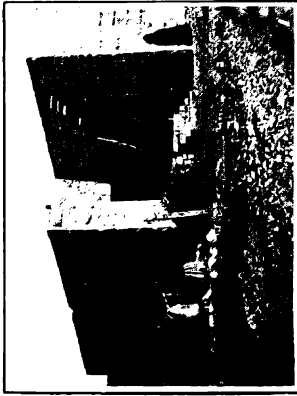
In writing on this subject to dear Dr. Lansing in December, 1868, I said, "Really, should our two branches of the church at home unite to-morrow on a basis allowing the singing of both psalms and hymns at pleasure, I don't believe that your mission would refuse to enter into the union."

In those days I found great comfort and inspiration in reading, every night before retiring, from George Bowen's "Meditations." It is the most pithy, terse, and sententious book of devotional reading I have ever read. The author was once a New York infidel lawyer, was converted, studied in Union Seminary, went to Western India as a missionary, where he supported himself by teaching and conducting a journal. He was a remarkable man and has written a remarkable book.

In January, 1869, the mission thanked God and took courage. The Bible had been printed in various attractive editions; thousands of people have heard the Gospel message; numerous deputations had come from different villages asking for teachers; towns and villages long sealed against us are now open and ask-







### CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS

1. Gharzuz Chapel.
2. Safta Burj (the white building is the church).
3. Batrun School.
4. Tripoli Girls' School.
5. Beirut Girls' School.
6. Minyara—used for services for many years.

ing for missionary labour; baptisms have begun to take place among the Druses; even the Mohammedans are sending their children to our schools; several Christian churches have been organized; and the mission has now set apart three of its members to the work of training a native ministry, while in the department of higher education, the college and girls' boarding-school in Beirut will accomplish all that Syria will need for many years to come.

Yet we had not a single self-supporting church or school. This money question is the bane of all missions. The whole system of paying native Christian teachers and preachers out of foreign funds is an unmixed evil. The "Native Element," as it is called in educational institutions, is important, but only most effective when paid by natives. Every cent of foreign money paid to natives is misunderstood by the native population, puts the employees thus paid in the attitude of hirelings, injures their character for sincerity (and most of them are truly sincere), and weakens the self-respect of the people. It tends to demoralize them.

The Emir Mohammed Smair Ibn ed Dukhy of the Anazeh Arabs said once to me while on a visit to Beirut, "Yes, we would like to have a teacher come to our tribe, but he must be willing to live as we do, travel as we travel, and eat as we eat." Once a Bedawy sheikh, after hearing the Sermon on the Mount, exclaimed, "That command to turn the 'other cheek' may do for you dwellers in towns, but it will never do for us Arabs. We must punish offenders and retaliate for outrages, or we could not live." The fact is that the old Ishmaelitic spirit is wrought into the very fibre of their being, "his hand shall be against every man and every man's hand shall be against him." Though professedly Moslems they waylay and plunder and kill the Moslem pilgrims en route from Jeddah to Mecca. While in one sense they are simple-minded, hospitable, true children of nature, they show that they are also the children of Adam, superstitious, suspicious, and revengeful to the last degree. The system of "ghazu," or midnight raids upon hostile camps, is a part of their

very being, and is as cowardly as it is cruel. When Kamil and Jedaan spent a summer among the Anazeh in 1890, they read and preached to them for two months, and since then Jedaan has induced a body of young sheikhs to agree to give up the "ghazu." Some day, when the present political and military barrier is removed, the Gospel will again reach the Arabs as it did in the early Christian centuries.

In 1864 the Arab Orthodox Greeks of Deir Mimas, west of Mount Hermon, quarrelled about their ecclesiastical revenues. The income from the Church estates was vastly in excess of former years, and the whole village was rent with violent struggles on the part of the people to secure their share of the prize after giving the Greek priest a meagre portion. They cast about them for an agent to whom they could entrust the care of the funds. They could not trust the priest nor the sheikh nor any one of the old men, and at length by unanimous consent they requested the Rev. J. A. Ford (father of Dr. George A. Ford), the American missionary, to take charge of the revenues of the Greek Church.

This confidence of the Syrian people in the American missionaries has appeared strikingly since the emigration to North America and Brazil began. Prosperous Syrian emigrants in those lands have sent thousands of pounds in drafts and postal orders to the missionaries in Sidon, Beirut, Tripoli, and Zahleh, to be cashed by them and the money to be given to the friends of the senders in various parts of Syria. Men of various sects, many of whom the missionaries have never known, send drafts of large sums payable to the order of the missionary, with perfect confidence that the money will be honestly delivered. One of the missionaries had at one time thousands of dollars in his care, which the owners preferred that he retain and invest for them.

With regard to the material gains to Syria through the missionaries, it is worthy of note that Rev. Isaac Bird introduced the potato in 1827 to Ehden, Northern Lebanon, and it has now become a universal article of food throughout Syria.

Mr. Hurter, our printer, introduced kerosene oil and lamps in

1865 into Syria so that by 1870 it had quite supplanted olive oil for illuminating purposes. Previous to that time olive oil was the only illuminating oil in use in the East. Americans also introduced the first steam printing-press in 1867, photographic camera in 1856, iron building beams in 1871, wire nails, sewing-machines, parlour organs in 1854, mimeographs, typewriters, dentistry in 1854, and agricultural machinery; Dr. Hamlin, of Robert College, Constantinople, introduced the Morse telegraph apparatus, and now the empire is netted over with telegraph wires. Telephones have not yet been allowed, owing to some peculiar fear that they might be used to concoct "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," but as electric railways are now constructed in Damascus and Beirut we may hope that the telephone restriction may ere long be removed.

In September, 1869, I wrote to a missionary in Mardin who seemed disposed to denounce the Arabic language as if it were a great sinner in having such rough gutturals and difficult idioms: "I judge from Brother W——'s letter that none of you are very fond of the Arabic language. It is a burden at first, but the Master, while He does not require us to love the burden, does tell us to love to bear it. Every missionary ought to try most earnestly to love the language through which he is to preach the Gospel of Christ to his fellow men, and that, in order that he may learn it well and be able to use it as not abusing it. The perfection of art is to conceal art, and the perfection of preaching in a language is to preach so that the people will not think how you say it but what you say. Correct pronunciation of Arabic is the prime necessity."

By mispronunciation a Greek bishop prayed that the Lord would create a clean dog (kelb, instead of kolb, heart) in each of His people. A missionary lady told her servant to put more donkeys in the bread (using "hameer" instead of "khameer," leaven). A missionary calling on the local governor and wishing to thank him for some act of his, said, "I am crazy to Your Excellency" (using "mejnoon" instead of "memnoon," obliged). Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely—notably Dr. Dennis'

funeral sermon in which by a mispronunciation of K, he confused " trials " with " roosters " to the mystification of the mourners.

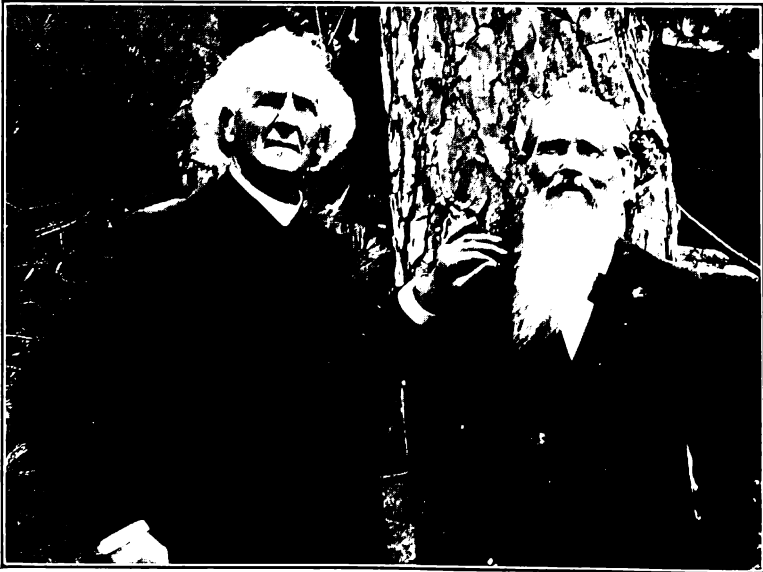
In October brother Samuel made a horseback forty days' tour of 400 miles in Northern Syria, preaching, encouraging all, and rejoicing in signs of progress. He went through historic regions, the land mentioned in Genesis as the land of the " Arkites, the Arvadites, the Sinites, the Hamathites," and when last heard from, he seemed to think that the Nusairi people of that region were very largely " Sinites."

The type of the Beirut Press is becoming more and more widely regarded as the best Arabic type in the world. The distinguished Arabic scholars in Germany, who have hitherto printed the Koran and many other Arabic books in the type made in Germany, have recently written to Dr. Van Dyck asking for specifications as to the price of the various fonts of type, as they have decided to use only the Beirut type hereafter. The Dominican monks of Mosul have purchased \$600 worth of type from our press for their Arabic printing work in that city.

Mr. Poole of the British Museum recently visited our press and remarked that this press is the only one in the world which does good Arabic printing. Such testimony confirms the wisdom of Dr. Eli Smith and his coadjutors in basing the Beirut types on the best specimens of Arabic calligraphy.

Since that time the Jesuit Press of Beirut has done admirable work.





DR. DICKSON, DR. JESSUP, DR. HATFIELD  
Moderator and Clerks of the General Assembly, Saratoga, 1878.

"THREE OF US"

Dr. Bliss, Rev. Mr. Bird, and a giant pine tree, Brummana, 1901.

## Furloughs

**A** FURLOUGH is a temporary release from service. To the soldier it is a release from bearing arms. To the foreign missionary it is a change of place and generally a change of work, but no relief from work. If the returned missionary be an invalid, he may obtain absolute repose. But if he is in good health, he will probably have as strenuous a period of work as at any time in his life. I have visited America seven times in the past fifty years,—four times on regular furlough, and three times through circumstances beyond my control. This has involved travelling 105,000 miles by sea and 50,000 miles by land. The shortest furlough was thirteen weeks, and the longest two years and three months. While in America, I delivered 901 addresses and sermons besides numerous talks to Sunday-schools. This was an average of 128 addresses each year, or more than two a week. I spoke to the students of nine theological seminaries, fifteen colleges, seven female colleges and seminaries, attended four meetings of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and six General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church.

At the annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. in Milwaukee, September, 1878, owing to the illness of Dr. Manning of Boston, who was expected to preach the opening sermon, I consented, on three hours' notice, to deliver the annual address.

In May, 1879, when attending the Saratoga General Assembly as a commissioner from Lackawanna Presbytery, I found myself nominated to the high office of moderator. It was an embarrassing situation. The other nominees were Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, the venerable stated clerk, and Dr. Darling of Albany, both friends of my sainted father. I was seated in the rear of the church when my dear friends, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Dr.



Chas. S. Robinson, were putting me in nomination. Just ahead of me sat several substantial-looking elders, one of whom said to the other in an anxious tone, "Do you hear? They are nominating for moderator a foreign missionary who, they say, has never been even moderator of a presbytery, and knows little or nothing about conducting a great assembly. If he is elected we shall not get away from here for three weeks!" Just then we three candidates were ordered to retire, and as we walked together under the elms in front of the church, I resolved that, if called to that chair, I would let no grass grow under the feet of that body of grave and reverend brethren. Then came the tug of war. I was confronted with the necessity of appointing, before nine o'clock the next morning, seventeen standing committees, each comprising from ten to twenty men, to be selected according to certain fixed rules of priority and propriety from among a body of some 500 men, with not more than sixty-eight of whom I was personally acquainted. I at once sought the advice of that sagacious and experienced man, Dr. Hatfield, and he agreed to help me. I went to his room in the evening and we worked until 2 A. M., arranging and rearranging. He justly declined to take any responsibility, and I assumed it all. It was the hardest night's work I ever undertook, and I expected that many mistakes had been made, but it was a relief to find when the list was read the next morning, that there was no outburst of dissatisfaction. The next week a minister called at my boarding-place and requested a private interview. He asked, "Did you appoint the standing committees?" "Yes," said I, "I only am responsible. But why do you ask such a question?" He said, "Because our large presbytery was entirely overlooked." I said to him, "I am glad to hear that only one was overlooked. I did my best, and if you are ever made moderator you will know how to appreciate the task."

It was no easy matter to decide points of order when a Philadelphia lawyer took one side and a Washington judge the opposite view. But I had Dr. Hatfield at my left hand and Dr. Patton of Princeton near by, and so I piloted the ship through

the breakers. The assembly adjourned at the usual day and hour, and the pessimistic elder did not have to stay out his three weeks. The strain upon mind and body, through that ten days' assembly of three sessions each day, was severe, and it was with great joy and gratitude that I left Saratoga immediately after adjournment for an outing among old friends in Pittsfield, Stockbridge and Boston.

I owe it to the many friends who have opened their homes to me and treated me as a son and brother, to acknowledge their loving hospitality, when I have come among them as a stranger from a strange land. Dr. Goodell used to say that he had already the "hundredfold more in this present life, houses and lands and brethren," etc., for all the houses in Christian America were his. The Arabs say, in welcoming a guest, "beitna beitekum"—our house is your house, and this has been my glad experience in hundreds of houses and homes. And what a blessing it is, after years in a foreign land, to come for a season, and see the American Christian family life, the family altars, the lovely children and breathe the sweet air of liberty.

I believe in missionary furloughs. Some one has written of a traveller who found a missionary in Eastern Turkey, who had been there twenty years and this traveller had never heard of him. Whereupon he was filled with admiration. "Here is the true missionary, who has buried himself in Mesopotamia, done good work and yet never been heard of—so engrossed was he in his great work." I knew that missionary Rev. A. W. and he *had* been heard from. His brethren heard from him, his Board heard from him and published his letters; the churches of the A. B. C. F. M. had heard from him and prayed for him. His college classmates, one of whom was my brother William of the class of '49, Yale, had heard from him. Only this traveller had not heard of him. *He* had not read the *Missionary Herald*, and probably had not attended the missionary meetings. And when he unearthed this good man at his work in a far country he thought he had made a discovery and is loud in his praise of the man who goes abroad and never shows his head in America. But there are two sides to

this question. Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck, co-translator of the Bible with Dr. Eli Smith, came to Syria in 1840. He visited America in 1853, again in 1865 to electrotype the Arabic Bible, remaining two years, but never took another furlough. Before his death in December, 1895, he said to me, "It is twenty-eight years since my last furlough. I have made a great mistake. I should have improved my regular vacations. I have lost touch with the American Church and American life." Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," once made a similar remark to me, and so did my dear friend Rev. Wm. Bird, who, when he died, in 1902, had not been in America for fourteen years.

Paul and Barnabas returned to Jerusalem after a missionary tour, and "rehearsed how God had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." The Church has a right to know what its army is doing at the front, and will feel a deeper interest in men and women whom they have seen and heard. And the missionary is benefited by a change from what are often the depressing surroundings of life in barbarous or semi-civilized lands, to the light and peace and stimulating influences of the home land. He needs it to restore impaired energies and prolong life. It is a Christian labourer's duty to live as long as he can, and it is true as a rule that a year at home adds years to a foreign missionary's life. All the foreign boards believe in this, and provide stated furloughs for all their labourers in distant lands, and their officers are generally considerate of the health of their missionaries while at home.

The variety of labour thrown upon them by the churches is a benefit to both parties. It is an education to the people and a recreation to the missionary.

As it is not probable that I shall live to take another regular furlough in America (in 1911), a word of counsel may be in place for young missionaries visiting home. When speaking to the churches and assemblies of the church, do not waste breath and time in scolding the people for their indifference and want of liberality. Tell them of your work—give them facts, descriptions, incidents. You can find out what they want to know by listening

to their questions as you visit them in their homes. Do not take for granted that they know *anything* about your field or work. What you regard as commonplace or stale will come to them with all the charm of novelty. Above all, do not "curse Meroz." I was once in a General Assembly. It was Foreign Missions Day. Five missionaries were to speak, preceded by two secretaries. We each had eight minutes allotted us, and Dr. Ellinwood enjoined us to condense and be brief. The programme was handed to the moderator. A missionary from China spoke after the secretaries. He began deliberately an exposition of the text "Curse ye Meroz," etc., and he made it hot for the pastors and elders, as he rebuked their shortcomings. And then he reached his subject,— "China is the greatest empire in the world. It has eighteen provinces." Down went the moderator's gavel! "Your time is up!" The speaker turned and said, "Why, sir, I have come 10,000 miles and I have just begun to speak!" Down went the gavel again. "I have no option, the time is limited." The speaker descended, confused and probably very indignant, and sat down by us in the front seat. At the close of the service I said to him, "My dear brother, your mistake was in cursing Meroz in such an assembly as this. These good men curse Meroz all the year around. They wanted to hear about China and you used up your time in your exordium. The next time leave off the exordium, and begin where you ended to-day."

Entertainment by Christian friends is one of the most delightful and at the same time exhausting features of a missionary's home-coming. In February, 1863, Dr. Daniel Bliss, who had been in America six months, raising funds for the new college, found great difficulty in securing board with his wife and three children. Time after time he would answer an advertisement and apply for rooms and board, and be met with the question, "Any children?" "Yes, three." "Then I cannot take you." In writing to me he said, "I once thought that Jeff Davis ought to be hung. Now I think hanging is too good for him. He ought to be obliged to board around and visit around for three years with a wife and three children!"

Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, England, visited Beirut in 1882, but he persistently declined to accept the hospitality of any of our missionary families. He said he could make a few public addresses, but he must then retire to his hotel and have absolute rest, as he could not bear the strain of *visiting*. You will sometimes be asked to speak to a Sunday-school at 9 A. M., preach at eleven, address a Y. P. S. C. E. at 5 P. M., and a union meeting at 7:30 P. M., and during the intervals a houseful of lovely children and youth will ply you with questions for "that bear story," or "that tiger story," or, if from Africa, about the biggest python you ever saw, and by eleven o'clock at night you will be exhausted if not an "insomniac." A man once said that "it was not the regular drinks that hurt him, but the drinking between drinks." It is not so much the talking at regular meetings that exhausts one, as the *talking between talks*.

A returned missionary is often exposed to another temptation. Some church which you visit is without a pastor. It may offer you, as some have done, five times the salary you receive abroad, and good opportunities for the education of your children. Some will even dare to say, "Why should you go abroad? Such men as you are, are needed at home. *Anybody* will do for Chinese coolies, Africans and Hindus. Why throw yourself away on such people? Men of culture and learning are needed here in our city churches." You will need much grace, patience and self-control to reply courteously to such low views of the great work of the world's evangelization. Your only way is to keep your hand on the plow and refuse to look back. Resist every such temptation. I can speak from experience. On my first visit to America, in July, 1857, when I went home to be married, I was met on landing with a package of documents, being the correspondence between the faculty and directors of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., and the secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M. in Boston, in which I was invited to accept the professorship of Biblical literature in Union Seminary, after spending two years in Germany (at the expense of the seminary), studying the Semitic languages and other needed branches. I took the docu-

ments to my room at my sister's house that night, read them carefully and prayerfully, and my decision was made in the negative. However, not to seem wanting in respect to my old teachers, I agreed to meet a committee of the faculty in August, in New York, Drs. Robinson, Smith, Hitchcock and Prentiss. It was a privilege to meet those revered and noble men, and not easy to decline to defer to their judgment. Dear Dr. Robinson, who, under a somewhat rough exterior, had a very tender heart, plead with me to accept, using arguments which in other circumstances would have been overwhelmingly convincing. Said he, "Union Seminary was founded to train missionaries for home and foreign missions. We need a man in the faculty full of the missionary spirit, to train our students for the foreign field, and your knowledge of Arabic will be invaluable in teaching the Old Testament language and literature." The others spoke in a similar strain. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart, but told them that as all family obstacles to my returning to Syria were now removed, I could never consent to leave a work to which I had consecrated my life. I said, "You can find men better qualified than I am to take this professorship, but it is hard to find men to go abroad. How could I plead with young men to go, when I had voluntarily withdrawn from the work? I might say to them, 'You ought to go,' and they would reply, 'Why did *you* not go?' 'I did go.' 'Why did you return?' 'I came to take this professorship.' 'Very well, we will remain and take pastorates and professorships without putting the churches to the expense of sending us out and bringing us back!'" I said, "Brethren, if I should now give up my work, my lips would be sealed on the subject of foreign missions."

These honoured and revered men then agreed that, in view of my strong convictions, they would not urge the matter further, and they always invited me to address the students, during my subsequent visits to America.

Years after a member of the American Board said to me that when Judge Wm. J. Hubbard, chairman of the Prudential Committee, heard of the invitation of Union Seminary to me, he

declared that "if Henry Jessup withdraws now from the foreign missionary work, I will never trust another man." He probably had heard of some of my enthusiastic utterances when in Boston, at the time when I declined the St. Petersburg chaplaincy, and thought that I was bound to stand by my word. I am thankful that I did. It would have grieved me beyond measure to have done anything to discredit the sincerity of missionary consecration. It has always been my conviction that the foreign missionary service is a life enlistment. The twelve years or more of study in preparation, and the formal enlistment in the great army of Christ, make it, at the lowest estimate, one's duty to keep at it as long as health and life continue. I well remember the shock I received on learning that a foreign missionary had resigned in order to write a guide-book for travellers, and another to take a professorship at home, and another because he became discouraged and did not see fruit to his labours.

On my second furlough I was offered the pastorate of a metropolitan church, with most liberal salary, far beyond anything I had dreamed of. Yet this made no impression on my mind.

During the furloughs of 1868 and 1883 the Lord permitted me to take part in the last filial offices to both of my parents. How can I express my gratitude for this blessed privilege!

During my visit home in 1882-1884, the trustees of the college asked me to raise \$20,000 as a scholarship fund. The lamented Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., of Zahleh, had received a legacy of \$10,000 which he offered to the college on condition that they raise \$20,000 in addition, and, as I left Beirut in June, 1882, he asked me to undertake the work while in America. I accepted the service, and in a year had raised about \$22,000, through the kind coöperation of the heirs and executors of the late Frederick Marquand, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe, and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McWilliams, James Lenox, and many others.

The various services of money raising for different objects in Syria have brought me into contact with some of the purest noblest spirits the world has ever known, and I learned how sacredly wealthy Christian men and women regard the property

entrusted to them as God's stewards, and how solemn is the responsibility of those who receive pecuniary aid from their hands. Among these honoured servants of God I might mention Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, William A. Booth, Egbert Starr, Frederick Marquand, Levi P. Stone ; Matthias W. Baldwin, John A. Brown and Jay Cook of Philadelphia ; Wm. Thaw of Pittsburg ; Dr. Willard and daughters of Auburn ; Dr. Frederick Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale ; Henry Farnum of New Haven ; Mr. and Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McWilliams, James Lenox, Morris K. Jesup, John S. Kennedy, Elliott F. Shepard and many others.

But the most touching experience of all was when I applied to an elderly widow lady in Philadelphia for aid in building the girls' school edifice in Beirut. It was in November, 1864, just before the reëlection day of Abraham Lincoln. I had been advised to call on this lady although she had but little property. I found her in a beautiful neat residence with the typical white marble steps at the entrance. I sent in my card and she greeted me cordially and with beautiful grace and courtesy. At her request I explained our need of a building for the girls' boarding-school in Beirut. She listened attentively and then said, " My dear friend, I would gladly help you, but I have nothing to give but what I earn. This house is not mine. I am allowed to remain in it while I live. I have just sufficient income to pay my daily expenses. But it is such a privilege to give to the dear Lord that I work every day and earn money and whatever I earn goes into the Lord's bag and is ready at His call. If there is anything in the Lord's bag now, you shall have it." She then went and brought a little bag and emptied seven dollars into my hands, and said, " I give this cheerfully because it belongs to the Lord and you are His servant." I was deeply touched, thanked her heartily, and asked her how she earned money, when she was nearly eighty years old. She replied that she bought up ragged pieces of haircloth, removed from sofas and chairs by the upholsterers, and from the horsehair she made clothes-brushes, binding them with coloured ribbon, and selling them for a half



dollar apiece! In this way she made several hundred dollars in a year, and was able to answer every call for aid. "She hath done what she could." That seven dollars put at least thirty stones in the girls' school building, and this gift will never be forgotten!

## A Critical Year

1870—The reunion in the Presbyterian Church—Our transfer from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

**T**HE year 1870 was a crisis in the history of the Syria Mission. It was also a crisis in my missionary life and cost me a severe struggle, especially on account of two events. The first was the transfer of our mission, *in toto*, with all its personnel and property from the American Board to the new Presbyterian Board, and the second was my election to the secretaryship of the new Board. For fifty years the mission had been under the American Board. From 1810 to 1837 the entire Presbyterian Church and the Dutch Reformed Church supported the American Board. At the disruption in 1837, the Old School formed a separate Presbyterian Board, and the New School and the Reformed Churches continued to support the American Board. The New School Presbyterian Churches had cordially coöperated with the Congregational and Reformed Dutch Churches in carrying on their foreign missions through the American Board, and in the Syria Mission, Fisk and Parsons, Eli Smith, Calhoun, I. Bird, De Forest, and later, Wm. Bird and D. Bliss were Congregationalists; while Whiting, Thomson, Ford, Eddy, Wilson, H. H. Jessup, S. Jessup, Dr. G. E. Post and J. S. Dennis were Presbyterians, and Dr. Van Dyck was of the Dutch Reformed Church.

On the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church a new Board of Missions was formed, and as the New School Presbyterians were about to withdraw their contributions from the American Board, it was agreed that they should assume the charge of a fair proportion of the missions.

Various questions of a practical character had to be decided,

on the completion of this transfer. The title of all the Board's property had to be transferred to the new Board. The mission unanimously adopted the form of government and confession of faith of the Presbyterian Church. Yet we reserved the right to continue our connection with our home presbyteries, and to make the future presbyteries of Syria independent ecclesiastically of the General Assembly in the United States. This policy has continued to this day, and we believe that it tends to promote a feeling of loyalty and patriotic devotion to their Church on the part of the Syrian Christians. The missionaries sit with them as corresponding members and only vote when such action is approved by the Syrian members.

The Franco-German War was then raging, and we feared lest our letters home be interrupted *in transitu*. It was a year of great political excitement throughout the East. On the 25th of October the people of Syria were thrown into consternation by a display of the northern lights or aurora borealis. "This evening we have had a phenomenon such as the oldest inhabitant of Syria has never witnessed, a magnificent red aurora borealis; a perfect glare of red light arching the horizon to the height of about twenty degrees, and shooting out streamers of light to the zenith. No Syrian had ever seen the like, and the people were greatly alarmed. The great aurora of 1837 was seen in Georgia just about our latitude, but was not visible here. Sheikh Hasein, the old Druse who owns our house, trembled with fear when I called him out to see it, and he asked whether it was not the flames of Paris being burned by the Germans. It was certainly startling to see that blood-red arch in the North." The oldest inhabitant had never seen it before and now thirty-eight years have passed and there has not been another display. I was in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, at the time. The Druse begs came to Mr. Calhoun and myself for an explanation of this awful nocturnal glare. They, too, thought it was Paris burning! We explained it, and told them it was a common occurrence in America and all Northern countries, and was the "Shefuk Shemali" known to astronomers and meteorologists.

Another event happened in 1870 which cost me a struggle. On the 18th of July I received letters from Rev. Dr. Robert Booth, Rev. Dr. Lowrie and others, stating that the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reunited Presbyterian Church had unanimously elected me corresponding secretary, with the request that I accept and come on to New York as soon as possible. I read the letter with astonishment. "In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best." It was an attractive offer,—a permanent residence in the home land with facilities for the education of the children, and a position bringing one into contact with the most consecrated of God's people at home, and the devoted missionaries abroad; the confidence of such a body of men as the new Board and the assurance of their sympathy; their taking it for granted that I would come and their conviction that I would be more useful there than here; all these things pressed upon me but did not move me. After prayer and consultation with my wife, my decision was made. I said to her, "I cannot leave my work in Syria, after all these years of preparation. My heart is here. I shall decline." She replied, "I knew you would, and I am with you."

On July 24th I wrote my formal reply to Dr. Booth. After an introduction thanking him and the Board for their kind and flattering letters and expressing my joy in the reunion of the Church, I stated that "I am giving expression to no hastily formed judgment, but to deliberate convictions formed after years of thought and prayer and calm examination."

Among my reasons for declining were the following ones: Any missionary who has been engaged fifteen years in the foreign field, especially in the Arabic language, is of more value to the field in which he is labouring than he can be at home to the general cause of missions. The acquisition of a foreign language is no easy task and it is not a mantle which can be transferred from the aged Elijahs to the youthful Elishas of the service. When a missionary dies, his Arabic dies with him, and when he leaves the country he cannot transmit his facility in using foreign gutturals and idioms to the new recruits.

The same may be said of acquaintance with the mental, moral and religious peculiarities of the people, familiarity with their manners and customs, and readiness of adaptation to their social prejudices. The capital stock laid up by a missionary in fifteen years, in these respects, yields a large and rapidly accumulating interest, whereas a sudden transfer to another land and sphere of labour would render this peculiar knowledge almost valueless.

Should a missionary be *obliged* in the providence of God to leave his field and return to his native land, he would naturally seek a position in which he could best promote the cause nearest to his heart. And his experience in the foreign field would be of the highest value to the cause of missions both at home and abroad, as has been proved in several notable instances familiar to all, both in Great Britain and the United States.

The voluntary abandonment of his field and work by a foreign missionary for any post at home, must have a demoralizing effect on the churches at home and would tend to unsettle the stability of the whole system and theory of foreign missions. An enlistment in this sacred cause should be ever regarded as for *life*. Young men at home should so regard it, and it will not do to lower this standard. No foreign missionary can labour as effectively as he ought, who leaves the matter of his continuance in it an open question. On reaching his field of labour, he should, like Cortez, burn his ships behind him. Then only will the churches and seminaries and institutions at home feel that foreign missionaries are a kind of property which is inalienable. Then only will the missionary boards feel sure that the men who offer themselves for the foreign field have given up all for Christ.

To speak somewhat more personally and very frankly, I cannot conscientiously give up my work in Syria. However feeble and unworthy my labours, my heart is here. I came for life, and I pray that I may be permitted to end my days among this people. Your churches can far better spare their best pastors for this work than can an overworked and feebly-manned mission,

struggling with the hosts of heathenism, Islamism and false Christianity, spare one labourer.<sup>1</sup>

If a man is needed in this office, fresh from the foreign field, "to arouse the enthusiasm of the churches to a new degree of fervour," could not certain of the foreign missionaries connected with the missions about to be transferred to the Presbyterian Church, as well as from other missions in Asia and Africa, visit the United States from time to time, make the acquaintance of the churches East and West, and aid in stirring up the people? This would be a very different matter from calling any man permanently away from his field. A series of missionary conventions, distinct from the business meetings of the presbyteries (if thought best) and attended by the secretaries and returned missionaries would attain the end we all have in view in the most effective manner.<sup>2</sup>

On October 25th I wrote to my brother George from Abeih: "This moving to Lebanon and back to Beirut every year is one of the wearing trials of missionary life. I often think of the old home at Montrose as a model home, where things remain in place for a generation. But we have to tear up and pack up almost everything twice a year. We stay six months in Abeih, and hence have to bring everything with us that is perishable, leaving only crockery, books, furniture and one bed with its bedding, to be used when I go down from time to time. A camel carries our large melodeon organ in a huge box balanced on the middle of his back and the rest of the furniture is carried on mules. A mule will carry two large boxes with a couple of chairs in the middle, and frequently the chair legs catch in the trees and are torn off. Once a mule ran down a long flight of stone steps with one of our chests half-fastened to his pack-saddle and it fell and

<sup>1</sup> It is worthy of note that the God of missions has provided for the new Presbyterian Board a succession of secretaries, eminent men, almost without peers in the church: Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, the saintly scholar, Dr. Gillespie, Dr. Arthur Mitchell, Dr. A. J. Brown, Dr. Halsey, Robert Speer and Dr. Stanley White.

<sup>2</sup> Such meetings are now (1908) a part of the policy of the Church.

was dragged down the steps, the cover being split and torn off. It contained bedding and our pictures and small mirrors, but none of them were broken! Were I able, I should have a complete duplicate set of furniture and put a stop to this endless pack."

The year 1870 was a time of drought and almost a famine. Flour reached \$12.50 a barrel, and near Mount Carmel men starved to death. A war panic arose through rumours of war with Russia, and the Christians of Damascus began to prepare to flee to Beirut, as the proverb has it: "One bitten by a snake fears the twirling of a rope." But no war ensued and Syria was soon quiet again.

When we were transferred to the Presbyterian Board, we felt great anxiety about the time and attention to be given to foreign missions in our General Assembly. I wrote to my brother Judge Wm. H. Jessup, and my brother-in-law Judge Alfred Hand of Scranton, as follows:

"December 5, 1870—I hope you and Alfred will push the matter of an annual missionary convention, either in connection with the General Assembly or in the synods in the fall, which shall have all the vigour and enthusiasm of the annual meeting of the American Board. The custom of assigning to the missionary secretaries an hour in the morning and a part of an evening to this all-important work in such a Church as ours is like trifling with the most momentous interests. The working out of this plan and the reviving of missionary enthusiasm must be done largely by the young elders and Sunday-school superintendents: you could not do a better or more efficient work for foreign missions."<sup>1</sup>

On the same date I wrote to Rev. D. Stuart Dodge: "Let us pray for a baptism of the Spirit upon the young men of the colleges. We hear of two or three candidates for the next theological class, but all plain non-classically educated men."

This was our burden in 1870, and it is the same in 1909.

<sup>1</sup> 1908—This has become an established part of the General Assembly meetings largely through the efforts of the late Rev. Thos. Marshall, of blessed memory.

Medicine, commerce, and other lucrative professions over-tempt our Christian college students, and they pass by the theological seminary "on the other side."

A sad event of this year was the death (about December 12th) of Rev. R. J. Dodds, D. D., of the Reformed Presbyterian Mission in Aleppo. He was a man of earnest piety and fine linguistic attainments. He was at home among the wild fellahin of the Nusairiyeh Mountains, and would go alone on a donkey from village to village, and was welcomed everywhere, while Kamil Pasha, Governor of Hamath, declared that *he* could not go through the mountains unless attended by 100 soldiers. When the pasha heard of Dr. Dodds' popularity among the tribes as a friend and a man of peace, he wrote to Constantinople asking permission to try a new system of government over the wild Nusairiyeh and win them instead of alienating them. In reply he got new orders to oppress and tax them as of old.

In November, 1876, my brother Samuel and I embarked on the Russian steamer for Tripoli, en route for Hums and the interior. We expected to land in Tripoli at sunrise, but a north-east gale frightened the captain, and he ran by Tripoli, carrying us on to Latakia, then the home of Dr. Dodds. He welcomed us, and we had a delightful visit of a week. One day he said, "Why don't you brethren come oftener to see us? It seems that nothing but a storm will bring you. This reminds me of the old godless mountaineer in Kentucky who had four sons, and all equally profane, godless, and Sabbath-breaking with himself. No persuasion would induce them to go to church, or receive a visit from a minister. But one day Jim, the elder boy, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and the old man sent off post-haste for the minister. He came, and, on entering the room, took off his hat and began to pray: 'O Lord, we thank Thee for rattlesnakes and we pray Thee to send one to bite Tom, and one to bite Ike, and another to bite Jerry, and a tremendous big fellow to bite the old man! For, Lord, Thou knowest that nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring them to their senses!' And so," said Dr. Dodds, "I will have to pray for another storm to bring Dr.



Van Dyck, and one to bring Dr. Thomson, and a tremendous big storm to bring Father Calhoun, for it seems that nothing but storms will bring any of you brethren to see us !”

I told Dr. Dodds that I was engaged in collecting a barrel full of snakes for Professor Cope of Philadelphia. He said, “ You could have got twenty barrels here last winter. The river here changed its course in a heavy freshet, and the banks in which hundreds of snakes were hibernating caved in, and the snakes were washed down to the sea. There the waves dashed them up on the shore in heaps, and the dogs and vultures feasted on them for many days.”

In the spring of 1870 an educated Moslem effendi, named M——, of Aleppo, came to Beirut and professed Christianity. His cousin Ahmed, on hearing of it, set out for Beirut to kill him. When the Waly of Aleppo knew of this, he recalled Ahmed, and told him to desist, as the Sultan had given liberty to his subjects. In the fall Ahmed was made pasha, and came to Beirut, where his cousin received him cordially and took him to see the college, and to witness Dr. Van Dyck's chemical experiments in the evening, in which he was intensely interested. The days of killing cousins on account of apostasy are evidently over. M—— afterwards removed to Egypt.

Dr. Richard Newton, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, visited Beirut in April, 1870. He was snowed in for two days near Baalbec. He was a broad-minded evangelical clergyman and was known as the Children's Preacher. He became interested in our work and promised to pay the expense of translating and printing his volumes of children's sermons in Arabic. He kept his word and we have nine volumes of his, besides his large octavo illustrated “ Life of Christ for the Young,” published at our press and widely circulated. When in Philadelphia in 1879 he invited me to address a crowded audience of children in his church on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The total cost of publishing all these books was not less than four thousand dollars.

Early in March Syria was threatened with famine. Less than

one-third the usual amount of rain had fallen. "Streams that usually run with full banks are dry. Fountains (springs) and wells are running low. A Druse sheikh told me that cattle are dying in Hauran for want of water. The cisterns are being exhausted and no rain falls. How this reminds one of the words of Amos 4:7: 'I have withholden the rain from you when there were yet *three months to the harvest* and I caused it to rain upon one city and caused it not to rain upon another. So two or three cities wandered unto one city to drink water but they were not satisfied.' The great rock-hewn cistern of our female seminary, which holds nearly thirty thousand gallons of water and which is generally full at this season, has scarcely a foot of water in it. The barley and wheat are turning yellow. The price of wheat and flour has risen fifty per cent. within a fortnight. All the sects of the city have been ordered out twice to the public square to pray for rain. The locusts also came over the land in swarms darkening the sky, and a fierce burning sirocco wind blew from the south, parching the earth and withering vegetation. A strange shower of red particles fell near Gaza which the superstitious people thought to be a shower of blood, and the eclipse of the moon in January had alarmed the masses."

But relief came. In the latter part of March and in April the storm came on with thunder, lightning and pouring rain, just in time to save the crops. I was storm-stayed in Damascus, April 7th, with my dear friend and classmate in Union Seminary, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, then pastor of the American chapel in Paris, by a heavy snow-storm which blocked the passes of Lebanon. Rev. Newman Hall's party were snow-bound two days in a village in Anti-Lebanon.

In May we were favoured with a visit from three men distinguished in the Church at home and abroad: Professors Henry B. Smith, Roswell D. Hitchcock and Edwards A. Park who had toured through Egypt, Sinai and Palestine, and came up from Beirut to visit us in Abeih. Professor Smith was my guest, Professor Park was at Mr. Calhoun's and Professor Hitchcock at

Mr. Bird's. The boys of the seminary and theological class went out a mile to Ain Kesur to meet them with Arabic hymns and salutations. Their stay was a feast of fat things to us all, and we received many suggestions as to our teaching of theology, church history, and Scripture exegesis.

One afternoon we all walked to the mountain peak, the "Metaiyyer," the site of an old Baal temple, to get the wonderful view of the Lebanon gorges and ranges, and the coast from Sarepta to Sidon, Beirut, and nearly to Tripoli. Professor Park, who had been kicked by a mule on his journey, rode a donkey. As we walked up through the vineyards in scattered groups, Professor Hitchcock said to me aside, "Have you not noticed how feeble Professor Smith is? Do urge him to stay abroad another year. He needs rest, but he insists that he must go back to his classes in Union next fall. We must not allow it. I can go back and take on some extra work, but he must rest still longer."

When we reached the summit and sat enjoying the view, Professor Smith said to me, "I want to ask you as a friend to join with Mr. Calhoun in urging Professor Park to remain abroad at least another year. He is very much broken, and if he goes back in September, as he declares he must, he will be sure to be permanently laid aside." On our return Professor Park said to me in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the rest of the party, "You may have noticed how changed Professor Hitchcock is. He is not like his former self. Another year in Europe and England, with entire rest, would make a new man of him, and yet I am sorry to say he talks of going directly home this fall." Each one felt that he was strong and the other weak. Two at least of them went home that fall. They were a blessed trio, such as one does not often meet in this world. Mr. Calhoun, who was a profound student of the Bible and of divine things, had long conversations with Professor Park, the giant of Andover, and before going away, Professor Park remarked that there was more theology in Mr. Calhoun's finger than in his own thigh, and that he was a man who lived near to God. That afternoon at the high place of Baal was to us one of the "heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

On the 3d of June we met in conference, by previous arrangement, with the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff and Rev. Principal J. Lumsden of Aberdeen, of the Free Church of Scotland's Mission's Committee to consider their proposition to send out Scotch ministers to oversee what were known as the Lebanon Schools or the "Sulleba Schools." There were present all the members of our mission, the professors of the college, Rev. James Robertson, Scotch chaplain in Beirut, and Rev. John Hogg of Assiout, Egypt. Drs. Duff and Lumsden had visited all our mission stations and schools, and the village schools of the "Lebanon Committee." These "Lebanon Schools" had been for years under the management of a native Syrian and had been visited by numerous Scotch tourists who differed in opinion as to their management, and as a result had formed opposing factions in Scotland pro and con. These two eminent men came out determined to make full investigation. We had two sessions of three hours each in Dr. Bliss's house, and the conference was full, free and fraternal. We of the Syria Mission approved of their sending out such a man to superintend the schools, but not to organize churches. We declined to say anything about Mr. ——— whom Dr. Duff declared to be a second Apostle Paul. Mr. ——— had purchased land in Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon, and erected solid stone buildings for the day and boarding-schools and had the names Alexander Duff and John Lumsden inscribed in large characters in the stone wall. Dr. Duff understood Mr. ——— to say that all these buildings belonged to the Scotch committee. In 1872 the Scotch committee sent out an able and godly missionary, Rev. John Rae, to take over the property and manage the Lebanon Schools. He went to Suk el Ghárb, took a house, and asked Mr. ——— for the keys of the mission buildings. He refused to deliver them, saying that as the land belonged to him all the buildings, according to the Turkish law, go with the land. Mr. Rae repeated the request with the same result. Meantime Drs. Duff and Lumsden had published enconiums upon Mr. ——— which would have been appropriate to the Apostles Paul and Peter. What then was their astonishment to find that he now

went back on his pledge to them that the buildings belonged to the committee. Correspondence ensued. Mr. Rae was instructed to repeat the demand, but all was in vain. Drs. Duff and Lumsden then published a card in the Scotch journals exposing the whole matter and denouncing Mr. ——— in language which I will not repeat, declaring that they had been shamefully deceived and imposed upon, and warning the Scotch churches against him. In 1874 Mr. Rae, finding himself uncomfortable at Suk, removed the mission headquarters to Shweir, and in 1875 Wm. Carslaw, M. D., joined the mission and laboured with Mr. Rae until the resignation of the latter in 1879 owing to ill health. In 1887 the law case against Mr. ——— was decided, and the Suk property handed over to Dr. Carslaw with all the title deeds and the furniture of the schools. The whole difficulty arose from the fact that the Scotch committee, ignorant of Turkish law, had allowed their buildings to be erected on land belonging to an employee, and that this individual, knowing the law, had concealed the facts from them. After Dr. Carslaw had secured the title deeds, he sold the entire premises in Suk to the American Presbyterian Mission in 1888; and in 1900 the Scotch committee donated in fee simple the entire property in Shweir, consisting of church, manse, boys' boarding-school and girls' boarding-school to the American Presbyterian Mission, on condition: 1st, That these buildings be used only for Christian missionary purposes, and 2d, That the Missionary Committee of the Free Church of Scotland will continue the salary of Rev. William Carslaw so long as he is able and willing to do missionary work. Dr. Carslaw was licensed and ordained to the gospel ministry by the Lebanon Presbytery, December 16, 1883, and has continued until the present time as acting pastor of the Shweir church. Dr. Carslaw always preaches in English, his translator standing by his side and interpreting his sermons in Arabic. This is probably the only case of the kind in the Turkish Empire. The doctor was forced into it by having entered the work in mature years when the acquisition of a new language was difficult, and from the fact that from the outset he was overwhelmed with medical practice, and given no time to study the

**Arabic.** His great success as a teacher in the school and pastor of the church is greatly to his credit. Few men in similar circumstances could have succeeded so well.

In view of the raising of a \$5,000,000 reunion memorial fund to aid churches and institutions at home and abroad, I wrote on behalf of Syria, asking for a building fund for the Syrian Protestant College which had just purchased its incomparable site on the Beirut promontory ; an endowment of \$50,000 for the theological seminary ; and an endowment of \$25,000 for the female seminary. The former was realized. The two latter schools were soon afterwards assumed by the Presbyterian Board of Missions and kept up liberally to this day, 1909.

## Antonius Yanni—A Sketch

**A**BOUT the year 1770 a Greek sea-captain named Mikhaeli Yanni left the island of Mykonos in the Archipelago for a trading cruise on the Syrian coast. He was wrecked near Tripoli, losing everything. In Tripoli he found a countryman named Catzeflis, a secretary to the British consulate, and soon after he married a Syrian girl, but died at Damietta while on a voyage to Egypt, leaving three sons and one daughter. Catzeflis, who succeeded Mr. Cary as British consul, married the daughter. Giurgius, the son of Yanni, became British dragoman, and was allowed to wear a white turban while other Christians wore only black. The Moslems admired him and styled him "Nusf ed Dinya, one-half of the world," a name which they applied to his family for many years.

Giurgius died in 1832, after building his large house (now the American Girls' School), leaving a widow, three sons, Antonius, Ishoc (Isaac), Nicolas (who died in his youth), and a daughter, Katrina.

At that time, Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali of Egypt, was establishing his government in Syria, and attempted to seize the Yanni house. But in the night the Catzeflis consuls raised a flagstaff over the building and in the morning the stars and stripes floated in the breeze and gave protection to that mansion for fifty-four years.

The two sons grew up models of filial obedience. Antonius, the elder, an impulsive, generous youth of a noble countenance and a warm nature, even surpassed his parents in the intensity of his devotion to the Greek Church. He would travel miles on foot to make tours to the monasteries of Keftin and Belmont, and in fastings and vigils was more rigid than even the priests and

monks. Ishoc (Isaac), the younger, was phlegmatic, cold, and haughty, yet no less strict in the formal observances of the rites of the Greek Church. Both received instruction in the Italian language, then the commercial language of the Eastern Mediterranean, and as the French came more into use, Ishoc learned this language also. Their sister, Katrina, was the most beautiful woman in Tripoli and was called the flower of Syria. All the family were attached to one another with a degree of affection not often seen in the East.

The father died of cholera about the year 1845, and Antonius received the appointment of consular agent in Tripoli for the United States, an office held by his father. There was but little business connected with the office, as American ships rarely visit Tripoli, but it required the erection of a flagstaff above the house, on which the stars and stripes floated on every official fête day. Antonius had seen Americans from time to time, but knew little of them, and regarded their religion as worse than atheism or Islamism. It was not a little trying to him to hold office for a nation who refused to worship the Virgin.

One day word was brought to him that one of the American Bible men, or missionaries, was at the Meena, the port city of Tripoli. He went at once in his official capacity to pay his salaams to Dr. Thomson. He listened half trembling to his words, but treated him with the greatest courtesy, and invited him to come to his mother's house as their guest, before leaving Tripoli, but what was his horror to find himself obliged by the rules of politeness to accept an Arabic tract from the doctor's hand before going home. On leaving the house of the blind school-teacher, with whom Dr. Thomson was staying, he seized one corner of the tract with his thumb and finger, and ran across the plain through the orange gardens, a full mile to Tripoli, then in at the city gate, up the stairs and across the marble court of his mother's house, and into the kitchen, where he put the heretical paper in the fire and watched it burn to ashes. Then away he ran to the family priest, and told him he had a dreadful sin to confess. The priest listened and promised to forgive him for five



piastres (twenty cents), but when he found that Antonius had burned the tract without even looking at it, rebuked him, saying that it may have been a part of the Word of God or had in it the name of God in which case he must pay another five piastres for his twofold sin. He went away in great distress, and hastened back to the old blind teacher, Abu Yusef, to find out what the tract contained. He told him it consisted of a selection of the Psalms of David. The poor young man was filled with terror. The Orientals have a high reverence for holy books, even for those of their enemies, and this reverence is in many a superstition. He had burned up the words of David the prophet! From this time his conscience was not at rest, and when the missionaries Foot and Wilson removed to Tripoli a few years later, he was their constant guest. Day after day he read the Bible with them, until the truth took lodgment in his heart. Mother, brother, sister, and uncles protested, entreated, threatened, but all to no effect. The whole city was in commotion. Young Yanni, the pride of his family, the hope of the church, the joy of the priests, the friend of the poor, had become a "Biblischy," a Bible man.

The old Greek bishop, a foreign Greek from Athens, who had lived twenty-five years in Tripoli without learning the Arabic language, came to the house with a retinue of priests to reform and save the heretic youth. But all to no effect. Yanni (Antonius) stood his ground. "Is not this the Gospel? Are not these the ten commandments? How can I worship the Virgin and the saints and kneel down and pray to pictures and kiss them when the Bible forbids it?" They flattered and threatened alternately. His mother and sister fell on his neck and wept, entreating him to return from his terrible sin and heresy. His brother stormed with fury and denounced him as having ruined the name and fame of the family in Tripoli.

Then the priests tried the old device of a compromise telling him to believe what he pleased, only come to the Greek Church on Sundays and feast days and save the honour of the family. His wife Kareemy, of another "akabir" family, was goaded almost to desperation by the prospect of losing all the ancient

honour of her family by her husband's defection to the Protestants. Still he had not yet communed in the Protestant Church, and they were determined he should not. Under the patient instructions of the missionaries, his Christian conviction deepened and his character shone brighter. His former zeal for saints and vows and monastic shrines was now turned into zeal for the Gospel and doing good, and he determined to profess Christ before men. It was mid-winter, the Syrian rainy season, and Beirut was fifty miles south, down the rocky coast. But the church was there, then the only organized evangelical church in Syria, and he determined to go. The sky was black, the west wind blowing a tempestuous gale from the stormy sea, and the rain pouring in torrents when he decided on this step. The next Sabbath was the communion season, and he felt he could delay no longer. The family were now determined to retain him by force, and the storm outside was as nothing compared with the domestic storm within. Wife, mother, brother, sister, uncles, cousins, priests, and friends poured in and all united in protesting against his course, and finally cursed him in bitterness of soul for his apostasy. None of these things moved him. Taking with him a faithful Moslem servant, he set out in the dark storm on horseback. Brought up in the most delicate manner, and unused to exposure he felt that he was running a great risk, and his family called after him with imprecations hoping that he would be drowned in fording the swollen streams, or cast away by the violence of the storm.

But on he went, along the sandy beach, or through the rocky defiles of the Meseilaha, down by Gebail, where Hiram launched the cedar floats for the temple of Solomon; and by the Dog River, where the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman had hewn their roads and written their inscriptions centuries ago, and finally reached Beirut, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

He returned to Tripoli to find his dearest friends alienated. Taunts, reproaches, neglect, bitter words, and unconcealed hate made his life a burden.

The greatest anathema of the Greek Church was hurled against

him. A curse was pronounced against every one who should buy of him, sell to him, or even speak to him. His head and body, eyes and ears, hands and feet, skin, teeth, and bones were declared accursed for time and eternity. His home was changed to a scene of strife and bitterness. The native politeness of the family prevented their showing their hostility in the presence of the missionaries, but years after when the writer of this sketch lived in Tripoli, Yanni often came to our houses as the only places in the city where he was cordially welcome. Yet not the only place. Sheikh Ali, the keeper of the Great Mosque, with his family of brothers, all zealous Moslems and yet kind-hearted men, seemed really to love Yanni, and he visited them and other Moslems, always meeting with warm sympathy in his rejection of the idolatrous practice of the Greeks. It is remarkable to observe the sympathy of the more intelligent Mohammedans throughout the East with Protestant Christianity. They abhor the Greek and Roman creature worship, and regard all Christians as idolators, until they see Christianity in all its original simplicity as preached and exemplified by Protestant missionaries and their converts. They thus respect Protestant Christianity while unwilling to admit that Christ is the divine Saviour.

Yanni's brother Ishoc was at length appointed consular agent for Belgium, and named his little son Leopold from the Belgium king. His hostility to his brother's religious views grew more and more intense. He joined with the rest of the family in the growing persecution against Yanni, and as Yanni's Christian character was more and more developed, and he showed more of the graces of forgiveness and love and patience, Ishoc looked down upon him with cold contempt.

But the maternal uncle, Michael Habeeb, was the most unrelenting and bitter of all. Ishoc was always outwardly polite to the missionaries, but Michael would not even return a salutation in the street. He seemed overwhelmed with a morbid indignation that his most promising nephew should have apostatized from the Greek Church. Im Antonius, his sister, the mother of Yanni, one of the finest specimens I ever saw of the Oriental

matron, ceased not to weep and grieve over her idolized son's defection from the faith. The sight of his Arabic Bible would always drive her from the room. Pride of family and pride of sect combined to stifle maternal love. On the great fast and feast days, when she took the whole family to the Greek Church and Yanni remained at home, he had at times great difficulty to get his daily bread.

Meantime he was instant in season and out of season in doing good. His unswerving integrity and faithfulness, and his sunny disposition won him friends on every side. His official position shielded him from public personal insult and injury, but his character impressed all of every sect with his great sincerity. Every morning before day, he took his Bible and went to an upper chamber alone and communed with his God. At times when the family attempted to disturb him, he went up to the housetop and on the flat roof, sat or walked and meditated on divine things. He wrestled in prayer for the unconverted members of the family. He taught his son Giurgius to pray and read the Bible and his daughter Theodora soon learned to refuse to kiss the pictures and pray to the Virgin and the saints. By degrees the opposition of his wife Kareemy was softened, and Yanni used to say that if he could only remove to another town, his wife would take an open stand as a Protestant.

He loved America passionately, and his sympathies were so thoroughly enlisted during the Civil War, that he sent contributions of Syrian curiosities, such as cedar cones and wood and sea-shells, etc., which were sold at Worcester in September, 1864, during the meeting of the American Board for several hundred dollars for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Just before this a great sorrow, mingled with what to him was a great joy, visited the family circle. Ishoc, the proud, hard-hearted brother, was attacked by a mortal disease. The skill of physicians was baffled. Yanni was assiduous in his attentions to the loved suffering brother. He spent nearly the whole of one night conversing with Dr. Van Dyck of Beirut by telegraph about the case; but all without avail. The disease moved on unchecked. From the

very outset the proud persecuting Ishoc seemed softened. He seemed to know that his end was near. Every day he called his brother Antonius and begged him to read to him from the Bible. He listened with all the eagerness of a dying man, and his brother explained the meaning to his opening understanding. Yanni talked to him and prayed with him and at length he said, "Now read to me about some *great* sinner who was saved." Yanni read to him of the publican and of Zaccheus. "No, a greater sinner than any of them," said he. Then Yanni read to him of the thief on the cross. "That comes nearer to my case—read that again." Again and again he read it over, and Ishoc seemed to lay hold of Christ, and at length declared that Christ was the only Saviour of lost sinners. From that time he told his mother to take away the sacred "eikonat" or pictures, which had been hung all around the head of his bed through the zeal of his mother and his wife Adelaide. "Take them away," he said. "It is trifling to trust in pictures. Such a religion will never do to die by." He begged and entreated his wife and mother to trust in Christ alone. Towards the last, a company of priests, with their black flowing robes and swinging censers, came to burn incense and offer their prayers to the Virgin Mary on his behalf. He saw them entering the room, and beckoned them to stop, telling them and all the family that he had done forever with such things, and could not allow anything now to come between him and his Saviour. They were astonished at the change wrought in him, but he called to his brother and said, "Bring the Bible now and read to the priests also that they too may be profited."

Just before he died, he called his whole family around his bed, and spoke in a clear voice of his trust in Jesus as his Saviour, and raising both hands, he called in a loud voice, "None but Christ," and died.

Such a death produced a profound impression. Family persecution ceased. His mother, instead of leaving the room when the Bible was brought, began to go up to his upper room every morning and carry the Bible to Yanni to read and listened intently while he prayed. Even the Uncle Michael was less bitter

in his opposition. The missionaries were welcomed more and more at the house, and Yanni's son Giurgius, with Ishoc's son Leopold, was placed in the mission school with the full approbation of all the family.

One day word came that his Uncle Michael was very ill, and wished to see Yanni. He hastened to the house and found a large company of the people and priests crowded in the sick-room. The old man called to him as he entered, saying, "Bring your Bible and read to me and pray to me as you did with Ishoc." The Bible was brought. Michael told the priests, "I have done with you. Christ alone can save the soul and the rest of my hours must be given to Him." He would hardly allow Yanni to leave the room, and grasped every word of consolation contained in the Gospel, and every promise to the sinner with the greatest joy. One day he called out to his son saying, "Gibraeel, go to such a street and call Mustafa the Moslem merchant to come here." All the family wondered what he wanted of the Moslem in that solemn hour.

The man came almost trembling, not knowing what the dying man wanted. As he entered, Michael said to him, "Mustafa, do you remember my buying of you such and such goods at such and such a time?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, I defrauded you of a thousand piastres at that time, and now in the presence of God and these witnesses, I wish my son to open my box and to pay you that sum with interest to this date!" The Moslem was quite overcome, and in silence the son opened the box, counted out the money, and payed the man to the last para. The effect produced in Tripoli was most profound, and some began to ask what this religion could be.

Michael died calling upon Christ, and to the last refusing the offices of the priests though he had been one of their most steadfast and uncompromising supporters for many years. Yanni wrote to me after this event, full of joy at the apparent hopeful conversion of both his brother and uncle before their death. "Now," said he, "I *know* that God hears and answers prayer, and I believe that all our family will yet come to Christ." Not-

withstanding the former opposition of the family to the missionaries, they are now all most cordial and religious services are often held at the house. Once, when Yanni's wife gave birth to a daughter, the friends and neighbours came in to condole with the family, according to Oriental custom, upon the dire calamity which had befallen them in the birth of a girl! This was too much for Yanni and he at once had the American flag run up to topmast on the consular flagstaff, as a sign of his joy. The Turkish pasha, hearing that the flag was up, sent around a kavass to inquire what festival he was celebrating, that he might make him an official visit. When informed of the reason, he was filled with unbounded astonishment.

The youngest son of the family was named *Samuel* from the missionary then living in Tripoli. When the name was announced, the whole circle of relatives was confounded. This was a new name indeed. Not one of all the thousands of Tripoli had borne it. They knew the names Selim, Butrus, Theodore, Giurgius, Yusef, Daüd, Khalil, Ibrahim, Ishoc, and many others, but although many had heard of the prophet *Samweel*, it had never been used, any more than Methusaleh is with us. It was at length understood that the name was given as a mark of affection for the missionary in Tripoli.

Yanni's benevolence knew no bounds. The poor of every sect, Moslem, Maronite, Catholic, and Greek, always found in him a friend. He gave systematically the tenth of all his income to the Lord, and sometimes more. His faith in God was simple and unquestioning. He purchased a small farm in the village of Aba, near Tripoli, and the simple-minded people tell various stories of divine intervention in his behalf. One day he was looking over his olive orchard, and the gardener called his attention to one tree, a full-grown olive, which for years had produced nothing, and recommended that it be cut down and some fruitful tree be planted in its place. "No," said Yanni, "let us dig about it and dung it, as in the Scripture parable, and if it produces fruit, it shall be given to the Lord, for the use of the missionaries forever. If not, cut it down." The next year the limbs of that tree

bent down under the weight of the luscious olives, and the huge earthen olive jars of the missionaries in Tripoli were filled to overflowing, and when the persecution in Safita drove down a great company of poor Christians to Tripoli, they feasted on bread and olives from this supply for nearly a month.

At another time, the farmer asked leave to wash the trunks of the fig trees in reddish clay, as an offering to Saint John, protector of figs. He refused, saying that his trust was in the God of Saint John, who could care for all His creatures. That summer, the fig crop in that vicinity was a failure, although the trees had been faithfully smeared with the reddish clay, but Yanni's trees bore plentifully.

When he was engaged in building, he burned his own lime in a large lime kiln near the village. It was late in the fall of the year, and the early rains were expected. The burning was finished and the kiln opened on Saturday, and in the afternoon preparations were made for carrying the lime under cover in one of the houses. Before night the wind blew up from the sea and thick black clouds began to roll up from the southwest, threatening a heavy rain. The lime was exposed, and if rained upon would be ruined, and thousands of piastres lost. The people crowded around, and offered to join hands in the morning, as they would all be free on Sunday, and take the lime into the house. "No indeed," said Yanni. "'They that wait for the Lord shall not be ashamed' and I will not break the Sabbath if I lose all my lime." The next day the sky thickened and the storm came on. In all the villages on the plain, the rain came down in torrents and the dry beds of the streams overflowed. On the west, south, east, and the north, the country was almost deluged, but in the village of Aba, hardly a drop fell to the ground, and on Monday morning the lime kiln was as dry as Gideon's fleece. The people all gazed in wonder, and began to believe that Yanni's prayers to Christ were more availing than all their prayers to saints and angels. In not a few other instances, his faithful observance of the Lord's day has been signally rewarded, and he accepts it all as not for his own profit, but for the honour of God's name among the people.



## Sundry Notes and Incidents

1873—The American Palestine Exploration fiasco—Rustum Pasha—Prayer—Ramadan.

**L**IEUTENANT STEEVER, Professor Paine, formerly of Robert College, Rev. Mr. Ballantine, Rev. A. A. Haines, C. E., and others left Beirut in March, 1873, to explore and map trans-Jordanic Syria. They had many and valuable instruments worth \$15,000 loaned by the American government and did substantial service, but the "Map" has never realized the hopes of the society although they mapped 600 square miles. A want of harmony among the staff well-nigh wrecked the expedition.

Lieutenant Steever, the head of the expedition, laboured under the strange delusion that he was commander of a military expedition in an enemy's country. He laid down martial rules for the camp, and gave orders to Mr. Haines and Professor Paine as if they were privates under his military control. Without consulting them he would announce his plan for the day just before starting and subject them to humiliating rules and conditions.

The New York Society had appointed Drs. Thomson, Van Dyck, Bliss, Post, and H. H. Jessup a local advisory committee to whom the expedition were primarily to report. May 20th we received a letter from Lieutenant Steever complaining of the inefficiency of his assistants. On the 26th of August we were surprised by the arrival in Beirut of Rev. A. A. Haines and Rev. Ballantine who had fled post-haste from the camp, having been threatened by Lieutenant Steever with a court martial. We had a committee meeting and seeing no possibility of their being able to work longer with the lieutenant, we approved their taking the

first steamer for home. And thus the first exploration expedition collapsed.

#### ARRIVAL OF H. E. RUSTUM PASHA, MAY, 1873

As stated in the account of the reorganization of the Lebanon District in 1860-61, the pashas of the Lebanon were to be thereafter Latin Catholics owing to the great predominance of the Maronite and Papal Greek sects in Lebanon.

The first pasha was Daûd, an Armenian Catholic, a scholarly man who had published in French a history of the laws of the Anglo-Saxon nations and was a man of liberal views, firm and just in administration.

The second was Franco, a Papal Greek, a well-meaning but not an energetic man, who died in office.

Rustum Pasha, the third in the line, was an Italian by birth, long in the Turkish service, recently the Turkish ambassador to St. Petersburg, and the ablest and most just and efficient governor ever known in or out of Lebanon. He kept the ambitious and domineering Romish hierarchy within bounds and procured the exile of the Maronite Bishop B——, who had intrigued against the government. At first he viewed the American schools with suspicion, as he regarded us on a par with the "clergy" who were always engaged in political intrigues, but on a careful study of them, became their warm friend and supporter. He had planned a system of government schools in Lebanon and appointed as superintendent a man who, unbeknown to the pasha, was a mere tool of the ecclesiastics. He was told to open schools in the most needy districts, and proceeded to open them only in the towns and villages where American schools had been in operation for twenty years. He threatened all who should send their children to other than government schools, and yet left the entire Maronite district of Northern Lebanon with its 150,000 people without a school. When finally the true inwardness of the man's character became known to the pasha he ordered every government school in towns occupied by the Americans to be closed. The superintendent was cashiered and the pasha was

indignant that he had been hoodwinked by a tool of the priests and monks. Rustum Pasha put a stop to bribery, punished crime, built roads and encouraged reform. Up to that time the sanitary condition of Lebanon was vile beyond description and he compelled every householder to conform to sanitary rules. A priest in Zahleh knocked down a Protestant and smote him with his shoe. The pasha banished the priest to a village outside of Lebanon and forbade his return to Zahleh. He generally spent his winters in Beirut and was fond of showing to children his fine collection of stuffed bears which he had shot when living in Russia.

One day an eccentric foreigner, who spoke English and was more zealous than wise, called on the pasha. When ushered into his private room, the man marched up to the pasha and exclaimed, "Are you prepared to die?" The pasha sprang back, opened a drawer, took out his revolver and said to the man, "What do you mean? Leave this room at once, or——" and the man backed out in great terror. Some friends warned him against trying that kind of evangelistic labour again.

The pasha was a warm friend of Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., of Zahleh, and gave him every facility in the prosecution of his work. He admired Mr. Dale's courtesy and open-hearted manliness.

At one time he had his administrative headquarters at Ghuzir, in the Maronite Mountain, in full view of Beirut and about fifteen miles up the coast to the northeast. One day his clerk was filling cartridges for the pasha's fowling-piece, but did it so clumsily that the pasha said, "Give me the cartridge case and hammer and I will teach you how to do it." Taking the copper case in his left hand he struck the charge with the hammer, when the cartridge exploded tearing his left hand to tatters. The pasha's doctor was called but said he could do nothing but stop the bleeding and said to the pasha, "There is no man in Syria can help you but Dr. Post of the American College in Beirut." Dr. Post was telegraphed for, and a special Turkish revenue cutter ordered to take him from Beirut to the seashore below

Ghuzîr. He went at once and by frequent visits and that skill which has made Dr. Post famous throughout the East, he succeeded in saving all but two fingers of the hand.

The pasha's gratitude knew no bounds. On his recovery he visited the college, studied all its departments and by official correspondence with his old friends, the Turkish ministers in Constantinople, did all in his power to further the interests of the college and all American schools. After completing his term of office he left Syria, to the regret of all true friends of law and justice, and became Turkish ambassador to London where he died greatly respected.

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#### INCIDENTS

A clergyman of the Church of England, a free lance, came to Syria desiring to baptize men. Not knowing the Arabic he was easily imposed upon and baptized a Bedawy renegade who went to Alexandria and I wrote to Mr. Strang, American missionary, there as follows :

“ As to the gentle Bedawy, yes, Dr. ——— did baptize him and soon after he was baptized he told the natives in Suk el Gharb that ‘ When you tar a camel, it covers the skin but does not reach the bones,’ *i. e.*, that he is outwardly a Christian but inwardly what he always was—a Bedawy. He eloped with a girl of his tribe in the Bookaa, and the tribe pursued and killed her and tried to kill him and so he ran and turned Christian. Be careful not to leave him around where there are elopable women and girls. His weakness runs (one part of it) in that direction.”

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At the close of the communion service one Sabbath, a young man met me at the door and said, “ Fereedy and I are in great trouble. Our little girl of nine months is dead, and now our little boy of three years is dangerously ill, and we want you to pray for him. We are Greeks but we feel that you know how to pray better than we do, and ‘ the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.’ Fereedy is your pupil and says she knows that you will pray for our little Habeeb.” I found that he was

the husband of that beautiful girl Fereedy, once in our school, and that Dr. Post performed an operation on the little boy last week removing a large stone from his bladder, from which he had been suffering untold agony for months. All went well after the operation until Thursday night when the little fellow got up in the night while all were asleep and went to the bottle of nitrate of potash which Dr. Post had prepared with a sweet syrup and drank the entire contents at once, enough for sixteen doses, one every three hours. On Friday he was very ill and on Sunday the case became critical. Ameen came to ask our prayers. I told him I would do as he requested, and also asked the young ladies in the seminary to pray for the child. On Monday noon I went to the house, and found the child decidedly better, and the father's heart burst out, "We knew you were praying, for the child grew better from the time we left you." I remained some time and prayed with them urging upon them the duty of praying for the child themselves.

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Another incident in Beirut shows how the people of other sects look upon Protestant prayers. A young Moslem of the aristocratic family of Beit Berbeer, who had been some time in Mr. Bistany's school, came in great anxiety to a Protestant young man who keeps a shop near Mr. Bistany's school and said, "I beg you to pray for me that I may escape the draft and draw a white paper. I went to the Moslem sheikh and asked him to pray for me and he would not and laughed at me. I know that you Protestants ask what you need from God, and He grants it, and there are no prayers like yours." So Khalil, who is a converted Druse, went around to Sit Khozma, who was one of Dr. De Forest's pupils, and she promised to pray for the Moslem. Hearing this he went with a light heart to the seraia, and awaited the drawing. He drew a white paper and came back to Khalil in perfect delight, declaring that there is no prayer like that of the Christians. Said Khalil, "Be careful how you say that before your father." He answered, "I will say it before the world, for it is true."

It is Ramadan, the thirty days' fast of the Mohammedan world. It is a sacred fast, rigidly kept. A true Moslem will eat nothing from sunrise to sunset, drink nothing and smoke nothing, and not even smell sweet odours. But when the sunset gun fires, which is the dinner bell of two hundred millions, the fast is suddenly transformed into a feast. The whole family of Islam rush to the dinner table as if famine stricken. The evening is spent in social visiting and then a nap is indulged in until midnight, when the whole city is aroused to eat by the patrol who beat huge drums with a deafening clamour. Then another nap and another gormandizing before day dawns and then the faithful are ready for the abnegations of the day. This year Ramadan falls in a month of short days and long nights, so that it is comparatively easy. The price of provisions is higher than usual. Shopkeepers say that the Moslems buy up all the best provisions at any price. This is a comment on Moslem self-denial. They eat more, and buy more expensive food in Ramadan than in any other month of the year.

It is much the same with the Papists and Greeks. They fast on Wednesday and Friday of every week. That is they eat no meat. But they can eat fish in every style, and fruits, vegetables, and sweetmeats, of the most exquisite varieties.

Ramadan is a grand nocturnal festival, and the Greek weekly fasts are a compulsory variation of the bill of fare.

A young Bedawy youth aged fifteen came to me one Saturday desiring to become a Christian. I asked who Christ is. He said, "He is the Exalted God and came down here and slew Himself to save us." I have taken steps to get him into a school on trial, to see whether he is in earnest or not.

In November, 1873, I wrote to Dr. Ellinwood as follows:

"A notable week has just passed, as the Arabic has it, 'Yo-beel' or jubilee week in Beirut, it being just fifty years since the American missionaries settled in Beirut. On Wednesday, November 19th, services were held in the English language in the church at 3 P. M. and addresses were made by Dr. Thomson, Dr. Post and myself, and the devotional exercises conducted by Dr.

Van Dyck, Mr. Calhoun, and Rev. Mr. Robertson, our excellent Scotch pastor. In the evening a social reunion was held in the house of Mr. Robertson at which informal addresses were made by Dr. Bliss, Dr. Wortabet, and Professor Porter of the Syrian Protestant College and Dr. Brigstocke, the resident British physician.

“These exercises had special reference to the long-continued cordial coöperation of the British and American residents in Syria in a joint religious service for half a century in the English language. And it is a fact worthy of mention that in this land of the Bible, so much of the Bible spirit has prevailed, as to induce Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Baptists from America, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales to worship together and commune together for fifty years with hardly ever a jar or discord. It was worthy of a jubilee of gratitude and praise to God. Last Sabbath, November 23d, the jubilee was made the subject of remark in the Arabic service, and on Monday evening about 200 of the Syrian people assembled at my house to celebrate the occasion in the Arabic language. We had music and simple refreshments, and then addresses by Messrs. B. Bistany, Elias Fuaz, and Ibrahim Sarkis, who reviewed the history of the past fifty years in Syria. Mr. Sarkis read in the first place the bull of the Maronite patriarch in 1825 cursing the Protestant Bible and forbidding its distribution and sale in Syria, and then a statement of the number of Bibles and religious books published since that time. The whole number of Scriptures is about 70,000 and of religious books about 90,000 in the Arabic language, making a total of 160,000 volumes which at an average of 500 pages would make 80,000,000. This is hardly what the Maronite patriarch anticipated.

“ I have just returned from a house of mourning, not a house where death has entered, but where a sad calamity has befallen the family. Ishoc, a faithful preacher, has an invalid wife named Laiya, and lately sent to Hums, his native city, for his sister Fetny to come and aid in the domestic affairs. Last week Fetny, who has one blind eye, was attacked with ophthalmia which is

now an epidemic in a virulent form and highly contagious, and in forty-eight hours lost the other eye, becoming stone blind. Then Laiya was attacked and has lost both eyes! I went in the evening to see them. They sat silent on their low beds, one on the floor and the other on a divan. Not one word of complaint escaped them. They seemed rejoiced to hear a word of comfort and said that they had great peace of mind in the faith that it was the hand of the Lord, who does all things well. Ishoc said, as I entered the door, 'My dear brother, how I bless God for the religion of Jesus Christ! How could I bear such a stroke without His aid?' The poor women also said that they had not one word of complaint to utter, and could only bless God for His mercies. It would do our friends in America good to enter this room of physical blindness and witness the blessed effects of the faith of Jesus which is truly like a light shining in a dark place."

---

November 18th was a glad day for us in Beirut. That missionary company which then reached us was probably as gladly greeted as any company that has ever arrived here. All were in perfect health and cheerful spirits, and we are thankful for such a reinforcement to our missionary band.

The party consisted of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Jessup and two children, Rev. F. W. March, a new recruit, Miss Emily Bird of Abeih, Miss Fisher, and a teacher for Constantinople.

Mr. March has gone to Zahleh for the winter; Miss Fisher is established with the female seminary to the great joy of her fellow teachers, and is laying siege to the Arabic gutturals.

The arrival of my brother, Rev. Samuel Jessup, fresh from reviving intercourse with the American churches and especially from the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, added new interest to all these jubilee meetings, and he has given us accounts of the meeting both in Arabic and English. We have great reason for gratitude for the safe arrival of his large party after that long trip of 7,000 miles, and there was peculiar occasion for thanksgiving that they arrived no later. They had hardly reached their resting places in our various homes when the gath-



ering tempest burst upon us. The sea was lashed into fury and the rain poured in a literal deluge. Five inches of rain fell in Beirut in that one night between sunset and sunrise. The custom-house was submerged by a flood of muddy water and \$50,000 worth of goods were destroyed. The thunder and lightning were almost continuous for twenty-four hours. In the midst of it all Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun rode down from Abeih, five hours on horseback, to attend the jubilee, and during our meetings, which were well attended, the crash of the thunder was so violent as almost to drown the voices of the speakers. But we all rejoiced in the abundant rain and although several boxes of missionary goods were in that ill-fated custom-house, and were saturated with muddy water, our friends took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, in view of the universal gladness of the Syrian people that the eight months' drought had come to an end. Men looked complacently on the falling walls, the washing away of terraces, the gullyng of highways, the inundation of shops and store-houses, for the prices of wheat and flour had fallen, the poor were freed from the famine prices of the past few months and Moslems and Greeks, Maronites and Protestants, Druses and Jews, forgetting their differences, congratulated one another on the "rahmet Allah" the mercy of God to the suffering land.

The Tripoli Girls' School was opened by Mrs. Shrimpton, formerly of the British Syrian Schools, and Miss Kip, in the Yanni house, the domestic department being conducted by Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Danforth. Dr. Dennis was called to the theological seminary on account of his ripe scholarship and love of literary pursuits. The judgment of the mission was fully justified. While in connection with the seminary he prepared, with the aid of Mr. R. Berbari and Mr. Ibrahim Haurani, three works which have become standards in theological instruction wherever the Arabic language is used: a treatise on theology in two volumes, based largely upon Hodge, but abridged, with judicious additions and adaptations to suit the Oriental environment, Evidences of Christianity, and Biblical Interpretation.



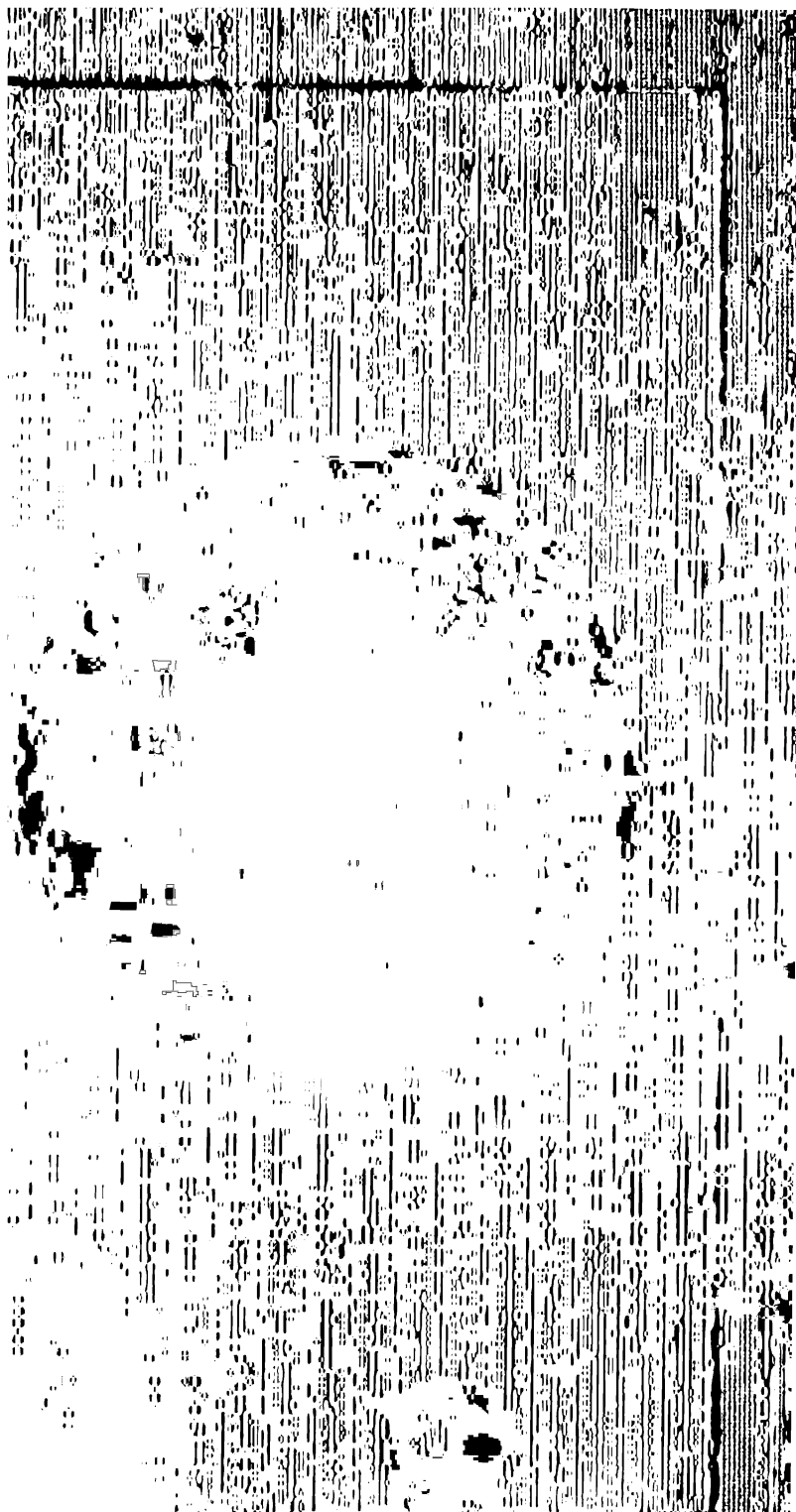














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Fifty-three years in Syria





# Fifty-Three Years in Syria







HENRY H. JESSUP  
Taken when Moderator of the General Assembly.

# Fifty-Three Years In Syria

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By  
HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D.

*Introduction by James S. Dennis, D.D.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II



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## Notable Visitors and Converts

The one-eyed kadi—Mr. Roosevelt—Two great sheikhs—The new bell—Wm. E. Dodge—Abu Selim and Moosa Ata—The monthly concert at home.

**A**T the close of 1873 the stations were manned as follows :  
Beirut, Drs. Thomson, Van Dyck, Dennis, and H. H. Jessup.

Abeih, Messrs. Calhoun and Bird.

Sidon, Messrs. W. W. Eddy and Pond.

Tripoli, Messrs. S. Jessup and Hardin, and Dr. Danforth.

Zahleh, Messrs. Dale, Wood, and March.

The theological seminary was opened in Beirut in premises adjoining Dr. Dennis's house, the teachers being Dr. Dennis, Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck, Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, and myself.

The Syrian Protestant College at this time had eighty-four students in all its departments and all its friends were much encouraged. They little thought that in 1907 the number would be 878.

In September the notable meeting of the International Evangelical Alliance, postponed from 1870 on account of the Franco-Prussian War, was held in New York. My paper on "Missions to the Oriental Churches" was read in my absence by my dear friend, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge. It was subsequently the basis of a booklet on "The Greek Church and Protestant Missions," written at the request of the Christian Literature Society of New York

and a special edition of which was published in England by my friends, Canon H. B. Tristram and Rev. H. E. Fox, and sent to hundreds of clergymen of the Church of England. The object of this act of Canon Tristram was to counteract the efforts of the High Church Anglican Clergy to fraternize with the Greek Church ecclesiastics, ignoring the anti-scriptural teachings of the Greek Church. A reformation of the Greek Church is possible, but not very probable. With education and the Bible the people some day will demand the abolition of Mariolatry and ikon worship.

Early in March Dr. Van Dyck, manager of the press, was sent for by Kamil Pasha, the governor, to come to the seraia, as he was about to shut up the press for a violation of the press laws. Dr. Van Dyck proceeded to the seraia and asked the pasha what he meant. The pasha, holding up a little tract, said, "Was this printed at your press?" "Yes." "Then it must be confiscated, as it contains an attack on the Turkish government." Dr. Van Dyck asked, "Wherein does it attack the government?" The pasha pointed out several passages which criticized the bribery and corruption everywhere prevalent, perjury and lying among witnesses and public officials; and the fact that "truth had fallen in the streets and equity could not enter." Dr. Van Dyck replied, "Are not these statements *true*? Your Excellency ought to put a copy into the hands of every government official in your pashalic. Is it not so?" asked the doctor. "Yes," said the pasha, "but we don't like to be so constantly reminded of it. Have you never heard the story of the Kadi el Ah-war?" (*i. e.*, the one-eyed judge). "And what is that?" asked the doctor. "Well, once there was a famous one-eyed kadi. One day a man came into the court and addressed him as follows: 'Good-morning, oh, one-eyed kadi! May your day be blessed, oh, one-eyed kadi. I have heard of the noble character and justice of the one-eyed kadi, and I would ask the distinguished and revered one-eyed kadi to do me justice,' and, 'Stop,' said the kadi, 'supposing I *am* one-eyed, do I want to be everlastingly reminded of it? Get out of my sight,'

“And so,” said the pasha, “we know that these reflections on our country and our courts are true, but we don't want to be publicly reminded of them. Who wrote that tract?” The doctor explained that it was a prize tract on veracity and the prize was won by Rev. Sarafim Potaji of Shefa-Amr near Nazareth. But the pasha insisted that it be destroyed. The doctor withdrew and the case was taken up by the British consulate, as the tracts belonged to the London Tract Society. Then the pasha insisted that the consul seal them up in a box and send them out of Syria. The consul sent a dragoman and sealed the box and left it at the press. Dr. Van Dyck sent and asked the consul to remove the box. He did not do it. Then the doctor gave him a week's notice that if it were not taken away in that time the press would not be responsible for its safe-keeping. The British consul never sent for it and it disappeared, being scattered throughout the land.

The prohibition by the Sultan of all criticism in the newspaper press is one great cause of the universal official corruption in the empire. Bribery exists in civilized lands, but is kept at a minimum through fear of exposure in the press. Here there is no such fear, and it is at a maximum.

On Saturday, March 22d, I called at the hotel on Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., of New York, and the next day he spoke to our Arabic Sunday-school on his work among the newsboys of New York. His son Theodore was with him and was a boon companion of Frederick and Howard Bliss, sons of Dr. Daniel Bliss. The three boys rode together on one donkey, the property of Mrs. Bliss. One of those boys is now President of the United States, while another is president of the Syrian Protestant College, and, as a witty Arab remarked on hearing this reminiscence, “The donkey is now the Waly of——.”

Mr. Roosevelt gave \$500 to the college in Beirut. His visit was memorable and an inspiration to young and old.

In February, 1871, we were favoured with a visit from a celebrated Arab sheikh, the noted Sheikh Mohammed Smeir Ibn ed Dukhy, the emir of the Anazeh tribe, who can command ten



thousand horsemen and who receives 280,000 piastres annually from the Turkish government to keep the Bedawin in order.

He had just sent off a detachment of his tribe with the great Mohammedan caravan of pilgrims from Damascus to Mecca and was sent for by Rashîd Pasha, Waly of Syria, to come to meet him in Beirut. While here, he was the guest of a friend of ours and we invited him to call. He came on Thursday, February 2d, at 2 P. M., first calling at my house and then at the female seminary. He looked through the institution and after examining the appearance of the pupils, turned to them and said, "Our Bedawin girls would learn as much in six months as you learn in two years." I told him we would like to see the experiment tried. He said, "Perhaps it may be some day." Our friend had informed us that although the sheikh could not read, one of his wives could both read and write well, being the daughter of a sheikh near Hamath, so we had prepared an elegant copy of the Arabic Bible bound in green and gilt with a waterproof case to prevent injury on his long return journey of twelve days into the desert, and when we reached the press it was presented to him. He received it with the greatest respect and asked what he would find in it. We told him it was the complete "Tourah" and "Ingeel" (Old and New Testaments) and he said it would be profitable to read about Ibrahim the friend of God, and Ishmael the father of the Arabs, and Moosa (Moses) and Soleyman the king and Aicesa or Jesus the son of Mary. The electrotype apparatus deeply interested him but when Mr. Hallock showed him the steam cylinder press rolling off the printed sheets with so great rapidity and exactness, he stood back and remarked in the most deliberate manner, "The man who made that press can conquer everything but death." It seemed some satisfaction to him that in the matter of death the Bedawin was on a level with the European.<sup>1</sup>

From the press the sheikh went to the church and after gazing

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Waldmeier, who was formerly in Abyssinia and is now in Beirut, informs me that one of the Abyssinian princes once made a precisely similar remark when looking at a piece of European machinery.

around on the pure white walls, remarked, " There is the Book, but there are no pictures. You worship only God here."

He was anxious to see the tower clock, and although he has lost one arm and had the other nearly paralyzed by a musket shot in the desert wars, he said he would climb up the long ladder to see that clock, whose striking he had heard at the other end of the city. So up he went and it would have done the maker, Mr. Hotchkiss of Cortlandt Street, New York, great good to see this son of the desert gazing admiringly upon that beautiful piece of mechanism. We helped him down the ladder, greatly to his relief, and then he went to the college where he heard Dr. Van Dyck deliver a lecture on chemistry, and the doctor performed several brilliant experiments for his benefit. Dr. Bliss showed him the large electrical machine and he took several severe shocks in hopes of deriving benefit to his left arm.

The botanical collection, the library of Arabic books, the cabinets of minerals and fossils, and the anatomical museum all interested him and he finally left us expressing his gratitude for what he had been permitted to see, and especially for the Book. He left by diligence stage early the next morning for Damascus and was soon in the desert again as another tribe had revolted and he hastened to quell the revolt.

On Wednesday, February 8, 1871, one of the notable characters of Syria died in Beirut. Sheikh Nasif el Yazigy was the greatest living Arabic poet, author of fourteen different works in Arabic, and formerly for years the companion and assistant of Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible into Arabic. He died aged seventy-one years. He had been partially paralyzed for two years past but never forgot Dr. Eli Smith. He often said to me, " When Dr. Smith was on his death-bed he preached to me a sermon which I have not forgotten and never can forget. No, sir, I cannot forget it. Dr. Smith was a man of God."

An immense crowd followed the sheikh to his grave, among them nearly 800 pupils from the schools and seminaries of Beirut, a noble tribute to his great learning. Such a sight had not been seen in Beirut since the days of Justinian.

On Sunday, February 12th, the little stone church in Kefr Shima, six miles from Beirut, was dedicated, with more of state and formality than had been known by any Protestant church in Syria. Among those present were H. E. Franco Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, Mr. Johnson, American consul-general, Mr. Eldridge, H. B. M. consul-general, Mr. T. Weber, German consul-general, Dr. Daniel Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College, Dr. Thomson, several of the Prussian deaconesses who had pupils in the village and a great crowd of Syrian villagers. I preached the Arabic dedication sermon. Five years later I preached the same sermon at the dedication of the churches in Judaideh and Zahleh. At the latter place the kaimakam (a Papal Greek) was present, and a fortnight later sent a formal complaint to Rustam Pasha that I had taken advantage of the presence of Roman Catholic officials to attack the Holy Catholic Church. The pasha sent the complaint to the British consul, to whom I sent a copy of the sermon reminding him that it was the same one I delivered before Franco Pasha and himself and others in 1871. I heard no further complaint. It was afterwards proved that the complaint was instigated by the Jesuit priests of Zahleh.<sup>1</sup>

On Saturday morning, April 15, 1871, the American bark *Marguerita Blanca* came into port bringing the new church bell. The captain said that he had a tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic and for three days gave up all hope of deliverance. The bulwarks of the vessel were carried away, 10,000 feet of lumber on the deck were swept overboard, the kitchen and water casks were swept away, and the bell was about the only thing that remained. The fixtures were in the cabin and although the sea

<sup>1</sup> In January, 1878, Mr. James Black, a noble specimen of the British Christian merchant, whose word was sworn by both by Moslems and Christians, and who had taught the Syrians a lasting lesson in business integrity, erected at his own expense a bell tower on the Kefr Shima church, which stands to-day a monument of his liberality and true Christian zeal. His self-denying labours in the erection of the Beirut church are commemorated in a beautiful white baptismal font erected after his death by the congregation.

broke in and deluged the cabin, nothing was damaged. The only effect that we could observe was that the yoke of the bell (which was evidently meant to be a revolving yoke so as to change the place of the stroke of the tongue) was so firmly welded on to the bell by rust that we found it impossible to remove it when elevating the bell into the tower. We were thankful however that it was not lost during that Atlantic hurricane.

Ten porters brought it up from the custom-house swung between two oak poles, and a fine set of tackle blocks from the American bark enabled Mr. Hallock, our efficient press agent and electrotypist, to hoist it into place with comparative ease. It is the largest bell in Syria and its clear sweet tones can be heard to the very suburbs of this widely scattered city.

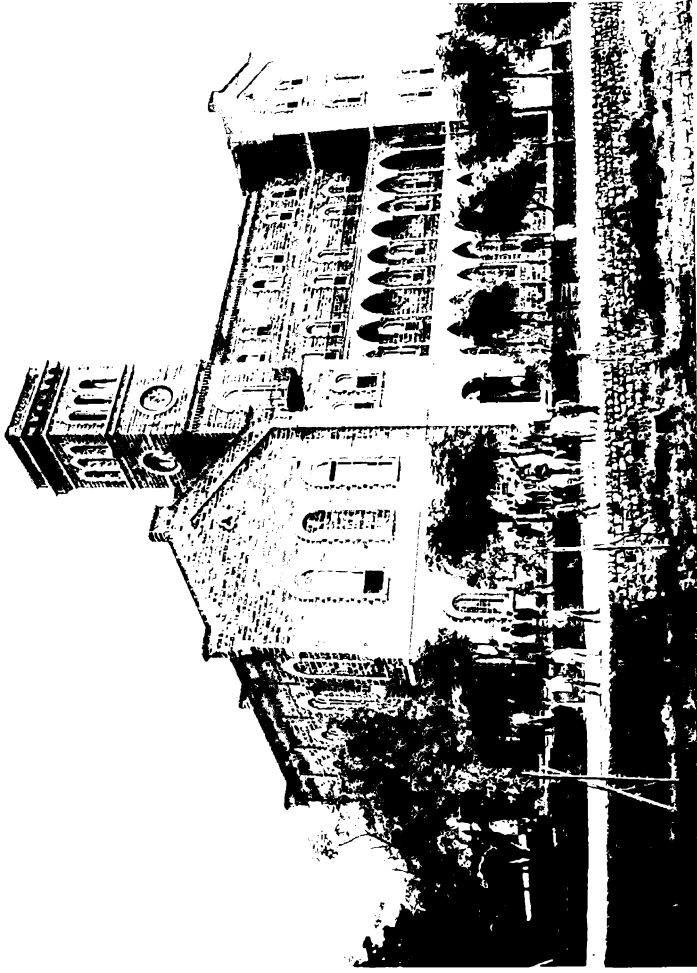
We were honoured in 1871 by a visit from Rev. N. G. Clark, secretary of the American Board, and Rev. George W. Wood, D. D., who after labouring as a missionary in Singapore and Constantinople and then as district secretary of the Board in New York was returning to Constantinople to renew the work he so much loved. Dr. Clark's visit was especially gratifying. We had separated from the American Board, but not from the love and confidence of this beloved man with whom we had corresponded for years. He had often intimated that we should not erect expensive buildings on mission ground, and he had many misgivings when we were building the girls' school, the church, the Bible depository and press. But on this visit he expressed his gratification with all he saw in Beirut. He said, "Brethren, you are right. These buildings are a credit to your taste and judgment. Protestantism looks as if it had come to Syria to *stay* and not merely to pitch a tent and then decamp. There should be substantial buildings of a superior character in our chief centres of labour and influence." He was delighted with the large plot of ground owned by the college at Ras Beirut and gave the mission much credit for wisdom and broad views, as might be expected from a man of such large experience and wide observation as he is. The purchase of that college site is universally regarded as one of the master-strokes of Dr. Daniel Bliss, and it is to this

day (1908) still looked upon as the finest college site in the East.<sup>1</sup>

In December, 1871, we were favoured with a visit from the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Mrs. Dodge. Their presence was a benediction. They showed interest in every detail of all departments of our work, and his laying the corner-stone of College Hall of the Syrian Protestant College, December 7th, was an occasion long to be remembered. An immense crowd assembled and Mr. Dodge made a brief but eloquent address. His son Stuart, after accompanying his parents to Egypt, returned here and laboured for many months with Dr. Bliss during the progress of the new edifice. The use of iron beams and flat stone arches between the girders, for the first time in Syria, awakened great interest. The building, finally completed in 1872, is a monument to their patient and faithful attention to all the details of the architect's plans. The same may be said of all those who superintended the construction of all the buildings on the college campus. The names of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and Dr. D. Stuart Dodge will be forever linked with the history and success of the Syrian Protestant College.

The closing months of 1871 were full of hope and cheer. The congregations in Beirut were crowded and the Sunday-school flourishing, the church-members active and willing to work, and some twenty young people asking admission to the church. Rev. Samuel Jessup had returned from Scotland to Tripoli and been joined by Rev. O. J. Hardin and Galen B. Danforth, M. D., who had married Miss Emily Calhoun of Abeih. Rev. and Mrs. Frank Wood had arrived in November and were stationed in Sidon. Dr. Danforth opened a clinic in Tripoli which was thronged, and the faithful Moslem friend, Saleh Sabony, was constant in his attendance, aiding the doctor for three and one-half years till his death, July, 1875, and keeping the crowded throng of patients in order.

<sup>1</sup>Dr. Bliss states that John Jay Phelps, father-in-law of Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, was the first person to insist on the purchase of the Ras Beirut property.



COLLEGE HALL  
Syrian Protestant College.



At this time I conducted the Sunday-school of 300 scholars, preached in Arabic twice every Sunday, Monday evening held a neighbourhood prayer-meeting, Wednesday a class of catechumens, Wednesday evening a Bible class of eighty young men, Friday morning short services at three boarding-schools, and Saturday evening a teachers' meeting of thirty young men and women.

This year, 1872, is said to be the year for the final crisis or cataclysm of the Druse religion. Their prophet, El Hakem, who claimed to be an incarnation of the deity, and is worshipped by them, promised when he died, 1021 A. D., to return again with an immense army from China, overthrow Islam, and subject the earth to his sway. This year, according to certain Druse authorities, is the year for the return of El Hakem, but the educated and thinking men among them have the sense to know, firstly, that there are no Druses in China, and secondly, that if there were, there would be no prospect of their getting to Syria without such a conquest as the world has never seen. Despairing of this, some of them, though not many as yet, are asking what is to be done. If El Hakem does not appear in 1872 the Druse religion is false, and we must cast about for another. One of their leading men said a few days ago, "If the crisis comes some of us will turn Moslems and some Protestants. God only knows; God knows all things."

We have had one extraordinary Protestant on the docket in Beirut but now he has returned like the sow that was washed, etc. He was asked for an extra donation in the Maronite church and was so enraged that he turned Protestant. He remained Protestant two months, and had several prayer-meetings at his house. He acknowledged to me that he had committed not less than twenty murders. He sleeps with several loaded pistols under his pillow, and one day threatened to kill his wife. He presented the loaded double-barrelled pistol to his own breast in the presence of two of the brethren, exclaiming, "Bear me witness, that I die a Protestant and give three-fourths of my money to the Protestant Church and one-fourth to my wife." They snatched the pistol and brought it to me; I declined to



harbour it. He afterwards calmed down and came with his wife to call on me. We laboured with him faithfully, but when he heard that we had collections in the Protestant Church, he went back to the Jesuits. It is one of the marvels of this Eastern land that so many men of that kind go unhung. This hopeful character murdered his first wife and may at any day despatch his present one. It was a relief to us all when he ceased entangling the Protestant community with his iniquities. Crimes and sin have hardened his nature and though he has amassed great wealth by his crimes as a highwayman and villain, he will not loose his grip on a cent without a struggle.

How different this man from Abu Selim, the blind Damascene, who has lately united with the church, a man once steeped in iniquity, but now a gentle and loving disciple of Jesus. Kind, affectionate, prayerful, zealous, going about the streets led by a little boy, preaching the Gospel early and late, bringing strangers to the church and the prayer-meeting, and thinking only of one great theme, salvation through Christ, who sought him when a stranger, and sent blindness of natural vision five years ago, in order that his spiritual eyes may be opened! He said the other night at a prayer-meeting, "Would that He had sent this blindness twenty years ago before I had spent so much of my life in sin. Praise to His name for not leaving me now."

On April 5th, Antioch was destroyed by earthquake. The shock continued for several days. Sixteen hundred were killed, 1,000 wounded. The Turkish governor, Ahmed Beg, was a marvel of efficiency and humanity. More than 15,000 people were without food or shelter. Help poured in from Alexandretta, Aleppo, Beirut, Damascus, and Constantinople. Theraia Pasha, Waly of Aleppo, sent 100 tents and soldiers to guard the city and prevent plunder. The stench from bodies buried under the ruins became intolerable. A series of shocks continued for ten days. Suadiyah on the coast, Bitias, and scores of villages were in ruins and hundreds perished. The house of Mr. Powers, the American missionary, was not injured, though surrounded by ruins. He raised \$800 in Alexandretta to aid the sufferers. Caravans with

provisions, bread, flour, rice, and butter came daily from Aleppo, and were distributed by the Aleppo committee, Sheikh Beha ed Din Effendi Rufaiee, Mustafa Agha, Siyas Effendi, Rizkullah Effendi Bulleet. The commercial council of Aleppo sent \$3,200 in cash. Edward Van Dyck, United States vice-consul in Beirut, Rev. O. J. Hardin, Dr. Galen Danforth and wife of the American Mission in Tripoli and two graduates of the medical college, went on to Antioch, April 27th, with medicines and blankets to aid in the care of the sick and wounded. The desolation and suffering were heartrending. The entire population were living in the open country, and daily shocks for three weeks added to their terror and distress. No such earthquake had occurred since the days of Justinian in 526 A. D., when the ancient Antioch was destroyed and according to Gibbon 250,000 perished and the city thereafter was only an abject village.

On April 12th the Greek priest Jebra was searching amid the ruins of the Greek Church for the silver ornaments and furniture buried under the débris when he heard a faint groan. He at once informed the government, and the Greek bishop and the entire body of government officials repaired to the spot with labourers who dug away the débris. The groans gradually grew louder and louder until they found two persons, the one clasping the other in her arms. They were a girl of twenty and her younger brother. As they drew them out after digging three hours they found them still alive. They had been entombed seven days. They begged for water. Dr. Franki gave them wine and water in very small quantities. They had no sign of wound or bruise on their bodies but the girl did not survive long. The boy, aged twelve, revived and recovered.

Sabbath evening, April 7th, I retired about midnight, exhausted by the labours of the day, and was just losing myself in sleep when the door-bell rang, and the telegraph messenger brought me a telegram from Miss Wilson, the English teacher in Zahleh, stating that Moosa Ata was dying, and my presence was absolutely necessary. No reasons were given and I was seriously perplexed. The Damascus diligence would leave at 4 A. M., and

this was the only way of getting there unless I rode ten hours on horseback, which I was quite too weary to attempt. There was no time to consult the brethren, and such was the pressure of duties on hand in Beirut that it seemed impossible for me to leave. At last I decided to leave the question to the divine Providence. If there proved to be an empty seat in the diligence I would go ; otherwise not. I went down to the office at half-past three and found a seat. On reaching the house of Miss Wilson in Zahleh at noon, I found the town in a state of great excitement. Moosa had died one hour before my arrival. He was the first Protestant in Zahleh and had been a steadfast evangelical for fifteen years. The town numbers 12,000 souls, all Greek or Greek Catholic, and the people have been noted in years past for their insubordination to the government and their blind devotion to the priests. Years ago they boasted that the Protestants should never enter Zahleh, and twice have they driven out missionaries by violence. The town was sacked and burned by the Druses in 1860, and the great church of Mary, the citadel of Mariolatry in Lebanon, was destroyed. It is now rebuilt, the houses being constructed of stone and sun-dried brick. It stands in a narrow valley which runs down the eastern slope of Lebanon to the plain, and is built on both sides of the river, the north and south quarters of the city rising abruptly from the river and facing each other, the roof of one house often forming the court or floor of the house above. The power of the Jesuits and the native Catholic and Greek clergy was once supreme and is now enough to incite the masses to almost any act of rowdyism, unless restrained by force or fear. A month since, the young heroes of the town, of various aristocratic families, attacked the governor and threatened to kill him. He barely escaped with his life and an army was despatched for his protection. Numerous arrests were made and six of the finest young men of the town were sent for six years to the penitentiary in Acre. This condign punishment has somewhat tamed down the fire of the masses or we might have had serious trouble in burying our deceased brother, Moosa Ata. Ever since he had become a

Protestant the priests had vowed vengeance upon him, and although a venerable man, respected by all, and admired for his skill (he was a gunsmith, and received a reward from the London Exposition for a curiously wrought and inlaid weapon), they resolved that when he died, he should be dragged through the streets and be denied decent burial.

On Sunday, April 7th, he was very ill. The Protestant native helper, Giurgius, went to see him and was refused admittance. The Greek Catholic priests had gone a dozen strong to his house, fastened the doors, and sent out word that Moosa had recanted and returned to the papal church. His son Abdallah, who is a Protestant and a lovely young man, told the brethren that this was not true. Still none of the brethren could get access to him. At length Miss Wilson sent word to Jebran Meshaka, city judge, and, since the riot, acting governor, asking leave to visit Moosa, the Protestant. He at once sent the chief of police and two of his men to accompany her. Giurgius, the preacher, and several of the brethren went with her. The roof of Moosa's house and all the adjoining houses were covered with thousands of women and children and the roughs of the town hooting and cursing and railing at the Protestants. The chief made his way through the mob, and took the party with him into the room of the dying man. The room was crowded with the black-robed and hooded priests. Said the chief, Butrus Agha, to Giurgius, the Protestant preacher, "You may now question Moosa as to his faith." Giurgius sat down by his side and said distinctly, "My brother, are you still in the faith of the Gospel, or have you returned to the papal church?" He replied in a clear voice, "I am a Protestant and die a Protestant." At the request of the agha, the question was repeated, with the same reply. Then the agha ordered the priests to leave at once. "What business have you here by the death-bed of a Protestant? Leave him without delay." Moosa then asked Giurgius to read and pray with him. When Miss Wilson left, the mob began to shout and threaten the life of Giurgius. "Bring out the dog and we will kill him! Break down the door and let us shoot him!" etc., etc. Giurgius went to

the door and told them, "I am ready to die, but I will not leave my brother while the breath of life is in him. If you kill me I will die between his feet." The agha then drove back the crowd but they soon returned instigated by the priests. The agha stayed with Giurgius all that night and the next day until 11 A. M., when Moosa died. For three years the papists had been threatening that when Moosa died he should not be buried. As no Protestant death had ever occurred in Zahleh they gave out word that Protestants have no funeral service, no clergy, no honour for the dead, and that no Protestant dog should ever be buried in the sacred (?) soil of Zahleh. When he died they would drag him through the streets and throw his corpse into the river. The gathering of these thousands on the housetops meant mischief. As soon as Moosa's death was known, his wife and sons, and Abdallah's wife, arose and left the house, declaring that as none but street dogs would follow a Protestant to his grave they would not attend the funeral. The brethren had telegraphed to me but my coming was uncertain, and they sent for Mr. Rattrey, a Scotch gentleman living a few miles away, to come and aid them. When my arrival was known, a great change came over matters, and although I was almost faint from exhaustion, loss of sleep and riding in a burning sirocco, I forgot my weariness in the joy of the brethren at my coming. At half-past two I went over to the house with Miss Wilson and instead of finding none but street dogs, we found the entire body of Zahleh aristocracy assembled to condole with Abdallah and to attend the funeral. All the parties in the late riot who had taken up arms against one another were sitting side by side. Outside the building the scene beggared description. Thousands were surging against the house or on the adjacent roofs screaming, cursing, and calling us dogs and wild beasts. One woman cried out, "If they bury that dog in the sacred soil of Zahleh the earth will vomit him forth." Another said, "They cut up their dead and burn them." "Let me see." "See the heretics." "God curse them and their preachers and their books," and volleys of similar vituperation and insult, to all of which we paid no attention whatever. Butrus Agha, the

chief of police, charged upon them repeatedly, but the crowd rolled back again like the waves of the sea. The clamour outside and the roaring of the sirocco wind made it most difficult to speak, but I conducted a short service standing in the door between the crowd inside and the mob outside. When it was ended, the body was placed in a coffin, wrapped in a white cloth, as there was not a woman in the family who would make a shroud, and the crowds of young men, seeing the chief dignitaries of the town in attendance, vied with one another in carrying the body to the chapel on the opposite side of the town. The procession was immense. Five of the Protestant young men walked in advance singing in Arabic, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," and their loud, clear voices had a palpably soothing effect upon the tumultuous throng. On reaching the chapel (Miss Wilson's large school-room) the crowd was excessive so that they literally trod upon one another. The doors and windows and the fields outside were jammed with the curious multitude, anxious to see what we were going to do. I was getting hoarse from sheer exhaustion, but when the agha had literally cudgelled the crowd into silence at the request of some of the leading men, though against our solemn protest, it became quiet enough to speak, and I conducted a funeral service. The service was brief. I had to speak with the voice of a sea-captain giving orders in a hurricane, yet the people gave good attention and some seemed to be effected by the truth. The singing was good and on leaving the chapel for the cemetery, the young men again sang as we passed through the streets, and the interment took place decently and in order. I walked by the side of Abdallah as he followed his father to his grave, and he was sad to think that not one of his family was present. I told him that it was just so with Christ in His hour of extremity. All His disciples forsook Him and fled, and He could sympathize with His bereaved and lonely children now.

In the evening the brethren all called and said that though they were all sad at the death of Moosa, their patriarch and chief, yet the providence of God had made this day the gladdest and

most auspicious in the history of the Gospel in Zahleh. Opposers had been silenced and the enemies had heard the truth, the priests had been foiled in their lying plots, God's truth had been openly honoured, and Protestantism had been recognized by the government. Early in the day they had telegraphed to Franco Pasha, the governor of Lebanon, for authority to select a cemetery from the Government lands in the suburbs. For years they had tried to get this concession but priests and bishops had prevented. While we were assembled in the evening, a telegram came from the pasha ordering the judge to set apart a cemetery for the Protestants at once and without delay. So the next morning we called at the Mejlis with Miss Wilson and several of the brethren. The judge sent a high official with us and we selected an appropriate place near the cemetery of the other sects, and before one o'clock the deed was made out, signed, sealed, recorded and given to the Protestant brethren. I made various calls on the people and was everywhere courteously received, and in the house of one of the leading families a young woman whose husband is in the penitentiary asked me to read the Scriptures and offer prayer, in which request the whole company joined.

The effect of my visit to Zahleh in my mind was this: that it is a most important centre and should be occupied as our mission previously voted and that as speedily as possible. It is surrounded by important villages, is easy of access, a good climate, and could be manned by two families to-morrow were they on the ground.

On Wednesday evening, April 8th, Mr. Calhoun and brother Samuel Jessup arrived from Tripoli after a tedious ride of nineteen hours on horseback, and on Friday, April 10th, at sunrise, Samuel and I embarked on the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Jaffa en route for Jerusalem. It was a trip for mental rest and recreation on the part of both of us for the sake of seeing the land in which we live and the Christian labourers in Palestine, to say nothing of the sacred associations of the Holy Land. I had not been to Jerusalem in fifteen years, and he had never been either

to Jerusalem or Damascus and it seemed high time for him to go. The Austrian steamer was crowded with Russian and Armenian pilgrims going to Jerusalem. These Russian pilgrims are the most abject and filthy creatures to be seen in the East. They must be chiefly of the lowest of the serfs. They are herded together like cattle and seem lost to all sense of decency. They lay up money for many years to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, and the Jordan, and go back fleeced and plundered by the priests and monks to spend the rest of their lives in poverty. They carry back the clothes in which they bathe in the Jordan and keep them to be buried in. How long they will keep with so much filth matted on them I cannot surmise. Their ignorance and infatuated superstitious devotion to saints' pictures, and holy places, make one ashamed of Christianity. No wonder the Mohammedans scoff and ridicule Christianity when thus identified with the grossest idolatry. I saw two Moslem sheikhs from Shechem (Nablus) standing at a Christian shop in Jerusalem with a view to purchasing cotton cloth, when the eye of one of them fell upon a piece of carved and painted wood designed to represent the Virgin. "Do you see this?" said he to his companion. "These are the gods of the Christians," and he turned away. I stopped him and said, "My friend, these are not the gods of true Christians. Such things are contrary to the Old and New Testaments and against the law of God and His Son Jesus Christ. They are the gods of mere nominal Christians who have forsaken God's Word and followed the traditions of men. True Christianity is a spiritual religion and forbids all worship of the creature." The shopkeeper blushed, and the Moslems said "that kind of Christianity would suit us Moslems, but this idolatry never."

On board our steamer were three Russian gentlemen of the higher class, tall, slender, gray-bearded men, with long black coats and flat black caps, and they paced the deck side by side with faces of the most awful solemnity, as if the responsibility of some momentous task was weighing them down. I soon learned that they were bringing two ponderous bells, one of them weigh-



ing 6,600 pounds, as a present from Russia to the Russian convent in Jerusalem. The bells were on the main deck and the problem as to how they were to land them at Jaffa and transport them to Jerusalem was probably tasking their minds day and night. I have since learned that the bells were landed and that 400 of those poor Russian women who were at the convent in Jerusalem came down to Jaffa and drew the bells up to Jerusalem, thirty-six miles, on trucks, as a work of religious merit, thus adding to their stock of good works and increasing their chance of getting to heaven.

We took breakfast at the hotel kept by our courteous vice-consul, Mr. Hardegg, in one of the houses of the defunct Adams Colony. That colony has been brought out principally by the industrious and God-fearing German sect of Hoffmanites, who are now firmly settled here and in Haifa under Mount Carmel. They are steady, honest men who tolerate no drones in their hive, and have set about their work in earnest. Their numbers in Wurttemberg are large, but they will allow no new immigrants until they have work provided in advance. The great problem in their future will be whether the Turkish government will protect them or allow them to be harassed and gradually worn out with petty annoyances until they finally break up in despair and leave. The wooden houses in Jaffa will not last long but they can be replaced with stone in due time.

It is twelve hours' ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem but Mr. Hardegg gave us animals that took us up the thirty-six miles in six hours, without great effort on their part or ours. Fifteen years have made great changes in this ancient land. This road is an incalculable blessing and a Greek lady who broke her arm in riding down to the Jordan has expended £700 in making a fine, broad, and easy road all the way from the gates of Jerusalem to the banks of the Jordan.

The Plain of Sharon was covered with waving grain, as if literally groaning under an excess of luxuriance.

Amateur missionaries abound in Palestine, some of whom hold extraordinary views. We met a white-bearded patriarchal apostle,

Dr. Zembal, when encamped at the Fountain of Elisha at Jericho. He sat in his tent door at sunset, looking out on the mountains of Moab, now tinged with purple and gold by the rays of the setting sun. He had just returned from a journey, with no companions but his guards and muleteers, to Ramoth Gilead, Rabbath Ammon, and Heshbon, where Sihon, king of the Amorites, lived, and had only recrossed the Jordan because his supply of bread had failed. He said, "Do you know what I have been there for? I have been to find a place for 'the Woman' in the wilderness. The time is at hand, rapidly approaching. A fine tract of land here in Jericho is offered for sale. It must be secured. Napoleon must soon become King of Rome, and then the Jews will begin to return in thousands. Everything must be ready." It was really affecting to witness the tearful and intense earnestness with which the old man expressed his views. He is very aged and fears lest he may die before the Messiah actually appears.

On our way to the Jordan we were escorted by Sheikh Rashid, a stalwart and dignified Arab, with whom I had a two hours' conversation on our return when riding slowly up the long ascent. It was pleasant to have an opportunity to preach the Gospel so practically to one of the sons of the desert. He listened most patiently and with apparent interest to a full exposition of the gospel plan by which God can be just and the justifier of them that believe. The idea was new to him and I trust that it will not be lost upon him.

While in Jerusalem we were invited to view Mr. Shapira's unique and unparalleled collection of Moabite pottery, just brought, as he said, from Makkedah, east of the Dead Sea. It is covered with Phœnician and other antique characters, and was claimed to be of immense importance and value. A small selection of the vases, tesseras, and earthen gods, was offered for £100. German savants examined the collection and it was purchased for the Berlin Museum for a fabulous sum. But soon after, M. Ganneau, a French savant, let the whole Moabite cat out of the bag and proved that Shapira had manufactured the whole collection at a pottery of his own in a secluded place and hired

trans-Jordanic Bedawin to bring them in on camels, as if just discovered at Makkedah. The exposure subjected Shapira to such indignity and contempt that it was reported that he had committed suicide.

During this visit we met the genial and godly Bishop Gobat and had full conference with him about the basis of missionary comity established between our missions. We were told that the recent Episcopal invasion of Aintab was in spite of his protest.

We received on Sabbath, May 19, 1872, to the communion of the Beirut church nine persons. One is a Damascene, a Jew of a wealthy family, who have now disowned and disinherited him. He gives good evidence of being a true disciple of Christ. In 1906 three of his children were received into the same church. The Jews in Syria are in a sad condition. There is not a more superstitious or fanatical class in the community and they are hated intensely by all the sects, but more especially by the Greeks and Latins. In the gradations of Oriental cursing, it is tolerably reasonable to call a man a donkey, somewhat severe to call him a dog, contemptuous to call him a swine, but withering to the last degree to call him a Jew. The animosity of the nominal Christian sects against the Jews is most relentless and unreasoning. They believe that the Jews kill Christian children every year at the Passover and mingle their blood with the Passover bread. Almost every year in the spring, this senseless charge is brought against the Jews; senseless because blood is unclean among the Jews, but an impossibility is no obstacle to Oriental fanaticism.

The Jews of Beirut and Damascus are obliged to pay heavy blackmail every year to the Greek and Latin "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who threaten to raise a mob against them for killing Christian children. Quite a number of Jewish children are gathered in the missionary schools of the Scotch and English missions in Beirut, but the chief rabbi of Damascus ordered them all removed on hearing of the recent bloody assault of the

Smyrna Greeks on the Jews of that city. It is one of the most practical comments on the degraded character of these Oriental so-called Christian churches, that they never lift a finger for the instruction or conversion of Jews, Moslems, or Druses, but hate them with a perfect hatred and not only in theory regard them as children of hell, but would rejoice to send them there if they could.

One of the most remarkable items of news in this part of the world just now is the recent discovery in Diarbekir of one of the shoes of the Prophet Mohammed! It is generally supposed that Mohammedans are above the superstitious relic worship of the Greeks and Latins but those who live among them know very well that they sanction some of the most foolish, superstitious practices and revere sacred places and footprints and tombs with what is akin to idolatrous homage. To give you a correct idea of the wonderful relic just discovered I will translate from the Turkish government official organ published in Damascus and called *La Syrie* or *Suriyeh*.

"The long-lost sister of the noble prophetic shoe, which has long been preserved with distinguished honour in the treasury of the imperial wardrobe in the new sultanic palace in Constantinople, has now been found in the possession of Derwish Beg, a descendant of the family of the Abbassides, living in the province of Hakari east of the Tigris, and under the government of Diarbekir. The beg has brought it to Diarbekir with the most ancient testimonies, which prove beyond a question that it is the mate of the famous shoe of the prophet, and in view of these facts the entire population of Diarbekir great and small went out a distance of several hours to meet it, and it was brought in and placed in a special room prepared for it in the house of the mufti of the city, and the curious and eager multitude thronged the house in crowds to visit it.

"Now it is clear that the noble and holy relic, wherever found, ought to be most sacredly preserved and guarded, and his Imperial Highness the Sultan, caliph of the two worlds and imam of all Mussulmen, being entrusted with the protection of the two

Harams (at Mecca and Jerusalem) most honoured and noble and delegated for the preservation of all the exalted prophetic relics, will doubtless preserve this relic also in the holy treasury above mentioned. The effendi above mentioned has left Diarbekir for Constantinople, after allowing the entire population to visit it. The celebration and pious rites performed by the Mussulman population of Diarbekir in high honour of this sacred relic are sufficiently described in the Diarbekir official journal in an extra edition, and there can be no doubt that the lords of Moslem orthodoxy will feel under great obligations for its perusal and show to the editor some substantial proof of their appreciation.

“There can be no question that this most precious and holy relic is one of immense value and importance, the flood of whose benefits, material and moral, will overflow the whole Mohammedan world. There is therefore the most assured hope that it will be borne into the Court of Happiness (Constantinople) on a special steamer, with the most exalted honour and ceremony and may God grant (may He be exalted) that we may yet receive the particulars of its grand entrance into the Sublime Porte. . . .”

The girls' school in Hamath is proving a great success. It is one of the darkest cities in Syria and one of the most beautiful. For years the brethren of the Tripoli station have had a native preacher, Nasif Sellûm, working away in Hamath knocking at the Ear Gate and looking in at the Eye Gate of that Man Soul, but none replied. During our recent visit on June 5th, we met a young woman, Raheel Weider, who had been for eight years a pupil in the orphan house of the excellent Prussian deaconesses in Beirut. She had married and removed to Hamath, and the native preacher found her out. I called on her with him and asked her what she was doing for the good of the people of Hamath. “What can I do, a lone woman in such a dark place? My husband is poor and I have no means of doing good.” “Would you be willing to gather a few girls around you from among your neighbours and give them instruction every day? We will furnish you a room and pay you for your time.” “I will be delighted to do it and will do my best.” “Very well.

Do you begin next week? If you have less than ten girls you shall have two dollars a month, and if more than ten, four dollars." After giving her earnest advice as to how to carry on the work, and the need of looking to God for aid, we bade her good-bye.

She commenced. The Greek bishop and his priests, with the bishop's Mejlis or council came together in great indignation. A deputation waited on both her and her husband Daûd, and entreated her to desist, or the rather, to teach a school for *them*, but on this condition that no Protestant child should be allowed in the school, and they would pay her a good salary. "Never," said she, "will I consent to such a plan. I shall invite Moslems, and Jews, Jacobites, Greeks, and Catholics to my school, and shall I reject Protestant children, when for eight years I have been taught and trained by Protestants?"

They then threatened excommunication against all who would send their children to her, and in the Greek Church the great curse was fulminated against all such erring and foolish ones as should send children to the heretics. Raheel held on her way. Nasif Sellûm encouraged her and soon they had twenty girls of all sects. The bishop was in a rage. He is a foreign Ionian Greek and hates Protestants in the most senseless and fearful manner. A Prussian prince visited Palmyra and Hamath last spring and on reaching Hamath, sent to the Greek bishop and asked his hospitality. The brutal ecclesiastic, on hearing that he was a Protestant, refused to entertain him, and the prince went to the little upper room of the Protestant preacher Nasif, and spent the night. The bishop raged against the new girls' school with such violence that the Greek community became divided in two parties, one for the school and one against it. The last letter from Raheel states that she has sixty pupils.

At this time the mission decided to occupy Zahleh. In November, 1872, Rev. Gerald F. Dale was stationed in Zahleh. The Zahleh church was organized June, 1873, and Rev. F. W. March joined Mr. Dale November 19, 1873. On November 19, 1876, the Zahleh church edifice was dedicated.

I have often thought of the monthly concert as the great link between the Christian Church and a perishing world. One hour a month is certainly little enough to devote to prayer and information about the hundreds of foreign missionaries, in various empires and nations, engaged in preaching, teaching, writing, and translating books, editing journals, visiting the people, travelling by land and sea, training a native ministry, overseeing the native churches, planning new modes of reaching blinded and hostile populations, conducting Sunday-schools, Bible classes, and having under their influence more or less directly, thousands of children and youth, and hundreds of thousands of heathen, Mohammedans and nominal Christians ; with seminaries, schools, colleges, hospitals, printing-presses, and type foundries, to say nothing of that most responsible and difficult of all works, the translation of the Word of God into the language of millions of our race. On the foreign field are combined all the Boards of our Church : Home Mission, Foreign Mission, Publication, Sustentation, Church Erection, Church Extension, Education, Primary, Collegiate, and Theological. There are hundreds of native churches, whose members, pastors, and teachers, need the sympathy and prayers of the whole Church. Your missionaries are a mere handful thrown out into the frontier line of the Lord's host among organized and mighty foes. The great source, the only source of their strength and success, is in the sustaining hand of the Lord Himself in answer to the prayers of the Lord's people. The thoughts and hearts and sympathies of the churches at home are naturally and inevitably taken up through the month with interests that are near and visible and pressing. The home work in all its branches must and ever will be linked to the very heart and life of the Church, and all through the month, it must and will be remembered in earnest prayer. But let the Church give that one sacred hour in the month, twelve hours in the year, to the work they are doing among the kingdoms of darkness. Let all missionaries and mission churches be assured that this one hour is the hour of contact between them and the great heart of the Church ; that they and their colabourers, the churches and







GROUP AT BEIRUT, 1871.

Back Row (beginning at left): James S. Dennis, George E. Post, H. H. Jessup, Samuel Jessup, William Bird.

Front Row: Dr. Van Dyck, S. E. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, D. Bliss, William M. Thomson.

pastors, the schools and seminaries, the translators and physicians, the editors and itinerants, the colporteurs and teachers, the persecuted and the suffering, the inquiring and awakened, as well as the great perishing myriads of the ignorant, superstitious and fanatical, are being thought of, prayed for, wrestled for and borne up on the arms of faith before the interceding Saviour, the faithful Promiser, who is Head over all things to the Church!

The thought that the Church at home is praying is a tower of strength to the missionary in distant lands. Whatever else is neglected let not the Church forget to pray; and what time more fit and more hallowed than the monthly concert, when those at home and their brethren and sisters abroad bend around one common mercy seat.

## A Cholera Year

The Tripoli school—Close brethernism—Government hostility—Dr. Ellinwood's visit—The Dog River—Dr. Danforth's death—The scourge of cholera 1873-1875.

**F**RIDAY, January 31, 1873, Mr. Calhoun and I went in a little Russian steamer to Tripoli to hold communion, receive members and negotiate for premises for the girls' boarding-school. We received Mr. Yakûb Surruf (now Dr. Surruf), a college graduate and for twenty-five years editor of the *Muktutaf Scientific Magazine* in Cairo. "Only one received?" some would say. Yet that one has become one of the most influential men in Modern Egypt. In that little congregation was Nofel Effendi, the well-known Arabic author and M. Elias Saadeh, who was converted in Beirut in 1886.

Mr. Antonius Yanni, our brother beloved for seventeen years, offered us his spacious house for ten years for 6,000 piastres or \$240 a year with eight rooms above for the girls' school and four spacious stone vaulted rooms below for chapel and boys' school. It was a cheap bargain and an admirable home for the school. The Board in New York finally modified the lease to five years, the owner to make needed repairs. It was subsequently purchased and enlarged and is one of the most complete educational establishments in the land. It has set the pace for schools of other sects and kept the lead in the education of girls in Northern Syria.

I shall never forget our return voyage on the Messageries French steamer. Mr. Calhoun and I walked the long deck with a calm sea all the way for four hours to Beirut. It was a delight to hold converse with such a man, who, for thirty-three years, had been studying the Bible and teaching it to the youth of

Syria. He was dignified and grave in appearance but had the heart of a child and enjoyed humour with great zest. In the higher realm of theological thought he had few peers. As Professor Park of Andover remarked, "He knows more about theology than any of us."

In February, 1873, Mr. Chas. Crocker of Sacramento, builder of the Pacific Railroad, visited Beirut and dined at President Daniel Bliss's. I was present. Mr. Crocker gave \$100 for the new college building, and on hearing of a Nubian slave girl who had taken refuge in Dr. Eddy's house in Sidon and whose late owner demanded \$25 for her, took out his purse and gave six Napoleons. He had been a strong anti-slavery man and this case appealed to him. The girl was set free.

On the 11th Franco Pasha died and was buried in great state at the Hazimiyeh on the Damascus Road four miles from Beirut. His chief monument is the row of "Pride of India" trees on both sides of the Damascus Road and on some of the mountain roads. He was a plain man and well meaning, but too easily influenced by political hacks and a fanatical priesthood.

At this time I was putting through the press Mosheim's Church History, a Sunday-school Question Book, and an illustrated book for children, with nine religious services every week and an extended correspondence in Arabic and English.

In January, 1874, Mr. P——, once connected with the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, came to Syria to propagate close Brethrenism. He was a man of morbid disposition, at times seeming to be mentally disordered but had a gift of prayer and pious language which fascinated not a few. Several discharged mission and college employees and some who were restless under the demand of the native churches for liberal gifts towards self-support joined him. He denounced a paid ministry and all church organization and taught perfectionism in its baldest phase. "No Christian can sin. It is the old man who sins. We are the new man. If the old man inside gets rampant and lies and steals I am not responsible." His illustration was that the entering of the new man into the old one was like thrusting a single cartridge

into a double-barrelled gun. The new man cannot sin. If the other barrel goes off and somebody is hurt, it is the old man's work. He travelled about and made a few converts here and there. In Hums one of his disciples robbed the shop of another. When called to account he replied triumphantly, "It was the 'insan el atek' (the old man) who did it."

In Germany one of this type of believers committed a crime and was brought before the judge. He put in the plea, "The old man did it; I did not." "Very well then," said the judge, "send that old man to jail for six months."

This peculiar sect has had many godly adherents in England but its tendency in this land has been Ishmaelitic and disintegrating. Each brother is bound to sit in judgment on every other and to commune with no one who is not perfect. The logical result soon followed.

At first they all met and each in turn administered the communion. None but brethren were admitted. Soon they split into sections neither of which would commune with the other and finally each formed an exclusive sect by himself. The result has been demoralizing, and has blasted the spiritual life of many, stopped all charitable and religious contributions among them, and stifled all evangelistic work. Mr. P—— said he was called to preach to the elect and to pull them out of the other sects. He seemed to have lost all hope and never laboured for the unconverted. The great aim seemed to be to break up the little evangelical church in Syria. Thirty-six years have passed and only the scarred and tattered remnants of his work remain. When he died, his widow, a strict follower of the "Brethren" views, sent for me to conduct his funeral, and I have conducted the funeral of all the members who have died in Beirut. One of the last was this same widow Sada, in her early days a gifted, sprightly and beautiful Christian teacher, but in her widowhood lapsed into melancholy. The son asked me to conduct her funeral service, which I did, assured that with all the strange vagaries of her later life, she was at heart a true child of Christ, who trusted in Him alone for salvation.

The Tripoli Girls' School which commenced with three pupils has now over forty. The New Year's festival of the school was noticed commendably by the Arabic journal of Beirut.

The Jesuits have lately been proved guilty of abducting two Greek girls from Beirut, one of whom they sent to Zahleh and the other to Sidon to their convents. Both of the girls were rescued and restored to their parents, after the French monks and nuns had tried to conceal their whereabouts by an amount of hedging that would shame a Nusairi.

The American Press in Beirut, established in Malta in 1822 and removed to Beirut in 1834, has always conformed strictly to the laws of the empire. The code of laws of public instruction was issued in the Turkish language in 1869, but not translated for years afterwards. The pashas themselves were ignorant of its provisions. All knew that it was unlawful to print anything attacking the Sultan or his government or prejudicial to good morals.

In March, 1874, Dr. Van Dyck printed a little tract for Louis Sabanjy a papal Syriac priest, replying to attacks upon another priest, Yusef Daûd, printed without objection from the government and written by the Maronite bishop of Beirut. Priest Y. Daûd had established the well-known fact in church history that the Maronites were a heretical Monothelite sect holding that Christ had only one will, a divine will. Sabanjy's tract defended Daûd's position and contained nothing against the government or good morals. The Maronites complained and Ibrahim Pasha sent and ordered Dr. Van Dyck to shut the press for a month and pay a fine of ten Turkish pounds. Dr. Van Dyck referred him to Mr. Consul Hay and protested against the pasha's adjudging the case without a trial. The protest was forwarded to Constantinople and not heard of again. A few days later the deputy chief of police sent a piece of job work to our press and it was printed for the government. A Maronite banker more zealous than discreet offered our mechanical manager two hundred pounds as a bribe if he would shut up the press for a month, to save the dignity of the Maronite bishop.

Since that day the government has given the press a regular official permit, and as the new laws are perfectly understood we have comparatively little trouble. The chief difficulty is with the censors of the press. No one objects to a censorship, in a land where men of all sects are ready to fly at each other's throats and to vituperate others in language surpassing an Arkansas backwoods editor. But the trouble is with the censor himself. Every foreign book coming into the empire through the custom-house is detained by the censor for examination. If the book contains anything about Mohammed or the Sultan or Turkey or Syria or Arabia or Mecca it will be either mutilated or confiscated. Encyclopedias as such are prohibited as they are supposed to contain articles on these subjects. As a result all encyclopedias coming to Turkey have these articles cut out before shipment from America.

Even Murray's and Baedeker's guide-books are often seized and confiscated by overzealous inspectors. Of every Arabic book prepared in manuscript for publication we must send two manuscript copies to Constantinople for examination. There it may be detained six months or a year, and then it comes back so mutilated in many cases as to be unfit for publication. And the printed copy must be sent to Constantinople for comparison again before it is offered for sale. Sometimes the censors are grossly ignorant and make endless trouble. Alas for the daily papers which must send a proof of every day's edition to the censor who may at the eleventh hour strike out several columns and oblige the editor to substitute other matter and refer it again to the censor. On this account the editors keep in type quantities of padding, such as poems and European gossip, etc., which they substitute for the victimized and proscribed matter.

Prof. John Orne of Harvard published an account of the American Press in 1894 in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. His estimate of its importance is of great value, and ought to be read by all interested in missions.

On February 12, 1874, I wrote Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D. D., in part:

“The past month has been one of unprecedented storms throughout Syria. Rain, hail, snow, accompanied by violent gales of wind, have swept over sea and land. The destruction of property by landslides and floods is wide-spread and disheartening to the poor fellahin. In the north the sheep have died by hundreds. Many poor wayfaring men have been swept away by the swollen streams, and the heights of Lebanon are covered with such a mass of snow that the Damascus diligence has not been able to run for a fortnight so that thousands of men are now at work digging through the drifts. The houses of the mountaineers are saturated with water and many roofs have fallen in. One caravan from Hums to Tripoli had to slaughter three camels which had broken their legs in the deep mud sloughs on the way. Last year the whole land was perishing from drought and now it is suffering from floods of water. Would that we had such tokens of the spirit's presence as we long for! The news of financial pressure at home is painful to us here, and we must apply the knife of retrenchment without shrinking. We are beginning to shut up some of our schools already. The printing work is to be reduced at once, and we are proposing to stop the issue of the weekly, *Neshra*, the Arabic religious paper which is identified with the name of the mission throughout Syria. You may depend on our willingness to make all possible sacrifices to help the Board of Missions to weather the storm. The Austrian Lloyd steamer is just in, having thrown overboard a part of its cargo to save the ship during a storm. We must do the same. At all events we will not give up the ship.”

During this year Mr. Dale was greatly troubled in Zahleh by the arbitrary arrest of the keeper of the book-shop and his banishment without a trial. Miss Wilson had gone to England. Some months later the priest who had preferred charges against him was himself banished for striking and insulting the same native helper, and subsequently His Excellency, the pasha, became the warm friend of Mr. Dale, the mission, and the college. Mr. Wood was transferred to Sidon, as the work done in the Abeih school had been transferred to the college. In Beirut land was



purchased in the eastern quarter for a chapel and a school-house.

Consul-General Hay was removed and Col. George Fisher came in his place.

Miss Fisher's health having failed, she returned to America and Mrs. Shrimpton resigned her position in the Tripoli School.

Dr. Thomson spent six months in England on business connected with "The Land and the Book."

Dr. and Mrs. Eddy and children and Misses Anna H. Jessup and Lilian Jessup left for America in June.

At this time the Turkish authorities allowed it to be published in Constantinople that all Protestant schools were to be closed. The word reached Europe and we received letters asking if it were true.

1. Rev. Mr. Zeller of Nazareth tried to open a girls' school in Acre and was forbidden.

2. In Safta where American schools had been in operation for nine years the local mudir got orders to close them but told the people he thought it too small a business to make trouble about.

3. In the Nusairiyeh Mountains east and southeast of Latakia, twenty-five schools of the American Reformed Presbyterian Mission which had been in operation for twenty years were forcibly closed by the Turkish officials and that poor pagan population, thirsting for education, are forbidden to allow their children to be taught. The persecution near Latakia was brutal and violent. Turkish soldiers broke down the doors of the American school building, insulted the teacher's wife and tore off her clothing and jewelry, arrested all the Christian young men, bound them and took them prisoners.

The case was referred to the Protestant ambassadors at the Porte and full statements sent to the Evangelical Alliance in London, that pillar of religious liberty and shield of the persecuted throughout the world, and an investigation was ordered. But the Turks have closed the door to all Christian light for the pagan Nusairiyeh, resolved on making them Moslems. But they still hate and curse Islam and pray for the day when their children can be taught in the Christian schools again.

Notwithstanding the outburst of hostility to our schools not one of them has been closed. In December, 1874, we had sixty-one common schools with 1,753 boys and 510 girls; three female seminaries in Beirut, Tripoli and Sidon with seventy-six pupils; one boys' seminary with thirty boys; one college with sixty-eight students, making 2,474 pupils in all.

In 1860 Dr. Thomson declared that the Arabic Press would one day be sent over 120 degrees of longitude, from Mogadore on the Atlantic to Pekin in Eastern China. In 1874 this had become a fact, and in December, 1874, an order came from the governor-general of Allahabad in North India for a considerable number of Arabic books published at the Beirut Mission Press. Books had already been sent to Liberia and Pekin and thus the influence of the Syria Mission Press was extending more and more widely.

September 19, 1874, I wrote a friend: "The Syrian summer is drawing towards its close and I write to tell you of a few facts bearing on its recent history. As the last winter was one of intense cold, deep snows, famine and suffering, so the summer has been one of unprecedented sickness. I suppose it would be safe to say that tens of thousands of the people are now lying sick of various fevers from Gaza on the south to Aleppo on the north. In some villages work is almost suspended. Yesterday I was in Ain Zehalteh, one of the highest and healthiest of the mountain villages, and 150 of the people were prostrated with fever out of a population of less than 600. Two young students of the Beirut Medical College had their hands full in tending upon the sick. All through Palestine and the region east of the Jordan fevers are an epidemic.

"The Turkish military expedition to Northern Moab for the subjection of the rebellious Arab tribes was broken up by the illness of the officers and men. One of the tribes of the Bedawin had sent seven young sheikhs to a certain village as hostages and one of them fell sick. The tribe demanded their release or removal to a healthier place. The Turks declined. Soon after the Bedawin mustered a force of 400 horsemen and attacked the

town by night, overpowered the forty Turkish troops, released the hostages, and plundered the treasury of 30,000 piastres. The Arab tribes on the borders have been unusually turbulent and destructive in their raids this summer, and the villagers north, east, and south of Damascus have suffered irreparable loss in cattle, sheep, camels, and grain. The 'Sabeans' and 'Chaldeans' of the time of Job maintain worthy successors in the land of Uz in these modern times. The Bedawin question is as great a problem for the Turks as is the Indian question for the Americans.

"After all that is said of the decay of the Ottoman power, it is certain that they have shown marvellous energy in keeping up their military and civil service throughout the empire. They do somehow collect enormous taxes and gather immense sums of money from the people; even when famine and want are crushing them to the dust. They maintain a well-equipped army and have recently imported into Syria 180 rifled steel breech-loading pieces of field artillery, and cargo of American breech-loading rifles, with fixed ammunition. They are about taking a census of the whole empire and seem to be laying their plans to live, whatever else the Russian government may be planning for them. They have a postal telegraph service, defective enough, and yet enabling the central power in Constantinople to move the whole empire like a machine.

"Hostility to foreigners, and jealousy of their presence and operations of every description, commercial, educational, and religious, are on the evident increase. Let us be thankful to God that the opportunities of the past have been improved, and that the Bible has a foothold in every important part of the Turkish Empire to-day, from which nothing short of a second St. Bartholomew's day can expel it. The translation and printing of the Arabic Bible alone, as accomplished already, will more than justify the expenditure of men and means during half a century in Syria. And were the Syria Mission to-day to be expelled by fire and sword, that Bible would remain and with it the evangelical churches and evangelical sentiments of thousands of the people of the various sects in the land.

“On the 11th of November, 1874, two beloved elders of the Beirut church, Mr. Elias Fuaz and Mr. John Abcarius, called on me and presented me on behalf of the Beirut church a beautiful octagonal walnut casket, containing a filigree silver tray, with twelve silver coffee cup holders, and a gold lined silver sugar bowl, with an Arabic letter from the Beirut church full of expressions of loving gratitude for my services to them for the fourteen years past. I had been acting as their pastor for the past fourteen years and although constantly urging them to call a native pastor, I had been obliged to continue in this service for want of a suitable candidate. I had been acting pastor of the church—not of my own choice, but by the vote of my brethren. I always regarded the relation as a mere temporary one, made necessary by the failure to find a native pastor. I preached to them and visited them when sick and well, married them, baptized their children, administered the Lord's Supper, and buried their dead. I loved them, tried to bear their infirmities and at times found the position a trying one, but I loved them and they evidently loved me in return. But the situation was perilous and I was relieved more than words can express when in July, 1890, my old pupil Rev. Yusef Bedr was settled over the church as its first legitimate pastor. I keep this gift as a precious souvenir of the good men and women, now almost all gone to glory, with whom I lived and laboured for many years.

“The transit of Venus on the morning of the 9th of December was an event of profound interest. Dr. Van Dyck the astronomer of the Beirut College had published in the *Neshra* a calculation of the exact time of the beginning and end of the transit and though the preceding day was one of clouds and rain, the morning of Wednesday was clear and beautiful. When the mighty disk of the sun came rolling up above the summits of Mount Lebanon, the planet Venus, that bright morning star, lay like a minute black speck on its face. It continued to move upward and northward, until at 8:29 it touched the inner edge of the sun's circumference and at 8:53 its outer edge. It was plainly visible through a plain smoked glass, and multitudes were watch-

ing its progress. Dr. Van Dyck obtained successful observations of the transit which have been transmitted to the Imperial Observatory at Constantinople and to London. It was a most impressive spectacle and affected my mind as no eclipse or other phenomenon ever did before. And it was perhaps because my thoughts took a religious direction at the very moment of the observation. It became a striking illustration of what the brightest earthly objects may become when thrust between us and Christ. This fair planet whose soft liquid light is so brilliant in September that it is reflected in the sea and casts a distinct shadow, which knows no peer among the stars when filling its legitimate sphere and shedding the reflected rays of the sun's original light, is suddenly transformed in December into a positive deformity, an unsightly blot on the sun's face, and instead of shining upon the earth, actually intercepts a portion of the sunlight and prevents its reaching the earth. Thus anything earthly, however shining and attractive, however useful and noble, when in its proper sphere, subordinate to Christ and borrowing its lustre and glory from Him, becomes a blemish, a blot, an injury, when obtruding itself between us and our Saviour. Here in the East the whole machinery of Oriental Ritualism in the Eastern Churches has been thrust between the people and Christ and becomes a dark blot, a cloud interrupting the light of the Sun of Righteousness. The Church, so lovely in itself when shining in the light of Christ, loses its lustre and becomes a mere dark and insignificant body, when thrust into the place of Christ or magnified above Him.

“Venus never appeared to my eye so small, as when brought into such overwhelming contrast with the stupendous proportions of the King of Day. On a summer's evening when seen from Lebanon, just dropping into the sea, whose waves are silvered with its light for miles, Venus seems almost a sun in itself. It is shining as God intended it to shine, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. But when in a transit across the sun's face, it seemed so small, so black, that it was easy to believe what the astronomers tell us, that one hundred and ten such spots would hardly form a line long enough to cross the diameter of the sun.”



A VIEW IN LEBANON  
Near Ain Anüb, on the road between Abeih and Beirut.



1875—On February 17th, we were favoured with a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Ellinwood. As secretary of the Board he had been in China, Japan, Siam, and India, and his stay in Syria was a blessing to us all. We held a meeting of the mission and listened to his counsels. There was no air of official dignity nor assumption of the right to dictate, but a simple, clear, level-headed handling of even the most complicated questions. He gave us the benefit of his observations in the missions in Central and Eastern Asia, and we enjoyed the intercourse with a man so scholarly, consecrated and refined.

The long expected celebration of the introduction of the Dog River water into Beirut took place yesterday, May 14, 1875, in an immense canopy erected on the top of the upper reservoir. The Waly of Syria, the Governor of Lebanon, the Pasha of Beirut, and the Algerian Prince, Abd el Kadir of Damascus, as well as all the dignitaries foreign and native of Beirut and Lebanon, together with the missionaries, bishops, priests, merchants, physicians, etc., etc., assisted at the exercises.

This living volume of "streams from Lebanon" is a glorious boon to this ancient city. The name Beeroth (Beirut) "City of Wells" will remain, but the wells from which water has been drawn for thousands of years will soon go into disuse. Public hydrants are opened in the different quarters of the city, fountains are beginning to play in private gardens. Dwellings, schools, churches, khans, mosques, shops, and coffee-houses are being supplied rapidly with the delicious water, and Beirut is receiving fresh vitality.

Editors and poets are vying with each other in singing the praises of the Dog River water and Damascus is no longer suffered to boast over its rival Beirut.

What a type water is of the blessings of the Gospel. May the life-giving streams of gospel truth soon flow in every house and every heart, not only in Beirut but in all Syria!

On June 29th, Dr. Van Dyck was summoned by telegraph to the bedside of Dr. Galen B. Danforth, in Tripoli. Dr. Danforth was dangerously ill with gastric malarial fever and succumbed to



it July 9th, leaving a widow and two little daughters, just one month after Mr. S. H. Calhoun and family sailed for America. He had been in Syria three and one-half years and had begun a career of great usefulness. His reputation was growing and the sorrow at his death was great through the whole region of Tripoli, Safita, and Hums.

When stricken down he was planning to summer with Rev. Samuel Jessup in the picturesque village of Seir, six hours east of Tripoli. On June 5th I rode up there with him, my brother Samuel and Mr. Hardin. It is the most beautiful site in Lebanon, crystal streams and fountains of ice-cold water, splendid ancient oak trees, and bracing air, and above on the south and east towering cliffs thousands of feet high. While there, Mustafa Agha, whose guests we were, stole my field-glasses from my saddle-bags outside the door while pretending to be getting coffee for us.<sup>1</sup> The village is owned by two rival feudal families of Moslem robbers and sheep thieves, with half a dozen Maronite peasants as their retainers. Could that nest of cutthroats be cleared out and a decent peasantry be placed there, it would be the most attractive summer resort in Syria. As it is, no one ventures in to that earthly paradise. The death of Dr. Danforth who married Emily Calhoun, followed the next year in December by the death in Buffalo, N. Y., of Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun, "the Saint of Lebanon," broke up that family in Abeih which for twenty-seven years had been the model family of Mount Lebanon, where the noble, godly, scholarly life of the father, the sweet, gladsome, cheerful piety of the mother, and the loveliness of the children, made it the most attractive of earthly homes.

Mrs. Calhoun returned to Syria in 1877 and laboured in Deir el Komr, Beirut, and Shwifat. Her daughter Susan was stationed in the Tripoli Girls' School in 1879 and at Shwifat in 1880.

The only son, Charles William Calhoun, M. D., a graduate of

<sup>1</sup> When we came out to mount I missed the glass, and he swore by the beard of Mohammed that he would punish the man who stole it. Ten years later Dr. Ira Harris of Tripoli was called to the beg's house and saw my glass there minus one lens!

Williams, his father's alma mater, and a skillful surgeon, came to the mission from America in July, 1879, and took up the work of his late brother-in-law in Tripoli. He was a hearty, whole-souled devoted missionary; boyish, and so full of life and humour that he kept his patients laughing even when tortured with pain. He was welcomed in the villages where his clinics were crowded with hundreds of the diseased and suffering, and his skill and patience gave him a great reputation.

Cholera raged in Syria in 1865, and returned in 1875. The latter visitation began in Hamath among the Mecca pilgrims. It appeared in June, and spread to Hums, Damascus and Beirut.

Jewish refugees from Damascus carried the pest to the village of Saghbin on the east slope of the Lebanon range facing Mount Hermon. Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., who was living in Zahleh with his colleague, Mr. F. W. March, had a little Protestant flock in Saghbin and hearing that there were some twenty cases in the village resolved to go to their help, and, if possible, stay the plague.

We in Beirut, profiting by the experience of 1865, had prepared a large supply of the noted "Hamlin Cholera Remedy" (equal parts of laudanum, camphor and rhubarb) and sent it to all the stations, with printed instructions in English and Arabic, taken from Dr. Hamlin's pamphlet and annotated by Dr. Van Dyck. Mr. Dale had received a supply and gave out in Zahleh that he was going to stricken Saghbin. Now as usual at such times the whole country was covered with a network of cordons, village against village, and no one from Saghbin could enter Zahleh. The people flocked to Mr. Dale's house and begged him not to go. "It will be certain death to you." "No matter, I am not afraid. I must go and help those poor people." The "Zahlehites" begged him not to go and finally when he had succeeded in finding one man willing to go as his muleteer, they warned him that he would not be allowed to return to Zahleh.

On reaching the village he found the teacher at his post, who reported some thirty cases of cholera, and the victims in despair, as it was supposed there was no remedy for it. The mass of the

people and all of the priests had fled to the vineyards far up the mountainside, leaving the sick without food or care. Mr. Dale took the teacher and the medicines and went to every patient, giving them the medicine and the directions and assuring them that they would recover. His remedies and his cheery and encouraging words did wonders. Only one patient died after his arrival. He kept going the rounds and trained the teacher to use the medicines. At sunset he rang the chapel bell for service. The timid people in the vineyards hearing the bell took courage and began to come back. Confidence was restored and the plague was stayed. The Protestants all returned to their houses, took lessons in the use of the medicines, and in a week the morale of the people was restored.

Mr. Dale, then, finding that he could not return to Zahleh, crossed the Lebanon range and came to my house in Shemlan, where he was a great favourite with the children. This visit of Mr. Dale to Saghbin and his care of the sick, when priests and people had abandoned their sick, gave him great influence in all that region. On his return to Zahleh in August he had an ovation, and his example won him and his cause many friends. In April, 1876, seventy families there had become Protestants.

Cholera had now, August 6th, reached Beirut, and the Lebanon government placed a quarantine of six days on all persons coming out of Beirut. As we were all in Lebanon, this put a stop to our visiting Beirut. Some 20,000 of the Beirut population had fled to the Lebanon towns and villages. The muleteers, who reaped a harvest by transporting the panic-stricken people to the mountains, had circulated the most alarming false reports for some twenty days of sudden deaths in Beirut, long before a case of cholera had occurred.

The Arabic journals discussed what ought to be done and the city government exerted itself with unprecedented energy in cleansing the streets, lanes, and vaults. The Moslems, contrary to their usual custom, were leaving the city in large numbers for the mountains, and the new Mohammedan journal, *Tumrat el Funnoun*, had an elaborate article on the Divine Decrees and Fate

which is so characteristic that I will translate a part of it. The object of the writer, Sheikh Ibrahim Effendi Ahdab, is to persuade his fellow Moslems to remain in Beirut without fear of cholera.

“ Man’s allotted term of life is an impregnable fortress. God has appointed man’s sorrows and joys by an eternal decree and wherever man turns, he must walk in the path fixed by irreversible fate.

“ Be calm then ; our affairs are fixed by decree. Banish from your thoughts all deceit. Remain where you are and save yourselves the trouble of removing. Nothing you can do will shield you from fate. Everything is by decree and fate. No human precautions are of any avail. The divine allotment is the castle of our life. He decides in His wisdom as He finds necessary. When a man’s day of doom is far off, no plague or accident can hasten it, no arrow or evil eye can smite him. He is safe in his way and kept by the care of his Lord. Let him rush into deadly battle, let him leave a life of quiet for the crashing of spear-heads, let him hurl himself into the jaws of lions, let his only light in darkness be the flashing of the shining spear, yet he is safe.

“ But if his day of death be at hand, there is no hope of prolonging life. No care or cunning can ward off the blow of death. No precaution of ours can lengthen life the winking of an eye. How can care or caution affect what fate has appointed ?

“ Can he escape from fate though he fly away on the wings of eagles ? Can the walls of castles keep off the approach of death ? or shield from his arrows when once his bow is bent ?

“ One of the ancient kings fled from the plague, defying the divine decree, and when a short distance away from the city, fell a victim to the plague. The lines of his fate met when fate decreed. This proves our position and leads one to believe what we asserted that there is no use in running away from pestilence. It is better for each man to remain in his place and resign himself to the decree and fate ; especially if he be among the leaders of the people, whom great and small look up to and imitate and no harm shall befall him.

“When Khalid Ibn el Walid, the great Sword of Islam, drew near to death, as he lay on his bed in peace, after he had plunged in to the very abysses of war and carnage, and there was not a spot on his body unscarred by battle wounds and the point of the spear and arrow, he exclaimed (may God be propitious to him), ‘Behold, I who have lived amid such perils and raised the standard in so many battles, now die a natural death upon my bed!’ And this also proves our position.

“If it be replied that God has bidden us avoid the leprous and to escape from lions, and to this there is no exception, I reply that this refers to him whose faith is strong, that if he escapes he will avoid these dangers. And the command was given to prevent men falling into doubt when their faith is not strong enough to enable them to face the danger. The traditions of the Prophet prove this. He once (peace be upon him) sat down to eat with a leper, and thrust his hand into the dish with him saying, ‘Eat trusting in God and fear no evil.’

“Of a like character is the Prophet’s injunction to neither enter nor leave a place where there is pestilence. This command was given for the confirmation of faith that believers might not fall into doubt.

“Similar is what is said of the Khalif Omr (may God favour him) when he refused to enter a plague-stricken city, in obedience to the command ‘enter not,’ and he was asked, ‘Do you refuse to enter in order to escape from the decree of God?’ He said, ‘Yes, we escape from God’s decree to God’s decree,’ and he said this to prevent the weak minded from holding views contrary to the Prophet’s command.

“In truth, life is limited by fate. When our time comes it will not delay. The Great Agent is God the Exalted. There is none beside Him. No creature can die without His decree and ordinance. Trust in God. Leave all things to His decree and you will be at rest from all anxious thoughts. Fate has limited our lives. Whatever befalls you was decided from eternity by the One Creator.”

This is in brief the substance of the sheikh’s poetical utterance,

and the editor Abd el Kadir Kobbany clinches the argument by what he styles "A Practical Sermon Confirming the Above."

"One of the Christian citizens of Damascus fled to one of the villages of Jebel Kolmûn to escape from the cholera which has driven so many to flee from their homes at great sacrifice and inconvenience. He took with him his wife and son and on arriving at what he supposed to be a place of safe refuge, and settling his house, his servant girl opened a tin of kerosene oil by melting the red wax stopper with a lighted candle when by a concurrence (!) it took fire and burned up the house and the entire family. Consider then and wonder how the divine decree and fate led them out to the place appointed for their destruction by a cause other than what they had feared and tried to escape from!"

From this you can derive some idea of the modern Moslem journalistic treatment of the great theological doctrine of fate. Just how they act upon it and just what they mean by it is better seen by their deeds than by their words.

In 1865 they induced the Mufti of Beirut to decide *ex cathedra* that Mohammed forbade flying from the plague, but inasmuch as cholera did not exist in those days, he had no reference to cholera and men can act now as they please.

This year they are going off to the mountains in large numbers having permission to leave, on Omer's ground that "they flee from God's decree to God's decree," and that if they go to Lebanon they are decreed to go to Lebanon, etc.

But the modern Moslem is not disposed to imitate Mohammed by putting his hands into the dish and eating with a leper. He would insist that the leper be clean first. Immediately following the article on fate is one on cleanliness and diet.

The editor was in grandiloquent style mixing his remarks with wit and satire.

He warns the people against gluttony and intemperance; says that in some of the streets and alleys he cannot pass without holding both his nose and his mouth with his hands and that it is enough to give one the plague to look at some of the outhouses of the Beirut mansions. He begs the gluttons to restrain them-

selves, to put their minds into their heads and not to eat three meals in one. He earnestly recommends that they do not begin the day by eating, as he had himself observed, on an empty stomach, five unpeeled cucumbers, followed by half a dozen hard boiled eggs, and crowned with three pounds of apricots, as such a course might damage their fellow men.

He says that unless the town is thoroughly cleaned, few can escape the apprehended pestilence. He says that some may object that filth and gutters and garbage are not clean subjects for a respectable editor to talk about, but he replies that "if you will clean the city I will have a clean subject to write upon and the cleaner the city the cleaner the paper!"

His fatalism fails him on this subject.

The semi-annual meeting of the mission was held in Abeih in September attended by eight missionaries. It was decided that the Abeih Boys' Seminary should hereafter, 1st, train teachers, 2d, prepare boys for the college, 3d, teach English to theological candidates. Negotiations were set on foot to purchase the Jebran Abela house in Sidon for the girls' boarding-school. Miss Kipp, broken down in health, sailed December 15th, on the American bark *Robinson Crusoe* for Boston.

Captain Robinson, on his return to Beirut, said to me, "Miss Kipp is the most truly sincere Christian woman I ever met. She is pure gold." She afterwards laboured in Auburn in the Old Ladies' Home with great acceptance and continued there until her death.

Mrs. Hanford (now Mrs. Professor Moore of Andover) took her place in Tripoli school. Dr. W. W. Eddy and family and Dr. Dennis and family returned from America. Cholera having ceased in Beirut, the mission schools and the college opened as usual in October.

The year of 1876 was one of great unrest and excitement throughout the Turkish Empire. Insurrection broke out in Bosnia and Herzegovina, in Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria. May 6th the French and German consuls were murdered in Salonica and massacres occurred in Bulgaria. May 12th a revo-

lution occurred in Constantinople resulting in the fall of the Grand Vizier Mahmoud Pasha. May 30th the Sultan Abdul Azîz was deposed and Murad V elevated in his place. June 4th Abdul Azîz was assassinated. August 31st Murad V was deposed, being succeeded by Abdul Hamid II. December 19th Midhat Pasha, a man of liberal and enlightened views, was appointed grand vizier and on December 23d a constitution was proclaimed for the Turkish Empire.

The Mohammedans were distressed at the drain on their men for the wars in the north and the Christians were in constant fear. When the constitution was proclaimed, the Pasha of Beirut, a liberal and enlightened man, summoned representatives of all the sects to the seraia to hear the firman of Abdul Hamid giving equal civil rights to all the Sultan's subjects and granting to the Christians the right of military service and office. After the reading of the official firman in both the Turkish and Arabic languages, the pasha asked an old Mohammedan sheikh of the Orthodox School to close the ceremony with prayer. All the company arose, when the sheikh, a venerable white-bearded dignitary, stepped forward and prayed the following stereotyped prayer which is used in prayers for the Sultan: "O Allah, grant the victory to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan. Destroy all his enemies; destroy the Russians; O Allah, destroy the infidels. Tear them in tatters, grind them in powder, rend them in fragments, because they are the enemies of the Mohammedans, O Allah!" He was about to proceed when the mufti, or chief interpreter of the Koranic law, stepped rapidly up to him, pulled him by the coat collar, stopped him and whispered in his ear, when he proceeded, "O Allah, destroy the infidels because they are the enemies of the Moslems, the Christians, and the Jews." This was an Orthodox Mohammedan prayer,<sup>1</sup> but the mufti was shrewd enough to see that it needed modification, since the new firman guaranteed equal rights to all, and it was hardly the proper thing to offer it in the presence of the clergy of the Greeks, Catholics, Maronites, Armenians and

<sup>1</sup> See Lane's "Modern Egyptians," Vol. II.



Protestants, and the rabbis of the Jews. When the ceremony was ended the bishops left in high dudgeon and sent a protest to the pasha against that prayer. He replied courteously that it was a mistake and would never be repeated.

War did not actually break out with Russia until April, 1877, but the entire year 1876 was full of anxiety and fear among the Christian population.

The mission suffered great loss this year in the resignation and return to America, August 4th, of Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," and the death of Rev. S. H. Calhoun in Buffalo December 14th. We have already given a sketch of the lives of these two eminent men, the like of whom we shall not see again. Dr. Thomson lived some years in New York and then in Denver, Col., with his daughter Mrs. Maria Walker, in whose house he died April 8, 1894, aged eighty-nine years. His daughter Miss Emilia removed to Tripoli in May, as colleague of Miss H. La Grange, who arrived in January with Miss Everett from New York. Since that time for thirty-three years Miss La Grange has continued as the faithful, beloved and successful head of the Tripoli Girls' Boarding-School. Miss Thomson later on came to Beirut where she is an invaluable member of the faculty of the girls' school.

The Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil has just been in Beirut and visited all our literary institutions and went carefully through the press. We gave him a set of all our Arabic scientific and educational publications and a fine copy of the vowelled Arabic Bible for the library of Brazil. He was a plain, modest man, who came to Syria incognito and showed a deep interest in all educational and literary work. We little thought that in thirteen years he would be obliged to abdicate, and that within thirty years not less than 25,000 Syrian emigrants would have entered Brazil and that several Arabic newspapers would be published in Rio Janeiro and San Paulo!

In April, 1877, Russia declared war against Turkey and the whole empire was in distress. Sixty thousand men were taken from Syria, leaving their families in thousands of cases unpro-

vided for and in great suffering. New money taxes were levied and the Christians, who at such times are envied on account of not having to furnish soldiers, were in great fear of massacre.

Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff visited Syria in April and we were greatly refreshed by his visit. He was in vigorous health and overflowing with wit and wisdom. Mrs. Schaff preceded him to Beirut in company with Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Starr of New York.

It gave me great pleasure to show Dr. Schaff our press, the schools, the college, the theological class, and the German Deaconesses' Institute. We asked him to address the theological students and I offered to translate for him, as the students did not know English. He began, and, to my dismay, I found he was speaking in Latin. I had been out of Yale College twenty-six years and my last essay in Latin was the presbytery trial piece in 1855, so that I had to use "that thing which I call my mind" with some rapidity, but Dr. Schaff spoke deliberately and I succeeded in giving them at least the "substance of doctrine" which the doctor was presenting with such mediæval fluency. Dr. Dennis and I made no comment on his fluency in Latin and I never spoke of it until the fall of 1879, when on the eve of my sailing for Syria he asked me to address the students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Here was a strong temptation to address them in Arabic. But I desisted and instead told the students of the doctor's addressing our Beirut students in Latin! At the close of the service the doctor said to me, "Did I actually speak at that time in Latin?" "Certainly," said I. "Well," said he, "I was not conscious of it at the time." He was so familiar with Latin that he spoke it as freely as English or German.

It was a fête day at the Prussian deaconesses, and as I walked down the street with him to visit them, the doctor asked me if I had ever read Hans Breitman. I said yes. He was much pleased and began to repeat the whole of "Hans Breitman gave a barty," and "Where is that barty now? Gone to the ewigkeit," and he shook with laughter as he recited it. Leland's Anglo-German language he appreciated most keenly.

On entering my study he looked around on the books and his eye caught a row of "Lange's Commentary edited by P. Schaff," and he exclaimed, "Mountains of mud with here and there a vein of gold."

"Yes," said I, "and the gold is chiefly the work of the American editor."

He was deeply interested in securing a Biblical museum in Union Theological Seminary and left \$350 with a committee consisting of Dr. George Post, Dr. E. R. Lewis, and myself to purchase "such implements and articles original or imitated as are of real interest and useful to theological students for the understanding of Bible history and Bible lands and the domestic, social, and religious life of the Jews. Also a judicious selection of Bible plants and Bible animals. If you need \$300 or \$500 more, I will raise the money. The museum must be completed no matter what it costs."

Just now all is anxiety and alarm about the great war between Russia and Turkey. A forced contribution of money about one dollar on every male Moslem over fifteen years of age is now being levied.

On February 9th I rode to Zahlch, through great drifts of snow from ten to twenty feet deep to help Mr. Dale in dedicating the new church at Jedeetha. It was built by funds sent by the mission school of the Brick Church in New York.

On my return I learned that General Grant was hourly expected on the *Vandalia* from Jaffa. He intends to go to Baalbec and Damascus, but it has been snowing for forty-eight hours on the heights of Lebanon, and I doubt whether even General Grant can "fight it out on that line."

Fifteen hundred Circassians have arrived in Beirut from Constantinople. They fled from the Caucasus to Bulgaria, and were engaged in the murderous assaults on the poor Bulgarian Christians. They are here en route for Hauran and other places in the interior. They are like walking arsenals, armed with knives, swords, pistols, and guns. One of them drew a knife on a young Greek merchant here on Thursday, and now the military are dis-

arming them. They are lodged in mosques and khans waiting for the Damascus Road to be opened. Yesterday I saw downtown a half-bushel of silver church ornaments, bracelets and so forth, which these miscreants had stolen from the Bulgarians, and are selling to the Beirut silversmiths to raise ready money. They have been offering their girls for sale in one of the mosques—a new business for Beirut. We only hope that they will leave as soon as possible, lest something arouse their fierce nature, and serious results ensue.

On January 31st the Russo-Turkish War ended, and on July 13th the treaty of Berlin was signed which separated from Turkey, Roumani Servia, and Montenegro, ceded the most of Turkish Armenia to Russia as well as Batûm, and made Bulgaria a Christian principality. Civil rights were guaranteed to non-Mohammedans in Turkey. Austria also occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina and England June 4th occupied Cyprus, engaging to maintain the integrity of the Turkish dominions in Asia.

Thousands of Circassians driven out of Bulgaria were brought to Syria and established flourishing colonies in Northern Syria and in Jaulan east of the Jordan.

In our mission field, owing to the death of Mr. Calhoun, the Abeih Academy has been discontinued, as the college preparatory department was expected to do the same work in the future. Dr. W. W. Eddy was transferred to Beirut for the theological class, and Rev. Frank Wood was transferred from Abeih to Sidon, but before he removed he was smitten down with mortal disease.

In April I left for America with my family and in July heard of the death of Mr. F. A. Wood of the Syria Mission. Mr. Wood had been for more than seven years in Syria. He had a fine knowledge of the Arabic language, was a man of superior culture, an enthusiastic teacher, of fervent piety, and great zeal.

Having been for three years the principal of Abeih Academy, he was about to remove to Sidon, as the training work done in Abeih is hereafter to be done in the college in Beirut. His

death leaves the Sidon field in the sole charge of young Mr. Eddy who is to sail for Syria August 31st. Mr. Wood was greatly and deservedly beloved. The missionaries are deeply afflicted in his death. The native church will lament his death as will his pupils and friends throughout Syria. Physically athletic, he seemed likely to outlive us all. His widow and the little daughter Lucy are entitled to the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

In August Mrs. Calhoun, who had returned from America, was stationed in Deir el Komr to labour among the women and girls. Miss Jackson and Mrs. Wood returned to America.

I sailed with my family April 11th for America. The morning of that day at half-past six I called to bid good-bye to Mr. N. Tubbajy, that dear man of God whom I loved as a brother. He had been confined to his bed for weeks, and after I offered prayer he drew me down and kissed me and wept. I was much overcome. He was one of the purest, truest men I ever knew and loved, and before I returned from America he was released from his sufferings. He was the prime mover in the erection of the "Eastern Chapel" and left a legacy for the support of a school in connection with it.

At ten o'clock I went with my brother Samuel and other friends to the house of Mrs. A. Mentor Mott, where 1,500 school children were assembled and I made them a parting address. They, through their teachers, presented to me a beautiful Arabic farewell address. That sight of such a multitude of children being taught in evangelical mission schools was stamped upon my memory and was a comfort to me during the long months of my absence.

After a prosperous trip by land and sea we reached New York, May 15th, and after spending one night at my mother's in Montrose, I went to the General Assembly in Pittsburg, where I met many old friends and was entertained by Mr. Robert Hays in Allegheny.

At Yale commencement I was the guest of President Woolsey and met Professor Salisbury, Hon. Peter Parker, and S. Wells

Williams, both of China. In June we also attended the golden wedding of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge at Tarrytown.

In July I attended with my sons William and Henry the hundredth anniversary of the city of Wilkesbarre, and at a reception given by an old friend, Mrs. Charles Parrish, met President R. B. Hayes, Secretary of State John Sherman, and Governor Hartranft. Seventy-five thousand people listened or tried to listen to the speech of the President. My brother Samuel, Dr. Eddy, and Dr. Dennis kept me informed about Syrian affairs; and I learned with sorrow of the death of Elias Fuaz, the oldest survivor of the First Protestant Church in Syria. He was always called Abu Nasif (father of Nasif) although he had no children. It was a title of respect. So when at about the age of sixty-five he married and had a son, he was obliged to call him Nasif. Little Nasif was a lovely boy, and as his door was directly across a narrow lane from my door, he was a favourite with my children. When about six years of age he was taken with severe convulsion and after a few days of struggle died. I never saw a more pathetic sight than the agony of that aged father over the death struggles of his only child, the child of his old age. He hardly left the bedside day or night for days and when the little grave was filled, he walked daily a mile to the cemetery carrying flowers. But life had lost its charm for him and he gradually declined and passed away.

During the summer of 1878 Rev. W. K. Eddy visited us in Montrose, and some weeks later, while on a visit to Scranton the First and Second Churches jointly agreed to support him, a son of Dr. Eddy, as their missionary to Syria. He was appointed and assigned to Sidon station, where his knowledge of Arabic and the Arab race enabled him at once to enter full upon work as a missionary, a work which he maintained with growing usefulness for twenty-nine years.

One day in June, 1878, when calling at the old mission house, 33 Centre Street, New York, Dr. Ellinwood took me down to the dimly lighted cellar where the luggage of incoming and outgoing missionaries was stored, and where young missionaries and

their wives did their packing, and showed me two massive slabs of wood of the Cedars of Lebanon, sent to him by Rev. O. J. Hardin of Tripoli, Syria, but which he found to be an elephant on his hands. No one would buy them and they were in the way. Would I take them and dispose of them? At that time in Montrose, Mr. Chas. Crandall, inventor of the famous "Building Blocks," had a toy factory filled with the most beautiful modern machinery, run by steam, planes, saws, dovetailing machines, lathes, and polishing sandpaper wheels, which filled me with delight. When a child I used to spend hours watching the village carpenters and wagon makers, but this elegant machinery made my "eyes water." We were kindly allowed free access to the mysterious shop from which emanated those curious creations of Mr. Crandall's genius which delighted hundreds of thousands of children all over the world. It struck me that here would be the place to turn those cedar logs to account for the benefit of the Tripoli Girls' Boarding-School. Mr. Crandall entered heartily into the scheme of cutting up that precious wood into table tops, paper folders, rulers, cubes, barrels, balls, paper weights, and so forth. So the large slabs six feet by two feet by ten inches were brought to Montrose. A contract was made with Mr. Crandall with minute specifications as to the style and finish of the blocks, and the work began. The cedar wood was so hard that the sparks flew from the circular saws, and some of the saws were broken.

The wood came into Mr. Hardin's possession in a peculiar way. No one is allowed to cut wood from that ancient cedar grove. It is a sacred place of the Maronites and is under the protection of the Patriarch of Lebanon. At times when "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars, yea the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon" (Psalm 29 : 5) and the lightning rends off huge branches from the trees, specimens of the wood can be obtained. The Grand Duke Maximilian visited Syria in the '60s, went to the Cedars and obtained permission from the patriarch to take several large slabs of wood. A Syrian merchant in the Meena of Tripoli took the job, and at great expense took native



A VIEW IN THE LEBANON

"Now therefore command Thou that they hew me cedar trees out of Lebanon." — 1 Kings 5: 1-10.  
The road to Damascus from Beirut crosses the mountains of Lebanon. The melting snow keeps the hillsides green. A railway crosses Lebanon at a height of 4,880 feet.





sawyers up to the grove, cut out these huge pieces, and transported them on camels to the Meena to await the frigate of the Austrian duke. But he took another route and the merchant was left with the lumber on his hands. The Austrian consul did not pay the expense he had incurred and he left them stored in a warehouse near the port. At length, after years of waiting, he offered them to his neighbour, Mr. Hardin, who bought them at a moderate figure and shipped them to Dr. Ellinwood.

They were from the old traditional cedar grove of B'sherreh, southeast of Tripoli and about 6,000 feet above the sea. The trees are about 425 in number and until the year 1862 it was supposed to be the only grove in Lebanon, but I have visited no less than eleven in Northern and Southern Lebanon, those at Hadeth el Jibbeh and Barûk containing thousands of trees, and were the all-devouring goats who eat up every green thing banished from Lebanon, there is no reason why Lebanon's heights could not again be crowned with magnificent forests of these splendid evergreen trees.

The grand ducal slabs were cut from a branch of one of the oldest trees reckoned by Mr. Calhoun and Dr. Thomson to be not less than three thousand years old. Ordinary tools made no impression on the wood, and but for the kind consent of Mr. Crandall to use his splendid machinery to cut it up and polish it, it must have remained as an heirloom for the Board of Foreign Missions. My children took great interest in the scheme of selling the finished blocks and fancy articles. Harry, then fourteen years old, was made secretary and treasurer of the cedar fund for the Tripoli school buildings. Advertisements with the descriptive price lists were sent to some twenty religious journals, a specimen of the wood being sent to each editor. Soon applications with postal money orders or cash began to pour into the Montrose post-office, and the outgoing-mails and the express offices took hundreds of carefully wrapped and labelled packages. At the final summing up, after paying all expenses, the sum of about six hundred dollars was sent to Dr. Ellinwood for the Tripoli school. It seemed fitting that the money should go to aid in

educating girls from the region of the ancient Cedars, for the river of Tripoli, the sacred Kadisha, springs from a gushing fountain a little way from the old cedar grove.

After spending July and August in visiting various churches, I set out September 9th, under the auspices of the Women's Boards of Missions, on a Western campaign. I entered upon it with great enthusiasm. It was a rare chance to see the West, to cross the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, to see Chicago, and to meet with thousands of good Christian people. I was absent forty-six days; made forty-eight addresses, travelled four thousand four hundred and fifty miles and addressed about thirteen thousand people. After spending Sunday, September 29th, at Dubuque with Dr. D. J. Burrell, I was booked for the University of Madison, Wisconsin, Monday evening. All Sunday afternoon and evening the rain fell in torrents and on Monday morning, on going to the railroad station I was told that owing to a "wash-out" no train could reach Madison that day. As I was expecting to go from Madison to the meeting of the American Board in Milwaukee, Dr. Burrell studied out a route up the Mississippi by train to McGregor, then by ferry across the beautiful emerald islands to Prairie du Chien, where I remained till 6 p. m. While in Dubuque Dr. Burrell took me to a galena or lead mine and I obtained a ponderous mass, which I shipped to Syria for the cabinet of the Syrian Protestant College. In Prairie du Chien I was greatly interested in the artesian well which spouts up warm sulphur water twenty-five feet in the air and flows through the streets. Taking a sleeping car at 6 p. m., I reached Milwaukee in the morning and was the guest of Mr. William Allen whose kindness has never been forgotten. Meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge at the Plankinton House in the afternoon, we drove together in a downpour of rain to the Immanuel Church, pastor Dr. G. P. Nichols, where the Board was holding its opening sessions. I sat in the rear of the church, and Mr. Dodge, vice-president of the Board, went to the platform. After a little, there was a bustle among the officers on the platform, and soon Dr. Clark came down

to my seat and said, "Brother Jessup, we are in a sad plight. The annual sermon is to be delivered to-night and this church will be crowded but we have no preacher. Rev. Dr. Manning of Boston who was appointed telegraphed from Buffalo that he has been taken ill there en route and cannot come. What shall we do? Will you fill the breach?" I thought for a moment and said, "I cannot fill it, but I can stand in it and do my best, but it will not be a sermon." "All right," said Dr. Clark, and I made haste to my room at Dr. Allen's, looked over my notes, got my thoughts in order, and in the evening spoke ninety minutes to a most attentive audience, some of whom wanted me to "go on." But I thought it wiser to go off, for it is better that the people wish you were longer rather than wish you were shorter. Dr. Clark was effusive in his thanks and Mr. and Mrs. Dodge said, "The Lord sent that 'washout' on the railroad in order to bring you here."

Dr. Nichols, the beloved pastor of that church, afterwards removed to the First Church in Binghamton where I have since been brought into the most loving and intimate relations with him. His has been a model pastorate.

In October my old friend and pupil, Rev. Isaac Riley, died in Buffalo. He was a man of rare intellectual, spiritual, and social gifts, admired and beloved by all. On the 17th of November a memorial service was held in his old 34th Street Church, New York, and I had the privilege of adding my testimony to that of Drs. Martyn, Chambers, Hutton and Schaff to his worth and the loss to the Church and the world in his death. He did me a great favour in acting as co-editor in 1873 with Dr. Chas. S. Robinson of my little books, the "Women of the Arabs," and "Syrian Home Life."

I was a guest at the house of my wife's uncle, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, just before the Christmas holidays. One morning Mr. Dodge asked me to go with him to the store of Johnston and Co., carpet dealers, and aid him in selecting an Oriental rug as a Christmas gift to Mrs. Dodge. One of the salesmen was very polite and soon brought a rug which he told Mr. Dodge was very

rare, being six hundred years old; and that the date was woven into it in the Oriental language! I examined it and found the date in Arabic characters, 1281 of the Hegira, corresponding to the year 1865 A. D.! I informed Mr. Dodge and then told the salesman the facts in the case and that the rug was just fourteen years old. He looked at me with undisguised disgust and did not sell that rug to Mr. Dodge for one hundred and fifty dollars. It was worth about fifteen. The salesman had evidently been taken in by his purchasing agent in the East.

In December I preached one Sunday morning in a Brooklyn church in the absence of the pastor. After the service the pastor's wife asked me to dinner. On reaching the house she remarked, "I am so glad that my son —— was not here this morning. You certainly would have made a missionary of him!" I said, "My dear friend, who then can be a missionary? Somebody's son must go. Are only orphan children bidden to go and preach the Gospel?" She said, "I know some mother's sons must go, but I could never bear it." I did not press the question, and never met that young man until after he had been moderator of the General Assembly, and then it was quite too late to ask him to go. He was entangled in too many lines, lines he had cast and lines he had written, to admit the possibility of his becoming a student volunteer.

1879—In the year 1879 the Syria Mission was reinforced by the arrival of five labourers, and my own return. The new labourers were Rev. Chas. Wm. Calhoun, M. D., and his sister, Miss Susan S. Calhoun, both for Tripoli, and Miss Cundall for the Tripoli Girls' School; also Rev. W. F. Johnston and his wife who were stationed with Mr. Eddy in Sidon. Mr. Johnston found the climate unfavourable and was only able to remain about six months.

Miss Jackson and Miss Emily Bird returned to Syria with me November 25th.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miss Bird has never found it convenient to take a furlough, and now (1909) has been thirty years continuously on the field.

Early in the year, April 16th, Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., was married to Miss Mary Bliss in Beirut, and for seven and a half years their home and personal influence were a power for good in Zahleh and the Bookaa.

In the month of May, 1879, before my return I was elected moderator of the General Assembly in Saratoga.

In October and November, 1879, I visited England, Scotland, and Ireland with Rev. Gavin Carlyle, in the interest of the Turkish Mission's Aid Society, made various addresses and met many great and good men with whose names I had long been familiar; Lord Shaftesbury, Sir William Muir, with whom I kept up correspondence to the time of his death in 1905, the Bishop of Meath, Lord Plunkett, Drs. Johnstone, Fleming Stevenson, Rainey, the Bonars, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Dr. N. McCleod, T. Matheson Rev. Dr. McFadyen, Dr. Robson (formerly of Damascus), Dr. Knox, Lord Polworth, Mr. Geo. D. Cullen, Drs. Cairns, Davidson, McCrie, J. Robertson, Dr. Blackie, Lord Balfour, Dr. Kalley, Thos. Nelson, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, and many others. In going to Dundee in November with Rev. Gavin Carlyle, we passed over that slender, lofty, dizzy, iron bridge two miles long over the Tay. On January 8th we received word in Beirut that the Tay bridge had toppled over and fallen with a railroad train which disappeared beneath the deep waters.

In 1879 certain Arabic inscriptions<sup>1</sup> were sent to me by Prof. S. Wells Williams, the well-known Chinese scholar and missionary, now Professor of Chinese in Yale College.

The letter of Dr. Williams enclosing them is as follows:

"I have obtained a 'rubbing' of an inscription on an incense pot of fine bronze, which I enclose to you in the hope that you can send to me a translation of it. The piece was obtained from a mosque in Peking, but I suppose the work was done in North-western China. This one has no date upon it, but I have one much like it that was made in 1506, and I think this piece is as

<sup>1</sup>The plates of these inscriptions were in the *Foreign Missionary Magazine*, April, 1879, and can be obtained at 156 Fifth Avenue in the library.

old as that. The Moslems in China are accustomed to burn incense on the tables in their mosques much the same as the Buddhists do in their temples. The inscription I send you is ten times as long as any of the others I have ever seen, and I rather think the top and bottom may be a quotation from the Koran. You will be able to tell me. The use of Arabic in China is very limited, few besides the Mullahs or Hajjis ever learning to read, and they do not try to speak it to any extent. The monosyllabic words in Chinese contract the organs of speech as a person grows old so that he is unable to pronounce words with many consonants coming together, or end a word in a dental. Words like thought, strength, contempt, are unpronounceable by a full-grown person and the gutturals in Arabic are as much beyond the vocal organs of most Chinese as the carols of a canary. Perhaps this inability and difficulty have had something to do with the little progress made by Islamism in China."

I found, as Dr. Williams supposed, that all of the extracts were from the Koran, and in the Arabic language.

The great interest of these inscriptions arises from their being in the Arabic language, the sacred language of the Koran, and thus an illustration of the manner in which the Mohammedan religion has carried the Koran throughout Asia and Northern Africa, and the Koran has carried the Arabic language.

The Koran is claimed by the Moslems to have been written in heaven by the finger of God Himself, and given to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel. The inspiration is literal and verbal, and consists in the Arabic words, letters, and vowel points. The orthodox regard it as a sin to translate the Koran. Where it has been translated or paraphrased, as in the Persian, Urdu, and Malayan, it must be accompanied by an interlineation of the original Arabic.

The Emir Abd-er Rahman of Atcheen, in the island of Sumatra, lately exiled by the Dutch government to Mecca on a pension of \$1,000 a month, is an Arab Mohammedan of Hadramout, and the Moslems of Sumatra use the Arabic language.

The Mohammedans of India, numbering some 35,000,000, read

their Koran in Arabic and the Urdu language is largely made up of Arabic words. The Afgans, Beloochs, Persians, Tartars, Turks, Kurds, Circassians, Bosnians, Albanians, Rumelians, Yezbeks, Arabs, Egyptians, Tunisians, Algerines, Zanzibarians, Moors, Berbers, Mandingoes, and other Asiatic and African tribes read their Koran, if at all, in the Arabic language.

If we connect this fact with another, viz., the profound regard of the Moslems for the Old and New Testaments, we see the present and prospective importance of the Arabic translation of the Scriptures.

A Mohammedan tradition says, "That in the latter day faith will decay, a cold odoriferous wind will blow from Syria, which shall sweep away the souls of the faithful and the Koran itself."

It may be that the wind is already blowing from the steam printing-presses in Beirut, which are sending the Arabic Scriptures all over the Mohammedan world.

After the hurried visit to Scotland we left England for Syria via Marseilles and reached home November 25th, a glad occasion for me, and I entered upon my preaching and theological teaching at once. The unsettled feeling of eighteen months' travelling soon vanished in the quiet and order of *home*. During all this absence and travelling thousands of miles I had not met with an accident and hardly a detention. Our missionary brethren and sisters and our Syrian brethren and sisters gave us a hearty and loving welcome.

With Drs. Dennis and Eddy, and occasional lessons from Dr. Van Dyck, our theological faculty was fully organized. All the boarding and day-schools were prospering as never before and the country had not as yet begun to be depleted by the passion for emigration.

One of the missionaries, Rev. O. J. Hardin, remarked that "in 1876, the time of the Centennial Exposition, the Syrian discovered America." He did, and he has since discovered and done his best to populate Brazil and Mexico, every one of the United



States and territories, the Pacific Islands, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, and the Transvaal.

This passion for emigration is the modern awakening of the old Phœnician migrative spirit, after a Rip Van Winkle sleep of more than 2,500 years. In the olden time the mariners of Phœnicia, of Sidon and Tyre, Gebail and Arvad, braved the perils of unknown seas, penetrated the Black Sea, the Atlantic, and the coasts of Spain, and even circumnavigated Africa and in all probability founded the ancient civilization of Central America.

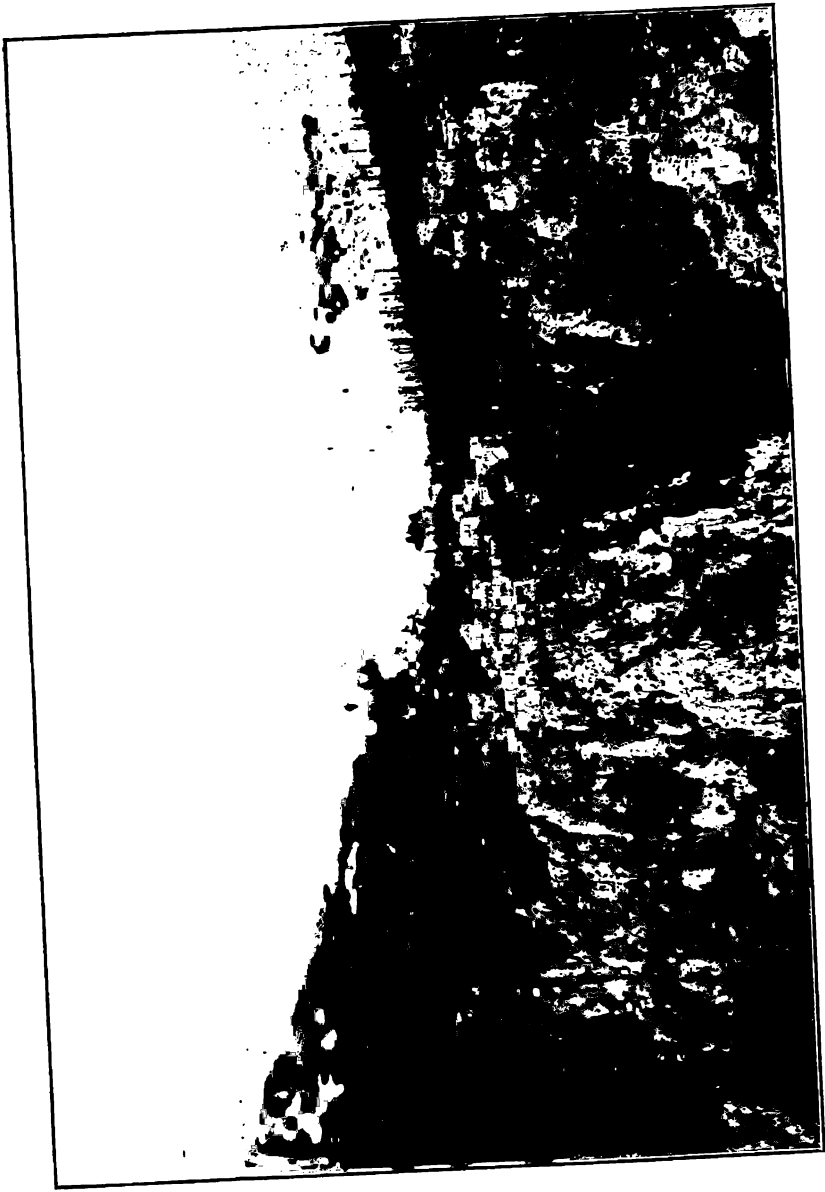
Christianity was borne westward on this Phœnician wave. Then came a pause, and the centuries of stagnation and impotence, until the West came to the East, bringing new life and kindled again the old restless spirit of adventure and fortune-hunting, until now about one-twentieth of the entire population of Syria has emigrated to foreign lands.

This has depleted the towns and villages of the brain and brawn of the land, weakened the little churches, carried off the graduates of the college and the boarding-schools, raised the price of labour and made it difficult in many places to find a labourer to do a day's work. Formerly a day-labourer earned twenty cents a day. Now he demands forty to fifty cents and gets it. Hundreds of emigrants have returned bringing large sums of money and have built fine modern houses, paved with marble and roofed with French tiles. And they want to have their children educated in American schools. Their old bigotry is gone. They refuse to be dictated to by priests and monks. Many are truly benefited by the change. One-third of the emigrants die, one-third remain abroad, and one-third return. But many of those who return are demoralized by European vices and go to their old homes to die.

Time only can solve the question as to whether emigration will prove a blessing or a curse to Syria. The best men, those who achieve success in America and Australia, generally remain abroad and never intend to return to Syria, thus entailing on their native land a severe material and moral loss.

One of our severest trials is to see educated young Syrians,





HASROUN, A LEBANON VILLAGE

The village is 5,000 feet above sea level, the mountains 8,000.

after a full theological course, dropping their work and going to foreign lands to make money easily. This seems inevitable and some day the unfolding of the divine providential plan with regard to this land may show us the reason why so many of Syria's choicest sons and daughters have been driven away to the ends of the earth.

About one month after our return from America (December 28th) the whole city of Beirut was in mourning for Mr. James Black, the English Christian merchant who for forty-four years had held aloft the standard of commercial integrity and a godly life. He founded the Commercial Court of Beirut and was its president for years. His word was regarded as being as good as his bond. He was a churchgoing, temperate, consistent Christian man, and being connected by marriage with the family of Dr. Thomson, was in warmest sympathy with the missionary work.

More potent than the sermons or the tracts of missionaries has been the silent influence of men like Mr. Black, who in the temptations of trade, the crookedness, duplicity, and corruptness of Oriental merchants and officials, have maintained their integrity untarnished until the highest and most sacred oath a Moslem can swear, even above the oath by the beard of the Prophet, is by the word of an Englishman. The Beirut merchants to this day (1909) speak with wonder of Mr. Black's having "sworn to his own hurt and changed not."

All honour to such pure-minded and upright foreigners who have thus taught corrupt and immoral men that there are men who will stand by their word even to their own loss and whose word becomes the synonym of truth, integrity and purity!

I once stood before a Moslem shop in the ancient city of Hamath and overheard a Mohammedan near by, emphasizing his word by the most solemn oath he could command, and he finally clinched his assertions by swearing "on the word of Mr. Black, the Englishman in Beirut."

The winter was severe and in Kesrawan, February 12, 1880, a priest was overtaken in a storm by wolves and devoured.

Handbills were posted on all the churches, mosques, and synagogues stating that an election was to take place for members of the municipality.

The votes posted were :

Christians of all sects . . . . .	820
Moslems " " " . . . . .	440
	<hr/>
	1,260

Property owners eligible to office :

Christians . . . . .	461
Moslems . . . . .	263
	<hr/>
	724

This indicates that the Oriental Christian sects, Greeks, Catholics, Maronites, and Protestants are about double the Moslem population in number. This would appear to give the Christians the control, but the Turkish Waly of the province is ex-officio president of the municipality and has absolute control of its funds. It often happens that by orders from Constantinople, the entire fund, amounting to thousands of dollars collected by taxation for street repairs and salaries, will be taken from the treasury and sent off to Constantinople.

## Helps and Hindrances

Mile-stones of progress—Gerald F. Dale, Jr., Memorial Sunday-School Hall—Missionaries' sons—Bereavement—Another furlough.

**T**HE history of the Dale Memorial Sunday-School Hall in Beirut is a beautiful illustration of the working of the divine Providence to secure a blessing to the children of Syria.

Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., had been for seven years an honoured and beloved missionary in Zahleh, Syria, when I went to America in 1878. Gerald was a family name in the Dale family of Philadelphia. His brother Henry in New York, and his wife, Dora Stokes, named their first-born and only son for the brother in Syria and the father in Philadelphia, Gerald F. Dale, Jr.

In July, 1878, I spent a Sunday in Orange, N. J., and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale on Orange Mountain. On Sabbath p. m., July 20th, their little son Gerald came running to me and sat on my knee, and I told him about his uncle in Syria. He looked up in my face and asked, "Are you a minister?" "Yes," said I. "That's right," said he. "My Uncle Gerald is a minister. My father ought to be a minister. Every man ought to be a minister. I am going to be Rev. Dr. Dale and be a minister." Scarcely four years old, he was devoted to the Sunday-school and went Sunday afternoon with his nurse to the little chapel on the mountain in the rear of the premises near the present residence of Mrs. John Crosby Brown, to attend the Sunday-school. He was a beautiful boy and completely won my heart.

Seven months after, in February, 1879, I saw in a New York

morning paper, "Died of scarlet fever Gerald F. Dale, Jr., aged four years." The anguish of those doting parents can only be known by those who have drunk the same bitter cup.

A fortnight later they invited me to call, and told me they had heard of our need of a Sunday-school hall in Beirut and they would like to give the \$2,500, which had been set apart for Gerald, to build such a hall as his memorial. We began at once to make plans and I visited Philadelphia with him to see the Bethany Sunday-school and other buildings.

On reaching Beirut in November, 1879, we began the work of construction. I was greatly aided by Mr. Charles Smith, a British merchant and a fine architect, and also by Mr. Jules Loytved then connected with the British Syrian Schools. The cornerstone was laid February, 1880. The roof is supported by six stone arches and slender graceful columns and the class rooms on the two sides are separated by sliding glass doors. Within, it is bright and cheerful. Dr. Thain Davidson of London pronounced it the most beautiful Sunday-school hall he had ever seen. On December 19, 1880, the Memorial Hall was dedicated. More than 1,200 children and adults were present at the dedication and many were unable to obtain admission. Eight different Sunday-schools were represented and addresses were made by Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., uncle of the little boy, Rev. Dr. W. W. Eddy and myself. Tears fell from many eyes when I told them the story of little Gerald's faith and his desire to be a minister. The singing and responsive reading of the Scriptures were not the least interesting part of the services. One of the German Lutheran deaconesses brought twenty of her orphan pupils who sang a German hymn very sweetly. The Anglo-American Sunday-school of English and American children came in force and sang "Whiter than snow." Miss Jessie Taylor's Moslem girls were present with their snow-white veils and the Syrian Sunday-school children numbered nearly 900. The Sunday-schools appointed a committee to prepare a letter of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dale. A marble tablet over the door bears the inscription

*"Suffer little children to come unto Me."*

*Memorial Sunday-School Hall.*

*A memorial of*

*Gerald F. Dale, Jr.*

*Born August 1, 1875.*

*Died February 20, 1879, aged three and a half years.*

*Erected by his parents Henry Dale and Dora Stokes Dale  
his wife. 1880.*

In January, 1881, another missionary's son, Rev. George A. Ford, joined the Sidon station of the mission, after an absence of sixteen years in America, studying and acting as pastor of the church at Ramapo. Up to the present time (1906) six sons of Syria missionaries have entered on the work of the Presbyterian Mission work in Syria. These are: Rev. Wm. Bird, Rev. W. K. Eddy, Rev. C. Wm. Calhoun, M. D., Rev. Geo. A. Ford, D. D., Rev. Wm. Jessup, D. D., and Prof. Stuart D. Jessup; while Rev. Howard S. Bliss, D. D., is president of the Syrian Protestant College. Their knowledge of Arabic and acquaintance with the Syrian people have made their labours most acceptable and effective for good.<sup>1</sup>

Thirteen daughters of the mission have returned to work in Syria after completing their studies in America: Emily Calhoun Danforth, Emilia Thomson, Harriette M. Eddy (Hoskins), Mary Lyons, Mary Bliss (Dale), Emily Bird, Susan H. Calhoun (Ransom), Sarah Ford, Alice Bird (Greenlee), Mary P. Eddy, M. D., Fanny M. Jessup (Swain), Amy C. Jessup (Erdman), Elsie Harris, M. D. Six of these continue now in the work, three have died, and four have left Syria. Other missionary daughters living in Syria, not under official appointment, have rendered services as teachers in the mission schools: Misses Lizzie Van Dyck, Anna H. Jessup, Carrie Hardin (Post), and especially Miss Effie S. Hardin, who for years has given her efficient help in the boys' school in Suk el Gharb.

<sup>1</sup> Other sons of Syria missionaries are missionaries in other countries; Mr. Edward Ford in West Africa, Rev. Frederick N. Jessup in Tabriz, Persia, Bertram Post, M. D., in Robert College, Constantinople, Wilfred Post, M. D., in Turkey, Arthur March in China.



The year 1881 was marked by the visit of scores of eminent men in the Church in America and England, many of whom occupied the pulpit of the Anglo-American Congregation on Sunday. Among them were Dr. A. Erdman, Dr. Theodore Cuyler, and Canon H. B. Tristram. Dr. Dennis returned in December from a six months' health trip to America. The theological class was continued through the academic year.

In January, 1882, Mrs. Ford, mother of Rev. Geo. A. Ford, having returned from America, was stationed, as was Miss Bessie M. Nelson (daughter of Dr. Henry A. Nelson) in Sidon, and the Sidon Girls' Seminary was carried on by Misses Eddy and Nelson.

In April a theological seminary building was begun on the college campus through the generous aid of Mr. A. L. Dennis of Newark, N. J., the ground having been given to the Board of Missions by the college trustees. The building was dedicated December 18, 1883, and continued to be occupied by the mission theological seminary for ten years, when it was sold to the college, and named Morris K. Jesup Hall. The theological class was transferred as a summer school to Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon, where it continued until 1905, when it was reopened in Beirut on the new mission premises adjoining Dale Memorial Hall.

In December the mission voted to organize three presbyteries, in Sidon, Tripoli, and Lebanon with Beirut. These three presbyteries have proved a success, but they have no organic connection with the General Assembly in America. When the time comes, there may be a General Assembly in Syria and Egypt. After twenty-four years of experience the Syrian pastors and elders have proved themselves competent to transact business and to stimulate each other in the matter of self-support.

In the spring of this year the Lord's hand was heavy upon our household. The season was cold and stormy. Three of the children had been ill for some weeks with influenza and fever and their mother was ceaseless in her watch over them and was soon attacked with the same malady. On the evening of March 19th,

Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, who had made several addresses to old and young in our Beirut church, held a meeting at the house of Mrs. A. Mentor Mott. I attended it and came home at 9 P. M., to find the dear one suffering from inflammation of the throat. She soon got relief but it developed into pleurisy and after apparent recovery, she suddenly suffered collapse on the evening of April 5th, and passed away so quickly that her sister, Mrs. Hardin, our guest, could hardly reach her bedside before she was gone.

The shock was like paralysis to me. Friends were never more loving, sympathetic, and kind. The five younger children, the oldest only twelve, were like little angels around me. Dear Dr. Eddy, my colleague, took the little ones to his house and was like a brother. My little son Stuart spoke such words of comfort to me that I seemed uplifted and sustained. One day he said, "Perhaps we loved mamma too much and idolized her." Brother Samuel and Mr. Hardin came down from Tripoli.

On the 25th a missionary conference of eighty missionaries and native helpers was held in the Memorial Hall, and being asked to preside my thoughts were fully occupied for a week. Meantime four of the children had measles, requiring careful nursing, but all made a speedy recovery.

The members of the mission advised my going at once to America, and after much prayer and consultation, I reluctantly decided to go; and after many sad parting scenes and strenuous labours in handing over my work of editing, proof-reading, and teaching, and preaching to Drs. Eddy and Van Dyck, we sailed June 15th for Marseilles.

Before our departure, a missionary meeting was held in Beirut at which Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., was present. Mr. Dale had at his disposal a fund of \$10,000 which he offered to the Syrian Protestant College as a scholarship fund on condition that \$20,000 additional be raised. I was requested by the college to raise that sum and I did it while in America.

Rumours had reached Syria of the Arabi Pasha Rebellion in Egypt, and on our arrival in Port Said on the 17th we had start-

ling evidence of its reality. An Austrian steamer was in port en route from Alexandria to Beirut with 2,200 refugees going to Syria for safety. The decks were so thickly packed that men could scarcely lie down. Three infants had been born in the night. The captain said to a man who called to him from a shore boat, "The Lord deliver us from fire." I heard afterwards that they reached Beirut in safety, where both Moslems and Christians united in providing food and lodging for them.

We reached Alexandria Sunday A. M., June 18th. The ships and steamers in the harbour were literally black with crowds of refugees; and lines of boats filled the port, carrying men, women, and children, pale with fright, to the sailing craft of every description. Six overloaded steamers left for Greece, Naples, Malta, and Marseilles. Three thousand Maltese had already gone to Malta. The panic was universal. Last Sunday, July 11th, was Black Sunday. Forty Europeans and 150 native Christians were killed by the Moslem mob in Alexandria. Admiral Seymour of the British fleet came on board our steamer to see our travelling companion, Mr. Berkeley, M. P., and told us of his narrow escape on Sunday. He was on shore with the French admiral paying calls. Suddenly the driver of their carriage stopped, jumped down, and ran back. A furious mob was rushing down the street with guns and clubs, killing every Christian. The consular janizary who was with them told them to get out and run for their lives, and down they went, the two admirals, double quick, and were just able to enter the iron gate of the port office and close the door, when the howling mob arrived. The port officer called a boat and off they went, glad to reach their floating castles alive. The riot was a general conspiracy and broke out in several places at once. All the American missionaries from Cairo, Assiout, and other places were on board the American frigate *Galena*, Captain Bachelor, where I went with my son Stuart to see them. They were awaiting passage to Malta and America. Seven trains a day were bringing down refugees from Cairo and Upper Egypt. Egypt was in a reign of terror.

Arabi Pasha was in command in Cairo, and his troops held the forts south of Alexandria harbour. The khedive with a loyal officer, Derwish Pasha, was in the Ras-el-Tin Palace on the north side of the harbour. Arabi, who professed to be advocating a patriotic work of "Egypt for the Egyptians" as against the Albanian dynasty of Mohammed Ali and his successors, raised the cry of "Ya Islam" and it was reported that in his excitement on entering a mosque he said that he would not rest till the streets of Cairo ran with Christian blood. At all events his followers tried it in Alexandria and provoked the intervention of England. England proposed to France a joint occupation and that Turkey denounce Arabi as a rebel and then send a detachment of troops to cooperate with the English army and navy. The Sultan declined to denounce Arabi and the French declined to send troops, so Admiral Seymour and Lord Wolsley were left to cope single handed with the rebellion. Arabi's troops went on entrenching in the forts south of the harbour, until at length the British fleet bombarded them. July 11th and 12th Arabi's troops withdrew from the city and there was another massacre of Europeans and the European quarter of the city burned. In September the English army entered the Suez Canal and occupied Port Said and Ismailiyeh. M. de Lesseps protested against the passage of the army but in vain. Arabi hastened towards Ismailiyeh and camped at Tel el Kebir. Here his sleeping army was surprised after midnight by Lord Wolsley's army, who, without warning, opened fire on the camp with shot and shell. Arabi's troops were panic stricken. A few fought bravely but all were soon in complete rout. Arabi and officers escaped to Cairo on a special train. An English cavalry officer with a small detachment galloped along the edge of the desert to Cairo, surprised the sentinel at the citadel and summoned the commander to surrender. The garrison laid down their arms and were bidden to disperse to their homes. On the arrival of Wolsley's army, September 14th, Arabi surrendered, was tried and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to banishment to Ceylon. Lord Dufferin came to Egypt. The whole civil and police sys-

tems were readjusted and reformed. Law, order and justice soon put an end to the bastinado, extortion, cruel oppression and bribery, and Egypt entered upon a career of unexampled progress and prosperity.

June 21st we sailed from Alexandria, reached Naples June 24th and Marseilles the 26th. North of Corsica we saw twelve whales. Whales have often been seen in the Eastern Mediterranean and the carcasses of two large ones were thrown up on the shore near Tyre. The skull of one of them is in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. We passed through Paris and spent July 4th in London. The day was made memorable by a drawing-room meeting at Mr. Stanley's, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, where my old friend, Canon H. B. Tristram of Durham, presented to me, on behalf of the teachers and pupils of the British Syrian Schools in Syria, a beautiful silver inkstand with a suitable inscription. Many friends of the schools were present, and the occasion was very affecting to me and very comforting.

From the year 1860 until now (1909), it has always been my delight to visit the British Syrian Schools, counsel and pray with the teachers, and address the pupils. From 1861 to 1892 I was superintendent of the Beirut Sunday-school which was always attended by about one hundred girls of these schools.

I have always been a man of peace and have striven to keep all the missionary forces in Syria in full coöperation with each other, and was a warm friend of Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson and her three sisters, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Mentor Mott, and Miss Lloyd, and their successors in the direction of the schools, especially Miss Caroline Thompson, the present (1907) capable and consecrated head of the schools in Syria. Sectarian discord has no right to enter missionary ground. We should seek out our common points of agreement and relegate our paltry denominational differences to oblivion. Foreign missionaries should work together. Mohammedans and heathen care nothing and understand little of our peculiar differences and are alienated and repelled by them. Protestant missionaries and the Syrian evangelical churches are known throughout the land as "enjeeliyeen" or gospel evangel-

icals. The exclusiveness and narrow sectarianism of certain ultra ritualists on the one hand and non-ritualists on the other, have confused the Oriental mind and given occasion to the enemies of the Gospel to rejoice. I have opposed introducing the word Presbyterian into the Arabic language and the Arabic Evangelical Church. We call our presbytery "El Mejmāa el Meshkhy," the Elders' Assembly. We do not need the Greek word for elder when we have the Arabic term sheikh used in the Acts and the Epistles. The Presbyterian order of government seems well adapted to the Syrians and they are proving themselves capable of managing their own church assemblies, but we desire that it be kept free from sectarian names and tendencies, as the simple Gospel is by far the best weapon and the best name in commending evangelical religion to the priest-ridden people of the Oriental Churches and the intensely ritualistic followers of Islam.

We rejoice in the coöperation of the managers and teachers of the British Syrian Mission, the Moslem and Druse Girls' School of Miss Jessie Taylor, the Church of Scotland Mission of Dr. Mackie and the German pastor and the deaconesses, the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Palestine, and the British and American Friends' Society in Brummana and Ramullah. Bishop Blyth, the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem, is trying to build up a wall between his constituency and all non-Episcopal Christians in Palestine and Syria, and to fraternize with the ecclesiastics of the Orthodox Greek "Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre" who annually and openly deceive thousands of pilgrims with the Satanic farce of the so-called "Holy Fire." Bishop Blyth is a genial and lovable man, and I cannot understand how he can fraternize with such a set of shameless impostors as the monks and bishops of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchrè. I have spoken of this elsewhere in the chapter on the organization of the Syrian Evangelical Church.

Rev. Dr. Craig of the Religious Tract Society came to our lodgings and took my children to the British and South Kensington Museums and to the Zoo. We were all deeply touched by his kindness and his tender attentions to my flock of little ones.

Mrs. Tristram also took charge of shopping for them and fitted them out for the Atlantic voyage.

July 6th we sailed on the *City of Berlin* for New York. We had a rough passage but I was able to preach on Sunday evening, July 9th, and to lecture on Egypt July 14th. We reached New York Sunday P. M., July 16th. On the 18th we went through by the D. L. & W. R. R. to Montrose and were met at the station by the three older children, Anna, William and Henry, and soon reached the old homestead where mother was still living. She was then eighty-four years of age. How delightful to look on her face once more, and to see her sitting with her knitting work in her favourite armchair by the window, happy in being surrounded by so many of her children and grandchildren. I took the children to the lawn under the ancient apple trees, and to the old garret filled with so many quaint relics of the past, to the apple orchard and the garden, and from time to time to the blackberry patches, the "High Rocks," to Jones Lake and Silver Lake, to Fall Brook and the Salt Springs. We roamed over the farm and at times brought milk, butter, and cream to the homestead. I lived over my childhood and had ample time to review my life of fifty years.

Relatives and friends were kind and sympathizing to the last degree, and the summer passed rapidly away. Calls for addresses poured in upon me and as the events passing in the Nile Valley engrossed public attention I was obliged to prepare an address on that subject which was finally published in the *Foreign Missionary*. On the 9th of August at the request of Dr. Ellinwood I attended the missionary convention of the Synod of New Jersey at Asbury Park, where I stayed at Dr. Ford's sanitarium and met Dr. Nevius of China, Dr. H. A. Nelson, Dr. A. A. Hodge, and others. Dr. Nevius gave great umbrage to the ladies by saying that in foreign missions he knew no difference between work for men and work for women. Had he lived in lands where the women are secluded in hareems and zenanas, he would have probably appreciated better the need of women's work for women. I met one singular character, Mangasarian, a protégé of Dr. A. A.

Hodge, who in a flaming address professed great desire to go to Turkey to preach to the Mohammedan Turks, yet when after the session Dr. Hodge assured him there were many Armenian Protestant Churches in Asia Minor which would be glad to welcome him as their pastor, he declared that he could not and would not go, as the Turks would surely kill him. He afterwards became a freethinker, derided Orthodox Christianity and the Bible, and forsook the Christian faith. Dr. Hodge told me in November that this Mangasarian wrote and begged him to obtain for him pulpits to supply as he was in great need. "So," said Dr. Hodge, "I commended him to Mr. Alexander in a New Jersey town. He went there, and on Monday I received a letter from Mr. Alexander as follows: 'Dear Dr. Hodge: If you have no better men than this Mangasarian please send us no more preachers. He abused the Board of Missions and Princeton Seminary, and declared that all the professors were stupid dolts.' So I wrote to Mangasarian and insisted that he come to me at once. He came and I read him Mr. Alexander's letter and rebuked him severely and said, 'How dare you abuse your own professors?' He blandly replied, 'Why, doctor, I didn't say much. I only said what *all* the students say!'" On this Dr. Hodge laughed heartily and said to me, "You can do nothing with such a man. Hereafter I shall let him alone to shift for himself."

His career should be a lesson to theological faculties in America not to admit foreign adventurers as students without proper testimonials as to their character and religious history.

During the summer Messrs. W. A. Booth and D. Stuart Dodge, trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, invited me to remove to New York and undertake the raising of the twenty thousand dollar scholarship fund in order to secure the fund of \$10,000 conditionally offered by Rev. G. F. Dale, Jr., of Zahleh.

Before visiting the Synods of Indiana, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, I removed the younger children under the care of my eldest daughter, October 4th, to New York. On December 10th my son Stuart and my daughter Mary united with the Church of the Covenant, pastor Dr. Marvin R. Vincent.



That winter was a strenuous one to me. Lectures, addresses, sleeping-car travelling, meeting theological students in Union, Auburn, Princeton and Allegheny, preparing matter for the *Foreign Missionary Magazine* and interviewing individuals with reference to the scholarship fund, kept me under a constant strain.

November 7th I attended the reception given by the Board of Foreign Missions in Centre Street to Sir Richard Temple, formerly a provincial governor in India. As our Board, with its intensely conservative traditional policy, had neither stenographer nor typewriter, I took pencil notes of Sir Richard's address which were afterwards published. After the interview I accompanied him to call on ex-Secretary of State Evarts, then to the Cooper Institute and the Windsor Hotel. As he was to sail immediately, I sent to his hotel the report of his address. He took it with him on the steamer, corrected the manuscript and returned it by mail for publication.

The reluctance of those wise brethren at 23 Centre Street to allow typewriters, stenographers, etc., nearly sacrificed the life of Dr. Ellinwood and gave a wrench to my nervous system such as I have never known. On December 2d Dr. Ellinwood, by his physician's order, sailed on the *Britannic* for England, and I was appointed to take his place during his absence. I consented, and from nine to four worked daily at the office and generally took great packages of unanswered letters home with me, to work over them into the small hours of the night. I had no conception until that time of the labours of a foreign missionary secretary. You enter your office at 8:30 or 9 A. M., and find twenty or more letters and documents from home and foreign correspondents. There are mission votes requiring immediate attention of the Board; long missionary journals, from which portions are to be selected for publication; letters from pastors, 100 or 200 miles away, asking for a rousing sermon next Sunday, as it is foreign missions annual collection, and also a talk to a children's meeting; confidential letters from young men and women in seminaries, asking numerous questions about enlistment in the work; suggestions from pastors as to needed im-

provements in the *Monthly Missionary Magazine*; requests for leaflets and missionary literature, etc., etc. You arrange these letters and are preparing to consult the venerable secretaries about the foreign documents when in comes a theological student anxious to have full and free talk about going abroad, selection of fields, special preparation, etc.; then comes a pastor full of zeal and suggestions; then a book agent gets by Treasurer Rankin's door and up-stairs and literally bombards you with his torrent of eloquence and you curtly refer him to the business agent in the basement; then a telegram proposing a missionary convention in a Western state four weeks hence and asking the address of returned missionaries; then another telegram that good Brother A. of the B. mission is on board the steamer coming up the harbour with a sick wife and his children, and asking that he may be met and advised where to go on his arrival; then a young lady from a well-known college comes to have a good talk about the propriety of taking a medical course before going abroad, etc., etc., until twelve o'clock comes. The other officers are starting out for lunch. You go with them and after a too hasty meal return to find another mail has come in. You bend to your work, write a dozen letters and telegrams, copy your letters in the screw copying-press, fold them, direct them, stamp them, and as it is growing dark, gather up your documents and papers, hurry to the ferry, take the Princeton train, address the students in the evening, and return on the earliest morning train to go through the treadmill again. I asked the older officials why they did not have stenographers and typewriters. They thought it a needless expense. "Such things never have been used and why use the Lord's money for them now?" I went to see Mr. Booth and other members of the Board. I felt that this grinding system had nearly killed Dr. Ellinwood and Mr. Booth agreed with me. I wrote to Dr. Ellinwood not to consent to go on with his arduous work on his return unless he was supplied with a stenographer and typewriter. The point was carried after his return.

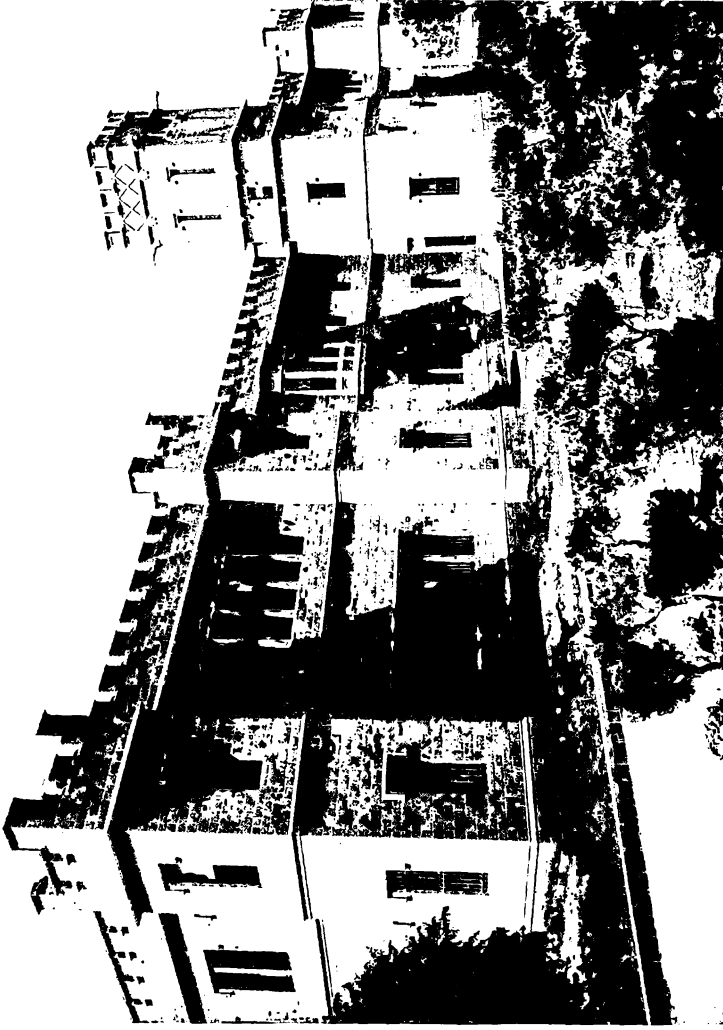
During November and December I visited Wilkesbarre where

Mr. J. W. Hollenback gave me \$1,200 for a college scholarship; Orange, where Mr. L. P. Stone and Egbert Starr each gave two scholarships; Pittsburg, where I addressed the Allegheny students and dined with that blessed steward of the Lord, William Thaw. He gave me \$2,400 for two scholarships, with that beautiful smile that lighted up his face when doing a kind act. He thanked me for coming and said that he felt it to be a privilege to have part in the Lord's work in Syria.

I went thence to Cincinnati and Lane Seminary, attended a missionary convention, and spent Sunday with Dr. Nelson at Geneva, N. Y.; visited Auburn, met several missionary candidates and called on Dr. Willard, another of God's stewards, who, like Mr. Dodge and Mr. Thaw, abounded in good works.

On the morning of December 20, 1882, as I entered the mission house Mr. W. Rankin said to me, "When do you leave for Persia?" I replied, "Never, that I know of. If I live to cross the sea again it will be for my Syrian home and work." He then asked me, "Have you read the morning papers?" I replied, that for a wonder I had not. Handing me the *New York Tribune* he said, "Read that!" I read, "President Arthur has appointed Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D. D., of Syria, to be first United States Minister to Persia, and sent the nomination to the Senate." I said to Mr. Rankin, "Whose work was that? Who sent my name to President Arthur?" He said he could think of no more likely person than Dr. Irenæus Prime of the *New York Observer*, who was a warm personal friend of President Arthur. I went up to my office and shut the door and prayed for wisdom that I might get out of this complication before it went any further.

I thought it over. Yes, I had met Dr. Prime at Chi Alpha recently, and he very incidentally asked me if I spoke Persian, to which I replied in the negative. I made haste, by the City Hall, down to the *Observer* office. Dr. Prime was out. Dr. Stoddard explained that Dr. Prime had written to President Arthur about the Persian Legation and used my name. I went back to the mission house, wrote to Dr. Prime, stated that I could not ac-



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cept it, that I was not qualified for a diplomatic post and that I would not give up preaching the Gospel. I also telegraphed to Secretary of State F. T. Frelinghuysen, as follows: "Please tender to President Arthur my cordial thanks for the high honour conferred upon me by the nomination to the Persian court, but it is impossible for me to accept." Dr. Prime wrote to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, explaining why I declined. He received at once an answer, "Please send Dr. Jessup on to Washington. The committee would like to see a man who does not regard himself as qualified for an office. We have never seen one." I did not go, either to Washington or Teheran, but in 1903 was glad to send my youngest son Frederick to Tabriz, in Persia, as Christ's ambassador to that dark empire.

I have not ceased to be thankful that I declined that post. A missionary's son, Mr. Benjamin, the well-known writer, received the appointment and after serving his country efficiently, published a valuable book on Persia.

In January, 1883, in addition to the office work in Centre Street, I visited Chicago, Wilmington, Hartford, and Brooklyn. On the 7th of February Dr. Ellinwood returned much refreshed by his journey by sea and land. On Thursday evening, the 8th, I lectured in the chapel of Dr. Cuthbert Hall's First Church in Brooklyn on the Egyptian crisis. Before going to Brooklyn I called on Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, who was somewhat indisposed. Immediately on my return to 35th Street at 9 A. M., I hastened to Mr. Dodge's house only two blocks away and to my surprise was met at the door by Edward, the faithful family servant, with the words, "Dr. Jessup, Mr. Dodge is dead!" He had died suddenly of heart disease. I found his sons Stuart, Charles, and Arthur, and several relatives. To me the shock was stunning. I went to my room and by 2 P. M. had a sinking sensation which alarmed the children. The doctor came and pronounced it nervous prostration. I was ordered to bed and to absolute quiet for a long period. I had numerous appointments to speak in Baltimore and other cities but the doctor ordered them all cancelled.

Mr. Dodge's funeral was February 12th, within a block of my lodgings, and Dr. Vincent had asked me to assist at the exercises, but I could not leave my bed. The throng was very great and at its close Dr. Ellinwood, Dr. H. M. Field, and Drs. Clark and A. C. Thompson of the American Board called to see me.

The death of Mr. Dodge was a public calamity. He was so eminent as a Christian merchant, patriot, and philanthropist, that no New Yorker was more widely known. He was a lifelong friend of missions, home and foreign, a champion of temperance, of commanding presence, an eloquent speaker, and the simple piety of his family life, his family altar, his strict Sabbath observance, and his lovely winning manner made him such a father and husband and friend as few homes can boast.

Several of his sons and grandsons caught his spirit and are, like him, a blessing to the world. Mrs. Dodge was no less eminent in all purely evangelical and philanthropic work and survived him long, beloved and honoured.

Syrian letters from Drs. Dennis, S. Jessup, and W. W. Eddy gave full particulars of the death of our promising young missionary physician, Charles William Calhoun. Dr. Dennis said, "He was born in Syria, son of Rev. Simeon Howard Calhoun and was thirty-three years of age at the time of his death. He had the advantages of the early training of his honoured father, and was educated at Williams College, the Union Theological Seminary, and the University Medical School of New York. He came to Syria in the fullness of his strength and with a hearty consecration to the service of Christ in the land of his birth. He was connected with the Tripoli station for four years; and *such* years of enthusiastic work and abounding services, both to the souls and bodies of the people of that wide Northern field!

"His death occurred at Shwifat near Beirut, June 22, 1883. He had recently returned from a long tour in Northern Syria and the Zahleh field with Mr. Dale and seemed to have contracted a malarial fever of a malignant type which proved fatal. His mother entered the sick-room early in the morning soon after the watcher for the night had left, and thinking him to be asleep, sat for some

time in the presence of death, without knowing the true cause of the patient's strange stillness. She finally approached him and was stunned by the painful discovery that his spirit had taken its flight homeward. He was 'the only son of his mother and she a widow.' The only sign that his spirit left to give a hint of the final scene was a placid and heavenly expression on his face as if he had met death with a smile, as he passed into rest. The funeral services were held in Shwifat and the next day in Beirut."

Dr. Samuel Jessup said, "When his medical practice had greatly increased and his surgical skill had attracted attention, he was in 1882 obliged by the government through the intrigues of a rival physician to leave Tripoli. He spent the time in touring, and visited Constantinople where he obtained an imperial Turkish diploma that gave him the right to practice anywhere in the empire. He returned to Tripoli and seemed entering on a career of great usefulness when he was prostrated by fever."

He was genial, courteous, full of good humour, a most skillful surgeon, familiar with the Arabic colloquial from his childhood. These traits made him very popular. He could sleep anywhere, on a mat or on the ground, and eat the coarsest and most unpalatable Arab food with a relish.

His consistent Christian walk and self-denying labours exemplified the religion he professed and preached.

#### DEATH OF MUALLIM BUTRUS EL BISTANY

The Syrian Evangelical Church and the Syrian people of all classes suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Butrus el Bistany, May 1, 1883. He was the most learned, industrious, and successful as well as the most influential man of modern Syria.

He was born in Dibbiyeh, Mount Lebanon, nine miles north-east of Sidon, of Maronite parentage, and studied the Arabic and Syriac under a Maronite priest, Michaiel Bistany, during the rule of the famous Emir Bushir. He afterwards entered the patriarchal clerical school at the monastery of Ain Wurka where he studied Arabic grammar, rhetoric, logic, history, with Latin, Syriac, and Italian.



About the year 1840 he found, in reading the Syriac Testament, the doctrine of justification by faith, and leaving his monastic retreat, fled to Beirut, where he entered the house of Dr. Eli Smith for protection. For two years he was a prisoner, not venturing outside the gates, lest he be shot by spies of the Maronite patriarch. From that time he became an invaluable helper to the American missionaries, and in 1846 began to help Dr. Van Dyck in the newly founded Abeih Seminary. During this period he prepared a school arithmetic which is still a standard work in Arabic. He then removed to Beirut and became dragoman (interpreter and clerk) to the American consulate and assistant to Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible, continuing on this work until the death of Dr. Smith in 1857. He then published two Arabic dictionaries, the "Muhit el Muhit," a comprehensive work in two octavo volumes of 1,200 pages each, and the "Kotr el Muhit" an abridgment of the former, which were finished in 1869.

In 1860 after the massacres, when thousands of refugees were crowded into Beirut, he published a weekly sheet of advice (the *Nefeer*) to the Syrian people, calling them to union and coöperation in reconstructing their distracted and almost ruined country.

In 1862 he founded the "Madriset el Wataniyet" or National School on his own premises, receiving aid from English and American friends. The school continued for about fifteen years and trained a large number of youth of all sects and from all parts of the land.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid II, on receiving copies of his dictionary, sent him a present of two hundred and fifty pounds sterling and a decoration of the third class of the Medjidiyeh and another decoration in view of his founding the "National School." He also founded the *Jenan*, a fortnightly literary magazine which his son Selim Effendi edited and also the *Jennch*, a semi-weekly journal and the *Jeneineh*, a daily which continued three years.

In 1875 he began his great literary work, the "Daierat el Maarif," an Arabic encyclopedia, in twelve volumes, of which six were finished at the time of his death, May 1st, 1883, and four

more were finished by his sons, but unfortunately it has never been completed. It is a compilation and translation of the best French, English, and American encyclopedias, and the geographical and historical parts are enriched from the best works of the most eminent Arabic authors. The illustrations were furnished by Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York and the book as far as printed is a monument of industry and literary ability. The Viceroy of Egypt subscribed for 500 sets of this encyclopedia and his list of Syrian subscribers embraced pashas, patriarchs, bishops, priests, mudirs, muftis, kadis, sheikhs, merchants, farmers, teachers, students, monks, and the foreign missionaries throughout Syria and India, as well as learned scholars in Germany, France, England, and America.

He also published works on bookkeeping, Arabic grammar, and translated into Arabic the "Pilgrim's Progress," "D'Aubigné's Reformation," "Edward's History of Redemption," and "Robinson Crusoe."

He was one of the original members of the Beirut church, and an elder for thirty-five years. He was also for twenty years president of the Native Evangelical Society. For years he aided in the preaching and in the Sunday-school, and was looked to for addresses on all important occasions. In 1882 he preached twice, on "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord," and "Fear not, little flock."

His wife Raheel Ata, a pupil of Mrs. Sarah Huntington Smith, was the first girl taught to read in Syria, and her home until her death was known as a model Christian home.

He died suddenly May 1, 1883, of heart disease, pen in hand, surrounded by his books and manuscripts.

The funeral was conducted in the American Mission Church by the missionaries and the crowd was almost unprecedented.

Remarkable tributes were paid to his memory. When he first came to Beirut the Maronite patriarch set a price on his head. When he died Gregorius, Papal Greek Patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, wrote to his son a most affectionate letter stating that "the whole nation mourns your father's death.

Literature, education, learning, and every good cause laments his departure. He was a dear friend and a brother to us all, and but for the hope that you his son will fill his place and complete his work, we would be inconsolable."

Truly the world moves and bigotry loses its power.

His son Selim Effendi only survived him a few months, having died suddenly in September, 1884.

The publication of the encyclopedia was then continued by his son Najib Effendi until ten volumes had been printed. Since then the want of funds, and the rigorous press laws which require two copies in manuscript of every book to be printed to be sent to Constantinople for sanction have prevented the completion of the book. To make two copies of a book of 1,000 pages and then wait months and perhaps years for their return, is enough to discourage authors and publishers. The book may yet be completed in Egypt.

In September I had interviews with Ira Harris, M. D., on the train to New York, and he decided to go to Syria to take up the work of the lamented Dr. Chas. W. Calhoun who died in June; and with Miss M. C. Holmes who was preparing to go to the school in Tripoli. I also met during the summer Mr. Hoskins, Mr. R. H. West, and Dr. Kay, all preparing to go to the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

October 2d I set out on a four weeks' tour to the Synods of Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Ohio. At Topeka I found Mr. Howard S. Bliss, son of our college president and my old comrade for thirty years, little thinking that at this time (1906), he would have succeeded his revered father in the Syrian Protestant College. I visited Emporia, Topeka, Park College, St. Joseph, Atchison, Kansas City, St. Louis, Alton, Springfield, Mo., Clinton, Ia., Bloomington and Joliet, Oxford, O., Wooster and Ann Arbor Universities, and was so refreshed by meeting so many consecrated and noble Christian men and women that I forgot the fatigues of the journey.

At the Synod of Missouri at Springfield, I laid before the

people the loud call just received for missionaries to begin a mission to Korea, which the Board had asked me to present to the churches. I saw in the congregation the apostle of home missions, Rev. Dr. Timothy Hill, who had founded more churches in the West and South than any living man. At the close of my remarks he stepped up to the pulpit and handing me a twenty dollar gold piece, said, "Here is from home missions to foreign missions! Let that go to the mission in Korea!" I took it on to New York and it was the first gift, or among the first, for that mission which is a crown of rejoicing in the missionary world to-day.

Truly the missionary spirit is one at home and abroad! I had travelled 5,333 miles without a detention or accident and on my return to the old homestead found the children well.

In November I visited South Hadley College and Wellesley College, called on my sons, William and Henry, at Princeton College, and returned to Montrose to fix up the old homestead for winter quarters, as it sometimes happens that in that high beech woods region they have ninety continuous days of snow.

In December I attended a missionary convention in Chicago of 800 medical students, young men and women, which lasted two days. We had the help of Mr. Wishard, Dr. Henry M. Scudder, Mr. Farwell, Mr. Blatchford, and Dr. Dowkontt.

Thence I went to a missionary convention at Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, and returned via Buffalo and Binghamton to Montrose. In Syria various changes had taken place. Dr. Ira Harris and Miss Holmes reached Tripoli to take the places of Dr. Calhoun who died June 22d in Shwifat, and Miss Cundall. Mr. March was transferred from Zahleh to Tripoli and Dr. Samuel Jessup from Tripoli to Beirut. When Dr. Samuel Jessup of Tripoli announced to his friends there that he was about to remove to Beirut where he would have charge of the press and be relieved from the long horseback rides of the wide Tripoli field, the leading Moslems, Greeks, and Maronites proposed to unite in a petition to the missionary authorities to have him retained among them. When told that he could not longer bear the

work of itineracy they replied, "Then let him stay here and just sit, and let us come and look at him. That will be enough." Dr. Arthur Mitchell, in alluding to this incident, said, "His faithful service of twenty years had proved a living evangel known and read of all men." Messrs. West and Hoskins joined the teaching staff of the Syrian Protestant College, Miss Sarah A. Ford was stationed in Sidon and Mr. Greenlee in Zahleh with Mr. Dale. On December 6th Mr. Michael Araman died in Beirut. He was for thirty years a teacher and a preacher—a translator and an officer of the church. For years he taught in Abeih and then in the girls' boarding-school in Beirut. He was a faithful teacher, a kind father, and an exemplary Christian.

December 16, 1883, W. Carlaw, M. D., of Shweir, of the Free Church of Scotland, was ordained by the presbytery as an evangelist. The new theological hall on the college campus was dedicated and occupied December 18th. In April, 1884, Rev. Gerald F. Dale and family left for America and he and his wife were called to suffer the trial of burying their infant daughter Lizzie, May 3d, in Alexandria.

January 31, 1884, a missionary convention was held in Binghamton. Dr. Ellinwood and Dr. Arthur Mitchell, who had just accepted the position of secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, were present. In spite of a severe rain and snow-storm the attendance was good. Mrs. Laiya Barakat spoke at the women's meeting. I attended the meeting and sat in the rear of the church, partly behind a pillar, and as I listened to her earnest words, recalled the time twelve years before, when as a sewing girl she used to come to me in Abeih, her native village, and repeat from memory Arab nursery rhymes by the score. The emigration and scattering of the youth of Syria fills me with astonishment, and the query often arises, What does it all mean? Time will reveal the mystery.

February 3d I preached in the "coloured" Zion church in Montrose. The negroes have a strong church, and their pastor, George Washington, asked me to preach and remain for the prayer-meeting afterwards. I knew most of the congregation

and a book might be written about their eccentric ways. They once had a meeting "to decide what colour they should white-wash the meetin' house." In front of the pulpit was the most extraordinary character of all, Old Boeey. He was short and heavy, with large eyes and a mouth of vast size, seeming to extend almost from ear to ear. He was a man of great power and voice in prayer, and his original sayings became proverbial in the town. He drove a "one hoss" rickety wagon around the county collecting bones, which he "toted" to the railroad station and when he had enough, shipped them by the carload to Philadelphia. One day he drove up to a lone farmhouse, hobbled up to the door and knocked. The farmer's wife came to the door and looked on his glaring eyes and he exclaimed, "I've come for your bones!" She thought her time had surely come, and slammed the door in his face. She locked it and watched him from the window as he went around the back yard gathering up old bones which he threw into his wagon and drove away.

I had known Boeey for many years. He listened to my sermon on the Gadarene demoniac and the description of the Sea of Galilee, and as a fellow preacher, nodded patronizingly. After the sermon, the pastor called on the brethren to pray. Boeey stepped forward into the aisle, kneeled down, and began in a weird sepulchral voice that seemed to send the cold chills through me, and at length said, "Oh, Lord, keep us all dis night, but if it should please Thee that Thy humble servant should never see another day, but this night should be his last and I should enter into Thy great glory, oh, Lord, won't Satan be disappointed of his great expectations!" "Amen! Amen!" shouted the brethren and I joined with them, "Amen!"

That prayer was solemn and pathetic, and some years after, the good man entered into glory and Satan lost his victim.

In March I visited Baltimore, spoke in Brown Memorial Church and lectured before the students of Johns Hopkins by invitation of my friend, Dr. Daniel Gilman.

I then went to Washington and on March 22d called, by appointment, with Dr. Stuart Dodge, Hon. W. Walter Phelps, and

Judge William Strong, on President Arthur and Secretary of State F. T. Frelinghuysen with reference to certain outrages upon American citizens in Asia Minor.

On Sunday I preached twice in the New York Avenue Church and met many old friends.

Owing to the death of Rev. Dr. Hatfield, retiring moderator of the General Assembly, the stated clerk requested me to preach the opening sermon of the General Assembly at Saratoga in May.

As I went back to Syria in 1879 without preaching the sermon the following year, it was only fair that I fill the breach this year. The sermon was preached May 15, 1884, on the texts:

“Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth” (Isa. 43: 5, 6).

“Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world” (Matt. 28: 19, 20).

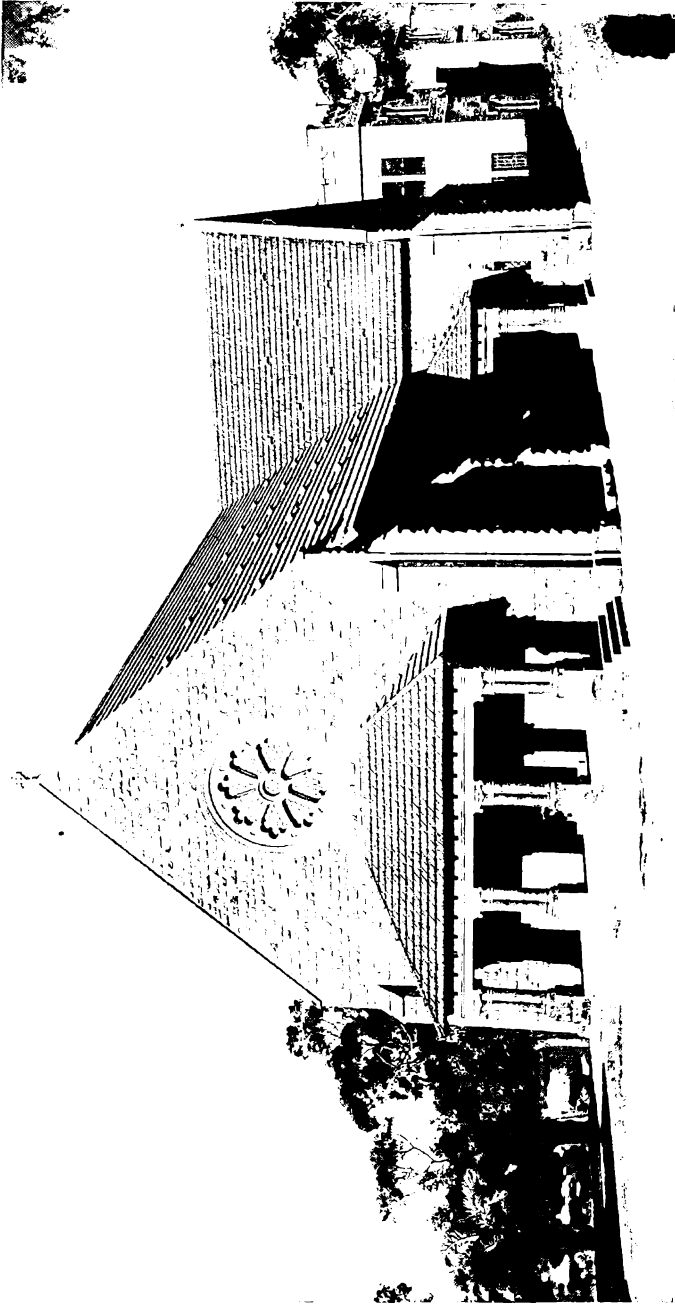
The following extracts are true now as they were then.

The Messianic Prophet and the Christ of all the prophets here unite their voices in calling the whole Church to the rescue of the whole world. The four quarters of the globe are summoned. The Lord's sons and daughters are to be gathered from the ends of the earth. This is the high, the supreme mission of the Church of Christ. This will remain its supreme mission until “every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”

The whole Church as a church needs a higher consecration, a consecration all along the line, of person and property, of life and service, of ourselves and our children, to Him who has bought us with His own blood. Water will not rise higher than its fountain-head. A church will not rise higher than the consecration of its individual members.

We need to go out of ourselves, to look upon our church machinery as only a means to an end, and that end the glory of Christ in saving men everywhere.

A living orthodoxy is a chain binding the Church to the living



ASSEMBLY HALL  
Syrian Protestant College.





Christ, and insuring growth and progress. A dead orthodoxy is a splendid seal set upon a sepulchre.

The modes of preaching the Gospel are various, but the Gospel to be preached is one. If missionaries open schools and teach, the Bible and the Christian faith must be the foundation of all their teaching. Dana, Dawson, and Guyot are illustrations of teaching the profoundest and purest science in the reverent spirit of Christian faith. Teaching medicine and science, for the sake of medicine and science, is not the work of the missionary ; but he may teach both in a Christian spirit, and with thorough instruction in the Bible, and thus train Christian physicians and scholars who will be pillars of the Church in their native land.

Type casting and book making are mechanical arts, but when done to give the Bible to a nation, as was done by Eli Smith, Van Dyck, Graham, Carey, Marshman, Morrison, and Dyer, in giving the Bible to the Arabs, the Hindus, and the Chinese, they become a noble form and mode of preaching the Gospel. Livingstone was teaching when traversing Africa with his Makololo companions, Eli Smith was teaching when he spent weary months in the type foundries of Germany with Hallock, making the metallic punches and matrices for the new so-called American font of Arabic type in which the Bible was to be printed for sixty millions of Arabic-speaking people ; Hamlin was teaching when training the persecuted Armenians to bake bread for the British Crimean army ; Dr. Peter Parker when surrounded by thousands of patients in Canton ; Dr. Pratt when travelling in the Taurus Mountains ; Dr. Azariah Smith when organizing the Christians of Aintab into a self-supporting community ; the Constantinople missionaries, Hamlin and Trowbridge, when caring for hundreds of cholera patients ; Dr. Grant, when journeying from village to village among the robber Kurds ; Whiting, in sacrificing his life to save the famine-stricken Chinese ; Calhoun, confided in and trusted by both Druses and Maronites in the midst of their fierce civil war, when both parties alternately brought their gold and jewels to his unprotected house for safe-keeping ; the Syria missionaries during the massacres of 1860, when for months they fed

and clothed the twenty thousand refugees from Damascus and Lebanon ; Dr. Van Dyck, in translating the Bible and treating thousands of sufferers from the virulent eastern ophthalmia ; Dr. Post, in performing marvellous surgical operations, and in the intervals of leisure making a concordance of the Arabic Bible which cost him and his assistants 15,000 hours of labour ; Dr. West, who disarmed the bitter hostility of Armenian ecclesiastics and Turkish pashas, and won them to friendship by the patient and skillful use of his high medical knowledge ; Dr. Osgood, in delivering hundreds of despairing victims from the opium curse in China ; Miss Dr. Howard, in successfully treating the wife of Li Hung Chang ; Bishop Patteson and his colleagues, in teaching the South Sea Islanders the simplest arts of decency in clothing and of comfort in building their houses ; these and multitudes of others in Asia, Africa, Europe, America, and the far-off isles, have truly obeyed the Saviour's last command, in teaching the Gospel, by living the Gospel and exhibiting its precious fruits amid famine and pestilence, want and nakedness, cannibalism and savage ferocity, wars and massacres, relieving suffering, healing disease, instructing ignorance and guiding lost men to a Saviour.

The world needs the Gospel and the Gospel needs labourers of every kind ; and the Gospel needed is the Gospel in its purity and entirety ; the pure word of God with its converting and sanctifying power ; not a Gospel diluted and attenuated to suit an enfeebled sentiment, nor a mutilated Gospel, but the Gospel of salvation by faith in an atoning Saviour.

The world is groaning under the burden of sin. It is full of colossal systems of creature worship, of propitiatory sacrifices, of self-torture, of pilgrimages, of bloody rites, of burnt offerings of human victims, which men, in the dark groping of their unrest, have invented, or amid the wreck of ancient traditions have clutched at with the grip of despair, to satisfy the sense of deserved retribution for sin. It is an insult to the moral yearnings of man's nature to offer him such a stone, when he is dying of hunger for bread. Of what use is it to tell the pagan or the Mohammedan, the " Barbarian and the Scythian," that we have

crossed seas and continents burning with zeal to teach them the glorious Gospel of uncertainty ; to enlist recruits in the army of mighty doubters ; to assure them that there is nothing sure ; to tell them to cultivate their consciousness, if perchance they may evolve from it a system of faith which will stand the test of the microscope and the crucible.

When human hearts are aching and bleeding over sorrow and sickness, over the bereavements, the broken hopes and racking anxieties of life, and struggling with sin and evil, not knowing whence they came nor whither they are going, what mockery to raise their hopes of relief and comfort, and then drive them to a deeper misery by offering such a diet of despair !

On Wednesday evening, May 21, 1884, I presided by request of Dr. Ellinwood at the annual foreign mission rally. Four missionaries were to speak. A programme was given to me with the directions, "no speaker to exceed ten minutes." When Dr. Imbrie of Japan arose he said it was rather hard to have an ex-moderator who had preached an hour limit us, his brethren, to ten minutes. It was hard, but the rule was inexorable and the speakers succeeded admirably in crowding so much into the brief allotted time.

On the 23d of July, 1884, I was married by Rev. Dr. G. F. Nichols of Binghamton to Miss Theodosia Davenport Lockwood, daughter of the late Rev. Peter Lockwood. We visited Southampton, L. I., our ancestral home, met many relatives, and saw the houses where my father and grandfather were born. The old graveyard is one of the historic spots of ancient Long Island. It was a privilege to speak in the old Southampton church and meet the Fosters, Posts, and HARRISES. We drove to North Sea and picked up shells on the beach ; just such shells as mother used to show to our admiring eyes in childhood's days. Aunt Harriet Harris gave me my Grandfather Henry Harris's family Bible, a portly volume of the olden time, and we visited his grave in that quaint, quiet old country village. How it carried me back to the early days, when father and mother used to tell us stories of the " Island," the Shinnecock Indians, the return of the

whale-ships, and the capture of whales off the Southampton beach!

The summer was spent in visiting churches in New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and preparing for the journey to Syria, after this protracted furlough.

In August, Gabriel, the negro man-of-all-work of my brother, Judge William H. Jessup, told us that he had met an old man named Safford, a carpenter, who told him that when a young man he worked on building father's law office, and father came in, stood by him at the work-bench, and prayed for his salvation, and he was thus led to begin a Christian life.

On Sunday, October 5th, my youngest son Frederick Nevins aged eight years and ten months united with the old church in Montrose, thus completing the number of my eight children who are members of the Church of Christ. It was a joyous day to us all.

October 9th we all, Mrs. Jessup, my six children and my brother William's daughter May who accompanied us to Syria, left for New York and at the St. Stephen's Hotel met throngs of old friends. One New York pastor, a dear friend of mine, who six months before had sent me his check for \$1,000, said to me, "Call on me if you need anything." The kindness and affection of relatives and friends quite overcame me. I went once more to speak to the students of Union Seminary, in company with my brother William and Dr. Arthur Mitchell. My two older sons William and Henry came on from Princeton to bid us good-bye.

Saturday, October 11th, we sailed on the *Britannic* for Liverpool, arriving on the 19th. Mr. A. Balfour of Liverpool met us and invited us to his house in Rosset. Four of the party accepted his invitation and went out for the night. We visited Chester Cathedral and met Dean Howson, who once preached for us in Beirut. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour were most abounding in their kind hospitality. Being engaged in trade with Valparaiso, he was a warm friend of Dr. Trumbull, the American missionary, and was a liberal supporter of the missionary work of our church. Mr. Balfour died in June, 1886, greatly lamented and honoured.

On reaching London, we found that, owing to cholera in Southern France, we could not take steamer from Marseilles, so we were obliged to take the Orient Express from Paris to Varna on the Black Sea. We were quarantined in the Austrian steamer *Flora*, five days at Kavak in the Bosphorus in a cold rain-storm. We were met and welcomed to the houses of the missionaries in Scutari, Drs. Wood, Isaac G. Bliss, and Elias Riggs. Our stay in Constantinople was only forty-eight hours and it rained constantly. Yet I was able to visit the Bible House, Robert College, and the Girls' College in Scutari. On leaving our anchorage, November 13th, at 5:30 P. M., the rudder chain broke, east of Seraglio Point and the steamer was driven by the swift current directly towards the rocks. There was great excitement on board but by a merciful Providence the chain was mended and the ship got under control when, apparently, not 200 feet from the rocks.

In Smyrna we called on the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Page, Miss Lord, and Mr. and Mrs. Constantine.

November 21st we reached Beirut at sunrise and were met by brother Samuel, his son and daughter, and Drs. Bliss, Eddy, Post, Dennis, and a crowd of Syrian friends. It was indeed "home again from a foreign shore." The harness was soon buckled on and my ordinary work in preaching and theological teaching resumed. November 30th I preached in Arabic and Bishop Hannington of Uganda in English, and at the Sunday-school in the afternoon I translated his address to the Sunday-school children.

The annual meeting in December was attended by Rev. Dr. H. A. Nelson and his son William. His daughter Bessie was at that time connected with the Syria Mission and his son William joined it in August, 1888. It may be helpful to take a glance at the personnel of the mission at this time; the beginning of what might be called the new era in the mission and college.

In Beirut were Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck, Dr. W. W. Eddy, Dr. H. H. Jessup, Dr. S. Jessup, Dr. J. S. Dennis and their wives; Rev. S. Jessup had charge of the mission press, accounts, and

custom-house work. The others had their portion of teaching the theological class, editing, literary and evangelistic work. The female seminary was in charge of Miss Everett, Miss Jackson's resignation having taken effect in July previous.

The instruction in the theological class was given as follows : Natural Theology and Old Testament Exegesis, Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck ; Systematic Theology, Dr. J. S. Dennis ; New Testament Exegesis, Dr. W. W. Eddy ; Church History, Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology, Dr. H. H. Jessup ; Scripture Interpretation, Mr. Rizzuk Berbari.

The instruction was in Arabic. It had been hoped that enough college graduates and others familiar with the English language would be found to warrant using only English text-books. This was tried with one class of five, but three of them left for America, and were lost to the work in Syria for which they were trained. Since that time the instruction has been almost entirely in Arabic.

In Abeih station were Rev. Messrs. Bird (Abeih), Pond (Shemlan) and their wives, with Miss Bird ; and Mrs. and Miss Calhoun in Shwifat, working among the women and conducting a girls' day-school.

In Sidon station were Rev. W. K. Eddy, Rev. George A. Ford and his mother. In the Sidon Seminary were Misses Harriette Eddy, Bessie Nelson and Sarah Ford.

In Zahleh station, Mr. Greenlee ; Rev. and Mrs. Gerald F. Dale being in America on furlough.

In Tripoli station were Rev. Messrs. March and Hardin and their wives, and Dr. Harris. Miss La Grange and Miss Holmes had charge of the Tripoli Girls' School.

In the Syrian Protestant College were Drs. Daniel Bliss, Post, Porter, Kay, Dight, Fisher, Messrs. West, Martin, and Giroux ; Mr. Hoskins, who afterwards entered the mission, was principal of the preparatory department.

In February, 1885, Dr. and Mrs. Harris and daughter Elsie returned from America. April 20th Dr. H. A. Nelson married his daughter Bessie to Rev. Wm. K. Eddy and immediately sailed for America with Mrs. Calhoun, her daughter Susan, her grand-

daughters Agnes and Helen Danforth and Mrs. Ford and her daughter Sarah.

Four young men graduated from the theological class at the commencement in June.

April 16th Col. Elliott F. Shepard of New York came to Beirut and asked that Dr. Van Dyck accompany him to Damascus and Jerusalem. As Dr. Van Dyck was unable to travel he referred him to me. I did not see how I could be absent so long, but after he reached Damascus he telegraphed me that he had hired animals, a dragoman, tents, and a palanquin, for Mrs. Jessup and myself to accompany him April 23d on a tour via Sidon, Tyre, and Nazareth to Jerusalem! The brethren advised us to go and we went, and had a most prosperous and instructive journey. Colonel Shepard was a delightful companion and it was a pleasure to tell him of the sacred sites we visited. At every town where there was an international telegraph office he telegraphed to his family in Switzerland.

The moonlight ride down the mountain to the Sea of Galilee and the sail on the sea on April 30th, were events not to be forgotten. We were seven hours on the Lake of Tiberias and the heat was intense. Near Capernaum we saw a Bedawy wading among the great stones near the shore and catching fish with his hands. Colonel Shepard at once bought the fish. Daûd the dragoman kindled a fire and we broiled them on the coals and ate them for our lunch. The Colonel was much affected by the thought that near this very spot our Lord provided a similar repast for His disciples. Colonel Shepard was a thoroughly religious man, a careful Bible student, and a strict observer of the Sabbath. We spent a Sunday at Tyre. Dr. Ford, an old fellow worker with the Colonel in New York City mission work, after preaching in the village of Alma in the morning, rode down to Tyre, about four hours in the saddle, to aid in the evening service. Colonel Shepard quite took him to task for Sunday travel, and he was hardly satisfied with our explanation of the need of Dr. Ford's help in the union meeting in Tyre. He was a genial companion, of generous impulses and large liberality. Seeing the



utterly meagre furniture of Dr. Ford's room in Tyre, he ordered Daûd the dragoman to go to the furniture shop and buy chairs, tables, bureau, and bookcase, etc. We all told the Colonel that in this abject town of Tyre there were no furniture shops and not a chair for sale. But he insisted, and Daûd went to the private house of a Tyrian merchant and bought out his stock of furniture without regard to expense, at which the Colonel was greatly gratified.

Nazareth, Samaria, Bethel, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem were full of interest. Dr. Merrill, our consul in Jerusalem, was most attentive and gave us valuable instruction on the sacred sites. We parted with the Colonel with sincere regrets and returned to Beirut May 13th.

On his way to Beirut he had visited Tarsus and resolved to found an institute there as a memorial to St. Paul. While in Paris, on his way home, he learned that the sum of \$6,000 had been cut off from the usual appropriation to the Syria Mission, whereupon he at once sent his check for that amount, filling the hearts of the missionaries and Syrian helpers with joy and gratitude and a suitable letter of thanks was sent him by the mission. At a later day, we informed him that the Misk property adjoining the American Mission Church in Beirut was for sale and he promptly sent on, September 8, 1887, his check for \$7,000, by which aid, after waiting seventeen years, we have been able to buy that land and thus complete the mission property in Beirut in the most satisfactory manner and furnish a convenient manse for the native Syrian pastor.

In 1886 he consummated his scheme for a St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus and in his will endowed it with \$100,000. It is doing a truly Pauline work in Cilicia. His name will never be forgotten in Syria. The bronze tablet sent out by Mrs. Shepard now shows the passer-by "The Elliott F. Shepard Manse" as one of the permanent Protestant buildings in Beirut.

October 7, 1885, Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Dale, Misses Alice S. Barber, and Rebecca and Charlotte Brown reached Beirut harbour and spent six days in quarantine before landing. Miss Barber

entered the Beirut Girls' School and the Misses Brown the school in Sidon.

November 27th there was a brilliant meteoric shower of Leonids lasting from 6 to 12 P. M. ; almost equal to the marvellous display of November 14, 1866. The ignorant part of the native population, especially the Moslems, were filled with terror.

The year 1886 brought a threefold sorrow to the mission in Syria, in the death of Mr. Rizzuk Berbari and Mr. John Effendi Abcarius in Beirut and Rev. Gerald F. Dale in Zahleh.

Mr. Berbari, known as Muallim Rizzuk, was fifty years old and had been a teacher thirty-three years in Abeih with Mr. Calhoun, and in Beirut with Dr. Dennis. He was a thoughtful, scholarly, industrious, and faithful man. His home was a model Christian home and his children prove the value of the godly training of their father and mother. His great modesty only prevented his becoming the pastor of the Beirut church. He was the translator and editor of various useful Arabic books. He died February 16th, greatly lamented.

Mr. John Abcarius was the finest specimen of a refined Christian gentleman I have known in Syria. He was the son of an Armenian Protestant, was trained in the mission schools, engaged in business in Egypt, and served as dragoman of H. B. M. consul-general in Beirut for years. Having acquired wealth, he was the most liberal giver in the Protestant community. His word was never questioned. His sterling integrity was an example and a proverb among the people. He was sound in judgment and in the trying times in the Beirut church he never flinched in his devotion to the cause of order and discipline. Had he lived a few years longer it is probable that the sad schism in the Beirut church would never have taken place. He translated various works into Arabic and prepared an English-Arabic dictionary which is the standard work of that character for both Syria and Egypt. His memory is very precious to me.

But to us the most bitter affliction of 1886 was the death in Zahleh, October 6th, of Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., after fourteen years of labour in Syria.

He was a rare and beautiful character. Dr. Hodge of Princeton described him as "the model gentleman, the model Christian and the model scholar of Princeton." And he became the model missionary, courteous, kind, patient, prayerful, studious, progressive, a church organizer, and a church builder, and beloved by the people. During the cholera epidemic in Sughbin in July, 1875, he went to the village, took medicines to the sick, and administered them, cheered the despondent, taught the native preacher how to use the "Hamlin Mixture" and the plague was stayed. His name is revered throughout the Zahleh and Baalbec field to this day and his death in October, 1886, was one of those sudden and paralyzing blows of the Father's afflictive rod which baffles our feeble understanding.

April 16, 1879, he was married in Beirut to Miss Mary Bliss, only daughter of Rev. Dr. Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College. For seven years he kept bachelor's hall in Zahleh, and for seven years had a happy married life in a home brightened with domestic love and abounding in loving hospitality. In preaching, teaching, organizing churches, counselling the people, and settling their quarrels he was an acknowledged leader in Zahleh and the whole region of the Bookaa from Mount Hermon to Ras Baalbec.

He was a remarkable man. He at the same time enforced your respect by his lofty motives and high character, won your love by his gentle and winning ways, and awakened your astonishment at his extraordinary zeal and capacity for work. The first text which flashed on my mind when the sad telegram reached us was "the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." He was literally on fire with burning zeal. His name was a watchword on every side. Corrupt government officials feared his stern integrity, the poor and oppressed loved him, and scores of young men and women whom he selected and put in the way of acquiring an education looked upon him as a benefactor. He could go into a Turkish court and defend the rights of the persecuted and oppressed and the wily officials would quail before him. And he would take a little child by the hand, pat her on

the head, ask her name, and win her little heart. He was a fine preacher in Arabic, a true and trusty friend, a loving and beloved brother, and won the confidence and esteem of the natives all over Syria where he was known.

Dr. Eddy wrote: "He was a beloved and honoured Christian brother, a most untiring Christian worker, an enthusiastic missionary having faith in man and large hopes in the results of labour; fertile in resources, genial in intercourse with all men, conciliatory in manner, making friends and keeping them."

Dr. Dennis wrote: "He was a strong and earnest missionary, and he loved his field with a perfect passion. Through summer heat and winter cold, in rain and mud, in snow and sleet, in withering siroccos as well as in the bright and glorious sunshine of that fair garden of Cœle-Syria, he was in the saddle visiting his parish and watching over his spiritual charge."

Dr. George Ford wrote: "I am touched by the sorrowful exclamations of our Syrian brethren. Even those who knew him but slightly declare, 'He was wonderful. Never have we seen such untiring devotion and holy zeal as his.' In our devotional meetings his words were always aflame with holy fire, and his prayers those of one eminently a man of God, or to use his own favourite expression, 'waiting upon God.'

"He was most sincere, yet most sanguine. He was no less remarkable for gentleness than for energy, for superb push than for conspicuous modesty. His severity was always kind, and his friendliness always dignified."

The cause of his death was a malignant pustule whose nature was not understood until too late. On the day before his death Dr. Bliss left Zahleh for Beirut and stopped at the house of Dr. Dennis in Aleih to rest. He reported Mr. Dale about the same, and Mrs. Dale confined to her room with an infant daughter, Geraldine, three days old. That very evening came a telegram from Zahleh of Mr. Dale's critical condition. A similar telegram was sent to Dr. Post in Beirut but owing to the inefficiency of the telegraph employees it was twelve hours in going twenty-seven miles. Dr. Post and Dr. Bliss set out at

midnight and rode over Lebanon as fast as their horses could go, but reached Zahleh just too late. He had fallen asleep at 4:30 A. M. They wired us and we joined them at the Aleih junction, and as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the tops of the cypresses we laid him to rest in the old mission cemetery in Beirut, where his little daughter Carrie Lyon was laid beside him only six days after.

At the first meeting of the Syrian Mission held after his death, February 10, 1887, the Mission Memorial Minute expressed "their profound sorrow at the death of a fellow missionary so greatly beloved and so eminently useful. Mr. Dale had been identified with the Zahleh station during his whole missionary life of fourteen years. He was a man of prayer, of great zeal and earnestness, fully consecrated to the work. He had impressed his spirit on many of those brought under his influence, and his memory throughout the mission is blessed. He had strong faith, was buoyant and sanguine, cheerful and hopeful even amid the hours of great difficulty and trial. His death is a loss to us as a mission and as individuals."

I often recall my visits to him in his bachelor days in Zahleh. Once it was midwinter. The narrow streets were piled high with snow shovelled from the roofs and it was bitterly cold. He did not feel the cold and had only a small stove in one room of his house. His dining-room was open on one side and I sat at the table in my overcoat and shawl with the mercury at freezing point, and while I shivered with the cold he did not seem to notice it.

His death left such a burden of responsibility upon Mr. Greenlee, who had been but three years on the field and who was nervously worn out by excessive night study, that Mr. J. R. Jewett, a student of the Semitic languages in Beirut, was invited to assist him, and on Mr. Greenlee's leaving for America in 1887, Dr. Dennis and Mr. March took charge of the station assisted by Mr. Ford. During Mr. Dale's term of service church edifices had been erected in Zahleh, Moallaka, Kefr Zebed, Baalbec, Sughbin, Aitaneet, and Meshghara. He had also planned a

boys' boarding-school, and was preparing to open it when he was stung by that poisonous fly which cost him his life.

In 1888 Rev. F. E. Hoskins was stationed in Zahleh, having married Miss H. M. Eddy of the Sidon Girls' School, and in November, 1890, they were joined by Rev. William Jessup and Mrs. Jessup. On the transfer of Mr. Hoskins, October, 1900, to Beirut, Rev. George C. Doolittle was called to Zahleh from Deir el Komr.

Misses R. Brown and Emily Bird gave instruction in the Tripoli Girls' School in the absence on furlough of Miss La Grange. Mrs. H. H. Jessup was absent five months in America having attended the dying bed of her mother. D. Stuart Dodge Jessup went with her to America to pursue his studies.

At this time the repressive measures of the imperial authorities against Protestant schools, hospitals, and churches, became so pronounced and open that seventy-one missionaries and teachers petitioned the ambassadors to obtain a suspension of this official persecution of Protestantism.

The facts were recited in a pamphlet of twenty-one pages, and the different forms of aggression were classified under, 1st, Interference with the personal work of the missionaries themselves; 2d, Interference with the building of the churches; 3d, With the rights of religious worship; 4th, With schools; 5th, With hospital work; 6th, A virtual prohibition of the right of petition.

After long conference between the ambassadors and H. E. Munif Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, His Excellency issued orders recognizing all existing schools and forbidding interference with them. But the animus of the authorities towards all foreign institutions is that of suspicion and obstruction. Formerly this suspicion was confined to those of the European Powers, as America was known to have no political designs on Turkey, but latterly it has assumed an anti-Christian phase which is far more dangerous not only to religious liberty but also to the peace of society.

In December, 1886, the Suk el Gharb church edifice was dedicated to the worship of God. The devotional services were

conducted by Messrs. Bird and Pond, and the sermon was preached by H. H. Jessup. Since the growth of the Suk Boys' Boarding-School, this church has been crowded for nine months of the year, and as Rev. Beshara Barûdi is its ordained pastor, it occupies a centre of great influence in Lebanon.

In November we were horrified by the news that a Moslem woman of the family of Aitany in our quarter of Beirut had killed herself because she gave birth to a girl after having had five sons. A few years before a man of the same sect committed suicide because of the birth of his seventh daughter. This feeling is common among the Moslems and among Asiatics generally. The birth of a girl is a calamity and even among the Maronites they say "the threshold weeps forty days when a girl is born."

In December there was a new outburst of official interference with the Arabic Scriptures. Seven boxes of vowelled Arabic Scriptures were sent to the custom-house to be shipped to the British and Foreign Bible Society in London. We usually had no difficulty in shipping books. All books entering the empire were examined by the censor, and if objected to were either confiscated or sent back to Europe or America. But the shipping of books *out* of the empire, especially as all our publications had the stamp of the imperial approval, met with no opposition. But these seven boxes were seized and the mudir declared that their export was forbidden. For ten days we were kept running to the pasha and the American consul, until finally by telegraphing to Constantinople we secured orders for the shipment of the boxes. This act was one of thousands of similar cases in which petty officials try to extort bribes and blackmail from all who fall into their hands.

The prohibition of certain books, as *e. g.*, those on Turkey, Syria, Mohammed, Islam, the Sultan, etc., amounts to nothing, as any book on any subject can be imported by the British, French, German, or Austrian mails. Several times the Turkish censor, after ordering a certain book to be reshipped to England or America, has asked me to order that same book to be imported

for him through the British post. But for these foreign post-offices, all Europeans would be virtually cut off from news of the outside world, as letters and papers would be opened and read and in many cases destroyed. As it is, Europeans or Americans in the interior can get few, if any, foreign newspapers. Some of the Turkish officials, who desire universal reform, are trying to improve the system, but as long as suspicion and espionage continue, the European governments will not surrender their post-offices.

In February, in compliance with orders from the Waly of Damascus, we sent samples of all our Arabic publications to Damascus for examination and approval by the Mudir el Maarif, or director of public instruction. Some months after, the mudir came to our press and asked to see all our publications. They were all laid out on tables and he examined them and placed on every one the seal of approbation. Since that time we have had to send to Constantinople two manuscript copies of every book to be printed. After correction and sometimes mutilation by the imperial Mejlis, one copy is returned to us for printing. After printing and before publication a printed copy must be mailed to Constantinople for comparison and woe to the press that varies in printing from the corrected copy! This same precautionary process must be gone through with by every daily, weekly, and monthly journal, a proof being sent to the local censor for examination.

In February when on a visit to Sidon, Mr. W. K. Eddy told me of the brisk business carried on in Sidon in the manufacture of fraudulent Phœnician inscriptions, statuettes, vases, lamps, etc., made in the city and sent to the villages to be buried in the earth and then dug up and brought in for sale by cameleers hired for the purpose and fully in the secret. Innocent travellers are accosted by these impostors on the highways and pay high prices for the wonderful antiques. They are so well made as to deceive the very elect.

I went with Mr. Eddy to Mejdéluna and Jûn for Sunday services and communion. We had good congregations. In the first



village the house of the elder was built in the old-fashioned style. At one end of the room we could see the heads of the horned cattle eating from the manger, which was a trough extending along the sides of the room. The floor of the cattle-room was lower than the floor of the sitting-room, so that the heads of the cattle were in plain sight and they looked at us, eating their barley and straw with great calmness. One could see plainly how easy it was for Mary to lay the infant Jesus in such a manger, and Joseph no doubt kept the "horned oxen" back while Mary watched over her child.

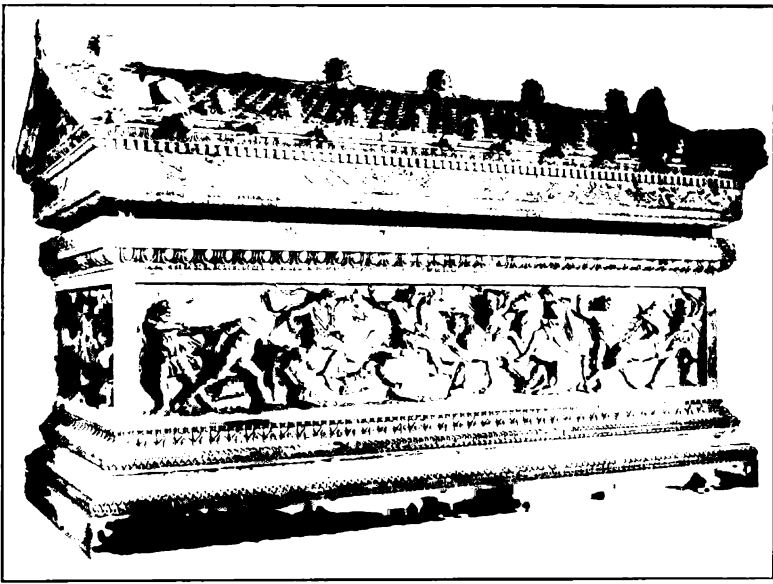
In Jûn we visited the ruined house and grave of Lady Hester Stanhope, whose eccentric career is described by Dr. Thomson in "The Land and the Book." The grave has been plowed over again and again until it is hardly discernible.

In Sidon I addressed the girls of the boarding-school, returning the next day to Beirut.

On the 14th of March a letter came from Mr. Eddy of a wonderful discovery in Sidon of ancient tombs, containing some white polished marble sarcophagi of exquisite beauty and marvellous sculpture. Mr. Eddy had been into the tombs hewn in the solid rock thirty feet below the surface and had measured and described all the sarcophagi of white and black marble with scientific exactness. On the 21st Dr. Eddy received from his son an elaborate report on the discovery which was intended to be sent to his brother Dr. Condit Eddy in New Rochelle. I obtained permission to make a copy for transmission to Dr. William Wright of London, and sent it by mail the next day. Dr. Wright sent it to the *London Times* with a note in which he expressed the hope that the authorities of the British Museum would "take immediate measures to secure these treasures and prevent their falling into the hands of the vandal Turk."

The *Times* reached Constantinople. Now it happened that the department of antiquities at that time as now was under the charge of Hamdi Beg, a man educated in Paris, an artist, an engineer, and well up in archæology. When he saw that article of Mr. Eddy's in the *Times* and Dr. Wright's letter, he said to





SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, SIDON  
SARCOPHAGUS OF THE WEeping WOMEN, SIDON

himself (as he afterwards told us), "I'll show what the 'Vandal Turk' can do!"

He at once telegraphed to the Governor of Sidon to place a cordon of police around the tomb and allow no one to enter it until he should arrive. On April 29th he came. He called on Mr. Eddy and Dr. Ford and set about the removal of those priceless treasures of Greek and Phœnician sculpture. Dressed like a common navy in a blouse and heavy shoes, he superintended the cutting of a tunnel from the orange gardens to the floor of those subterranean rock-hewn rooms, built a tramway, rolled out the colossal sarcophagi to the gardens, and then built his tramway down to the seashore where he constructed a wharf on piles. He then brought a steamer from Constantinople, had a large opening made in its side, floated the huge blocks, encased in wrappings and boxed, to the side of the steamer, drew them into the hold, and carried them away triumphant to Constantinople, where they remain in the museum, the admiration of the learned and unlearned tourists from all parts of the world. One of them is supposed to be the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. Mr. W. K. Eddy deserves the credit of having first made them known, before the antiquity hunting vandals of Sidon had broken them to pieces. As it was, one of the exquisitely carved statuettes was broken and the fragments offered for sale, but it was finally secured for Hamdi Beg.

A company of men and ladies from Beirut rode down on horseback May 18th to Sidon, and Hamdi Beg was most courteous in showing us the entire collection, those in the tombs and those already in the gardens. One day his patience was greatly tried. One sarcophagus, when the lid was opened, contained a human body floating in perfect preservation in a peculiar fluid. The flesh was soft and perfect in form and colour. But, alas, while Hamdi Beg was at lunch, the over-officious Arab workmen overturned it and spilled all the precious fluid on the sand. The beg's indignation knew no bounds, but it was too late and the body could not be preserved, and the secret of the wonderful fluid was again hidden in the Sidon sand.

## Mission Schools

Girls' schools at Sidon and Tripoli—The Gerard Institute—The school at Suk el Gharb—Mount Lebanon Hospital for the Insane.

**S**IX other boarding-schools connected with the Presbyterian Mission have been opened since 1860.

The girls' schools in Tripoli (1872), and Sidon (1862), and the boys' boardings-schools in Sidon (1881), and Suk el Gharb (1877), have had a large share in the training of the youth of Syria.

In 1899 the boys' boarding-school at Shweir, Mount Lebanon, founded in 1869 by the Lebanon Schools Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, in Suk el Gharb, and thence removed to Shweir, was transferred to the Presbyterian Board of Missions. The principal, Rev. William Carlaw, M. D., however, continues as its head, being supported by the United Free Church. The school has a high character for religious influence and scholarship.

Another boys' boarding-school has just been opened in Tripoli, under the care of Rev. Dr. Nelson. Its prospects are good, and the people are willing to pay for education. It has seventy-five paying boarders. The native Protestants in Hums have opened at their own expense a boys' boarding-school with ninety boarders and ninety day pupils.

## TRIPOLI GIRLS' SCHOOL

The Tripoli station had been occupied about twenty years, when the need of a girls' boarding-school became urgent. A day-school for girls had been opened in 1856 and continued, but it could not train teachers or benefit Protestant girls in the interior.

Beirut Seminary was too far and its training not adapted to the peasant girls of Akkar and Safita, Hums, and Mahardeh.

In September, 1873, Mrs. Shrimpton, an English lady, and Miss Kipp, of Auburn, N. Y., took charge of the school. In October, 1875, Miss Mary S. Hanford (now Mrs. Professor Moore of Andover) spent a year in teaching. In January, 1876, Miss Harriet La Grange began her work as head of the school, and was joined in May by Miss Emilia Thomson, of Beirut. In October, 1879, Miss Susan H. Calhoun came to aid Miss La Grange. In December, 1879, Miss Calhoun was transferred to Shwifat, and Miss Cundall took her place, and remained until her return to America in March, 1883. In November, 1883, Miss C. M. Holmes came, and remained, with one year's absence, until July, 1894. Misses R. Brown (1886), Bird (1887), M. T. M. Ford (1888), F. M. Jessup (1895), A. H. Jessup (1896), E. M. Law, and Mrs. Shaw taught for varying periods until Miss Bernice Hunting came in October, 1896. During her furlough in 1904-1905 Miss Gillbee of England took her place.

Not less than fifteen different foreign teachers have been connected with it, but the success of the school has been owing to the faithful and continuous labours of Miss Harriet La Grange for thirty-three years. Two classes of girls have been enrolled in this school, the more aristocratic Greek girls of Tripoli, and the daughters of the fellahin of the interior. To combine these two in one school has been no easy task, but the patience, wisdom and fidelity of the teachers have surmounted all difficulties. The daughters of the city have been highly educated and fitted for the wealthier homes, and the country girls have been fitted to be teachers, and to be wives of Syrian artisans and farmers.

I was present at the graduating exercises of this school in 1885, and delivered the annual address. At the close, Nicola Beg Nofel, the most prominent citizen of the Orthodox Greek community of Tripoli, made a brief address, speaking in the most eloquent and affectionate terms of the high esteem in which Miss La Grange was held by the people of Tripoli, and of the fruit of her labours in the moral, religious, and intellectual eleva-

tion of the young women of Tripoli. It was one of the many similar testimonies given from time to time in Tripoli, Beirut and Sidon, to the high appreciation by the Syrian people of female education as conducted by the American missionaries.

The English language has been taught, and certain of the pupils have learned French, but all have been trained in the Arabic language, and in the Scriptures. In the winter of 1900-1901 a profound religious awakening moved the whole school.

The number of boarding pupils in the Tripoli school from the beginning is about 300, thirty-six of whom have become teachers in Protestant, native Greek and Russian schools. Twelve of the present pupils are daughters of former pupils.

#### THE SIDON GIRLS' BOARDING-SCHOOL

A glance at the map of Syria, showing three American boarding-schools for girls on the Syrian coast, within a distance of seventy miles, has led some to criticize a policy of such educational concentration. But the explanation is easy. Each of these schools has been a providential growth. The Syrian people can best be reached through village schools. Schools are an entering wedge, and open the way for the Church and the organized Protestant community. But these schools must have teachers, and the girls' schools must have teachers from the villages where they are opened. To meet this need and to train educated wives for Protestant men, there must be boarding-schools. Dr. De Forest opened the first girls' boarding-school in Syria. On his departure, the Board sent Miss Temple and Miss Johnson, who transferred the school from Beirut to Suk el Gharb in 1858. The massacres of 1860 broke up the school, and the same circumstances which made it impolitic to reopen the school in Lebanon demanded its opening in Sidon. Miss Johnson having returned to America, Miss Mason came in her place, and as the Civil War in America had crippled the funds of the Board, Miss Mason was directed to open, in October, 1862, a day-school in Sidon, and girls from the outlying villages, in at-

tendance, were to board in the families of native Protestants in the city at the expense of the mission.

Miss Mason resigned in 1865, having had the aid of Mrs. W. W. Eddy, and Mrs. Ford in carrying on the school. The mission then decided to place the school wholly in charge of a Syrian principal and teachers, under the supervision of Mrs. Eddy. This was a pet object with those who originated the Beirut Female Seminary, and the Syrian Protestant College. It succeeded in Beirut Seminary for six years and then failed, as the rarely gifted Syrian preceptress, Miss Rufka Gregory, had no successor, and Miss E. D. Everett was called to take her place. It was in reality never tried in the Syrian Protestant College nor could it have been tried.

As the American Board were loath to send another American in Miss Mason's place, this plan of a Syrian principal was tried. But in the fall and winter of 1867, Mrs. E. H. Watson, an English lady of long experience as a teacher, and her Syrian adopted daughter, Miss Handumeh Shekkur Watson, took charge of the school. Afterwards it was conducted by Misses Jacombs and Stainton, English ladies, from 1871 to July, 1876. These ladies were supported by the then prosperous "Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East." The courtesy shown by this society in supplying Sidon Seminary so long was fully appreciated.

Meantime the hope of placing it under a Syrian principal and staff was abandoned. In October, 1876, Miss Harriette M. Eddy, having completed her education in the United States and returned as an appointed missionary, took charge of the school. She continued in it for twelve years, until her marriage to Rev. F. E. Hoskins, August, 1888. During this period she had been assisted by Misses M. M. Lyons (1877-1880), E. Bird (1881), B. M. Nelson (1881-1885), S. Ford (1883), Rebecca Brown (1885-1892), Charlotte Brown (1885). On the return of Miss R. Brown to America, in 1892, Miss Ellen M. Law came to the school, and was followed in November, 1893, by her sister, Miss M. Louise Law. In 1892-1893, Miss M. T. M. Ford taught in



Sidon Seminary, Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., in 1893-1894, Miss F. M. Jessup for the year 1900-1901; and in December, 1902, Miss Horne came to Sidon and remained there nearly two years. The school is now (1908) under the charge of Misses Charlotte Brown and Louise Law.

It now has about fifty boarding pupils, and quite a number of day scholars. In its curriculum it has vibrated between a purely vernacular basis and a broader one teaching the English language. It has aimed at admitting only Protestant girls, whether paying pupils or not, and its graduates form now the best element in the Christian womanhood of the whole mission field east and south of Sidon, in scores of villages and hundreds of homes. It does not aim at as high a standard of the Beirut Seminary, and its graduates often enter the Beirut "Teacher's Class," to fit them as first-class teachers, but it gives a solid and substantial education.

It must be remembered that Syria has no public schools. The only government schools virtually receive only Moslem children, and exclude the Christian sects. The system is narrow, bigoted and short-sighted, intended to bolster up Islam, and ignore Christianity. "While nominally for all sects, yet probably not more than one per cent. of their pupils are from the Oriental Christian sects" (the *London Times*, January, 1905).<sup>1</sup>

Every Christian sect is, therefore, forced to educate its own children, and thus the children of the various sects in the empire grow up ignorant of each other, and the ancient racial and religious hatreds are perpetuated. Protestant schools open their doors to all. Yet the authorities, fearing the light, threaten all Moslem children attending Protestant schools. As a rule the Protestant schools are so much better than others, that they are crowded with pupils of all sects. An educated Protestant young woman in a village, teaching the children, teaches the mothers as well, and becomes the counsellor and guide of all, respected and beloved. Each village school becomes a fountain of light and blessing.

<sup>1</sup>The programme of the new liberal government includes common schools for all and universal education.





FRONT VIEW OF GERARD INSTITUTE, SIDON

Sidon school has thus far educated 566 boarders and seventy-eight day pupils in the upper department. Of these 190 are known to have united with the Church; and of these, about 140 of the graduates have become teachers in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

#### GERARD INSTITUTE, SIDON

This institution, now so well established, is the outgrowth of a missionary necessity. After a trial of fifteen years, it was found that, as a rule, the college graduates were not available as teachers of village schools, and as ordinary religious helpers. They were not content with the moderate salaries, nor a return to simple village life and habits. It was, therefore, voted in August, 1881, that, "in view of the want of a grade of teachers in the mission, intermediate between college graduates and the graduates of common schools, the different stations (Sidon, Abeih, Tripoli, and Zahleh) be authorized to educate a class of pupil-teachers in the high schools at the central stations of each field, and to furnish in whole or in part the cost of the board of the pupils while studying."

In accordance with this vote, Sidon station authorized Mr. W. K. Eddy to open a boarding department in the day-school for boys in Sidon, October, 1881, the boys being chiefly from the neighbouring villages. A part of them brought their own food, and slept at the school.

About 1882 a boys' boarding-school was also opened in Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon, by Rev. T. S. Pond, of the Abeih station, and one at a later date, 1885, in Zahleh, by Rev. G. F. Dale, Jr., but the boarding department of the school was discontinued at his death, October, 1886, after one year's trial, for lack of a missionary superintendent.

In August, 1886, Dr. G. A. Ford, by appointment, read a paper before the mission on boys' boarding-schools. He said in part: "In view of the suspension of Abeih Seminary, the opening of the theological seminary in Beirut, the change in the college from Arabic to English, after the Abeih Seminary was closed,

and the difficulty of depending on the college for plain teachers and preachers, and there being no institution preparatory to the theological seminary where a first-class Arabic or Bible education can be obtained; and in view of the gradual disappearance of the men trained in Abeih under Mr. Calhoun, a falling off in the grade of native helpers; the drain Egypt makes on the class of highly-educated men; and the drifting of the boys' boarding-schools in Sidon and Suk beyond the scope of the vote under which they were founded; it is evident that there is need of an intermediate education for Christian workers. A similar need is felt in England and America." Dr. Ford quoted the General Assembly, the Methodists, Drs. Crosby, Cuyler, Craighead, Dykes, Spurgeon's Lay College, H. G. Guinness' Missionary Institute, and Moody's Bible Training-Schools in Chicago and Northfield.

Mr. Calhoun had said, in 1859: "To the Scriptures we give increased attention. The Bible is doing more to unfold and expand the intellectual powers and to create careful and honest thinkers, than all the science we teach, and at the same time is the chief instrument in ridding mind and heart of those hateful doctrines and traditions, which are the heritage of these sons of the Church (*i. e.*, Greeks, Maronites and Catholics)."

The plea for an intermediate training-school was urged on the ground of enlargement, simplicity, rapidity and economy. Dr. Ford urged that two schools be opened, one a vernacular Bible training-school, excluding English; the other a thorough Arabic academic course, with English enough to enable pupils to enter the college.

In 1890 Mr. March read a paper on boys' boarding-schools, urging that the mission should set apart for this work the best man with the strongest mind and warmest heart that the mission can afford. He urged that the college course is too long and expensive, and its graduates cannot supply teachers for the common schools. In fact, up to 1890, seventy-two of the boys trained in the mission boarding-schools had become teachers in the common schools.

The mission had often discussed the need of an industrial de-

partment in our training-schools. The educated boys were leaving school with no means of support. All could not be teachers. Education of the head without the hand had unfitted them to work as their fathers had before them. What Syria needed was a body of educated men who could work as carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and farmers, and support themselves. Thus far much had been said, but nothing *done*. To Dr. G. A. Ford is due the credit of having made the ideal actual. In June, 1893, the mission voted approving the establishment of an industrial orphanage for boys, under evangelical management and American superintendence, and asking for an endowment of \$25,000, apart from the cost of property, building and equipment. In 1894, Dr. Ford presented an elaborate paper on industrial training, and in January, 1895, it was agreed that industrial training be begun as an integral part of Sidon Academy, now Gerard Institute.

In 1894, \$15,000 were raised: \$6,500 by Mrs. Wood, \$4,000 by Dr. Ford, and \$4,550 by Dr. H. H. Jessup, and in 1895 the Miyeh-wa-miyeh farm was purchased, and the progress of the industrial school approved by the mission. Carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking and masonry were begun and successfully carried on. Eight thousand dollars was expended for land, \$4,000 for additional buildings, \$1,000 for implements, \$1,000 for raw materials for trades, and \$1,000 for running expenses the first year. Mrs. George Wood of New York, who had already munificently given towards the erection of Wood Hall for the Sidon Boys' School, and the Judaideh school and dwelling-house, now gave new proofs of her broad-minded generosity. Through her aid more land was purchased. Artesian boring apparatus was imported, with the aid of Mrs. Livingston Taylor of Cleveland, who gave \$4,000 for that department of the work and engineers came from America and made successive borings for water. Much the most successful one is in the campus of Wood Hall. Pipes were driven down 900 feet, and a stream of pure water rose nearly to the surface from over 700 feet depth, and an hydraulic ram forces the water up to an elevated tank, from which it flows to the Gerard Institute and the girls' boarding-school at the other end of the

city, supplying all the needs of the American colony, with a surplus that could be sold to the city.

In May, 1900, the name of Sidon Academy was changed to Gerard Institute, in honour of the maiden name of Mrs. George Wood. This name covers the literary, industrial and orphan departments.

An orphan house and school building has been erected on the Miyeh-wa-miyeh farm, known as Beulah Home, and extensive irrigating works have been constructed in the valley, on the northeast, vastly increasing the value and productiveness of the farm. This farm with its wheat fields, mulberry, olive and orange orchards, is expected to yield an annual net income of at least \$1,000, for the support of the orphanage. Ramapo Hall is now being erected on the farm on an elevation overlooking Sidon and the sea.

During the visit of Rev. Dr. Brown to Syria in 1902, Mrs. Wood added to her already generous benefactions the following splendidly munificent proposal:

“ Having long cherished a desire to add to the permanence and scope of the Mission Training-School for Boys at Sidon, it gives me double pleasure to connect the offers I am prepared to make with the auspicious occasion of your first secretarial visit to Syria. Allow me, then, through you, to make to the mission and the Board, for the benefit of Gerard Institute, the following offer:

“ 1. Fifteen hundred dollars in cash already loaned by me to the stock account of the industrial department of the Gerard Institute.

“ 2. Such a sum in cash (not to exceed \$10,000) as may be required to erect needful buildings at ‘ Dar Es Salaam.’

“ 3. The loan of such a further sum in cash without interest, as might be required to carry out any plans<sup>1</sup> the Board and mission may decide upon, said loan being fully covered in their judgment by assets of the mission for the purpose becoming available in a few years’ time.

“ 4. The title deeds for the new building for the orphans

<sup>1</sup> With reference to the consolidation of the boarding-schools.



DAR ES SALAAM SIDON ORPHANAGE  
(CALLED BEULAH HOUSE.)

SIDON GERARD INSTITUTE PUPILS

Having an outing by the sea. (The Sea Castle of Sidon is at the right.)





known as 'Beulah Home'—with the large tract of land on which it stands and the forest tract near by.

"5. An annual sum (not exceeding \$1,000) to cover any needed outlay towards securing more efficient instruction in the manual department.

"6. An annual sum (not exceeding \$1,000) to cover the cost of maintaining the orphan department with a maximum of twenty boys, including the wages of the farm overseer.

"When the plans of the mission relative to these offers shall have been matured, I shall be ready to take all requisite measures to satisfy the Board and the mission regarding the security of my offers and their permanent validity."

This offer was unanimously and cordially accepted by the Syria Mission and by the Board, so that the Gerard Institute now has a larger financial support than any other boarding-school in the world connected with our work. I cannot speak too highly of the value of Mrs. Wood's intelligent, sympathetic and self-sacrificing coöperation. She has given unstintedly of her time, her strength and her money, and without her assistance the institute never could have become what it is to-day.

The institute is situated in the city of Sidon, but while the situation is convenient, it was too small before Mrs. Wood's offer, and it is altogether impossible from the view-point of the enlarged plans which her generosity has permitted. There can be no expansion in Sidon proper, for the adjoining property on both sides is owned by parties who will not sell, while the tract across the street is a Moslem cemetery. It is, moreover, desirable that such a school should have a larger area than would be possible in a crowded Oriental city, especially as the farm is to form a prominent feature of the work of the school. Accordingly a large tract of land has been secured about two miles from the city. It lies on the summit and slope of a high hill and commands one of the noblest views in all the East. It is a superb site for an institution; near enough to the city to be easy of access, and yet far enough away to give ample room for development. The Beulah

Home Orphanage is already established at this site, and the whole institute will be transferred to it as soon as the necessary buildings can be erected, though it is probable that some work, particularly the day-schools, will continue to be done at the old site. The industrial departments are (1) farming and gardening; (2) masonry and plastering; (3) carpentry and joining; (4) tailoring; (5) blacksmithing, etc.; (6) shoemaking.

A serious difficulty has been experienced in finding suitable Christian instructors. None of the missionaries had the requisite technical knowledge, and the resources of the institute did not permit the employment of suitable superintendents from the United States. As a temporary makeshift, therefore, arrangements were made with local tailors, carpenters, masons, etc., they to give free instruction to such boys as wished to learn their respective trades and to take the profits of the shops for their compensation. This plan has worked well enough financially. It has given foremen without cost to the institute, while on the other hand, free student labour has been a sufficient incentive to the local workmen. The difficulty is that these foremen have had, usually, no thorough training themselves, their knowledge being limited to the native methods and that they are apt to lack the patience and skill required to impart what they do know to a lot of boys who may be but languidly interested. Even more serious is the fact that such foremen, while men of excellent character, are for the most part not evangelical Protestants, so that they are unable to exert that spiritual influence which we regard as so essential. In time, it is fair to expect that graduates of the institute will become available for foremen in the various departments, and special effort should be made to develop the right men for this purpose. But for so large a school, a foreign mechanical superintendent is urgently needed, and with the added resources now made available by Mrs. Wood's offer, it is hoped that Dr. Ford can carry out his long cherished desire to obtain a foreign assistant, who will unite mechanical skill and missionary character.

The boarding section of the primary department has now

been removed to the Beulah Home on the farm. The orphanage edifice has been enlarged, and now has some fifty pupils. Mr. Stuart D. Jessup has entered upon his duties as teacher in Gerard Institute in the city. Buildings are now in process of erection (1909) on the farm hill. The main building is to be known as Ramapo Hall, the funds having been given to Dr. Ford by the Ramapo Church.

In December, 1903, Mr. Stuart D. Jessup in his annual report of the institute gave some valuable facts about the training of native helpers. In this paper it was stated that of 1,019 students who have attended Gerard Institute up to 1902, 164 have taught in mission schools for from one to fourteen years, or nearly eight per year.

Of 144 native helpers now employed by the mission, forty-seven received their training in whole or in part at Gerard, twenty-eight at Suk el Gharb, twenty-three at the college, sixteen at the old Abeih Academy, six at Shweir, fourteen at other mission schools and ten had no academic training.

Of the thirty-five native preachers in the Syria Mission, ordained and licentiates, six received no academic training. Of the remaining twenty-nine, ten were trained in the old Abeih Academy, ten at Gerard, four at Suk, three at the college, and two at other mission schools.

It is clear, then, that such schools as Gerard and Suk are a necessity as long as native Syrian teachers and helpers are needed. The teaching of English in these schools is justified, 1st, by the fact that many of the boys intend to enter the college; 2d, that those who become teachers of common schools may be able to teach the rudiments of English.

The English occupation of Egypt and the emigration of tens of thousands of Syrians to America have given the English language an impetus in these old lands of Western Asia, which obliges all schools to teach English or lose their pupils. Emigrants are constantly writing to their friends left behind in Syria, "Be sure and send your children to the American and English schools!"

## SUK EL GHARB BOYS' BOARDING-SCHOOL

In the fall of 1883, this school was opened by Rev. T. S. Pond, who conducted it until June, 1889. It began with thirty-five boarders, and when Mr. Pond left Syria it had ninety-eight. During the six years it had about 250 pupils.

Rev. O. J. Hardin took charge of it November 9, 1889, and the whole number under instruction during these sixteen years (1905) has been 852, from all the Syrian sects, Protestant, Greek, Maronite, Catholic, Druse, Moslem and Jewish. Of the graduates, eighty-nine have been teachers; twelve have been preachers; five have been in the theological classes, and 133 have entered the Syrian Protestant College. Mr. Hardin aims not only to prepare boys for college, but to fit them for usefulness whether they become teachers or not. Arabic, English and French are well taught. Miss Effie Hardin has given her services gratuitously, and has been most successful in teaching English so that her pupils are well prepared for freshman year in the college.

It was proposed at one time to suspend the Suk school, or merge it in the boarding-school at Shweir, or in the Tripoli school. But it has a distinct vocation from its situation in Druse Lebanon. The climate is healthful, summer and winter.

The buildings of cut stone are the property of the Board of Missions, and the original structure was built under the auspices of the Scotch "Lebanon Schools," and dedicated in June, 1870, by the celebrated Dr. Alexander Duff, and his co-commissioner, Principal J. Lumsden, whose names were carved in the massive limestone blocks near the entrance on the west wall of the building. Previous to that visit, the schools had been under the control of a Syrian superintendent, but in 1872, Rev. John Rae was sent out from Scotland to take charge as superintendent. As the Syrian, who had assured Dr. Duff that the property was bought with Scotch funds, refused to surrender the keys to Mr. Rae, legal proceedings were entered upon and Mr. Rae removed to Shweir in 1874, where he was succeeded by Dr. Carslaw in 1880. The Scotch Mission, having secured through the Lebanon





ASFURIYEH HOSPITAL.  
General View.

court the possession of the Suk el Gharb buildings after litigation for fifteen years, sold them to the American Mission in March, 1889.

Dr. Carslaw had been a lay medical missionary in Madras, and was ordained by the mission presbytery in Beirut, December, 1883, and in 1900 the Lebanon Schools Committee transferred all right and title to the Shweir property, consisting of a manse, a church and two school buildings, to the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The United Free Church retain Dr. Carslaw as their missionary during his lifetime.

#### THE ASFURIYEH HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE

On the 17th of April, 1896, it was my privilege to invite a number of foreign and Syrian residents of Beirut to meet in my study, to hear from Theophilus Waldmeier a statement of his plan to found a hospital for the insane in Syria. As a result ten of those present consented to act as an executive committee. Rev. John Wortabet, M. D., was elected president, H. H. Jessup secretary, Charles Smith, Esq., treasurer, and the other members were Theophilus Waldmeier, founder and business superintendent, Messrs. Shoucair and Khirullah, Syrians, Drs. Brigstocke and Graham, English, Dr. W. T. Van Dyck, American, and Pastor Otto Fritze, German.

Mr. Waldmeier was then authorized to visit Europe, Great Britain, and the United States, to interest the public and to raise funds to buy land and erect buildings. A native of Germany, yet resident in the East for thirty-eight years and of large experience in buying the site and erecting the four large edifices of the Friends' Mission in Brummana, Mount Lebanon, speaking German, English, French, and Arabic, and fully consecrated to devote the remaining years of his life to the relief of the mentally afflicted as a service to Christ and humanity, he was admirably qualified for the laborious task, and succeeded well. He formed auxiliary committees in Switzerland, Holland, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States, and raised



about ten thousand dollars. A central committee was formed in London composed of such men as Sir Richard Tangye, Dr. F. A. Elkins, Dr. R. Fortescue Fox, Dr. R. Percy Smith, Dr. David Yellowlees, Dr. A. T. Schofield, Dr. Bedford Pierce, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D. D., and Dr. R. Hingston Fox, and others, and a board of trustees was formed consisting of Wm. A. Albright and Joel Cadbury of Birmingham and Rev. C. A. Webster, M. D., and Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D., of Beirut.

Mr. Waldmeier returned to Syria in 1897, and after long searching and many journeys by sub-committees, we finally selected as the best site the place known as El Asfuriyeh, a beautiful elevation on one of the lower spurs of Lebanon, forty-five minutes from Beirut, yet under the Christian government of Lebanon, 400 feet above sea-level, with an abundant supply of pure spring water, a large tract of land, three stone buildings, fine quarries of indurated cretaceous limestone for building, a fertile soil, and a most salubrious, cheerful, and attractive site.

We purchased it from Hishmet Beg, a courteous and high minded Turkish gentleman, long known as the upright treasurer of the Lebanon government, for about \$9,000, and experience has proved that it was a most economical purchase. There are now thirty-four acres of land.

Nine years have passed. Twelve stone buildings have been erected; the administration building (enlarged), the men's ward, and isolating ward, the Holland kitchen, Dr. Thwaites' house, the house of Mr. Baumkamp, head nurse, the chapel, the clinic, the porter's lodge, the wash-house, and the tenant farmer's house. In addition to a perennial flowing spring of pure water, it has several rain-water cisterns.

More than 600 patients have received treatment, of whom more than thirty-three per cent. have been discharged cured. The average number treated annually is 155. This being the only organized hospital for the insane in Syria, patients come from Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Malta, Persia, India, and foreigners from Russia, Italy, Germany and Austria. They represent ten of

the religious sects of the land: Mohammedans, Maronites, Jews, Orthodox Greeks, Druses, Papal Greeks, Metawilehs, Armenians, Roman Catholics, and Protestants.

The work is international and undenominational, and appeals to the liberal in all lands and of all forms of religious faith. Unlike insane hospitals in civilized lands, it has no state aid and depends upon voluntary contributions.

When we were planning for its organization in 1896-1897, Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck said that "we need not expect the people to pay for the cure of their insane," but the facts prove that they will and do pay.

In 1900 received from patients	-	-	-	£ 156
" 1901 " " "	-	-	-	589
" 1902 " " "	-	-	-	651
" 1903 " " "	-	-	-	729
" 1904 " " "	-	-	-	859
" 1905 " " "	-	-	-	1,113
" 1906 " " "	-	-	-	1,003
" 1907 " " "	-	-	-	1,003.13
" 1908 " " "	-	-	-	1,125

This is a remarkable result. Yet there are on an average thirty poor patients, unable to pay, who add largely to the deficit in the annual income.

As the expenses of the hospital amount to about \$10,000 a year, about \$5,000 must come from outside donations, and an endowment is needed which would net the amount per annum.

Under the business superintendence of Mr. Waldmeier, and the medical care of Dr. Thwaites, just succeeded by Dr. Watson Smith, with the aid of Mr. Baumkamp and Miss Ashley, with a corps of native male and female nurses, the institution is well equipped. Before this hospital was opened, the treatment of the insane was cruel beyond belief. They were beaten, chained, confined in damp, dark dungeons, or given over to priests who professed to exorcise the demons by cruel torture in the dark cavern

of the Convent of Kozheiya in Northern Lebanon. Some are cauterized in the head with red-hot irons. One priest in Brummana had an insane woman bound to a stone pillar head downward, read his formula for exorcism, fumigating her with incense until she began to curse him, when he beat her on the face with his large silver cross until the blood streamed down upon it.

When she was released and had recovered her strength she ran six miles down the mountain to the sea and drowned herself.

In contrast the people say, "This hospital is the crown of goodness and mercy." A native writer declares the buildings, in their neatness and cleanliness, to be more like palaces than insane hospital wards. Dr. A. T. Schofield of London who visited Asfuriyeh declared it to be "a model institution."

Dr. Mauser, director of the large Heldburghausen Asylum in Germany, in 1906 wrote, "I am astonished to find such an excellent asylum in this country: the houses are well built with free admission of light and fresh air, clean, comfortable, and substantial, and what pleases me above all is the *absence of the undesirable walls*, which even till now surround some of our asylums in Europe. The 'bed treatment' of the maniacal and excited patients is much better than the strong 'jackets.'"

"The hospital now stands," as Mr. Waldmeier says in the report, March, 1907, "as a beautiful object-lesson before us, in which a loving, Christian, humane treatment of the patients, combined with modern alienistic science, can be observed. Iron chains have to give way to freedom, atrocities and cruelties to Christian love and kindness, exorcism to sound reason, filthy and dangerous to clean and airy rooms, and ignorance to the light of the Gospel and civilization."

This work, though not under a missionary board, is a child of missions, and under the management of Christian men. I regard the time and strength I have given to it as secretary for ten years, as work done for Christ and His suffering ones, and in this respect it is Christian missionary work.

## BEIRUT EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

- |                                                                            |                                                              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| R. W. Brigstocke, M. D.,<br><i>Chairman.</i>                               | Rev. C. A. Webster, B. A.,<br>M. D.                          |
| Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D.,<br><i>Secretary.</i>                             | Rev. G. M. Mackie, D. D.                                     |
| C. Sigrist, Consul and Banker,<br><i>Treasurer.</i>                        | Franklin T. Moore, M. D.,<br><i>Auditor.</i>                 |
| Theophilus Waldmeier,<br><i>Founder and Business Su-<br/>perintendent.</i> | J. J. Effendi Shoucair.<br>A. Effendi Kheirallah.            |
| Harris Graham, B. A., M. D.                                                | Walter Booth Adams, M. A.,<br>M. D.                          |
|                                                                            | Watson Smith, M. R. C. S.,<br><i>Medical Superintendent.</i> |

*London Treasurer*, Lady Tangye, 35 Queen Victoria Street,  
London, E. C.

*Philadelphia, Pa., Treasurer*, Asa S. Wing, 409 Chestnut Street.

*New York Treasurer*, Henry W. Jessup, Esq., 31 Nassau Street.

## Sketches (1887)

MISS EVERETT

**A**PRIL 6th the Beirut Boarding-School for Girls celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and Miss Eliza D. Everett, who had been nineteen years at the head of the school, bade her pupils good-bye in view of her departure for America. After an absence of two years, she returned in 1889 and remained six years until June, 1895, when she resigned and returned to America, and died February, 1902. She thus fulfilled twenty-five years of successful teaching in the Beirut school. She was attractive in appearance, highly intellectual, thoroughly cultivated and consecrated to the service of Christ and her Syrian sisters. She was revered and loved by her pupils, and in 1904, the alumnæ of the school in Egypt presented to the institution a valuable oil painting of Miss Everett. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good wrought by her in the Christian homes of Syria and Egypt. They rise up on every side and call her blessed.

NOFEL EFFENDI NOFEL

Nofel Effendi Nofel, one of the finest specimens of Christian manhood I have ever met, died August 9, 1887, in Tripoli. His family was the famous Nofel family of Tripoli, and his father, a government official, was tortured to death by impalement, because he would not yield to the infamous orders of that monster, Jezzar Pasha, of Acre.

When I removed to Beirut in 1860, Nofel Effendi was chief clerk in the Beirut custom-house, and a fine scholar in Arabic and Turkish. Early in 1862, he united with the Beirut church and became a vigorous champion of the evangelical faith. During the summer he passed through a somewhat remarkable re-

ligious experience, a veritable temptation by the devil. He was troubled with blasphemous thoughts which increased to such an extent that he gave himself up as lost. His language was not unlike that of Bunyan in his "grace abounding," and only after protracted struggles in prayer and study of God's Word and finally resolving to go forward and do his duty in both light and darkness, did he find any relief. The Spirit of God led him out into the light although through a painful struggle.

Nofel Effendi wrote several valuable Arabic works, a history of the religions of the East, a history of the Arabs, and a reply to the Romish priests.

After removing to Tripoli in 1868, he became an elder in the Tripoli church, and was a pillar indeed, a man of strong faith, noble bearing, great modesty, a model of courtesy and hospitality, and a wise counsellor to people of all sects who came to consult him. His success as an author was more remarkable as he knew no foreign tongue but Turkish, and his early opportunities for study were extremely meagre. Had he the thorough training of the present course (1908) of the Syrian Protestant College, he would have made his mark throughout the East. As it was he was one of the builders of the fabric of reform in modern Syria.

In the fall there was an evident work of the Spirit among a number of young men from Hasbeiya living in Beirut, and among the students in Abeih Seminary.

July 21st my two daughters, Mary and Amy, and my sister Fanny left, under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, for America. This separation from children during the formative period of their lives is one of the trials of a foreign missionary. But it is inevitable, and is no more than foreigners in business or civil or military service have to endure. A child may remain in Syria until the age of fifteen with safety to health, but the training in the home land is far superior in surroundings, in the Christian atmosphere, and the higher standard of morals and life than anything the children have seen around them in such a land as this, that we may well make the sacrifice and bear the separation for .

their intellectual and spiritual welfare. The missionary parent can trust a covenant-keeping God to care for His children, and in the great majority of cases the children of missionaries have proved to be an honour to their parents and true members of the Church of Christ.

From beyond the sea came tidings of the death of Rev. D. M. Wilson, formerly of Tripoli and Hums. He came to Syria in March, 1848, and left for America in May, 1861, after about thirteen years of faithful service. The aristocratic airs of the people of Tripoli did not suit him, and he rejoiced to remove in 1856 to Hums, where among the more simple minded and ingenuous Greek weavers of that semi-pastoral city, he took delight in preaching and explaining the Word of God.

He was the founder of the church in Hums, now one of the most flourishing and liberal of all the churches in Syria. For three years I corresponded with him by camel post, a shoemaker in Tripoli and a weaver in Hums acting as our postal agents. His letters were always pithy and pointed and I regret that I have none kept on file. No Syrian missionary was more mighty in the Scriptures and more facile in handling the Arabic proof texts. He soon had crowds of the young men of Hums gathered nightly at his house to hear the Word of God.

In 1860 he narrowly escaped being shot by the Arabs, at a time when the whole country was in a state of civil war and terrorism. He had heard rumours of trouble in Lebanon, and set out with his teacher, Mr. Sulleeba Jerawan, for Tripoli to consult Mr. Lyons as to duty in the threatening state of affairs. When three miles from Hums, by the bridge of the Orontes, a body of mounted Arabs surrounded them and held a parley as to their fate. Not supposing that Mr. Wilson understood Arabic, one of them said, "Let us kill them, strip them, and throw them into the river." Another said, "No, we cannot do that without orders from the emir." So they took them several miles south to the camp. When the emir came, they told him their story and asked why his men had arrested them on the Sultan's highway.

The emir said, "Do you not know that the whole land is rising, and we hear that orders have come to kill all foreigners and native Christians? Why did you not take an armed guard from the government? I will take you back to Hums and hand you over to the governor. He can give you a guard. But do not venture out again alone on the road." It was a lesson to Mr. Wilson and has been a lesson to many missionaries since. I see no need of bearing arms. If the country is safe, you do not need them. If not, you can get a guard.

In March, my old schoolmate and townsman, my seminary chum, and missionary colleague, Rev. J. L. Lyons, died in Florida, aged sixty-four years. We were brought up in the same village, Montrose, Pa., decided on the missionary work about the same time. Our room in Union Seminary was the rallying-place for students considering the missionary question.

Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons was born April 18, 1824, graduated at Williams College in 1851, and at Union Theological Seminary May, 1854. He sailed for Syria November 19, 1854, having married Miss Catherine N. Plumer, of South Berwick, Maine, in October. He spent a year in Beirut and Lebanon, when I joined him and we were stationed together at Tripoli, Syria, where he remained until June, 1861, when he was transferred to Sidon where he laboured for three years.

During the massacre summer of 1860, he was actively engaged in visiting the refugee Christians and desolated villages of the Baalbec district, distributing charity to the needy. A serious illness in February, 1857, affected his head and sight to such an extent that for years his writing and most of his reading were done by the aid of his devoted wife. He returned to America in June, 1863, and for five years was confined for the most part of the time to his bed. He then rallied in a most remarkable manner, and from the year 1871 to 1888 was engaged as district agent of the American Bible Society for Florida and Georgia. His foreign missionary experience, his affability, his knowledge of human nature, and his conscientious fidelity to the work of his



Master made him acceptable to the people. He had a keen sense of humour, was a fine musician, fond of travel, genial in his intercourse with the Syrian people, and wise in counsel. He longed to return to Syria but his physicians would not consent.

His uncle, Rev. Lorenzo Lyons, was one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. His widow, and son John Plumer, who graduated at Harvard in 1882, survive him.

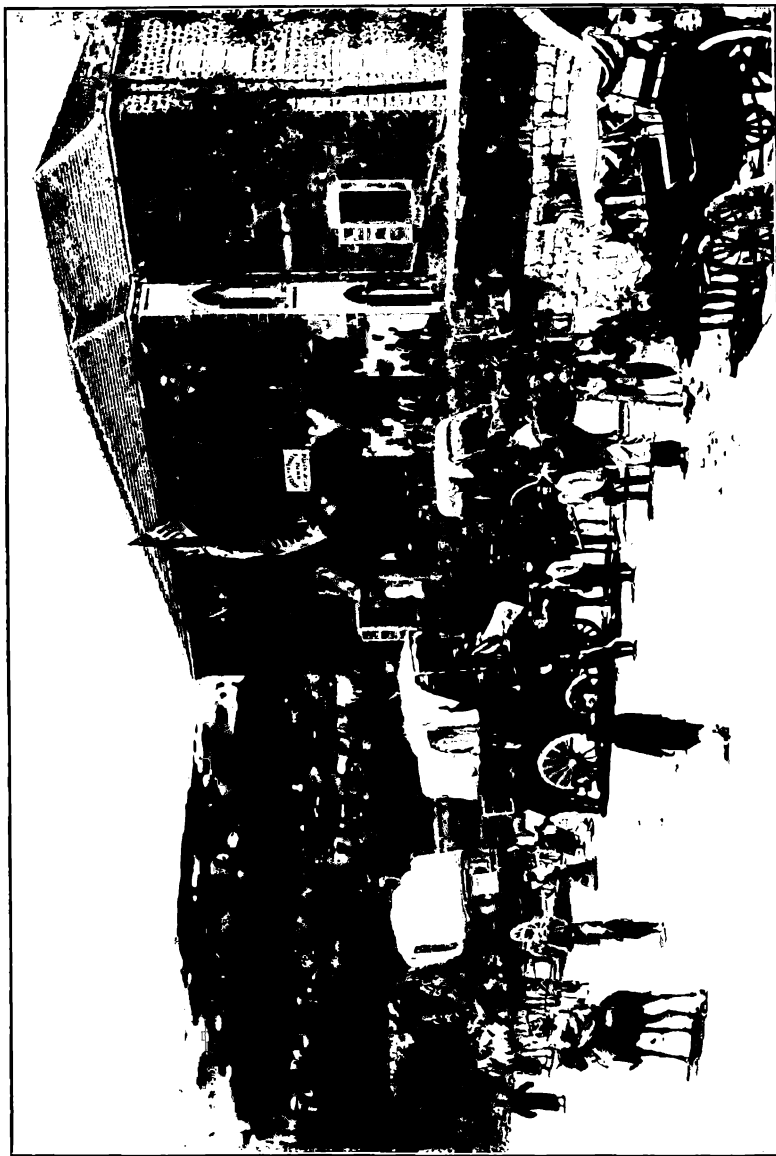
In May we had a visit from General Haig, an English officer, explorer, and missionary. He delivered a lecture on his recent journeys in Southern Arabia, to Sunaa in Yemen, the Arabia Felix of the ancients, a country of surpassing beauty and fertility, on high table-land, 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level, abounding in rich productions. From Sunaa, he went south to Aden, among friendly Arab tribes. He strongly urged sending missionaries to Arabia. He went to Muscat, Bahrein, and Bus-sorah and thence to Bagdad. He was ten days of twenty-one hours each in crossing the plains from Bagdad to Damascus. The camels browsed as they loped lazily along. But they got through safely. General Haig was a fine specimen of the Christian British officer.

#### DR. MICHAIEL MESHAKA

On the 6th of July, 1888, died Dr. Michaiel Meshaka, the Martin Luther of Syria. He was an able physician, self-taught by studying the works of the Boulak Press in Cairo, Egypt. He was a fine astronomer and had calculated all the eclipses for a century to come.

Born a Roman Catholic in Mount Lebanon, March 2, 1799, he lapsed into skepticism, but was converted through the labour of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck, and especially by studying "Alexander's Evidences of Christianity," and "Keith on Prophecy."

A master of the Arabic language, he now used his pen to expose the unscriptural errors of the papacy and wrote a series of books, at times as caustic and severe as anything Luther ever



PIETRO'S HOTEL, 1875

This famous halfway house between Damascus and Beirut was abandoned on the building of the railroad.



wrote, but full of argument, Scripture, historical reference, and irresistible logic. His books had a wide circulation and had a mighty influence in shaking the despotic sway of the priesthood over the minds and consciences of the Syrian Oriental Christians. He was a great friend of the Emir Abd el Kadir and of all the Mohammedan sheikhs and Ulema. Pashas and European consuls consulted him and he was made American vice-consul in Damascus. Some of his historical writings are still in manuscript, being too personal as to the powers that be to make it safe for his family to publish them.<sup>1</sup>

He was a warm friend of the American and Irish Presbyterian missionaries in Damascus, Dr. Paulding, Dr. Lansing, Dr. Barnett, Dr. J. Crawford, Dr. S. Robson, Dr. J. L. Porter, Mr. Frazier, and the lamented Graham who was killed in the massacre of 1860. We have already noted his escape from massacre.

In July, 1888, Rev. F. E. Hoskins, who had taught three years in the Syrian Protestant College and then returned to America to complete his theological studies, reached Syria and was married August 22d. to Miss Harriette M. Eddy of the Sidon Girls' School. They were stationed in Zahleh where they remained until 1900, when they were transferred to Beirut, owing to the death of Mrs. Hoskins' father, Dr. W. W. Eddy, so long a member of the Beirut station.

The same year, October 31st, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Nelson arrived in Syria and began work in Tripoli.

Six theological students graduated in June. Three of them are in business in America, one is dead, and two are now (1908) faithfully preaching the Gospel in Syria. Thus far, no means have been found by which our theological students can be bound to remain and serve their own country. The temptation to amass wealth by emigration is the touchstone by which the tone, character, and spirit of young men are tested. Those who

<sup>1</sup> Under the new free Ottoman government, his history, "Meshed ul Aiyan," has now been published by the "Helal" Press in Cairo, an Arabic book of 200 pages.

stand the test and resist the temptation are of good stuff and can be relied upon. But alas, a considerable number yield to the tempter and are lost to the Church of Syria and it is difficult to say whether they are ever connected with the Church in America.

H. E. Wassa Pasha, Mutseriff of Mount Lebanon, was at one time induced by false statements of certain petty officials to enter complaint to the American consul against our schools in Lebanon, but through the efforts of our efficient consul, Mr. Bissinger, he changed his views as completely as his predecessor, Rustam Pasha, had done.

On the 28th of February, a delegation of the missionaries consisting of Drs. D. Bliss, W. W. Eddy, J. S. Dennis, and S. Jessup and Mr. Pond and H. H. Jessup, called upon him at his house in Beirut. The pasha was most affable and said, "Assure your friends and your government that I will do all in my power to protect you and your work." And it has always been found by experience that friendly, informal visits to the officials of the country will disarm suspicion. As a rule, the Turkish officials are personally friendly, and the better educated among them appreciate the benevolent work being done by the Americans in the empire.

They often say, "We like you personally and understand your political and beneficial work, but you represent a republic. We fear the spread of republican ideas among our people." We assure them that we never propagate political theories, and always teach our Syrian preachers and teachers to pray for the Sultan.

## Three Years of Progress (1888)

Oscar Straus—St. Paul's Institute—Bakir—Map making—Jedaan—Kamil.

**D**URING this year, we were kept busy by the Ottoman government because of a series of orders closing our schools on the ground of illegality ;—that they had no permits, and then refusing to grant them permits ; demanding diplomas of our teachers and lists of our text-books and courses of study, when no such demands were made upon other foreign schools. Consul Bissinger at Beirut and Minister Oscar Straus at the Porte fought the battle out and obtained finally an order from Munif Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, that all the old established schools of the Americans in the empire be recognized by the government as though they had official firmans. This gave us rest for a time. But the new Waly of Beirut, Ali Riza Pasha, who reached Beirut March 8th, after a long interview with Mr. Bissinger, agreed to order the reopening of all our recently closed schools on condition that *only Christian* children be received. Mr. Bissinger and Minister Straus absolutely refused to accept such an odious condition, and finally the schools were reopened without conditions. Much has been published since that time and much has been done in the way of securing recognition of the American schools. The medical college in Beirut is visited every year by an imperial medical commission, who, in connection with the American faculty, examine the students and confer upon the worthy the imperial medical diploma.

Various questions with regard to the American institutions remain unsettled, but, as a rule, the established day-schools, boarding-schools, and colleges are not interfered with. Where the government refuses a permit, it is generally through fear that a

school or hospital with a permit may refuse to pay taxes. In this respect, the Americans would cheerfully pay taxes if the institutions of other nationalities did the same. But to be asked to do what no one else does, and to bear burdens which the Sultan has excused others from bearing, savours too strongly of injustice and partiality to be meekly endured by an American official.

In April, 1888, Minister Oscar Straus visited Beirut. All were impressed with his intellectual ability, suavity of manner, high-toned patriotism, legal knowledge, and consummate tact. Our government was never better represented than by this American Israelite, who was, as he said, "first an American and second a Jew." He was "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re." His removal was a blunder and an injury to American interests. I have never ceased to respect him as a man and to esteem him as a friend. No one could charge him with being prejudiced in favour of Protestant Missions, yet Protestant Missions in the East never had a more energetic, discreet, or efficient defender. His convictions in favour of religious liberty are set forth in his fine book on the life of Roger Williams. The vicious and shiftless spoils system of political appointment to our foreign diplomatic service, which prevailed in those days and has only now in the days of Secretaries Hay and Root been radically changed, sacrificed Mr. Straus just when he was on the eve of negotiating a naturalization treaty with the Sublime Porte which would have saved both governments infinite annoyance and constant friction and misunderstanding.

In May Mr. William Bird accompanied his daughter, Mrs. Alice Greenlee, to America, and I was placed in charge of Abeh station. I made frequent trips on horseback through Southern Lebanon, examining schools, visiting the churches, and administering the ordinances.

As Colonel Shepard had appointed brother Samuel Jessup and myself members of the Advisory Board of St. Paul's Institute at

Tarsus, I went to Tarsus and Adana in May with Mrs. Jessup to attend the first annual meeting. Rev. Messrs. McLachlan and Jenanyan were the faculty, and already there were indications of an incompatibility which almost invariably develops itself where any institution in the East is placed under the dual control of an Oriental and an Occidental. Both of these teachers were strong, able men, but somehow they could not work harmoniously. Eastern ideas differ from ours. Where Eastern men, with funds raised from Orientals, manage Oriental institutions and enterprises, they generally succeed. But the East cannot understand the West in the matter of managing Western funds. Years after this, when matters had twice come to a rupture, Mr. Jenanyan came to Beirut and laid the whole case before us. I saw that the trouble was not in the American nor in the Armenian, but in that mixture of Occidental alkali with Oriental acid, which always produces effervescence.

I then wrote a long document to the New York Board of Trustees, which I read to Mr. Jenanyan, and which he approved, advising that hereafter St. Paul's Institute be made either wholly Armenian with Mr. Jenanyan at its head, or wholly American with an American at its head. The latter plan was adopted and the school is a success. Mr. Jenanyan has opened another school in Iconium (Konieh) and we hear no more of friction and misunderstanding.

While in Tarsus, we visited the reputed tomb of Sardanapalus, the falls of the river Cydnus, where Alexander the Great came near drowning while bathing; then to the old Western Gate, the Protestant and Armenian Churches, and the so-called tomb of Daniel!

In the luxuriant gardens watered by streams of living water from the Cydnus, we ate for the first time the luscious fruit of the Akedunya or Medlar, which grows much larger there than in more southerly climes.

Mr. Montgomery of the American Board in Adana asked me to address the Wednesday evening meeting. It was a scene long to be remembered. About one thousand men and women were



assembled in the large church, all seated on the floor on mats. When no more could wedge their way in, the pastor asked all to rise and close up ranks, and then all sit down together. The mass was thus contracted in superficial area and more could find sitting room. As the people speak only Turkish, I could not use my Arabic, but I spoke in English and Mr. Montgomery translated. I never saw a more attentive audience.

In the Adana congregation I was introduced to a sprightly man, who claimed to be one hundred and thirteen years old. He went every year out to the great wheat field in the Adana plain to help in the harvest, but this year, owing to the weakness of his limbs, the church had bought him a donkey on which he rode out every morning to the reapers. His memory of the days of Sultan Mahmoud II, and other notables of the last seventy and eighty years, led the missionaries to believe his claim to be correct.

Dr. Metheny lived at that time in Mersina. For years he had lived in Latakia working among the pagan Nusairiyeh and removed to Mersina to labour for tribes of the same people on the plain of Tarsus and Adana. He was a skillful surgeon and a tender-hearted, sympathizing man.

In June two men interested in work among the Arab tribes of Syria and Arabia visited Beirut, Mr. Von Tassel, an American, and Bishop Thomas Valpy French, late Bishop of Lahore and now resolved to give the last of his life to Arabia. He made an address at the house of Mrs. A. Mentor Mott and interested us all greatly in the zeal of a man, who, after forty years of labour in North India, was going to Muscat on the Persian Gulf to end his days. Dr. Zwemer describes him in his "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," and truly his zeal for the salvation of the Arabs devoured him. Mr. Von Tassel came out in youthful zeal and enthusiasm, set about learning Arabic and afterwards brought out a large camp equipment, intending to go into the desert and dwell among the Aneyzy Arabs, live their nomad life summer and winter, and identify himself with them. Under any other government he might have succeeded, or had he come twenty

years sooner, before the Ottoman government had begun to suspect every traveller among the Bedawin of being a military spy, or a European agent to distribute arms among the Arabs and raise them to revolt. But Hassan Bey's filibustering fiasco a few years before, and a growing idea that the British are in league with the Arabs, made Mr. Von Tassel's scheme an impossibility. When he landed at the port of Tripoli, fifty miles north of Beirut, his tents and equipage were stopped and only released after long delay. A description of the man and all his baggage was telegraphed to Constantinople. On reaching Hums, he set up his tents outside the walls, one of them a large triple tent of green water-proof canvas. Crowds assembled to see the sight, but least welcome of all was a guard of Turkish soldiers ordered to watch Mr. Von Tassel's every movement and prevent his having any communication with Arabs of any tribe in the region. He was thus thoroughly quarantined, and soon orders came from the Waly of Damascus forbidding him to travel to any point east of Hamath, Hums and Damascus. Othello's occupation was now gone. He had not been sent out to labour among towns and cities but only to the wandering tribes of the desert who number hundreds of thousands. After waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue, he returned to Beirut, sold out his tents, beds, and equipage, and left the country in 1892. Dr. Ford has to this day (1908) the triple tent and others have mementoes of this illustration of governmental persecution and repression.

#### SITT MIRIAM AND THE SHAZALIYEH

It was during this summer that Sitt Miriam, a Mohammedan lady of the Shazaliyeh sect from Koraûn in the Bookaa, north of Mount Hermon, set out on a preaching tour in Syria. She advocated reform and an upright life, denounced bribery and corruption and insisted that all, Moslems, Christians and Jews, are brothers. She preached in the mosques in Damascus, Hasbeiyah, Sidon, Tyre, and other cities, rebuking the sins of the people. Telegrams were sent to Constantinople asking for orders to silence her, but orders came to let her alone.

This sect is numerous in Syria and its members advocate the reading of the Old and New Testaments and fraternization with the Christians. One of their sheikhs once called on me, and in the course of a very calm conversation, repeated from memory a large part of the Gospel of St. John, explaining the meaning of the first chapter in a peculiar, mystic sort of way in which the true spiritual intent seemed lost sight of and vapourized. But the man was in earnest and he said he was one of a company of twenty-five who meet to study the Bible.

Another eccentric character, who had been in Beirut several years, was banished in September. He was a Persian named Bakir, and professed to have discovered a new compromise religion on which Moslems, Christians, and Jews could unite. He had lived in England and came to Beirut as a Christian in 1884 and asked aid for his sick wife who was placed in St. John's hospital. March 5, 1885, Rev. Dr. H. A. Nelson, who was visiting Beirut, had hired Bakir to translate into English a Persian farewell address presented to Dr. Nelson during his recent visit to the missions in Persia, and Bakir brought the translation to my house to read it to Dr. Nelson. Bakir had with him a package of tracts in English setting forth his peculiar mystic incongruous views on religion and gave them to Dr. Nelson. The doctor took his hand to say good-bye and said in substance, "I thank you for your translation, and am soon to leave for America. We may not meet in this world, but I hope that through the merits of Jesus Christ, our atoning Saviour and Redeemer, we may meet at the last in the heavenly home on high." Bakir flew back, his eyes flashed fire, and he screamed so loud that the cook came running in from the kitchen to see what was the matter. He raved and shouted, "I scorn your Christ, your atonement, your sacrifice. You Christians are idolaters, the enemies of God, and accursed. Let me hear no more of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. No, we shall not meet above unless you receive Mohammed as the Prophet of God!" His language at times was too coarse and vile to bear repetition. I tried to soothe him and change the subject, but he acted like a lunatic and stamped

across the court and out of the house, shouting and storming until the whole neighbourhood was roused, and we were glad to get rid of him. He worked upon the young son of Ramiz Beg, the Kadi of Beirut, and was forming a society of religious reform (!) on the basis of a union of Islam and Christianity by all Christians becoming Moslems. The old story of the lion and lamb lying down together, the lamb inside the lion;—but Bakir was reported by telegraph to Constantinople and both he and the kadi's son, Jemal-ed-Din, were banished, Bakir in September and the other youth at a later date.

The East is still fertile soil for religious vagaries, but the West bids fair to bear off the palm. One only needs to spend a month in Jerusalem to see and hear of men and women from the West who have views, who are inspired, who out-Dowie Dowie, and who have visions and gifts of prophecy.

Some years ago, a friend of mine visiting Jerusalem met a queer-looking solitary stranger pacing back and forth in the streets of the Holy City and accosted him, and after the usual greetings, said to him, "You are an American, I infer." "Yes, I am." "And what are you doing here, if I may ask?" "Ah, yes, I'm glad you asked. You see I've come here to preach the new doctrine, that there is to be no more death. If men will only accept it, we'll abolish death and there'll be no more dying, nor graves, nor coffins, nor funerals. We shall just live right on." Our friend said to him, "But supposing you should sicken and die, what then?" "Oh," said he, "that would bust the whole thing!" And it did. The poor delirious apostle died a few months later and with him his "new doctrine."

October 26th Professor Hilprecht, who was on his way to Bagdad, asked me to go with him to the Dog River to find if possible a Latin inscription discovered by Professor Paine but not identified since. As I had not seen it for several years, I doubted my ability to find it. But by dint of examining every rock face along the old Roman road, at length, about eighteen paces east of the stone pedestal on the summit, I found the smooth surface

of the limestone rock and the traces of the inscription. Professor Hilprecht proceeded to take a "squeeze" of it and found it to be an inscription of ten lines, mostly effaced.

He also read the famous so-called Sennacherib cuneiform inscription, and found it to be of Esar Haddon and not Sennacherib. Across the river next to the mill is the inscription in cuneiform characters of the great Nebuchadnezzar, in which the principal sentence remaining unobliterated reads, "the wine of Helbon is good"—showing that the people of Helbon, north of Damascus, who to this day have fruitful vineyards, brought over wine to the King of Babylon and he immortalized again the wine already made famous by the prophet Ezekiel (27 : 18) in speaking of the widely-extended commerce of Tyre: "Damascus was thy merchant in the wine of Helbon and white wool."

During the year 1888 I rode on horseback in frequent tours nearly six hundred miles through the gorges and ridges of Mount Lebanon.

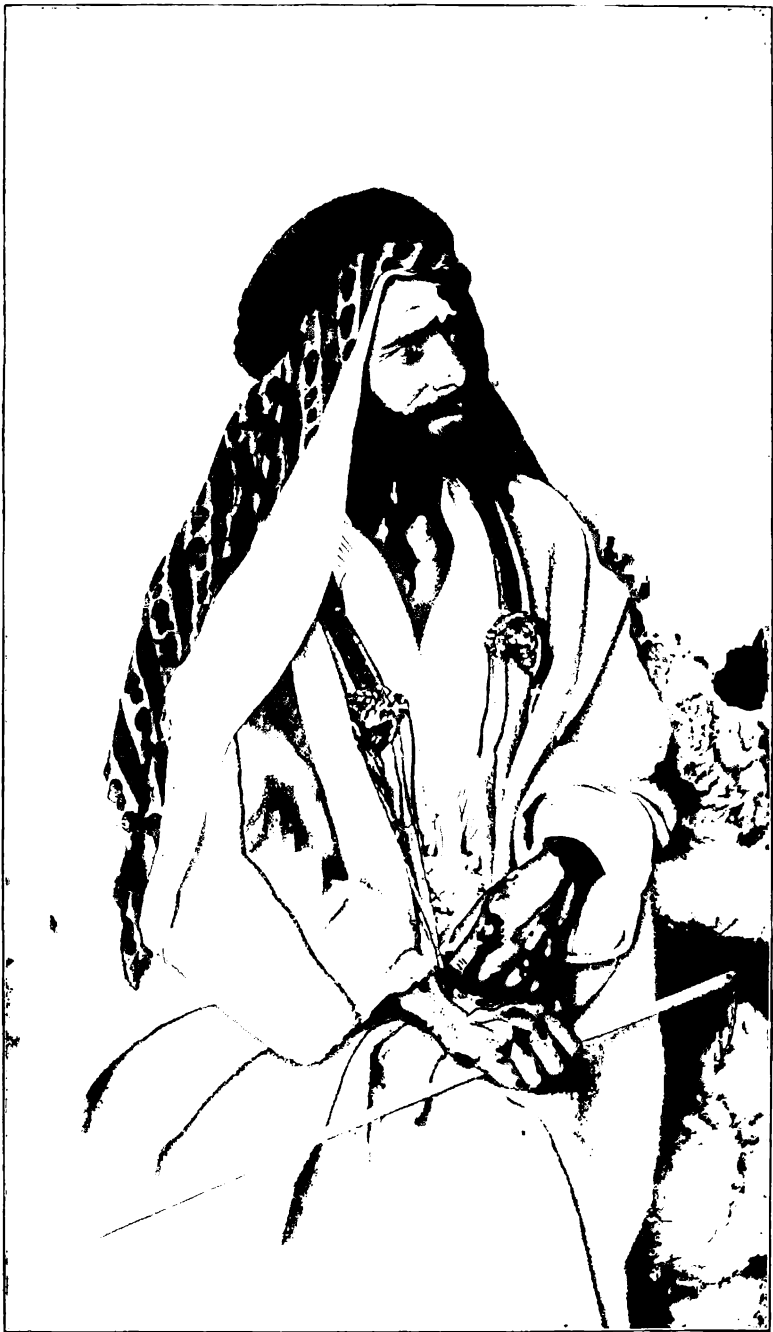
Mr. Bird returned from America in December, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Nelson arrived with Miss Holmes for Tripoli, and the missionary corps was well reinforced.

In December, with an expert scribe, I made a new Arabic map of Syria which was lithographed at our Beirut Press.

Map making in general is difficult in this empire. You must not allow the word Armenia to appear in any map or atlas of ancient or modern Turkey. Neither will it do to make a map "of many colours," as is the rule in all maps made in civilized countries. We made a map of the Ottoman Empire, Egypt, and Arabia, and had copies neatly coloured, showing clearly the outlines of the different provinces and presented one to the Governor of Beirut and another to the "Mudir el Maarif," or Superintendent of Public Instruction. They were both brought back by the mudir, who indignantly asked, "Why is Egypt coloured one colour and Syria another and Arabia another and Asia Minor another? Do they not all belong to the Sultan?"

It would not do to insult the zealous official by laughing in his





JEDAAN THE BEDAWY

face, but we apologized and explained and humbly promised hereafter to make Egypt and Arabia the same colour as the rest of the empire. A polychrome means to the watchful officials polyglot and polynational and polypolitics. So we try to conform to the laws and avoid having our press suppressed by using anything beyond a monochrome.

From their standpoint, Turkey is a unit. All subjects are Osmanlies, and the great father in Constantinople will have nothing of Arab or Egyptian or Armenian or Macedonian. All are Ottoman subjects and divisions, names and designations are absolutely prohibited. We have no fault to find with this. We are strangers and the guests of the Sultan, and we are bound in honour to conform to the laws. This we have always done and intend to do in the future. We really enjoy greater liberty than the native subjects of the Porte. It is hard to see the people around us taxed and overtaxed, oppressed and outraged by unscrupulous petty officials with no appeal. This to me has been my greatest trial of my fifty years in Syria, to see wrongs which you cannot right and sufferings which you cannot relieve, while the American flag protects our persons and frees us from oppression.

1889—On the 16th of January, my brother-in-law, Radcliffe B. Lockwood, Esq., of Binghamton, accompanied me on a horseback trip sixty miles south to visit the out-stations and conduct a communion service in Ibl, west of Mount Hermon.

February 21st I baptized Jedaan Owad, the converted Aneyzy Bedawy, a fine, clear-headed, sensible young man who had been under instruction for two years. He came to Lebanon to sell sheep, fell in with Christians, determined to learn to read, persevered, and at length became convinced that salvation was in Christ alone. He afterwards studied in the school at Suk el Gharb, and, while a fellow student with Kamil, made a tour with him among the Arab tribes, summering near Hums and Hamath, and then returned to his tribe. For nineteen years he has stood firm, coming to visit his Christian friends every year.



In March I visited Egypt with a party of friends as their guest, and preached in Alexandria, Cairo, Asioot, Luxor, and Assowan. The Egyptian pronunciation of the Arabic differs from the Syrian, but I had no difficulty in understanding them and they seemed to understand me.

On the 29th of May, 1888, we received the official "Permit" for the American Press, which had existed since 1834, a term of fifty-four years. In accepting this permit, Dr. Samuel Jessup agreed to abide by the press laws of the empire, which we had always done since finding out what these laws were.

June 12th my brother Samuel sailed for America on furlough, and on his arrival, was appointed assistant secretary of the Board during the absence of Dr. Arthur Mitchell on his journey around the world. Mr. Pond and family also returned to America and subsequently laboured in Colombia and Venezuela. Dr. Ira Harris and family returned from America July 15th.

In July the Waly, Raûf Pasha, removed to Bitlis and Aziz Pasha came in his place.

It was my painful duty to go to the custom-house and bid farewell to forty-six English books which had been ordered by various American citizens, but which were refused admission to this empire as being "dangerous, obnoxious, and unsafe." At first the censor resolved to burn them, but at the protest of our consul, changed the sentence from burning at the stake to exile. Even exile was no easy matter. The box was sealed and a list of the books given to the censor for transmission to the Turkish consul in New York who was to be notified by the treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions to be present at the opening at the New York custom-house, and to give a certificate (and receive his fee) that the very books which were banished from Syria had reached New York. Among them were the Koran, "The Land and the Book," Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," "Minutes of the General Assembly," "Catalogue of Union Theological Seminary," "Introduction to the New Testament," "History of Russia," "History of Persia," etc.

We bade them farewell with the confident hope of seeing them

again some day, and we did see them. The New York agent, Mr. Dulles, after receiving the books, wrapped them in packages and sent them by the French mail via Paris, and in due time they all arrived and were delivered to their respective owners, costing \$2.90 postage in all. Not one of them contained a word contrary to law or good morals, or an attack on the Turkish government.

In September the Turkish authorities began a new campaign against our schools and closed the Hamath school by force. The instigator of this action, as has generally been the case in that district, was the Greek bishop, who bribed the local officials, and thus secured the closing of the school. The school was afterwards reopened after long correspondence and telegraphing to Constantinople.

In August an interesting character called, a Syrian Mohammedan, Jaafar Mohammed. He had been fourteen years in Irak and Teheran and had been twice in prison for associating with Christians. I gave him a Testament and he set forth, bound, as he said, for Algiers and Morocco. He claimed to be a Christian and was well acquainted with the Scriptures. While in Beirut he wrote a Kosîdi, or Arabic poem in praise of me, and an elegy on my father and grandfather, in the most effervescent panegyric. As he probably did it in imitation of the old Arab poets, who recited poetry before the caliphs of Bagdad to receive largesses of money, I could not do less than give him a mejeedie or Turkish dollar to help him on his way. I think he inflicted a similar poem on Dr. Van Dyck. Not a few men of his stamp are constantly floating restlessly about the East. They may be sincere. The Lord knoweth them that are His, and the intolerant spirit of Islam will not allow an "apostate" to dwell in peace among them, and this intolerance is a confession of weakness. Neither Rome nor Mecca will let alone a convert from their ranks. Protestantism is virtually the only non-persecuting system of modern times, for it has long since repudiated the use of force in religion. There will never be another Servetus tragedy.

In November Rev. O. J. Hardin returned to Syria and occupied the Suk el Gharb station, nine miles from Beirut on a spur of Lebanon, 2,500 feet above the sea, thus maintaining the work begun by Mr. Pond, and reopening the boys' boarding-school.

During the fall Beirut was visited by another epidemic of the dengue fever called by the Arabs Abu Rikab or "father of the knees," a short, painful fever, never fatal, but leaving the system greatly debilitated. Thousands of cases were reported in Beirut and both Drs. Van Dyck and Post were prostrated by it.

We were in Aleih, Mount Lebanon, and had the privilege of opening our house to our beloved missionary brother, Rev. Dr. Harvey of Cairo, who was suffering from malarial fever. His daughter was with him, and he improved steadily. Dr. Wells gave him seventy grains of quinine and the fever was broken. Not long after, Dr. Wells was taken down with Abu Rikab in Beirut.

About this time the little son of one of the missionaries made considerable amusement by trying an original prescription for fever. A missionary from Arabia was lying sick at his father's house, and one day the little fellow came to his bedside with a measuring-tape and began to measure him. "What are you doing?" said the invalid.

"I am measuring you so as to make you a coffin."

"Why do you do that?"

"Because it will cure you. My rabbit was ill and father said he was going to die. So I made him a coffin and put him in, but he jumped out and ran off and after that he was perfectly well. So I thought I would make you a coffin and you would get well!" (He did!)

In September Dr. Harris Graham, of the American Board's Mission in Aleppo, accepted a call to the medical department of the Syrian Protestant College.

News came of a great revival of religion in Aintab and 600 conversions. That city has been marvellously blessed with revivals, and its three churches are models of liberality and Chris-

tian work. No such congregation can be found anywhere else in the Turkish Empire and the pastors have been men of learning and spiritual power.

During this year I had charge of the press, reading proofs, conducting all the business correspondence, ordering materials, and paying the men. The custom-house business was large and consumed much valuable time, but it must be done, and this pressure on the time of ordained missionaries led the mission to insist on the sending out of a Christian layman with a business training, to take up this entire secular work. This was effected in 1895, when Mr. E. G. Freyer, the present able and efficient manager of the press, came to Beirut and has continued to do the work to the satisfaction of both the mission and the Board.

In October an event occurred which was striking in itself and far-reaching in its results. Miss Mary P. Eddy, daughter of Dr. W. W. Eddy, was dangerously ill with high burning fever and an alarming temperature which yielded to no remedies, until Drs. Van Dyck, father and son, pronounced the case hopeless. She asked the prayers of the native and foreign Protestant Churches, and one by one, bade farewell to all her friends. She lingered on, seemingly on the brink of dissolution, when suddenly an abscess broke, relief came, a large number of gall-stones were removed, and convalescence set in. During her illness she had resolved that if she were spared, she would study medicine and devote herself to relieving the sufferings of the women of Syria. On her recovery, she went to America, completed her studies, received her diploma, came to Constantinople, and after overcoming the seeming insurmountable difficulties and objections of the imperial medical faculty, passed the severe examinations and received the imperial diploma as physician and surgeon; the only woman thus far who has been permitted to receive the imperial diploma. Up to the year 1908 she has visited hundreds of villages, treated thousands of cases, and wherever she goes, she is surrounded by throngs of the impotent folk begging for treatment.

Now appeared on the scene what seemed to be two tall white turbaned Moors with black burnouses, no stockings, and red pointed shoes. They called on me and stated that they were missionaries to Morocco in Mogador. One, Baldwin, was an American, and the other, Richmond, an Englishman. They always wore the native dress. They set out from Morocco to come to Syria first, to seek Syrian Christian helpers to go back with them, and to arrange to send out their young missionaries to Syria to learn Arabic, preparatory to work in Morocco. They said they left Morocco in white woollen ahbas or burnouses, but they were so blackened by coal smoke that they had them dyed black at Port Said.

But their whole appearance was impressive. They looked like dervishes or fakirs. One missionary lady, who invited them to dinner, said afterwards that when they entered her house and she saw their John-the-Baptist-in-the-wilderness appearance, she felt she ought to provide for them a repast of locusts and wild honey!

I took them to the college and the theological classes where their addresses in English (they had not learned the Arabic) were translated and deeply affected the students. Their ascetic mien and devout language impressed us all, and one young Syrian, Hassan Soleyman, volunteered to go with them to Morocco. On November 27th Mr. Baldwin sailed for Morocco and Mr. Richmond went to Suk el Gharb to study Arabic. On Sunday Mr. Baldwin preached in English on Isaiah 6, and in the afternoon addressed a mass meeting of Sunday-school children calling for twelve volunteer Syrian missionaries, who would go to Morocco in faith without any pledged support. He told of the dozens of Mohammedans whom he had baptized and the glorious results of his work.

He afterwards sent out two fine young Englishmen to study Arabic in Mount Lebanon. He then began to publish in the London *Christian* a series of articles on "the Matthew 10 theory of missions"; that foreign missionaries should go forth with neither purse nor scrip, dress like the natives and live on the natives with no salary, trusting in God. He clinched his argu-

ments by his asserted actual experience, in that, by going from town to town, sleeping in the mosques and coming close to the people, he had won over the Moslems to Christ and baptized them in large numbers. The articles attracted attention, indeed made a sensation. Various missionaries wrote, controverting his theory and insisting that the twelve disciples whom Christ sent forth were natives of the land, knew the language perfectly, and that the customs of Oriental hospitality were, as at the present day, affording a *native* shelter, food, and lodging without expense, but that there is no evidence that the apostles acted on this principle in journeys to Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy.

He also wrote to the *Missionary Review* that virtually nothing is being done for the Moslems of Syria. I wrote at the time to Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness that the whole system of missions in this empire is designed to reach eventually the Mohammedans whenever the door of religious liberty is opened, that accounts of converted Moslems cannot be published, and moreover that the Word of God, Christian books, Christian education, Christian example, and private conversation will effect vastly more than spasmodic efforts and hasty tours, especially when made by those comparatively ignorant of the language.

The discussion waxed warm. But at length the bubble burst. Good men sent out from England travelled through Morocco, looking for Mr. Baldwin's converts in order to report the glorious news of converted Moslems to the Christian world. But alas, not one could be found. Mr. Baldwin had never learned the Arabic language so as to preach. He had done all through an interpreter, and that a gay deceiver, who induced Moslems to accept baptism by Mr. Baldwin, either as a joke or for a buck-sheesh, and thus the whole claim of the great success of a "Matthew 10" policy vanished like the "baseless fabric of a vision." The revulsion of feeling in England and Scotland was painful, and the whole mission was reorganized by level-headed men who set about learning the language. Mr. Baldwin left Morocco, having abandoned his wife, and brought a number of his children to Beirut. Dr. Mackie asked him to preach, though with some

misgivings. His sermon was a painful exhibition of a mind partially disordered, full of dark, pessimistic forebodings. He declared that the dispensation of preaching the Gospel had come to an end; that the Holy Spirit was withdrawn from the earth; that all things were going to the bad, and Christians now should give up all teaching and preaching and sit down and wait the appearing of the Lord. His Morocco fiasco was either the cause or the result of his dark inky despair. Only one step remained. In spite of the protests and entreaties of his children, he went to Jerusalem, joined the Spaffordite colony, and there he has remained "sitting" until this day, resisting the earnest request of his wife, his daughter, and son-in-law to "come out from among them."

The lessons to be learned from this sad history are various. First, every missionary should master the language before attempting to preach, and avoid interpreters. Second, the Moslem citadel is not to be taken by theories but by faithful instruction, personal acquaintance, and persevering effort. Third, that missionaries should be sure of their facts before publishing them to the world.

Just as the year was closing, we were refreshed by a visit from Rev. D. Stuart Dodge and his wonderful, dear mother, who at her advanced age was full of vigour and vivacity, abounding in good works, affable and courteous to all, and enduring "functions" and journeys with as little apparent fatigue as her active and energetic son Stuart. His presence has been always felt to be a benediction by all Christian workers in Syria, and the college owes more to him than his modesty will allow to be made public.

At the same time arrived Dr. T. D. Tallmage, Mrs. Tallmage, and their daughter Mary. On Christmas day, Dr. Tallmage preached in the church a Christmas sermon to one of the greatest crowds ever assembled in Beirut. His text was, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," and his fervent eloquence and evangelical spirit kept the audience spell-bound. It was a fitting close of the year 1889.

1890—The year 1890 was marked by several notable events, the fiftieth year jubilee of Dr. Van Dyck, the conversion of that beautiful Moslem youth, Kamil, the suppression of our *Neshrah* journal, and the visit of Dr. Arthur Mitchell of the Board of Foreign Missions.

For "ways that are dark," the officials of Beirut are "peculiar." They have laws enough, and good ones, the Islamic Sheria, a system well adapted to the Arabs in Mohammed's time, and the Code Napoleon, which covers modern law, civil and commercial. But the execution of the laws is done in a manner which the Orientals seem to understand, but which we Occidental strangers fail to comprehend.

The press censor in Beirut, who was at that time the Maktoubji, or letter writer for the Waly, knew that all journals, newspapers, etc., must have an official irade or permit from Constantinople. Now, according to the strict letter, that law was enacted in 1869, but was not translated into Arabic for many years after, and then was so largely ignored that various high officials had never heard of it.

The Amerian Mission weekly *Neshrah* had been published for twenty-five years, and copies sent every week to the censor for approval before printing, and two copies to the Ministry of Education in Constantinople. It antedated the press laws by four years and no objection had ever been made to it. In equity, the fact that the government at Constantinople had kept copies on file during all these years constituted a permit. But the Beirut censor, finding that we had no official irade for the paper, decided that we must have one. The Occidental way would have been to inform us that as the law required a permit, we must apply for one and ample time would be given us to secure one from Constantinople. But men do not always think alike. On January 4th, I was summoned to the seraia, and informed that the *Neshrah* was suppressed temporarily for printing in No. 46 an obnoxious telegram. I asked, "Which telegram?" The officer on duty did not know. Two days later came a letter from



the Maktoubji ordering the stoppage of the paper on account of printing a telegram which alluded to the British ambassador at the Porte. On examination, I found that this telegram was copied from the *Lisan*, Arabic journal in Beirut, and three other papers had printed it without objection from the censor. When I had confronted the official with this fact and showed him the other journals, he said, "That makes no difference. You are suspended." I then went with Dr. Graham, who speaks Turkish, to call on the Waly Aziz Pasha. He was most courteous, and promised to telegraph in two days to Constantinople to have the order rescinded. We were then ordered to publish in the coming issue of our paper the government "Ikhtar," or order of suppression. After this, on January 25th, the Mudir el Maarif sent word that I must draw up a legal petition, to be approved by all the requisite bureaus at the seraia, asking permission to publish a journal, and that he would forward it to Constantinople. This official was most courteous, liberal minded, and obliging, and we deeply regretted his subsequent removal to another part of the empire.

On the 29th, after various consultations and finally securing the legal form for such a petition, I signed it and had my signature authenticated in the American consulate, and then took it to the mudir. He examined it, pronounced it correct, and then said, "Take it now to the prefect of police for his signature and seal."

In my unsophisticated inexperience, I asked, "Why?"

He smiled and said, "It is the law that a journalji must give evidence that he is not a criminal, has not been arrested, and that his portrait is not in the rogues' gallery. Only the police can give this testimony."

I went to the chief's office. He was out. I went again and again and finally found him. He looked surprised and I handed him the document. He very promptly called his clerk, who wrote in Turkish the usual form and then signed and sealed it and said to me, "It is all right. Now please take it to the Bash Katib, or chief clerk of the Mejlis el Idarat or Political Council."

I had with me our ever faithful and polite press secretary, Mr. A. Kheirullah. He knew that Bash Katib, but he was out. His office boy said to come at 2 P. M. We returned home and came at two. He was then at a meeting of the Mejlis with closed doors. "Come bokra" (to-morrow). We came the next day and sat an hour and finally secured him. He looked over the document, said it was all right, took a copy of it and its number, date, and signature, and then wrote his part of the complex commentary and affixed the seal of the great Mejlis. "That is all straight," said he. "Now, please take it to —— Effendi, Mudir en Nefoos" (director of the Bureau of Vital Statistics).

In this office are innumerable volumes of records containing the names of all Beirut subjects of the Porte and foreigners. The lists of the foreigners are supplied annually by the foreign consuls. The old effendi was a model of suavity, ordered coffee, and treated us as friends. After a thousand effusive salutations and compliments, he asked if he could serve us. We handed him the petition, which he looked at carefully. He then rang a bell and called for a "deftar," or record book, which his clerk found after turning over a big pile of similarly bound books in the corner. The effendi found the right page in his register of foreigners resident in Beirut, and then catechized me.

"Your name?"

"Henry H. Jessup."

"Your age?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Your father's name?"

"William."

"Your wife's name?"

"Theodosia."

"How many children have you?"

"Eight."

"Their names?"

"Anna, William, Henry, Stuart, Mary, Amy, Ethel, and Frederick."

"Right," said he. "You are the man. You are all right—"

no arrears of taxes charged against you." He then read the petition, scanned the previous notes and seals, and then endorsed his own "no objection" on it and affixed his seal, and remarked, "This must now go to the Bash Katib of the Court of First Instance."

We could not imagine what that worthy had to do with it, but we had to go, found him at lunch, waited for him. He apologized for detaining us, looked over the paper, declared it all right and regular, and affixed his views and his seal. I began to fear the paper would not hold many more certificates of approval, and also to feel that I was getting to be a well authenticated and recommended individual. He handed me the document, now spotted with seals, and politely remarked, pointing across the corridor, "This will now have to be submitted to the prosecuting attorney—such and such an effendi." "Certainly," we responded, and away we went. What, now, would this functionary do? We found him in his office, an educated gentleman. He saw at a glance the purport of the petition, ran his eye over the seals, and at once with his own "no objection," sealed it and handed it back, saying that we had only one more stage in the matter. "Hand it to the Bash Katib of the Political Council. The council meets to-morrow, and after it is read and approved, the Waly will affix his seal and order it to be mailed to Constantinople." We did as we were bid.

In the course of the fortnight it was mailed. We got the official number of the "Mazbata," or decision of the council, and sent it to our agent in Constantinople to follow it up. In eight months the irade came, authorizing us to print a literary, religious, and scientific paper, but not to interfere with politics or religion. We had asked a permit for a *general news* paper. For some occult reason this was omitted in the permit, and we have apprehended, from that time to this, in trying to make up a religious paper without interfering with religion, that we should be suppressed for sheer imbecility.

The empire is now full of newspapers. Few of them make both ends meet. No public questions can be discussed and the

public soon weary of endless accounts of the visits of European kings, and miscellanies from *Tid Bits*.

The Mohammedan papers are allowed full swing in religious matters, but no Christian paper is suffered to reply. The government is constituted on a theocratic basis, and Islam being the religion of the state, including the public service, the army, and the navy, the Christian sects merely exist by sufferance.

This confining of all official promotion to one sect makes the empire a mere sectarian machine, and any attempt to conform to modern civilization must fail, until this wretched, narrow bigotry is set aside, and the army and navy and civil offices thrown open to the worthy of all sects.

The jubilee of Dr. Van Dyck which occurred April 2d has been fully described in the account of his life on a previous page.

In April, 1890, my old Yale College friend, President Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, called to see us and the mission work. He was much interested in the press, the old historic cemetery, and the girls' school building. When we were looking at the upper room in which the Bible was translated into Arabic, he asked, "Why not have a memorial tablet in this room?" I told him the only reason was the want of money to erect one. He immediately said, "Eli Smith was a Yale man, and I am a Yale man and so are you, and I will gladly pay the cost of such a tablet to be put up in Arabic and English." And it was set up.

The brightest event in the year 1890, if not in my whole missionary life, was the conversion to Christianity of a young Mohammedan effendi, Kamil el Aietany. He came of his own accord on February 10th, inquiring as to the nature of the Christian faith. He was a youth of twenty, with an unusually attractive face and a courteous, winning manner. He had met a Maronite priest and a Jesuit father but got no satisfaction from either of them, and came to Dr. Van Dyck who sent him to me.

His whole history, his profound spiritual experience, his delight in the Scriptures, his loyal and enthusiastic love for Jesus Christ as his Saviour, his zeal and fearlessness in preaching the Gospel, his blameless life and delight in prayer, his wise and winning way of dealing with both Mohammedans and Oriental Christians, his filial devotion to his father and his remarkable correspondence with him, and his fidelity to Christ even to death, make his life one of profound interest, as showing what the grace of God can effect in the mind and character of a Mohammedan youth trained for seven years in a Mohammedan school.

On April 10, 1904, Sir Wm. Muir wrote as follows :

*Dean Park House, Edinburgh.*

DEAR DR. JESSUP :

I have been for some time deeply engrossed in your "Life of Kamil," a book that should be known over all our possessions, especially those in Europe and the East. Would it not be well to have it reprinted and circulated again? *i. e.*, the book itself without the appendix. Please think how this can be done. I should be glad to do anything for the purpose. The wider it can be known the better. What do you say?

After the Bible, the life of this saved disciple is one of the best things we can circulate, especially among the Moslems. Will you think over this and let me know what is best to be done?

Ever yours truly,

W. MUIR.

That new edition has not yet been printed, although the publishers gave their cordial permission to Sir William to reprint if he desired. His death not long after interrupted the correspondence.

As I have already published his life, there is no need of entering into details with regard to his character and work. He studied in the boys' boarding-school of the Rev. O. J. Hardin in Suk el Gharb, where he met a young Bedawy Arab convert from the Aneyzy tribe, Jedaan, and in the summer of 1890, these two zealous young disciples spent two months of the vacation in the

Bedawin camps in the region of Hums and Hamath. Kamil said on his return that Jedaan had the advantage of him in knowing the pure Bedawi pronunciation and idioms, and Jedaan said at times he felt very timid lest the Arabs injure them for speaking of Christ, but that Kamil was bold as a lion.

In the latter part of September they returned and gave a full account of their journey. They had been in every camp for miles east, west, north, and south of Hamath, and had read the Scriptures to hundreds of Arabs, sowing good seed that may yet spring up to the glory of God. Kamil brought as a present to my family a beautiful live bird, a rail, or blue heron, which he got in the Bookaa near Baalbec. He said he brought it as a thank-offering, because he had been permitted to accomplish his journey in safety.

After completing their Bedawin labours they came into the city of Hums one Saturday to spend the Sabbath. Taking a room in a khan in the quarter of the Greek weavers, they called on the Protestant pastor. The news soon spread through the city that a young Beirut Mohammedan who had become a Christian was in the khan. Towards evening five young Syrian weavers of the Greek sect called upon them in the khan, curious to see a Moslem convert to Christianity. After the usual polite salutations they began to ply Kamil with questions as to his name, and whether it was actually true that he had become a Christian. He said, "Certainly." They asked, "How did it come about?" "By reading God's Word and by prayer," he replied. "Are you a member of the Orthodox Apostolic Greek Church?" they then asked. "I don't find the name of any such church in the Bible," said he. They then began with great zeal to try to convince him that he should be baptized by a Greek priest and should believe in prayers to the saints and to the Virgin, and in the doctrine of transubstantiation. Kamil took out his Arabic Testament and began to explain to them the doctrine of free salvation and of justification by faith, with the most tender earnestness. Then standing up he offered prayer for them all, and when he had finished, they were all in tears.

They thanked him and went away, full of wonder that a Moslem convert should have to show them the way of salvation through Christ alone. The next morning they all went to the Protestant church and proposed to be enrolled as Protestants. News of this was carried to the Greek bishop, Athanasius Ahtullah. This bishop is one of the most enlightened of the Greek clergy in Syria. When a lad, he attended the Protestant common school in Suk, and he has opened large and well-conducted schools in Hums, with 1,200 pupils; and the Bible printed at the American Press is used as a text-book in them all. He sent and invited Kamil to visit him. On Kamil's arrival in the large reception room, the bishop sent out all the priests and servants and brought Kamil to the raised divan at the upper end of the room, and seating him at his right hand, saluted him most cordially. On learning his family name, the bishop said: "I know of your family and am glad you have become a Christian." Then he began to urge him to enter the Orthodox Greek Church, and used the usual arguments of the traditional Oriental Christians. Kamil asked, "What does Your Excellency believe about Christ? Is He a perfect and sufficient Saviour?" The bishop said, "Yes." "Do you believe, as St. Paul says, that, 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ'?" "Yes," replied the bishop. "Then," said Kamil, "we are brethren in belief; and what more do we want?" But the bishop urged him to accept trine immersion at the hands of a true priest of the Apostolic Orthodox Greek Church, and then he would be all right. Then Kamil, turning to the bishop, said, "Your Excellency, supposing that you and I were travelling west from Hums and came to the river Orontes; and the river was deep, muddy, swift, and broad; and there was neither bridge nor boat, and neither of us could swim. Then if I should say to you, 'Bishop, I beg you to take me across,' what would you say? You would say, 'Kamil, I cannot take myself across, and how can I take you?' And there we stood, helpless and despairing. But supposing that just then we should see a huge giant, a strong, tall man, coming towards us,

and he should take you by the arms and carry you across. Would I call out, 'Bishop, come and take me across'? No; I would call to the strong man. Bishop, there is only one strong Man—the Lord Jesus Christ. Is not He enough?" Turning to Kamil, the bishop asked, "My dear friend, how long have you been a Christian?" "Seven months," was the reply. "Seven months! And you are teaching me who have been a Christian in name from infancy. Kamil, you are right. If you will stay here and teach Turkish in my school, I will pay you a higher salary than you can get in any school in Syria." "Your Excellency," replied Kamil, "I thank you for your offer; but I do not care for money or salary. God has called me to preach the Gospel to the Mohammedans, and I must complete my studies and be about my work."

I shall never forget the truly eloquent and affecting manner in which he described this interview with the Bishop of Hums. It showed how completely he was imbued with the spirit of faith and Christian love, and how his exquisite courtesy and sweetness of disposition disarmed all opposition. Kamil and Jedaan returned to the Suk school and resumed their studies. Kamil's religious influence continued undiminished and he took part heartily in all religious meetings. Mr. Hardin states that it was refreshing to see how new and striking were his views and applications of gospel truth.

In October he wrote to me of his welfare and stated that the Greek priest in Suk had offered to teach him Greek in order to help him understand the New Testament, but his studies and his teaching left him no time for taking up Greek. Some of the monks of Deir Shîr, a papal Greek monastery near Suk, made several attempts to persuade him to become a Romanist, but he finally told them they would better preach to the Moslems than attempt to pervert a Christian believer to Romish tradition and superstition.

Early in January he wrote me again asking for certain books, and closed by saying, "We have been reading Acts 8: 36-40, and I would ask, 'Who shall forbid that I be baptized?'"



Up to this time he had been on probation, and it was thought better to give him time to take the step deliberately. But now there seemed no reason for further delay. He was rooted and grounded in the faith of Jesus Christ, and he was baptized January 15th, rejoicing thus to take his stand for Christ, his Saviour.

Dr. Ellinwood, in his introduction to the "Life of Kamil," says, "The story of this young man cannot fail to be regarded as a valuable accession to the missionary literature of the day. First, it proves the utter falsity of the oracular assertion so often made by transient travellers, that no Moslem is ever converted to the Christian faith. We have never known clearer evidence of the genuineness of the work of the Spirit of God in connection with his truth. The transformation in Paul's life was scarcely clearer or more impressive.

"Second, an admirable example is afforded to missionaries in heathen and Moslem lands, and indeed to preachers and evangelists at home as well, of that alert and ever wise tact which finds 'the line of least resistance' to the heart of one's adversary. There are those who stoutly deny the necessity of learning anything whatever concerning the non-Christian religions, who deem it utter folly to study the Koran, even though one labours in Syria or Persia, and equally senseless to disturb the musty tomes of Buddhist or Hindu lore if one's field is India; all that is needed is the story of the Cross. This young Syrian did not thus believe. If he had been a student of the Koran before, there was tenfold necessity now, for it was upon the teachings of the Koran and the entire cult of Islam that he purposed to move with an untiring and fearless conquest. He would have to deal with men of intelligence and intellectual training, and if he would show the superiority of the Gospel of Christ, he must know how to make an intelligent comparison. If he would inculcate the supreme truth, he must generously recognize any particles of truth already possessed. Paul on Mars Hill before a heathen audience of Greeks, Paul before Agrippa, a ruler versed in the doctrines of the Jews, was not more wise and tactful than Kamil.

"Third, if there were no other motive for studying this little





KAMIL AIETANY

sketch by Dr. Jessup, it is thrice valuable as a personal means of grace. Such a life of clear faith and of untiring devotion is tonic, and must be to every truly Christian heart.

“ Fourth, the life of Kamil affords another proof that the Gospel has a universal application to the hearts of men, that it is indeed the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation, ‘ to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile.’ ”

In the fall of 1890, after his baptism, he joined Rev. Messrs. Cantine and Zwemer at Aden, Arabia, where he preached and sold Arabic Scriptures to the Arabs, then accompanied them December, 1891, to El Busrah at the head of the Persian Gulf in Turkish territory, where, after indefatigable labours in preaching and witnessing for Christ, he died suddenly in suspicious circumstances, June 24, 1892, and the Turkish soldiers buried him so suddenly and so secretly that his grave could not be found, nor a post mortem examination be secured.

But it mattered not to him who buried him or where he was buried. He was safe beyond the reach of persecution and harm. I have rarely met a more pure and thoroughly sincere character. His life has proved that the purest and most unsullied flowers of grace in character may grow even in the atmosphere of unchristian social life. His intellectual difficulties about the Trinity vanished when he felt the need of a divine Saviour. He seemed taught by the Spirit of God from the first.

#### DR. ARTHUR MITCHELL'S VISIT TO SYRIA

On the 24th of March, 1890, we were visited by one of the purest, noblest men of the modern church, Rev. Arthur Mitchell, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He came with his wife, a sister of Dr. Post of Beirut, after a round-the-world visit to the missions in Japan, China, Siam, and India. Having had a sunstroke in the Indian seas, he reached Cairo quite prostrated, and on reaching Beirut, Dr. Post insisted on his staying in bed and seeing no one. When restored, he took a three weeks' horseback journey, and then was able to meet the missionaries assembled in Beirut and to discuss important ques-

tions. His irenic disposition, keen insight into affairs, and persuasive eloquence, succeeded in completely obliterating certain chronic misunderstandings between some of the foreign residents; and in convincing the native church that it was their duty and privilege to call at once a native pastor, and in two months Rev. Yusef Bedr was unanimously called to the pastorate, and from that day to this the church has been served by native pastors.

The visits of Secretaries Dr. Mitchell in 1890 and Dr. Brown in 1902 were a great blessing to the missionaries personally and to the work as a whole. Dr. Mitchell died in the summer of 1893, lamented by the Church at home and abroad. I had known him for fifty years, and none could know him without loving him.

It was my privilege to stand in his pulpit in Morristown, Chicago, and Cleveland. He was always a missionary in spirit. The monthly missionary meetings in his lecture-room, illustrated by beautiful maps drawn and coloured by his children, were the most attractive meetings of the month. I remember well the remark of Dr. Ellinwood in 1878 when I was about setting out on my Western campaign to the churches and synods, "You will find two Arthurs in the West, both of them in thorough sympathy with foreign missions, Arthur Mitchell of Chicago, and Arthur Pierson of Detroit," and so I found it. Arthur Mitchell died in the missionary harness and Arthur Pierson is still doing noble service for world-wide missions.

In July, 1890, I found in the Arabic journal *Beirut* the following account of a truly Oriental romance:

About twenty-three years ago, a Jew named Oslan came from Bagdad to Damascus, leaving his wife and children in Bagdad. Soon after, his wife gave birth to a son and named him Ezekiel. The husband decided to remain in Damascus, and after five years sent for his wife to bring the children to him.

So in due time she set out with the caravan of the Arab tribe of Akeil, taking the road through the Djoul wilderness. On their way they fell in with the tribe of Beni Sukhr, and encamped near them, pitching their tents for the night.

About nightfall a terrific cyclone burst upon the camp. Tents were torn from their fastenings, shrubs and trees uprooted, the sand filled the air, and the wind scattered the baggage and belongings of the travellers, and among the missing property was little Ezekiel, the son of Semha. She and the Arabs searched for three days and found no trace of him and then she resumed her journey to Damascus, sad and disconsolate, with the Akeil tribe who struck their tents and accompanied her.

On reaching Damascus, she told her husband of the sad calamity which had befallen Ezekiel, and together they mourned him as dead.

Now it happened that a few days after the sand-storm, a Bedawy woman named Hamdeh, of the tribe of Beni Sukhr, when walking outside the camp, heard a child's cry, and found little Ezekiel nearly buried in the sand. She took him home to the tent of her husband, the Emir Mohammed Kasim, cared for him, named him Nejeeb Faris, and brought him up as her son, knowing nothing of his history or parentage. When Nejeeb reached the age of sixteen, a Mohammedan Hajjam (a cupper and circumciser) visited the camp. The Bedawy boys were assembled for circumcision and he was among them. When it came his turn, the Hajjam exclaimed, "He is already circumcised after the manner of the Jews." Hamdeh then remembered that at the time when Nejeeb was found, a caravan passed them in which were Jewish women and children. She then told her husband Mohammed and Nejeeb of this fact. The news flew throughout the tribe and the Bedawin began to laugh at him and call him Bedawy Jew and ridicule him. He bore their insults, however, with patience until he had reached the age of twenty-three. In May, 1890, he left the tribe of Beni Sukhr at Khaibar near El Medina in Arabia and came northward to Mezeirib, east of the Sea of Galilee, on a swift dromedary with a single companion, making the thirty-two days' journey in sixteen days.

At Mezeirib he was not long in finding out the highway to Damascus, and he entered that city clad in his Bedawy attire, carrying his mizmar, shepherd's pipe, with which he had been

went to awaken weird minor melodies in the Arabian desert. He went at once to the Jewish quarter and made himself known. The rabbi made a ceremonial examination and found that he was circumcised according to the Jewish rite. The Jewish community of Damascus was in great excitement, and diligent inquiry was made. At length a Jewess recalled that eighteen years before, Semha, the wife of Oslan, came with her children from Bagdad and lost a son in the camp of the Beni Sukhr. Then began a search for Oslan and his wife and they were traced to Beirut.

Letters were then written to the chief hakkam or rabbi of Beirut, asking him, in case he found them, to obtain from them some sign by which they could identify the son and then send them on to Damascus.

They went at once without delay to Damascus, and found their son a wild Bedawy, with all the characteristics of an Arab of the desert. The mother was then asked if she knew of any mark on his body by which she could identify Nejeeb Faris, the Arab, as her son Ezekiel. She said that when an infant she cauterized his right forearm, and that he was once burned on his left thigh. On examination, both of these marks were found to be exactly as she said. A "kaief" (physiognomist) was then summoned, who declared his features to resemble those of Semha, the mother, and his eyes to be like those of his father, Oslan.

The youth was then delivered to his parents who embraced and kissed him, greeting him with warm welcome. Poor Ezekiel was stupefied with astonishment. He could not understand their expressions, nor could they understand his Bedawy dialect, but he was at length satisfied that he was their long-lost boy.

After a stay of three days in Damascus, they brought him over to Beirut. His relatives and fellow Israelites received him with great joy and affection. His long Bedawy locks were cut off, his Arab Abaieh robe was removed, and new Israelitish garments were put on him. He looked at himself with amazement and walked about the house as one in a dream. When they called him by his name, "Hazkiyel" (Ezekiel), he would not answer, but

replied, "What do you mean by 'Hazkiyel'? I am Nejeeb Faris, the horseman of Abjar."

On Monday evening, June 30th, a great feast was made by his parents. Men singers and women singers, with players on instruments, were hired, and guests were invited, both men and women, and there was eating and drinking, and making merry. And when the music began and the instruments sounded, Ezekiel's joy knew no bounds, and seizing his mizmar, he leaped into the middle of the room, dancing and shouting and playing his shepherd's pipe in Bedawy style. In a moment all the instruments were silent, the men and women singers paused, Ezekiel was left the only performer, and he shouted, "Rise up, brethren let us dance together."

The above I have translated literally from the Arabic paper *Beirut*, of July 2d.

July 7th—To-day Ezekiel called on me with his mother at the American Press. He repeated substantially the statements narrated above. He says that his Bedawy father, the Emir Mohammed, is at the head of the Beni Sukhr, who occupy the Arabian wilderness from Mecca and El Medina to the north and north-east, carrying their raids as far as the vicinity of Bagdad, and it was on one of these raids that they discovered him almost dead in the sand.

"The Emir Mohammed," said Ezekiel, "has six sons, but none of them are noted for horsemanship and 'Feroosiyeh' with the spear, but I have always been a faris, and had command of a hundred spearmen." He said that he had often been challenged to the "jereed" contest by the best spearmen in Arabia (the jereed is a spear shaft with blunt ends used only for exercise and drill) and was never yet hit by the jereed. I asked him how he escaped. He said, "When the jereed strikes where I was thought to be, I am found under the horse's belly, riding at full speed."

I asked his mother if he knew anything about religion and she said nothing. I then asked him where good men go when they die. "To Jenneh" (Paradise). "And where do the wicked



go?" "To Jehennam" (Hell). "Do all the Bedawin Arabs believe this?" "Yes." "Do they live up to it?" "Live up to it? A man's life with them is of no more account than the life of a beast." "Do the Bedawin sheikhs and emirs pray?" He replied by extending both hands towards me, palms down, and the fingers spreading apart and saying, "Sir, are all my fingers of the same length?" *i. e.*, are all men alike? I then asked, "Do you know the Mohammedan prayers?" "No, I have never learned them." "Have you ever met any Christians?" "Yes, at Khaibar there are Christians and I taught a Christian named Habib for five months horsemanship and spear practice, and he taught me to pray, 'Abana illeze fis semawat'" (Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, etc.), and Ezekiel repeated the whole prayer in Arabic with perfect correctness. I was astonished at hearing the Lord's prayer from this son of the desert, but remembered that there are scattered through that region small tribes of Oriental Christians of the Greek Church, who, with all their superstition and ignorance, know the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. It is certainly to the credit of this man Habib, living away down at Khaibar, near the tomb of Mohammed, that he should teach the Lord's prayer to the son of the emir of the Beni Sukhr. I asked Ezekiel why he came thus secretly and alone. He said that after he learned that he was of Jewish birth he wondered whether his real parents and others of his kindred were living, and about the first of May, when in Khaibar, he decided to come on alone to Damascus, and, if he found no trace of any living relative, he would return to his tribe. So he hired a guide and they two set out on dromedaries and travelled the six hundred miles between Khaibar and Damascus in sixteen days, the ordinary time for caravans being thirty-two days. He said that had he known that his father and mother were living he would not have come empty handed as he did.

His mother said she could not tell what her son would do, that it was hard for him to remain shut up in a house, and he wants to be out in the open air all the time. He knows no trade or

business such as is needed to earn his living and is perplexed by his new environment. I asked him if he would like to enter a school and learn to read and write. He seemed to like the suggestion and said he liked the Christians and would rather be a Christian than a Jew. When I told him of Jedaan, the Aneyzy Arab, in our school at Suk, he seemed much interested and it may be that he will consent to learn at least enough to enable him to read the Bible and write. I was struck with the difference between him and his mother. She had the placid, round, open face so common among Syrian Jewesses, with large staring eyes. His brow was low, his eyes deeply sunken and small, but keen and penetrating as an eagle's. He seemed to be looking at something two miles off. His figure was lithe and thin, and he showed me the callous, almost bony, marks across the palm, thumb, and fingers of his right hand, from long rubbing of the spear shaft. Three days ago he was challenged by half a dozen horsemen of Beirut to a jereed race at the pines, and he says he left them far behind.

This is a veritable romance of real life. If Ezekiel is not upset by so much lionizing, he may yet follow Jedaan's footsteps and become an apostle to the desert tribes of the great wilderness of Arabia.

We sent him to Mr. Hardin's school at Suk but he could not endure the confinement and went away. [In January, 1905, his father stated that he was settled and at work in one of the Jewish industrial colonies near Safed.]

During this year I baptized two intelligent Moslems in Beirut, both of whom had to leave the country. I regret to say that one of them was afterwards tempted by high office and large salary to deny his Lord and Master. He continues outwardly friendly, but must have some fierce struggles with an outraged conscience.

#### MUSICAL TALENT AMONG THE SYRIANS

Asiatic music differs so essentially from the European that foreigners on hearing Syrian airs for the first time are impressed

and oppressed with the sad minor melancholy tone of the Arabic music. In Arab music the intervals between the full notes are thirds, so that C sharp and D flat are distinct sounds. Asiatics have no harmony. All their music is simply "one part" melody. Even in Europe, harmony as a science was not known in the early Christian centuries. The introduction of melodeons, pianos, harmoniums, and organs by Americans and Europeans in the last fifty years, and the regular instruction in harmony in the schools, have developed in the second generation of educated Syrians several very remarkable cases of musical genius of the European style.

Two of our Protestant young men have distinguished themselves even in the capitals of London and Paris. The first was a blind youth Ibrahim, who in Mr. Mott's blind school showed musical talent, playing several instruments and singing equally well bass, tenor, and soprano.

In the summer of 1890, after preliminary correspondence with Dr. Campbell, principal of the Royal Normal Musical College for the blind in Upper Norwood, London, young Ibrahim set out for London. At Port Said, having been abandoned by his Syrian fellow travellers, he fell in with a godly English family en route for London, who took charge of him until he entered the college. There, by industry, fidelity, and faithful study, he rose high in his classes, received his diploma, and is now supporting himself comfortably by tuning pianos.

The other youth, Wadîa, is the son of parents both of them pupils and teachers, and both fond of sacred music. I have spoken of him elsewhere.

These two young men, with native genius for music and brought up in godly families, show what may be anticipated when Christian education becomes general in the East.

Not only in music, but also in painting, considerable genius has developed in the second generation of Protestant youth, some of whom have done excellent work in portrait painting, among them Mr. Selim Shibley Haddad of Cairo, Raieef Shidoody of Beirut, Khalil M. Saleeby of Beirut, and Manuel Sabunjy of Cairo.

Mr. Haddad painted the beautiful portrait of Miss Everett which was given to the Beirut Girls' School by the alumnæ in Egypt.

In September, 1890, I sent to Sir William Muir the manuscript of the "Bakurah," a book which has no superior as an exhibition of the Christian argument as addressed to Moslems. Sir William in his preface to the English abstract of the book published by the Religious Tract Society of London in 1893, says, "It is a work in many respects the most remarkable of its kind which has appeared in the present day. It may take the highest rank in apologetic literature, being beyond question one of the most powerful treatises on the claims of Christianity that has ever been addressed to the Mohammedan world."

It is an historical romance located in Damascus, and is full of thrilling incidents and powerful reasoning. The book was published in Arabic first in Leipsic, the proofs being sent to Dr. Van Dyck for correction, and I also aiding in comparing it with the original manuscript. It was then sent to Egypt and placed on sale and some copies reached Syria. The edition being soon exhausted, it was reprinted by the missionaries in Egypt in a cheap form and it has been translated into Persian and into some of the languages of India. A young Moslem effendi recently informed me that he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour by reading a copy in the Azhar University mosque in Cairo.

The author's name does not appear, but I am thankful to say that he is one of the most refined and scholarly Christian preachers in the East, is well versed in Mohammedan literature, and has large acquaintance with their learned men. His literary taste and ability are only surpassed by the personal loveliness of a character, amiable, gentle, and fully consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ. Another book by the same author, "Minar ul Hoc," "The Beacon of Truth," has also been edited and printed in Arabic and English through the efficient aid of Sir William Muir of blessed memory.

It is a somewhat striking coincidence that on the 13th of

February, 1865, a Damascus Mohammedan lay imprisoned in Beirut for becoming a Christian, and the very next day, February 14th, the author of the "Bakurah" took refuge in my house at midnight from the persecution of his near relatives, members of one of the Oriental churches. It was a dark stormy night and they turned him out into the storm to find shelter where he could.

The facts concerning the persecution of the Moslem convert and the rumour that two more had been hung in the Great Mosque at Damascus for becoming Christians, coming to his knowledge just at this time when he was suffering the loss of all things for Christ's sake, made a deep impression on his mind.

His deep religious experience, afterwards so beautifully developed in his life and teaching, made it possible for him to write a book of spiritual power for the unspiritual Moslems. I am sure that no member of the Greek Orthodox Church or the Romish Church, believing in Mariolatry and ikon worship and priestly absolution could possibly write such a book as the "Bakurah," which is Scriptural and evangelical from beginning to end. Sir William Muir speaks of this point very tersely and earnestly in his introduction to the English edition.

I wrote to Sir William Muir, August 11, 1891:

"The Bishop Blyth crusade against the Church Missionary Society missionaries is indeed pitiable. Archdeacon Denison carries the matter to a logical conclusion. He only needs to insist that Bishop Blyth ask for rebaptism and reordination at the hands of the Greek patriarch and then his position will be consistent.

"Your own remarks in the *Record* are most pertinent. Those who talk about the Greek clergy labouring for the salvation of the Moslems do not know what they are talking about. I doubt whether there are a dozen Greek priests in Syria and Palestine who can read correctly a chapter in the Koran, or carry on an argument with a Moslem sheikh. Or if they could they would flout at the idea of preaching to the vile Moslems. Or if they felt it a duty, they are so afraid of the Moslems that they

would not dare to speak to them of embracing Christianity. And if they *did* speak, the Moslems would reply by charging them with idolatry and creature worship."

On November 29, 1890, our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of my eldest son, Rev. William Jessup, and his bride, as a reinforcement to the mission. He was the child of many prayers, and entered upon his work fully consecrated, not only by his parents, but by his own free surrender of all to Christ.

Left motherless in infancy in 1864, he was brought up by loving grandparents in Branchport, N. Y., and became strong and vigorous. In 1878 I was in America and sent for him to come to my mother's home in Montrose. I had last seen him a lad of six years, and when I went to the railroad station to meet him, I was thinking of the little child of ten years before. The train stopped. Only one passenger got out, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a satchel. I kept looking for my boy—but this man walked directly up to me with a smile and I saw that it was indeed my boy, the face the same, but so much higher from the ground! It was enough to bring both smiles and tears of joy. Then came the more intimate acquaintance, his meeting his brothers and sisters, the arrangements for Albany Academy with his brother Henry, their graduation at Princeton, and his course in the Princeton Theological Seminary and appointment to Syria.

Eighteen years have passed. Four lovely olive plants are around his table, and he has plenty of solid work in itinerating over a field ninety by forty miles, preaching and teaching the everlasting Gospel. It is a gratifying fact that not less than twenty-two of the children of American missionaries in Syria have entered on the missionary work.

As the year drew near its close, cholera appeared in Hamath, Hums, and Aleppo and some 25,000 people died. Mr. Wakim Messuah, pastor in Hums, had provided himself with cholera medicines, and went fearlessly among the people day by day, so that during the prevalence of the pestilence not a Protestant died.

The experience in Hamath and some of the villages was the same, as the teachers were forewarned and so forearmed. But after the epidemic subsided and all apprehension had ceased, the wife and daughter of the Hums pastor were suddenly taken one night with a virulent form of the disease and both died!

In Tripoli, through the goodness of God and the wise precaution of Dr. Harris, the girls' boarding-school stood like an angel-guarded fortress in the midst of that pestilence-stricken city. All water was boiled, all food cooked, and no outsider allowed to come in and although people were dying all around and the death wails filled the air, not a person in that building had the cholera.

The people asked, "Has God spread a tent over those Protestants?"

The Moslems naturally suffered most, as their fatalistic doctrines lead them to neglect the simplest rules of sanitation and health.

This year was an important one in the Tripoli field. Talcott Hall, the chapel of the school and community, was begun, and Tripoli Presbytery was organized in Amar, a region so wild when I lived in Tripoli, that we could not visit it without armed horsemen to protect us. Then, as brother Samuel said about Safita, we dared not go there lest the people shoot us, but now we fear to go lest they ask us for a school, when we have neither the means nor the men to supply it.

The fourth Moslem convert of this year appeared, entered on a course of study, and has become an eminently useful man.

We have just had a Moslem sheikh here from Egypt. He became enlightened there and fled to Syria. Some of the active brethren in a neighbouring city became interested in him and he came on to Beirut. He attended church regularly here for weeks and showed a good deal of religious interest and fervour. But at length the gangrene of Islam appeared, and he was found engaged in impure practices. He then told us that in Egypt his regular business for years was that of a marrier of divorced women.



SYRIAN MISSION IN 1893, WITH DRS. BLISS AND POST OF THE S. P. C.  
Back Row (reading from left): March, Hoskins, W. K. Eddy, Post, Hardin, D. Bliss,  
Nelson, W. Jessup, Doolittle.

Front Row: H. H. Jessup, Bird, Van Dyck, W. W. Eddy, S. Jessup.





This is an approved business in orthodox Moslem circles. If a Moslem in anger divorces his wife twice, he cannot remarry her the third time until she has first been legally married for a day and a night to another man! This accommodating sheikh would marry a divorced woman, take her as his wife for one night, and then divorce her, so that she could return to her husband. In this way he made his living! No wonder he finds it as hard to be moral as the Corinthian converts did. Oh, the depths of corruption in Islam! Let us thank God for a pure and holy religion!

## Marking Time

Overworked—The High Anglican Church hostility—An English Moslem—Religious cranks—The first railroad—Educational missions—The Armenian massacres.

THE year 1891 was a strenuous one for me. For a large part of the time I was alone as I was in 1866–1867. Dr. Samuel Jessup and Dr. Eddy were in America and Dr. Dennis was called home on account of his father's death. Dr. Van Dyck was in feeble health, and I had the management of the press with all its accounts, business correspondence, examining of manuscripts, reading proofs, editing the *Neshrah* and the *Mulhac*, helping the native pastor, taking my turn in preaching in the church and in the college, and giving regular instruction in the theological class, besides doing the custom-house business. In my diary I find that my average weekly letters in English and Arabic numbered from thirty to forty, some of them of considerable length.

We had our usual struggle with the custom-house authorities, who freely granted immunities to all nationalities but the Americans.

Two more Mohammedan converts appeared, one of whom has persevered and become a faithful and exemplary man in his profession. The other, from Samaria, stated that before he was born his mother had vowed that if she had a son she would have him baptized by a Greek priest and taught the Greek catechism and creed. He grew up and went to school. Not liking the picture worship and saint worship of the Greeks, he became a Protestant with his mother's consent. He remained some time with Mr. Hardin and then disappeared, presumably having gone with a company of emigrants to America.

A cyclone of great violence swept over Lebanon in March.

The Damascus diligence with six mules, and carrying passengers, near the summit of Mount Lebanon beyond Sowfar, was hurled, mules and all, about 200 feet from the road and landed in a field below. The mules were killed, but the passengers and driver escaped with slight bruises. A few days after I passed that point in the diligence going east and saw the dead mules lying in the field where they fell. A gaunt wolf stood by them devouring the flesh. A French engineer on the diligence sprang down, levelled his revolver, and fired. The wolf turned his head and kept on with his meal. He fired again and the wolf limped away. He fired a third shot and the wolf staggered somewhat and disappeared down the mountain slope. Some days after, on my return, I asked at Sowfar station whether anything had been heard of the wolf. "Yes," they said, "his dead body was found that day at the foot of the cliff."

The struggle between High Church Anglicanism and the truly evangelical missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Palestine came to a crisis, with the appointment of Bishop Blyth as Anglican bishop in Jerusalem. As all the missionaries in Palestine are decidedly Low Church, it was expected that on the occurrence of a vacancy in the English Episcopate, the appointing power would send a man in sympathy with the missionary clergy. But what occurred was exactly the reverse. The Right Reverend G. F. Popham Blyth, D. D., was appointed. Before his day, Anglican bishops such as Gobat and Barclay, with deans, canons, archdeacons, and rectors had visited Beirut and officiated in our mission church at the English service and conducted the communion service which we all attended. But on the arrival of Bishop Blyth, up went the bars. At his first service in Beirut, we Americans, in our simplicity, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Dennis, Dr. Samuel Jessup and myself attended. We communed. The good bishop's holy soul must have writhed in agony at the thought of such uncircumcised Presbyterians taking the communion at his hands. But he atoned for it the next Sunday by setting up a barbed wire fence around the communion table in language some-

thing like this: "Hereafter any one of this flock wishing to commune with Catholics, Greeks, or Presbyterians must first obtain permission from the bishop's chaplain in charge of this church. And any Catholic, Greek, or Presbyterian wishing to commune here must first obtain permission from the bishop's chaplain." That was a fence intended to be an offense, and the little exclusive fold has not been invaded since by Presbyterian, nor even by the Evangelical Church of England missionaries in this part of Syria. He tried the threat of excommunication against two eminent English missionary ladies and received a reply that if he persisted in his course they would complain of him to the Archbishop of Canterbury. I have said enough in a previous chapter (on the Greek Church) with regard to the corruption of the Oriental churches.

My little booklet, "The Greek Church and Protestant Missions," which was published by the Christian Literature Society in New York and reprinted in two editions in England, contains all I have to say further on this subject.

It is a special delight of these high Anglicans to hobnob with the Greek monks, bishops, and priests and to do all in their power to antagonize the Syrian evangelical churches. Any attempt on the part of Maronites, Catholics, or Greeks to break away from the Mariolatry and picture worship of their old churches and from the grinding tyranny of their priests, as our fathers did in the time of the Reformation, will be frowned upon by the Anglican clergy and every possible means be used to drive them back into spiritual bondage.

In 1850, Archbishop Sumner, in an agreement with Baron Bunsen about the Jerusalem bishopric, said that when men in the Oriental churches become "emancipated from the fetters of a corrupt faith, we have no right to turn our backs upon the liberated captive and bid him return to his slavery or seek aid elsewhere."

In 1907, the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem "requested his Haifa Chaplain Archdeacon Dowling to write to the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem asking his approval of opening negotia-

tions, saying, 'The terms on which the Anglican Church can negotiate with the Orthodox Greek Church are formal recognition between the two churches of the validity of Holy Baptism and Holy Orders.'" The patriarch replied that the Eastern Church cannot accept the baptism or the orders of the Anglican Church, and only "the entire Eastern Orthodox Church and the entire Anglican Church" are competent to determine this question.

One little specimen of animated millinery tried to prohibit Rev. H. E. Fox of London from preaching in our church in Beirut. Finding that he was going to preach at 11 A. M., he withdrew an invitation to him to officiate in the Anglican evening service! Mr. Fox wrote him a letter in reply which contained some fatherly counsel and severe rebuke to the little usurper which he will not soon forget. Mr. Fox sent me a copy of his letter which I have on file. The Church Missionary Society, true to its evangelical principles, will not allow its churches and chapels on missionary ground to be consecrated by a bishop, and they freely invite missionaries of other churches to preach in them. I would recommend to the Anglican clergy who are so keen upon fraternizing with the higher clergy of the Orthodox Church in Jerusalem, especially the "Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre," to read a book published by the Orthodox Russian bishop of Moscow about the year 1885 after spending a year in Jerusalem. He exposes the shocking immoralities of these clergy and says that no one can hear what he heard and know what he knows without blushing for the good name of Christianity. He enters into details with regard to the numerous progeny of these holy celibate monks, who are sent to Cyprus and trained in their turn to be monks. A prominent Greek gentleman in Beirut, connected with the Russian consulate-general, gave me a copy of the book.

An English traveller who visited Beirut April 16, 1891, wrote out the following questions to Dr. Van Dyck, which I give in brief with the doctor's replies:

"1. Can Bishop Blyth and the Church Missionary Society be reconciled? Ans. No.

" 2. Can the Anglican and Greek Churches be affiliated? Ans. Yes, by all Englishmen being rebaptized and the clergy re-ordained, and receiving Holy Chrism with a mixture cooked over a fire made of rotten and filthy pictures of the saints which have been worn out by being kissed for years.

" 3. Can the American missions and the British Syrian Schools evangelize Syria? Ans. Yes, in time.

" 4. Is a theological school, endowed in England and manned by natives, needed? Ans. No, the East is pauperized enough now."

While the American Mission was holding its semi-annual meeting in August in Suk el Gharb, news came of the death in the neighbouring village of Shemlan of Mrs. E. H. Watson, an English missionary aged eighty-seven. She had laboured in Christian education for more than thirty years. Before coming to Syria, she had taught school in Ireland, in Brooklyn, in Crete, in Valparaiso, in Athens, in Smyrna, and lastly in Beirut, Shemlan, Sidon, and Ain Zehalteh. For sixty-two years she was a teacher. In stature she was diminutive and her physique was that of a child, but her life was one of constant toil and self-sacrifice. She crossed seas and oceans at her own charges and here in Syria erected buildings, founded schools, and aided in Christian work with the greatest zeal and patience. She built and presented to our mission the house in Deir Mimas and the church in Shemlan. The Training-School for Girls in Shemlan was founded by her, and its edifice reared and deeded by her to a British Female Education Society and by that society finally given to the British Syrian Mission. In some other enterprises she suffered grievous disappointment, but this alone is her monument.

The following week, Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins' infant son Horace E. Hoskins died in Suk. On August 31st, Syria suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Augusta Mentor Mott, long the directress of the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission. These schools were founded by the late Mrs. J. Bowen Thompson, then conducted by her sisters, the late Mrs. Henry Smith

and Mrs. Mott. They were a remarkable trio of sisters, and with the admirable corps of teachers associated with them, have done a work of the highest value in the education of the daughters of Syria. Thoroughly spiritual in their religious character, liberal and broad minded, using their fortunes and their sympathies in the work, they have left their mark on Syrian family life and done this people immortal service. Although belonging to the Church of England, they would have nothing to do with the ritualistic Romanizing party and coöperated with our own mission and the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Damascus, and their teachers and converted pupils were communicants in the American Mission churches.

Before her death Mrs. Mott sent for me to come and pray with her, and stated that she wished the British Syrian Schools to be conducted in the future on the same basis as before and to continue in cordial coöperation with the American Mission.

In October and December, 1891, death again invaded the mission circle. Little Geraldine Dale, daughter of the late Rev. Gerald F. Dale of Zahleh, died after a brief illness, a severe affliction to her already afflicted and widowed mother. This beautiful child was laid beside her father and sister in the mission cemetery. Then followed in two months the sudden death of Mrs. Dr. Wm. Schauffler, after childbirth, and on the day before Christmas I baptized little William Gray Schauffler over his mother's coffin. She was the daughter of my old Hebrew teacher in Union Seminary, Rev. Dr. Theron F. Hawkes, and the father was the grandson of the distinguished Dr. Schauffler, one of the Bible translators of Constantinople.

On September 30th, Rev. Asaad Abdullah was ordained in Ain Zehalteh and has continued steadfast in the ministry and is now, after fifteen years, the useful pastor of the Beirut Evangelical Church.

About this time, one Quilliam, an Englishman in Liverpool, embraced Islam. He was invited to Constantinople and honoured



and received the name of Mohammed Quilliam. The Moslem papers of the East rejoiced with great joy that now Mohammed Webb, who had collapsed in New York, was to be succeeded by a genuine English convert. Quilliam received money in aid of his scheme to convert England from Turkey, Egypt, and India. In 1903, the Moslem sheikh, Abdul Kerim Effendi Marat, of Medina, the Holy City of Islam (where Mohammed was buried), having heard of the great English Moslem, visited England and became the guest of Quilliam of Liverpool. He was surprised, shocked, disgusted. He wrote long letters to the Moslem Arabic journal *Thomrat*, No. 1,058, of Beirut, in which he described his feelings, on being met at the station by a "dog-cart driven by a handsome young lady, daughter of Abdullah Quilliam, who wore a fancy hat, without a veil (God forbid!). She was one of the converts to Islam. The mosque was his house, the minaret, a balcony on the street. The prayer room was fitted with seats like a church and at the time of prayer, Quilliam went up to the balcony and, *Istughfur Allah!* (God forgive!) repeated in English a call to prayer. Then this unveiled girl sat down to a small organ and played the tunes, while the handful of men and boys sang out of books hymns such as the Christians use, with the name of Christ omitted! I was amazed. Then Quilliam said a few words, and they prayed, not in the required kneelings and bowings, but in a free and easy way shocking to the true believer. I found that he knew no Arabic, that he read the Koran in English (!) and that the women go unveiled like Christian women. He knows nothing about the principles and practice of Islam, but whenever he hears of men converted in Africa or India, he announces it to his subscribers in India or Turkey as the result of the labours of his missionaries. When the Emir of Afghanistan visited England, he gave Quilliam twenty-five hundred pounds, and the Prince of Lagos, West Africa, gave him one thousand pounds, supposing that he is printing Moslem books and leading the English people into Islam. He asked me to preach and I did. I told the whole truth. I told him that if, after being in Protestant schools twenty years, he really wished

to serve the cause of Islam, he would have studied the Koran and Islamic books by bringing a learned sheikh here to teach Arabic and the Koran, whereas now he asks them to enter a religion of which he knows nothing.

“ In leaving him, after thanking him for his hospitality, I said, ‘ I advise you at once to bring three learned Moslem sheikhs with the funds you receive from India and Turkey, and let them teach Arabic and the holy faith and publish a journal.’ I also said, ‘ You must command your women and girls to veil their faces and never let any man but their fathers and husbands see them.’ I reminded him that when six hundred negroes in Lagos with their emir had accepted Islam through agents we sent from the Hejaz in Arabia, he took my report of the same, and sent it to the Sheikh ul Islam in Constantinople claiming that these were converts of his agents whom he had sent to West Africa! and I rebuked him for this barefaced lying in order to raise money. The fact is he knows nothing about Islam.”

This is a literal translation of Sheikh Abdul Kerim’s letter.

During this year, two itinerant evangelists, whom we will call X and Z, came to Syria. They held Bible readings and preached in chapels in Beirut and vicinity. They agreed on one point, and that was their suspicion and jealousy of each other. X came to Dr. Mackie of the Anglo-American Church in Beirut and said, “ I want to warn you against Z. He cannot be trusted. He will pry into the secrets of your families and then blaze them abroad in the pulpit. Look out for him.” A few days later Z came to Dr. Mackie and said, “ I hear you have asked X to preach in your pulpit—a great mistake, sir. He cannot be relied on. Those X’s, even the bishop, are all a little ‘ off ’; beware of him.” One of them afterwards asked permission to lecture on the Second Coming. It was known that he held radical arithmetical views on the subject. So a pledge was taken from him that he would not fix the day nor the year for the Second Coming of Christ. He solemnly promised that he would avoid that aspect of the subject. A learned elder of the Arabic

Church acted as interpreter. After a time his arithmetic got the better of his conscience and he solemnly declared that "as sure as the Word of God is true, the times of the Gentiles will end in 1910, and Christ's reign on earth will begin. There will be no king, emperor, president, or sultan, and the Turkish Empire will come to an end!" The interpreter was terrified. There might be present a Turkish policeman or spy, and the interpreter and all his brethren be arrested as enemies of the Sultan. So he adroitly generalized the language and perhaps saved us from having our Sunday-school closed by the police!

After the meeting I confronted the man with his violation of his solemn pledge,—he did not seem to regret what he had done, but met my protest with "a smile that was bland."

It is often difficult to know what is duty when strangers come and ask permission to address the Sunday-school, the girls' boarding-school or the college.

It is generally necessary, however, to warn the eager speaker to avoid absolutely all flattering remarks about the "beautiful bright eyes of the girls," and the "intelligent faces" or "high promise" of the boys. I have often been obliged, when translating for a tourist speaker, to use my own discretion as to the amount of "soft soap" proper to be administered to the hearers.

One speaker in the college told the students that if they ever came to America he would be glad to see them in his home in——. Out came the note-books and within the next two years the quiet country study of this good man was invaded, to his dismay, by a number of eager youths, expecting that he would find them work in their adopted country. He had no means of furnishing them employment. They had taken him at his word. He had forgotten it, but they had not, and they were disappointed.

In several instances professors, pastors, and teachers have given high recommendations to young men for the foreign missionary work, and afterwards, when the men found they were out of place and had to give up the work, those who recom-

mended them admitted that they did it "with misgivings," as one seminary professor stated. The result was the expense of outfit, thousands of miles out and back, a disappointed labourer, a disappointed mission, and the loss of much money. I felt at the time that the man who had the "misgivings" should now try to make amends for his imprudence by liberal "givings" to make up the loss.

In August a Boston man bearing a familiar name wrote to me asking information about the Arabic language, and added the extraordinary "hope that you will not in your missionary work be guilty of indiscretion in disturbing the good-will of Ishmael." I wrote him that I was unable to grasp his meaning. According to Genesis 16:12, "Ishmael will be a wild man. His hand will be against every man and every man's hand will be against him." The Bedawin and the people of Arabia are the Ishmaelites of to-day. It is difficult to see how a foreigner can secure the "good-will" of such a body of robbers and murderers. They live by constant forays and cowardly midnight "ghazus" upon each others' camps.

The famous Mohammed Smair, the Bedawy emir who visited Beirut, told me that a Christian teacher or khotib might live among his tribe if he had a good horse and would migrate with the tribe in their nomadic life and live as they live, but he would have to help in the "ghazu" against other tribes. Our Boston friend might say that such a course would be justified if thereby we secure the "good-will" of the Arabs. The true way to secure the permanent good-will of these poor Ishmaelites would be to compel them to abandon their nomad life and internecine wars, settle down, and cultivate the soil and live in peace. This will come when there is a strong and honest government in Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia.

If the Boston scholar meant that the Gospel is not to be preached to the Arabs because they are Moslems, lest their "good-will" be disturbed, I will suggest that he read Matthew 10:34, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I

came not to send peace but a sword." This is the teaching of the "Prince of Peace." Light dissipates darkness. Truth antagonizes error. Ahab charged Elijah with "troubling Israel." Elijah replied that the trouble came from Ahab and his idolatrous abandonment of God. In every mission field the "Gospel of Peace" stirs up strife and hostility. "Bonds and imprisonment" awaited Paul in every city. In our day in every heathen and Mohammedan land, sons are persecuted by fathers and fathers by sons. I have known an ignorant Maronite mother to poison her own son, a worthy and lovable man. Moslems hang or shoot or poison apostates and glory in their shame. Christ has bidden us to go and preach the Gospel. He says "be wise as serpents and harmless as doves," but He also says, "go and teach all nations" that is "evangelize them, give them the pure Gospel," because they are sinners and need it, and without Christ they are lost.

In a land like this, every year yields its crop of cranks. Sometimes singly and sometimes in organized companies. The careful chronicle of all the religious, political, and ethical cranks who have ravaged the Holy Land during the past fifty years would furnish a fruitful theme for psychological research.

Here is one of them. In July, 1891, an archæological friend wrote from Jerusalem that he had been playing "Halma" at the house of the British consul with the "Forerunner." Some time after, this "forerunner" appeared at Hasbeiya under Mount Hermon and put up at the school of an English lady. He was in sorry plight, his clothes ragged and dirty and no change of raiment; a package of dried plants about all he possessed. He was obliged to go to bed to have his garments washed and the good hostess was horrified to find that the guest-room had become infested with vermin of the third plague of Egypt.

He stated solemnly that he was the "Forerunner" and that he was going to the summit of Hermon to meet the Lord and that they were going to London to resurrect Dean Stanley!

He next appeared at the beautiful cottage home of Mr. and

Mrs. Bird, in Abeih, Mount Lebanon, and asked for a lodging. Mrs. Bird, who is a model of the New England housewife, was no less horrified than was the Hasbeiya lady to see this unkempt, ragged, and unsavoury tramp entering her neat and spotless house. Here also he left vestiges. The family were amazed at his refined language and his knowledge of botanical science, yet none the less relieved when he took his departure.

Soon after, Dr. George E. Post, of the college in Beirut, found a tramp asleep on the porch of his house, and ordered him to decamp. He begged for food, and promised to work, if the doctor would give him passage money to Alexandria. Dr. Post, who is a distinguished botanist, soon found out that the "pack" of this straggler contained dried plants and flowers. One thing led to another. The man said his name was S——, from Boston. He had tramped on foot from the Suez Canal to Gaza and Jerusalem and thence through the land to Beirut, living on the people. The doctor agreed to pay his fare if he would write out a journal of his trip from Egypt to Beirut. He did so. It was written in elegant phrase, a model of Addisonian diction, humorous, keen in observation, and with a decided scientific turn. It was impossible to say whether the man was a scholar with a crazy streak of mental hallucination, or whether the "Fore-runner" was assumed as a disguise to account for his unwashed person and filthy rags, and to enable him to beg his way through the tramp-trodden Holy Land.

This summer I had a visit from a tramp of quite another stamp. When at my desk in the press, Sheikh Mohammed Hassan, one of the keepers of the Sacred Haram of Mecca, was announced. He was not of the unwashed. He had gone through all the ablutions of the orthodox Sunni Moslems from his youth up. His flowing robe and immaculate white turban, with his mellifluous Arabic, excited my admiration as it had done at about this time of the year for several years. He was on his annual round to gather in the spare copper and silver of the faithful.

On his first visit he received a finely-bound Bible for the sherif of Mecca, which he afterwards reported as having been received

with thanks. This time he descanted volubly on the noble generosity of the Americans and how they love all men and help all laudable enterprises. He then produced from under the folds of his robe a box of Mecca dates and a bottle of water from the Bir Zem Zem in Mecca. I accepted the dates with profuse thanks, but took pains to see that the Zem Zem bottle was well sealed, as the water is reputed to have more microbes to the ounce than any water on earth. It would have been preposterous to give a small present to such a distinguished and learned mendicant. I got off with two dollars and an Arabic book.

Several other "forerunners" have appeared in Palestine in latter years, leading all decent and sane people to wish that the wardens of insane hospitals in Europe and America would keep their lunatics at home.

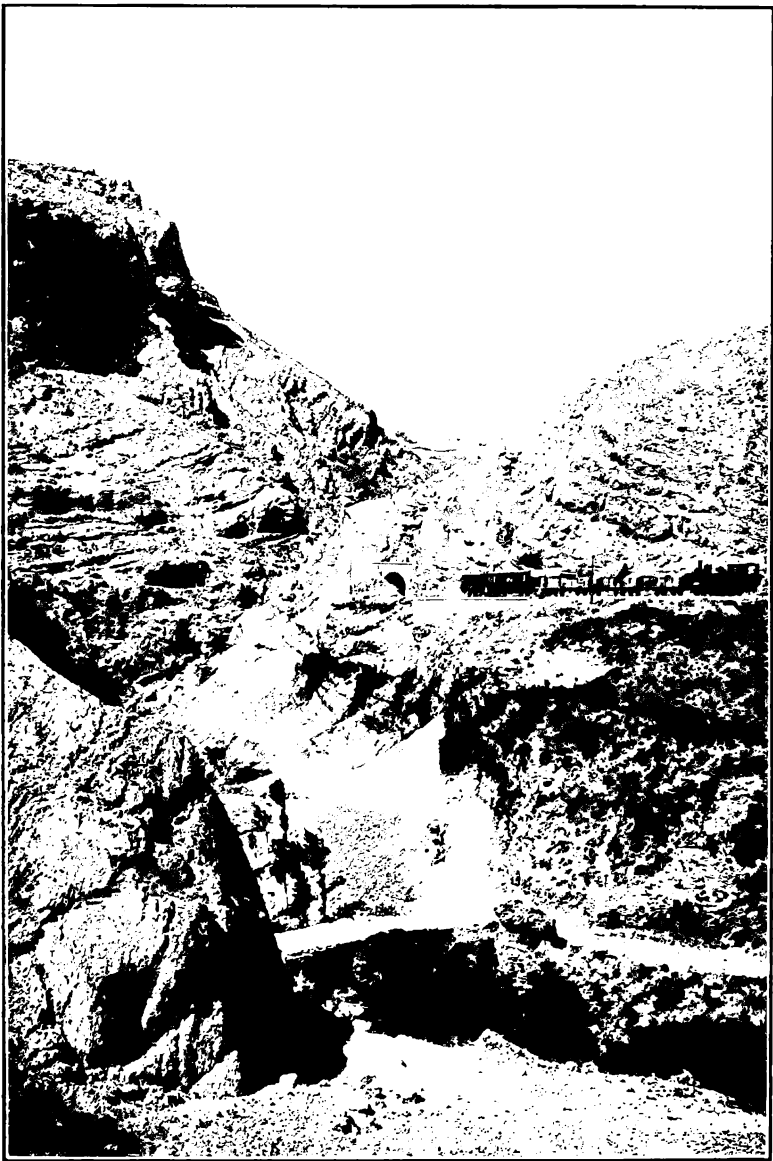
The American diplomatic representatives at this time were Hon. S. Hirsch, United States Minister at the Porte and Mr. Erhard Bissinger, consul in Beirut, both of whom were efficient and conscientious men and an honour to their country. The American Mission in Syria sent to each of them letters of thanks and high appreciation of their efforts to promote American educational and benevolent interests in Turkey, as well as in the interests of our commerce.

As a rule, our representatives have been able men and efficient. In these fifty-one years I have known ten consuls in Beirut, and not more than three of them left Syria unregretted. Six were total abstinence men. Over a few I would draw the veil. Up to the year 1906 their salaries were quite inadequate, and they were not able without great self-denial to maintain adequately the dignity of their country. The new consular regulations will insure the appointment of efficient men with sufficient support to make it worth the while of first-class men to enter the foreign consular service.

1892—The year 1892 was marked by the death of Kamil in Bussorah, of Mr. R. Konawaty, an aged disciple of eighty in







GORGE OF NAHR BARADA (THE ABANA)  
And the Damascus Railway.

Beirut, and of Wassa Pasha, Governor of Mount Lebanon, June 29th, and the arrival of his successor, Naoom Pasha, September 4th.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Jessup, Rev. and Mrs. W. K. Eddy, and Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss arrived from furloughs.

In April Dr. Van Dyck received the honorary degree of L. H. D. from the University of Edinburgh and on December 23d, his friends, native and foreign, congratulated him and Mrs. Van Dyck on their golden wedding and presented him with a beautiful English cathedral clock.

On March 10th another Moslem convert, Mustafa from Damascus, passed through Beirut en route for the land of liberty. A young Moslem woman educated in a Christian school was summoned before the Maktubji, with her parents, and charged with being a Christian. She said, "Yes, I am a Christian: I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and I am not afraid to confess Him before men. Do with me what you please. I belong to Jesus Christ and do not fear." The man threatened her but she was so calm and firm that he decided to let her alone. And she is as firm to-day (1909) as then.

On August 28th the first locomotive reached Jerusalem, and December 8th ground was broken in Beirut for the Beirut-Damascus Railway. A great company of invited guests assembled on the spot, and while the Nakib el Ashraf Abdurahman Effendi Nahass offered an eloquent prayer, twelve sheep were sacrificed in front of him and the meat given to the poor. The sacrifice of sheep is a constant custom in Turkey on laying the corner-stone of any new building, or opening any new enterprise.

A division occurred in Beirut church and the seceding portion called a pastor of their own. It was a sad experience to all concerned, but the new native churches have to learn by experience, and the trials through which they pass may yet prove to be the means of greater ultimate success and progress. The only practical gain was the fact that the new church thus formed paid its own way without expense to the mission. Time is a great healer and the good men who have been temporarily sepa-

rated will no doubt eventually come together again. I shall give no details of this church dissension, as it is clear that all parties would prefer that it be forgotten.

In January the zealous censor of the press expunged from our weekly *Neshrah* an account of the oppression of the Israelites by Pharaoh. He said that Egypt is under the Sultan and oppression of the Jews could not occur in Egypt. We were so stupefied by this display of learning and loyalty that we tamely submitted. The rebellion of Absalom was also forbidden to be mentioned, although taken verbatim from the Scriptures. In most cases we might appeal to the Waly, and the Walys are generally men of sense and experience and would overrule the decision of a petty press censor, but when your type is on the press and your hour of publication is at hand you have no time to draw up a formal protest on stamped paper stating your grievances. In the fall of that same year we printed a collection of eulogiums of the Bible by eminent men. These were all stricken out as implying that the Koran was not the only divine Book in the world, and our paper threatened with suppression if we repeated such language!

Swarms of locusts again appeared in Syria. In Aleppo the Waly ordered every man in the district to bring one oke (three pounds) to the government inspectors, to be destroyed. Four million okes were brought according to the official journal, or about 5,500 tons. These flights of locusts are terrific. They darken the sky and lighting down, destroy every green thing. I have seen them three or four inches deep on the ground. A tailor in Beirut when ordered out with the rest of the crowd to gather a sack full of locusts, brought back his sack after sunset and locked it up in his shop. Each locust's body contains about ninety eggs like the spawn of a fish. The tailor was taken down with a fever that night and did not return for a month. On his return, he opened the door and a swarm of young "gowgahs" came jumping out like gigantic fleas, black imps with heads like horses. The eggs had hatched out and for his two thousand

locusts he had 180,000, completely covering his shop and ruining his stock of goods.

An event of the year greatly regretted by the mission was the resignation of Dr. James S. Dennis.

Owing to a quarrel in the Orthodox Greek Church in Damascus, three hundred Greeks declared themselves Protestants and attended the Protestant church. The missionaries welcomed them and gave them daily evangelical instruction, but felt assured from the outset that it was only the "morning cloud and early dew," and was only meant as a menace to the other party to yield and in a short time the whole three hundred who had marched up the hill marched down again and resumed their prayers to the *holy pictures* and the Virgin.

A new mosque having been built in Tripoli, Syria, it was dedicated June 17th, by the arrival of three hairs from the beard of Mohammed, from Constantinople. Thousands of Moslems went down to the seaport to greet the casket, and half-naked men danced in the procession and cut themselves with knives amid the jubilation of the populace. In the addresses made on the occasion, according to the Moslem journals, there was no explanation as to what special virtue came from these relics. It has been supposed that the Moslems borrowed the custom from the Christian crusaders who carried off shiploads of relics from the Holy Land to Europe. The conduct of the ignorant populace can be explained, as it can in the Orthodox Greek orgies at the fraudulent Greek fire at Easter in Jerusalem, and the worshipping of bones and hairs and other relics of reputed saints in almost every papal church in Europe; but the winking of Greek and Roman bishops and Moslem effendis and kadis at such puerile superstition, and giving them the sanction of their presence and coöperation cannot be too severely condemned.

In April I wrote to Dr. Dennis in New York pleading by order of the mission for reinforcements.

It was urged that "Dr. Van Dyck is seventy-two, Dr. Eddy

sixty-four, H. H. Jessup sixty, S. Jessup fifty-nine, Dr. Daniel Bliss at the college sixty-nine, and Mr. Bird sixty-nine. You may get 'bottom' out of such venerable steeds, but you cannot expect much 'speed.' I am feeling somewhat the burdens of this year, and the confusing secularities of running a printing-house, in addition to my preaching and teaching duties with my voluminous correspondence, sometimes make my head swim. I don't think I could carry this load another year. We must have one or two first-rate young men in training to take our places before we break down."

I now add to the above, sixteen years later, that Dr. Van Dyck, Dr. Eddy, Mr. Bird and W. K. Eddy have gone to their reward, Dr. Dennis and Mr. Watson resigned, a loss of six men, and only five, Messrs. Doolittle, Erdman, S. D. Jessup, Nicol and Brown, have come in their place, so that the mission is numerically weaker in 1909 than in 1892, and I am seventy-six and a half, and my brother seventy-five and a half.

Dr. R. Anderson, in giving his consent to the establishment of the Syrian Protestant College, expressed the fear that its teaching English would result in denationalizing the Syrians, making them restless, and unfitting them for the work of humble pastors and preachers in their own country. He instanced the results of English teaching in India as disastrous to the training of a native ministry.

It is not easy now to say what would have been the effect of making English the language of instruction in the college, had all things remained as they were. But the discovery of America by certain Syrian merchants in 1876, and the British occupation of Egypt in 1882 put a new phase on the future of Syrian youth. The demand for English-speaking and English-trained doctors, lawyers, surveyors, and engineers, clerks and accountants in the Anglo-Egyptian military and civil service, tempted the best trained youth of Syria to go to Egypt. Then the opening El Dorado for Syrian dealers in Oriental wares and fabrics in North and South America, Mexico, and Australia sent, first, hundreds

and then thousands of Syrians, men, women, and children, to seek their fortune beyond the seas. Many sent back thousands of dollars, and the rumour of their success spread over the land. Then steamer agents and emigrant agency runners visited the towns and villages and sounded the praises of America, Brazil and Argentine, etc., until every steamer to Naples and Marseilles went crowded with hopeful Syrians. Was the teaching in the college and boys' boarding-schools responsible for this phenomenal exodus? The answer must be affirmative with regard to Egypt. The Egyptian and Sudanese governments want bright, intelligent young Syrians, well up in English, and with a sound moral training, and this class largely goes to Egypt. But the rank and file of the tens of thousands of emigrants know no language but Arabic and literally "go forth not knowing whither they are going." Not a few college men are in the United States, but I was surprised on examining the Syrian Protestant College catalogue for 1906 to find that only fifty-eight college graduates are now in the United States, and eighty-seven in Egypt, or a hundred and forty-five in all, out of one thousand three hundred and eighty-seven graduates in all departments.

It is perhaps true that a knowledge of English has increased the number of emigrants, but their number is small as compared with the whole number of emigrants. Professor Lucius Miller of Princeton, who was for three years tutor in the Beirut College, spent a year in collecting statistics of the Syrian Colony in New York for the New York Federation of Churches, and he found the Protestant Syrians comprise fewer illiterate, and more educated men and women in proportion to their whole number than those of any other Syrian sect in New York.

The figures are as follows :

*Able to read and write Arabic*

Protestant . . .	60.1%	Maronite . . .	39.4%
Greek . . .	44. %	Catholic . . .	33.7%

*Able to read and write English*

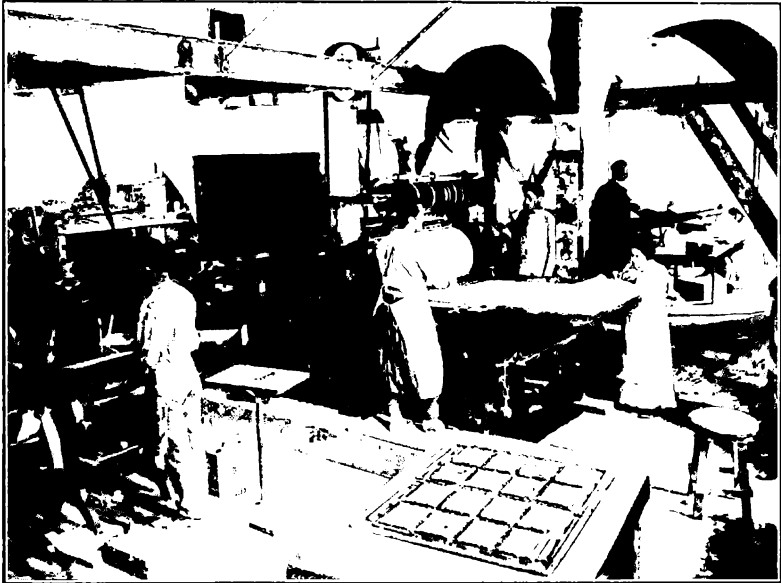
Protestant . . .	60.1%	Maronite . . .	19.1%
Greek . . .	25.8%	Catholic . . .	13.1%

This ratio would hold good with regard to the Protestant sect in the whole Turkish Empire as compared with other sects. It is the best educated of all the sects owing chiefly to the American schools. The priest-ridden district of Maronite Northern Lebanon stands among the lowest. The Maronite higher clergy and the hordes of lazy worthless monks have gradually seized upon the best landed property and roll in wealth leaving the children and youth uneducated. Of late years a few, like the late Archbishop Dibbs of Beirut, have opened high schools, but the villages are left in ignorance. Emigration, however, is beginning to break up this monotone of ignorance and illiteracy. Many of the emigrants have returned with liberal ideas and will not submit to priestly tyranny and are demanding schools under American and English auspices. The next twenty-five years will see a great change in the power and influence of this proud and tyrannical hierarchy.

During this year, the Protestant missionaries in Constantinople drew up, signed, and forwarded to all the Protestant ambassadors an appeal protesting against the attempted suppression of Bible sale and colportage in the empire. The result was, after long delay, a new order forbidding interference with Bible work.

In the *Hatti Humayoun* of February, 1856, it is said that "each community inhabiting a distinct quarter shall have equal power to repair and improve its churches, hospitals, schools, and cemeteries. The Sublime Porte will . . . insure to each sect, whatever be the number of its adherents, entire freedom in the exercise of its religion." Yet there is constant obstruction of every effort to build churches or open schools.

The Presbyterian church in Plainfield (New Jersey), Dr. W. R. Richards, pastor, sent out this year as a gift to the mission a new "Walter Scott" printing machine, made in Plainfield, and it arrived in May. On reaching the custom-house, the appraisers valued it at about double its real worth and I insisted that if they held their ground, they must "take their pay in kind." They



AMERICAN PRESS  
Bindery.  
Machine Room.





then summoned several proprietors of presses in the city to aid in the appraisal and it was fixed at \$800, on which we paid eight per cent. duty, or \$64. We had also to pay moderate bucksheesh to boatmen, porters, inspectors, appraisers, clerks, scribes, copyists, overseers, doorkeepers, and watchmen for facilitating the egress of the machine. It was set up by means of a winch and tackle blocks by Mr. R. Somerville. This machine added greatly to the efficiency of our press, and is a memorial of the liberality of the Crescent Avenue Church.

We were at that time shipping books by mule and donkey to the Lebanon villages and the cities of Syria and Palestine; by post to Hamadan, Ispahan and Tabriz in Persia; by sea, to Constantinople, Mogador, Tangier, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt and Zanzibar. Egypt was and is still our best customer. We send also to Aden in Arabia, to Bombay and other parts of India, and to Bussorah and Bushire on the Persian Gulf, and also to Rio Janeiro, San Paolo (Brazil), and to New York, Chicago, Toledo, Philadelphia, Lawrence, Mass., and other Syrian colonies in America. In concluding my letter of acknowledgment to the Plainfield friends, I said, "The labour is ours, the results are God's. It is a privilege to preach the Gospel and to print and scatter God's Word throughout the world. May the Holy Spirit attend our teaching and preaching and our printing with His own mighty power from on high. The Lord raise up missionaries from your church in Plainfield and send them forth to the whitening harvest field! I can testify after thirty-six years of service in Syria that the missionary work is a blessed work indeed and can commend it to your young Christians as a happy and glorious work. It was instituted by the command and is crowned with the promised blessing of the Son of God."

In September, at the request of Dr. Arthur Pierson of the *Missionary Review*, I sent him an article on Educational Missions, of which the following is the substance:

We have given much of time and strength to mission schools but not to the detriment and neglect of other departments of the

work. Schools have been looked upon as vital to missionary success, and yet only as a means to an end, not as the end itself. Schools were called "entering wedges" and such they really were, introducing the Gospel in many districts where otherwise, as far as could be seen, neither Bible nor missionary would have been allowed to enter.

Education is only a means to an end in Christian missions, and that end is to lead men to Christ and teach them to become Christian peoples and nations. When it goes beyond this and claims to be in itself an end; that mere intellectual and scientific eminence are objects worthy of the Christian missionary, that it is worth while for consecrated missionaries and missionary societies to aim to have the best astronomers, geologists, botanists, surgeons, and physicians in the realm for the sake of the scientific prestige and the world-wide reputation; then we do not hesitate to say that such a mission has stepped out of the Christian and missionary sphere into one purely secular, scientific, and worldly. Such a work might be done by a Heidelberg or a Cambridge, a Harvard or a Sheffield, but not by a missionary society labouring for purely spiritual ends. The Syria Mission has had wide experience in the matter of education. The missionaries have had a larger proportion of literary and educational work thrown upon them than is common in Asiatic and African missions.

The Syrian people differ from the "Nature" tribes of Africa, and the settled communities of Central and Eastern Asia, in having been engaged for centuries in the conflict between the corrupt forms of Christianity, the religion of Islam, and the sects of semi-Paganism. There being no political parties in the empire, the inborn love of political dissent finds its vent in the religious sects. A man's religion is his politics, that is, his sect takes the place occupied in other countries by the political party. To separate any Syrian from his religious sect is to throw him out of his endeared political party with all its traditions and prejudices.

A Christian missionary must steer clear of all these racial and

sectarian political jealousies and try to teach loyalty to the "powers that be," the common brotherhood of man, and offer to all a common Saviour. The Holy Spirit is indeed omnipotent, and can make men of these hostile sects one in Christ "by the word of His power," just as He can place a Tammany ward politician side by side with a negro Republican at the Lord's table.

But as human nature is, it generally requires early Christian training to break down these ancient sectarian antipathies. Men and women converted in adult years from various sects find it hard to forget their former differences and on slight occasions the old political lines define themselves with perilous vividness. It is different with youths of different sects when educated together, and the brightest examples of mutual love and confidence have been found among the young men and women trained for years together in Christian schools.

The present educational work of the Syria Mission has been a gradual growth. The 119 common schools were as a rule located in places where previously there were no schools. In not a few cases high schools have been opened in the same towns by native sects, who, as experience shows, would close their schools at once were the evangelical schools withdrawn.

The total of pupils in 1891 was 7,117. If we add to this at least an equal number in the schools of other Protestant missions in Syria and Palestine, we have a total of about 15,000 children under evangelical instruction in the land.

This is a work of large extent and influence, and it is of the first importance to know whether these schools are helping in the work of evangelization. To aid in a correct estimate on this point, we should remember that :

1. The Bible is a text-book in all of them. These thousands of children are taught the Old and New Testaments, "Line upon Line," "Life of St. Paul," the catechisms, and the advanced pupils the "Bible Hand Book," Scripture history and geography. The Bible rests at the foundation of them all.

2. As far as possible, none but Christian teachers, communi-

cants in the churches, are employed in these schools. The common schools are thus Bible schools, and where the teachers are truly godly men, their prayers and example give a strong religious influence to their teaching, and in the high schools daily religious instruction is given in the most thorough manner.

3. Sometimes a school has been maintained for years in a village without any apparent spiritual result, either among the children or their parents, and yet there are numerous instances in which the school has been the means of the establishment of a church and a decided religious reformation.

4. The mission schools in Turkey have had one important effect and that is that the Protestant community has for its size less illiteracy than any other community in the empire, more readers than any other, and is in consequence more intelligent.

5. In the towns and cities where the high schools are situated, the majority of the additions to the churches come from the children and the youth trained in the schools.

6. It is the unanimous testimony of intelligent natives of all sects that the intellectual awakening of modern Syria is due, in the first instance, to the schools of the American missions. They were the first and have continued for over sixty years, and the most of the institutions now in existence in Syria, native and foreign, have grown out of them or have been directly occasioned by them.

7. If the question be raised, as to the comparative cost of educational and non-educational missions, it is doubtless true that the educational are the most costly.

The Syrian Protestant College is an endowed institution separate from the Board of Missions, and its expensive edifices, which are an honour to American Christianity and an ornament to the city, were erected without cost to the Board of Missions.

Since coming under the Presbyterian Board of Missions in 1870, the mission has introduced the English language in addition to the Arabic into its boys' and girls' boarding-schools, and many of its day-schools. The English and Scotch schools all teach the English language. In this way many thousands of

Syrian youths have learned English, and the Romish and Greek schools are also teaching it in addition to French and Arabic.

The question now arises, "Cui bono?" Has twenty-five years' experience in teaching English justified the hopes and expectations of the American missionaries? We reply that it has, and that beyond all question. The limited scope of Arabic literature, though greatly extended during the past thirty years by the Christian Press, makes it impossible for one to attain a thorough education without the use of a foreign language.

One needs but to turn the pages of the catalogue of the Syrian Protestant College and of the Protestant girls' boarding-schools to see the names of men and women who are now the leaders in every good and elevating enterprise, authors, editors, physicians, preachers, teachers, and business men who owe their success and influence to their broad and thorough education. They are scattered throughout Syria, Palestine, Egypt, North Africa, and North and South America.

The advocates of a purely vernacular system sometimes point to another side of the question which is plain to every candid observer, namely, that the English-speaking youth of both sexes are leaving the country and emigrating to Egypt and America. This is true and to such an extent as to be phenomenal. The Christian youth of Syria, Protestant and Catholic, Greek and Armenian, are emigrating by thousands. The promised land is not now east and west of the Jordan, but east and west of the Mississippi and the Rio de la Plata. And the same passion for emigration prevails in Asia Minor, Eastern Turkey, Mesopotamia. It is a striking if not a startling providential fact. The Christian element in Turkey is seeking a freer and fairer field for development. The ruling power is Moslem. Its motto has become "This is a Moslem land and Moslems must rule it."

The Chicago Fair fanned the emigration fever to a flame. It has taken hold of all classes, and farmers, planters, mechanics, merchants, doctors, teachers, preachers, young men and women, boys and girls, even old men and women, are setting out in

crowds for the El Dorado of the West. A company of plain peasants will pay high wages for an English-speaking boy or girl to go with them as interpreter. There is thus a premium on the English language. The English occupation of Egypt and Cyprus has acted in the same direction by opening new avenues of employment.

On the other hand ignorance of English does not deter the people from emigrating. It is a deep-seated popular impulse, wide-spread and irresistible, and it is equally strong in Eastern Turkey where little has been done in teaching the English language. The land is too narrow for its people, at least under the present régime. The Moslems cannot get away, and few have gone.

It cannot be claimed that the teaching of English alone has produced this great movement, for the masses of emigrants do not know a word of English. The reason is a desire to better their condition, "to buy and sell and get gain," and in some cases, a longing to live under a Christian government. Whether the Syrians, like the Chinese, will return to their own land, is a problem as yet unsolved.

The residence of Americans here for sixty years, the great numbers of American tourists who yearly pass through Syria and Palestine, the teaching of geography in the schools, the general spread of light, the news published in the Arabic journals, and the increase of population with no corresponding openings for earning a living, these and many other causes have now culminated in this emigration movement which is sending a Semitic wave across seas and continents. Let us hope and pray that those who do at length return to the East will return better and broader and more useful men and women than if they had never left their native land.

It must be that there is a divine plan and meaning in it all, and that the result will be great moral gain to Western Asia in the future.

The suspension of the mission schools in Syria would be a disaster. These thousands of children would be left untaught, or at least deprived of Bible instruction.

We do not see cause for modifying our system of Christian education. Its great mission is yet to be performed. These schools in which the Bible is taught are doing a gradual, leavening work among thousands who, thus far, do not accept the Word of God.

There will yet be a new Phœnicia, a new Syria, better cultivated, better governed, with a wider diffusion of Christian truth, a nobler sphere for women, happier homes for the people, and that contentment which grows out of faith in God and man.

The schools will help on this consummation. The press will hasten it. The Christian pulpit will prepare the way for it. The churches and congregations now existing and yet to be formed will lay the foundations for it, and the distribution of the Bible will confirm it and make it enduring. We believe in Christian mission schools. With all the drawbacks in expense and toil, and at times the semi-secularization of the missionary labourer, they are a blessing to any land. They let in the light. They teach the Bible to the children. They conciliate the parents, remove prejudice, root up old superstition, brighten and cheer the hearts of the little ones and the houses of their parents and lead many to a true knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ.

They are a means to an end, and that end is the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

1893—The chief events in the mission in 1893 were the resolution recommending the founding of an industrial orphanage in Sidon, the resignation of Miss Rebecca M. Brown from the Sidon Girls' Seminary, the baptism of another Mohammedan, Andraus, the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle for Sidon, the transfer of Mrs. Dale to Sidon for the year, and the arrival in Beirut of Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy from New York and Constantinople, having obtained, November 22, 1893, the first official permit granted to a woman to practice medicine in the Turkish Empire on the same terms as have been previously granted to men only. The learned professors in the Imperial Medical College were for a long time incredulous as to the competency of a woman to master medical



science, but when they finally consented to give her a medical examination and she passed triumphantly, they were warm in their congratulations and gave her not only the legal diploma, but also letters of introduction to the different Turkish authorities in Syria.

She has attained a wide reputation and her hospital clinics at Maamiltein and her itinerant camps are crowded with patients.

Among the prominent visitors to Syria this year were ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster and wife, and Dr. F. E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavour Society. Both of these eminent men made addresses in Beirut full of Christian wisdom and earnestness.

In May I prepared two papers for the World's Congress of Religions and Missions in Chicago, one on "The Religious Mission of the English-speaking Nations," and the other on "Triumphs of the Gospel in the Ottoman Empire." As both of these papers were published in the volume of Reports, I need not allude to them in detail. I had no fear of ill effects from that congress.

Two tragic events occurred during the year. The first was the sinking of the splendid British battle-ship *Victoria* off Tripoli harbour, June 22d, by collision with the *Camperdown*, in which 375 officers and men lost their lives. The fleet had been five days off Beirut, and Admiral Sir George Tryon and his officers had been entertained in a garden party on the grounds of Colonel Trotter, H. B. M. consul-general. The admiral was most affable. He spoke to Dr. Bliss and myself of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's recent plea for an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon nations. We remarked to him that on the recent visit of the French fleet the ships went to Tripoli, and in the evening as a cloud hung over Tripoli, the gleam of the search-lights could be seen here in Beirut forty miles distant. He said, "On Friday evening you will see the search-lights of our fleet at Tripoli." Alas, on Friday evening the admiral and his good ship and 375 men were at the bottom of the sea! The ships left Beirut Friday morning in two

parallel lines far apart. They kept far out beyond the Tripoli islands and were to make a great curve around to the north and then turn inward and backward and deploy on another parallel line inside the double line of sailing. As they turned, the vice-admiral signalled, inquiring if they were not too near to make that curve. The answer of the admiral was, "Go ahead!" They went ahead and as they turned inward, the *Camperdown* struck the *Victoria* back of the starboard bow, crushing in the solid armour and letting in the sea in a mighty stream. Rapid signals were interchanged, and there was for a moment danger that the other huge floating castles would collide, but they were managed with marvellous skill. The boats were lowered and hastened to rescue their comrades who had flung themselves into the sea. Then as the *Victoria* sank bows foremost, the engines still moving and the screw revolving in the air, there was a fearful explosion and hundreds of men were sucked down to the depths in eighty fathoms of water. Two hundred and sixty-three men were rescued and 375 were lost.

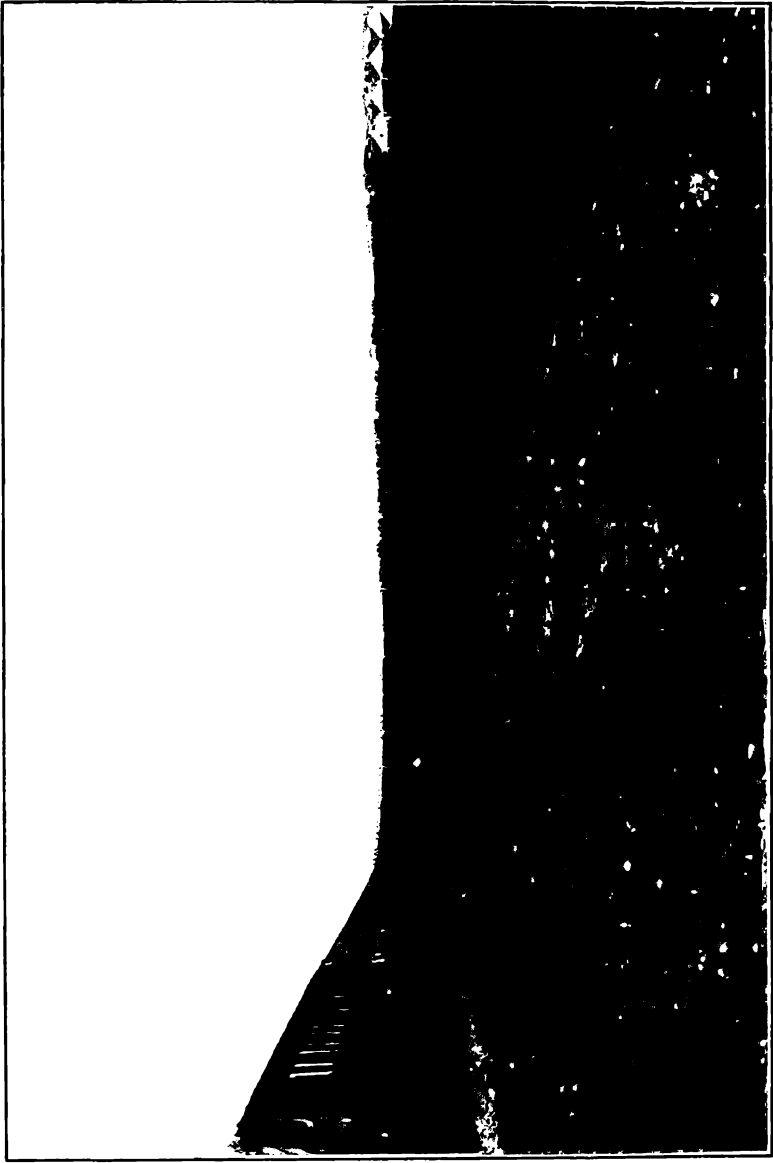
Dr. Ira Harris, missionary in Tripoli, was on the shore and saw the *Victoria* disappear. Dr. M——, a Syrian physician, a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College, saw the *Victoria* go down and remarked to Dr. Harris, "One of them has gone down—it is one of those submarines. Watch and we shall see it come up again." Soon after, the boats came ashore and officers telegraphed to the consul-general in Beirut of the awful disaster. As they sat on the shore, they recited the full details of the dreadful event and Dr. Harris took notes. No officer was allowed to write or telegraph to the British public the details. When the cablegram reached England of the bare fact, "*Victoria* sunk," and thence to New York, the *New York World*, finding that Dr. Harris was their only subscriber in Syria, cabled him to telegraph them full details. With all the facts now in his possession he obtained the use of the telegraph office and sent off a detailed account of hundreds of words as he had heard it from the officers on the wharf. That telegram was printed in New York, repeated to London, and published by the *New York World* in London

before any reliable report had been given to the British public. The search for the bodies of the dead men was long and thorough, on the spot, and on the adjacent shores, but few were ever found. Six bodies were brought ashore and buried in a plot given by the Sultan, adjoining the American Mission cemetery. Fragments of furniture floated up on the coast of Akkar and were collected by the peasants. Owing to the great depth, no divers could be employed, and that colossal steel coffin lies on the bottom, never to be touched by man, safer than the famous porphyry sarcophagus of Ashmunazer, Phœnician King of Sidon, who inscribed a curse upon any one who should disturb his tomb, and yet that tomb is now in the Louvre in Paris. The reason of Admiral Tryon's failing to heed the warning signal will never be known. It was understood that he said to the officer who stood by him on the bridge, when he saw that the ships were colliding, "I only am to blame," and he went down, holding to the railing of the bridge.

A part of the fleet remained on the coast for some weeks. Ex-Admiral Sir George Wellesley, a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, was at this time visiting his daughter, Mrs. Colonel Trotter, and accepted the invitation of his old subaltern officer, Captain Benham of the *Camperdown*, to be his guest on this cruise along the Syrian coast. He was on the deck of the *Camp-erdown* when the collision occurred and saw the awful scene in all its heartrending details. He returned to Beirut on a despatch boat the next day, but was so heart-broken that he could not speak. After four days I called upon him with my brother Samuel, and it was most pathetic to witness his manly grief over the loss of his friend Sir George Tryon and so many brave men.

Another event which deeply affected the Mohammedan populace, and might have led to another massacre, was the burning of the famous Mosque of Amweh in Damascus, October 19th. A Jewish tinman had been soldering the leaden plates on the roof and left his hand furnace while he went to his noon meal. A high wind sprang up which fanned the fire to a flame, the lead





THE DAMASCUS AND MECCA RAILWAY

melted, the boards and timbers beneath took fire, and owing to the great height and the want of fire engines, the whole roof was destroyed, as well as many treasures within the building. At first ill-disposed persons charged it on the Christians and a panic fell on the city. But the pasha published the facts and the excitement subsided. But the Arabic and Turkish journals were prohibited from alluding to it in any way, and months after, when subscriptions were made up by wealthy Moslems, the mosque was not mentioned, but the gifts were acknowledged "for the sake of religious objects." This mosque was originally the "House of Rimmon," then the Cathedral Church of St. John the Baptist, then half of it was made into a mosque by Khalid, the "Sword of Mohammed" and finally the whole was seized by Welid, who himself destroyed the altar.

When the Sultan decided to order it rebuilt, the Waly of Damascus telegraphed the Sultan that "the city of Damascus will alone rebuild it." This produced great indignation, as the Damascenes wished it rebuilt in magnificent style with the aid of the Sultan himself. In December, Mohammed Saïd Pasha, manager of the Hajj pilgrim caravan, subscribed one thousand Turkish pounds, Yusef Pasha three hundred and fifty, and Beit Odham seven hundred and fifty. Contributions of poplar and walnut timbers were made by the villagers and brought into the city with music and shouts of joy. Plans were decided on, and quarrymen, stone carvers, carpenters, decorators, and gilders employed, and the work of construction was carried on for thirteen years. Presents of costly and beautiful rugs of great size were sent from all parts of the empire and Egypt. To-day the work is about complete, and the tomb of John the Baptist in the midst is elegantly adorned.

The pilgrimage to Mecca this year was unprecedentedly large owing to the "Wakfat," or standing on Mount Arafat, coming on Friday. This is regarded as a most auspicious concurrence, and the throng was immense. Unfortunately the cholera broke out among them and there were a thousand deaths a day. A

Beirut sailor, Hassan, who was there, told me that as the procession started from Mecca out to Jebel Arafat, the men kept dropping dead by the way and the bodies were left in the field, and on reaching the place of sacrifice, the great trenches, dug by the Turkish soldiers for burying the offal of the tens of thousands of slaughtered sheep, were filled with the bodies of dead pilgrims. Hassan said he felt no fear at the time but the sight was horrible. All good Moslems regard it as a special blessing to be able to die in the Holy City of Mecca or near it.

Just at this time Mohammed Webb was parading his new-fledged Islamism in the Chicago World's Congress. He stated that "Woman under Islam is the mistress of the home." The *Interior* asked him, "Which one of her? As she is in the plural number, anywhere from two to twenty? Will Mr. Webb tell us which one of the twenty is mistress?"

I sent to Sir William Muir a second Arabic manuscript by the author of the "Bakurat," called "Minar ul Hoc," which Dr. Van Dyck pronounced superior in argument even to the "Bakurat." Sir William was greatly impressed by it, and after numerous letters had been interchanged by us, he obtained its publication in Arabic and also a clear translation of it into English, to which he wrote a preface, in which he says, "I am unhesitatingly of opinion that, taken as a whole, no apology of the Christian faith, carrying similar weight and urgency, has ever been addressed to the Mohammedan world, and I look upon it as the duty of the Church, should this opinion be concurred in, to take measures for the translation of 'Minar ul Hoc' into the vernacular of every land inhabited by those professing the Moslem faith, and to see that all missionaries in these lands have the means of becoming familiar with its contents."

In November, 1893, Rev. J. Phillips of Damascus was returning from Ireland to Syria, and had in his baggage a number of maps. They were nearly all confiscated. A large valuable map

of Europe happened to have on the east end a strip of Asia with the word "Armenia." For that ill-omened word the map was confiscated. A map of "Palestine under the kingdoms of Judah and Israel" was destroyed, as "the Sultan Abdul Hamid cannot acknowledge any kingdoms of Judah and Israel in his empire." Mr. Phillips remarked that this referred to a period many centuries before Christ. The triumphant reply was, "But this map was not made then. Judah and Israel did not know how to make maps." That is, all ancient maps showing the historic empire of the past are to be suppressed as dangerous to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

Really the Sultan ought to know what a set of ignorant blunders are appointed censors over the literature of his realm. There are intelligent, educated young men enough to fill honourably this office, but they are not generally worth enough to buy official position.

The death of Rev. Dr. Arthur Mitchell, secretary of our Board of Missions, was to me a personal affliction. He was not only an accomplished scholar, of great literary ability and a powerful pen, but personally of winning and attractive sweetness of character. He had strong faith and a tender, sympathetic nature. I shall never forget his address at a public meeting in Beirut, describing his feelings as he sailed up the great rivers of China at night. The steamer passed city after city of 20,000, 50,000, 100,000, and so on, and he asked how many missionaries were here and there? *None, none, none*, was the awful reply—no light here—all heathen darkness! and he said that such a feeling of awe and horror and sorrow came over him in thinking of Christ's command and of His Church's neglect and the blackness of darkness resting like a pall on these millions, that he was quite overcome.

The most notable events in the history of the Syria Mission in 1894 were the deaths of two octogenarian members of the mission, Rev. William M. Thomson, D. D., aged eighty-nine, who



died at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Walker, in Denver, Colorado, April 8th; and Mr. George C. Hurter, for twenty years (from 1841 to 1861) printer for the American Mission Press, who died in Hyde Park, Mass., December 29th, aged eighty years. Of Dr. Thomson's life-work, full account has been given in a previous chapter.

Mr. Hurter was born in Malta, May 10, 1813, his father being Swiss and his mother a native of England. He worked first in Corfu on a Greek and Latin lexicon. Then he lived in Leghorn and Marseilles and went to the United States in 1838, where, in Xenia, Ohio, he printed a newspaper for two years. In 1839 he married Miss Elizabeth Grozier of Roxbury, and in 1841 was appointed by the A. B. C. F. M. to the mission press in Syria. Returning to America in 1861 for family reasons, he laboured at his trade and did business with Beirut, being the first to introduce petroleum oil and lamps into Syria. He was a man of simple, childlike faith, a lover of prayer, and a student of God's Word. His pressmen in Beirut loved him. His life was pure and blameless. His pastor, Rev. Mr. Davis, of Hyde Park, said at his funeral, "He was for twenty years my parishioner, and I loved and admired him exceedingly. I think he came the nearest to being a perfect man of any that I have ever known." He celebrated his golden wedding in 1889 and survived his wife by one year.

On being presented with an encyclopedia a year before his death, he was asked what part of it he would enjoy the most, and his characteristic reply was, "Finding the typographical mistakes."

Would that all lay missionaries had his patience, gentleness, fidelity, perseverance, and brotherly kindness. His prayers were most touching and edifying. Men like Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Thomson, and some of us lesser lights as well, always enjoyed a prayer-meeting led by Mr. Hurter.

This year the theological class was again opened in Mount Lebanon, this time at Suk el Gharb, May 16th, as a summer

school. The instructors were Dr. W. W. Eddy, Dr. Samuel Jessup, Mr. Hardin, and Mr. B. Barudi. This plan continued with intervals until 1905, when it was resumed in the newly purchased Misk house adjoining the church in Beirut.

In February of this year, another professed convert from Islam to Christianity came to Beirut. His name is Ibrahim Effendi from Bagdad—a man about thirty-five years of age, of scholarly bearing, refined and courteous. He said he was the brother of the wife of Abbas Effendi, the new Babi religious head, who last year succeeded Beha Allah in Acre. Threatened three years ago in Bagdad because he would not become a Babi, he fled to Deir on the Euphrates and practiced pharmacy, and from there came to Beirut. He was looking for a place where he could work for Moslems without restriction from the government. I wrote to Mr. Zwemer at Bahrein about him, and on reaching Alexandria, April 28th, I found him there an attendant on the religious services of Rev. Dr. Ewing.

I left Syria on furlough with Mrs. Jessup and my daughters, Anna and Amy, April 25th, for needed rest, or rather for a change of work in the intense life of America. We arrived in New York May 28th, and by December 31st I had delivered seventy-four addresses and sermons and had travelled many hundreds of miles, from Boston to St. Paul, Minn.

As in previous visits to America, the most refreshing and comforting feature of that year was revisiting my childhood's home, meeting brothers and sisters and their children, walking with brother William, the judge, over the old farm, seeing the stock, gathering blackberries and raspberries in the "clearings," fishing in the old trout brooks, and in Jones Lake, Heart Lake, and Silver Lake; entering the old church and seeing the new generation of rosy, bright children in the Sunday-school, meeting the elders and deacons, a very few of whom I knew way back in 1855 and of whom I had read in the village paper all these years; attending the County Agricultural Fair, and addressing the farmers

in the grove ; meeting on the street men and women whose faces and names had long been familiar ; and breathing the clear, fresh air of that beautiful village, my native place, Montrose, with its broad streets, shaded by maple trees and its village green and lawns, with its wide view over the forest clad hills of Susquehanna County ; the very thought of these, as I write among the oaks and olive trees and vine-clad terraces of Mount Lebanon, brings joy and comfort to my heart of hearts.

During the latter months of 1894 and the early part of 1895, I found myself beset with letters, interviews, and questions, requests for lectures and addresses on the Armenian question, which at that time was exciting the whole civilized world. I found it necessary to be " wise as a serpent " that I might be " harmless as a dove." Having lived thirty-eight years (at that time) in the Turkish Empire, and expecting to return, it would not have been wise of me, as one of a body of some two hundred and fifty American missionaries, to tell all I knew or express all I felt with regard to those infamous massacres. I had no patience with Armenian revolutionists, who, at a safe distance, were stirring up their coreligionists in the interior of a Moslem Empire to revolt. It was on the face of it a hopeless and cruel policy. Were the Armenians all concentrated in one province, with one language and religion, they might reasonably have appealed to Europe to give them equal privileges with Bulgaria, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. But they are scattered over an immense territory, intermingled with an overwhelming majority of Moslems, so that a general uprising was only a signal for punishment by the government. But on the other hand, nothing can justify any government on earth in punishing a handful of revolutionists by a wholesale massacre of men, women, and children. No civilized government could do it, or would do it. The real rebels could have been arrested and punished with ease, without annihilating the whole population.

I found it difficult therefore to speak on the subject and was careful to avoid the ubiquitous newspaper interviewers. Alas for

the unwary, who fall into their snares, especially if the one visiting you be a cultivated lady. What can you do? If you turn your back and refuse to speak, they will invent an interview and saddle upon you utterances which when in print make your hair stand on end.

One interviewer made me say that there were three millions of Moslem converts to Christianity in Syria. Others have fathered upon me statements which must have led the public to regard me as recently escaped from a lunatic asylum. Much as we writhe under the inane censorship of the press in Syria, I felt when in America, on reading the curious and inexplicable blunders made in reports of my own language, that a moderate censorship of the unbridled statements of the reporters would not be an unmixed evil.

When in Chicago, October 22, 1894, Dr. Hillis kindly invited me to attend the ministers' meeting in Association Hall. They begged me to speak on the Armenian question. I consented on condition that no report of my remarks be published without being first submitted to me for correction. Mr. Ford, of the *Chicago News*, was the reporter, and agreed to write out the remarks verbatim and bring them to me. He met me at the "Big Four" railroad station the next morning as I was leaving with Mrs. Jessup for Indianapolis and handed me the report. It was admirably done, and after making a few corrections in proper names and figures, I returned it to him. Some of the Armenians in New York afterwards called on me and objected to my allusions to the "Revolutionary Committee" which was working from Russian soil to inflame the minds of the Armenian peasantry in Turkey. I replied that the wisest thing the Armenians in America could do was to dissuade those misguided Armenians in Russia from occasioning disaster and ruin to the poor Armenians in Turkey.

The working force in Syria was weakened this year by the departure of Miss M. C. Holmes, on account of the feeble health of her mother, and of Miss Mary T. M. Ford, another faithful

labourer. Both of them are now (1909) on the field again, though doing work independent of our mission—excellent work which needs no praise from me. Miss Holmes has a school in Jebail half-way between Beirut and Tripoli, a town never before occupied by a missionary, and Miss Ford is doing brave pioneer work among the neglected tribes of Upper Galilee and the Hauran.

Among the returning missionaries after absence in America were Dr. George A. Ford and his mother, Miss E. Thomson and Prof. A. Day, Miss C. H. Brown and Mrs. Dr. George E. Post.

In the fall, I stopped one day on 12th Street near Broadway, where men were blasting for a foundation and had thrown out beautiful glistening slabs of mica slate. Having made friends with a good-natured labourer, I made several trips to the mission house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 12th Street, carrying fine specimens of this rock which I packed in a box and shipped to the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. My father used to say in my youthful days that I had the "stone fever." I have it still.

September 19th I preached in Binghamton the ordination sermon of our nephew, Rev. Wm. J. Leverett, under appointment as missionary to Hainan, China.

During the fall I was searching the country over to find a Christian layman to become secular agent for the Syria Mission. For years, since 1861, the management of the press, the financial, custom-house, post-office, and shipping business had been done by us ordained missionaries, and the mission decided that it was high time to call in some deacon to "serve tables" and let us devote ourselves to the "ministry of the Word." Before the end of the year, we had found Mr. E. G. Freyer, who had been for nine years in the United States Navy on the China station and now desired to enter upon Christian business work in some foreign mission. When in Washington, December 6th, I received from Lieutenant Ranney of the United States Navy a warm testimonial

to the character and ability of Mr. Freyer, and he was appointed lay missionary, sailing in the winter for Beirut.

1895—The six months of my stay in America from January to July were filled with intense activity. When not prostrated with grippe, I was travelling incessantly. I was authorized by the Board to raise \$8,000 for the Sidon Industrial School, and secured it all; lectured before the Quill Club in New York on the World's Peace; before Union College; at the Evangelical Alliance, New York; at First Church, New York, for a collection for home missions; prepared a memorial to President Cleveland asking that the Hon. Oscar Straus be sent as a special commissioner to Constantinople to negotiate a naturalization treaty; before the alumni of Union Seminary at the St. Denis, on the crisis in Turkey; and before the students and faculty of Union Seminary. In New York I received a call from Mr. Reugh, a zealous young student of Union Seminary who was impatient to go to East Africa as a pioneer missionary before completing his course. He knew nothing of the climate or the country, did not know to what port he should sail. He said he had no support but should go on faith. I warned him by the experience of several persons I had known and begged him if he should go, to go first to Cairo and study the Arabic language and take advice of Drs. Watson and Harvey as to his field. But he did not need nor heed advice. I told him of the seven young men and the seven young women who went as a "Band" to Japan without money or hardly a change of clothing, and found themselves soon in a starving condition and had to be taken care of by the missionaries and residents. They had been misled by some ignorant enthusiast and came to grief. But Mr. Reugh would not be advised. He went to East Africa and died May 23, 1896.

I also spoke at Elmira College; several times at the Inter Seminary Missionary Alliance at Colgate University, New York, when we were literally snowed under and one delegation was snowbound in Delaware county and prevented from coming to the meeting; at Pittsburg in the church of Dr. Holmes; at

Wooster University. At Lakewood I met the beloved Mrs. Dr. De Forest who had taught the first girls' boarding-school in Syria from 1843 to 1853. At Washington, by invitation of Mr. Everett Hayden, I lectured on the Turkish Empire before the American Geographical Society in Columbian University. I attended Lackawanna Presbytery; then addressed a women's meeting in the Missionary House, Boston; called on the beloved Dr. N. G. Clark, retired from active service by ill health; visited the Arabic library of Harvard University with my friend and correspondent, Mr. John Orne; met on the train the venerable Dr. A. C. Thompson of Roxbury who was at our farewell meeting December 11, 1855, and found him to be en route to lecture on missions before the Hartford Theological Seminary; then gave the annual address before the students and alumni of Auburn Theological Seminary, and renewed my acquaintance, alas, for the last time, with that gifted Christian scholar and gentleman, Dr. Henry M. Booth; then to the church of Dr. Frank Hodge at Wilkesbarre; to the General Assembly at Pittsburg with Mrs. Jessup and my brother William. We were the guests of one of the Lord's noblemen, Dr. Cyrus W. King of Allegheny. By invitation of Dr. Holland, we visited the university and met Mr. Brashear, the noted maker of astronomical instruments. He showed us in his workshop a row of glass lenses of all sizes from three inches in diameter to one foot, and told us that the molecular structure of the glass is so peculiar that sometimes a vibration in the air or in the building will cause a lens to explode and fly into a thousand fragments. He constructed the spectroscope and the visual and photographic object glasses attached to the twelve inch refracting telescope in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. One day I went as a member of the delegation to salute the United Presbyterian Assembly in East Liberty. General Beaver was chairman, and the committee were my classmate Wm. W. Cleveland, brother of President Cleveland, Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, Judge Hibbard, and Mr. Landon. We were astonished at the splendour of that beautiful edifice, the gift of one of the Pittsburg magnates. Thinking of the past of the old Scotch

Covenanters, I told the audience that I almost anticipated finding them huddled in a cave through fear of persecution, but when I looked up at that marvellous roof, the superb organ, and the matchless hues of the stained glass windows, it seemed as if I had suddenly been ushered into heaven! General Beaver asked the moderator about a dozen questions from the Shorter Catechism, answering them himself and saying after each one, "Mr. Moderator, do you believe that?" He answered, "Yes." "And that? and that?—Why then we believe alike, we are one in faith, why not be one in fact?"

On Sunday I preached to the Syrians in the Italian quarter in Pittsburg.

In June I attended the International Missionary Conference of Foreign Missionaries at Clifton, a meeting of spiritual uplifting and fraternal communion. Ever blessed be the memory of Dr. Foster and his wife who founded this conference and whose free hospitality makes it possible from year to year. After hasty visits to the old Montrose home, to the hospitable home of the venerable Wm. A. Booth, and to the charming mansion of Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe at Tarrytown, we sailed, Mrs. Jessup, my daughters, Anna and Amy, my niece, Fanny M. Jessup, and I, once more for our Syrian home, on July 20th, reaching Beirut August 12th, twenty-three days from New York.

In the opening of this year Dr. and Mrs. Harris and children returned from America to Syria. Mr. E. G. Freyer arrived February 11th and soon took up the work of manager of the press and treasurer of the mission, and on December 3d was married in Cairo to Miss S. A. French, formerly a teacher for the Methodist Board in Japan.

Miss Everett was obliged to resign from the work in Beirut Seminary and left for America June 25th.

We arrived August 17th, and in four days I resumed instruction in the theological seminary in Suk el Gharb, thus relieving my brother who had been teaching during my absence. In



October his daughter Fanny went to Tripoli to assist Miss La Grange in the girls' seminary.

On Saturday, October 12th, Mr. John R. Mott and Mrs. Mott with Mrs. Livingston Taylor reached Beirut. As the college term had just begun, Mr. Mott was asked to address the students, which he did morning and evening, speaking on "Bible study for personal growth." I took copious notes, then translated both addresses into Arabic, and published them in our weekly *Neshrah* journal.

On Monday, October 14th, we rose early to take the seven o'clock train as they were going to Damascus and I to Aleih. It was a bright, clear morning. The whole eastern horizon over the range of Lebanon was cloudless in a glow with the rising sun. To the west and southwest the sea horizon was a clear-cut line of blue. But on the northwest was a mountainous pyramid of cumulous clouds, the blackness of darkness at the base, but on the top tinged with purple and gold. A deep calm rested on the sea. I called the attention of Dr. Bliss, at whose house I had been staying, to this extraordinary isolated cloud which loomed like an island of amethyst. At its base it grew blacker and blacker, and as we drove the mile to the railroad station, it seemed to be moving towards Beirut. As the train began the slow ascent over the cogged railway up the mountain, we could see the scouts of the moving column approaching Beirut, and farther up at Jumahur, we saw the lofty summit of Lebanon covered with scurrying masses of black cloud through which the lightning flashed, while deep thunders rolled through the mountain gorges and reverberated from the cliffs. We had hardly reached my door in Aleih when the cloud burst upon us. Lebanon was flooded, and the mountain torrents swollen. Five inches of rain fell in Beirut within two hours. There is no proper sewerage and the water rolled in rivers through the streets. The filth from cesspools which is usually cleared out in August and spread over the ground among the houses, polluting the air, was now washed into the streets and spread over the highways, when suddenly the cloud monster passed and disap-

peared, leaving the streets coated over with this fever-breeding slime. And to make the peril complete, from that time for two weeks the sky was as brass and the heat intense. All this filth was dried and pulverized, and driving hot north winds blew the fine dust in clouds into the houses, over the meat, vegetables, and bread in the markets and into the throats of the people. Within a month there were between seven hundred and a thousand cases of typhoid fever and it was estimated that at least three hundred of the children and youth of the city died. Some estimated it still higher. Various theories were put forth to explain it. One was that the discharges from typhoid patients in a Lebanon village above the aqueduct had been washed down by the cloudburst and thus infected the city water, but in that case the whole city would have suffered, whereas, the most numerous and worst cases were along the line of the streets and highways which received the wash of the surface drainage. Others ascribed it to the fact that the vegetables raised in the truck gardens were washed by the gardeners in pools of foul water, and thus the lettuce, radishes, and cabbages carried the infection among the population.

It was a grievous affliction and the city was in sorrow and distress. Early in November the blow began to fall on our mission. Our Nestor, the veteran of fifty-five years, Dr. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, whose strength was already depleted by previous illness, was attacked by the dread typhoid, and on November 13th breathed his last. The whole city felt his death as a personal bereavement, and his funeral was attended by men of all sects and nationalities.

By his special request, no address was made at his funeral. A simple service was conducted in Arabic and English. But under instructions from my missionary brethren, I delivered on Sunday, the 17th, a memorial discourse in English and on Wednesday, the 20th, the same discourse in Arabic, with the text, John 12 : 24, " Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

This sermon was afterwards by request repeated in Arabic in

Tripoli, Sidon, Zahleh, Suk el Gharb and Abeih, and in all these places men of all sects, Oriental Christians, Moslems and Druses were among the hearers. Dr. Van Dyck was seventy-seven years of age. We have already sketched his life and work on a previous page. A gloom seemed settling over Beirut.

Rumours of the Armenian massacres multiplied. On the 25th, letters from Constantinople told of 20,000 massacred in the region of Bitlis, Sivas, and Erzeroom, etc. A war broke out between the Druses and Bedawin Arabs at Mejdal Shems and other towns south of Mount Hermon and the two Protestant churches of Mejdal Shems and Ain Kuryeh were plundered and destroyed. When in Tripoli, I met my old friend, Sheikh Ali Rashid, who expressed great sorrow at the death of Dr. Van Dyck. He said that he had recently preached in the Great Mosque on the text from the Fatiha, "Rabbi-ul-Ahlameen," "Lord of the Worlds" —in which he taught that Allah is not the God of the Moslem world only, but also of the Christian world, and that all men are brothers. I could well believe this, as his aged father, Sheikh Rashid, during the Crimean War in 1855, when the Moslem rabble were threatening to kill the Greek Christians of Tripoli for sympathizing with Russia, went through the streets and quelled the mob, sending them to their homes.

Then came news of cholera in Damascus, and, without previous notice, a cordon was put on against passengers by the railroad. Mrs. Dr. George E. Post and Dr. Mary P. Eddy who had taken the train from Aleih to Beirut found themselves at sunset ordered to the quarantine outside of Beirut, where they were told they must spend the night in an empty room whose floor was covered with filth, without a morsel of food. However, Dr. Post, hearing of the situation, sent down beds from the city and everything needed to make the place comfortable for the night. The dirt had to be shovelled out. And this was for first-class passengers on the railroad. Fortunately the quarantine did not last more than twenty-four hours.

On December 5th the United States ship, *San Francisco*,

Admiral Selfridge, reached Beirut. He had come out to look after American interests while the massacres were going on. The Moslem rabble in Mersina, Alexandretta, Latakia, Tripoli, and Beirut, and other seaports, hold such a ship in high respect, and such an admiral speaks plain English to Turkish officials and local sheikhs along the coast.

But another blow was to fall, to fill up the measure of our grief. The theological class had closed in Lebanon and we had all moved down to Beirut, when, on December 11th, "Aunt Annie," my brother Samuel's wife, was stricken down with apoplexy. He lived in the lower story and I in the upper of the same house. Samuel returned from the press before sunset, and went to his study as usual. Soon after he looked for his wife and found her lying unconscious on the floor of her room. We were called, doctors were summoned, but all in vain. Consciousness never returned, and as Dr. William Van Dyck stood with us by the bedside, she passed away. The only son was in America and the only daughter, Fanny (now Mrs. Rev. James R. Swain), was forty miles away up the coast in Tripoli. The next morning through the aid of a beloved niece, then a visitor, and a namesake of "Aunt Annie," the little coasting steamer, *Prince George*, was chartered, and Dr. W. G. Schauffler and my daughter Mary volunteered to go and bring the absent one. Consul Gibson and Dr. Van Dyck went down to the wharf at 6 P. M. to meet them and the rest of the friends sat waiting. But we sat four long hours that dark night waiting in suspense, not knowing what might have befallen that frail, unsteady craft on the troubled sea, but at ten o'clock they all arrived in safety. The funeral the next day was largely attended by a loving and sympathetic community. The exercises were conducted by Drs. Bliss, Post, Ford, and Porter, and Messrs. March and Hardin. On the Sunday following, Dr. Post, who was the seminary classmate of my brother, his fellow chaplain in the army of the Potomac, 1861-1863, and his colleague in Tripoli for three years, delivered a most touching and beautiful discourse on her life and character. She was known by the whole Anglo-American community as "Aunt Annie." Full of

hospitality, with a lovely face, cheerful and winning in her manner, her home attracted old and young.

One week later, a little boy, Edgar Rosedale, the son of a transient resident physician, died after a remarkable religious experience. He was twelve years old, but during the last two days of his life, his language was thrilling. He said to me as I was about to offer prayer, "I am going to meet Christ. When you pray tell Jesus I am coming, so He can tell the angels and they can recognize me. I will give your love to all your friends when I get there. I see Jesus." He bade good-bye to all his friends. A notorious scoffer being near came in and would not leave his bedside, saying, "Now I know that Christ is a real Saviour."

A young student of the college was ill with typhoid fever. His professors urged the family who lived in a crowded tenement house to remove him to the hospital. They declined. I went often to see him. He lay on a pallet in the middle of the floor and the room was crowded with a noisy company of men, women, and children, talking and walking about, while the poor lad tossed in a delirium. The people made their remarks about the patient, and literally gave him no rest. I expostulated with the mother and tried to drive out the crowd, telling them that they would kill the young man, but to no avail, and in a few hours he died. The people have an unaccountable dread of a hospital, although the service of the trained German deaconesses, who are nurses in the German hospital in Beirut, is better than any possible service in a Syrian house. Several members of our family have been nursed through typhoid in that beautiful hospital, and we lose no opportunity to commend it to the people.

On the 26th of December I baptized a young Mohammedan convert from near Acre. He gave good evidence of being an intelligent and sincere Christian. His Christian name was Naanet-Ullah Abdul Messiah.

The statement so often made that there are no converts from Islam is easily refuted. The facts cannot be published at the

time, lest the ignorant and fanatical populace, incited by their sheikhs, take the lives of the converts. I have baptized no less than thirty males and females. Some are unmolested, but the majority had to flee from the country. The whole number of converts of whom I have knowledge is between forty and fifty.

1896—This year opened in gloom. New massacres of Armenians in Oorfa and Eastern Turkey, a desperate rebellion of the Druses in Hauran, who killed hundreds of Turkish regulars, the excitement of the Moslem populace on being obliged to send their brothers, husbands, and sons as reserves to the war, and the continuance of the typhoid epidemic in Beirut, filling the city with mourning; all these combined to depress the public mind. Ships of war from England, France, and the United States restored confidence to the seaport provinces, but the apathy of the Christian powers with regard to the murder of 50,000 men, women, and children in the interior was inexplicable. But it was asserted by British residents in the East that a British fleet was ordered to the Dardanelles, and to force an entrance to the Bosphorus as a protest against the massacres, but just at that moment President Cleveland's raising of a critical question with England with regard to Venezuela occasioned the instant withdrawal of the fleet, and thus the opportunity was lost.

On January 4, 1896, I received a cable from a daughter of our dear friend Mr. William A. Booth, announcing his death, January 2d, aged ninety-one. The departure of this patriarch of the missionary Board and supporter and friend of every good cause was a loss to the whole Church. His breadth of view and grasp of all details and bearings of important questions and his imperturbable serenity and sweetness of disposition made him a man to be sought for as counsellor and friend. His sons and daughters have followed his example. The whole Church mourned his departure. With Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, his fellow elder in the old 14th Street Church, he was one of the original trustees of the Syrian Protestant College, and having visited Syria, he

was wise in counsel and fertile in resources for the good of this institution.

During the summer, brother Samuel Jessup and his daughter were afflicted with whooping-cough, and soon after I took it from them. As both Samuel and I had had it in childhood, we concluded that we had it every sixty years. It was quite severe and played such havoc with my voice that in November the physicians enjoined upon me absolute silence and a change of air. This led to my going to Helouan, thirteen miles southeast of Cairo. Here a dry, clear, cloudless atmosphere, cool, bracing desert air at night, and opportunity for walks and donkey rides to the adjacent hills and mountains, with quiet, cool rooms at Heltgel's Hotel, wrought wonders in the way of restoration, and after a month I was able to return to my work in Beirut. On my return I brought about five hundred pounds of geological specimens of fossil wood and shells from the "drift" at Helouan and from the Mukottam mountains east of Cairo. The custom-house inspectors in Beirut were full of amazement at my bringing so many stones. They said, "Are there no stones in Syria?" I might have reminded them that the old Phœnician emperors, and the Greeks and Romans, brought granite and porphyry columns to Syria from Assowan'in Upper Egypt.

At the annual meeting of the mission on February 4th, my brother Samuel was stationed in Sidon, whither he removed in October and Mr. Doolittle removed from Sidon to Deir el Komr, the old capital of Lebanon.

Miss Mary Lyons, who was born in Beirut in 1855 and taught for a season in Sidon Seminary, died in Montrose, Pa., the home of her father, June 12th.

March 2d Messrs. John Wanamaker, John W. Parsons, and W. W. Crapo arrived on the *Furst Bismarck*. Mr. Wanamaker gave a stirring talk to the college students and gave a substantial contribution towards a new professorship.

Mrs. H. A. De Forest died in Lakewood April 3, 1896.



BEIRUT MEMORIAL COLUMN  
Erected in 1895.





It was hard to understand why the blessed work of Dr. and Mrs. De Forest was so prematurely interrupted in 1854, when their mastery of the Arabic language, their intellectual culture and unusual gifts and graces of personal character had fitted them to mould a whole generation of Syrian youth.

The Russian consul in Beirut, the Prince Gargarin, who is superintendent of the Russian Schools in Syria, ordered our Arabic Scriptures to be put in all the Russian Schools. They purchased in one year some 7,000 copies, and thus thousands of children of the Orthodox Greek sect will be taught to read the Word of God.

After the siege of Zeitoun in Asia Minor by Turkish troops, when the hardy Armenian mountaineers defeated the Turkish regulars in battle after battle, a surrender was arranged through the interposition and guarantees of the British consul in Aleppo. But owing to want of food, exposure, and cold, a pestilence broke out among the people, attended by famine. The Red Cross Society telegraphed to Beirut for doctors and medicines, and April 4th, Dr. Ira Harris of Tripoli left for Zeitoun accompanied by two faithful doctors, Dr. Faris Sahyun and Dr. Amin Maloof, graduates of the Beirut Medical College. After encountering great difficulties from the local governors along the road who feared that this deputation might in some way "aid or abet" the Armenian revolt, they reached Zeitoun and found famine, fever, and dysentery raging and at once opened a soup kitchen and fed the half-starved people, treated them for disease, cleaned the town of filth unspeakable and finally the plague was stayed.

In April, the United States minister in Constantinople left on a visit to America. He was a man of much energy, and in language more forcible than Scriptural had threatened the Porte, in case any American should be killed in the massacres, with dire consequences. Orders actually went out from the Porte that all American missionaries be ordered to leave the empire at once.

Nothing was known of this among the foreigners in Constantinople until Saturday P. M., March 28th, when Sir Philip Currie, British ambassador, received a telegram from the British consul in Moosh that the Waly there informed him that he had received such an irade and had ordered the American missionaries in Bitlis and Van to leave in forty-eight hours. Sir Philip drove at once to the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and demanded an explanation. The minister denied that such an order had been issued, but the next morning, Sunday, when Mr. Block was sent by Sir Philip to demand an explanation, he admitted it but that it was not his work. Sir Philip then sent word to Mr. Riddle, United States Chargé d'affaires, in the absence of Judge Turrell, and they went together to the grand vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They both admitted it had been sent. Sir Philip then in the joint name of England and the United States, demanded that the order be revoked within twenty-four hours and that a copy of its revocation be given them.

The Turkish official retraction of the imperial irade or order for the expulsion of the American missionaries I copy from the Beirut Arabic journal, *Lisan el Hal*.

#### REMOVAL OF AMBIGUITY

*April 11, 1896.*

The imperial government issued orders to the Walys of Anatolio (Asia Minor) to expel from the kingdoms preserved of God all foreigners who had had a hand in disturbing the public tranquillity. The Waly of Bitlis supposed that these orders referred to the American missionaries living in his district. This has obliged the imperial government to remove the ambiguity. It has therefore issued other orders enjoining the protection of the aforesaid missionaries, and that they continue to carry on their work as usual, and that they enjoy what they have enjoyed and still continue to enjoy, of rest, security and liberty, in their religious works.

This was done, and thus the intrigues of the Russian agents who instigated the Turk to this action were thwarted. Hopkin-

son Smith's theory of American responsibility for the massacres was about as logical as that the Bible was to blame for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Spanish Inquisition, or that the English Magna Charta was responsible for the horrors of the French Revolution.

It was an important element in the case that owing to the fact that the American missionaries were acting as disbursing agents of British charity to the Armenian widows and orphans, Sir Philip Currie regarded them as so far under British protection, and thus Mr. Riddle could act jointly with him in all representations at the Porte. Had Judge Turrell been at his post, he might, with his Texan independence, have declined to join with Sir Philip in the forcible protest to the Sultan, and thus the representation failed of its immediate object. As it was, the dual intrigue of the Cossack and Tartar was thwarted by the joint action of the Anglo-Saxon representatives.

Hopkinson Smith stated to the American journals that Judge Turrell told him that "the missionaries are to blame for the massacres and that they have fomented rebellion, sedition," etc. Judge Turrell utterly denied this statement of the American artist.

Mr. Smith seemed incapable of appreciating the great work done in Turkey by his countrymen in founding schools, colleges, seminaries, printing-presses, and hospitals during the previous seventy years.

On May 2d I went aboard the French steamer to see Rev. Geo. Knapp, an American missionary from Bitlis, who informed me that he was forcibly arrested and expelled from the city, leaving his mother, wife, and two children behind him. False charges were made against him and he only consented to come away, as a massacre was threatened if he did not. At Diarbekir they refused to let him send a telegram to his minister in Constantinople and he was expelled in midwinter. They offered to release him in Aleppo if he would sign a pledge not to return to Bitlis. Of course he refused. They endorsed his passport

“expelled from Turkey.” At Alexandretta they refused to give him up to the American vice-consul, Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker telegraphed to Consul Gibson in Beirut who at once telegraphed Captain Jewell of the United States ship *Marblehead* to go to Alexandretta. The Turks heard of this telegram and on Friday released Mr. Knapp, who went at once to Mr. Walker’s. The *Marblehead* arrived Sunday, April 26th, and Captain Jewell sent his boat and took Mr. Knapp to the French steamship bound for Constantinople via Beirut. He went to Constantinople to demand a fair trial there. The British consul in Bitlis declared the charges against him to be utterly unfounded.

Senator Sherman in the *Independent* of April 30th, replying to Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin, makes the announcement that “if our citizens go to a far distant country, semi-civilized and bitterly opposed to them, we cannot follow them there and protect them,” etc.

This is an astonishing statement. Can it be that Mr. Sherman never heard of Daniel Webster’s letter to the United States minister in Constantinople in 1841 that “an American citizen will be protected as an American citizen always and everywhere no matter what his business or occupation.” Fortunately, Senator Sherman did not voice the policy of our government. It would be well if our public men, especially the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, could take a journey around the world and see something more of the world than their own states and districts, and perhaps enjoy the privilege of being kicked out of the “semi-civilized” lands by men who have no fear that America will protect her sons. He seems to think that a “declaration of war” is the only way of protecting our citizens. But surely England, France, Germany, and Italy protect their citizens without declaring war, because they know how to speak in plain language.

Should Mr. Sherman’s views be adopted by the American government, it would be wise for our citizens in the interior of Turkey, Persia, and China to put themselves under the protection of the British consuls who would protect them against all comers.

The 18th of April was a memorable day for the suffering people of Syria. The executive committee of the "Lebanon Hospital for the Insane" was organized in Beirut.

In May, the scarlet fever appeared in Beirut for the first time and many children fell victims to it. It was thought to have been brought in the baggage of emigrants returning from America, as it also appeared among them in Zahleh.

In June the Presbytery of Mount Lebanon and Beirut was organized in Zahleh, and has continued an efficient working body until the present time.

In October Miss Bernice Hunting arrived from America as colleague with Miss La Grange in the Tripoli Girls' School.

September 20th, to the great regret of the entire American community and all the Europeans and natives who knew him, our excellent consul, Thomas R. Gibson, of Georgia, died of smallpox in the hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut.

Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, having written from America resigning her connection with the mission, the members in attendance at the semi-annual meeting in June embodied in a minute their deep regret at this sundering of our official connections and commending her to the care and guidance of the Great Head of the Church. She has endeared herself to not only her fellow labourers, but to the women and girls in many towns and villages in Syria. She is now (1908) superintendent of the Maria DeWitt Jesup hospitals for women and children and training-school for nurses in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

In July a new rebellion broke out in Hauran and the Druses surprised and massacred two battalions of Turkish troops and tore up the railroad tracks and the telegraph wires. Twenty-five hundred troops were brought on from Macedonia to quell the insurrection. Only last winter the Druses were defeated, crushed, and nominally brought into subjection. The Lebanon Druses

claim that the reason of the present outbreak is the outrages committed by the Turkish troops on their women and girls.

The Turkish government with great military sagacity have now (1906) opened three railway lines of approach to the Druse strongholds, the two roads from Damascus to Mezeirîb from the north, and the Haifa railroad from the west, so that a future Druse rebellion in Hauran is well-nigh impossible.

During this year the Zahleh manse was erected but not completed. Mr. Hoskins sailed for America in September, having ably superintended the work of construction. But the funds were exhausted and the building was roofless, and in peril from the coming winter rains and snows. I went over September 18th and with my son William contracted with Omar, the head carpenter, to put on the tiles at once, raising the necessary funds from private sources.

It has been the policy of the mission not to erect residences for missionaries where suitable dry native houses can be leased. But years of leaky roofs and vermin-infested ceilings and walls in Zahleh and the large amount expended annually in rents, convinced the mission and the Board that Zahleh was an exception to the rule. Hence through the liberality of intelligent friends in New York, Pittsburg, and other places, the funds were provided, and the members of the station have a dry, clean, comfortable house.

1897—In January I was at Helouan, the desert city southeast of Cairo, trying to recover my voice lost by whooping-cough.

In February, the mission having again changed its mind as to the desirability of conducting theological education in Beirut, voted to sell the fine edifice known as the "Theological Building" on the college grounds to the college trustees, the same being changed to "Morris K. Jesup Hall" in honour of the donor of the purchase money. The fund received was retained by the Board for use in case of future need for theological education.

Our Argus-eyed friends, the censors, suppressed our Arabic geography, which the government had officially approved in several editions, as the word "Armenia" was used to describe that province in Eastern Turkey which has been known by that name since the days of the kings of Israel; and Arabia was spoken of as an independent province.

They also struck out of the book, "The Right Road," the verse quoted from Titus 1:5,—“For this cause left I thee in Crete that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting and ordain elders in every city.” The censor argued, “Crete is under the Sultan, and who dares assert that anything can be *wanting* in his imperial domains?” So they struck out the disloyal passage, although every verse in the Bible has the official sanction of His Imperial Majesty’s government!

Alas, protest is useless. Were His Majesty cognizant of the lack of brains in his press censors, he would probably order them to be put on a diet of fish and phosphorus. When a jealous general complained sanctimoniously to President Lincoln that General Grant, the captor of Vicksburg, drank whiskey, the President replied, “Is that so? If you can tell me what brand of whiskey General Grant uses, I will order a supply for all the generals, as he seems to be the only one who *does* things.” It would be well if educated men could be put in charge of the department of public instruction. We have had censors in Syria who knew neither geography nor history, and who pronounced on books whose language they did not understand.

In March we were favoured with another visit from my dear friend, the venerable Canon H. B. Tristram, who was travelling with Miss Kennaway, daughter of Sir John Kennaway of the Church Missionary Society. We drove together to the Dog River and examined again the locality of bone breccia which he discovered thirty-three years before, and from which I had quarried a camel load for him and his English scientific friends. He viewed with interest the great progress made in all the Protestant missionary institutions, and spoke as a scientific



botanist with the highest appreciation of the great work of Dr. Geo. E. Post on the "Flora of Syria and Palestine."

We were grieved to learn afterwards from Jerusalem that he was kicked by a horse at Bethany and had his leg broken.

The friendship of such men as Canon Tristram and Sir William Muir I greatly prize. They both were fine specimens of the learned class in England, who are at the same time earnest Protestant evangelical Christians, in warm sympathy with Christian missions as well as with the progress of learning. Canon Tristram had no sympathy with those mimics of popery in the Church of England, who repudiate the name Protestant, nor had he any sympathy with the attempts to fraternize with the ikon worshipping and Mariolatrous Oriental Church.

During the month of April I was visiting the well-known Mohammed Effendi B—— of Beirut during Ramadan and the conversation turned to the subject of fasting. He remarked that some of the Christian ecclesiastics who compel their people to fast in Lent are not very scrupulous themselves about fasting. He said that he was once invited during Lent to dine with a company of officials at the house of a Christian bishop. The bishop was fasting and had special dishes prepared for him and his priests. The rest of the food consisted of meat and chicken and the usual courses. He sat next the bishop around the Oriental table and each one was helping himself with his hands from the dish before him. In the midst of the meal the light went out, and they were left in darkness. While the servant went for another lamp they continued eating, and as he extended his hand to help himself to chicken, he grasped the hand of the bishop in the platter of chicken! There was mutual laughter and the matter passed as a capital joke. One can imagine the effect produced upon the mind of this intelligent Moslem by the insincerity of his ecclesiastical friend. When he told it to me, he added, "We have Moslems who eat in Ramadan on the sly." This is notorious. The back room of a well-known druggist in Beirut is frequented in Ramadan by young Moslems

who lunch there unseen by the public. Not a few Turkish officials lunch openly during Ramadan at the hotels and restaurants.

The summer of 1897 was a season of sorrow and anxiety throughout mission circles in Syria.

On the 6th of June Rev. Archibald Stuart, of the Irish Presbyterian Church in Damascus, died of typhoid fever. His friend, Dr. McKinnon, brought him in from Nebk to the Victoria Hospital in Damascus, but he sank rapidly and passed away. He was probably the most promising young missionary in Western Asia, of great intellectual and spiritual gifts, a preacher of power and unction and beloved by the people. He gave a series of sermons to the college students in Beirut in February, and won the hearts of all. On the same day, Miss James, recently directress of the British Syrian Schools, died in England, greatly lamented. Her influence while in Syria was profoundly spiritual and uplifting.

The week previous, Rev. David Metheny, M. D., the veteran missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Mersina, the port of Tarsus, died of heart failure. He was a man of great medical and surgical skill, a good Arabic preacher, of extraordinary energy, tender hearted and self-denying, generous and sympathetic with the poor. He was on the point of sailing for America with his family, when heart disease, which had kept him long in expectation of sudden death, culminated in instant release from pain and suffering. I loved the good brother. We differed on the subject of hymn singing, but he was a great lover of good music. In 1886 we sang together the old negro melodies and he accompanied on the violin, as Mrs. Jessup and I sang the words. We taught him "Old Black Joe," whose pathetic weirdness seemed to touch a tender spot in his refined nature. But at family prayers nothing but the psalms could be used. And we did not discuss the hymn question. I used to tell him that we have one advantage. "You can only sing psalms. We can also sing psalms, and hymns besides." He would sing

hymns as musical practice in off hours, but never in public or private worship. His successors are good and true men and I long for the day when we can all meet in religious conferences and sit together at the table of our common Lord.

After his removal from Latakia to Mersina, he purchased land on the seashore near the port and proceeded to erect a mission house. The Waly at Adana ordered him to stop, after the house was nearing completion. He did not stop. The Waly then sent word that he would come down on the railroad with troops and force him to stop and tear down the building. Before the train arrived, a telegram reached the doctor, "The United States ship *Marblehead* will be in Mersina to-morrow."

Just then the train came in, and the troops began their march with the Waly at their head. The doctor gave the telegram to his teacher and said, "Take this to the Waly wherever he is, on the street, and ask him to appoint a suitable officer to escort the American admiral to-morrow to the American premises!" The Waly read the telegram, gave new orders, and the troops wheeled and after marching around the city, brought up at the railroad station headed for Adana. The doctor was not molested after that episode.

The Zahleh station was severely smitten. My son William was ill with typhoid fever for forty days and during his illness, when too weak to know what was transpiring, his infant son, Henry, died of cholera infantum. I was there at the time, and at midnight left Zahleh in a carriage with an aunt of the dear child and drove to Beirut, bearing the little casket for burial in the old mission cemetery. That midnight drive over the heights of Lebanon, with that little dead grandchild, was one of those solemn scenes which can never be effaced from human memory. The father was not informed of his death for two weeks, when fever had ceased and his strength began to return. The Lord gave him strength to bear it patiently but it was a bitter trial.

While William was at the most critical stage of the fever, a fire

broke out in the flue of the kitchen fireplace. The walls were of sun-dried brick and the chimney was simply a hole between the outer and inner walls made of clay and cut straw or tibun. The tibun had ignited and when the cook discovered the fire at 3 P. M., the entire chimney up to the roof was a glowing coal of fire. A terrific wind was blowing at the time and the only available water was a few jars in the house brought from the river a quarter of a mile distant. I went up a ladder to the roof and gave the alarm to the neighbours. Owing to the gale we could hardly stand on the roof and as jar after jar of water was brought by the kind neighbours, we poured it down the chimney. For a full hour we fought the fire and finally thought we had subdued it. The tiled roof which adjoined the chimney was made of timber dry as tinder and extended over the court and over the room of the sick one. Had the cook not discovered the fire just as he did, the flame which had already licked the ends of the beams of the tiled roof would have swept over the whole house and blocked all exit from the sick-room. Before sunset the watchman whom we had left on the roof shouted that the fire had broken out afresh and we had another half hour's struggle, using all the water in the vicinity until at length the whole wall was water soaked and the house was saved. It was one of those providential deliverances which fill the heart with gratitude and praise to Him who careth for us. I cannot think of that hour of peril without a shudder.

Later in the season, his daughter Elizabeth was prostrated with typhoid and December 18th, Mrs. William Jessup, the mother, perceiving symptoms of the same malady, took the train for Beirut and entered the St. John's Hospital, where, under the care of Dr. Graham and the German deaconesses as nurses, she came through safely. Meantime, a lovely English girl, Miss Kitty Dray, teaching in the British Syrian School in Zahleh, died of the same fell disease and was brought to Beirut for burial.

Our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of my son Frederick,

who, after graduating at Princeton, had come to serve a three years' course as tutor in the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

At this time came a staggering blow from the West. The Board of Missions, in view of financial stress, cut off at one stroke fifteen thousand dollars from the annual appropriation to the mission. That is, more than one-fourth of the allowance for the foreign and native labourers, the seminaries, schools, itineracy, publication, and hospital work. The bitter pill was sugar coated with fraternal assurances of great regret and sympathy with us in our distress. The mission was called together and the surgeon knife of vivisection had to do its work. About forty village schools were closed, about one-half of which were kindly taken up by the British Syrian Mission.

Many teachers, trained and experienced, were discharged; others resigned and entered the employment of other societies with our full approbation. Who could blame a man with a wife and nine children for resigning when his salary was reduced from thirty to twenty dollars a month?

Every department took its share of the "cut." The native churches and congregations were urged to assume more of their expenses. The missionaries gave of their scanty means to relieve the pressure. Owing to the extraordinary rise in the cost of living, hardly a missionary in Syria can live on his salary, and but for private resources would have to resign and go home.

We have had frequent "cuts," as they are called, but this was "the most unkindest cut of all," not because of any conceivable unkindness on the part of the Board or the Church at home, but from its placing us in the position of discriminating in our own favour, when applying the excision to others. It would be a happy day for missions if they could be carried on without money; and the most trying feature of the work is its making the foreign missionary an employer and the native labourers employees. In a great press like that in Beirut, we have nearly fifty male and female employees, but the press manager, fortunately now a layman, pays all the wages. When Dr. Van



DANIEL BLISS HALL  
Syrian Protestant College.



Dyck, myself, Dr. Samuel Jessup, and Dr. Eddy, in turn and for years had the management of the press, and at the same time were preaching to the people and doing pastoral work among them, our souls were vexed beyond measure with begging letters and begging visits, asking for employment or for increase in wages, or complaining of each other, and, in case of disappointment, threatening to leave the church and accusing us of partiality or severity.

Alas, that although we have transferred this odious business relation in the press to the broad shoulders of Mr. Freyer, whose nine years in the United States Navy enable him to carry on the business like clockwork, and whose "Savings Bank" system has won the admiration and secured the loyalty of all his employees, we still have to act as school superintendents and paymasters to a small army of helpers and teachers all over the land. Happy the missions, like Korea and Uganda, where the people support their own mission churches and schools, and glad will be the day when Syria follows in their train.

This mission began years ago by giving everything gratis and hiring men to teach and preach. Many "false brethren" were thus foisted upon the mission "unawares" who afterwards denied the faith and went back "worse than before." And when in the period between 1860 and 1870 the question of paying for education and church support was raised, the missionaries were openly charged with robbing the natives of money intended for them.

The news of the severe retrenchment of our work was accompanied by a letter suggesting a contribution from every missionary of the Board towards paying the debt of the Board. The letter implied that *some have already given* to the extent of their ability to relieve the work in the field from the cut. This was true of us all. Yet we were willing to do and did even more.

I received from England a contribution which touched me much. Miss Mary P. Bailey, one of the secretaries of the British Syrian Mission, wrote me as follows :



*British Syrian Mission, Wimbledon, England, July 7, 1897.*

DEAR DR. JESSUP :

I was very much touched yesterday, by receiving from an officer's servant a gift of two shillings six pence for the American Missions in Syria. So I forward it at once to you in English stamps.

The man's address I enclose. The gift is small but it comes from a man of prayer, and I believe God will use it as a lever to raise a large sum of money to supply your need. He has used small, weak things before. He still uses them. This man (although only an officer's groom) gives six pence every month for the British Syrian Mission. Writing to him the other day, I told him of the sad sorrow you were in and asked him to pray that your helpful, beautiful work might not be reduced for want of funds.

We cannot spare one of your stations in Syria. May the Lord increase you more and more.

A little boy was once present in a church in London, when one of our missionary societies was in terrible need, and the cause was being earnestly pleaded. When this child got home, he said to his mother, "Mother, did you hear what the minister asked for, so very much money? I am only a little boy, but I would like to give him my silver mug for the missionaries: may I?" The mother said, "I am not quite sure, my boy, if your father will like you to do that, but we will ask him." The father gladly agreed and the mug was sent to Mr. Bickersteth and sold. He told the story of the child's love to his congregation next Sunday, and in the two following Sundays the whole of the necessary money was raised. "A little child shall lead them." That child is now a missionary in India.

May this be so with you, and may your hearts be gladdened by your treasury being filled, and your work extended. I well remember our prayer-meetings in Beirut in your drawing-room and long to join you again one day. Till then, and while my Lord keeps me working at home,

Believe me,

Yours in the hope of His speedy coming,

MARY P. BAILEY.

*Deputation Secretary British Syrian Mission.*

The gifts of the poor, transfigured by prayer, and winged with

love, will surely stir up the more favoured members of our churches to give liberally and upbraid not.

There will be a good deal of heart searching and new dedication of all to Christ awakened by this movement of a universal offering of the seven hundred missionaries of the Board! There will be much giving out of straits and distress, but none the less it will be a joyous offering.

For many years, the smaller missions in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and the irrepressible "independent" one-man and one-woman missions, having few native agents, and having no better principles about self-support than we had fifty years ago, would offer higher salaries than we with our 120 native agents could possibly pay, and hence our best trained young men and women, naturally desirous of improving their condition, would suddenly resign and leave us in the lurch. "Served you right," our Korean missionary brethren would say to us. "You set the pace and now they're only following your example." "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

But the experience of this year, 1897, has helped to forward the cause of self-support and now, in 1909, owing to the increasing self-respect of the Syrian brethren, and the fact that many who have emigrated to America, Brazil, and Australia are either returning with ample means or sending money to pay for the education of their kindred, the native contributions show a constant and hopeful increase.

In response to a request of the Board, I prepared an article for the *Church at Home and Abroad* on "From whence does the Church derive its Missionary Inspiration?" and argued that it is not from our church standards which have only remote allusions to the subject, nor from spasmodic appeals in public meetings. The then recent Lambeth Conference admitted that "the Thirty-nine Articles do not allude to the Church's duty to the heathen world." That conference of 194 bishops in its encyclical letter

declared that "The cause of missions is the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ. For some centuries, it may be said, we have slumbered. The Book of Common Prayer contains very few prayers for missionary work." Why did not these good men add some new missionary prayers to their prayer-book? And why does not the Presbyterian Church inject a missionary spirit into its Confession of Faith?

The only conclusion is that we must depend for our "inspiration" upon the Word of God, the commands of Christ, and the example of the apostles.<sup>1</sup>

Two epidemics scourged Beirut in the fall, in addition to the typhoid,—malignant black smallpox and rabies among the dogs, Scores died of the smallpox and patients walked the streets and rode unmolested by the police in the public carriages. It is not safe for any foreigner, tourist or scholar, to come to this land without revaccination, for smallpox lurks everywhere and numerous tourists have taken it while here or soon after leaving.

A young German was taken ill in Beirut with smallpox and removed to the pest-house of St. John's Hospital where he was attended by Dr. Graham and the deaconesses. Delirium set in and his whole body was black with the virulent disease. One day Dr. Graham entered the room and found the patient a raving maniac, having stripped off all his clothing. He sprang like a tiger upon Dr. Graham, caught him by the throat and hurled him to the floor. Then followed a terrific struggle, and the doctor succeeded at length in throwing him off, and calling for help. He was smeared with blood but made out to bind the poor sufferer, who soon expired. The doctor's account of that loathsome wrestling match almost curdles one's blood. He did not contract the disease, however, and his example must have had a wholesome influence upon his medical pupils who were cognizant of the facts.

The epidemic of rabies among the street dogs, for the first time in my knowledge, alarmed the Moslems. They dread to kill a dog. Dogs are the scavengers, living in colonies in the streets

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written, the Presbyterian Confession has been "revised," and a better showing given to the work of missions.

and making night hideous with their howling. But several Moslems were bitten by a rabid dog and were hurried to the Pasteur Institute in Constantinople. Other dogs had been bitten. Something must be done. The example of the English in Alexandria, who had annihilated the whole dog population, was resorted to. The edict went forth and in one week 1,300 dogs were poisoned or shot, and were buried a mile distant in the sands. For once, Beirut was quiet at night. The Moslems felt lonely. Two years after, they sent to Sidon and Tripoli and imported two sloop-loads of "curs of low degree" and repopulated the deserted streets, and now the dogs own the city once more, and are increasing with fearful rapidity.

A Moslem convert, Naamet Ullah, who was converted in 1895, came to Beirut in the spring. He was arrested, thrown into the army and wrote me a letter from the military barracks. He was taken with his regiment to Hauran where he deserted, reappeared in Beirut, thence to Tripoli, where he took ship to Egypt and disappeared from view.

Three Maronite priests and one Coptic monk called at different times and offered to become Protestants on condition that their expenses be paid to America. They were treated kindly, but we informed them that we were not an emigration agency, and tried to convince them of the sin of such a hypocritical profession. It is to be taken for granted that the most hopeless, spiritually, of all the Orientals are the priests and monks. Their consciences seem seared as if with a hot iron.

In November I mailed to America the manuscript of the life of Kamil to which allusion has already been made. I cannot but regret that the dear young man requested me to return to him the original of all his Arabic journals and the correspondence with his father. Providentially I had translated them all into English, and it would be possible to retranslate them into the original Arabic, but the aroma of his beautiful style could not be reproduced. All those manuscripts fell into the hands of the Turkish

soldiers in Bussorah and whether they were kept or destroyed cannot be ascertained.

In August Naoom Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, was reappointed for five years. He was a good governor. A deputation of five members of our mission called upon him and congratulated him on his reappointment. He was most courteous and showed us through all the apartments of the B'teddin palace.

In October I received a letter from Chicago inquiring about Mr. Ibrahim Khairullah, the Syrian, who was attempting to propagate Babism in the United States. I sent to Mr. Stowell a "Life of Mr. Ibrahim Khairullah," written by his relative and intimate friend in Beirut. I give here a copy of my letter, but the "Memoir" is not of sufficient value to be reproduced. His temporary success in the occult art business is only another instance of the gullibility of human nature. Three years later I visited Abbas Effendi in Haifa and an account of the interview was published in the *Outlook* of June 22, 1901. A recent book by M. H. Phelps of New York, 1904, gives a very fair account of this Persian bubble, showing that it is nothing new in religious history but a revamp of ancient Pantheistic theories. Mr. Phelps' summary of Abbas Effendi's teaching as "Love to God and Man" shows it to be as old as Christ and Moses. It is the essence of New Testament ethics, and there are millions of Christians to-day living according to this standard as far as they can by the aid of divine grace. Abbas Effendi is almost a Christian. But his latitudinarian views that all men, pagans, idolaters, and all are accepted of God, would seem to make any attempt to propagate Babism a work of supererogation.

The letter to Mr. Stowell is as follows :

"I received yours of September 24th in due time, and last week sent your letter to a reliable person in Beirut who is a relative of the man you mention. It is evident that the man has been at his wit's end to know how to make a living and is now trying a new religion. The enclosed brief chronicle you can rely upon as being correct.

"The book you speak of as 'Bab el Din,' Revelation from the

East, is either that mongrel mass of stuff written by the Greek priest, Christofory Jebara, for the World's Parliament of Religions, in which the author would bring about a union between Christianity and Islam by our all becoming Moslems ; or some new rehash of Professor Browne of Cambridge, England, on the 'Episode of the Bab,' the Persian delusion whose head man, Beha-ullah in Acre claimed to be an incarnation of God and on his death a few years ago his son, Abbas Effendi, succeeded him and is running the 'incarnation' fraud for all that it is worth, and that is worth a good deal, as pilgrims constantly come from the Babite sect in Persia and bring their offerings of money with great liberality.

"Such men as Jebara and the Babites of Persia turn up now and then in the East, 'go up like a rocket and down like the stick.' The priest Jebara made no converts as far as I can learn, unless Mr. Khairullah be one. The fact is there was nothing to be converted to. You can't love or pray to a mere negation.

"The Babite movement in Persia started out as an attempt at a reform of Islam and ended by the leader claiming to be divine and invulnerable in battle, but when he died, another was found ready to succeed to his pretensions.

"They teach a strange mixture of truth and error, of extreme liberality and unscrupulous persecution of those obnoxious to them. I had a friend a few years ago, a learned Mohammedan of Bagdad, who was feeling his way to Christianity. His father, a wealthy man, died when he was young, and his uncle, a Babite, determined to train up the lad as a Babite. But the boy as he grew up refused to accept Babism. The uncle then robbed him of his property and drove him out of Bagdad. A few years ago he came here, professed Christianity, and was baptized in Alexandria, Egypt. While here, he went down to Acre to visit one of the Babites whom he had formerly known. After remaining there a few days, he found out that his uncle had written to Acre about him and one night he received word that his life was in danger if he stayed through the night and he escaped to Beirut in great terror.

“Some months ago, an elderly Persian Babite called at our press in Beirut, and some time after brought a beautiful gilt motto on a large wall card which he gave us. He said he prayed to that motto for twelve years, and now, after reading the Bible, he has decided to give up such folly. (On the card was written in Arabic ‘O glory of the most glorious,’—the mystic prayer of the Babites.)

“The Greek Jebara wants the Moslem lion and the Christian lamb to lie down together, only the lamb must be inside the lion.

“The Babites want all to become lambs, even if they have to use force to make them so. Their blasphemous claim that the Acre sheikh is God is quite enough to condemn them.

“I earnestly pray that Mr. Khairullah may be led by God’s Spirit back to the pure faith of his youth when he covenanted to take the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

“It is easy to be specious and plausible but *secret* religious sects are dangerous and secret propagandism which you say is his method, is a confession of weakness. Truth loves the light and if the ‘Bab el Din’ is afraid of the light and of open discussion, it should be avoided by every God-fearing man and woman.

“We have two secret religions in Syria, that of the Druses and the Nusairiyeh, both bound to secrecy by awful oaths and imprecations. Our divine Lord in the third chapter of John says, ‘Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.’ ‘But he that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be manifest that they are wrought in God.’

“If a Druse or Nusairy leaves his sect, his life is regarded as forfeited.

“American Christians believe that Christ is the Light of the World. The Lord deliver them from the delirious blasphemies of the Asiastics who claim to be God Himself!”

In reply to a letter from Dr. Paul Carus, I wrote the following :

“I owe you an apology for so long delaying in acknowledging the receipt of the ‘edition de luxe’ of the secretary’s report on the Religious Parliament Extension.

“ You request an expression ‘ of your views of the outlook of the religious life as it appears to you both in your own sphere and the world at large.’

“ The Parliament had little influence on the public mind in Western Asia. No Mohammedan from this part of the globe attended it, and the Greek archimandrite who read a paper, represented no one but himself in advocating a union of Christianity and Islam by surrendering the cardinal doctrines of the former.

“ The Mohammedans would not go and had they gone they would have been prohibited from publishing any report on their return.

“ Liberty of the press on religious questions is unknown in this empire, and any journal which should criticize Islam or the Koran would be summarily suppressed.

“ The events of the past two years, whatsoever their cause, have brought out into bold relief the worst features of an exclusive and uncompromising religious system.

“ Murders, robberies, rapes, spoliation, the abduction of women and girls, and enforced apostasy from Christianity have been sanctioned not only by the officials of the dominant faith, but by a responsive awakening of popular fanaticism.

“ Thoughtful men who are restless under the suppression of free thought are compelled to be silent and cry to God for relief. There is no such thing as public opinion. The press simply echoes the views of the local censor, and the censor, the views of the central authority.

“ With regard to the Maronite, Orthodox Greek, and Papal Greek sects of Syria, there is little to hope for from the higher ecclesiastics. One prominent patriarch purchased his chair by bribes, amounting, it is publicly asserted, to ten thousand pounds.

“ A notable exception to the simony intrigue and avarice of the higher ecclesiastics is the Orthodox Greek Bishop of Hums (the ancient Emesa), who has placed the Bible in all his schools where twelve hundred children are taught and is labouring efficiently to enlighten and elevate his people.

“ The influence of Protestant education and literature on the



rank and file of the people is palpable on every side. The rising generation of all sects is better informed, more liberal and tolerant, than the past. Schools which have been founded to keep out the light have let it in. Public sentiment with regard to the honour and dignity of woman has undergone a wonderful change. The veil continues and the hareem seclusion continues, but the veiled and secluded have begun to think for themselves.

“Mohammedan young men will no longer consent to marry girls they have never seen, but now in Beirut, visit them and drive out with them on the public highways with the mothers as chaperones.

“A visit to the homes of educated Christian young women in Syria is an impressive object-lesson as to the value of a Christian education for girls. Their houses are well ordered, tidy, cheerful, and happy. The more attractive features of Oriental hospitality have a new charm in these enlightened Christian families.

“The general religious outlook in the empire is hopeful, notwithstanding the dreadful Armenian massacres of the past two years. The healing touch of the divine hand and the awakening tones of the divine voice have brought life and thoughtfulness and spiritual quickening, whereas before the massacres all was apathy and death. God's judgments, instead of hardening, have softened men's hearts. In Anatolia the schools are crowded with pupils and the churches cannot contain the thronging worshippers. Old enemies have become friends of the Gospel. The very means used for the extermination of gospel light have ended in its wider dissemination. The Gregorian Armenian hierarchy have become the friends of the Protestant missionaries. As the massacres of 1860 in Syria broke up the fallow ground and prepared the way for the new sowing of the gospel seed, so the events of 1895-1896 are proving to have turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel.

“Taking a wider view of religious thought in the Eastern world, the truth is not lost and will not lose by the ‘brotherly exchange of thought’ that is now more and more pervading the world. Insincere and designing men may deceive ‘all of their

countrymen some of the time, and some of them all of the time; but they cannot cheat all men always.'

"Truth is patient, God is patient. It can afford to be condescending though misunderstood, and generous though it be called weak, but it is never impatient for the harvest before the seed has had time to grow.

"Western Asia, India, China and Japan may be misled for a time by those who assure them in obscure and misty phrase that the citadel of Christian truth is fallen forever; but when the mists have cleared away, the shining battlements will 'look forth, bright as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'

"In diplomacy, nothing baffles cunning like the frankness of simple truth, and in the sphere of religion, nothing defeats the sophistries of Asiatic heathenism and the assumption of Islam like the plain preaching of salvation through Christ and Him crucified."

The missionary statistics for the year 1897 were as follows:

The whole number of children in Protestant schools in Syria and Palestine is about 17,000, of whom at least 8,000 are girls. Enrolled Protestants as a civil sect, 7,000.

*American Press, Beirut*

Number of publications on press catalogue . . . . .	601
Publications issued in 1896 and 1897 . . . . .	282,000
Pages printed from the first . . . . .	578,000,000

*Syrian Protestant College, Beirut*

1896-1897, whole number of students . . . . .	309
Graduates to date, collegiate . . . . .	164
"    "    "    medical . . . . .	163
"    "    "    pharmaceutical . . . . .	53
	<hr/>
	380

Number of professors and instructors . . . . . 25

Protestant orphanages in Syria and Palestine . . . . . 5

Protestant hospitals and dispensaries in Syria and Palestine, 36

*Hospitals in Beirut*

Protestant, St. John's.  
 Roman Catholic, St. Joseph's.  
 Orthodox Greek, St. George's.  
 Turkish military hospital.  
 Municipality hospital.

*Arabic Journals in Beirut*

Protestant . . . . .	4
Orthodox Greek . . . . .	2
Turkish official . . . . .	1
Roman Catholic . . . . .	4
Mohammedan . . . . .	2
	13

A New York gentleman wrote asking me to give him an account of all the missionary work and "societies of a political character" at work in Turkey. I replied, giving an account of the various missions but stated that, "I know of no political societies but the order of Jesuits. All the Americans in Turkey, an empire of absolute despotism, keep entirely aloof from political questions. In our published books and periodicals we cannot mention politics. The censorship of the press is more severe than in Russia. Our object is to introduce light, to educate the young, to care for the sick and suffering, publish good and useful books, and let the government alone."

In September, my daughter, Ethel Hyde Jessup, was married in Aleih, Mount Lebanon, to Franklin T. Moore, M. D., of the Syrian Protestant College.

In October Miss Ellen Law was obliged to leave for America on account of her health and my daughter Anna took her place for a year and a half.

Rev. Messrs. Hoskins and Hardin returned from America, the former in October and the latter in December.

1898—March 13th we had a visit from President Angell, United States Minister to Constantinople.

That visit was a benediction to us all, nationally, intellectually, and spiritually. He arrived with Mrs. Angell on Sunday morning, March 13th, on the steamship *Aller*, which had been lying at Jaffa, as its excursion tourists had gone up to Jerusalem. A protracted gale of wind had prevented the usual steamer from communication with Jaffa and consequently the volume of detained travellers who had returned from Jerusalem to Jaffa was very great, and all the hotels were crowded. Dr. Angell, Mr. Isidor Straus of New York, and about twenty others tried to catch English and Egyptian steamers which came to Jaffa to take them to Beirut, but in vain. At length the captain of the *Aller* having extra time on his hands, agreed to bring the party to Beirut for \$1,000. They arrived on Sunday morning. I preached at the college in Arabic that morning at nine o'clock and just as the last bell was ringing for the service, and Dr. Bliss and I were entering the chapel door, the carriage drove by with Dr. and Mrs. Angell, and the kavass of the United States consul on the box. We bade them welcome.

I recalled the time when, at Dr. Angell's invitation, I addressed the students at Ann Arbor University. He was in excellent health and spirits. We found that Dr. and Mrs. Angell and their party were booked for Baalbec and Damascus the next morning, Monday, and must return and sail for Constantinople on Saturday.

At 3:30 p. m. after seeing other parts of the work he came to the Arabic Sunday-school, accompanied by the United States consul and his kavasses, and made a brief address to the 250 children urging them to the study of God's word and to trust in Christ as their Saviour. It was delightful to hear his testimony to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

On Sunday evening Dr. Angell made an address to the college students on "Intellectual, Moral, and Spiritual Culture" which was a most impressive and beautiful address and will never be forgotten by those who heard it. I took careful notes and on Monday translated it all into Arabic. On Friday it was published in our weekly *Neshrah* and I had half a dozen copies struck off in

*gilt letters* which I presented to him on Friday evening, when Mrs. Bliss gave a reception to all the American community for Dr. and Mrs. Angell.

On Saturday morning before leaving on the French steamer for Constantinople, he visited the press and went through all its departments and I then went down with him to the wharf. His visit was brief but he manifested the deepest interest in all departments of the work.

We said little to him about the United States claims against Turkey for indemnity for losses during the massacres. His hands are tied by the diversion of our government's attention to Spain and Cuba. England can carry on half a dozen wars in different parts of the world and grapple with the knottiest diplomatic questions all at one and the same time. Our government, with its frequent changes of administration and diplomatic officials, seems to be able to deal with only one question at a time. Dr. Angell evidently accepted this post at great sacrifice, in order to do what others had failed to do, and now finds himself unsupported. (Mr. McKinley evidently needs a Secretary of State able to deal with foreign questions with promptness and vigour.)

President Angell was succeeded by the Hon. Oscar Straus of New York whose great ability, loyal devotion to his country's honour, and conscientious attention to business gave him the confidence of his countrymen and great influence with the Sultan and his ministers.

Our consul, Colonel Doyle, was now removed and in his place President McKinley appointed Mr. G. Bie Ravendal who has proved himself an efficient business man and a loyal American in full sympathy with the work done by his fellow citizens in Syria. This consulate, having become in 1906 a consulate-general, will now have greater influence and do better work for American commercial interests in the East.

In April, Mr. A. Forder, an independent missionary, attempted to penetrate Arabia from the north by the way of Bashan and

Moab. He secured seven hundred Arabic New Testaments from our press and had them bound in special red morocco binding, with broad flaps, in imitation of the Arab binding in Cairo and Damascus. The box was sent to Damascus and he set out from Jerusalem with his cameleers, intending to pick up the box in or near Damascus, so as not to give the Turks an idea that he was a military spy or correspondent, but unhappily he fell from his camel near Nablus and broke his leg. In May he was still detained there with his Danish companion until it was too late to undertake the trip that year. On a previous trip he was robbed so often that one wonders what he had left to live on in a region where, for two days, he found neither food nor water. No one could question his courage and pluck and some day Christian men may get into Central Arabia. But the new Mecca railroad, and the jealousy of all European influence in that great peninsula, will make it difficult for any one hereafter to enter Arabia from the north or west. The vulnerable sides are the east and south, and for the reason that where the spirit of British rule prevails there is liberty. And yet, there was once a foreign young woman of comely appearance, who seriously proposed making a trip to Arabia by that robber-infested route where every man claims the ancestral right to rob every stranger he meets, taking with her only a woman attendant and a cameleer. It was with great difficulty that we dissuaded her. Had she tried to do it, we should have felt called upon to ask the interposition of the consul. It is a pity that deep piety and personal loveliness should sometimes be linked to an utter want of common sense. Faith sometimes becomes spasmodic with high nervous exaltation. It then becomes unreasoning, harmful as serpents, and foolish as doves. Believing itself inspired, it will take no advice and will sacrifice all the capacity for usefulness attained by long years of preparation, study and spiritual equipment for the sake of making one grand leap into certain destruction with no possible thought of any corresponding or compensating good. I have often said to one of these "inspired" friends, "Be careful, protect your head from the sun; if you take that journey, take at least some proper

food and clothing." "Thank you," they would say, "we do not need these worldly wise precautions for we can trust in the Lord who has called us." So away they went. Not long after there was a funeral—a life thrown away that might have been a blessing to many. It only made others say, "What a fool not to take advice!" Dr. S. H. Cox, of Brooklyn, was told by a ranting Mormon apostle, "God does not need your learning!" He replied, "God does not need your ignorance!"

The news of war with Spain made a great stir in this land. The Moslems and Jews could not say enough in praise of America. They recalled the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Moslem power was crushed in Spain and when hundreds of thousands of Jews were expelled from Spain and found refuge in North Africa, Constantinople, Salonica, Smyrna, and Aleppo. And in the year 1906, the Jews are rejoicing that a granddaughter of a Jew has become Queen of Spain.<sup>1</sup>

I recalled April, 1861, when we heard of the firing on Fort Sumter and the beginning of the Civil War, when we all felt like going home to defend the flag. The Cuban War was a smaller matter and we had no fear of the result, but we apprehended financial disorder and the crippling of the Board's resources.

Happily the war was brief and the only effect from a missionary standpoint was opening the millions of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines to the enlightenment of Protestant Christianity.

On March 17th my very dear friend and classmate, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of New York, arrived on the *Aller*. The ship only remained twelve hours. I went on board in a rough sea and a pouring rain to bring him ashore.

It seems to us residents in Syria a great shame that tourists in the Holy Land should be "hustled" through in such a hurry that they can only gain the most superficial idea of the land and its people.

<sup>1</sup> We may add that in 1907, the Jews were again glad to hear that a Jew had been elected mayor of Rome.

On May 2d the Lebanon Presbytery met in Beirut; eight churches were represented by fifteen Syrian and seven American members. Nine subjects were discussed and it was the most thoroughly spiritual assembly we have ever known in Syria. A report was given by Dr. S. Jessup of the religious conference in February conducted by Dr. Elder Cumming and Rev. Messrs. Luce and Paynter, and one of the Syrian brethren gave an account of his visit to Mildmay and Keswick and the new apprehension he gained of the spiritual life. Meetings were held with the children, a social gathering for the local congregation, and a joint communion season. It was altogether a model meeting of presbytery, a minimum of ecclesiastical routine and a maximum of uplifting spiritual conference on religious and missionary subjects.

In May, our able and accomplished consul-general, Charles M. Dickinson, of Constantinople, visited Syria and Palestine and presented an elaborate report to the government at Washington of the so-called Spaffordite colony in Jerusalem. Any persons desirous of knowing the facts with regard to that phase of religious communism should consult the documents in the State Department.

Two somewhat remarkable Christian women passed away in the months of February and May, Mrs. Giles Montgomery, formerly of Central Turkey, and Mrs. Hannah Korany, a Syrian lady from Kefr Shima, near Beirut. Mrs. Montgomery came out with her husband in 1863 and laboured for thirty-five years in Marash and Adana. She was a woman of rare Christian character, one of those bright, radiant spirits who make the Christian life so attractive. She had long struggled with that fell disease, consumption, and was the guest and patient of Dr. and Mrs. Graham, who felt it a benediction to have her in their home. It was touching to see a little Armenian girl laying white flowers on her grave—she was baptized by Mr. Montgomery and narrowly escaped being carried off by the Turks during the massacres and



came here to our seminary as a refuge. Mrs. Montgomery was a missionary of the American Board, which supported the Syrian Mission until 1870, and four former missionaries of that Board, Dr. W. W. Eddy, Dr. Daniel Bliss, Rev. W. Bird, and Rev. H. H. Jessup conducted the funeral services.

Mrs. Korany was educated, as was her mother before her, in the Beirut Girls' Seminary, and, after teaching for a time, went with her husband to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and remained in America several years, engaged in the sale of Syrian fabrics and in lecturing on Syrian themes by invitation of a society of American ladies. The American climate prostrated her and she was obliged to flee to milder climes, struggling like Mrs. Montgomery with consumption. I met her at Cairo and Helouan in the winter of 1896-1897. Her mind seemed to grow brighter as her body grew weaker under the relentless progress of the disease. She had fine conversational powers and wrote English with great facility and force. At length she returned to her home, six miles from Beirut, where a loving father and mother watched over her. But such is the dread of the Syrian people of this malady that no one would come near the house. No woman would do washing or baking or any service for the family. The American ladies, her former teachers, and Miss C. Thompson of the British Syrian Mission were frequent in their visits and I was greatly comforted to hear her words of faith and hope as I sat by her dying bed.

She died May 6th, and the funeral was an impressive scene. It is the custom in Lebanon villages for the women to give themselves up to fanatical grief, wailing, screaming, and often throwing themselves upon the body and trying to prevent its removal. But in this Christian home there was perfect silence, the mother, Im Selim, showing a Christian resignation and quiet self-control which filled the village women with astonishment. It was an object-lesson which they will not soon forget.

About that time a remarkable conversion took place in the Syrian Protestant College. A Jewish student, son of a prosper-

ous Hebrew family, declared himself a Christian and began at once the most earnest and intense labours for the conversion of all his fellow students. He walked with them, talked with them, and prayed with them and spoke in the college prayer-meetings and in the church meetings in town. He was most fearless and resolute in trying to bring all around him to Christ. His friends were dismayed and his father threatened to disinherit him. He applied for baptism and communion in the Arabic Evangelical Church and a day was appointed to receive him. But he disappeared suddenly—we heard of him afterwards in Port Saïd and later as marching in the Salvation Army procession in London.

I have known several similar cases of sudden religious enthusiasm, great promise for usefulness, which have afterwards withered away, not having depth of root or stability. Yet this young man may have found his proper sphere in the Salvation Army.

Our good secretary, Dr. Brown, was convinced that the missionaries should do more itinerating work, and administered a gentle rebuke to the tendency among our number to yield to the claims of confining literary and educational work. As usual, the appeal wrought most powerfully upon those least able to respond to it. We all felt, even those of us tied down to one place by teaching and literary work, that more should be done to reach the outlying districts and to lead to a personal decision the hundreds of youths in our schools. One member of the mission, my good brother Samuel, of Sidon, was so wrought upon by the stirring appeal that he nearly sacrificed his life. He is never perfectly well, and hardly a week has passed in his thirty-five years of service in Syria but he has had turns of severe pain and prostration. The mission removed him from the "horseback" station of Tripoli to Beirut in 1882 to relieve him from the wear and tear of long journeys in the interior. And he removed to Sidon to engage in quiet educational work and the management of the station treasury. But that appeal was like fire in his bones. The latter part of May, true to his centrifugal instincts, he rose from his bed, hired a horse, and with his boy riding a mule with the

bedding and a few cooking utensils, rode down the coast to Tyre and the next day to Bussah, east of Acre, wracked with headache. Preaching there and working among the crowds who gathered, he went on east over a frightful breakneck road to Dibl, where he had dreadful pains and sinking turns. Miles away from a doctor, he lay a whole day on the floor, faint, and rolling from pain and nausea, his host, a kind, elderly man, doing his best to help, but unable to relieve him. The next day he rode on horseback six hours to Tyre, almost falling from his saddle many times. On reaching Tyre, he could not walk to the Syrian pastor's house and fell prostrate. The next morning he rose at six and rode six and a half hours to Sidon. He now writes that he must "do more itinerating." He says the Cuban War reminds him of 1861-1862, when he was ill of typhoid fever at Drainsville, and then went through McClellan's Potomac Campaign ending at Malvern Hills. And now like a veteran cavalry horse at pasture, the bugle call sets him all on fire. If it be true that some of the best of men need urging, others, as truly, need restraining. It is my experience that most missionaries work up to the full extent of their ability and opportunity. When men get "views" about sitting still to see the salvation of the Lord, they need stirring up. I was once told the following story of Mr. Moody: Young George Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist, whose words were burning and inspiring, fell into that trap. Mr. Moody left him in Chicago to carry on the work. On his return, he could not find George. After inquiry, he was told, "Oh, he has joined the little circle of —ites, who are sitting down to await the coming of the Lord." Mr. Moody rushed to him and taking him by the collar, said, "George, out of this. The Lord calls you to go work in His vineyard. Out of this, or you are ruined." Mr. Moody was right. What became of George I do not know, but an able-bodied evangelist can make no greater mistake than "to sit down and wait" for something to turn up.

At the request of Consul Ravendal I prepared in July the following statistics of the Americans, their schools and property in Syria :

Number of Americans, old and young . . . . .	115
Number of American schools . . . . .	150
Value of mission property in Beirut . . . . .	\$410,000
“ “ “ “ “ Lebanon field . . . . .	36,108
“ “ “ “ “ Sidon “ . . . . .	73,535
“ “ “ “ “ Tripoli “ . . . . .	31,875
“ “ “ “ “ Zahleh “ . . . . .	23,236
	<hr/>
	\$574,754

The only purely American hospital is that of Dr. Ira Harris in Tripoli. Dr. Mary P. Eddy does clinical medical work and itinerating camp work in different parts of Syria.

The American medical professors in the Syrian Protestant College are the physicians of the German Hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut which treated the past year 545 in-door patients, 11,816 polyclinic patients.

A conference of Christian workers from all parts of the empire was held in Brummana, Mount Lebanon, August 9th to 14th. The missionaries of different societies had long felt the need of such a conference to promote the spiritual life, fraternal coöperation, mutual help and counsel in our common work. A committee was formed in Beirut with officers for correspondence and preliminary arrangements, and a circular letter was sent to all the missions in Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

The conference met in Brummana August 9, 1898, and was opened by Rev. Dr. George A. Ford. One hundred and ninety-six persons were present, of whom seventy-six were British, fifty-seven Americans, eight Germans, four Danes, twenty-three Syrians, eighteen not reported.

Eleven Protestant denominations were represented: Church of England, Established Church of Scotland, Free Church of Scotland, American Presbyterian, Irish Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, Friends, Baptists, Methodists.

Thirty-four papers were read and about twenty-five addresses

given, besides remarks often of great interest offered by members of the conference. There was a half hour sunrise prayer-meeting every morning and a forty-five minutes' sunset service daily. The regular sessions were from 9 : 30 to 11 : 30 A. M., and from 2 : 30 to 4 P. M.

Brummana, the place of this remarkable conference, is three hours' drive by carriage from Beirut on a spur of the Lebanon range, 2,500 feet above the sea, seeming to overhang the seashore and looking directly down upon Beirut, its fertile plain and harbour. It has in summer a clear sky (there is no rain for five months), beautiful forests of the Lebanon pine, several good hotels and many private boarding-houses. The grounds and buildings of the Friends' Mission were offered freely to the conference and many of the members were given free board. Some had rooms at the hotels and others encamped in the pine groves.

The conference proved to be a blessing and a means of spiritual uplifting to all and it was agreed to hold another in 1901. One of the most interesting features was the presence of Miss C. Shattuck of Urfa, who held her post alone during the awful massacres of 1894-1895, when 8,000 were killed. She protected hundreds, gathered the widows and orphans, opened industrial work, until she had 1,800 women at work making laces and embroideries for the European markets. She brought affecting messages to the conference from nineteen of her widows and helpers, which brought tears to all eyes.

After the conference I baptized in Beirut another convert from Islam, a young baker from a Lebanon village, who had been long in Beirut attending night school and working in a public oven. I afterwards baptized his younger brother. He is now working in a print mill in Rhode Island and is helping the younger brother in his education.

During the summer I was closely confined with literary work for the weekly *Nesrah* and correcting proof sheets.

The Syrian Protestant College had 375 pupils, a large increase on the previous year.

The statistics of the theological seminary show that sixty young men have been trained for the ministry in this mission.

On the 9th of October, the Protestant Orphanage at Dar-es-Salam on the Sidon Industrial Farm was formally dedicated. It was the gift of Mrs. George Wood of New York who has placed the people of Syria and the missionary body under lasting obligations by her munificent gifts of buildings, land and endowment.

On the 5th of November, His Imperial Majesty, William III, Emperor of Germany, with the Empress Augusta, reached Beirut from Haifa on the ship *Hohenzollern*. The city was decorated with triumphal arches, festoons, flags and greens, and the streets covered with sand. The whole population turned out to greet them. They did not land until the next day, Sunday, when they paid official visits, and visited the German Hospital of the Knights of St. John. A decoration was conferred upon Dr. Post, dean of the American College medical faculty.

At night the villages of Lebanon were ablaze with bonfires. No potentate in modern times has had such a regal reception in Syria. He had already visited Jerusalem and dedicated the new German Protestant cathedral, delivering a sermon full of high evangelical sentiment; had been to Bethlehem and Nazareth, and went from Beirut to Baalbec and Damascus. His journey had apparently a threefold object, religious, political, and commercial. His visit to Jerusalem was religious; to Damascus, commercial; to Constantinople, political. The promotion of German commerce was no doubt a prime object. The Bagdad Railway, the opening of new markets for goods made in Germany, and securing special privileges for German subjects in business and archæological concessions, were all direct or indirect proofs of the Kaiser's friendship for the Sultan. Politically, no European power can compare in influence at the Porte with Germany.

Religiously, his simple gospel sermon in the German church in Jerusalem was a truly missionary work. It was copied into all the Arabic journals and read all over the land. In his outspoken,

evangelical sentiments, he witnessed for the great truths for which Martin Luther contended.

In preparation for his coming, we prepared a life of Luther and an Arabic translation of his famous Theses with illustrations, and published it on the occasion of the emperor's arrival. The Turkish censors made no objection. We published an edition of it in gilt letters, which was presented to the emperor on his return from Damascus and Baalbec, through Dr. Schroeder, the German consul-general.

At the official banquet in Damascus, which was worthy of the days of Haroun el Raschîd, the Sheikh Abdullah greeted the Kaiser in the name of His Imperial Majesty, Abdul Hamid II, the caliph of three hundred millions of Mohammedans. (The actual numbers, according to the latest statistics, are nearly 200,000,000.) The Kaiser in reply quoted this number as if it were correct and since that time the Moslem journals, near and far, have *quoted him* as announcing that three hundred million Moslems look to the Sultan as caliph.

There was one curious feature in the entertainment of the emperor. Jowwad Pasha, who was sent down as the Sultan's representative to oversee the welcome to the Kaiser, was not allowed to come near him. The Germans said that as this pasha was governor of Crete at the time of the massacre of Christians and foreign troops, the Kaiser would not even allow him to come into his presence. Jowwad Pasha, after the departure of the Kaiser, visited the college in Beirut and spent a long time in the observatory with Professor West. He greatly enjoyed the large twelve-inch refractor and the Brashear spectroscope. He said that he had translated books on astronomy and taught it but had never seen a good telescope before.

Before leaving Damascus, the emperor placed a green wreath on the tomb of Saladin and promised to send one of bronze. Months afterwards, a German war-ship reached Beirut with high military officers, who went in state to Damascus and hung the beautiful bronze wreath on the marble tomb. Subsequently, a devout sheikh visited the tomb of Saladin, but stepped back in

horror, pointing to the wreath, which had on it the Maltese cross of the Knights of St. John. He said, "Take that cross away! A Crusader's cross on the tomb of the Sultan Saladin! God forbid!" It was then removed and hung in a deep niche in the wall, facing the tomb, where it is greatly admired by tourists, but that cross costs the keeper of the place many moments of effort to explain its presence to the faithful.

There is another story connected with that tomb. When Dr. Crawford discovered it in the early '60s, I was in Damascus, and he took me to see it. Up to that time it was virtually unknown, both to tourists and to the sheikhs of Damascus. Not long after, a Russian prince visited Damascus and the kavass of the Russian consul took him to see this tomb. At that time it was badly neglected, covered with dust, and the floor piled with rubbish. But the tomb itself was encased in an exquisitely carved walnut sarcophagus of delicate tracery with the name of Saladin in ornamental Arabic and the date. It was dusty and neglected and the prince very shrewdly said to the sheikh through his interpreter, "It is a shame to leave the tomb of so great a hero in a perishable wooden case. Give me permission and I will put in its place a beautiful polished marble tomb." The sheikh eagerly accepted. The prince's servants took away the old walnut case and boxed it carefully and shipped it to Russia where it is considered a priceless treasure. The present marble tomb is beautiful, but the old was better.

In Baalbec a memorial tablet was placed on the interior wall of the reputed Temple of the Sun commemorating the emperor's visit. But his visit will ever be memorable, not on account of that marble tablet, but from the fact that through his influence the German scholars at enormous expense cleared almost the entire temple area of the debris and rubbish of ages and brought to view the exact configuration of the interior, exposing the exquisite sculpture which had been before unknown. They identified the beautiful Temple of the Sun, so many of whose columns are standing, as the Temple of Bacchus, certainly not a very appropriate place for the tablet of a Christian emperor.



There must be a divine plan and purpose in giving this Protestant emperor such an extraordinary hold on the confidence and enthusiasm of the whole Moslem population of Turkey from the Sultan down through all the ranks and grades of military and civil officers to the common peasantry.

In one sense, his visit has already had its effect. It has diminished sensibly the prestige and influence of France in Syria and Palestine. The emperor not only dedicated a Protestant Church in Jerusalem on the anniversary of Luther's Theses at Wittemberg, October 31, 1517, but he has also taken all the German Catholic clergy, laymen, and institutions away from the French protectorate and put them under German control. French influence here has been identified with the worst phases of Jesuit intrigue and anything that weakens it is a public benefit. In 1906, the French government had almost ceased to aid the Roman Catholic orders in Syria owing to the open rupture between France and the papal curia.

During the entire period of the emperor's stay in Palestine and Syria, the sky was cloudless and the heat intense. On the plain of Cæsarea south of Carmel fourteen horses of the cavalcade died of the heat. The whole country was dry and parched as not a drop of rain had fallen for six months. He sailed November 12th and on the 16th the windows of heaven were opened, a pouring rain refreshed the land and the mountain summits were frosted with fresh snow.

In December, Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., who had returned from America, entered the Beirut Girls' Boarding-School, owing to the absence of Miss Alice Barber who had been summoned to her home in Joliet by the infirmities of her aged parents.

#### RELIGIOUS FORCES AT WORK IN TURKEY IN 1898

The most striking historical event in Syria in the year 1898 was without question the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany and his address at the dedication in the German Protestant Church in Jerusalem.

Five great religious forces are now contending for religious supremacy in Syria and Palestine, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, the Papal, the Orthodox Greek, and the Protestant.

1. THE MODERN JEWISH ELEMENT, backed by the Rothschild colonization scheme and the Zionist movement, is striving to buy land, to erect buildings, and gradually get control of the ancient land of Israel. It is antagonized by the Ottoman government and by the fellahin of the rural districts of Palestine, who regard this influx of foreign Jews as a menace to their own rights and privileges. In the vicinity of Jerash, east of the Jordan, where a small Jewish colony had been planted, the Moslem fellahin recently drove out the colonists, ruined their houses, and uprooted their trees. The rabbis, embittered by the fiery persecutions against the Jews in Russia and other parts of Europe, are extremely hostile to Christianity in every form and continually issue their anathemas against Christian missions. The recent Jewish immigrants are under the protection of the countries from which they have come, but no one foreign power stands forth as their champion.

2. THE MOHAMMEDANS, who constitute about one-half of the population of Syria and Palestine, enjoy the special favour and protection of the Sultan and regard themselves as the lords of the land. Where they are in the large majority, as in Damascus, they do not trouble themselves to persecute the Christians and Jews, but look down upon them with a feeling of haughty superiority. Where they are in the minority, as in Beirut, the lower classes are insolent and offensive in their attitude towards Christians and are often allowed to use personal violence with little fear of punishment.

There has been of late a great resuscitation of Mohammedan esprit de corps. Their newspapers report news from all parts of the Mohammedan world and urge a Pan-Islamic Alliance. Just now they are especially earnest in advocating the recovery of the Sudan from the false teaching of the Mahdi and his Khalifa Abdullah el Taaishy. They are trying to stir up the Moslem world to emulate the English in founding the Gordon College in

Khartoum, and found Moslem schools to save the poor Sudanese from being won to Christianity by the kindness and medical services of Christian medical missions.

The Moslems are using the press and schools for boys and girls as a means of keeping abreast of the age. And it is a striking fact that since the British occupation of Egypt the Turkish government has obliged the newspapers everywhere to abuse the English and never allow an article in praise of their just and successful administration of the affairs of Egypt. Up to 1878, the Turkish journalists could not say enough in praise of the English. Since 1882 all is changed, and within the past few years all their love and sympathy has been transferred to Germany whose emperor was silent and sympathetic in 1896, when Armenian massacres were horrifying the world; active and auxiliary in 1897, during the Greek War, and most demonstrative and effusive in 1898 during his visit to this empire.

The Mohammedan official and unofficial journals have exhausted a vast vocabulary of adulation, for which the Arabic language is so famous, in praising the friend and ally of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan and they love to descant upon the magnificent German army and the rapidly growing navy. There must be a divine purpose in all this and we will speak of it before closing this chapter.

It is sometimes said that Islam has ceased to be aggressive in Turkey and is in a state of stagnation. This is not true. Not less than eighteen emirs of the princely family of Shehab in Mount Lebanon who have been Maronites and Greek Catholics for about one hundred years, have recently become Moslems and have been appointed to lucrative posts in the Turkish civil service. They were originally Moslems of the family of Koreish and the Turks are straining every nerve to bring them back to the fold of the prophet of Mecca, and we hear from various places of Oriental Christians won over to Islam by bribery and favouritism, while all Moslems becoming Christians are obliged to suffer persecution and generally to leave the country to save their lives,

3. THE PAPAL FORCES in this land are numerous, organized, and intensely aggressive. The Maronites of Lebanon are equal to the peasantry of Spain in their subjection to the priesthood and in ignorance and fanatical hostility to the Bible and the Protestant faith. The Jesuits and papal nuncio lead the van, followed by a host of patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks, and nuns. They glory in the protection of France, and the French consul-general is open and untiring in encouraging the papal campaign of conquest of the Holy Land. France expels the Jesuits from France and expends millions of francs yearly in supporting them as political agents, educators, and intriguers in Turkey. Whatever may be the strength of the Russo-French Alliance in France, it does not exist nor appear in these lands. It is Latin against Greek, French priests and nuns against Russian priests and nuns, jealousy and bitter ecclesiastical hatred. The Latins have exhaustless supplies of money, men, and women. They are buying land and erecting buildings in all the towns and many of the small villages throughout the land. Beirut is full of their fine establishments. One of their zealous propagandists remarked that they had orders to open schools in every place where Protestants are at work and if possible on land adjoining Protestant schools. They are following up the Greek schools in the same way.

France is their idol. On France they lean for protection and every blow aimed at France is felt to be aimed at Rome and the Church. Some of the Syrian Romanists are getting their eyes partly opened. One of their leading merchants in Beirut recently asked their bishop, "Why is it that Catholic countries are everywhere declining and Protestant countries rising in power? Why are Spain, France, Portugal, and Italy going down and England, Germany, and America really ruling the world?" The bishop replied, "It is true, but I do not understand the reason."

4. THE ORTHODOX GREEK element in these lands is like the conies, "a feeble folk." They are divided into three parties, the *native Syrian Greeks*, who are the rank and file of the Church;

the *Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre*, an Hellenic foreign Greek party of immense wealth in Jerusalem, enjoying the special favour of the Turks and engaged in constant intrigues to control the patriarchates and bishoprics; and thirdly, the *Russian party* backed by holy Russia, supported by its consuls and just now intensely active in resisting the aggressions of the Papists and Protestants on the Greek Church constituency.

The Russians have entered in earnest upon the work of saving the Greek Church in Syria and Palestine from disintegration. They have opened schools within a few years and are pushing this work on every hand. It is a saving feature in their work that they are introducing the Arabic Scriptures published at the American Press into all their schools.

They antagonize the monks of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre and aim at securing Syrian bishops and patriarchs over the churches instead of the Hellenic monks.

The conflict is now waging in Damascus between the patriotic Greek bishops and the Hellenic party in trying to elect a patriarch. They have been in session nearly a year without coming to an election. The Russians support the native Greek bishops; and the Hellenes, through their influence and money power in Constantinople, are opposing them, as every Christian bishop's election must be ratified by the Sublime Porte.

It is a humiliating and painful spectacle and a scandal that the Mohammedan Turks should control the election of a Christian bishop.

In Palestine itself the Russians are active in buying land and erecting buildings and mingling political and religious considerations in all their operations, striving first of all to thwart the schemes and projects of Rome and of France, the tool of Rome in the East.

5. PROTESTANTISM in Syria and Palestine is represented by the American, English, Scotch, Irish, and German Missions, by a native evangelical community of nearly ten thousand adherents.

In former years, England stood forth as the great protector of Protestantism and of religious liberty. The word of a British

consul made pashas tremble, and the persecuted looked to England for relief. This state of things still continues to some extent but consular interference is generally officious and not official.

Protestantism has become an established and recognized element in the empire and does not ordinarily suffer greater disabilities than the other Oriental sects.

The change of attitude on the part of the Turks towards England naturally threw a shadow over the Protestants all over the empire who are supposed to be in sympathy with England. But the most important Protestant literary institutions in the empire, being American, have kept steadily on their way, growing in number and influence, and there are more children and youths in Protestant schools than ever before. In some places the free tuition and books supplied by Jesuits or Russians have enticed children away from the Protestant schools but the more thorough teaching given generally brings them back again.

The Syrian Protestant College in Beirut has increased so rapidly in numbers that new buildings are imperatively needed. It has three hundred and seventy students in its halls this year, of whom seventy are in medicine and pharmacy, one hundred and four in the collegiate department, and one hundred and ninety-six in the preparatory department. It ought to have at once new buildings to accommodate two hundred additional pupils. Its language is English and the people of Asia Minor and Egypt, as well as those of Syria and Palestine, appreciate the importance of a thorough English education for their sons and the demand will increase in years to come.

It is not my purpose to give statistics with regard to the other societies labouring in Syria but they are all encouraged by the growing interest of the people in Protestant education. And their willingness to *pay* is a good proof of substantial interest. In the first year of the college there were sixteen pupils, all charity pupils. This year the college receipts from the students were £3,700. This is a remarkable fact and full of encouragement. But this brief summary of the status of the five religious

forces at work in Syria and Palestine would be incomplete without reference to the British Syrian Schools with fifty schools and four thousand pupils, Miss Taylor's school for Moslem and Druse girls, schools of the Church of Scotland, and the Free Church; of the Friends in Brummana, Miss Procter in Shwifat, of the Church Missionary Society in Palestine, the London Jews' Society, and lastly the extensive work carried on by the Germans in Beirut, Haifa, Jaffa, Jerusalem and Bethlehem, in hospitals, orphanages, boarding-schools, and industrial schools, as well as in their chapels for German colonists, they are doing a solid work for the sound training of the people, and the exhibition of the Spirit of the Master.

With all these religious forces and elements in view, the question is asked, What has been the effect of the German emperor's visit on the public mind?

1. It has brought Protestantism to the front and given it dignity in the eye of the Mohammedans, who look upon the emperor as the great exponent of the Protestant faith.

2. It has dealt a crushing blow to the French prestige in all this empire. Even among the French Catholics, Germany is praised on account of the liberal spirit shown by the emperor in buying and presenting a plot of ground in Jerusalem to the German Catholics and pledging the protection of Germany to all German Catholic subjects in the East.

3. It has no doubt drawn out the sympathy of the Turkish government, the army, and the common people towards a great Protestant power. With all due respect to the emperor, we cannot but feel that he made a mistake in his speech in Damascus. The Moslem sheikh who welcomed him spoke of the *three* hundred millions of Mohammedans in the world. The emperor in reply declared himself the friend of all these *three* hundred millions. As the most exact statistics make the highest estimate less than two hundred millions, it was a great mistake to echo the grandiloquent utterance of the sheikh and thus give sanction to a statement which has puffed up the Moslems to a new sense of their own importance in the world. I sent to the Beirut censor

of the press an exact table of the census of Islam in the empires of the world (taken from the *Missionary Review*) with reference to publishing it in our Arabic journal and he prohibited the publication as it was not in accord with the emperor's Damascus address.

Whether the Mohammedan regard for the emperor will help Protestantism does not appear. It will certainly give the German ambassador at Constantinople and their consuls throughout the empire a mighty influence for good in insisting on liberty of conscience for all the people.

And who knows but that the emperor has come to the throne for some great and good end in this empire? His influence is now unequalled. German commerce will thrive more than ever, and if the new hopes of near approach between England, Germany, and the United States are realized, we may yet see Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon influence displacing and effacing French and Russian influence throughout the land.

We do not put our trust in princes, but our God and King can use them as His own servants to accomplish His will on earth.



## A New Century Dawns (1899-1900)

**T**HIS year was crowded with hard work, interesting events, laborious correspondence, and sad experience in the death of many native friends and one missionary lady, Mrs. Shaw, of typhoid fever.

Our plan of making the theological class a summer school precluded our having a summer vacation, as I had to teach in Suk el Gharb, two miles from my summer home, for six months, driving over daily, and at the same time keeping up editorial work for the Beirut Press and a heavy correspondence. I have copies of five hundred pages of letters, English and Arabic, written in that six months.

Sir William Muir kept up regular communication with me about printing his book, "Call to the Moslems to Read the Bible," and a new book by the author of the "Bakurah," entitled "The Torch of Guidance," or, "Masbah-ul-Huda." This latter work Sir William translated and printed in English in London. In our correspondence, we were agreed as to the unseemly mis-carriage of the Gordon Memorial Fund of £100,000 raised in England to found a Gordon University in Khartoum. The British authorities in Egypt saw fit to found with this fund a purely Mohammedan university from which all allusion to Christ and Christianity should be excluded. The Christian people of England and other places who gave this money never dreamed that it would be used to rear a barrier against the Bible and Christianity, and to teach the Sudanese that the Christian English are ashamed of their faith; that it would be open for work on Sunday and all teachers forced to labour on that day; and that no Christian boy could enter it unless he would study the Koran.

Had this policy been honestly announced before the fund had been raised, probably the great part of it would have been withheld. When the news was first printed, the Moslems of Syria exclaimed, "If the Christian English will give such a sum for a school in Khartoum, we Moslems should give as much to found a Moslem school there." They took it for granted that it would be a Christian school, for Gordon's high Christian character was known everywhere among the Moslems, and they respected him for it, as they do not believe in a man who has no religion. Great, then, was their surprise when they learned that it was to be a mere Moslem "Medriseh." The whole policy of the British rulers of Egypt with regard to Christianity is simply shameful. They ignore the Christian Sunday. All employees of the government, Moslem, Christian, and Jew, must work on Sunday. Hundreds of our Christian young men who have gone from Syria to Egypt and found employment and high salary under the government, are forced to work on Sunday and given a holiday on Friday, the Moslem holy day. Thus compelled by Christian Englishmen to break the fourth commandment, it would not be strange if they should break the eighth commandment. The Hon. William E. Dodge sold out all his stock in the New Jersey Central Railroad because it would run its trains on Sunday. He told the directors, "If you teach your employees to break one commandment, do not wonder if they break another and rob your treasury."

Had the English in the outset given all Christian employees the option of working on Sunday or Friday they would have been respected by all. As it is, the Moslems are beginning to say, "After all, the English have no religion. They violate their own sacred law because they are afraid of us and want to win our favour."

Instead of gaining the respect and favour of the Moslem population they have gained their contempt. The Moslems despise a Jew who opens his shop on Saturday and a Christian who opens his on Sunday.

The Gordon College should have two departments made op-

tional to all, one with Christian teachers and one with Moslem teachers. This would have been regarded as fair and honourable, and no one would have complained. As it is, Christianity, the religion of General Gordon and the millions of English people, is ignored in the Sudan and Egypt, and the Christian sacred day of rest is shamefully dishonoured. English prestige has lost and not gained by this truckling to imaginary lions in the way, this denying their own faith, this ignoring what has made England great and honoured among the nations. No Englishman knew the Moslem mind both in India, Arabia, and Egypt better than Sir William Muir. He knew their Koran, their sacred books and commentaries and all their history. He had governed millions of them in India; he had among their eminent Ulema and scholars many personal friends, and he loved the Moslem people and laboured to lead them to Christ their Saviour. But he felt that the true policy of England is to obey the laws of Christianity and act according to its own professions. To give up one's own principles to win favour of others is a suicidal policy. It cannot be that the blessing of God will crown this present Sabbath-breaking and Bible-ignoring policy of England in Egypt and the Sudan. It was adopted to win favour and tide over a crisis. It has won no one and has forced a worse crisis and every month's delay makes it more and more difficult to return to an honest Christian course. Could Sir William Muir have been consulted, and had he been younger and been given the Sirdarship of the Sudan, Christianity would not have been, as it is, trailing its skirts in sorrow in the dust. Let us hope that a change will be made ere it be too late.

On the 26th of February, a novel event occurred in Beirut. The Orthodox Greek Committee of St. John's Hospital unveiled a white marble bust of an American missionary, Rev. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., L. H. D.

After Dr. Van Dyck's resignation of his professorship in the Syrian Protestant College, he could no longer, according to the rules of the Knights of St. John, attend the clinics of the German

St. John's Hospital. But his heart was in medical work, as it was in Arabic Bible translation, and he offered his services to the Greek hospital which was sorely in need of his aid. And although his house was nearly two miles from that hospital, he drove there several times a week in a carriage sent by the hospital, and for years treated the sick and diseased, and from his own private funds built an airy ward to increase the capacity of the hospital. The Greek community, which fully appreciated his long, faithful and self-denying services, prepared this beautiful bust which stands in the open area of the quadrangle and was unveiled with imposing ceremonies. It was made of Carrara marble by an Italian sculptor. A great crowd of people was present, Greeks, Protestants, Mohammedans, Maronites, and Jews, and some very eloquent and beautiful addresses were made by Syrian scholars and physicians expressing their admiration of their friend, teacher, and benefactor.

Mr. William T. Stead of London has recently visited Constantinople with his eyes and ears open. He made a study of Robert College and all the American colleges, seminaries and schools in the empire and wrote to the Associated Press a letter which naturally made a sensation. He was shrewd enough to see the moral and intellectual benefits of this great system of Christian institutions and their uplifting influence among the varied population. But as a politician he looked through a politician's eyes at all this and saw in it a *propagation of Free Republican ideas*.<sup>1</sup> But he did not know that the American missionaries studiously avoid politics, living as they do under an absolute monarchy and that they pray for the Sultan and the "powers that be" that "are ordained of God," and enjoin obedience to the laws of the land. Such letters as that of Mr. Stead do no good to the work of Christian missionaries who are labouring for the spiritual welfare of the people and have no political

<sup>1</sup> A change has come over Turkey in 1908-1909. No one will now fear to claim that American schools have had great influence in bringing about the new era of liberty in Turkey.

object whatever, and, however well meant, they utterly misrepresent the real spiritual and moral aims of the whole body of missionaries and stir up official hostility. Fortunately the great body of the educated Turkish officials appreciate the good which has been done and not only favour the American schools but are glad to send their own children to them for education.

It is not often that a foreign missionary feels impelled to warn young Christian medical graduates against joining a medical mission. But a letter just received from Kingston, Canada, obliges me to speak out.

A young final-year student in medicine at Queen's Medical College, Kingston, Ontario, writes me, under date of January 11th, that he and two other students have been invited by Dr. E——, "president of the White Cross Medical Missionary Alliance," to go with him as medical practitioners to Palestine, their fare to Palestine being paid by the Alliance; a complete outfit to be given them for going into the field of medical work, on arrival at Jericho, the headquarters of the mission; a location for practice to be provided; a guarantee of plenty of work, for which they must accept pay in cash in all cases where patients can afford it, and otherwise accept labour, produce, various articles, etc. Dr. E—— also guaranteed \$25 a month, and says that no doctor of those already in the work has yet made less than \$75 a month. In return for these privileges, the young men are to agree to remain with the organization for two years, to give twenty-five per cent. of their earnings to the society for that period, and to be subject to the Turkish government.

The young student asks whether the work will be fully as remunerative as Dr. E—— promises, and whether there is any danger of their being left in the lurch among a wild people. He explains that they have not been asked to go as missionaries in the true sense of the word. "Our only missionary work is to treat all who need it, on the above terms." He also adds that the doctor is taking with him twenty-five young graduates in medicine, and that the treasurer is Count C—— of Brooklyn,

N. Y. The writer also says that his family friends wish some guarantee of the correctness of Dr. E——'s statements and also proof of the financial backing and the surplus funds of the society.

I have no knowledge of Dr. E—— or of the treasurer Count (who had evidently begun to count his chickens before they were hatched) but I know something of Jericho and the surrounding country, and therefore wrote the ingenuous medical student, dissuading him and all other medical students from entering on such an extraordinary undertaking. It is difficult to be patient with such a Quixotic scheme. Of all the spots on the face of the earth, Jericho would be the last one to be chosen as the headquarters of a paying medical mission. I have written to this young man :

“ 1. Jericho is the lowest village on earth, being nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the sea, and as low morally as it is physically.

“ 2. It is about the hottest place, has a pestilential climate, and from May to November is practically uninhabitable by white men.

“ 3. The entire population, according to Baedeker, is not more than 300, and, if they were equal to the peasants of Syria, could not support a single medical man.

“ 4. These Arabs of Jericho are of the lowest, most vacant and worthless type, a byword and a proverb in the whole land. They are thievish, lying, filthy, and morally degraded, poor, beggarly, and abject, lazy and half naked. Their highest aim is to dance around the tents of pilgrims and tourists and beg for a reward.

“ 5. There are two or three small hotels, used only in the tourist season, but the huts of the wild Arabs are abject and filthy. It is doubtful whether the entire population could raise five dollars in cash.

“ 6. As to the population accessible from Jericho and available to furnish paying patients, the Bedawin of the Ghor, or Jordan Valley, on the north ; of the mountains of Moab on the southeast, and of the wilderness south of the Dead Sea are poor, predatory,

and uncertain. These tribes are wild, migratory, living in black goat's hair tents. They are all experienced robbers and cut-throats. The Ghor Arabs yield to none in thievishness and rascality. To the west, it is eighteen miles to Jerusalem through a waste, howling wilderness, where it is never safe for a man to travel alone.

“7. As the object of the mission is to charge fees for medical practice and gain from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a month for each doctor, it must be borne in mind that Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jaffa, Gaza, Nablus, Haifa, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Safed are already supplied with a large number of foreign medical missionaries, many of whom are forbidden to take fees, so that independent medical practitioners cannot earn their bread. Graduates from our medical college in Beirut find it next to impossible to earn a living in Palestine, as the people will not pay for what they can get for nothing.

“8. The proposition to send twenty-five or ten or five or even one medical missionary to Jericho as headquarters of a mission, which is to be supported by fees, strikes our medical men here as absurd.

“9. If any of your medical friends do actually decide to establish a ‘White Cross Mission’ in Jericho, they would do well to provide themselves beforehand with coffins, as wood is not obtainable there, and they would hardly wish to be buried in the Bedawin style, and I take it for granted that they would succumb to the first summer heat and malarial poison.

“10. Missions are generally established where there are men, at great centres of population, or where large numbers are accessible,—but this is the first society to my knowledge to propose work in a ‘howling wilderness.’

“What Dr. E—— proposes to do with twenty-five medical graduates I cannot imagine. The Turkish government will not allow Europeans to live among the Bedawin, as they suspect them of being military agents, fomenting rebellion against the government. And the Bedawin are virtually the only people there.

“ It is incredible to me that the ‘ floater ’ of this scheme should propose it, if he has actually been in Jericho.

“ As a friend and as an American, not to say as a Christian, I would warn you against involving yourself in such an undertaking. It could only end in disaster.

“ There are hundreds of cities in China where the people swarm in thousands and hundreds of thousands, and you would have more actual medical practice in a week than you would have in five years in desolate Jericho.

“ When King David sent his servants across the Jordan on a kindly errand, and the suspicious Hanan shaved off one-half of their beards, David sent word to them, ‘ Tarry at Jericho until your beards are grown. ’ I would recommend these young men to tarry in the United States until their beards are grown, or, at least, until some better field of labour is opened to them. When you can find men by the hundred thousand in other lands, why go to such a deserted spot as Jericho or even to Palestine, which is already overstocked with medical practitioners ? ”

I never received an answer to this letter and I never met Dr. E——, but in 1903 I was informed that a man with his name was lecturing in Northern Pennsylvania on his adventures in the Holy Land.

February 14th I baptized a beautiful Druse maiden of a high Lebanon family, who had been ten years under instruction in Miss Jessie Taylor’s school in Beirut. She gave the best evidence of a work of grace in her heart and intelligently took a bold stand for Christ.

The last week of the year I attended the funeral of another Druse girl, Dhiya el Kadi, of a once eminent family in Lebanon, whose father and grandfather were warm friends and pupils of Dr. Van Dyck. This delicate girl, a victim of consumption, lingered for weeks in growing infirmity and was visited by English and American ladies and Syrian Bible-women. Her whole conversation was of the love of Christ. She always asked me to



pray with her. The father, who loved her tenderly, watched her ebbing strength with great agony. Her last words were those of trust in Christ and seeing Him as her Saviour. After her death the Druse sheikhs crowded into the house. The father sent for me to conduct the funeral. The Druses claimed the right to bury her. I told them it could make no difference to her who buried her. I then read the Scriptures, made some remarks, and offered prayer. The crowd were silent and reverent, and they bore the frail body away to their burial-ground on the summit of the sand-dunes west of the city.

Two sudden deaths in the college from the use of firearms made a deep and sad impression on the community. Tutor John Mitchell, while cleaning a revolver, accidentally shot himself through the head (in October). The investigation instituted by Consul Ravendal proved this to be the case.

A student from Jerusalem, who had been greatly depressed and had written bitter things against himself, obtained a revolver, and in a fit of temporary mental disorder, took his own life.

As a contrast to this latter, we were called to conduct the funeral of one of the Lord's Syrian saints, Mrs. Lulu Araman, widow of Mr. Michael Araman. She was a pupil of the first girls' school in Syria, under Mrs. De Forest, from 1848 to 1852, and was one of the original eighteen members of the first evangelical church, founded in Syria in 1848. She laboured in the Beirut Girls' Boarding-School from 1861 to 1869. She was truly a mother in Israel, amiable, calm, trustful, and faithful in training her children. Her home was a beautiful testimony to the value of Christian education and her daughters follow her lovely Christian example in their well ordered households. The Lord raise up many such daughters of Syria to take her place.

Dr. Thomson, so long identified with the Syria Mission and famous for his great work, "The Land and the Book," used to quote the saying of old Yusef el Malty, a Maltese ship-chandler

of early days in Beirut. Turkish officials had kept Dr. Thomson waiting for hours at the port and then disappeared, leaving word for Dr. Thomson to come the next day. Old Yusef said, "Doctor, this is a plenty patience country." So Dr. Daniel Bliss has found it. In 1870, after the college premises had been bought, a Moslem neighbour who owned a fig orchard within the college plot refused to sell. His family begged him to sell and move away from the neighbourhood of the great crowd of students but he would not yield. The college waited and waited, until, after twenty-nine years of patience, the heirs sold the fig orchard, the old walls were demolished and the college line straightened along the street.

In like manner, I waited eighteen years to secure the Misk property which was bought in 1905. It adjoined and overlooked our church, Sunday-school, and girls' seminary. Colonel Shepard gave the money to buy it. We had to wait eighteen years and then our patience was rewarded.

Our good secretaries at home sometimes ask more questions in a letter than we can answer in a dozen letters. Dr. Brown asks, "Are you not sacrificing evangelistic for institutional work?" I tried to reply:

1. That missionary institutions are the press, the theological seminary, translation of the Scriptures and good books, the preparation of commentaries, etc., the boys' and girls' boarding-schools, and hospital work.

2. The evangelistic work is regular preaching in the churches and itinerating among the villages, distributing tracts, holding religious meetings, and personal work for individuals.

3. In Syria, we have four stations, Beirut, Lebanon and Bookaa, Sidon, and Tripoli. There are twelve ordained missionaries, one physician, one lay teacher, and one lay press manager, and one Free Church of Scotland missionary teacher and doctor. Five out of the twelve ordained missionaries are free-lances, horseback missionaries, constantly moving about the fields of Sidon, Lebanon, and Tripoli. Three are tied up in the work of

theological instruction in Beirut, doing also constant literary work in the press. Four are confined the most of the year in the boarding-schools in Sidon, Suk el Gharb, and Tripoli. The medical missionary, Dr. Harris, divides his time between hospital work in Tripoli and itinerating work in the interior. And with regard to those engaged in theological instruction, they are in a truly evangelical work. The training of native preachers is of *vital* importance and is the hope of the future Syrian church. The boarding-schools are the nurseries of the church and the effect wrought in moulding character and building up the Christian life by one year's continuous instruction in a boarding-school is worth more than five years' transient visits to scattered groups in the villages.

The real evangelistic work of the future is to be done by *native evangelists* and these can only be fitted for their work by large and systematic Bible study. One such preacher as Mr. Yusef Aatiyeh, now preaching in the Beirut church, is worth years of our time in training him. He has no peer as an Arabic preacher. Dr. Brown suggested that Dr. W. W. Eddy was leaving evangelistic work to enter upon the "institutional." But in fact, Dr. Eddy was giving six hours a day to the preparation of a commentary on the New Testament for which the native preachers and people of Syria have been waiting for years, and which will be a blessing to the Arabic reading races through all time. And in addition, he has a regular Arabic preaching appointment.

Teaching the Bible is evangelistic work. Translating, editing, and training theological students are only different forms of evangelistic work. And as the missions grow older and one thing after the other is handed over to the natives, the foreign missionaries, with their long experience and thorough training, will more and more confine themselves to the training of a native ministry and preparing helps for their work.

There is a charm in the name "evangelistic" work, but there is just as great a charm in the same work done in the same spirit and by the same persons under a different name. Let us not say

“institutional versus evangelistic work,” but, “the institutional for the sake of the evangelistic work.”

Then came another momentous question. We had written urging Dr. Brown to visit the Syria Mission and by personal conference aid in deciding the question he had raised as to our telescoping our four boys' boarding-schools into one and our three girls' boarding-schools into one or two. It was intimated from our transatlantic friends that secretarial deputations are expensive and should only be resorted to in case of pressing necessity. Whereupon I was moved to write a somewhat prolix defense of such visits, under the following heads :

1. The secretary needs such a visit for his own information. No commander of an army can conduct a campaign ten thousand miles away by post and telegraph. . . . Secretaries need the information which comes through the eye and ear. Seeing is believing, and so is hearing.

2. The secretary should know the missionaries personally. Few missionaries can make the personal acquaintance of the secretary when home on furlough. The missionary may get a snap-shot at a secretary at the mission house in the whirl of business or meet him on the platform, but the secretary has little more leisure than a Constantinople porter would have to salute a friend while tottering under a five-hundred pound bale of merchandise.

3. It is impossible to grasp the great problems on the field without personal observation.

4. Such a visit would lighten the work at home and enable the secretary to decide intelligently and act promptly, when otherwise he must await lengthened and unsatisfactory correspondence.

5. The missions need it. Our missions are self-governing and justly so. But they need the personal counsel of men familiar with other missions in other lands. The Board is responsible to the churches for the right conduct of the missions and responsibility involves control, and control cannot be wisely directed

without that personal knowledge which comes from personal intercourse.

6. It is not to be supposed that a pastor at home called to the secretaryship, however much he may have studied foreign missions, can grasp all the questions connected with Asiatic and African missions without a visit to the field.

7. The expense should not deter the Board from so important a service. The enhanced value of a secretary, sent out on such a tour, would more than compensate for the expense.

About thirty years ago, Professors Park of Andover and Hitchcock and H. B. Smith of Union Seminary visited us in Syria. They all agreed, as the result of their tour of Palestine, that the best possible post-graduate course for a student of the Book was a visit to the land of the Bible. And we may say that the best possible preparation for efficient work in the office of a secretary at home is a thorough visitation of the mission fields.

The Syria Mission was visited by Dr. R. Anderson, of the A. B. C. F. M., in March, 1844 and September 24, 1855; by Dr. N. G. Clark in 1871; Dr. F. F. Ellinwood of the Presbyterian Board in February, 1875; Dr. Arthur Mitchell in March 24, 1890; and Dr. A. J. Brown in April, 1902.

In the spring and summer of this year, after extended correspondence, the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland deeded in fee simple, or rather in "wukf" simple, the entire property of that church in Shweir, Mount Lebanon, to the Board of Foreign Missions of the American Presbyterian Church. "Wukf" is the entail of property for religious or benevolent purposes, and the income of wukf property cannot be alienated. The deed of transfer of that property, consisting of manse, church, and boys' and girls' school buildings, is a curiosity. No Philadelphia lawyer could tie up property more exhaustively than has been done in this case.

1. Dr. W. Carslaw purchased the property.

2. He entailed it as wukf or religious foundation to Mr. Mitry Sulleeba as agent of the Free Church of Scotland.

3. The said Free Church agreed to spend the income of the property in keeping it in good repair.

4. If any of the said income remains, it goes to the Free Church to use what is necessary to promote its own interests.

5. After that, it goes to the poor, male and female, of the said church.

6. After them, to the poor of the Protestant Church of Shweir.

7. After them, to the poor of the Protestants in Lebanon.

8. After these, to the Protestant poor in all the world.

9. If all these perish, then to the poor generally of all the world, and then he shall have the oversight who shall be appointed by the spiritual head of all the world !

Now as to the management of this wukf property, Dr. Carslaw, when deeding it to the Presbyterian Board, kept to himself its management while he is in his present position as missionary of the said Free Church.

The deed of transfer contains among other things the following :

“ 2. Wukf and dedicated, true and legal, which shall not be sold nor granted nor mortgaged, neither in whole nor in part but shall remain intact upon its foundations, flowing in its course, guarded according to the following conditions, mentioned in it, forever and ever, and forever, until God shall inherit the earth and all that is upon it, and He is the best of inheritors.

“ 3. He (Dr. Carslaw) wakkafed this to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, well known and testified of, whose centre is 156 Fifth Avenue in the City of New York in the United States of America, for the purposes of this Board in preaching and teaching and works of mercy to the poor as long as God wills.

“ 4. After the passing away of this Board, this wukf shall revert to the Board which takes its place and assumes its functions and when this new Board fails in its oversight and functions, the

wukf shall revert to the Protestant poor of Shweir, as stated in Nos. 1 to 9 above."

Fortunately, another clause states that "This wukf may be exchanged in whole or in part when necessary for what shall be of greater value to the wukf."

Dr. Carslaw still continues to engage in medical work, preaching and teaching in the boys' boarding-school. The school is, financially, nearly self-supporting.

In February I heard of the death of our dear friend, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of New York. We spent junior year together in Union Seminary, and the intimacy then begun has never ceased. He was a loving friend and brother. When in Union, he supported himself and helped his family by writing articles for the magazines. I was amazed at the fecundity of his brain and the variety of his literary productions. His service to the whole Church in preparing "Songs for the Sanctuary" was invaluable. The book was a great success and sold by the hundred thousands. His profits were great and his gifts to the Church were great. The Memorial Church, 53d Street and Madison Avenue, was built chiefly from his personal gifts. The shadow of depression which settled upon him in his last months did not surprise me, when I remembered his intense mental activity for the forty-six years of our acquaintance. He should have the credit of having "set the pace" for all the modern "hymn" and "tune" books of the Protestant Church. His lectures on ancient Egypt were eloquent and fascinating and it is to be regretted that he did not live to complete his great work on Egypt. On my last visit to him in New York, he showed me a portly manuscript volume on Egypt, and said that he was at work on Volume II, and when finished it would be printed. It will not be long before we join him in singing the "Songs of Zion" in the upper heavenly "Sanctuary."

I had some experience, as usual, this year with escaped monks. In February, four young monastic novices escaped from the

Papal Greek monastery, Deir el Mukhullis, near Sidon, and came to Beirut. They said they had become Protestants and abandoned the monastic order. They were being taught theology by an enlightened priest who wished to use the Bible as a text-book. There are thirty monks in that monastery, but when this class asked for Bibles, not one could be found but the folio copy on the chapel desk. So they sent to Beirut and bought Bibles, and a six months' course of Bible study landed them outside the narrow sacerdotal teachings of Rome in the full liberty of justification by faith in Christ. They soon made their escape from their prison walls, cast off their black robes, shaved their beards and have gone to work as Protestants, farmers, and labourers in whatever employment they could find. Their reports of the immoralities of the Syrian monks were shocking in the extreme and they said they felt that they had escaped from a veritable Sodom.

Another monk, a priest from the same sect, from Aleppo, professed to have become enlightened, fled to New York, was aided by Father O'Connor, studied in the Franco-American school in Springfield, then worked in a factory. But hard work was grievous to one trained to the indolent life of a Syrian priest. He knew no trade, had not sufficient knowledge of English to teach or to fit himself for preaching and fell into despair. The shrewd Romanists in New York offered him support and he abjured Protestantism and went back. When in New York he sent me an Arabic manuscript exposing the errors and immoralities of the Aleppo Romish clergy, which was printed in Egypt at his request and distributed in Syria. His case shows the hopelessness of a reform among the Oriental clergy. If they leave their office they are helpless. Their peculiar training or want of training unfits them for practical life.

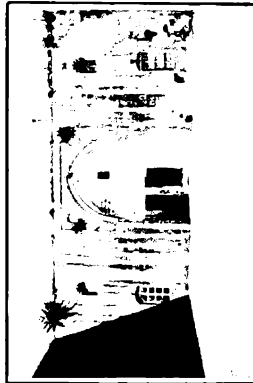
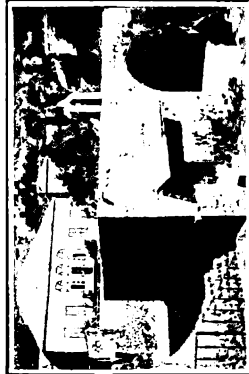
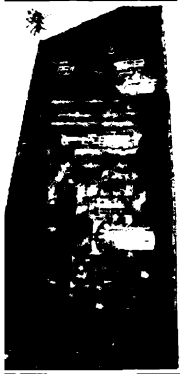
When sincere men among them break away, as so many are doing in France and Rome, they are thrown at once upon charitable aid. Father O'Connor in New York has done a wonderful work in finding avenues for self-support for so many ex-priests. I always advise them to go to work as farmers, carpenters, or tailors and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.



The monastic system is unnatural, unscriptural, and unsavoury. It is a curse to modern Syria. The best part of the fertile land of the Lebanon belongs to the monasteries and the peasants are their tenants. Mr. Butrus el Bistany, himself in early years being trained for a celibate life, used to say that in those days no one entered the monastic life except the half-witted or the avaricious, that is, fools or knaves: fools, who are too lazy to work, or knaves, who hope to be one day promoted to be abbots and appropriate the rich revenues to themselves. Some day a new order of things will come to Syria and the government will follow the example of Italy and confiscate all this monastic property and devote it to popular education. As it is, monasticism is the great barrier to the prosperity and development of the fair province of Mount Lebanon. For ages the monks and priests have extorted from the dying money, houses and lands, until the condition is becoming intolerable.

A letter to our mission stated that it was "better to build twenty churches at \$20 each than one church at \$400." We replied that the cost of a church has some relation to the cost of dwellings in the same place. On the Gaboon, West Africa, a native house or hut of reeds and thatch costs about \$4, and a big hut to be used as a church from \$10 to \$30, chiefly in labour, as materials cost nothing.

In Syria, the half-naked Arabs of Jericho live in thatch huts, but the villagers of Syria and Palestine in stone houses, which cost from \$100 to \$200, or more, as timber is scarce and costly and the walls are double walls of hard limestone or trap rock. In Zahleh and the villages north and around Hamath, the houses are of adobe or sun-dried brick, but in all the villages over the land, the churches and mosques are built of stone, and a plain edifice, twice the size of a dwelling-house, to hold seventy-five to one hundred people sitting on mats on the floor, would cost about \$400 or \$500. The most of the churches and mosques in the cities are massive and expensive edifices, with high arched ceilings and beautiful columns. The suggestion of a missionary



MISSION STATIONS

1. Ain Zehalteh—Church and School. 2. Deir el Komr (entrance to Seraia of the Massacre, 1860). 3. Suk el Gharb Church. 4. Suk el Gharb Boys' School. 5. Deir el Komr (Protestant Boys' School and Chapel). 6. Abelh Church, showing memorial arch to Messrs. Calhoun and Bird, 1905. 7. Baalbek Chapel. 8. Deir el Komr (Girls' Schools).
9. Deir el Komr (Court of the Serail. Scene of the Massacre).



board that \$20 churches be built is out of the question in Syria. The principle of strict economy is sound, but it can hardly imply that the Christians in Syria are to worship in "wood, hay, and stubble" houses, like the half-naked savages of Africa. A religious edifice here is supposed to be at least respectable, and, as a fact, almost all the modern churches in Syria of all sects have been built with foreign help. The American Board from 1850 to 1870 opposed the building of church edifices here. But when Dr. N. G. Clark came here in 1871 and saw the Beirut church building, he was greatly gratified and said, "You are right. Protestantism has come to stay." Of thatch and reed matting one could hardly say, "It has come to stay."

On Monday, October 2, 1899, at 3 P. M., a goodly company of foreign missionaries, Syrian friends, and employees of the American Press at Beirut assembled in the press room of the printing-house to celebrate by appropriate religious exercises the inauguration of a new cylinder press. The old press, presented years ago by the American Bible Society, and used for printing the Arabic Scriptures, was showing the infirmities of age, and this new machine had just been set up and got ready for work.

After the benediction, Mr. Freyer requested the youngest missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Syria, who had arrived only that morning from the United States, Miss Rachel Tolles, of the Beirut Female Seminary, to turn on the steam and set the new Bible press in motion, and the freshly printed sheets of the first chapter of Genesis were distributed to the visitors present as mementoes of this memorable occasion.

Among the varied events of this year were the visits of Rev. Dr. G. J. Nichols of Binghamton and Dr. Richards of Plainfield; a letter from Sir Arthur Cotton in England, aged ninety-six, who was writing a book and wrote to ask about Asaad es Shidiak. Sir Arthur was in Syria in 1832, the year of my birth. I wrote him, "Truly the Lord has been good to you in prolonging your life and vigour to such a good old age, like a cedar of Lebanon bringing forth fruit in old age."

This year the British Syrian Mission took up the Shemlan Girls' Boarding-School, owing to the disbanding of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East."

Mrs. Dale and Miss Emily Bird visited Rishmeiya, where Mr. Bird had a school and a preaching service. The women and girls were deeply impressed. I spent Sunday there with Mr. Bird in August and on Sunday night, after the service, as we sat in the open air in the moonlight, a young girl about fifteen, who is lame, said to Mr. Bird, "We are so glad Mrs. Dale and Miss Bird came here. I had never dreamed that there were such women in the world. I was astonished at their words. They did not talk on the frivolous subjects we women talk about. They told us of heavenly things and holy living. I feel that a change is coming over me. I am not what I was. Let them come again and soon." She is now learning to read with great zeal, and next month Mrs. Dale is going again to spend a fortnight.

In December the winter rains set in with unusual violence. The Lebanon gorges, which are mostly dry in summer, were filled with boiling, roaring torrents, hurrying to the sea. The famous Dog River rose in freshet and swept away the massive stone wagon bridge and the railway iron bridge below it, just at the mouth of the river where it empties into the sea.

As the year closed, we were all anxiously watching the resistless progress of heart disease, which was gradually weakening Dr. Eddy's hold on life. From hour to hour he was expecting the summons and ready to meet his Lord.

1900—Rev. W. W. Eddy, D. D., a beloved brother and man of God, entered into rest on January 26th, aged seventy-four years. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, after a life of arduous labours and faithful witnessing for Christ, he is summoned to go up higher. Having known him for forty-four years as a fellow missionary, I am glad to testify to the pure and noble life he has led.

Wm. Woodbridge Eddy was born in Penn Yan, N. Y., Decem-

ber 18, 1825, his father, Rev. Dr. Chauncey Eddy, being at that time pastor of the Presbyterian church. His father and mother had been accepted as missionaries of the American Board in 1823, but ill health had prevented their going. The father then prayed that God would raise up one of his children to take his place, and his son, William, grew up with the idea that God would enable him to go as a substitute for his father. He prepared for college under Dr. Chester in Saratoga in 1841, graduated from Williams College in 1845, taught school for two years, graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1850, married Miss Hannah Maria Condit of Oswego, N. Y., in November, 1851, and then sailed for Smyrna on the bark *Sultana*, arriving in Beirut January 31, 1852.

He laboured in Aleppo four years, until 1856, then one year in Kefr Shima, until September, 1857, when he removed to Sidon. In that extensive field he laboured for twenty-one years, and then came to our help in Beirut where I was intimately associated with him for eighteen years.

Among his fellow passengers on the *Sultana* were Dr. Lobdell of Mosul, Mr. Morgan of Antioch, and Mr. Sutphen of Trebizond. Of all the missionaries whom he and his wife met on their arrival in Smyrna and Beirut, only Mrs. Dr. Van Dyck of Beirut and Mrs. S. H. Calhoun of Natal, South Africa, still remain.

In 1875 the University of New York conferred upon him the degree of D. D.

In 1858 his father and mother visited Syria. They made tours with their son to the different outstations of the Sidon field, attending communion services, the father speaking through the son as interpreter to the numerous congregations. He would often exclaim, as did Simeon of old, that now he was ready to depart because he had realized his prayer and hope. He would have rejoiced with still greater joy could he have anticipated that three of his grandchildren would be colleague missionaries with their parents: Rev. Wm. King Eddy, for twenty years in Sidon, Mrs. Harriette M. Hoskins, from 1876 to 1888 in Sidon, in Zahleh from 1888 to 1900 and since then in Beirut, Dr. Mary Pierson

Eddy, who came in December, 1893, to be a general medical missionary, itinerating in different parts of the field, but connected with Beirut station.

After an illness of more than four months, struggling with the shortness of breath resultant from heart disease, he gently fell asleep on January 26th, in the early morning. His bedchamber was peace. His mind retained its great vigour and activity to the last. All the members of the mission were present at his funeral, having come by sea and land, and all excepting his son and son-in-law took part, with the Syrian pastors, in the funeral service, which was attended by a great concourse of natives and foreigners, with students of the college and the American, English, and German boarding-schools. The pall-bearers were eight American and English young men and eight Syrian brethren. The Arabic address was by H. H. Jessup and the English by Dr. George A. Ford.

My love for Dr. Eddy was that of a brother. I had known him in joy and in sorrow, in labours oft, in journeying, in teaching the theological students, in the Church and Sunday-school, in the business management of the press.

For fifteen years he gave the best of his strength to the Arabic Commentary on the New Testament which was completed July 29, 1899, just three weeks before the stroke of heart disease which laid him aside from active labour. The commentary was compiled from the best modern works and is eminently practical, spiritual, and homiletical and adapted to the needs of the evangelical communities in the East. It is in five volumes octavo, comprising in all 3,033 pages. Dr. Eddy was scholarly, accurate, judicious, a safe counsellor, and a thorough missionary in the best sense of the word and in every fibre of his being. The spiritual impression of his godly life will long remain in this land. He was studious, yet practical; sound, level-headed; modest, yet bold as a lion.

His English style was clear, concise, and ornate. His handwriting was like steel engraving and it was a comfort to receive his letters. One can hardly claim that a man is known by his

handwriting, as several of our most eminent missionaries have had a handwriting which was simply execrable,—but there was a correspondence between the clearness of his handwriting and the classic purity of his style.

He was a builder. I remember seeing him at one time on the steep zinc roof of the Khiyam church near Mount Hermon, repairing the leaks in the blazing sun, and at another overhauling a gang of masons and carpenters in the summer heat in Sidon, repairing and rebuilding the old Abela house for the girls' boarding-school. He proved the truth of the maxim that a foreign missionary must be a many-sided man, and that no gift nor accomplishment is lost in the life of one who would be all things to all men and make his work most effective.

That church in Khiyam was the occasion of serious discussion in the mission. And the same question arose with regard to other churches roofed with zinc or corrugated iron. Why build roofs of materials which the people themselves cannot use nor repair? The Syrian churches of the old sects are generally arched with vaulted roofs of solid masonry with earthen roofs which they can roll and keep in repair. Owing to the rapid development of the country and the introduction of French-tiled roofs in the small villages, there would be no need to-day of a missionary's doing what Dr. Eddy did forty years ago in El Khiyam.

Early in February, through the earnest efforts of American and English ladies, led by Mrs. Jessup, and the Syrian Y. M. C. A., a Christian temperance reading-room was opened in Beirut to furnish a counter attraction to the young men of the city who would otherwise be drawn into the saloons and gambling hells of the city. It has proved a great success, and what remains to make it a permanent blessing is a building for the Y. M. C. A. and reading-rooms, which shall be designed especially for this object.

In the readjustment following the death of Dr. Eddy, Rev. F. E. Hoskins, of Zahleh, was transferred to Beirut. Mr. Yusef



Aatiyeh, the eloquent and earnest preacher of the Beirut church, was obliged by reasons of health to leave for Tripoli and Rev. Asaad Abdullah was called to his place.

In February a young Moslem convert, Haj Kasim, from M'arrat Naaman, north of Hamath, came to Beirut seeking work and finally left for Egypt. The same month we received into the Beirut church seven Moslem and Druse maidens, all of whom were intelligent Christians.

In October Mrs. Gerald F. Dale began her work in the distant outpost of Ras Baalbec, instructing and visiting the women and girls of that far-off and uncouth region. Hardship, exposure, the vicinity of the notorious robbers and sheep thieves of the clans of Dendesh and Harfoosh, and the annual visits of the nomad Aneyzy Arabs have made the villagers hardy, rough, and brave. Mr. Dale opened the way there for a school and won their confidence, and in spite of monks and nuns and every species of malicious persecution, a few stand firm and the school has greatly prospered.

The mission boarding and day-schools were all increasing in numbers, in financial income and in influence in the land.

Dr. Mary P. Eddy, having been physically prostrated by months of constant watching at her father's bedside, was ordered on furlough to America February 27, 1900.

Five theological students graduated at Suk el Gharb, November 7th, and went out to their fields of labour.

November 12th, by the advice of our physician, Mrs. Jessup and I took the Austrian steamer *Helios* for Haifa to spend a season at Hotel Pross on Mount Carmel. There is no more restful place in Syria. The scenery is inspiring and the absolute quiet of that German hotel and its clean, wholesome appointments give one just the rest and refreshment that the weary in mind and body need. We remained the first day after landing at

Hotel Carmel in the German colony, and there were brought into contact with the Babites. An American lady, who became enamoured of this system of mysticism, was at the hotel, and Captain Wells, a chaplain from the Philippines, had come there for the express purpose of keeping her out of that abyss of religious platitudes. We spent four and a half hours in conversation with her. She could give no reason for following Abbas Effendi, excepting a kind of hypnotic fascination. Abbas Effendi's two brothers, Mohammed Ali and Bedea, were then in a bitter quarrel with him, and Mrs. —— said that Abbas feared for his life. While we were talking, a tall youth with a long Persian coat passed the door and stopped. She called out, "There he is, that awful creature. He is trying to kill Abbas, and is a spy trying to hear what we are saying."

The next day, by invitation, I called with Captain Wells on Abbas Effendi. I published in the *Outlook* a full account of my conversation with him in Arabic. He is an elderly and venerable man, very similar to scores of venerable Moslem and Druse sheikhs I have met in this land. I can understand how an intelligent Moslem might be attracted to Babism, on account of its liberality towards other sects, as contrasted with the narrow conceited illiberality of Islam. But I cannot understand how a true Christian can possibly exchange the liberty with which Christ makes us free and the clear, consistent plan of salvation through a Redeemer, for the misty and mystical platitudes of Babism. It has helped in breaking up the solidity of Islam in Persia, but is becoming more and more of a "sect." It may result in good if it spreads among the Sunni Moslems of Turkey and Egypt as it has among the Shiaks of Persia.

An extensive movement towards Babism, or the doctrine of the Mystic Shadhilees, would do more than anything else to break up Pan-Islamism.

In March, 1901, Rev. Mr. Bray of Wisconsin dined with Mohammed Ali and Bedea Effendi, brothers of Abbas. They showed him the tomb of their father, Beha Allah, who they insisted was an incarnation of the Holy Ghost. "What," said

Mr. Bray, "is this the tomb of a *dead Holy Ghost?*" Mohammed Effendi was perplexed and made no reply.

Any religious system which depends on the life of one man or family must tumble one day from its foundation of sand.

I left Abbas Effendi with the painful feeling that he was accepting divine honours from simple-minded women from America and receiving their gifts of gold, without a protest or rebuke.

I hear that his younger brother, Bedea, has become reconciled to him, but I would not guarantee that his main object is not to gain his share of the money which is in the possession of Abbas Effendi. It is not long since he was threatening to kill Abbas, and assassination is an old fashion of Persian fanatics.

In December an American woman was brought ashore from a steamer and placed in St. John's Hospital in Beirut in a state of collapse. When sufficiently revived to speak, she said she was Mrs. ——— of Chicago, and had left contrary to her husband's request to visit the Bab Incarnation, Abbas Effendi of Acre. She was literally starved through seasickness, and before her death, she moaned and mourned her folly in leaving her husband and home to visit the "Master" Abbas. An autopsy revealed perforation of the coats of the stomach. The poor woman had taken this long journey alone and must have suffered untold agonies, ignorant of the language and helpless through seasickness in a winter voyage. Yet to what lengths of exposure will religious delusion drive people! This Holy Land is the happy hunting-ground of cranks and visionaries of all stripes, Oriental and Occidental.

One of the recent woman pilgrims to the shrine of Abbas Effendi was an English-speaking woman who stated that she had been successively an Agnostic, Christian Scientist, and Theosophist and now was going to try Abbasism. Palestine, whether it ever witnesses the turning of the Jews from Europe and America to their old fatherland or not, is certainly now witnessing the "turning of the cranks."

1900—After forty-four years of residence in Syria, I cheerfully

bear my testimony to the many attractive traits in the character of the Syrian people of the Arab race.

1. Their hospitality. This is proverbial and it is real. Whether among the Bedawin Arabs of the desert, or the dwellers in cities and villages, they are kind and liberal in entertaining strangers. And they do it with great kindness and native courtesy even among the very poor. On great occasions, such as weddings or betrothals, they invite literally the whole village to a feast. If Europeans, in travelling, reach their village, the best house will be put at their disposal.

2. Their fondness for their children. No people are more fond of children, and since education is available, they are all anxious to educate their children. And the Syrian children are very bright, attractive, and lovable, and will compare favourably with the children of any other people.

3. Their aptness to learn. You would be pleased to hear the little Arab boys and girls recite by heart whole chapters of the Bible. Their memories are remarkable.

4. They are a naturally religious people, and a man without a religion of some kind would be looked upon as a strange creature. And they believe in divinely inspired books, whether the Koran or the Bible.

5. The literature of the Arab race is very extensive and beautiful. Their poetry is exquisite and their proverbs have no superior in any language. The Arabic language is capable of great eloquence and great nicety of expression and the people are very fond of it.

6. Many of their educated men, trained in the missionary colleges and schools, are now filling high positions as editors, clerks, business managers, physicians, preachers, and teachers in all parts of this empire, in Egypt, and in North Africa.

7. They have caught the enterprising spirit of Western civilization and are starting out in a new Phœnician migration to the ends of the earth, seeking to better their condition ; and at some time in the future the more solid and reliable part of them will come back to benefit and elevate their country.

8. The evangelical churches scattered throughout Syria have many members whose pure and consecrated lives are a living witness to their sincerity and faith. Thousands of the children are in Christian schools, in preparation for future usefulness.

9. Some of these Syrian believers have been an honour to the Church of Christ.

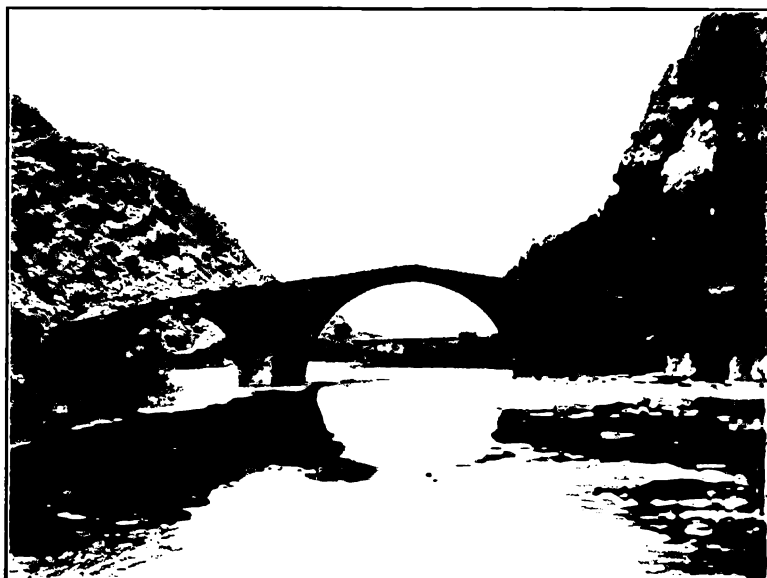
Dr. Samuel Jessup and his daughter Fanny went June 11, 1900, by invitation of a friend, to the Paris Exposition, and took with them a box of Arabic Scriptures to be given to the Arabic-speaking visitors from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Egypt. At this time, also, Arabic Testaments were given freely to the hundreds of emigrants going from Syria to North and South America.

June 20th our daughter Amy was married to Rev. Paul Erdman.

They had been appointed missionaries to Korea. All preparations were made for their journey to the far East, when suddenly there came another voice, not from the cloud, but from under the sea, "Assigned to Syria," and the dear children were given back to us and to Syria. The Board had come to see our need of reinforcement since Dr. Eddy's death, and accordingly reversed their former decision.

Just eighteen months afterwards, the dear daughter in giving life lost her own, and her monument stands among the olive trees east of Sidon where she had begun her missionary life. Only a parent can understand the anguish of that hour when we saw her life ebbing away. So beautiful, so vigorous, so well fitted by nature and grace to honour her Lord and Saviour by loving, faithful service in Syria, she had won all hearts, and now so suddenly summoned away! We were indeed stricken and smitten, but found it sweet and comforting to say, "Thy will be done." She was His and He called her home.

"That life is long which answers life's best end," and she hath done what she could to serve the Master in the land of her birth. May her son, Frederick Erdman, live to witness for Christ in Syria or some other mission as his Uncle Frederick is doing in Persia!



SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY PICNIC TO DOG RIVER  
ANCIENT MULE BRIDGE OVER DOG RIVER



On April 14th a remarkable body of Christian tourists, known as "Christian Endeavour Party," led by Dr. Wilbur Chapman and Dr. Shaw, left Beirut for Constantinople, the whole company singing in chorus, "God be with you till we meet again," and as we rowed away to the shore, with such a farewell, we felt as if a part of our own family were leaving us. On Good Friday, Dr. Shaw preached in the American Church and in the evening, the Syrian Christian Endeavourers gave a reception to the hundred tourists and some forty resident Americans and English in the Memorial Sunday-School Hall. After a social reunion and simple refreshments, addresses were made by Drs. Shaw, Chapman, and Countermine and responded to by Syrians and missionaries. The opening prayer was offered by a missionary son, Dr. Ford of Sidon, and the benediction by a missionary grandson, Rev. Ezekiel Scudder of the Arcot Mission in India. Time would fail me to mention the names of all the good and great men in that goodly company. They brought a blessing to us and to our Syrian friends and will, no doubt, carry a blessing to their homes.

In June, 1900, two men with their wives, converts from Islam, passed through here, en route for Egypt. They were brought to accept Christ through their godly Protestant neighbours in an interior city and after long probation were received as brethren. We obtained passage for them on a steamer bound for Alexandria, and they went to their new home in Egypt, where they engaged at once in self-supporting work and gave great satisfaction by their sincerity and steadfastness. The old mother of one of the women insisted on coming with them to Beirut and after they sailed, returned to Damascus.

In order to relieve the minds of the brethren who sent them on to us and who feared they might be prevented from sailing, I wrote a letter to one of them as follows:

"The goods you forwarded to us came safely and we shipped them to Egypt by the khedivial steamer June 30th to our business agent. The large bale, which was found too old for shipment, we returned to the Damascus agent to be forwarded to



you. We have hopes of great profit from the portion sent to Egypt."

The reason for writing in this commercial style was that an Arabic letter giving the literal facts might have been read by the postal police, and brought some of the parties concerned into trouble.

#### "SHOULD MISSIONARY WORK BE KEPT ON IN CHINA?"

In September my friend, Miss Holmes of Pittsburg, in a letter on missions, asked me the above question, in view of the dreadful massacres by the Boxers. I replied that the true soldier of Jesus Christ will never give up as long as there are men to be saved. The Christians in Madagascar were burned alive, cast down precipices, and cruelly tortured, but God's Word remained and the missionaries went back and were more successful than ever. In 1860 Syria was desolated with fire and sword. Thousands of Christians were massacred, churches, schools and homes destroyed. Some thought we should come home and leave such a land. They said, "Wind up and come home." We did wind up the machine, and it has kept running for forty-eight years with no sign of needing another winding at present. The Church will have to wind up its mission clock in China afresh. We would not give up or leave the country. We fed and clothed some 20,000 refugees in Beirut who had come from Damascus, Hasbeiya, and Lebanon. And from that time has begun a new interest in Christianity all over Syria. I have no doubt that the same will eventually be the result in China. It may be delayed by the rapacity, land hunger, and jealousies of the European Powers, but some day and in some way, the Lord, who bought that people with such a precious ransom, will see to it that they have the light and comfort of the Gospel. Alas, that the Christian Church should have waited so long before sending the Gospel to China.

Dr. Brown visited China in 1901 and I wrote to him, "If you cannot rectify everything in China during your visit, be content to let the Lord finish up the job."

In September the Moslem roughs in Haifa insulted a body of German women from the colony who were bathing in the sea. The German consul obtained the severe punishment of the offenders. The Turks will not allow outrages upon the subjects of Emperor William, above all, the peaceable colonists in Haifa.

On the 1st of October, Abdullah, the American Press watchman in Beirut, was found brutally murdered and mutilated in his room and the money drawer of the office broken open. The murderer found little money. Suspicion fell on a young Moslem. In entering the press over the wall, he had stepped into a bed of soft mortar and left the exact impression of his bare foot. The Moslem was brought and his foot exactly fitted the mould. The evidence against him was clear, but as he was a Moslem, and had only killed a Christian infidel dog, *he was soon released*. There is hardly a case on record where a Moslem has been executed for the "highly meritorious" act of killing a Christian. Their sacred book and law allow it, and a Mohammedan government is not adapted to rule over a semi-Christian, semi-Moslem people. The day has passed when a purely sectarian government can rule justly and without constant friction over a mixed population. It is religiously obliged to discriminate in all cases in favour of one sect and against all others.

I translated Rev. S. M. Zwemer's statistical table of the Moslem population of the world, giving it as 196,000,000. On sending it to the Mudir el Maarif, he prohibited its publication on the ground that the Emperor William in Damascus had declared the number to be 300,000,000. I replied that the emperor only quoted what the Moslem sheikh had asserted to be the number. But the mudir kept it, and months after it was published in the *Independence Belge* in an official statement of the Ottoman government as the result of its own researches. I then copied it from the Belgian journal and published it in our *Neshrah*. The Mudir Jelal ud Din Beg, however, got the credit of it.

A review of the year 1900 shows that the press printed 24,000,000 pages, of which 17,884,000 were Arabic Scriptures. Fifty-eight thousand copies were issued, although, owing to repair, the presses were idle for two months.

During the year, the Russian Schools Committee bought 4,026 copies of the Arabic Bible and Testament for use in their schools and in addition, 7,893 volumes of educational and scientific literature.

The local press censors have continued to remind us that we are under their paternal scrutiny. They refuse now to sanction any map of the Holy Land showing the divisions made by Joshua among the twelve tribes of Israel, as the Sultan Abdul Hamid has not authorized such a division in the past nor will he in the future. In Mr. Moody's book, "To the Work," all the illustrations and lessons drawn from the story of Gideon and his victorious band of three hundred are suppressed, probably from the perilous suggestiveness of the possibility that such an event might occur again.

The Beirut Girls' Boarding-School continued to prosper and the return of Miss Barber from America was cause for special thanksgiving.

The college students numbered 512, showing a steady growth from year to year.

## The Whitening Fields (1901-1902)

SHALL A MISSIONARY RESIGN AT 70?

**M**Y elder brother, Judge Wm. H. Jessup, reached his seventy-first birthday on January 29th, and I wrote him a letter of congratulation. "It is a great matter and a good one, too, to have lived during the last half of the nineteenth century and to see the opening of the twentieth. We cannot expect to journey far down into the new century on this little globe, but we shall see greater things than these in that land to which we are going. Last year you were seventy and next year, D. V. I shall be seventy. President Dwight of Yale, your classmate, Dr. Munger, and President Daniel C. Gilman, old Yale friends of mine, resigned at seventy. But how can a lawyer or a missionary resign at seventy? Can a sea-captain resign when two-thirds across the Atlantic, because he is seventy? We can throw off certain burdens upon younger shoulders, but to give up *all* work is out of the question. Our missionary patriarch at Constantinople, Dr. Elias Riggs, is now ninety and still does effective literary work. Daniel Bliss, of the college, is in his seventy-seventh year and so is Mr. Bird of Abeih. Yet Dr. Bliss as president fulfills his college duties well and Mr. Bird can itinerate in Lebanon and preach with great fervour and power. Last Sunday I preached in Arabic at the college at 9 A. M., then in English in the Anglo-American Church at 11 A. M., and at 3 P. M. went to the Sunday-school, and then attended Christian Endeavour consecration meeting from 4:30 to 6 P. M., and did not feel 'Mondayish' the next day.

"Dr. Cuyler did right to resign that large pastorate at seventy and be thus in a quiet way able to serve the Church at large.

Yet how easy it is to say what other people ought to do, and how hard for us to stop work or even to go at half speed, when our heads are white, our step begins to be unsteady, and our knees and feet refuse to obey orders from headquarters!

"The 'line of fire' is fast working down to 1830, the year of your birth, and 1832 of mine; the men who stand in front of us are growing fewer and feebler and the shafts are flying thicker than ever, and ere long our old neighbours will say of us, 'See, they are now in the front; their turn will come next!'

"But why should we not work on? If we live temperately, eat moderately, work steadily, sleep soundly, exercise regularly, never worry, and calmly and lovingly trust in our God and Saviour, we ought to work on right up to the gates of glory."

And he did. The following January 16, 1902, he attended an evening religious meeting, returned home, and retired, and before sunrise was suddenly summoned by his Lord. A cablegram brought me the news while the mission was in session in my study.

The week before he had delivered before the Bar Association of Scranton, composed of some of the most eminent lawyers and judges of Pennsylvania, an elaborate address on the relations of capital and labour and the legality of strikes, which was pronounced to be one of the best presentments of the legal aspects of the question ever written. It was published and widely circulated. He was as prominent in the Church as in the law, a zealous and successful Bible class teacher, a lover of the Church, the Sunday-school, and the family altar. By his death, brother Samuel and I alone remain of the five brothers in our family, and yet it was thought that an early grave awaited us both in the distant land of Syria.

February 13th Mrs. Jessup and I were returning on horseback from Sidon to Beirut. The horses were of the kind that had "seen their fast days," and although the sheikh of the horses in Sidon had assured us of their superior qualities, we had a laborious time in reaching the river Damûr, half-way to Beirut.

Muleteers whom we met assured us that we need not go around by the bridge, as the stream was low and easily forded above its mouth near the seashore. I rode ahead and Mrs. Jessup followed. Suddenly, when near the middle of the swift, deep current, I heard a sound, and looking around, saw Mrs. Jessup's horse prostrate in water and she lying in the stream. I sprang from my horse and rushed back through two feet of water and slipping on a boulder, fell headlong into the river; but in a moment I was up, and seizing her hand, helped her out with one hand, leading the two horses with the other until we reached the north shore. There we found a little room nearly empty, and proceeded to dry our clothes in the hot sun, sitting barefoot while we ate our lunch. As our warm woollen wraps and waterproofs were in the saddle-bags, we made a partial change, and rode on to Beirut. Providentially, instead of a cold north wind, we had a dead calm and a blazing sun which prevented our taking cold. I had travelled over that road for forty years but never met with such an accident before.

It is well known that modern Islam, like the papacy, believes the traditions to be of equal authority with the sacred volume. The Moslem traditions, sayings of the Prophet and his doings, etc., are embodied in several ponderous and tedious volumes, full of puerilities and impurities, so that respectable Moslems are ashamed of them. The Shiah Moslems of Persia reject the traditions. The Sunnites, on the contrary, accept them and swear by them. These latter are the Orthodox sect, but of late, many of their leading sheikhs have become alarmed at the use made of their traditions by Christian writers and are demanding an expurgated edition of the Hadeeth. They will find it impossible to agree as to the true and false traditions. In all the ages of Islam, a bitter controversy has been waged as to which passages of the Koran are abrogated, and which are not. If all the false traditions are weeded out, there will not be much left. The Arabs tell a story of Dr. Thomson, that soon after his arrival in Syria he tried to eat a ripe prickly pear (the luscious fruit of the

giant cactus). Finding it full of woody seeds, he began to pick them out and when he got them all out, there was nothing left but the skin.

And yet modern Islam is moulded by the Hadeeth more than by the Koran, and a thousand customs and superstitions, passing as sound in doctrine by the Moslem world, rest entirely on the Hadeeth, just as the unscriptural papal doctrines of Mariolatry, Immaculate Conception, Transubstantiation and Papal Infallibility, etc., rest entirely on Romish tradition.

In March another Moslem convert appeared, an ingenuous young man, who was longing to breathe the air of religious liberty. We wrote to Egypt with regard to him, as Egypt is a refuge for the oppressed, and although private family persecution is the same everywhere, there is no religious liberty for Moslem converts in Turkey, while in Egypt, the government, as such, does not persecute.

A convert of another type appeared in April, a Benedictine monk of fine education and musical talents, named Jean. He was a good Semitic scholar and a remarkable organist. I gave him a letter to Father James A. O'Connor of New York, so well known as a Protestant "usher" of Romish priests into the Protestant fold, asking him to give him aid in securing a place as organist in some American city. Having a good profession as organist, he seemed far more hopeful than the ordinary run of ex-priests who ask to be fed, clothed, and sent to America at our expense, a request which we invariably decline.

In April, 1901, we were visited by the "Riggs Party" of American ministers and laymen, among whom were Professor Riggs, Dr. Merle Smith, Mr. Ammidon, Dr. and Mrs. Maltbie Babcock, and others. Such visits are the oases in the life of a Syrian missionary and are always refreshing and inspiring. This party embraced a larger number than usual of refined and consecrated men and women whom it was a privilege to meet. Dr.

Maltbie Babcock I was especially anxious to meet. His father, Henry Babcock, then of Truxton, New York, and his Uncle John, were schoolmates of mine in Montrose in 1846, and I afterwards visited them when they were settled in business in Syracuse. Those two brothers were the means of teaching me in one lesson how to swim. We were out in a flat-bottomed boat, fishing on Jones' Lake, near Montrose. About a hundred feet from the shore, a dead tree loomed up from the water which was quite deep. The boys asked me to lay hold of a broken limb of the tree and draw up the boat and lash it to the trunk. I reached out and the boat began to move away. Down I went into the deep water and the boat, under the impulse, was now far from me. I turned about in the water and swam towards the boat without an effort, although I had frequently before that time tried in vain to learn.

When Dr. Maltbie called on us in Beirut, I told him this story and of his father's and uncle's fondness for music, and with Mrs. Jessup at the piano, we sang familiar hymns and songs with great comfort. His clear, sweet voice reminded me of his lamented father.

He preached in the college chapel Sunday, April 21st. In the afternoon was a full meeting of the Christian Endeavour Society. On Friday evening, April 26th, a reception was given to the Riggs party and other travellers, among whom was Dr. Newman Smyth and my old friend of 1855, Titus B. Meigs of New York. After several addresses had been made Mr. J. Alling of Rochester announced, on behalf of the Riggs party, a gift of \$1,500 for a new printing machine for our press, and \$200 for the Zahleh and Sidon stations.

The next morning we all went down to the port and accompanied that party of beloved and noble friends to the French steamship *Equateur*, little dreaming that we should see the loved face of Dr. Babcock no more. Not long after came the startling news of his death in the Naples Hospital, and we mingled our tears with the tears of thousands of Christian people in America, who sympathized in a common sorrow and bereavement.

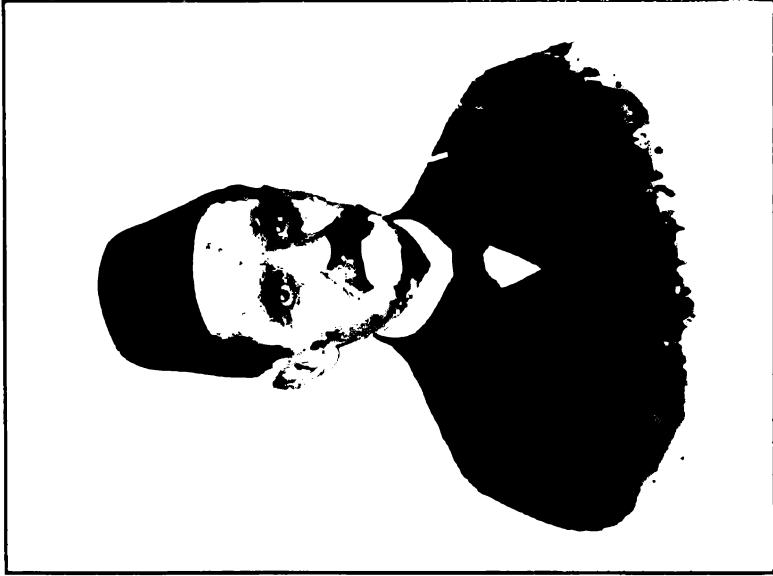


Years ago, Dr. Washburn telegraphed me from Cairo. The envelope came addressed, "Jessup American Machinery," a new way of spelling missionary. When one thinks of the multiplicity of duties devolving upon a missionary, the title seems not inappropriate. There are wheels within wheels and revolutions without number, and the wonder is that with translation, editing, importing, accounting, preaching, teaching, itinerating, visiting, the machinery does not give out and the men die prematurely. But for the oil of grace freely supplied to the running gear, no man could survive it long.

One of the most epoch making books of the last decade of progress is "The Emancipation of Woman," by Judge Kasim Beg Amîn, counsellor of the court of appeals in Cairo, Egypt, and a second work, "The New Woman." This brilliant author and judge was one of the lights of the New Egypt, and a broad-minded, liberal man, but died suddenly April, 1908, aged forty-two years. The following extracts from the book will show that the Moslem world is going to be roused from its slumber of ages by its own sons.

Sir William Muir in writing to me under date of May 15, 1901, quotes from a letter addressed to him by a correspondent as follows:

" . . . I am forwarding an Arabic book which will be of interest to you. It is causing a great sensation in Moslem circles. Its author, Kasim Beg Amîn, of Cairo, is a well-known Moslem counsellor of the court of appeals. In 1889 he wrote a book called "Tahrir al Mir'at," advocating the emancipation of the women of Egypt, their education, and admission into the same rights and privileges as European women enjoy. It raised a perfect storm of opposition, the Ulema and Fikaha, the bigoted and ignorant section of the community, being especially bitter in their attacks on the book and its author. They accused him of being an unbeliever, an enemy of Islam, and guilty of propagating ideas contrary to the precepts of the Koran. In reply to these denouncements and in justification of his views, he



YUSEF AHTIYEH  
Syrian Preacher and Author.



KASIM BEG AMIN  
Judge of Court of Appeals, Cairo.  
(Author of *The Emancipation of Woman*, and  
*The New Woman*.)

1

has just published a second book, called "Al Mir'at el Jadidah," or "The New Woman." In the preface he gives the sheikhs of the Azhar such a proof of his mettle as they are not likely to forget soon, every word he writes is so true: and, to add to their consternation, the mufti and other enlightened leaders of Islam in Cairo are inclined to support these revolutionary views.'

"What Kasim Beg advocates is the training of the coming generation to take that place in the home and social circle which the woman in Europe occupies. He says:

"If this is accomplished, and the woman instead of being the slave of the man, becomes his equal, his companion, friend and counsellor, the manager of his house, the educator and trainer of his children, Kasim Beg is certain that the movement will be one of the greatest events that has happened in the history of Egypt.

"The principal obstacle to the education of woman is, without doubt, the state of seclusion in which she is condemned to-day to live. While this custom prevails nothing can be accomplished."

The author of these books shows that the veil and separation of men and women are not creations of the Koran, but have been enjoined because they have been thought to have an extraordinary influence on morality. The result he proves to be entirely the opposite, and he proceeds:

"Here, too, as elsewhere, the charm of prohibiting produces a result contrary to its object.

"Humiliating to the woman, detrimental to her health and morals, wounding the dignity of man himself in the sense of the reciprocal distrust which attaches to them, it has degraded our customs, and condemns our primitive precautions, which are repulsive to every cultivated mind.

"If we raise woman by giving her education and liberty, we may be able to change the whole history of Egypt, and possibly of all the East. *This is a question of life and death for us*, and for all Mussulmans, because the misfortune of the East is not, in my opinion, a religious problem as generally understood. That does not mean to say that our religion has not undergone a de-

formation which requires some reforms. But if our religion has been degraded it is because our character has been lowered. The great subject—the subject of subjects—is in connection solely or principally with the education of woman.

“ We cannot seriously change our social state before changing that of our family. Religious and moral instruction, which are so generally extolled and praised by us as a remedy for our misfortune, would not produce the desired effect. It is not sufficient alone that grain should be good in order to germinate ; it requires also to light upon favourable soil. But this favourable soil will be always lacking as long as woman is unable to prepare the future welfare of her children. A common saying among us is : ‘ Woman should never leave her home till borne from it to her grave.’

“ The changes which I would urge upon my countrymen are :

“ 1. Let the women be educated.

“ 2. Accord to them the liberty of their acts, their thoughts, and their sentiments.

“ 3. Give to marriage its dignity by adopting, as its base, the reciprocal inclination of both parties, which is impossible if they do not see each other before marriage.

“ 4. Make regulations in regard to the husband's right of repudiation ; give the same right to the wife. Make it in all cases a solemn act which cannot validly take place except before a tribunal, and after having been preceded by an attempt at conciliation.

“ 5. Prohibit polygamy by law.”

In one passage the author exclaims, “ Why is it, my brethren of Islam, that I cannot allow my own brother to see the face of my wife? Why do we never trust one another or trust our women? Is it because we are inferior to the Christian nations of Europe and America whose women go unveiled and are trusted and honoured? Are we so degraded that no one can trust another ?

“ Why do we boast of the virtue of our women and at the same time claim that they can only be kept so by the force of

watchmen, the strength of locks and bolts, and the height of our walls? Is it not strange that not a man among us trusts his wife no matter how long she has been married? Is it not a shame that we imagine that our mothers, daughters, and wives do not know how to protect their own honour? Is all this suspicion consistent with our own self-respect?

“Our only relief is in family training and the moral and intellectual education of our girls.”

In speaking of polygamy, he is very eloquent and severe. He says, “Polygamy produces jealousy, hatred, intrigue, crimes innumerable, and great suffering. My critics claim that women in the hareems are happy. How do they know? Have they any statistics of hareem life?”

On August 12, 1901, the second conference of Christian workers in the Turkish Empire was conducted in Brummana, Mount Lebanon, by Rev. F. B. Meyer of London. Mr. Meyer's presence was inspiring. He spoke twice a day for seven days, and missionaries from all parts of the empire occupied the rest of the time. It was a season of heart-searching, of uplifting, and new self-dedication to Christ. I took full notes of his addresses and translated them all into Arabic for our weekly *Neshrah*.

A part of our company had been travelling before the conference along the upper backbone range of Lebanon and ascended to the summit of Jebel Suñnin, 8,600 feet above the sea. On that day, we at Aleih and Brummana were enveloped in thick clouds and fog. On their arrival we asked them how they succeeded in climbing the heights of Suñnin on that cloudy day. They replied, “Clouds? We had no clouds. We were above the clouds and saw the fleecy masses far below us. We were in a cloudless sky. We could see the Cedar Mountains on the north, Hermon on the south, and all the high ranges. Only you, who were lower down, were in clouds and darkness.”

So at Brummana we felt that for a season we were above the clouds, high up in the clear sunshine of the Saviour's presence. The Lord bless Frederick B. Meyer!

His visit will never be forgotten. His teachings will be echoed along the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, the Orontes, the Jordan, and the Nile. He has left seed thoughts which will germinate and bring forth blessed fruit on the plains of Galatia and Cilicia, of Syria and Palestine, and in the fertile soil of Egypt.

Among the features of this conference was a question box, in which about one hundred answered the question, "What is the ideal missionary?"

In more than one instance *sanctified common sense* was held up as the threefold essential. One, whose ideal, like George Fox in his leather suit, preferred the plain and practical, wrote briefly, "(1) A warm heart. (2) A hard head. (3) A thick skin." With another, it was the case of "right relationship (1) with God, as loyal ambassadors; (2) with others, by the exercise of tact and common sense; (3) with oneself, by observing in all physical and intellectual matters a due proportion between work and relaxation, so as neither to burn out nor rust out."

Other fundamental requisites were an adequate knowledge of the language; knowledge of the problems of his field; a trained and experienced mind; one who cultivates his mind to the best of his power; mighty in the Scriptures, fully acquainted with the Word of God; thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, history, human nature, and especially his own self; giving constant thought to whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; having an experimental knowledge of the Scriptures and of the way of salvation; sure of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel. He knows how to set other people to work.

1. Surrender of the will; desiring not to be ministered unto but to minister, emptied of self; a man with a single purpose, to glorify God; unadvertised self-denial.

2. Filled with the spirit, and much in prayer and in intercession on behalf of others; in constant communion with the Lord.

A *sent* one, ever about his Father's business; a witness to what the Holy Spirit has shown him of the Lord Jesus; a strong be-

belief that God will have all men to be saved ; such a belief in the possibilities of human nature that he will never be discouraged ; ever striving to find the angel in the rough block of marble ; looking always on the bright side of people, events, and circumstances ; with God's love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost till His love streams over all barriers and covers all for whom Christ died ; a love to Christ so deep in the heart that it will make him tender, patient, forgiving, and winning to all ; copying the Master in every way, Christlike.

Among other not to be despised requirements were—humour, good humour, such a sense of humour as will save him and his efforts from getting into ridiculous situations ; the power of living at peace with all men without sacrificing right principles. Over and over again reference was made to tact, courtesy, common sense, “ plenty of common sense,” “ good common sense,” “ sanctified common sense,” “ consecrated common sense.”

Sympathy in like manner was frequently insisted on, and specialized as broad, loving, whole-hearted, unaffected ; a sympathy that wins the love and confidence of those among whom one works.

Again, the missionary keeps near his fellow missionaries and works harmoniously with them. The same spirit enables him to understand the people, sympathize with them, and to live Christ among them. Further, he should be a man of magnetic charm ; of enthusiasm ; interested in every person he meets, he should have an open mind and be able to deal with new developments. He is “ made all things to all men that he may win some ” ; and yet—he is able to stand alone leaning on God's arm. He has a correct sense of proportion, enabling him to see first things that are first, and to choose always what gives glory to Christ. He lives up to what he preaches. The life of the ideal missionary like a planetary orbit is thus constantly under the influence of its two foci—consecration to God and service to man.

In reply to an invitation to be present at the Bi-Centennial of Yale, I wrote to the president and fellows of Yale University :



DEAR SIRS :

I am in receipt of your invitation to me to be present at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College, on October 20th.

I should esteem it an honour and a privilege to be present, did not duty to my work in Syria prevent my being absent at that time.

I congratulate you all on this auspicious day, and as a loyal son of Yale, permit me to say that we missionary sons of alma mater look to her to train the missionaries of the future. A noble band have gone forth from Yale to plant Christian institutions in distant lands.

On my arrival here in February, 1856, one of the first men to greet me was Eli Smith, a Yale graduate of 1821. He was then engaged in that monumental work, the translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, which Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck took up on Dr. Smith's death, January 11, 1857,—a work which has forever connected the name of Yale with the spiritual enlightenment of tens of millions of our race.

Dr. Eli Smith's son is now an honoured professor in Yale.

The sons of Yale are scattered over the earth, but more of them are needed. The missionary work to-day calls, as never before, for men thoroughly equipped, highly educated, broad-minded, level-headed. Is Yale doing her whole duty in this great mission of American Christianity? Yale was founded to train men for the Church and the world and not merely for the "American Nation."

Would it not be well to put on record at this great anniversary what Yale has done in planting Christianity and a Christian civilization in Asia, Africa, and Polynesia? Is Yale keeping pace with the great work entrusted by our divine Master to Christian America? Is she sending more men into the world's harvest field now that she has 2,500 students, than when she had only 600?

May the Yale of the new century be preëminent for liberal learning, sanctified science, and self-denying consecration to the highest spiritual welfare of the whole brotherhood of man!

Invoking the divine blessing upon you, Mr. President, son of my old professor, upon you, the fellows, among whom is a beloved classmate, and upon all the alumni and students of Yale who may be so fortunate as to be present at this two hundredth anniversary, I am ever,

Yours loyally and lovingly,

HENRY HARRIS JESSUP,  
*Of the Class of 1851.*

My brother Samuel recently had an unusual experience when travelling in the mountains west of Mount Hermon. In riding through a lonely valley, he met several Moslem horsemen. One of them, an aged man, dismounted and stepping forward seized the bridle of my brother's horse, exclaiming, "I shall not let go this bridle until you give me what I ask." My brother said, "What do you ask?" He replied, "Years ago you sent a teacher to my village, Belott, and my son Khalil attended the school. It made a new boy of him. He became a Christian, and now I want you to send another teacher to instruct and train my younger sons. I am a Moslem, but I want them to be Christians like their brother Khalil. Now do not refuse me. If you do, I shall hold you responsible. Ere long we shall both stand before the judgment bar of God. If you do not give us a teacher and my boys grow up ignorant, God will say to me, 'Why did you neglect these sons?' And I will reply, 'I wanted them taught the right way, but this man, Dr. Jessup, would not send us a teacher. He is responsible.'" My brother explained the extreme difficulty of getting the means to carry on so many schools, but said he would see what could be done. Then said the sheikh, "We will gladly pay a part, only tell us what we should pay."

My brother writes that he was never addressed in that way before by a Moslem. Truly the Lord is opening the way to the hearts of the people.

When the college was founded, its board of trustees and local board of managers, or executive committee, adopted a declaration of religious belief, being the brief creed of the Evangelical Alliance. This embraced "the divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures: the right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures: the unity of the Godhead and the Trinity of the Persons therein: the utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall: the incarnation of the Son of God, His work of atonement for the sins of mankind, and His mediatorial intercession and reign: the justification of the sinner by faith alone: the work of the Holy Spirit

in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner: the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked: the divine institution of the Christian ministry and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the sacredness of the Lord's day which is to be duly honoured: the whole body of evangelical doctrine as contained in the inspired Word of God, and represented in the consensus of Protestant creeds, as opposed to the erroneous teachings of the Romish and Eastern Churches. We also declare our hearty sympathy with, and pledge our active coöperation in advancing, the chief aim of this institution, which as a missionary agency is to train up young men in the knowledge of Christian truth, and if possible secure their intelligent and hearty acceptance of the Bible as the Word of God and of Christ as the only Saviour, and at the same time inspire them with high moral purposes and consecrated aims in life.

“ We further pledge ourselves to the inculcation of sound and reverent views of the relation of God to the natural universe, as its Creator and Supreme Ruler, and to give instruction in the special department assigned to us, in the spirit and method best calculated to conserve the teachings of revealed truth and demonstrate the essential harmony between the Bible and all true science and philosophy.

“ In view of the responsibility of the instruction of the young, and the influence of personal example, we recognize the importance of unusual care in maintaining a high standard of Christian consistency in life and conduct with reference to all the moral questions of the day.”

This continued in force for years, until it was gradually disused and new professors and tutors came out to the college who had never been required to assent to it. On the election of a new president in 1902, the board of trustees in New York, probably in view of the fact that a number of the faculty had never been asked to sign the declaration, decided to set it aside entirely as

no longer needed, and it was decided to require it no longer as a condition of appointment to the college faculty. As long as the trustees, who appoint the faculty and staff, continue to be orthodox Christian men, who use the most scrupulous care in the selection of candidates, there will be no danger "to the soundness and high character of the staff of instruction," but the abolition of the declaration has never commended itself to the missionaries of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.

The board of managers, finding their services no longer needed by reason of the number, high character, and experience of the faculty, who were able to decide all questions of importance in correspondence with the trustees, decided to disband July 9, 1902, and the whole responsibility, which had been nominally distributed over a body of some twenty missionaries, was now thrown upon the trustees and faculty. The missionaries continue in warm support and coöperation with the college, preach in its pulpit and conform the system of training in their high schools to the requisitions of the college.

On March 21, 1902, Rev. A. J. Brown, D. D., and Mrs. Brown, after two days in the Beirut quarantine, reached our house in good health and spirits; evidently none the worse for their long journey, visiting the missions in Japan, China, Korea, Philippines, Siam, India, and Egypt. A more indefatigable worker we have not seen. During the thirty-six days of his stay in Syria, he visited all our mission stations besides Damascus and Jerusalem, attended a full week's mission meeting with three sessions a day, discussing questions of vital importance, asking questions and taking copious notes, attending receptions, making addresses in the college, the church, and the various meetings, and at the same time burning midnight oil in writing up his official reports on the Philippines, Siam, and India. He attended the memorial service for Miss Eliza D. Everett, who died in February, and was present April 19th at the seventieth birthday picnic of the writer, when a special car on the little steam tramway took our whole American community to the Dog River, where we inspected the ancient tablets

of Esarhaddon, Rameses, and Nebuchadnezzar, and had our basket lunch in the riverside khan.

His visit to Syria was not only instructive to us, by reason of his wide observation of mission work in eastern and southern Asia, but his religious character, strong faith, and intelligent enthusiasm were inspiring to us all. We all felt that his presence in our homes was a blessing to us and to our children and our children's children. In Dr. Brown there was no tinge of official authority. He was one of us and the "Secretary" was lost in the man.

On Saturday, April 25th, he sailed for America, accompanied by Mrs. Brown, Dr. Samuel Jessup, and his daughter Fanny, my daughter Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle and two children, and Miss Gertrude Moore. He occupied the time of the voyage writing notes of his Syrian visit and the various questions of policy agreed upon at our meetings, reached America in time for the General Assembly, and during the summer was prostrated by a long illness resultant from the overtaxing of his physical strength.

Just before his visit there was a religious awakening in the girls' boarding-school and thirteen young women declared their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. There was also unusual interest in the college and in the Suk Boarding-School. In Adana, Asia Minor, there was a Pentecostal work of the Spirit. The two Protestant churches were crowded every night and some of the worst characters in the city were converted. The annual report of the mission for 1901 shows an addition to the churches on profession of faith of 151, a record year.

In January the trustees in New York of the St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus, founded by the late Col. Elliot F. Shepard, requested our mission to take over the institute as a part of the Presbyterian Mission in Syria. After careful consideration, we declined the offer and recommended that it be transferred to the American Board of Missions in Boston: 1st, because it is within





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the limits of their mission field; 2d, the language of the pupils and of the school is Turkish and not Arabic; 3d, it is too far from Syria to insure proper supervision; 4th, we have enough high literary institutions already under our care; 5th, it would not be true missionary comity for us to invade the field of another society; 6th, although Colonel Shepard, who founded and endowed the institute, was a Presbyterian, he was a broad-minded man, and the transfer to the American Board would be only an illustration and fulfillment of his own Christian liberality.

Our recommendation was adopted and that interesting school is now under the wise supervision of the Central Turkey Mission and presidency of Rev. Dr. Christie.

The election of Rev. Howard S. Bliss to succeed his father, Dr. Daniel Bliss, by the New York trustees, on nomination of the Syrian resident board of managers at their meeting January 13th, met with general approbation. He arrived in Beirut with his family November 11th, and entered at once upon his duties.

During this year several persons well known in Syria Mission circles passed away.

In February Miss Eliza D. Everett, for twenty-five years principal of the Beirut Girls' Seminary, died in Chicago. March 13th, Miss Meleta Carabet, one of Mrs. Whiting's pupils and daughter of Bishop Carabet, one of the earliest Protestant converts in Syria, entered into rest. For many years she taught in various schools and then served for fifteen years in the British post-office.

November 27th my infant granddaughter, Martha Day, died in Beirut, and about the same time my old teacher and pupil, Rev. Elias Saadeh, pastor of the Syrian Evangelical Church in New York, died in Brooklyn, aged about sixty.

During the special meeting of the Syria Mission, April 18th to 25th, to confer with Dr. Brown, the Rev. Wm. Bird, the veteran missionary of Abeih, Mount Lebanon, was a guest at our house, but so prostrated by a mortal malady that he was only



able to attend a few of the sessions. Mrs. Bird and Miss Emily Bird were with him, and when I was obliged, May 15th, to remove to Aleih in Mount Lebanon, to teach in the Suk theological class, they all remained in our house until his decease, August 30th. He had the best of medical attention from Dr. Geo. Post, his physician, and of faithful nursing, but nothing could arrest the fatal disease.

He died August 30, 1902, aged seventy-nine years and thirteen days, having been born August 17, 1823, the same day and the same year with Dr. Daniel Bliss, who survives him. His sick-room was a Bethel and none visited him without receiving a benediction and a heavenward impulse.

On August 30th I wrote to Dr. A. J. Brown as follows :

“ This morning at 12 : 30 the Nestor and patriarch of our mission, Rev. William Bird, entered into rest. He has hardly left the room in my house in which you bade him farewell April 26th. The long struggle with disease, aggravated by the infirmities of age, is at an end. He has gained the victory and now wears the victor's crown.

“ This morning at sunrise, we in Aleih looked through the telescope at a certain window in my house in Beirut for a pre-arranged signal. For three months we had looked daily for that signal seven miles away, but this morning the black cloth hung from the window, and we knew that Mr. Bird had fallen asleep. We at once sent word to the families in Aleih and Suk el Gharb, and Mrs. Jessup, Dr. Frederick J. Bliss, our guest, and I drove down to Beirut. Mr. Hardin had already been two days in Beirut, and was with Mrs. Bird and Miss Emily Bird when the end came.

“ He fell asleep as gently as an infant, without a struggle, a fit ending of a beautiful life.

“ The funeral services were held at the house and church at 3 : 30 and 4 o'clock P. M., and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Post of the Syrian Protestant College, Rev. Dr. Mackie of the Church of Scotland Mission, Rev. O. J. Hardin, Rev. F. W.

March, Rev. Asaad Abdullah, Syrian pastor, and Rev. Dr. H. H. Jessup.

“He was buried in the old mission cemetery below the press, where lie buried Pliny Fisk, Whiting, Eli Smith, William Calhoun, Wood, Danforth, Dale, Van Dyck, and Eddy, and many Christian women and little children. Not far from his grave are the graves of his two infant brothers who died in 1825 and 1826.

“Rev. Wm. Bird was born in Malta, August 17, 1823, when his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Bird, were on their way to Syria. They reached Syria November 16, 1823. On May 2, 1828, as war was imminent between England and Turkey, all the missionaries left Syria for Malta. The following year the missionaries laboured there in connection with the Arabic Press, which was started there in 1822, and Mr. Isaac Bird explored the Barbary States in Africa.

“May 1, 1830, the missionaries returned to Beirut, and were met at the ship’s side by the entire Protestant community of the Turkish Empire, *i. e.*, six persons (now there are nearly 90,000).

“In 1836 Rev. I. Bird returned to America on account of the health of his family, arriving October 15th.

“William studied with his father and graduated at Dartmouth College. He also taught in his father’s high school in Hartford, Conn., and taught arithmetic to a lad named J. Pierpont Morgan, whose attainments in addition and multiplication are just now astonishing the world.

“On June 19, 1853, Rev. Wm. Bird and his wife, Sarah F. Bird, arrived in Beirut. He went at once to Mount Lebanon, and has been stationed in two places, Abeih and Deir el Komr. For forty-nine years he has been an itinerant missionary, riding over the heights and ravines of Lebanon and over the plain of the Bookaa between Mount Hermon and Baalbec. At times he has had as many as fifty-eight schools under his superintendence, all Bible schools, where boys and girls were taught the Bible and the rudiments of a simple education, and in the high schools were carried on the higher branches of study. He was most faithful and exact in examining the children. He loved them and was be-

loved by them and thousands to-day remember Mr. Bird as their childhood's friend.

"As a preacher he was eminently evangelical and earnest, speaking from the heart and to the heart, and his fluency in Arabic brought him very close to the people in their houses, in private conversation as well as in village preaching.

"At the same time, he had decidedly scientific tastes, and made a unique collection of the fossil shells of the Lebanon cretaceous limestone and the Jura deposit of Mejdal Shems south of Mount Hermon. As he rode over the desolate gorges of Lebanon, the monotony of the ride was relieved by an eye eager to observe the geological strata and the wonderful paleontological remains. His collection of fossils is now in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, and scientific men of Europe and America have attached his name to rare fossils of his discovery.

"One day during his illness he said, 'Should it please the Lord to raise me up from this sick bed, how I would preach! I would beseech men to come to Christ and it seems to me that I could preach with a power that I never knew before.' I said to him, 'My dear brother, you have always preached with your whole heart and oftentimes with tears. How could you preach with more unction and earnestness than before?' 'I know it,' said he, 'but I have had such a vision of Christ and of men's need of a Saviour that I am sure I could preach with *power*.'

"But it was not the Lord's will that he should speak again from the pulpit. 'He being dead, yet speaketh.' His life has been one of seed sowing, and holding forth salvation in Christ.

"Mr. Wm. Bird was constantly thrown into contact with the old traditional sects of Syria and was mighty in the Scriptures and in full sympathy with his father's abhorrence of papal superstitions. He has led many to the light and now has gone to see the Great Prophet, Priest and King in His beauty. We shall not soon see his like again."

The grief of the people of Southern Lebanon knew no bounds. When the funeral memorial service was held in his old home in

Abeih, it was the day of the annual "Feast of the Cross," a kind of Fourth of July celebration with fireworks, firing of guns, and ringing of bells. But the Maronite priest gave orders, "Let not a bell be rung, not a fire be kindled, nor a gun fired this day—*Our Mr. Bird has died.*"

The writer preached a memorial sermon in Beirut, Abeih, and Deir el Komr and everywhere the people felt that a prince had died in Israel. The Druse begs of Abeih, after the service, formally requested that Mrs. Bird and Miss Emily might remain among them to bless them by their teaching and example.

In April, a Greek monk, Athanasius, called to see me. He said he had been secretary to the Greek Patriarch Melatius in Damascus, and that he had met my brother Samuel in Sidon. His father in Nazareth begged him to abjure monasticism and come home but he declined. He stated that twelve other Greek monks were ready to doff their cowls and robes and become Protestants, of whom three were in Beirut. He then left me, ostensibly to go to Tripoli and join the other nine. The next I heard was in a letter from him and his three confères in Marseilles in which he told the extraordinary story that the agent of the Greek patriarch seized him here in the street and induced the Turkish police to banish him and his three companions to Marseilles, and that they were all penniless and starving, and unless I sent them at once money for their return to Beirut, the three would commit suicide and the sin rest on me! Now, as the Greek patriarch cannot exile men, and their passage to Marseilles would be four Napoleons (\$16) each, which the patriarch would not be likely to pay for such tramps, I did not believe their story, yet, out of pity, I sent them forty francs to buy bread and declined to pay their passage, as it was thought here that they were en route for America.

Then I received a letter from Prof. Dr. Lucien Gautier, of the Protestant Theological School in Geneva, stating that Athanasius had appeared there and asked to be admitted as a student of theology, but they had declined and had aided in paying his fare

back to Marseilles. If the same credulous and over-trustful spirit still prevails in Princeton as existed in 1880-1882, we may yet hear of this man's supplying churches in New Jersey and then turning, as did one M——, and cursing the faculty who had borne with him and taught him gratuitously. It is a fact that in some of our theological seminaries there is less strictness as to credentials of candidates from the ends of the earth than as to those brought up in our home churches, colleges and presbyteries.

Professor Gautier did right to shake off this monkish tramp.

In August, our attention was called to the importance of bookkeeping as a part of a missionary's preparation, and I wrote to reiterate what had often been written before, that every young missionary candidate should have some definite instruction in bookkeeping. No young man going out can tell how soon he may have thrust upon him the accounts of a large station, with banking, cashing drafts, balancing complicated accounts, etc. The ordinary "sundry" accounts of theological students of ten cents for peanuts and soda water do not exactly qualify a young man for keeping the accounts of an entire station. A few weeks' course in a commercial college would be of more value than an equal time spent in almost any other form of preparation.

In October, we gave diplomas in Suk el Gharb to six theological students, all of whom gave promise of usefulness. That is doing well for Syria. I noticed in the statistics of Princeton University for 1901 that 305 graduated. One year later, they had chosen professions. Business, one hundred and sixty-one; law, thirty-five; medicine, twenty-five; teaching, twenty-three; theology, four. What a showing that is! What is the matter with Princeton, and of what use a million and a half for the theological seminary, if students are not forthcoming? Our Beirut College does not make a much better show. Very few of its hundreds of graduates have become preachers of the Gospel. They are attracted by flattering prospects of business and profes-

sional success in Egypt and swept away by the tide of emigration. The English language, as the language of the Syrian Protestant College, is, for the present at least, unfitting men to be the humble pastors of Protestant Arabic-speaking churches in Syria. Dr. Anderson in 1863 said that he feared the effect of an English education upon Syrian candidates for the ministry. Still, it is true that godly Syrian pastors who know enough English to use English commentaries and other books are broader men and last longer than those with a mere vernacular training. When the tide of emigration turns and we have a reformed Syria, there will be a supply of well-trained men coming back from America. Already, three of our pastors are returned emigrants, who have seen enough to satisfy them with foreign life and customs and are reconciled to a humble post in their dear native land.

We were favoured this summer with a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Albert Erdman of Morristown. We were refreshed by their presence in our mountain home, with their son Paul Erdman and the little motherless grandson, Frederick, who was the joy of all our hearts.

Syrian missionaries are greatly favoured by meeting so many good and eminent friends from America, owing to this land being the Gate of Palestine and the resort of Christian tourists.

Sometimes American tourists come here who do not seem to know why they came to Palestine. One man said it was an imposition for Cook to advertise Palestine tours, as there is not a first-class hotel in the land! A young lady from America was shown through the college. In the geological museum, she paused before the case of fossil fish from Lebanon, and remarked to the professor, who was her guide, "Ah, how beautiful. I suppose these are the work of the students!" She evidently thought they were etchings on stone.

About forty years ago, a broad-brimmed, brown-bearded Californian came into the American consulate, took a chair, and putting his feet on the table, remarked to Consul J——, "I suppose you are the counsel." "Yes, I am the consul." "Well, you see, I

always stops on the counsels when I'm travelling." Mr. J—— said, "Sir, I will give you any advice you need, but this is an office and I do not run a hotel." The man then said, "Can you tell me how much they charge for deck passage on a mule to Damascus?" Mr. J—— told the kavass to inquire and the man went his way.

But while a few of the tourists are eccentric, the great body are intelligent, cultivated lovers of the Bible and deeply interested in Bible lands.

On the 19th of December, brother Samuel Jessup of Sidon arrived from America bringing with him our new missionary, Miss O. M. Horne. They had a violently rough passage on a small Italian boat from Naples to Smyrna, and at times were in peril. It was the more trying to Samuel, as he had suffered on the North German Lloyd steamer, just before reaching Naples, from ptomaine poisoning from canned meat. Several of the passengers were seriously ill from the same cause. The "Jungle" had not then been written, and greed for gain suffered packers to trifle with the lives and health of the public.

Dr. Samuel reached Beirut in time for the closing session of the annual meeting of the mission, and after a brief visit, left for Sidon, just in time for the funeral of the saintly Mrs. Mary Perry Ford, mother of Dr. George Ford.

## My Latest Furlough—Years 1903-1904

THE year 1903 opened with cholera in Damascus and traffic on the railway stopped on account of cordons. There was an unusual interest in the week of prayer in college and church in Beirut.

Having prepared, with the able assistance of Mr. Haurani, a commentary on the Pentateuch based on Ellicott, I was perplexed by being unable to find Volume I of the Arabic manuscript. We searched my library, the theological class library, where I had used it with the class, and also the manuscript case in the press, but in vain. Later a letter came from Yebrûd, on the road from Damascus to Palmyra, from a student, saying that he found the book in his chest on reaching home, and had sent it to Damascus; so after the cholera cordon was removed, it was forwarded to me to my great relief. The preparation of books in Arabic is laborious, and before printing, we have to prepare three copies in manuscript, two of which we must send to Constantinople to the public censor of the Bureau of Public Instruction. He examines it, returns a corrected copy to us and retains one in his library. We have to print from the corrected copy, and before issuing the book after printing, we send a volume back to Constantinople to be compared with the manuscript. This naturally costs the censor and his aids immense labour, and us immense patience.

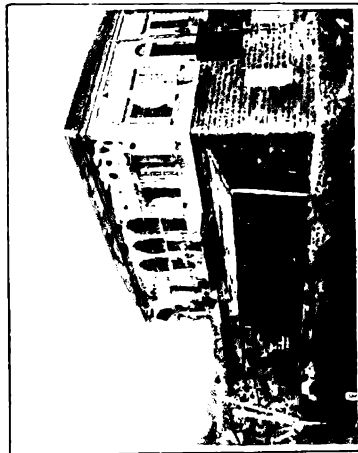
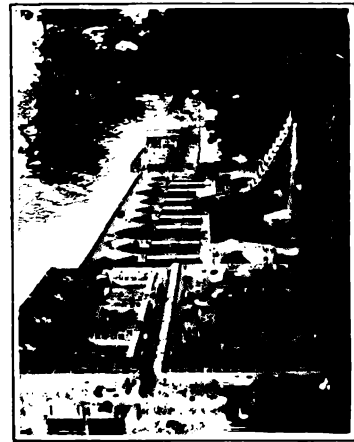
When one sees the scandalous vituperation and the exposures of abominable crimes in the "yellow press" of New York and Chicago, he can almost feel reconciled to the Turkish restrictions on the press. It is inconvenient and often expensive to have a manuscript detained in Constantinople for a year, but then in the East, time is a negligible factor in most matters, and one gets used to waiting.



In February, Mr. Samuel Dennis of New York, a trustee of the college, spent a month here and went through all the departments of the college with the keen scrutiny of an experienced business man and gave many useful suggestions to the faculty and wise counsels in addresses to the students.

March 8th Professor Day, professor of geology in the college, was requested by Muzaffar Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, to proceed to Akoura, a village in the heights of Lebanon, situated at the foot of a cliff a thousand feet high, and report upon a landslide which threatened to overwhelm the village. He made a full report and received the thanks of the government.

Before leaving for America, March, 1903, I went with Mrs. Jessup to visit Dr. Mary P. Eddy in her medical mission outpost at M'aamiltein, the terminus of the French tramway on the coast, twelve miles north of Beirut. Her house and hospital are in the centre of the Maronite district of Kesrawan, the Spain of Syria, and the stronghold of papal superstition. Churches, chapels, monasteries, and nunneries abound. They are perched on the rugged mountain crags, and ensconced in the ravines and valleys. The monks and bishops own almost the entire landed property of this part of Lebanon and they have kept the people in abject and servile subjection. The most of the fellahin (farmers) are tenants of the ecclesiastics and the possession of a Bible or the suspicion of liberal or Protestant sentiments will eject a man from his house and ruin his family. They have boasted that no Protestant could live north of the Dog River. When Dr. Mary leased her present house, the patriarch thundered against the landlord, but she had the wit and the grit to hold on, and now he declares that he will keep Dr. Mary as a tenant and enlarge or repair the house to suit her. The priests, monks, and nuns who raged against her, now come when ill to consult her and receive her treatment. Her clinics are crowded by people from scores of villages. Her professional skill and mastery of the Arabic language with a thorough insight into the tastes and habits of the



SYRIAN CHURCHES AND HOUSES

1. Gerard Institute, Sidon.
2. Beino Church.
3. Annar Church.
4. Dr. Mary P. Eddy's House at Ma'amiltein.



people have won their confidence. Later the patriarch proposed to use force and drive her back to Beirut, and the American consul-general, Mr. Leo. Bergholz, sent word to the pasha that Dr. Mary P. Eddy and Miss Holmes in Jebail were under the protection of the American flag and interference with them would not be tolerated.

On March 15th, just before sailing for America, I conducted an Arabic preaching service in Beirut in the house of Miss Jessie Taylor. The congregation consisted of Moslem men and boys on the front seats, and in the rear, the Moslem and Druse girls of the school. My son William and I spoke to them in the plainest manner of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and the men leaned forward and listened with close attention and frequent signs of approbation. The common people of Islam, in the cities and villages, would gladly hear the Gospel but for fear of their sheikhs and the government. It is a fact that the government in this land is a purely sectarian government, ruled by Moslems, its army and navy Moslem, its public schools Moslem, and its laws everywhere discriminating in favour of Moslems and against Christians and all others. Christianity has not a fair chance. Islam is exclusive, assumptive, and domineering where it has the power. But there are multitudes who are longing and praying for liberty of conscience and liberty of worship.

On the 10th of May, Rev. Howard S. Bliss, D. D., son of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D. D., and for ten years pastor in Upper Montclair, N. J., was inaugurated as president of the Syrian Protestant College. The father, as president emeritus, after living in the Marquand House for over thirty years, moved outside the college campus, and the son, now president, moved in, a worthy successor of his noble father.

In resigning his office in July, 1902, Dr. Daniel Bliss rendered his thirty-sixth and final report to the board of managers, closing with the words, "With this report closes the first generation of college history. From a few rented rooms, we have reached the

threshold of a university career. May the great work that calls the second generation be achieved in the fear of God."

Whereupon the faculty passed the following minute: "We, the faculty, with hearts full of affection and love for our venerable president, desire to express our gratification that, in health and strength beyond that usually given to men of eighty years, he has been permitted to lay down the burden he has so long and faithfully and so successfully borne. We pledge our loyalty to his son and successor.

*"July 9, 1902."*

In March word was received that the honoured and saintly mother of Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, Mrs. William E. Dodge, Sr., had been summoned, after her long pilgrimage of ninety-four years, to the joys, privileges, reunions, and occupations of the heavenly life. The announcement was made at college evening prayers, and it was received by the great concourse of students with a hush of reverent sympathy.

How well I recall my many visits to that Christian home on Murray Hill, from the year 1852, when I entered Union Seminary, until my last visit. She was a woman of great intellectual and spiritual power, full of good works, and full of intelligent interest in foreign missions. She visited Beirut several times and won the esteem and admiration of both the foreign and Syrian community.

She was disinterested, generous, devout, and prayerful—a model wife and mother. "Aunt Melissa," as she was called by a large number of nephews and nieces and friends, was a universal favourite. In her later years, when no longer able to walk to church, she rode in her wheeled chair, and continued to attend the house of God at an age when the aged are usually supposed to be too infirm to venture out. And the loving devotion and thoughtful attention of her son, Dr. Stuart, were most affecting. He was like husband, son, and daughter combined, tenderly anticipating every want. There are few such mothers and few such sons. Well I recall his early desire to be a foreign missionary

and when God in His providence hedged up his way, he nobly sent his substitutes, not one but many, and no small part of the success of the Syrian Protestant College is due to his generous gifts and incessant labours. In selecting tutors for three years' service in the college, he has shown remarkable sagacity and knowledge of human nature. Only the revelations of the last great day will reveal the mighty influence for good exerted by the noble family of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Sr.

Pursuant to a recent custom, favoured by the Board, I was adopted by the church in Kirkwood, Mo., as their missionary. I have kept up an intermittent correspondence with that church ever since. The relations between churches and their own missionaries are very delightful.

On the 16th of March, 1903, I sailed for America with Mrs. Jessup. Our furlough in Syria comes every eight years. Only those who have been engaged in exacting labours for a long period abroad can appreciate the feelings of one who treads the deck of a steamer homeward bound. A heavy load of responsibility and care seems to be lifted at once. The air is clearer, the sea more inspiring, and though the heart is divided between the adopted land and dear native land, the thought of a change and the anticipation of seeing once more the "land of the free" is enough to heal the sick and inspire and revitalize the weak.

And then you are leaving the land of espionage and censorship and secret police and of political and ecclesiastical tyranny, at least for a time, and the thoughts reach forward and westward to a land which, with all its faults, is the best land the sun shines on.

Now inhale the pure air, face the ocean gale, rise superior to the perils and discomforts of the sea—for

"Should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home."

We stayed a week in Naples, then on by North German Lloyd steamship *Moltke*, by Gibraltar and the Azores—then the Nan-

tucket light-ship—Fire Island, Sandy Hook, the Narrows—the American flag waving everywhere,—and the friends on the wharf and the reunions and the greetings, and even the uniformed custom-house officials, though they overhaul the baggage, seem like blessings in disguise.

(What a contrast between this voyage and my first Atlantic voyage in December, 1855. The steamship *Moltke* was of 13,000 tons—the bark *Sultana* was 300 tons! The former was forty-tree times the size and tonnage of the latter!)

There on the wharf, April 13th, were two sons and their wives, one daughter, two grandchildren, and other kindred, among them a brother-in-law, who has met me on the pier on every visit I have made to America. There were also Dr. Dennis, Dr. A. Erdman, Dr. A. J. Brown, and my old friends, T. B. Meigs and Judge Vanderberg.

We were the guests of my son, Henry W. Jessup, Esq., in 130th Street, and we certainly learned the length of New York City if not its breadth during the weeks we spent in that lovely home.

A basket of lemons which we had picked from our own trees in Beirut and brought in cold storage were in perfect order on reaching New York.

We made history rapidly the next few months.

On the 20th met the members of the Board of Missions in their room at 156 Fifth Avenue; on the 21st heard George Kennan and Professor Wright of Oberlin lecture on Siberia, at the Quill Club; then on the 23d and 24th to the old childhood homes of Mrs. Jessup and myself in Binghamton and Montrose; on the 28th attended the ordination of my youngest son, Frederick Nevins, by the Presbytery of Bath, as missionary to Persia, in the church of the Rev. Mr. Frost in Bath. I was asked to give him the charge, which I did with all my heart.

I was glad to give the charge to my own son and to aid in setting him apart as a missionary to Persia. Why not Syria? was the question of many. Frederick preferred to go farther afield than his childhood's home. My son William, who is a missionary in Syria, went to America when he was two years

old and his coming to Syria was going to a foreign land. Frederick said going to Syria would be going on a home mission and he wanted to go to a foreign land as his father did in 1855.

I felt a strong drawing towards Persia. It was through the burning eloquence of the sainted Stoddard of Persia that I received one of my early impulses towards foreign missionary work, during his visit to Yale College, his alma mater, during my freshman year. And in 1882-1883 I was nominated American Ambassador to Persia by President Arthur, and declined to go, as I could not give up my missionary work, and now it was a joy to see my youngest son going to that same land as an ambassador of Jesus Christ. As my youngest son, my Benjamin, it would have been agreeable to my parental heart to have him near me in my advancing years. The heart clings to the youngest, but I would not give to the Lord that which cost me nothing. Freely I gave him up and invoked for him the Saviour's benediction. He had been chosen as the special missionary of the churches of the Bath Presbytery and before sailing he visited them all.

On the 7th of May we attended his graduation at Auburn Seminary.

On May 13th Mrs. Jessup and I set out for the General Assembly at Los Angeles, California, in "Car B of the special train, Assembly's tour." It would require a volume to tell of that wonderful journey over mountain and plain; of the inspiring meeting of the Assembly; the great and good people we met; and the spiritual uplift of that great meeting. And then, on the return journey, new perils in the great Kansas floods along the caving banks of the treacherous Missouri River, so that for twenty-four hours our train was reported lost in some unknown region among the floods,—and our gratitude at getting safely over the St. Louis bridge and away from East St. Louis which was two-thirds under water.

June 7th, after preaching in the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, a lady spoke to me and said that her grandmother gave a



contribution to Levi Parsons, the first missionary to Palestine, in 1819.

It took two elders and one clergymen to clothe me with the clerical gown in which to preach to that congregation. Gowns are eminently becoming and levelling, as a poor man looks as well as a rich man, but I have never yet possessed one. Our college professors in Beirut have adopted the hood, cap, and gown habit and on great occasions give the platform an air of rainbow-hued splendour. Yet they cannot vie with the Greek and Maronite clergy with their mitres and embroidered and jewelled robes. I once at a funeral in Beirut wore a black velvet study cap to protect my head from the cold wind as the service was in the open air. Dr. Post stood by me without a cap. The humble people at once decided that I was the bishop and Dr. Post only a priest or deacon!

June 10th "we three" attended the conference of the Board's secretaries with the "outgoing" missionaries, among whom was our Fredrick. It lasted a week and was about as useful to us old missionaries as the new recruits. We did our part in giving practical ideas to these fine young men and women who were about to sail for Africa and all parts of Asia.

One evening (June 11th), Rev. Dr. J. Balcom Shaw invited me and my three sons, a missionary, a lawyer, and a doctor, to a dinner given to us by him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at which fourteen Presbyterian ministers were present. It was an unspeakable privilege to meet such men, and the memory of that occasion is very delightful.

On the 13th we were among the privileged guests at a garden party given to members of the conference by Mr. and Mrs. John Crosby Brown on Orange Mountain, in their beautiful home, beautiful for situation as Mount Zion is beautiful, and beautiful in its cordial, bounteous and loving Christian hospitality. Many will be the comforting memories of that scene, its host and hostess, its lawns and gardens and hothouses,—when these young missionaries are scattered abroad in distant and perhaps desolate regions,

Then after various visits and services, I went to New Haven to Yale commencement. It was delightful to be the guest of my dear classmate, Dr. Theodore T. Munger, and a fellow guest with such genial men as Hon. Andrew D. White, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and my classmate Enos N. Taft. It was a surprise to find such weather on the 23d of June. From the time of my arrival, for two days it rained most incessantly and we sat before a blazing fire in the grate, morning and evening. The growth of Yale in numbers and in buildings has been marvellous. The campus has crossed streets and blocks so that I got lost trying to find my way about. The Peabody Museum interested me greatly and I was fascinated by the exquisite specimens of minerals and fossils.

The alumni dinner, when 1,500 sat at the table, was an impressive sight, and we four of the class of 1851 were near the highest tables of the oldest alumni next the platform. The after dinner speeches were good, but what was my amazement to see the President of Yale University coolly drawing out a match and lighting a cigar and puffing out smoke before that vast multitude of graduates and students. Shades of Elihu Yale, of Dwight and Day and Woolsey and Porter! "What a fall was that, my countrymen" and my fellow alumni! Has the President of Yale, who preaches and teaches continence and self-control to 2,500 university boys, no control over the appetite for cigar smoke? I exclaimed when I saw it. Dr. Munger, who sat by me, said, "Times have changed since our day. Yale is not what it was. It is in some things better, in some things no better." I agreed with him. Dr. Schaff said to me that the Heidelberg fifth centenary celebration was the greatest beer drinking bout in human history. Is Yale commencement to shrink into a smoking bout?

June 27th I made a pilgrimage with my son Frederick and my niece Fanny and her husband, Rev. Jas. R. Swain, from Flushing to Southampton, L. I., the home of my ancestors. We visited our cousins the Fosters, went to the house where my father and his father were born, visited the ancient cemeteries and the rolling Atlantic surf. We returned to Flushing for Sunday and then went to the old restful village of my childhood, the

lovely Montrose, with its maple avenues, lawns, and forest-crowned hills. The fishing excursions with my sons and grandsons were frequent and often fishless. We had, however, outdoor exercise, good appetites, and sound sleep at night.

A prominent character in my brother William's family was his "coloured" man-of-all-work, Gabriel Chappel. He had been the body-servant of General Gordon in the South before the war, and came North after peace was restored. He was intelligent, active, a good groom, gardener, and carpenter, and was prominent in the African Church. He was also a champion prize winner in the cake walk, and a politician. The negro brethren down in the valley in Montrose at one time were divided, some being in favour of slavery and some opposed to it. They once had a meeting to decide what colour to whitewash the meeting-house. Gabriel was once at Alford railroad station with my brother's carriage and about to drive back the eight miles to Montrose alone. A stranger accosted him and asked to ride, as there was no stage going. Gabriel took him in. On the way, he told Gabriel he was coming to Montrose on business and wanted to know who was the best lawyer in town. Gabriel replied, "This team belongs to Judge Jessup and he is said to be the most *lawless* man in northern Pennsylvania. You'd better try him." The stranger smiled inwardly and called on my brother the next day and told him of Gabriel's flattering language and they had a good laugh together. Gabriel died in 1905, greatly lamented by all who knew him. He was above eighty years of age.

While in Montrose, the heirs of my childhood's pastor, Rev. Henry A. Riley, presented to me for the Syrian Protestant College his fine cabinet of minerals and fossils which used to be my delight and wonder when a boy. For twenty-five years since his death, the glass cases had never been opened, and I spent days with my four grandsons and several nephews and friends in dusting, arranging, and packing in six strong boxes this valuable collection. The coal fossils from the Lackawanna and Wyoming anthracite, the fossil ferns and plants from the Montrose old red sandstone, and the Devonian fossils from Central New York, are

an addition to the Beirut College cabinet which could not have been secured in any other way, and the Riley family deserve sincere thanks for their generous donation.

Then August 9th came the shock of the death at Bar Harbor of Wm. E. Dodge, a worthy son of a noble father.

On the 22d we bade farewell to Frederick on the deck of the *Campania*, commending him in prayer to God, rejoicing that this dear son and brother was going on the King's business and at the King's command.

We were greatly stirred by the cablegram in the papers that "the American Vice-Consul Magelsen had been assassinated in Beirut," and that the ships *Brooklyn*, *San Francisco*, and *Machias* had been cabled to proceed to Beirut. It soon turned out that he had only been shot at and not shot, but Mr. Magelsen had the pleasure of reading obituary notices of himself in scores of American journals. The President acted with his usual promptness in ordering those ships to Beirut, and they arrived in the "nick of time," as a riot broke out between the hereditary factions of Moslems and Greek Christians in Beirut, which threatened to produce a massacre, but the presence of these ships, and Admiral Cotton's declaration that in the case of a Moslem rising, he would land marines and take possession of the city, spurred the worse than worthless Waly, or governor-general, to put a stop to the riot. Great excesses had been committed. Innocent Greeks were murdered in their houses at noonday, and firing was going on promiscuously, when the consul and the admiral reached the spot and virtually forced the Waly to "call off his dogs" and stop the bloodshed. Thousands of Christians had fled from the city, and for three years afterwards some of their houses remained unoccupied. During the excitement, some 4,000 armed Maronite Catholics rallied in Lebanon and threatened to rush down from the mountains and punish the Beirut Moslems, but the consuls and pashas succeeded in restraining them, pledging that no further outrage should occur.

These panics among Syrian Christians are terrible and uncontrollable. Usually in other lands, when a riot occurs, the people

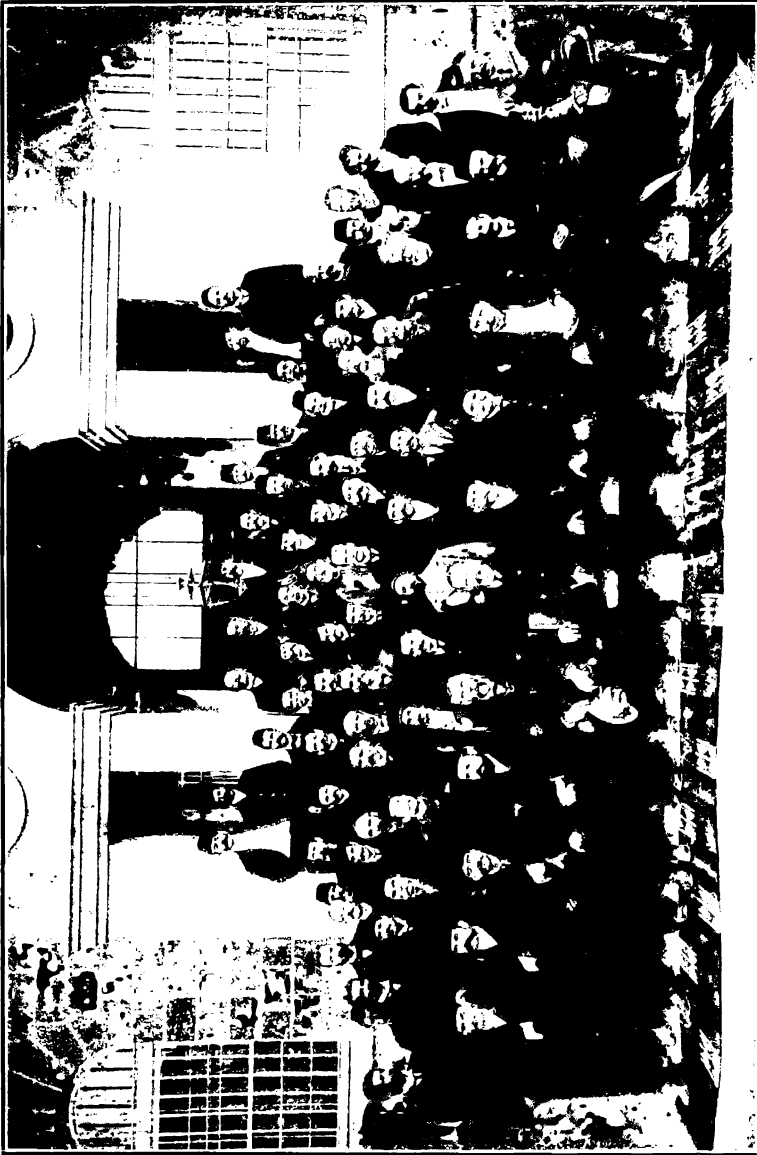
look to the government and the military to restore order. But here in Syria, where the military are all Moslems, the Christian people are as much afraid of the soldiers as of a mob of Moslem roughs, and they can never forget that regular troops joined in the awful massacres in Damascus, Hasbeiya, and Deir el Komr in 1860.

The faithless Waly of Beirut, Rashid Effendi, was removed to a distant post, and another appointed in his place, who has succeeded well in keeping order.

One day an American resident in Beirut remarked to a company of foreign and Syrian friends, "Years ago two little boys rode on one donkey in Beirut. One of those boys is now president of the Syrian Protestant College (Dr. Howard S. Bliss), and the other is Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States." One of the Syrian gentlemen here observed, "And the donkey, what has become of him?" He answered his own question, "The donkey is now Waly of Beirut." That remark shows the estimate in which that Waly was held by the people of Syria and his removal was a positive relief to the tension of the public mind in Syria. He was distrusted by all sects and he bled all alike.

The respectable Moslems, merchants and literary men, are men of peace, and as they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by rioting between Moslems and Christians, they cooperate with the Christian notables in trying to keep order.

But alas, it is hard to control drunken Moslems and drunken Greeks and Maronites. An orthodox Moslem will not touch ardent spirits, not even wine. The Koran says, "Surely wine and games of chance and statues and the divining arrows are an abomination of Satan's work" (Sura 5 : 92). "Whosoever drinks wine, let him suffer correction by scourging, as often as he drinks thereof" (Hidayet 2 : 53). But in these degenerate days, especially since the occupation of Syria by six thousand French troops in 1860, intemperance has greatly increased. When I first came to Syria, the Pasha of Beirut closed the only grog-shop. Now there are 120 licensed saloons, and Moslems of the two extremes of society, the Turkish civil and military officers



GROUP OF SYRIAN TEACHERS AND PREACHERS AND AMERICAN  
MISSIONARIES

Taken April, 1904, at the Syrian Protestant College. (President Bliss in the centre of  
front row.)



and the lowest class of boatmen and artisans, drink as much as the foreign Ionian Greeks, and the native so-called Christian sects. The Moslem middle class, the well-to-do merchants, the Ulema and property owners, are generally temperate and peaceable.

There are old feuds arising from stabbing affrays between the Greek masons and quarrymen of the southern suburbs of Beirut and the Moslems of the Busta quarter, through which the Greeks must pass on the way in and out of the city. A glass or two of arrak, the poisonous Syrian whiskey, will make a Greek insolent and a Moslem pugnacious, and on the feast days, which come about once a week, the Greeks generally throng the saloons and the arrak does its work. As every native in Beirut (and one might say, in all Syria) carries either a knife or a revolver in his girdle, not much time passes between an exciting word and a knife thrust or a pistol-shot. Some one will be killed. The murderer will be caught, imprisoned for a few weeks until his friends bribe him free, and then he is ready for another victim. If a Christian is killed, a Moslem will be killed in revenge, and if a Moslem is killed, a Christian will fall. The want of punishment for crime and the prevalence of bribery make crime easy and life insecure.

If all the saloons in Beirut were shut and the liquor traffic suppressed, there would be few disturbances of the peace. And if the law against carrying concealed weapons were executed, there would be little danger of Moslem "uprisings." As it is, a Christian boy will now and then be searched for weapons, but Moslems are unmolested. This is the weakness of the whole system. It is a sectarian government and rules in the interest of one sect. Such a state of things is antiquated and narrow and cannot long survive the contact with modern civilization.

Admiral Cotton and his officers greatly endeared themselves to the American colony in Beirut in the mission and the college, and the admiral addressed the college students, giving them excellent advice.

In August, 1855, I went on a trout fishing trip to the Beaver-



kill, Delaware County, N. Y., on invitation of my dear friend, Dr. David Torrey of Delhi. In the party was young Titus B. Meigs. We had a week of marvellous success in the woods, bringing back about a bushel of trout.

This summer of 1903 Mr. Meigs, now a large lumber merchant and landowner, invited me to visit him on Follensbee Pond, near Tupper Lake, in the Adirondacks. I reached his cottage September 19th, after driving six miles through the woods from the railroad and then rowing two and a half miles to the spruce log cottage. It was an ideal spot, quiet and peaceful, the unbroken forests coming down solid to the water's edge and unapproachable, as Mr. Meigs owned 25,000 acres around the lake on every side. The first afternoon we trolled for pickerel and I had the glorious luck to haul in a pickerel twenty-nine inches long and weighing six and a half pounds. Three days later I caught a pike twenty-seven and a half inches long weighing five pounds. Our luck was varied, with bass and pickerel. The calm repose and lovely landscape refreshed my very soul. It was an unspeakable comfort to visit these refined, intelligent, and godly families of Mr. Meigs, his son, and son-in-law.

After a week in the woods I went to Mount Hermon, Northfield, and spent the Sabbath with Mr. Duley, who was once our guest in Mount Lebanon. It was a privilege to speak to those earnest young men in preparation for future usefulness. I found a decided interest in missionary work.

I returned then to Montrose, the dear old home, where everything reminded me of childhood days and youthful happiness. With my grandsons and nephews I overhauled the old cabinets of minerals and fossils in father's office and made little boxes for each of them with specimens of the various ores and stones. Father used to enjoy seeing his boys interested in natural science and said we had the "stone fever," and I was delighted to find that some of my grandsons had a passion for geology.

After visits in Binghamton, where I had an Arabic service, and Oswego, I attended the Synod of New York at Ithaca and had the pleasure of seeing Cornell University. It was a pleasuré to

meet Judge Francis M. Finch, whom I knew in Yale as a member of my brother William's class of 1850.

In Binghamton Dr. Cobb presented me with a box of beautiful specimens of the zinc ores of Joplin, Missouri; and in Scranton I packed a box of the coal fossils from the mines, and shipped them all to New York en route for the college in Beirut.

On November 16th I addressed the Congregational Union of New York at the St. Denis, and had the honour of hearing Dr. Herrick and Miss Dr. Patrick of Constantinople.

On the following day Mrs. Jessup and I left New York for St. Louis to attend a foreign missionary conference, with Dr. Halsey of the Board. Mr. Coan of Persia and Mr. McConaughy were in attendance. We were the guests of Mrs. Mermod at Kirkwood, where the pastor, Rev. P. V. Jenness, with his people, had adopted me as their missionary. It was my privilege to speak several times in the Kirkwood Church and in Webster Grove; in several churches in St. Louis (Dr. Gregg's and Mr. Chalfant's); and at the ministers' meeting at the Presbyterian rooms; and in the library of Mr. Semple. At Grace Church Mr. Chalfant, Sr., said to me that his China missionary son had led seven men to the missionary field, and he himself was led to become a missionary by an address I once delivered in Lafayette College. Truly, "bread cast on the waters" does return, though it be "after many days."

On the 21st we were all invited to make an automobile trip around the Exposition grounds and buildings, then rapidly approaching completion. We called on President Francis and Professor Rogers. Professor Rogers expressed interest in the exhibition of a model of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, and promised to give it an eligible position in the Educational Building. I agreed to have it finished in due season after my return to New York. On our last day in St. Louis, we removed to the Southern Hotel in the city and met my Yale classmate, Gen. John W. Noble, who insisted on our having the best of everything, and when I came to pay the bill on our departure the clerk informed me that it had already been paid. That was Noble!

We spent Thanksgiving in Binghamton with the Lockwoods and Leveretts and heard one of Dr. Nichol's admirable discourses. That Binghamton Church and pastor are as near the ideal as any I have known. The church of 1,200 members are devoted to him and he to them. He is a living force in the community and looked up to by clergy and people of all churches. He is a true apostolic bishop, as were the bishops of the churches in Ephesus. Happy is such a pastor and happy is such a people!

December 1st we removed to New York and were the guests of my son Henry W. Jessup, a lawyer and an elder in the Fifth Avenue Church, and who keeps up the family tradition handed down from my father, Judge Wm. Jessup, and my brother, Judge Wm. II. Jessup, by frequently serving as commissioner to the General Assembly. I am thankful that as he did not become a minister he became an elder, and as a member of the Board of Home Missions and of the Bible Society, keeps in touch with the great work of the Church at home and abroad.

December 2d I began my work of making a new model of the campus of the Syrian Protestant College. Professor Bumpus, of the Museum of Natural History, assigned me a place in an immense unoccupied and steam heated room of the colossal edifice, and with the aid of Mr. Strader, a first-rate carpenter, and Mr. Orchard, an expert taxidermist and decorator, I entered on the formidable work. I had photographs and measurements of the Beirut campus and buildings and of the territory below the college down to the sea. After enlarging the scale, the wooden frame was made, fifteen by eleven feet, the wooden ribs of the skeleton sawed and nailed on so as to show the elevation of the terraces and slopes of the campus. The huge frame was made in three sections, so exactly fitted that when covered with the artificial grass and trees, the joints were not visible. The frame was covered with wire gauze, bent and moulded to correspond with the uneven surface and then coated with a liquid papier-mâché made by Mr. Orchard. I do not recall how many lumps of this plastic material and how many quarts of liquid glue, with

cork and sponge and leafy sponge and moss and green dye we used. But day by day it grew into shape and when finally the stone carved models of the buildings arrived from Beirut, Mr. Strader had finished a beautiful polished mahogany and plate glass case, fifteen by eleven feet, and six feet high, to fit over the frame, and my joy was full.

Owing to constant exposure to the biting and freezing winds which often assailed me when I came out from my steam-heated workshop in the museum, I took a severe cold, which obliged me to keep to my bed at my son's house for eighteen days.

February 13th Mr. Morris K. Jesup, president of the Museum of Natural History, invited about seventy-five friends of Syria and the college to a reception at the museum at the unveiling of the model which had cost me so much time and labour.

After giving a descriptive lecture to the assembled friends, I found myself exhausted and, returning to the hotel, took to my bed with grippe,—where I remained until the 19th, when we hired an automobile and returned to Harry's lovely quiet home in 130th Street. There I remained in bed under the care of good Dr. Spaulding and a trained nurse, until March 3d, five days before sailing for Syria.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. E. K. Warren, W. N. Harts-horn, and A. B. McCrillis, I was invited to take passage March 8th on the North German Lloyd steamer *Grosser Kurfurst* with eight hundred delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday-School Convention to be held in April in Jerusalem. They offered me free passage and reduced rates for my wife and daughter. As the time drew near, and I found myself weak and exhausted from long illness, I began to doubt the morality of accepting this offer, as I would be expected to lecture and speak during the voyage on subjects connected with missions and the Bible lands and I could hardly stand on my feet. However, the doctor and my sons encouraged me, and my wife and daughter, who was herself a fellow invalid with me, felt sure that the sea air would soon restore my strength, so on the appointed day we drove to the ferry, crossed to Hoboken, and with the aid of my two stalwart

sons, I made out to scale the stairway up the side of the lofty steamer. My heavy winter clothing and a ponderous ulster overcoat made it difficult for me to move about the ship. The crowd was simply indescribable. Eight hundred passengers hunting for staterooms, calling to stewards to bring missing baggage, wedging their way through the narrow passages with throngs of friends, compelled me to take refuge in a corner of the saloon bidding good-bye to friends until the good ship left her dock.

We found our stateroom blocked with baskets of fruit and flowers.

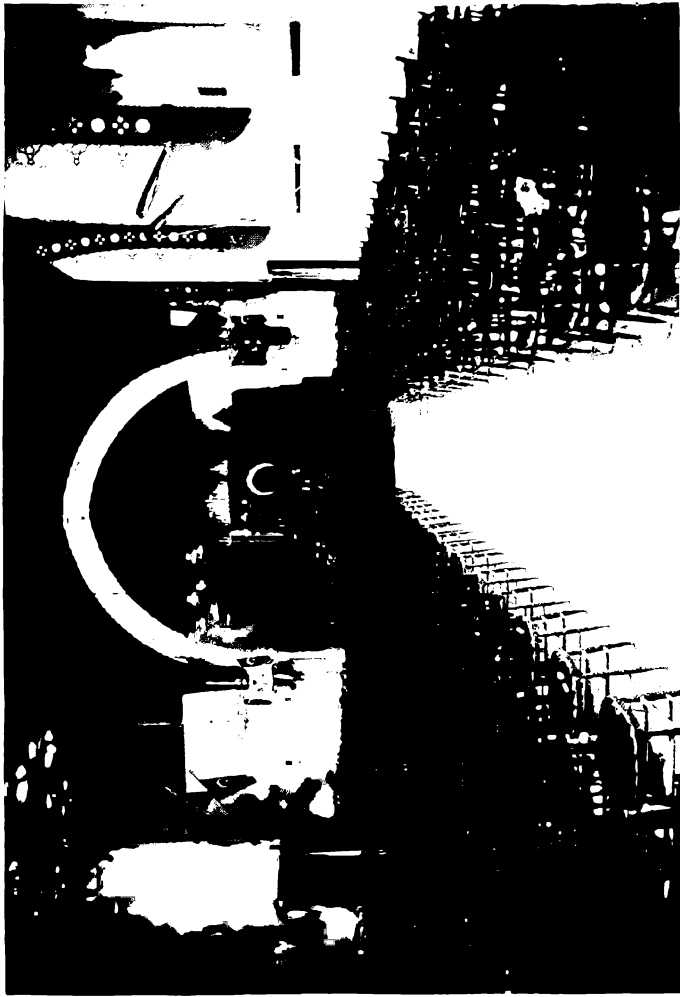
The ship was of 13,180 tons.

The sea air and change stiffened my bones and revived my spirits, and I was able to deliver seven addresses, on advice to tourists; Islam; Dr. Kalley and Madeira; Moslem women and girls; Abdul Kadir and the massacres of 1860; on temperance in Syria; my forty-eight years in Syria. I could hardly whisper before sailing, but my voice soon regained its strength. Our visits to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, and Smyrna were full of interest. This was my first visit to Algiers and Athens. I found that the Moslems in Algiers could understand Syrian Arabic, though their pronunciation is very different. Athens was a very delightful revelation. In the exhilaration of seeing the Parthenon and other sites, I forgot my physical weakness and suffered in consequence, so that I was laid up the next day.

In Constantinople we were taken possession of by our old friends, Consul-General and Mrs. Dickinson and Miss Mason, who took us to their apartments at Hotel Londres. Miss Mason acted as our guide to the Imperial Museum and the Mosque of St. Sophia, and took the ladies to the bazaars. Mrs. Ponafidini (née Cochran), wife of the Russian consul, told us of the murder of the American missionary, Mr. Labaree, near Salmas. The Sayyid who killed Mr. Labaree and his servant intended to kill her brother, Dr. Cochran.

March 30th Mrs. Dickinson took us in her carriage to Robert College. We first called on my old friend, President Emeritus





**INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF THE PROTESTANT COLLEGE, BEIRUT**

In this modern building the students who come from all parts of the Orient gather twice daily for prayer and worship. A reception to the delegates was held in this hall, and inspiring addresses given by Ex-President Bliss and President Bliss, — father and son, — also Dr. Jessup and several members of the faculty.

Dr. George Washburn, and then attended a mass meeting of students in the college chapel, presided over by President Gates. Addresses were made by Willard of Baltimore, Frizzel of Toronto, and myself, and a statement on behalf of the college by President Gates.

In comparing Robert College with our Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, a natural remark would be that these two colleges have secured the two most beautiful sites in the Turkish Empire, the former having the Bosphorus (which means Ox-ford) with its unique beauties and charming landscape, and the latter the commanding view of the blue Mediterranean and the snowy range of Lebanon. Beirut College at first had only Arabic-speaking students and its language was Arabic, with English and French as secondary; Robert College, drawing its students from divers nationalities, the Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, adopted the English language from the outset and largely outnumbered the Syrian Protestant College. To-day Syrian Protestant College, with its attractive medical and commercial departments, has adopted the English language for its curriculum, with Arabic, French, and Turkish as secondary, and has 865 students, with a large proportion of Armenian, Persian, Bulgarian, Greek, and Egyptian students.

In religious matters, Beirut Syrian Protestant College is more distinctively religious and missionary in aiming at the religious instruction of all its students, and both are important factors in shaping the future moral destiny of Western Asia.

March 13th our captain gave us a sail to the Black Sea mouth of the Bosphorus. As we passed Robert College, the building was decorated with flags, and the students sang and cheered, and returning, we set sail for Smyrna. Dr. McLachlan, of the International College of Smyrna, lectured that evening. The next day, five hundred and eighty of our company visited Ephesus. Dr. Hoskins of Beirut, who had come on to meet the excursion, delivered an address the evening of April 2d on Beirut, Damascus, and Baalbec,—and the passengers raised \$290 for the press



in Beirut. Dr. Hoskins brought word of the serious illness of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dr. W. W. Eddy of Beirut.

On Sunday, April 3d, I introduced Dr. and Mrs. McNaughton of Smyrna to the audience on board, and after a stirring account of their work in Asia Minor, the company gave and pledged \$600 to the work.

This interesting journey was now near its end for me, as I was to land in Beirut. And what a unique voyage! Eight hundred Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and friends, all of one heart and mind. Prayer-meetings daily, with Bible classes and lectures; harmony and quiet prevailed; not a profane oath nor an intoxicated passenger; there was not a wine or beer bottle on the dining-tables; the company represented all that is good, manly, and womanly in our Christian land. I believe that the result of this tour will be a great increase of missionary interest among all the churches, societies, and Sunday-schools represented in this delegation. They can testify to what they have seen. They have already done it by generous contributions to various missions visited. I thank God for permitting me in the closing years of my life to make the acquaintance of such a choice and beloved company of Christian brothers and sisters.

At 6 A. M., April 4th, we cast anchor in Beirut harbour, and crowds of our friends came on board to welcome us: brother Samuel from Sidon; my son William from Zahleh; my daughters, Mary Day and Ethel Moore of the Syrian Protestant College; my sons-in-law, Professor Day, Professor Moore, and Rev. Paul Erdman; with three of Ethel's children; and my nephew, Stuart D. Jessup; President Howard Bliss, Mrs. Dale, Professor Porter, Mr. Freyer, and a company of Syrian and foreign friends. It was a joyous reunion and a time of hearty thanksgiving to God.

At ten o'clock the ship's company came out to the college and addresses were made in the chapel. In the evening Dr. Post and Dr. Samuel Jessup lectured on board the steamer and Dr. Mackie and others sailed with them to Jaffa for Jerusalem.

I was now at home in Beirut, the beautiful, with the blue sea, the snowy summit of Suñnin, the bright spring flowers, and everything homelike and familiar. I was not well enough to resume work at once. My daughter Mary, Mrs. Day, insisted on our coming to her house and there for days we welcomed old friends.

On Wednesday, April 6th, a conference of Syrian preachers and helpers met on invitation of President Howard Bliss in his capacious study in Marquand House and for several days discussed important religious and practical subjects and united in prayer. The delegates were guests of the college, occupying the beds vacated by the students absent on vacation and had their meals in one of the refectories. Incidentally, they thus became well acquainted with the college. A delightful spirit prevailed and God's presence was abundantly realized, and many a testimony was given at the time and since to the fresh incentives that were received to more effective service.

That evening they met in the Sunday-School Memorial Hall in town to bid me and mine welcome back to Syria. Addresses were made by Dr. Bliss, Dr. Hoskins, and Pastor Rev. Asaad er Rasi to which I responded. Brother Samuel presided.

This conference was a loving conception of President Bliss and brought our scattered pastors and preachers into close touch with the work of the college. And the nearer the college can be kept to the fundamental idea of missionary work, the more completely will it answer the aim of its founders and the greater will be its influence for good in the East. Hon. E. W. Blatchford, of Chicago, President Bliss's father-in-law, was a valuable coadjutor in all this.

On Friday, April 8th, the British contingent of the Jerusalem Sunday-school convention reached Beirut, and came to the college, where addresses were made by Dr. Munro Gibson, President Bliss, his father, and myself. I also met Dr. Schofield of London, a member of the London Central Committee of our Asfuriyeh Lebanon Asylum for the Insane.

I found our missionaries greatly concerned by the persistent refusal of the Ottoman government to allow to our missionaries in Syria the same immunities and privileges which are given to missionaries of all other nationalities, Protestant and Catholic. For many years we have petitioned our minister in Constantinople and the State Department but without effect. We are thus discriminated against in a manner which no European state would submit to. Minister Leischman insists that it is because he is of inferior rank, and that if made ambassador he could at all times communicate directly with the Sultan, instead of being turned over to the ministry, which has no authority to decide any political question.

April 11th Mrs. Dr. Moore with her husband and four children left for Switzerland for Dr. Moore's regular furlough. It often happens that it is better for health and the purse to take one's furlough in a "pension" in Switzerland than to go to the United States, where both the climate and the expense of living makes one's furlough more a loss than a gain.

On April 14th, at 6 P. M., Mrs. William W. Eddy entered into rest, aged seventy-seven years, after fifty-two years of missionary life in Syria.

She was born in Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y. Her father was the Rev. Dr. Robert Condit, long pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Oswego, N. Y. She was educated at Mount Holyoke Seminary, graduated in 1846 and was the first graduate to come to Syria from that missionary institution. She taught in Hartford, Conn., and other places. November 24, 1851, she married Rev. W. W. Eddy and they sailed soon on the bark *Sultana*, arriving in Beirut January 31, 1852. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy lived five years in Aleppo and Kefr Shima, then twenty-one years in Sidon, and twenty-six years in Beirut.

She lived to see three of her children engaged in missionary work. She was full of hospitality, a lover of the people, and beloved by them, a "mother in Israel," devotedly fond of teaching

in Bible class and Sunday-school. When preparing her home for a prayer-meeting, she fell and fractured her thigh, an injury which eventually caused her death. She died surrounded by all her children but one and several of her grandchildren. Truly her works follow her. She was a woman of great strength of character, a strong will and wonderful energy, which traits are perpetuated in her descendants.

April 22d I attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Arabic journal, *Lisan el Hal*, at the house of the editor, Khalil Effendi Sarkis. Mr. Sarkis has, by enterprise and industry, founded and conducted a printing-house and edited a bi-weekly and daily journal, *The Tongue of the Times, Lisan el Hal*. A great crowd of Syrian and foreign friends were present and prose and poetical addresses abounded. Arabic poetry lends itself with great effect to such occasions. I congratulated him on his success, for as editor also of a newspaper, I had had many years of experience with the exasperating methods of Turkish censors.

From this meeting, I went to President Emeritus Dr. Daniel Bliss's to a reception given to Mr. Marcellus Hartley Dodge, Mr. Crofts, and Professor Kepler. Mr. Dodge has since that time given to our press a thirty horse-power oil engine which has given new life and efficiency to our work of printing, and to the college an eye and ear hospital.

April 23d we visited Zahleh, where we remained eleven days, visiting this important station and making excursions into the mountain and the plain. William had found a crystalline sandstone slab by the roadside near the summit of the Lebanon ridge with a Latin inscription of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, being a "definitio sylvarum," a boundary mark of the forests, and now there is not a tree within several miles of it. We drove up to visit it, and now it is in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut.

Returning to Beirut May 4th, we were just in time to meet the friends who had met in the girls' seminary to unveil an oil-paint-

ing of Miss Eliza D. Everett, which was presented by her old pupils resident in Cairo.

The next day was a still more impressive scene, the unveiling of a splendid white Carrara marble statue, life size, of our beloved Dr. Daniel Bliss, president emeritus of the Syrian Protestant College. Addresses were made by Mr. Nasim Barbari, of Cairo, who presented the statue in behalf of college alumni in Egypt and the Sudan; President H. Bliss, Dr. George E. Post, H. H. Jessup, Dr. Scander Barudi, and Dr. Daniel Bliss. I was deeply affected by this deserved tribute to one of my dearest earthly friends, and it was a scene not often witnessed in this world, when Dr. Bliss stood by the side of his own life-size statue in marble and expressed his gratitude to the Egyptian alumni and said, "We do aim in this college to make perfect men, ideal men, Godlike men, after the model of Jesus Christ, against whose moral character no man has said or ever can say aught."

It is a striking fact that the only two marble statues erected to eminent men by modern Syrians are the statue of Dr. Van Dyck in the Greek Hospital of St. George in the eastern part of Beirut and that of Dr. D. Bliss in the college in the western extremity of the city. "Par nobile fratrum!" These statues prove that the people of the East are not ungrateful for what men of the West have done for them.

May 10th the semi-annual meeting of the mission was held in Beirut. At the mission meeting, it was decided to purchase the Misk and Pharaûn houses, the former for a permanent manse in memory of Col. Elliot Shepard, and the latter for a mission residence and library.

A Hindu, of Ahmedabad in India, called upon me. He is a student of Arabic in the college, and has begun translating into Hindustani the "Life of Kamil."

Dr. George Adam Smith visited Beirut, addressed the college students and preached in our mission church.

The last of May we visited Sidon, and in eleven days examined all departments of the work.

Modern Sidon is itself an antique curiosity—a town of the oldest Oriental pattern, its houses flat-roofed, its streets roughly paved, and in many places arched over. There not being room enough within its narrow walls for a growing population, houses had to be built over the various streets, converting them into veritable subways or tunnels. In many places the arches are so low that a horseman must dismount. Dr. Thomson says that “Sidon was in ruins before antiquity was born,” and the town is built upon successive strata of ancient ruined Sidons. The gardens overlie rich treasure of buried coins and antiques, and the foothills to the east are honeycombed with Phœnician tombs and exquisite sarcophagi. But a city cannot live on its ancient history, and but for the American and French schools which have stirred up the Moslem Sidonians to open schools for boys and girls, the town would sleep on for years to come as it has slept on ever since the soporific influence of Islam levelled it into slumber 1,200 years ago. It was once the commercial mistress of the Mediterranean, but now it can hardly influence a steam launch to anchor in its port. The breath of life which has entered it from America is waking up its young men and maidens, and some day it may recover its old renown. But the proximity of thrifty, vigorous, commercial Beirut, with its port and steamers, its railways and gas lights, its government headquarters, its schools, colleges, and hospitals, its printing-houses, and newspapers, its quarantine and electric tramway, leaves Sidon, Tyre, and Jebail, the old Phœnician trio, stranded on the sand-bars of decrepit antiquity.

Sidon is a restful place to us who go as transient visitors, but there is little rest in that busy hive which centres in Gerard Institute, and whose awakening influence extends out through Southern Lebanon and Galilee of the Gentiles, and to the north, south, and west of glorious Hermon. The mission station there superintends twelve evangelical churches, thirty-five preaching stations, twenty-four schools, with 2,000 pupils. Hundreds of

the Protestant adherents have emigrated to America, and some of them are bringing back new ideas and new aspirations for the elevation of their loved native land. For however dreary and desolate we may regard many parts of Syria, it is a fair and beautiful land and its people love it fondly.

Returning to Beirut in June, we found ourselves at once in the whirl of constant duties and engagements. We had an important meeting of the executive committee of the insane hospital at Asfuriyeh, four miles from Beirut. Some might say, "What has that to do with your missionary work?" I reply, "Much, in every way." It is a work of blessed and Christlike compassion to care for the suffering insane and their more suffering relatives and friends. Hundreds of patients have been treated and a fair proportion have been discharged cured. Moslems, Jews, Maronites, Greeks, Druses, and Protestants, alike have received the benefit of the hospital, and in view of the fiendish cruelty with which the Lebanon monks of the monastery of Kozheiya have treated the insane in past years, this well-ordered hospital is regarded as a veritable godsend to the land. An aged Moslem sheikh from Mecca was brought to the hospital in a state of delusional insanity, and on recovering his reason was full of gratitude. A fanatical priest, who had been wont to curse and denounce all Protestants as emissaries of the devil, was seized with acute and violent mania. I saw him in the strong room for violent patients. He was stark naked and gesticulating violently and preaching in Arabic against his imaginary foes. In a few months he recovered, and his gratitude knew no bounds. His patriarch and bishops sent their thanks and gratulations to the officers of the hospital.

The eighth annual report gives 157 patients as under care during the year, of whom thirty-four recovered and twenty-eight improved. The patients have come from Syria and Palestine, Armenia, Arabia, and Egypt.

The site is healthful and there have been no cases of enteric fever or tuberculosis. This is the first organized institution of the kind in Western Asia and is a missionary hospital in the sense

that it was founded and has been supported by Christian men and women for the honour of Christ, in showing the true spirit of Christianity by caring for the helpless and afflicted. All honour to Mr. T. Waldmeier and the doctor and nurses for their self-denying devotion to the mentally afflicted of a strange land. I know of no other form of Christian service which requires more of self-sacrifice, unless it be that of the leper asylums.

June 11th I attended in Aleih, Mount Lebanon, the funeral of an aged peasant in the Greek Church. Eight priests from neighbouring villages assisted the Khuri Giurgius in the service. An aged priest, Antonius, delivered the Arabic sermon, Scriptural, earnest, and truly evangelical. I listened with interest and surprise, but my surprise ceased when I recognized in the preacher an old theological student of 1886, who is now priest of the Orthodox Church in Bhamdoun. I asked him how he could read the prayers to the Virgin in the Greek liturgy, and he said in a low tone, "I do not believe them and pass over them lightly, and the people know I do not believe them." I warned him to be careful lest he sear his conscience by seeming to be what he is not. An enlightened man can hardly be at ease in the Greek Church, with its gross adoration of the sacred ikons or pictures and its abject Mariolatry. And the mass of the enlightened youth of Syria in the Greek sect are in danger of going into infidelity, unless they compel their clergy to purge their liturgy of its creature worship.

June 20th Sabat, the woman who cares for our Beirut house in the summer, was shot at in the afternoon by Moslem roughs, and her husband was shot at on the balcony of our house. With a rotten, bribe-taking police, we have no redress. Moslem thieves and murderers roam at large, or if imprisoned, soon bribe their way out, so that Sabat begged me not to complain. A few assassins have been reported as exiled to Barbary, Africa

My son-in-law, Professor Day, is collecting snakes, and offers a reward to the boys of Lebanon to bring him specimens. Many



of them are venomous but the most are harmless. In 1903 Miss Gordon, who was living with Professor West's family in Aleih, was bitten by a poisonous serpent when walking out after sunset and died in forty minutes. Since that time, we have warned our friends against walking in the thickets after sunset. Mount Lebanon, with its stony hillsides and innumerable stone terraces, is a safe haunt for snakes, and the black snake, viper, adder, and asp are not infrequently found.

July 1st I met at the Aleih railroad station Dr. Samuel J. Curtiss, the noted writer on "Primitive Semitic Religions To-day" in Palestine. He was returning from Hamath and was en route for Nablus, and not long after died in London when on his way to America. His death was a distinct loss to the cause of Biblical literature.

During the summer I preached regularly in the little chapel in Aleih in Arabic, as has been my wont for twenty-one years. The boys and girls of the day-school sit on the wall benches, and the body of the room is filled with summer residents from the plain and from Egypt and fellahin from the villages. Arabic preaching is my delight. It does a preacher good to have a good proportion of his audience young people and children.

It keeps one's language simple and clear, prevents pedantry, and compels one to use plain figures of speech and homely illustrations which appeal to all.

This summer I received a copy of a remarkable book, an Arabic metrical translation of Homer's "Iliad," a work of 1,200 pages, with an introduction of 200 pages on Homer, the "Iliad," and a comparison between Greek and Arabic poetry. The translator is Soleyman Effendi Bistany, of the famous Lebanon family of Bistany. It is a colossal undertaking. The introductory essay on Arabic poetry is worth the price of the volume. The author used the original Greek and the English and the French translations of the "Iliad," and the marginal notes and explanations are full and complete, showing remarkable learning and research. The book

was printed in Cairo at the author's expense, and should be in the library of every college and university. I know of no work in Arabic which shows greater scholarship and genius. To translate foreign poetry into prose in our own language is practicable, but to render it into poetry is a work which only a Pope, Cowper, Derby, or Bryant could undertake.<sup>1</sup>

One night in July, Dr. George E. Post, the famous surgeon, author, and professor in the Syrian Protestant College, was riding up from Beirut, when suddenly near Jemhour a railway train passed and the headlight and noise of the engine frightened his horse, which sprang backward off a high bank, falling partly on the doctor, breaking his wrist and gashing his head. The hairbreadth escapes of the foreign doctors in Syria, in travelling by night in storms and darkness over rocky defiles, and through thickets and quicksands, would fill a volume.

#### THIRD BRUMMANA CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS (1904)

This third conference was held as before in the beautiful grounds of the Friends' Mission at Brummana, Mount Lebanon. No speaker from abroad could be secured, and the conference was entirely conducted by missionaries from the Turkish Empire. The Rev. Geo. M. Mackie prepared the programme, on the subject: "The Missionary Gospel and the Missionary; The Message and the Messenger, and the things that affect his daily life and service for the Master."

No less than thirty-two brief papers were read, after each of which there was free discussion—and devotional and praise meetings were held at sunrise and sunset daily. Two hundred delegates were present, of whom ninety were British, fifty-eight Americans, thirty-seven Syrians, six Germans, three Danes, three Swedes, two Armenians, and one Hindu.

Eighteen Christian denominations, representing twenty-six

<sup>1</sup>The author is (in 1909) one of the Beirut members of the Ottoman Parliament.

societies, were present. Again all felt that the spiritual benefits of such a gathering far more than compensated for the trouble and expense incurred.

On leaving Brummana, we saw below us in the harbour off Beirut thirty British ships of war, and the thunder of their salutes August 9th, on King Edward's coronation day, when each ship fired twenty-one guns, echoed and reëchoed through the mountain ranges of Lebanon. Hundreds of mountaineers thronged Beirut, and went on board at certain appointed hours.

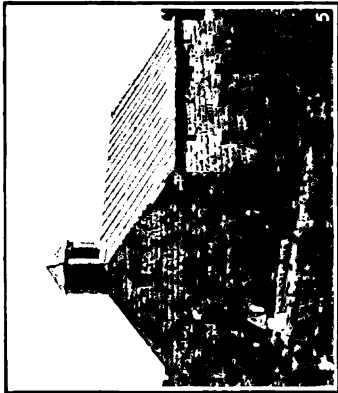
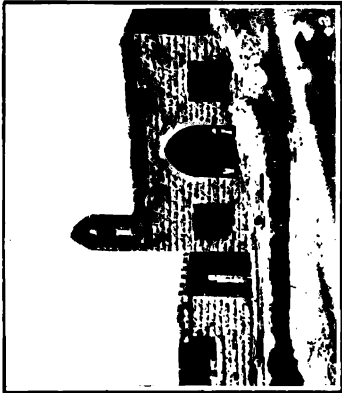
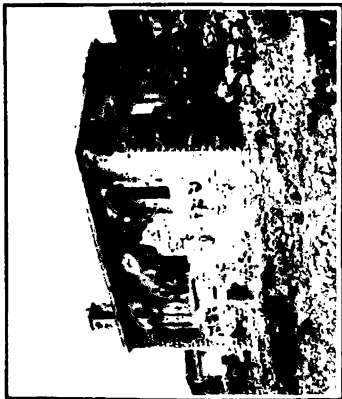
The visits of these fleets always impress the Syrian populace. The spectacle at night (August 9th), when the ships were decorated with thousands of electric lights and the search-lights illuminated the mountain villages ten miles away, was one of great magnificence. England thus maintains and asserts her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. She holds Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Egypt, and will never surrender her control of the Suez Canal, the highway to India, Australasia, and China.

If this empire suffers dismemberment, the arbiters will be the nations who control the sea.

The visits of the European and American fleets make a deep impression upon both Turkish officials and the native people. The braggart, fanatical Moslem roughs hide their heads for a time and officials feel encouraged to keep order and give no occasion for foreign interference or occupation.

Can anything be more beautiful than the love of a little child? I have always loved children, but the artless love of my grandchildren is something precious beyond gold and rubies. A little grandson, two and a half years old, said to me, "Grandpa, I love you." His childish utterances are curious enough. One day his father led him out to the garden and called his attention to a vulture flying overhead. He looked, but it had passed. Then his father called, "F——, see that huge bird!" He looked, but the bird had disappeared behind the oak trees, and he began to think his father was joking. In a few moments he ran off some distance in the vineyard and called, "Come, papa, come see!"





GROUP OF SYRIAN CHURCHES

1. Church at Mejdal Shems.
2. Church at Rasheiyat el Fukhar.
3. Deir Mimas (Church and dwelling houses).
4. Church Ain Kunyet Banias.
5. Church at El Khiyam.
6. Church at Ibi.

His father ran, and the child pointed down between his feet, and said, "See!" "What?" said his father. "A rhinoceros!" answered the lad and burst into laughter.

The Zahleh and Lebanon Presbytery met in Zahleh September 6th, and about twenty members were in attendance. The progress made by these organizations composed of Syrian pastors and elders and American missionaries is encouraging and hopeful for the future. We foreigners are corresponding members, and business is transacted in good order and harmony, giving promise of the time when the evangelical church of Syria shall become self-supporting and self-propagating. What form of polity will be eventually adopted by these churches is a secondary matter. As long as they are dependent on foreign funds they will naturally submit to foreign advice, but when they walk alone and support their own pastors and schools, they will be at liberty to select that form of church government which suits their tastes and preference.

In 1901, a Shechemite swindler of the first water, named Kerreh, a native of Nablus, went to England to raise money for his leper asylum at Tirzah, near Nablus. He represented in his long printed programme that he had a leper asylum with 1,100 patients, extensive buildings, staff, plant, grounds, etc., and he wanted to raise £10 a head for each of his 1,100. He deceived a few persons, when his fraud was detected, and he was arrested. The English judge sent a commissioner, Mr. Francis C. Brading, then travelling in Syria, to investigate. He found at Tirzah an abject village, but no leper, no asylum, and nothing had ever been heard there of Kerreh and his swindling scheme. He was then convicted and sent to prison. After serving out his time, he crossed the sea and applied to Mr. H. H. Hall, of Orange, N. Y., for aid for his 1,100 lepers. Mr. Hall wisely inquired through a friend, whose son was in Syria, and obtained the above facts. The man was then headed off, but he will no doubt palm off his monstrous swindle in other parts of America where he has not been exposed.

The gullibility of good people is amazing. If all who are asked to help such wildcat schemes would demand credentials and certificates from responsible persons, they would not throw away their money.

On returning home, September 10th, we were shocked by the cold-blooded and unprovoked murder of a beloved and talented young man of Suk el Gharb, a student in the college and a member of a prominent Protestant family in this part of Lebanon. He was stabbed to death just at sunset within a quarter of a mile of his home by two Druse miscreants. The funeral the next day was largely attended and the mudir was present with his soldiers to prevent disturbance, as some of the less educated relatives of the deceased were ready to revenge his death on any Druse who should appear in the village. We conducted the funeral services at the house in the open air, as a noisy crowd of distant relatives and outsiders declared that, according to their traditional customs, to consent to have the funeral in the church would be to admit that they had no further claim for the punishment of the murderers. The father said he would prefer to have it in the church but the crowd overruled him.

The self-control of the father, the brothers, and sister in that tumultuous wailing and shrieking crowd, was a beautiful testimony to the sustaining power of Christian faith. Two years passed and no punishment had been inflicted on the assassins, though legally convicted of murder in the first degree.

September 27th Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, for twenty-five years connected with the mission, tendered her resignation to take the superintendence of the new Maria Dewitt Jesup hospital for women and children and the training-school for nurses. The mission only acceded to this request on the ground that the truly benevolent and self-denying work which she was about to undertake was in every sense a missionary work and an important branch of the great work being done for the benefit of the Syrian people.

On the 14th of October the people of Lebanon saw a brilliant meteoric shower which lasted not less than fifteen minutes.

October 31st word was received that the model of the Syrian Protestant College had received a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition. It was deposited in the college. I afterwards heard that the medal was voted, but, with many others, might be given only on paper. When it came it proved to be bronze.

In November, United States Consul Ravendal received a letter from Vice-Consul Shumacher of Haifa, well known as an explorer and archæologist, resigning his office and also stating that he had given up his American citizenship and become a German subject, for the reason that, as an American, he could get no rights and secure no concessions for archæological excavation and exploration, whereas a German subject can get any concession that is desired. Dr. Shumacher's statement is no doubt true. The German emperor, for reasons too palpable to need explanation, has become the backer and friend of the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. German railway concessions are necessary to promote German commerce, and for these benefits the Emperor William will stand by the Sultan, who, as a matter of wisdom, will grant the emperor and his subjects privileges allowed to none others. As Mr. Shumacher has large experience in Palestine exploration, and is a permanent resident in Haifa, he naturally prefers the government which can most successfully promote his interests.

December 27th—To-day the contract was signed for the purchase of the so-called Misk property adjoining the American Mission premises in Beirut. For sixteen years we had been trying to secure this valuable property, the funds for which had been given by the late Col. Elliot F. Shepard of New York. The Arabic proverb "man sabar zafar," "who waits wins," was proved true in this case. Colonel Shepard gave the fund to buy the property and it was carefully invested in America. He authorized the use of the interest for supplying a residence for the native



Syrian pastor, and aiding, when needed, in his support, until the purchase should be effected. On completing the purchase, which was done by Dr. Hoskins, after meeting with the various departments and officials of the local courts for three months, the work of demolition and reconstruction was commenced, and the mission premises converted into a convenient campus, containing the church, press, Sunday-school hall, theological school, manse, girls' boarding-school, and cemetery, with two mission residences (the Pharaûn and Kekano houses) and open spaces covered with shade trees and orange and lemon orchards.

This valuable property belongs to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The Kekano house was purchased in 1889 with funds given chiefly by Morris K. Jesup, Esq., John Stewart Kennedy, and Robert Lenox Kennedy. The Pharaûn house was bought with a portion of the theological seminary funds in the hands of the Board of Foreign Missions.

The year has been one of steady progress. The 111 schools have instructed 6,353 pupils. The college has had 750 students, more than ever before, and its corps of instructors numbers sixty-two. One hundred and forty-three were added to the churches on profession of faith and the congregations average 5,534.

The press printed 34,577,543 pages, of which 24,727,000 were Arabic Scriptures for the American Bible Society. The total number of pages printed since 1834 has been 760,089,034.

## Jubilee Times (1905-1907)

THE year 1905 was memorable as the banner year for Bible printing in the history of the American Press. Nearly sixty millions of pages were printed, of which 47,275,000 were for the American Bible Society. The number of copies of the Scriptures issued during the year was 158,000, a larger number than ever before.

The demand for Arabic Scriptures from Egypt was unprecedented. Our workmen put in extra time, and paper and binding materials had to be ordered in large quantities from Europe to meet the demand. A new printing machine had just been added to our plant to increase our facilities for Bible work. Just at this juncture the old steam engine gave signs of failing, and to avoid the catastrophe of having all our presses stopped, I wrote to Mr. Marcellus Hartley Dodge of New York, son of my old friend, Norman White Dodge, and he, with a promptness which filled our whole mission with a thrill of gratitude, replied by sending out a magnificent thirty horse-power Fairbanks Morse oil engine. The iron castings and balance-wheel of this splendid engine were so massive that Mr. Freyer had to hire the steam derrick of the Harbor Company to lift them to the wharf and from the wharf to the truck. And when they reached the churchyard adjoining the press, it required many men and many days' work to remove them to the engine house of the press.

In May a conference of Christian workers was held in Constantinople and we were all invited to be present, but owing to the May meeting of our mission coming at the same time, we had to decline. But at the request of Dr. J. K. Greene, I wrote a few words on "Hindrances to the Christian Life Among Missionaries."

1. We are apt to feel that we have already attained. Deeming that we are in a higher spiritual plane than those around us, we compare ourselves with others and are led to self-satisfaction and indolence.

2. Officialism. Because we are preachers and teachers, we are in danger of thinking that we need only to give out, and not to take in.

3. Extreme liberalism. Inclining us to believe that the lifeless systems around us are good enough, and that we need not seek the conversion of their adherents. This blunts the edge of zeal and lessens the value of experimental religion. I yield to none in broad sympathy for those brought up in the non-Christian and semi-Christian faiths, but unless we have something that they have not, and unless Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of sinners, we have absolutely no vocation in Western Asia and European Turkey.

4. Yielding to the spiritual stagnation round us.

5. Neglect of personal religious duties.

As to the remedy, I can only suggest:

1. Constant personal use of the " Word of God."

2. Personal work for the salvation of others.

3. Never forgetting that " the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." " And in none other is there salvation ; for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved " (Acts 4 : 12).

This conference was conducted by Rev. John McNeil of London and was an inspiring and uplifting occasion.

It is, alas, too often true, that we who are labouring in heathen and Mohammedan lands and are regarded by many as the most spiritual of all Christian workers feel our need of those special occasions for the promotion of the spiritual life which are so common in Christian lands, in Keswick, Northfield, Chautauqua, Winona, and the Northwest. We have many benumbing and paralyzing influences to contend with. Familiarity with a Moslem population makes us forget their spiritual deadness. We see so many forms, rites, ceremonies, and pilgrimages and so much

virtue attached to mere outward works, that we need to live in a Bible atmosphere and in a spirit of constant prayer to keep our garments white and our faith bright and clear. We need to draw our theology from the Bible and not from mere reason and hypothesis. Mere ethics will save nobody. "If righteousness is through the law then Christ died for nought" (Gal. 2 : 21). Christ is an example—our brightest, best, and perfect example, but He is more. He is a Saviour, a Redeemer from sin, its power, and penalty. His blood was "shed for many for the remission of sins."

There has been a powerful work of grace in St. Paul's Institute, Tarsus, and a number of conversions recently in Gerard Institute, Sidon. Six young girls in the British Syrian Institute in Beirut were received into the church.

In March Rev. Drs. Stewart and Lowe of the Irish Presbyterian Jewish Missions Committee visited their Damascus Mission and on their return proposed to transfer their two Mount Hermon stations, Rasheiyat el Wady and Ain esh Shaara, to our mission, if their General Assembly should approve. It did approve, and in the fall Rev. W. K. Eddy of Sidon was instructed to take measures to assume the work at those stations, but the expense, about \$700 a year, for which our Board felt unable to provide, delayed the full support of the work there. Had these little Protestant communities the spirit of the Korean converts they would carry on the work without foreign aid.

During the summer I visited Suk, Abeih, Zahleh, and Baalbec, preaching in Arabic in these places and when at home in our own summer cottage in Aleih, I always preached in Arabic. I had planned going from Baalbec to Hums with my brother Samuel September 9th, but was prevented by illness. He went alone by the Aleppo Railroad leaving Baalbec Saturday at 2 P. M., and enjoyed meeting that interesting church and preaching once more to the people. They have shown great energy in opening a boys' boarding-school at their own expense but have not yet fulfilled the more important duty of supporting their own pastor.

While in Zahleh we drove down to the plain to visit the

famous Jesuit farm of Taanaille. It is on the Damascus Road and covers about half a mile square, on rich land, through which runs a splendid stream of water from the Jedetha fountain. It is a model French farm, with wheat fields, clover pasturage, shaded walks and drives, and fine orchards of European fruits, and vegetable and flower gardens. The father superintendent who spoke English perfectly was most courteous and showed us all the departments. An immense American threshing-machine was just being brought in, having been imported and transported over to Anjar, four miles to the east, for Tahir Pasha of Damascus, who refused to accept it and pending a lawsuit to compel him to fulfill his contract, it was being stored by the French Jesuit "fathers."

This French farm looks more like Europe and America than anything I have seen in Syria. It shows what might be done everywhere with proper care and cultivation.

In June we sent to New York by order of the American Tract Society \$325 worth of Arabic books and tracts to be distributed by the American Tract Society among Syrian immigrants landing in New York. We have frequently supplied outgoing emigrants from Syria with Arabic Scriptures and they have almost without exception received them with gratitude. Many of these Arab emigrants will become American citizens, and it is a remarkable providence that the American Press and schools in Syria have been used to fit men and women to become American citizens. It is well to sow good seed abroad. Who knows when the fruit will come back to be a blessing to the sowers! The best Syrian emigrants to America are those who have been trained in the American Mission schools. Westward the Star of Syria takes its way!

In October we were favoured with a visit from Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, wife and daughter. An itinerary had been prepared and he was able to visit all our principal stations, speaking everywhere words stimulating and inspiring on the subject of "individual work for individuals." He spoke in the Beirut College and to the young people in the city, and gave an hour to

the theological class. The unity of his theme, his great experience in personal religious work and his sententious summing up of Christian duty, as "not merely to be fed, but to feed, not merely to be led but to lead, not simply to be saved but to save others," gave his addresses great power.

He spoke to the theological class of the value of an individual acquaintance with the contents and teaching of each book of the Bible. I remarked that one of the three native brethren who had been ordained the evening before had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. Dr. Johnston then asked the class to give him the contents of John, chapter six. Just then M. Michaiel, the person I had quoted, entered the room. Hearing Dr. Johnston's request, he quietly arose and gave a complete synopsis of that chapter to the minutest detail. It was an object-lesson to the class such as few could give. Dr. Johnston spoke fifteen times in Beirut, besides visiting Zahleh, Hums, Tripoli, Suk, and Sidon.

The ordination of three tried and experienced native preachers, Rev. Beshara Barudi, Rev. Michaiel Ibrahim, and Rev. Yusef Jerjer, took place October 24th, while Dr. Johnston was here, and the hands of seventeen ministers, American, Scotch, and Syrian, were laid on their heads.

On the 31st of October I sat by the dying bed of a lovely young Protestant, Amin Tabet, who died in the prison ward of the municipal hospital of Beirut. He had been to America to visit his father and returned a short time before, dangerously ill. The custom-house detective in examining his baggage found a book in which was a picture of the Sultan and written under it the word "dog." The young man, a very model of integrity and uprightness, stated that he knew nothing of the book, that some friends had put a lot of books and papers in his trunk for him to read on the voyage but he had been too ill to look at them and that he could never have been foolish enough to carry such a book had he known of it. The zealous police, anxious to gain favour and promotion, telegraphed their discovery to Constantinople and he was thrown into the lowest prison. His many Beirut friends interceded, and by order of the government physi-

cian he was removed to the iron-grated ward in the hospital. But it was vain to ask for his release. Even when the physicians pronounced him a dying man, his mother was not allowed to remove him. I had baptized him in infancy, and found him ready to depart and be with Christ, and in that Turkish prison, surrounded by Moslem attendants and patients, I commended him to Christ as his Saviour. He soon after passed away, and his emaciated body was taken to his mother's house where the funeral service took place, attended by a great throng. His brothers, tutors in the college, were comforted by a large delegation of students bearing wreaths and flowers.

The leading authorities declared their conviction that he was innocent and had been victimized by some designing person, but not one of the officials ventured to utter openly a word in his favour, lest they be reported to headquarters. Would that this were the only case of the kind! He was a victim of the cruel despotic rule of Abdul Hamid and Izzet Pasha.

On the 18th of December I acknowledged Dr. A. J. Brown's letter speaking of the approaching jubilee of Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and myself. I replied in part as follows: "I should prefer that no special notice be taken of one of the Lord's servants having been permitted to keep at work for fifty years. I ought to be grateful. It has always been my principle that the missionary work is a life enlistment, and I am more than ever convinced that it is a true one. No one can be more grateful than I am for the blessed privilege of being able to hold on."

During December the annual meeting of our mission was held. It was a hopeful, inspiring season. We had printed more pages of the Arabic Scriptures and taught in our schools more children and youth than ever before, when Dr. Bowen, agent of the American Bible Society, wrote from Constantinople ordering Mr. Freyer to countermand a big order for paper and cut down at once all expenditure on account of the Bible Society. We were taken aback, like a ship under full sail, with the wind suddenly veering from stern to stem and forcing the sails back against the masts. The appropriation, under financial stress and distress at

the Bible House, New York, was cut down to a destructive figure. I was stirred so deeply that when our mission met, December 7th, I offered to write the annual letter to the Bible Society. This offer was met with applause, as a welcome innovation. The office of writing the annual letters to the Bible and Tract and other societies is never sought for, as it involves no little outlay of time and labour. The letter was written under a sense of being divinely moved, such as I have not often felt. It was sent and scattered abroad through a hundred newspapers and some months after, Dr. Bowen writes, "That letter brought into the treasury of the Society not less than \$150,000. One donor gave a piece of property which will give \$7,500 annually for Bible work in Mohammedan lands." I can see now that the prompting to write that letter came from above, and all the praise belongs to the Lord of the Bible who is the God of missions.

It did seem strange that just as the door is opening in Moslem lands for the Arabic Bible, and the machinery is ready to print and publish it, we should be obliged to say to Asia and Africa, "No, America is too poor. You must wait still longer for the Bread of Life. The Beirut Press stands committed before the Christian world to supply the demand for Arabic Scriptures, and in Bible work this press is the agent and servant of the American Bible Society." We have been saying to Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia, Tunis and Algiers, Mesopotamia, and Bussorah, "Call, and we will answer; call for the Scriptures and we will supply them."

And now are we to say to these missionaries: "You will have to wait. Tell the Moslems, just beginning to ask for God's word, that they cannot have it;—that the great Church of America has too much to do to think of 60,000,000 of Arabic-speaking people, and 140,000,000 more of Moslems whose Koran is Arabic"?

Will the Christian Church give the \$9,000 a year needed to keep up the Bible work and manufacture to an extent sufficient for the demand?

Shall foreign missionaries from England, Scotland, Ireland,



Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, who have depended upon us for their Arabic Scriptures, be obliged to write to their home societies that the American Bible Press in Beirut, which holds the key to the Arabic Bible, has finally admitted its inability to supply the increasing demands upon it?

We call upon the Bible-loving Church of Christ to come to your aid and ours.

In November Rev. James H. Nicol and wife arrived from America for the Tripoli station. Early in the year, January 2, 1906, Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy and Miss Caroline M. Holmes arrived from America, the former to resume her medical work, and the latter to labour in the same region, on the coast north of Beirut. Miss Holmes was for ten years connected with the Tripoli Girls' Boarding-School (from 1883 to 1887 and from 1888 to 1894), and had been absent from Syria eleven years. She now returned under the auspices of a number of American friends who pledged her support for a term of years. After working with Dr. Mary P. Eddy in M'aamiltein for some months, she removed to Jebail (the Gebal of the Bible), half-way between Beirut and Tripoli, and has succeeded in overcoming prejudice until she has a school of seventy-five girls. She has begun work as a pioneer in one of the most bigoted regions in Syria.

I cannot but admire the pluck and courage of these two Christian women. The Board supports Dr. Mary P. Eddy. Miss Holmes with her fine knowledge of Arabic, her splendid capacity for organization, and devoted spirit should have abundant support.

In November Rev. Paul Erdman, Mrs. Gertrude Erdman, and son Frederick arrived from America to take up their residence in Tripoli.

In October Sheikh Nebhany, Kadi of Beirut, issued a pamphlet, attacking Christian schools and all Moslems who patronize them. His language was bitter and coarse, full of invective and rant, and to the astonishment of the public it had the sanction of the Ministry of Public Instruction in Constantinople. The better class of Moslems repudiated the book and denounced the author.

Several learned sheikhs of Beirut, Damascus and Cairo published replies to his book, rebuking him severely for his ignorance of history and his narrow intolerance. It not only failed to compel Moslems to take their children out of Christian schools, but it resulted in a large increase in the number of Moslem students in Christian schools, especially in the Beirut College. This result is but another proof of the growing independence among intelligent Moslems of their fanatical religious leaders.

The jubilee year, my fiftieth in Syria, was celebrated by many friends, Syrian and foreign.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bliss and I arrived in Syria February 7, 1856, and on and before February 7th congratulatory letters, cablegrams, and messages came in upon me like a flood. About sunrise a company of Syrian girls from the British Syrian Institution came quietly in and sang sweet hymns of cheer. Our house was decorated with white almond blossoms, which have been for fifty years a reminder of the day of our landing in 1856, when the almond trees were in bloom. And these little girls each brought a spray of the sweet blossoms and gave them to me as a floral offering.

At half-past nine came all the members of the Syria Mission, men and women, and made addresses which quite overcame me with their expressions of fraternal affection. They then presented me with a massive cathedral chiming clock in a case of polished English oak with an inscription on a gilt brass plate.

Then came a deputation of the Syrian Protestant sect, eight in number, each of whom made an eloquent Arabic address, in prose or poetry, the substance of which is too personal to allow its being repeated by me. The most of them and their families were my spiritual children, and their language, though full of Oriental hyperbole, was most kind and sincere. They left with me as souvenirs elegant specimens of silver filigree work on a little inlaid table of Damascene work. A little Syrian boy gave me some rare specimens of Phœnician iridescent glass.

At one o'clock eighteen of our kindred and those of Dr. and

Mrs. Bliss sat down to dinner together, the little grandchildren being at a side table.

At 3 P. M. we were taken to the Gerald F. Dale Memorial Sunday-School Hall, which was densely packed with a crowd of people who were awaiting us. This was a complete surprise. The hall was decorated with flags, evergreens, and flowers, and prominent among them the almond blossoms. The girls of our seminary and of the British Syrian Institution were dressed in holiday attire, and sang as Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Jessup, and myself entered the hall. There was a full musical programme and then the entire assembly of five hundred came up to take us by the hand, wishing us a joyful jubilee. The ladies of the mission then presented to Mrs. Jessup a pyramidal frosted loaf of cake which she cut, and Mrs. Hoskins and her sister, Dr. Mary Eddy, gave out portions to missionary friends.

At half-past seven, a beautiful moonlight evening, the church was crowded for the memorial jubilee service. Addresses were made in Arabic by two prominent Protestant Arabic scholars, Messrs. Selim Kessab and Ibrahim Haurani, in German by Pastor Fritz Ulrich, and in English by Dr. George E. Post and Dr. George A. Ford, the latter in poetry. Thus closed the jubilee day—a day full of sacred memories, of many regrets and much thanksgiving to God.

The love and esteem of so many of Christ's children, American, Syrian, and European, is inexpressibly precious. May every one of these dear friends live to celebrate their own jubilee!

1906—January was a month of storms, of much sickness, and snow. The Damascus railway was repeatedly blocked with snow, and the winter rains were constant with frequent electric storms of thunder and lightning. Miss Van Zandt of the Woman's Hospital had a long and severe illness with typhoid fever. Pneumonia, pleurisy, and typhoid fever prevailed throughout the land. My son William wrote from Zahleh of icicles ten feet long and a foot thick.

On January 7th, at 4 P. M., Miss Jessie Taylor entered into

rest, aged seventy-nine, after forty years of self-denying labour for the Moslem and Druse girls and women of Syria.

Her death produced wide-spread and unfeigned sorrow among the multitudes of Moslem women and girls whom she had instructed and befriended. No foreign woman ever had such a hold on the confidence of the Moslems of Beirut, and this, although she was a fearless witness for salvation through Christ alone. Moslem men would come to a preaching service in her house when nothing would have induced them to enter a Christian church.

Miss Jessie Taylor was "one called of God." She heeded the call and came to this land alone, and began her work among the lowly and neglected. I well remember her first arrival and have followed her course with sympathy and prayer ever since. Like good Mr. Cullen in Edinburgh, she belonged to all the churches and all Christian people. Her home was a house of prayer. I know of no house in Syria where prayer seemed more natural and appropriate, and certainly there was no house where Moslem, Druse, and Jew and Maronite and Protestant felt more welcome and more at home.

Without an effort on her part, and by the simple power of an unselfish, sincere and blameless life, she secured and held the confidence of her non-Christian neighbours to an extent which was remarkable.

And how many perils escaped, difficulties overcome, burdens lifted, and spiritual fruits gathered as a direct and comforting answer to prayer! Here was the source of her strength, which kept up that frail body to a great age; made her invariably cheerful and hopeful; helped her to look always on the bright side, "bright as the promise of God," and made her the spiritual guide to the new life in Christ, of so many of her pupils.

She believed in conversion, in passing from death into life, and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit.

At times she needed great courage and decision, and was never left to lack either in times of emergency.

Her solitary journey to Scotland, when over seventy years of

age in order to save her old mission home from sale, was an illustration of her simple faith and unflagging energy. Her friends in Scotland, when appealed to personally, said, "In these days of Boer War and financial embarrassment it is not possible to raise £1,100." She replied, "The silver and the gold are the Lord's and the fund must be raised," and it was raised and amounted to £1,500, sufficient to buy the house and make all needed repairs. She returned to Syria looking ten years younger, her face beaming with hope and energy, and resumed her work with new buoyancy and faith.

And she had impressed those qualities upon her fellow workers and pupils, and we believe that they will go forward, trustful and hopeful as she has been. She called her school "St. George's School for Moslem and Druse Girls," but the Syrians and the foreign community know it and speak of it as Miss Taylor's school and there can be no comparison between the solid spiritual work done by her, and the shadowy exploits of the mythical St. George.

March 7th Beirut was honoured by a visit from Admiral Sigsbee of the American Navy with the ships *Brooklyn*, *Galveston*, and *Chattanooga*. Consul-General Bergholz gave them a reception which was attended by the American and European communities. It has been my experience for fifty years that there is no finer class of men anywhere than the officers of the American Navy. And as a rule they fully appreciate the educational and elevating work done by their missionary fellow countrymen. Much depends on the man, whether they show hearty sympathy with the more spiritual aspect of our work. I knew a naval commander who would hold prayer-meetings with the men in the cockpit, though his officers held aloof and scarcely concealed their disgust. He was deeply interested in the evangelistic work of our mission. The majority of naval officers respect religion and respect manliness and manly work, but they generally appreciate educational, publishing, and what is called civilizing work more than the purely religious. An address to the college students by an American admiral is always impressive. One can

hardly conceive of such an address by a Turkish admiral. Our government does well to give its citizens abroad an occasional glimpse of the Stars and Stripes. I notice that an American congressman has given notice of a bill to deprive of the rights of citizenship any American who shall reside abroad more than five years! This is aimed at the millionaires who reside abroad to evade taxes. But think of the blow it would inflict upon the 3,300 American foreign missionaries who have gone abroad to stay and have burned their ships behind them! It is inconceivable that citizenship should be wrested from such a body of men and women engaged only in benevolent and unselfish work! And it was not —

Rev. Mr. Franson, a Swedish missionary secretary, who had felt a call to visit missions in foreign lands, after visiting the missions in India, Persia, and Eastern and Central Turkey, reached Beirut and spoke March 25th in the college, and at the Sunday-school hall to a large concourse of people. Preaching through an interpreter (an "interrupter," as it has been called) is far from satisfactory. I have had large experience in translating sermons and addresses into Arabic for travellers, and find that the only satisfactory way is to sit quietly behind the speaker with a pad and pencil and take rapid notes, giving the speaker freedom. Then I translate the notes offhand into Arabic and the people get the gist of it without a break.

On the 4th of April, 1906, was held in Cairo the memorable conference of missionaries to Mohammedan lands. The sessions were held in the Church Missionary Society's buildings, the former home of Arabi Pasha.

The attendance was large, including delegates from the Turkish Empire, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, India, the East Indies, the Sudan, and North and West Africa. The papers read, the discussions held, and the reports made, showed a striking uniformity of experience with regard to the difficulties, the encouragements and the magnitude of the work. There was no note of retreat or pessimism. The time had come for an onward movement all

along the line. Thirty-two thousand converts in India and the East Indies were regarded as but the first-fruits of a great gathering. It was agreed that we owe it to our Moslem brethren to exhibit the true nature of Christianity, to show them that we are their friends, to disabuse them of their false conceptions of the Trinity and the Scriptures, and to show them that the hostile and cruel spirit shown by the European crusaders and by modern Christian nations no longer exists. That we only ask that they read the Tourah and the Ingeel (the Old and New Testaments) and judge for themselves. And we ask that Christians in Moslem lands enjoy the same liberty of conscience that Moslems enjoy in Christian lands. We were agreed to appeal to all Christian people to pray for our Mohammedan friends, and to send forth labourers into the vast fields occupied by two hundred millions of Mohammedans.

Some timid men had apprehended that this conference would awaken acts of hostility on the part of the hundreds of thousands of Moslems in Cairo, and had even asked Lord Cromer to interfere and prevent such a calamity. But the Moslem journals and populace took no notice of the conference. The evening open discussion with the sheikhs of the Azhar University and Moslem students continued as usual, and we from other and less favoured lands looked with wonder at the notices posted on the mission house and in the hotels, of evening public discussions with Mohammedans. It was apparent that all delegates present were ready for a new forward movement.

Twenty years ago I published a little volume, "The Mohammedan Missionary Problem" (a sermon preached before the General Assembly in Saratoga, May, 1879), and pled for an awakening of the Church to its duty towards Islam and insisted that "God has been preparing Christianity for Islam: He is now preparing Islam for Christianity. The Roman power and the Greek language prepared the way for the coming of Christ and the giving of the Gospel to the world. Anglo-Saxon power and the Arabic Bible in the sacred language of the Koran are preparing the way

for the giving the Word of Christ and Christ the Word to the millions of the Mohammedan world.

“The religion of Islam now extends from the Pacific Ocean at Peking to the Atlantic at Sierra Leone, over one hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, embracing 175,000,000 of followers (now 200,000,000, 1906). Its votaries are diverse in language, nationality, and customs, embracing the more civilized inhabitants of Damascus, Cairo, and Constantinople, as well as the wild nomad tribes of Arabia, Turkistan, and the Sahara.

“The evangelization of these vast organized, fanatical, and widely extended masses of men is one of the grandest and most inspiring problems ever brought before the Church of Christ on earth. It is a work of surprising difficulty which will require a new baptism of apostolic wisdom and energy, faith, and love.

“This great Mohammedan problem lying before the Church of Christ in the immediate future, connected with its fulfillment of the great missionary commission of its divine Head for the world's salvation, will tax the intellect, the faith, the wisdom, the zeal, and the self-denial of the whole Church in every land.

“How are we to reach the 200,000,000 of Mohammedans spread over one hundred and twenty degrees of longitude from China to Mogadore ; embracing vast nations speaking thirty different languages, with diverse climates, customs, and traditions, yet unified and compacted by a common faith which has survived the shock and conflicts of twelve hundred years ?

“ . . . Let every Christian missionary insist upon the great scheme of redemption, the atoning sufferings and death of Jesus the son of Mary and when the Mohammedan feels, as many have already felt, that he is a lost sinner and under the righteous displeasure of an offended God, he will gladly and gratefully take refuge in the conviction and the faith that man needs a Saviour from sin, and that Jesus the son of Mary in order to be a Saviour must also be the Son of God.”

When the above words were written the exact statistics of Islam were not known. The number of Mohammedans under Christian rule was supposed to be :



England in India . . . . .	41,000,000
Russia in Central Asia . . . . .	6,000,000
France in Africa . . . . .	2,000,000
Holland in Java and Celebes . . . . .	1,000,000
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	50,000,000

But the statistical survey of Dr. Zwemer presented to the Cairo conference gives the total number under Christian rule in 1906 as 161,000,000, out of a total of 232,966,170.

Great Britain in Africa . . . . .	17,920,330
“ “ “ Asia . . . . .	63,633,783
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	81,554,113
France in Africa . . . . .	27,849,580
“ “ Asia . . . . .	1,455,238
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Total . . . . .	29,304,818
Holland in Asia . . . . .	29,289,440
Russia in Europe and Asia . . . . .	15,889,420
Germany in Africa . . . . .	2,572,500
America in the Philippines . . . . .	300,000
Other states . . . . .	2,150,579
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	161,060,870

Thus two-thirds of the Mohammedans in the world are under Christian rule, one-seventh under non-Christian rulers (33,976,500) and only 37,928,800, or a little more than one-seventh, under purely Moslem rulers.

This remarkable fact renders any political solidarity of Islam impossible. It also insures liberty of conscience to honest-minded Moslems who wish to read the Bible and even to profess Christianity.

If any of the delegates to Cairo were faint-hearted when they went, they all came away full of hope and courage.

We who labour in the Ottoman Empire have to “learn to labour and to wait.” We cannot give the names of converts until they

are dead or exiled. And to publish the names of the exiled might bring down wrath upon the heads of their relatives. The machinery of political espionage and persecution is so complex and ramified that we must be "wise as serpents." Let any Moslem believer be charged by another with having cursed the name of Mohammed and he will be exiled without a trial. This is one of the most monstrous and iniquitous features of the present régime in this empire. No man knows when he is safe, and nothing is easier than denouncing a Moslem convert with having cursed the name of Mohammed.

Among the delegates to the conference was the Reverend Dr. George Alexander, pastor in New York, and president of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He accompanied us to Jerusalem and Beirut and visited several of our stations, preaching twice in Beirut and sailing May 4th for America.

What a blessing to us in this far-off land to see the benignant face of such a man and hear his voice in our churches! We in Syria are especially favoured in this respect, being on the line of travel to the Holy Land and we appreciate our privileges.

The steamer which took Dr. Alexander and his niece also took our Persian missionary delegates, Dr. Wilson and Miss Holliday, returning from Cairo to Tabriz, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan of Teheran, going to America and Rev. George A. Ford of Sidon going home on furlough. Dr. Ford returned in December, a new man, having been married in America to Miss Katherine Booth, daughter of our beloved friend, the late William A. Booth, Esq., of New York. They came out buoyant and fresh, ready for work, full of hope and cheer. Mrs. Ford will find in the retired and secluded life in the mission school in Sidon a striking contrast to the life in New York. But missionaries abroad, like pioneers of the West, find home where the heart is, and truly consecrated men or women can adjust themselves to any environment.

The Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, the Chrysostom of Democracy, visited Beirut in May, with his wife, son and daughter. He had a taste of the Turkish solicitude for the intellectual welfare of its subjects and guests by having his books seized and threatened

with confiscation by the custom-house police. But by the efforts of the consul-general the Waly was persuaded to restore the books and leave the distinguished visitor unmolested.

He addressed the Christian Endeavour Society at a public evening assembly and lectured in the Syrian Protestant College on the Christian religion and its evidences, speaking with a mellifluous facility, beauty of language, and cogency of argument which quite captivated his hearers. He made a profound impression, and reflected honour on his country as a Christian land. One could not help thinking of the contrast between Mr. Bryan and the typical Turkish pasha.

Who ever heard of a political speech by a Turkish pasha? Politics is, in this land, not a subject to be talked about or thought about. All the political thinking for the empire is supposed to be done on the Bosphorus. A despotism cannot train orators or engender eloquence. When even the press must avoid both religion and politics, the public mind soon subsides into stolid if not sullen indifference.<sup>1</sup>

Among the changes of this year in Syria was the arrival of President Howard Bliss from America and the departure of Dr. Hoskins and family and Mrs. George Wood for the home land.

The benefactions of Mrs. Wood to educational work in Syria need no praise from me. The fine mission house in Judaideh, the Gerard Institute in Sidon, the farm of 300 acres and the Beulah Orphan Home known as Dar es Salaam are monuments of her generosity.

The summer was now past. The scattered families and labourers returned from their vacations in Mount Lebanon and the interior, and preparations were completed for a new year's work in the mission stations and the higher schools of learning. The prospect for a prosperous year was never brighter, when three successive blows fell upon the college and mission circles filling all minds with awe and solemnity. First, Mr. E. H. Barnes,

<sup>1</sup> November, 1908—Under the new Turkish Constitution, all is now changed. We have a free press, free assembly and free speech. Eloquent orators are arising on every side.

tutor in the Syrian Protestant College, was mortally injured by a kick from his horse early in October, and survived only three days.

Then came the second stroke in the death of one of God's noblemen, Rev. William King Eddy of Sidon. I wrote of his death as follows :

“ His peaceful, beautiful death seemed as the ‘ Amen ’ to a noble, harmonious anthem. He was encamped in Wady Darbaz, about four miles and a half distant from both Bussah and ‘ Alma at the northeast end of the plain of Acre. His tent companions were his two sons, Clarence, twelve years old, and William, ten, his servant Hassan, and his Bedawi disciple and devoted friend, ‘ Ali Berdan. Hassan he had taken care of when a poor boy and he had proved to be a most faithful and thoughtful servant to Mr. Eddy in his constant itinerating over the mountains and plains of Southern Syria and Northern Palestine. ‘ Ali, who was once a noted robber, sheep-thief, and highwayman, became acquainted with Mr. Eddy on a hunting expedition and admired his marksmanship so much that he accompanied him on his tours through that wild and lawless region. By degrees he left off cursing, swearing, lying, and stealing and his change was so striking that the Arabs and villagers of that whole region between Tyre and Tiberias called Mr. Eddy ‘ Ali’s ‘ kussis ’ or minister. He loved Mr. Eddy and would do anything for him.

“ Mr. Eddy had been on a long tour through the villages north, south, and west of Mount Hermon, and after a few days of rest at Sidon set out on Wednesday, October 31st, for another tour to Tyre, ‘ Alma, Bussah, and Safad. Professor Carrier of McCormick Theological Seminary, who had been with him on the Mount Hermon trip, went with him as far as Tyre, and then pursued his journey to Jerusalem, while Mr. Eddy turned eastward to Bussah and pitched his tent near a fine stream of water four miles and a half east of the town. On Saturday, November 3d, he told his men to take the boys on a hunting trip into the forest and among the rugged hills, as he wished to rest and prepare for two communion services the next day at Bussah and ‘ Alma. They

returned at evening, very weary, and, after supper, all retired, father and sons in the tent on iron travelling bedsteads and Hassan and 'Ali in the cook's tent. Before midnight Mr. Eddy was seized with acute pain in the heart and called Hassan, who came with 'Ali and found him suffering and speaking only with great difficulty. The boys awoke and sat up in bed. Mr. Eddy said to them, 'My sons, I am about to die, good-bye.' He gave them various messages to their mother and others, and asked Clarence to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm, and said, 'Now, boys, lie down and go to sleep, it is too cold for you to get up.' (Thoughtful to the end!) Beautifully he wove into the sad news of impending death affectionate remembrances of his lifelong associate, recently married in America. 'To-day Dr. Ford and his bride have sailed from New York on their way to Syria, and to-day I am beginning my journey from Syria to heaven.' 'Ali offered to gallop to Bussah for medical aid. Mr. Eddy said, 'No, 'Ali, I am too near the end; nothing can avail now; I shall soon be gone.' He then gave Hassan messages to Dr. Samuel Jessup and Dr. Mary Eddy, and to the church in Mejdelluna (whom he had especially helped). When the paroxysm of pain came on 'Ali and Hassan brought hot stones from the fireplace outside, where the food had been cooked, and placed them at his feet, which were growing icy cold. They chafed his hands and did all in their power to relieve him. About 1 A. M., Sunday, November 4th, he said to Hassan, 'You can see by my pulse that death is near. When I cease to breathe, close my eyes, dress me in my clothes, take all my papers and the contents of my pockets, wrap them and carry them to Mrs. Eddy. Pack up the tent equipage and carry me to Bussah, and there Mr. Shikri will make a coffin. Then take me to Sidon. I wish my body to be buried there, among my people, and not in my lot in the Beirut cemetery.' He then placed his hand on 'Ali's head and bade him and Hassan a loving good-bye. His voice was growing weaker. He said to his little sons, 'Sleep on now; I shall sleep and not wake here.' His pulse grew feebler and his breathing ceased. His soul passed on to glory.

“ Silence fell upon the lonely camp. The little boys say that they could not sleep, neither could they get warm. ‘ How could we get warm when our hearts were so cold ? ’ At length one of them left his bed, got in with his brother, and locked in each other’s arms they fell asleep.

“ Mr. Eddy had for some time been conscious that a mortal malady was fastened upon him. With true prophetic instinct he had said to his wife, ‘ I shall die some day suddenly, so do not be alarmed when you hear of my death. I would prefer to die in the wilderness where I have spent so much of my time. ’ And his desire was accomplished. He died in his missionary tent, apart from the habitations of men, in the silence of the midnight, in those mountains of “ Galilee of the Gentiles, ’ his loyal disciple, the Bedawi, ‘ Ali Berdan, being the last to watch his expiring breath.

“ When all was finished, in the quiet of the night ‘ Ali rode to Bussah and brought bearers. The camp was packed and taken to town. The bearers bore the dear form on a stretcher to Bussah, where it was laid in the public open area, and the villagers surrounded it with great lamentations. Shikri, a devoted friend and helper of Mr. Eddy, prepared a coffin. It was borne three miles down to the seashore near Zib (the ancient Achzib) where a boat with eight oarsmen was engaged to take the body to Sidon. After rowing eleven miles, opposite the Ladder of Tyre, a fierce north wind arose and made rowing impossible. They drew up to the beach and tried to tow the boat with a rope, but this was dangerous with the rising surf. They then landed, engaged a camel from a passing caravan, and set out for Tyre, seven miles distant. At Ras el Ain, three miles south of Tyre, they met a wagon and a company of friends, the pastor, Rev. Asaad Abbûd, the Misses Walker and Onslow, of the British Syrian School, and others. At the bridge of the river Kasimiyeh, five miles north of Tyre, they met Mr. Stuart Jessup and the Sidon pastor, Mr. Khalil Rasi, in a carriage, who took the wearied little orphan boys on with them to Sidon, where the party arrived about 10 P. M., met and accompanied by large numbers of

brethren and friends. Mohammed Effendi Dada, a Moslem, one of the most devotedly attached friends of Mr. Eddy, and a skillful carpenter, superintended the making of an appropriate coffin in the industrial shops, to replace the rough box made in Bussah, and after the body was transferred to it, it was placed in the chapel for the night.

“The sad telegraphic news reached Beirut at 2 p. m. Sunday, as also Tripoli and Zahleh. Dr. Mary P. Eddy, at M'aamiltein near Beirut, was informed of her brother's death and set out by moonlight by carriage for Sidon. On Monday morning at six Messrs. Nelson of Tripoli, William Jessup of Zahleh, H. H. Jessup and March of Beirut with Professor Porter and Mr. Kurban of the college, and Mr. Powell, United States vice-consul, left for Sidon, arriving about noon.

“The funeral was held at 2 p. m. in the ancient Crusaders' Hall, the present chapel of the boarding-schools. It was a magnificent tribute to the memory of the departed one,—Christians, Moslems, and Jews, and representatives of some twenty villages were present to do him reverence. Some came from 'Alma, thirty miles distant. The crowds about the chapel were so great that the street outside was blocked. The services were conducted by Drs. Henry and Samuel Jessup, Rev. F. W. March, Professor Porter, Rev. William Jessup, and Rev. Asaad Abbûd.

“As the procession passed through the streets, the Moslems shut their shops and stood in silence on both sides of the street, and many of them walked the mile out to the cemetery. Thousands of the people of Sidon and the vicinity crowded into the streets and open spaces as the funeral line advanced. The head of the Romish Latin convent exclaimed as the cortège passed, ‘That man has gone straight to heaven.’ Three elegiac poems were recited over the grave by young men from the Gerard Institute. The expressions of sympathy were very affecting. As the people left the cemetery, the missionaries stood with Dr. Nelson, the brother of Mrs. Eddy, near the gate to receive, according to the Syrian custom, the parting bow and salutation of the friends. One elderly Moslem called out, ‘We shall never forget him, we

shall never forget you, God comfort you.' The grief of the people old and young, of teachers and preachers and neighbours, was very great. It was a solemn hour for all. Sidon and Syria had lost a champion.

"Mr. Eddy developed remarkable power as a missionary. He was a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability and force of character. His whole heart was in evangelistic work. The mission assigned to him the care of an extensive district, including many outstations with their churches and schools. The Syrian pastors and helpers under his superintendence needed and received his constant coöperation in a thousand matters. He was indefatigable in his labours. He spent no small part of each year on horseback, visiting the various parts of his great bishopric, sleeping in the native houses, exposing himself freely to every kind of hardship and privation, travelling in summer's heat and winter's cold, and not only in sunshine but in rain and snow. In the mingled beauty and strength of his Christian consecration, he was an ideal missionary. He took, too, a deep interest in matters outside of his own immediate field. He was one of the best informed men in the world regarding the political, economic, and moral problems in the Turkish Empire."

He died December 3, 1906. At the meeting of the mission an appropriate minute was adopted, and a memorial service held in which fifteen American and English missionaries recounted their impressions of his life and character. He was in many respects the ideal missionary.

The third stroke of sorrow came in the death of Prof. Robert Haldane West of the Syrian Protestant College on December 12th, of typhoid fever. He came to Syria November 14, 1883, and for twenty years has been a man to reckon upon in the college. He won the affection and respect of all who knew him. His high scientific attainments as a mathematician and astronomer, his mechanical skill, his practical good sense, his knowledge of human nature, his firm stand for truth and righteousness, his great humility and godly life made him a fit example for the hundreds of young men who came under his influence.



On August 30, 1905, he was one of the astronomers appointed to observe the solar eclipse at Assouan, Upper Egypt. Robert West was a saintly scholar and a scholarly saint.

1907—Early in 1907 the Moslem journals in Egypt and Syria boasted that Japan was likely to become Mohammedan; that a deputation of learned sheikhs had interviewed the Mikado, who was disposed to adopt Islam as the national faith. Well assured that the story was false, I wrote to Dr. Imbrie of Tokio, who replied that there was not a Moslem in Japan, that no deputation of Moslems had seen the Mikado nor could see him. I translated Dr. Imbrie's letter into Arabic and had it published in the *Ahram* of Cairo, as we could not print it in Syria. Here the Moslems can attack Christianity, but no Christian can reply. (It remains to be seen whether, under the new constitution of July 24, 1908, free discussions with Moslems will be allowed.)

In June we gave diplomas to four theological graduates, who went at once to their fields of labour, three in Northern Syria, and one to the Bookaa.

The necrology of this year includes the death, on February 1st, of Mr. Selim Kessab, a prominent Christian worker, and, on March 2d, that of Miss Proctor, founder of the Shwifat schools.

Mr. Kessab, or "Muallim Selim," as he was familiarly called, was a native of Damascus, born in the year 1841. In July, 1860, at the time of the dreadful massacre in Damascus, he was the Arabic teacher and helper of Rev. John Crawford, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. They had gone to Yabrood for the summer, when the Moslem villagers attempted to kill him, asserting that all Christians were to be massacred, but the friendly sheikh protected him and the missionaries. The massacre in Damascus took place July 9th, and a fortnight later a party of Algerine horsemen of the Prince Abd el Kadir went to Yabrood, at the request of the British consul and escorted them safely to Damascus. Two months later he removed with the missionaries Crawford and Robson to Beirut, where in September he met Mrs. Bowen Thompson, just arrived from England to aid in the relief

of the widows and orphans. He was her interpreter and teacher, and became in time the head master of the institution, and was for years the trusted examiner of all the British Syrian Schools. He was prominent in the Syrian Evangelical Church, and often preached with great acceptance. His Arabic was both clear and classical, and he was master of the most extensive "bahr," or vocabulary, in Arabic, that I have ever known. He spoke with great ease and fluency. On the last morning of his life he entered the chapel of the institution as usual, to conduct morning prayers. In the midst of the prayer he suddenly fell back and expired from heart failure. His death was a great loss to the cause of Protestant Christian education and to the church in Syria. He was the founder and first president of Beirut City Y. M. C. A. called in Arabic "The Shems ul Bir," or sun of righteousness.

Miss Louisa Proctor came to Syria as a traveller, in 1880, and joined Mrs. Mentor Mott in the British Syrian School work. Later she assisted successively Miss Hicks of the Female Education Society in Shemlan, Mount Lebanon, and Miss Taylor in her remarkable work for Moslem and Druse girls in Beirut. Up to 1885 the Shwifat schools were under the American Mission, and in August, 1880, Miss Susan H. Calhoun with her widowed mother began a high school for girls, which continued until their departure, on account of impaired health, for America in April, 1885. Miss Proctor then acceded to the request of the Shwifat people, and, in September, 1886, opened a boarding-school for girls with fifteen pupils, being assisted by the Syrian preacher of the American Mission, Rev. Tannus Saad, who continued as her assistant and manager up to the time of her death. She erected a large edifice for a boys' boarding-school, and, at the time of her decease, had in both schools 183 pupils, of whom 114 were boarders. She devoted her fortune and her whole time and strength to these schools. She had remarkable self-consuming zeal, great energy and executive ability, and even in advancing years taught her class with all fidelity. Her work is now under the care of Miss Stephenson, Rev. Tannus Saad, and a committee

of friends in England and Beirut. Shwifat is a large village of Greeks and Druses, at the base of the Lebanon range, six miles south of Beirut.

In May an imperial order was issued for the Syrian Protestant College and the American schools in the empire, granting them the same immunities that are given to the schools of other nations. The state of the empire seemed almost hopeless. Murder and outrage were unpunished, secret police and spies made life miserable: everything was under censorship and espionage and the best citizens were constantly maltreated, imprisoned or exiled. No one could blame the people for emigrating in thousands.

In this same month two corner-stones were laid with great ceremony: that of the Orthodox Greek bishop's proposed college, and the Waly's industrial schools. The latter were completed and opened for pupils, but on the removal of the Waly who founded them, and having no endowment or fixed income, they have been closed. The Greek college is still unfinished, as, owing to divisions in the sect, the funds failed for the time.

In June a young Persian Moslem convert, a pupil of Sidon school, who had been teaching in Hauran, was arrested and imprisoned in Damascus and Beirut. No charge was filed against him, and he was not given a trial, but the police and zabtiyehs expected bribes and kept him in prison for months.

On June 28th Muzuffar Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, died, regretted by none. His family had exploited the Lebanon district for months, shamelessly taking bribes, until his government became a byword. He was succeeded in the fall by Yusef Franco, son of a former governor, who has yet to prove his competence for this high office.

We were all made very anxious, in September, by the serious illness of Dr. Daniel Bliss. It was cause for the greatest thankfulness that he was mercifully restored to health, and he has now recovered his usual vigour, to the great joy of the whole community.

The American Press reported this year that 75,200 volumes, and 22,292,842 pages had been printed, making, from the beginning, 878,756,184 pages. The mission had 100 schools of all grades, and 5,089 pupils. The income from pupils in all the mission schools was \$41,632, and the Syrian Protestant College income was even larger.

In October my only surviving sister, Miss Fanny M. Jessup, died in Montrose, Pa., aged seventy-two years. She was a model of loving devotion to her kindred and service to her church. During the fifty-two years of my residence in Syria she had, when not disabled by illness, written me or brother Samuel a weekly letter. Through her we have been kept in close touch with the home friends and the home land. Though struggling for forty years with an incurable malady, she maintained her cheerful Christian courage and found joy in blessing others.

But I little thought what a grievous affliction was in store for me, when, after the December mission meeting was over, my dear wife, Theodosia, was taken suddenly ill with a cold which developed rapidly into pneumonia. Her heart was affected, and in the early morning of December 19th she breathed her last, peacefully falling asleep in Jesus. She said she was ready to go, but she longed to remain for the sake of her loved ones, and because there was so much more she wanted to do for her Lord. Others have spoken and written of her eminent piety, her high intellectual gifts, her musical talents and unwearied missionary labours, her organization of the societies which are carrying on the work of Christian Endeavour, the Beirut reading-room, and the Syrian Women's "Helping Hand." The sympathy of our friends, Syrian and foreign, was unbounded, and the tributes paid to her character and life were beautiful. "She hath done what she could."

A learned effendi of Beirut recently said to me that the so-called Koranic learning of the Azhar University is a sham and behind the age. Said he, "Of what use is it that this Fukiḥ or learned sheikh can tell you twenty different interpretations of a verse of the Koran, or a point of law, and strut about in his long

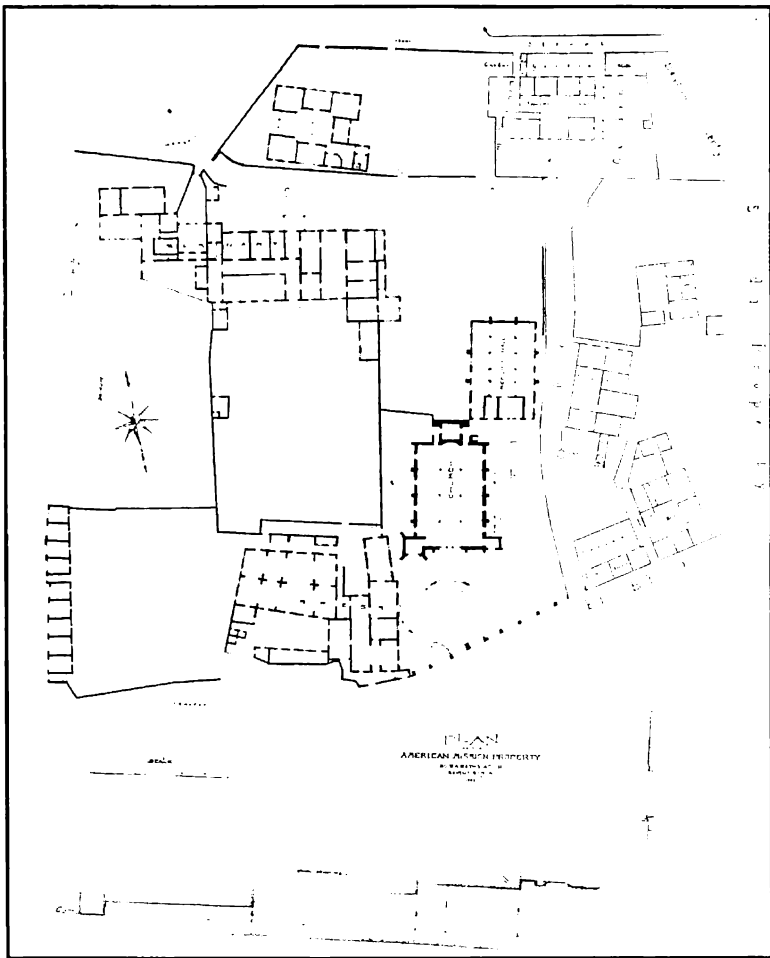
robes full of scholastic conceit? We want men trained in practical things, and not men living in the seventh and eighth centuries!"

The Moslems have many fine traits, and hold to much of the truth. A poor Protestant girl in Beirut, wasted with consumption, helped to support herself and her widowed mother by knitting the beautiful thread edging called "oya" on the border of the muslin veils of the Syrian women. One day she started to walk down-town about a mile, to deliver to the merchant a dozen veils she had finished. When nearly down to the old city she sank exhausted by the wayside. Nearly opposite was a Moslem coffee-house. An elderly white-bearded Moslem saw her and hastened to carry her a stool and help her to sit on it. He said, "My child, you look very ill. Why did you try to walk this hot day?" He then ordered iced lemonade, ordered a carriage, and drove with her to an educated Moslem doctor in the vicinity. Getting a prescription, for which he paid, and paying the pharmacist also for the medicine, he ordered the driver to take her home at his expense! She did not know his name, but in telling us of it a few days after as we called on her, lying on her bed, she said, "Was not that like the Good Samaritan?" We assured her that it was. But we could not ascertain the name of the kind-hearted old man.

Let us print and teach and live before them a Christian life and we may win them to Christ.

The Arabic Bible with educational and medical missions will be the efficient factors in bringing Islam to Christ.





PLAN OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION PROPERTY  
AT BEIRUT

## What Shall the Harvest Be?—January 1908—May 1909

WITH this year, in my seventy-seventh year, I conclude this sketch of a missionary's life and of the American Mission in Syria. I hardly expected to live to see the granting of a Constitution in Turkey, but it has come in my day, and we are now living in the time of transition between the old and the new, a time, naturally, full of ferment and unrest.

The work of Christian education in Syria suffered a great loss by the death, in January, of Mr. Morris K. Jesup of New York, a trustee of the Syrian Protestant College, and one of its most generous supporters.

Among other losses by death was that of Mr. Thomas Little, the head of the boys' boarding-school of the Friends' Mission in Brummana; that of Mrs. Luciya Zaazooah Saiugh, for many years a teacher in the Beirut Girls' School, and an exemplary Christian wife and mother; and, on November 21st, Rev. John Wortabet, M. D., aged eighty-one years. He was widely known as a physician and author. He was ordained May, 1853, in Hasbeiya, and served as pastor there about five years when he visited Scotland and published his invaluable book on the "Religions of Syria." He was then sent out by a Scotch society as missionary to Aleppo where he remained until called in 1869 to a professorship in the Beirut Medical College as colleague with Drs. Van Dyck and Post. He was a man of great industry, an exact scholar and successful physician. He was especially kind to the sick poor, and had a wide reputation throughout Syria. For twenty years he had given up preaching and confined himself to professional and literary work. He was one of the original committee which organized the Asfuriyeh Hospital for the Insane.



Mrs. S. H. Calhoun, the widow of the "Saint of Lebanon," died in the home of her missionary daughter, Mrs. C. H. Ransom, at Adams, Natal, South Africa, November 4th, aged eighty-four years. She arrived in Syria March 6, 1849, and for twenty-six years until June, 1875, lived in Abeih a beautiful life, the angel of a model Christian household, beloved by Druses and Christians of all sects, and a tower of strength to her noble husband. In June, 1875, she sailed for America with her husband, who died in Buffalo, December 14, 1876. The following May she returned to Syria and laboured among the women in Beirut, Deir el Komr (1878), and Shwifat (1880). In 1885 she returned to America, and afterwards accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Ransom, to the Zulu Mission, Natal, where she remained until her death, having visited Syria in 1901 en route for America.

Mrs. Wm. K. Eddy, feeling obliged to resign from the mission, sailed with her two younger boys and Dr. and Mrs. Nelson for America, in April. Rev. Wm. Jessup and family started on their furlough in July.

The work of the press was a record one,—44,589,571 pages, of which 30,500,000 were Arabic Scriptures, having been printed. Eighteen cases of Scriptures were shipped to Shanghai, for use among Chinese Mohammedans. In March orders were on file for more than 100,000 copies of Scriptures and parts of Scriptures.

There has been also a marked increase in the number of pupils in all the mission boarding-schools for boys and girls, as well as in the amount paid by them.

Mr. Amin Fehad was ordained in the summer over the Abeih church, in the presence of a crowded congregation, and I was glad to stand in the old pulpit of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird and give him the ordaining charge.

Mr. Tannus Saad was ordained in Beirut in December, during the annual meeting of the Syria Mission, as pastor of the Shwifat congregation.

Early in December, Mr. Antone Hamawy, a stone-mason of Kharaba, in Hauran, east of the Sea of Galilee, was ordained by the

Presbytery of Sidon and two of the church-members were ordained as elders at the same time. He has had no theological training, but has studied the Bible for years, and drunk deep from the fountain of divine truth. These three brethren came to see me in Beirut, came into my sick-room, and I prayed with them. It was refreshing to see these stalwart men, dressed like the Arabs of Hauran, consecrated to the service of Christ in that wild region.

In June, 1908, one month before the fall of the Turkish despotism, I wrote the following forecast of the future of Syria, little thinking that in so short a time such great strides would have been taken towards its ultimate fulfillment.

#### THE FUTURE

As I look forward from this height to the future of Syria I am full of hope. For twenty-three hundred years Semitic Syria has been a vassal of Indo-Germanic races, Macedonians, Greeks, Romans, Franks, and Turks. And there is little hope that it will ever be governed by a Semitic ruler. There will be a new Syrian people and a new Syria. But it will not be evolved chiefly from political changes, nor by commercial development, but by the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These effete systems of Oriental Christianity will be vitalized by casting off the grave-clothes of dead forms and standing up in the purity and life of a true Christian faith. The scores of monasteries and nunneries, which have appropriated the hard earnings of the poor peasants of the Greeks, Maronites, and Greek Catholics for ages, until they dominate whole provinces by the money power, holding the people as tenants at will, will be confiscated, as has been done in Italy, Spain, and France, and the proceeds devoted to schools and hospitals instead of supporting an army of lazy, corrupt, and worthless monks.

There will arise from among the Moslems themselves earnest men who will see in Jesus, the son of Mary, their true prophet, priest, and king, and call on the Moslem world to accept Him as their Lord and Redeemer.

The evangelical church of Syria will carry on the work of evangelizing the Bedawin Arab tribes. The American missionaries, leaving the care of the native churches to the people themselves, will devote their energies to instruction in the universities and colleges, to the theological schools, the seminaries for girls, and the work of publication.

Woman, emancipated from the hareem and the veil, will take her proper place in Oriental society, supreme in the home and eminent in Christian service.

Can all these things take place under Mohammedan despotic rule? I do not venture to say, but the verdict of history is that despotism and reform are incompatible. Whoever is on the throne, will have to grant absolute liberty of conscience, abolish bribery and corruption in the courts, and make all men equal before the law. The interference of priests and bishops, Ulema and sheikhs, in the courts of justice will be stopped. No man entering a court will be asked, "What is your religious sect?" or "What pull or backing have you?" but each man will be treated as a man and a citizen. No Christian will be told as now that "You cannot testify, as testimony is a religious act, and only Mohammedans are true believers, therefore they only can testify," but this colossal principle of religious bigotry will be abolished. The thousands of emigrants to America, returning with their foreign-born children, will bring into the old East the free ideas and sterling principles of the West. And the broad uncultivated acres of the Hinterland of Syria will teem with new villages and a crowded, enlightened, and happy people.

The Arabic Bible will supplant the Arabic Koran: not the mutilated and manipulated Bible of the modern sappers and miners, but the Old Testament as we have it from the Jews, and the New Testament as accepted by the early Church.

The scholars of the Syrian Evangelical Church, born and bred in an Oriental atmosphere and accustomed to Semitic forms of thought and expression, accept the Bible as it is, and find no difficulty in matters which men trained in Western and European surroundings regard as insuperable objections to the Scripture

veracity and verity. And the Arabic Bible, which has no peer in Arabic literature, and which as a translation is known to stand nearest to the original text, will continue to mould the literature of the Arab race in the future, as the Koran has done in the past.

The finer qualities of the Syrian character, their courtesy and hospitality, their sympathy with the sorrowing and bereaved, their loyalty to family and home, will be hallowed and sanctified by the added graces of Christian faith and love,—and certain defects, incident to a people oppressed for centuries, will be gradually eliminated by the wholesome air of civil and religious liberty.

It is a great comfort, to one able to compare the dark past with the brightening present and the brighter future, that all the modern awakening of the Syrian people is ascribed by the people themselves to the institutions planted by the American missionaries eight decades ago. The Moslems and Oriental Christians alike used to tell us that the education of girls was not only impossible but dangerous.

Now they vie with each other in founding and conducting schools for girls, building fine edifices, using modern methods, discussing the benefits of female education in their journals, and insisting that the stability of society depends upon educated mothers. One wonders at the transformation. This new departure is leavening society. Girls and women are beginning to think.

On Sunday p. m., July 26th, as we were leaving the little Aleih chapel after the English service, Consul-General Ravendal startled us all with the telegraphic news that the Midhat Pasha Constitution of 1876, which had been suppressed by Abdul Hamid II for thirty-two years, had now, July 23d, been restored by a bloodless revolution effected by the Young Turkey Party headed by Enver Beg and Niazi Beg, commanders of the Turkish army in Macedonia in the name of the Committee of Union and Progress. The threat of marching on Constantinople with 100,000 men brought the Sultan to terms, and after vain attempts to evade the

issue he was obliged to send telegraphic orders throughout the whole empire reëstablishing the Constitution, and requiring the immediate election of members to the Ottoman Parliament.

There is no need of going into details which are so fresh in all minds and so generally known, but we, as well as the world at large, were electrified at the sudden transition.

It was not only the transition of the Turkish Empire from despotism to constitutional government, but a transition from an exasperating censorship of books and newspapers to perfect liberty of the press; from a cruel and intimidating system of espionage managed by that arch intriguer and deceiver of the Sultan, Izzet Pasha, to the abolition of the whole system and the flight of Izzet himself; from a grinding system of internal tezkeras (passports) to free right of transit to all; from constant banishment and imprisonment of enlightened men, Moslems and Christians, suspected of belonging to the Young Turkey Party,—hundreds having fled from their country,—to a full and free amnesty to all political exiles, hundreds of whom are now returning to their loved native land; from a condition in which no public meeting could be held, no public speech uttered without special permission from a fanatical censor, to free speech, free right of assembly, and freedom in criticizing the acts of the government; from an irresponsible rule of hungry and bribe-taking pashas, to a parliament of representatives from all parts of the empire, elected by the people from all sects, Moslems, Christians and Jews!

The whole empire burst forth in universal rejoicing. The press spoke out. Public meetings were held, cities and towns decorated, Moslems were seen embracing Christians and Jews, and inviting one another to receptions and feasts. The universal voice of the Moslems was, "We have been compelled by orders from the Sultan's palace to hate one another. Now, we are brethren and we can live in peace. We shall henceforth know each other only as Ottomans." "Long live liberty! Long live the army! Long live the Sultan!"

The pent-up feelings of the populace everywhere burst forth in

loud hurrahs in the public streets. Syria has never seen such real rejoicing. Can it be true? Will it last? were questions in all mouths. It was startling to those who had left Syria early in July under the old régime to be greeted in New York harbour with the news of free institutions in Turkey. It seemed too good to be true, and for weeks we here, foreigners and Syrians alike, seemed to be living in a dream. The Golden Age seemed to be dawning.

While the large majority believed in the genuineness of this radical change in the institutions of the empire, not a few doubted, and it is true that the old Islamic spirit of intolerance, held in check temporarily by the popular enthusiasm, has turned out to be like a smouldering flame ready to burst out whenever favourable occasion should offer. This appeared in various ways:—in the sullen attitude of the sheikhs and religious fanatics; in anonymous papers printed in Damascus and Aleppo asserting that the Constitution was destructive to the Sacred Shareaa (Islamic law) of the Koran, and in other ways of which I shall speak later.

A striking instance of the practical outcome of this ferment working in the popular mind after the promulgation of the Constitution was the attempt made by non-Christian pupils in our Syrian Protestant College to evade the rule requiring attendance upon religious worship. In December, 1908, the college had a larger roll of pupils than ever before, of whom 120 were Mohammedans. Repeated efforts had been made by them, their families and their sheikhs to have them excused from attendance at prayers and all religious exercises, including classes for Bible study, on the ground that this was the new era of "religious liberty." They were reminded that the college is a Christian missionary college, founded by Christian men, controlled by Christian trustees in New York, endowed with Christian funds and that its fundamental rules require all students to attend all the religious exercises. This, however, was well known to all the Moslem parents who send their sons to the college as it has been the policy for forty years, and is made perfectly clear in state-

ments in the college prospectus and catalogue. No one is forced to enter the college, there is perfect "liberty" in that, but if he enters he must conform to all its rules. There is no discrimination against non-Christian students. All are treated alike : —Moslems, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Catholics, Druses and Protestants, and these 870 students, living, studying and exercising together for four, eight, or twelve years will learn to act together harmoniously in the future as citizens of a free country, to respect each other and be the leaders in reform and progress.

This was the case until the close of 1908 when ninety of the Moslem students, incited by fanatical men in Beirut, and intriguers among their own number formed a league of rebellion and took an oath on the Koran that they would "neither attend the religious exercises of the college nor leave the college." A considerable number of the Moslem students refused to join the league, but seventy Jewish students took similar ground, and the faculty, in the absence of the president, had to face the problem of either trying to expel 160 students by force, or yielding temporarily to their demand to be excused from college prayers and Bible study. The latter course was adopted as a temporary expedient, but in March, 1909, after the president's return, this action was modified. The non-Christian students were excused from chapel exercises, but those who wished to remain in the college were required to attend the regular Bible classes. This compromise was to be a "modus vivendi" until the end of the college year in July, with the understanding that when the college opened its doors in October, 1909, it would be on the old basis of required attendance on religious exercises. This maintains the missionary character of the college, and will be gratifying to all its friends in this empire and in America.

The history of this difficulty in the college has been ably summarized in a printed statement (April, 1909) issued by President Bliss.

The dawn of a new era is breaking. A parliament assembled in December, 1908, not, this time, to be suppressed again as in 1877. The entire army of the empire, on which the Sultan

Abdul Hamid relied to sustain his throne, has become constitutional in its policies. It produced the bloodless revolution and it will see to it that there is no going back.

The parliament, as at present constituted, is a fair exponent of the racial and religious elements of the empire.

There are 259 members of which

Turks . . . .	119	—All Mohammedans
Arabs . . . .	72	—71 Mohammedans, 1 Catholic Christian
Greeks . . . .	23	—Orthodox Greek Christians
Albanians . . . .	15	—All Mohammedans
Gregorian Armenian	10	—Armenian Christians
Kurds . . . .	8	—Mohammedans
Spanish Jews . . . .	4	—Jews
Bulgarians . . . .	4	—Orthodox Greek Christians
Servians . . . .	3	— “ “ “
Wallachs . . . .	1	— “ “ “

—  
259

This gives 213 Mohammedan members

42 Christian “

4 Jewish “

As this is their first experience of parliamentary rules and duties, this first session should be regarded as a training-school. The people in the provinces complain bitterly of the present state of disintegration and disorder, and of the failure of Parliament, after a few months in session, to give relief and security to the empire. But the people must be patient. They have started on a new career, and have many able and level-headed men among their leaders. The two great needs to-day are money—to build up the country impoverished by the rapacity of the office-holders—and honest men.

The Syrians may well pray,

“Give me men to match my mountains, give me men to match  
my plains,  
Men with empires in their purpose, men with eras in their  
brains.”



And, may I add, men of conscience, integrity and principle. Alas, that they are so few !

We must anticipate fanatical outbreaks against the constitutional government. Lord Cromer says, "To reform Islam is to destroy it." The fanatics evidently believe this and resist reform.

The unclean spirit first rent the lad and then came out of him. The evil demon of Moslem fanatical hatred of light and liberty will be cast out, but let us not wonder if it first rend and tear the Ottoman body politic.

The question which naturally confronts us is, How will all these great changes affect the religious future of the empire ?

We can be sure that the free publication and importation of books, magazines and newspapers will give a great impulse to popular enlightenment and tend to break down prejudice.

Popular education in government schools as well as the independent schools, native and foreign, must be vastly extended and improved,—as hereafter primary education will be compulsory. Heretofore all the government primary schools have been for Moslem children only and under Moslem teachers. It remains to be seen whether government aid will be given to schools for Christian children.

The *Thumrat*, a leading Moslem journal in Beirut, insists that the only sure means for fusing the sects of the empire and making all Ottomans brethren is the mixing of Moslem and Christian children in the common schools to study and learn the same lessons from the same books. It is not clear that the Oriental Christians will consent to this. Moslem children are so foul-mouthed and use such vile language in common conversation, that Christian parents dread to have their children associate with them. But if a government allowance is given to separate schools for the time being, the difficulty may be gradually removed. We cannot expect patriotic Turks and Christians to do in a year what our ancestors have attained only after centuries of struggle and experiment.

What the effect will be on liberty of conscience to Moslems,

one cannot predict. They can at least buy the Bible and Christian books openly, which they could not do before. One great reason for government opposition to Moslems becoming Christians has been that the army of the empire is a Moslem army,—only Moslems being allowed to bear arms—hence every Moslem convert to Christianity was a loss to the army, a renegade from conscription. A late proclamation by the new party of “Union and Progress” declares that henceforth the Christians may enter the army and the military schools for training officers. When this is carried into effect, the government, as such, will not care what a man’s religion is, as all will belong to the army as loyal soldiers under the Constitution. It will develop a spirit of manly independence among the youth of the Oriental Christian sects instead of the cowed, cringing attitude into which they have so long been driven by their inferior condition.

What will be the effect of the Constitution on Pan-Islamism ?

1. It will not promote it.<sup>1</sup> The policy of the late despotism of “Yildiz” was to elevate, promote, and reward Moslems and to depress, oppress, and suppress Christians. The new policy of equality and justice will elevate Christians and remove fanatical prejudice. It will make it difficult for any Sultan in the future to proclaim a Pan-Islamic crusade.

2. It will modify it. It proclaims the absolute equality of all sects and religions. It claims that Islam favours justice, liberty of conscience, and civilization. If it incites Moslems elsewhere to fraternize with Christians and Jews, and upholds Islam as the bond of brotherhood with all men, it will be a large step forward. A free constitution extracts the fangs of the old Pan-Islamic monster nurtured so long at “Yildiz.”

3. The fanatical tribes of Asia and Africa will be slow to accept the counsels of a Sultan at the head of a free, self-governing, civilized people.

4. Arabic scholars are already printing tracts to prove that Islam is the mother of modern civilization, and promotes brother-

<sup>1</sup> Enver Beg, the head of the reform party, declares that the new Constitution will have nothing to do with Pan-Islamism.

hood among the nations. This is a hopeful sign. The new parliament will never vote a Jihad or Holy War!

5. The right of free assembly and free speech will bring the educated young men, Moslems and Christians, into a new fellowship and a new feeling of dignity and manhood. As a Damascene scholar has just said, "Under the old régime we were mere ciphers. There was no manhood and no self-respect. Suspicion and alienation were universal, but now we can hold up our heads; we are men, we are brethren. We have rights and we have a country. Life is now worth living!" This experience of independent manhood is one of the most hopeful features of the present outlook. There may be excesses and errors. In the present transition state of the empire there is great confusion and unrest. The reactionaries are numerous and full of intrigue. But the reform government seems to be preparing to do thorough work. The great difficulty is to find *honest* officials. No matter. A free people will soon learn in the school of experience.

The state of Turkey up to July 23, 1908, was like the state of Rome up to September 20, 1870, when the Italian army entered the Eternal City. Up to that time Rome was a nest of spies, informers, and persecutors, governed by the Inquisition. Every Protestant foreign traveller had his Bibles and books taken from him, his steps were dogged by spies, and informers listened at the keyhole of his room. No Protestant book or newspaper could enter the city. Every enlightened Italian was persecuted and banished. But on September 20th the gates flew open. Light and liberty entered. The horde of spies hid their heads. Bible and book shops were opened and travellers unmolested.

So in Turkey, before July 23, 1908, the whole empire was under a reign of terror. The best men in the empire were assassinated or exiled. Spies charged innocent men with conspiracy and crime and they were dragged from their beds and thrust into loathsome dungeons. Secret police dogged the steps of every foreigner, seized books and newspapers, and levied blackmail on native travellers, until the people were driven to desperation, and while publicly shouting "Long live the Sultan!" in-

wardly invoked the curse of God upon him. But on July 24th all was changed. The Sultan's power was curtailed. His horde of corrupt palace officials imprisoned and banished, and proclamation made of a free press and free right of assembly, free speech, free transit, no more spies, or secret police, or arbitrary arrests. The exiles called home, no censorship of newspapers, books or telegrams, and for the first time in history, Turkey has a "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The month of July will hereafter be known as the month of liberty :

July 4th, America.  
July 14th, France.  
July 23d, Turkey.

Truly "this is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Ps. 118: 43).

6. The seed planted in Syrian soil in 1822 by two young Americans was slow in germinating, but the root took firm hold of the soil. Decade after decade it spread over the empire, from village to village, city to city, and province to province. The school and the press gradually did their work, until thousands of the best youth in Syria, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt are now thinking men and women. Tyranny and misrule have driven them forth to the ends of the earth to breathe a free air and find scope for their energies. They will gradually return, some of them at least, prepared to join in the civil, moral, and political regeneration of the empire.

Now is the time for distributing God's Word and spreading a Christian literature. A free press will print more bad than good books. Let all interested in these historic lands supply the means for giving the people a wholesome literature.

Let us have faith in the Orient, long oppressed and blinded by centuries of misrule, and just beginning to "see men as trees walking."

A chain of parliaments from Portugal to Persia is a fact no one would have credited when I came to Syria. God's hand is in it. He changes the hearts of kings and their people. We

have doubted long enough. Let us have faith in God and humanity. Christ will yet come to His own. " His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and His dominion endureth throughout all generations."

#### CONCLUSION

After writing two successive conclusions to this history, I find it necessary to add another, in view of the two kaleidoscopic revolutions just enacted in Constantinople, and the blood-curdling tragedies in Cilicia and Northern Syria. They seem to be parts of the expiring throes of Islamic despotism. The Liberal Midhat Constitution of 1876, so soon throttled by Abdul Hamid, and revived by the Young Turkey heroes, Niazi Beg and Enver Beg, July 23, 1908, roused against itself the fury of all the reactionary and absolutist forces in the empire headed by the Yildiz palace gang of Abdul Hamid, and the cause of liberty seemed to be lost a second time. But the well-drilled and loyal army of Salonica once more saved Constantinople, banished the old Sultan and placed his younger brother Reshad, a better man, on the throne, April 24, 1909, as Sultan Mohammed V.

Simultaneously with this furious outbreak in the capital, came the Cilician, sacrificing more than thirty thousand Armenian Christian lives and leaving more than that number of homeless and starving widows and orphans.

Mukhtar Pasha el Ghazi, Turkish commissioner in Egypt for twenty years, and now loyal to the Constitution, writes from Constantinople to a Turkish pasha in Egypt, that had the entrance of the Salonica army been delayed five days, not only Constantinople but all the cities in the empire would have been given over to massacre and pillage. Thank God that such horrors were averted! —and only a small part of the fiendish programme was carried out —*i. e.*, that in Cilicia and Northern Syria.

I confess myself unable to predict what will come next. Time alone will reveal the future of this hapless empire. The hand of God is, however, so manifest in recent events that we may firmly

believe that a higher and better future is in store for the new Ottoman nation.

After the Armenian massacres, in 1896, Sir Lewis Morris wrote a burning appeal to Europe to intervene, and seemed to have a seer's vision as he wrote :

“ Nay, nay, it is enough ! enough ! No more  
Shall black Oppression rule. Her reign is o'er.  
No more, O Earth, no more.  
Let not despair afflict your brethren still !  
Let the new-coming Age, a happier birth,  
Bless these waste places of the suffering Earth !  
Let Peace, with Law, the tranquil valleys fill,  
And make the desert blossom as the rose ! ”

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*Postscript* :—It was impracticable for my father to personally supervise the bringing out of this book. He is therefore not responsible for any oversights in proof-reading.

He would desire to record his gratitude to Dr. Dennis for valuable suggestions on detail points which his exact knowledge made available.

H. W. J., ED.

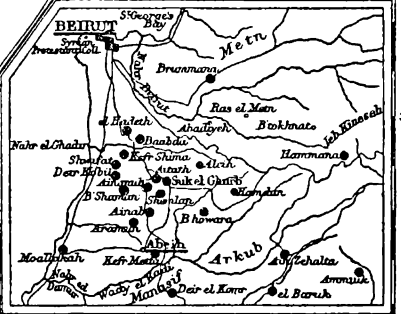
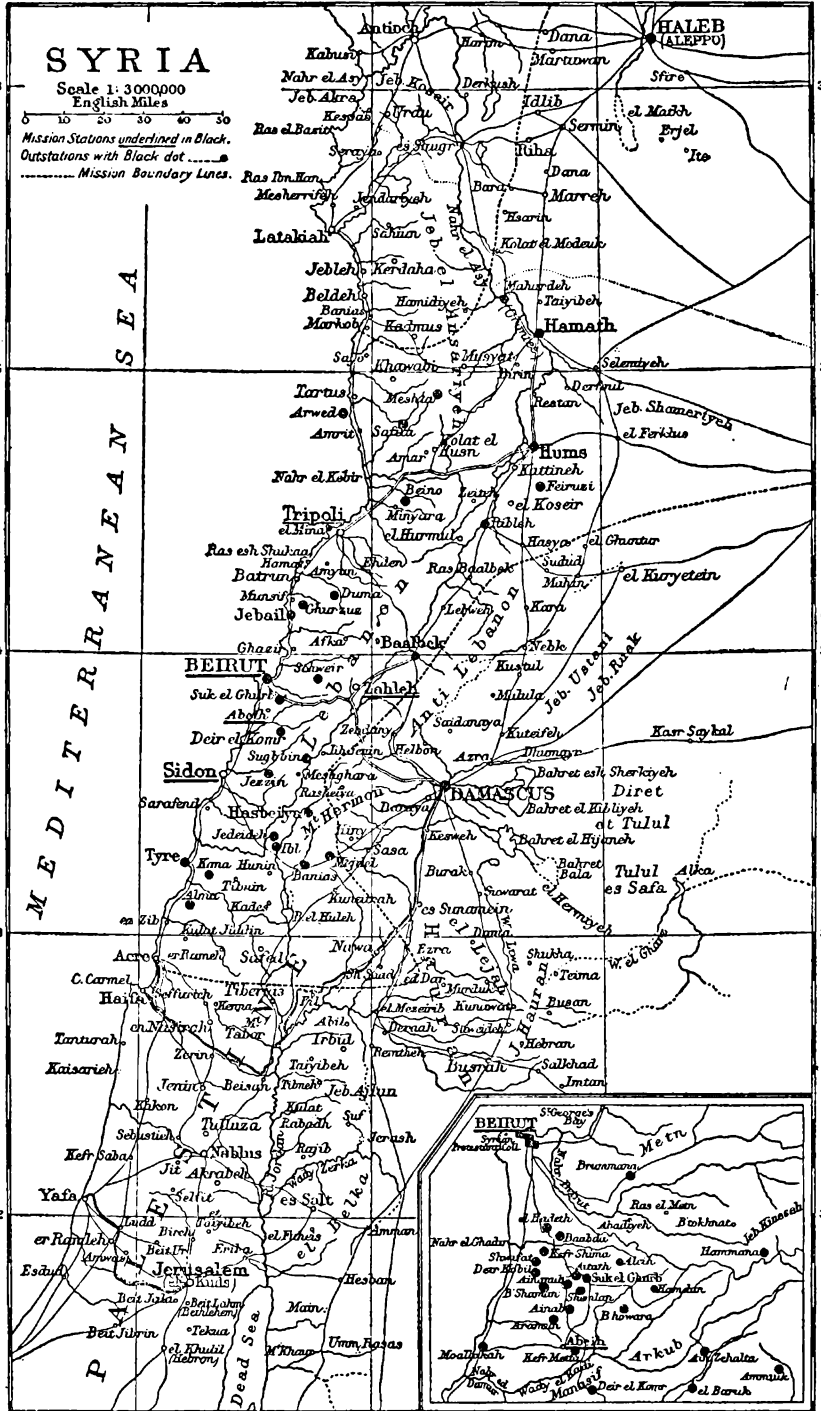


# SYRIA

Scale 1: 3000000  
English Miles

0 10 20 30 40 50  
Mission Stations underlined in Black.  
Outstations with Black dot  
----- Mission Boundary Lines.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA



Longitude East 36 of Greenwich





# Appendix I

## Missionaries in Syria Mission From 1819 to 1908

<i>Names</i>	<i>Time of Entering</i>	<i>Time of Leaving</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>
1. Rev. Levi Parsons . . . .	Jan. 15, 1820		Feb. 10, 1822
2. Rev. Pliny Fisk . . . .	Jan. 15, 1820		Oct. 23, 1825
3. Rev. Jonas King, D. D. . .	Nov. 2, 1822	Aug. 26, 1825	
4. Rev. Wm. Goodell, D. D. . .	Oct. 16, 1823	May 2, 1828	Feb. 16, 1867
5. Mrs. Abigail P. Goodell . . .	Oct. 16, 1823	May 2, 1828	
6. Rev. Isaac Bird . . . .	Oct. 16, 1823	Aug. 1835	June 1876
7. Mrs. Ann P. Bird . . . .	Oct. 16, 1823	Aug. 1835	May 10, 1877
8. Rev. Eli Smith, D. D. . . .	Feb. 18, 1827		Jan. 11, 1857
9. Mrs. Sarah L. H. Smith . . .	Jan. 28, 1834		Sept. 30, 1836
10. Rev. W. M. Thomson, D. D.	April 1834	To U. S. 1877	April 8, 1894
11. Mrs. Eliza N. Thomson . . .	April 1834		July 22, 1834
12. Asa Dodge, M. D. . . .	Sept. 1834		Jan. 28, 1835
13. Mrs. Martha Dodge . . . .	Sept. 1834		1838
14. Rev. George B. Whiting . . .	Oct. 1834		Nov. 8, 1855
15. Mrs. Matilda S. Whiting . . .	Oct. 1834	Mar. 14, 1856	
16. Mrs. Maria Thomson . . . .	Aug. 3, 1835		April 29, 1873
17. Miss Rebecca Williams . . .	Nov. 13, 1835		Feb. 18, 1840
18. } Rev. Story Hebard . . . Mar.	14, 1836		June 30, 1841
18. } Mrs. Hebard (Miss R. Williams)	Nov. 13, 1835		
19. Rev. John F. Lanneau . . . .	May 1, 1836	Feb. 17, 1846	
20. Miss Betsey Tilden . . . .	June 16, 1836	Mar. 1, 1843	
21. Rev. Chas S. Sherman . . . .	Sept. 1838	July 1, 1842	
22. Rev. Elias R. Beadle . . . .	October 1838	Sept. 1842	Jan. 6, 1879
23. Mrs. Hannah Beadle . . . .	October 1838	Sept. 1842	
24. Mrs. Martha E. Sherman . . .	April 1, 1840	Jan. 2, 1843	
25. Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D. D.	April 1, 1840	Jan. 2, 1843	
26. Mrs. C. E. Wolcott . . . .	April 1, 1840		Oct. 6, 1841
27. Rev. Nathaniel A. Keyes . . .	April 1, 1840	April 5, 1844	
28. Mrs. Mary Keyes . . . .	April 1, 1840	April 5, 1844	
29. Rev. Leader Thomson . . . .	April 1, 1840	Mar. 1, 1843	
30. Mrs. Anne E. Thomson . . . .	April 1, 1840	Mar. 1, 1843	
31. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., L. H. D. . . . .	April 1, 1840		Nov. 13, 1895
32. Mr. George C. Hurter . . . .	April 15, 1841	June 31, 1864	1895
33. Mrs. Elizabeth Hurter . . . .	April 15, 1841	June 7, 1861	July 24, 1893
34. Mrs. Maria W. C. Smith . . .	June 17, 1841		May 27, 1842
35. Henry A. DeForest, M. D. . .	Mar. 23, 1842	May 8, 1854	1859
36. Mrs. C. S. DeForest . . . .	Mar. 23, 1842	May 8, 1854	April 3, 1896
37. Mrs. Julia A. Van Dyck . . .	Dec. 22, 1842	Now in Beirut	
38. Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun . . .	July 28, 1844	June 10, 1875	Dec. 14, 1876
39. Rev. Thomas Laurie, D. D.	Dec. 11, 1844	May 9, 1846	(to Nest. Miss.)

<i>Names</i>	<i>Time of Entering</i>	<i>Time of Leaving</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>
40. Mrs. Henrietta S. Smith . . .	Jan. 12, 1847	May 1857	Aug. 14, 1893
41. Rev. Wm. A. Benton . . .	Oct. 20, 1847	1861	Aug. 1874
42. Mrs. Loanza G. Benton . . .	Oct. 20, 1847	1861	
43. Rev. J. Edwards Ford . . .	Mar. 8, 1848	June 30, 1865	April 1866
44. Mrs. Mary Ford . . .	Mar. 8, 1848	Jan. 30, 1865	Dec. 27, 1902
45. Rev. David M. Wilson . . .	Mar. 8, 1848	May 4, 1861	Sept. 1887
46. Mrs. Emmeline Wilson . . .	Mar. 8, 1848	May 4, 1861	May 6, 1899
47. Rev. Horace Foote . . .	Aug. 24, 1848	Oct. 1854	Sept. 1887
48. Mrs. Roxana Foote . . .	Aug. 24, 1848	Oct. 1854	Nov. 1854
49. Mrs. Emily P. Calhoun . . .	Mar. 6, 1849	April 1, 1885	Nov. 4, 1908 (in Natal)
50. Rev. W. F. Williams, D. D. Mar.	6, 1849	May 1851 (to Mosul)	
51. Mrs. Sarah P. Williams . . .	Mar. 6, 1849		July 1, 1854
52. Miss Anna L. Whittlesey . . .	May 2, 1851		May 1, 1852
53. Rev. Wm. W. Eddy, D. D. Jan.	31, 1852		Jan. 31, 1900
54. Mrs. Hannah Maria Eddy . . .	Jan. 1, 1852		April 19, 1904
55. Miss Sarah Cheney (Mrs. Aiken) . . . . .	April 1853	May 1, 1858	
56. Rev. William Bird . . . . .	April 1853		Aug. 30, 1902
57. Mrs. Sarah G. Bird . . . . .	April 1853		
58. Rev. J. Lorenzo Lyons . . .	Feb. 25, 1855	June 1863	Mar. 14, 1888
59. Mrs. Catherine N. Lyons . . .	Feb. 25, 1855	June 1863	
60. Rev. Edward Aiken . . . . .	Jan. 1856	May 1, 1858	1889 (?)
61. Mrs. Susan D. Aiken . . . . .	Jan. 1856		June 20, 1856
62. Rev. Daniel Bliss, D. D. . . .	Feb. 7, 1856	To S. P. C. 1863	
63. Mrs. Abby M. Bliss . . . . .	Feb. 7, 1856	To S. P. C. 1863	
64. Rev. H. H. Jessup, D. D. . . .	Feb. 7, 1856		
65. Mrs. Caroline Jessup . . . . .	April 26, 1858		July 2, 1864
66. Miss Jane E. Johnson . . . . .	Aug. 31, 1858	Mar. 15, 1859	
67. Miss Amelia C. Temple . . . .	Aug. 31, 1858	April 1862	
68. Miss Adelaide L. Mason . . . .	April 11, 1860	June 30, 1865	
69. Rev. Samuel Jessup, D. D. . . .	Jan. 24, 1863		
70. Mrs. Annie E. Jessup . . . . .	Jan. 24, 1863		Dec. 11, 1895
71. Rev. Philip Berry . . . . .	Oct. 7, 1863	Oct. 1865	
72. Mrs. Magdalene Berry . . . . .	Oct. 7, 1863	Oct. 1865	
73. Rev. Geo. E. Post, M. D., LL. D. . . . .	Nov. 1863	To S. P. C. 1866	Sept. 29, 1909
74. Mrs. Sarah R. Post . . . . .	Nov. 1863	To S. P. C. 1866	
75. Rev. S. S. Mitchell . . . . .	June 12, 1867	July 1868	
76. Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell . . . . .	June 12, 1867	July 1868	
77. Rev. Isaac N. Lowry . . . . .	Nov. 22, 1867	June 2, 1870	April 10, 1871
78. Mrs. Mary E. Lowry . . . . .	Nov. 22, 1867	June 2, 1870	1872
79. Mrs. Harriet E. Jessup . . . . .	Nov. 22, 1868		April 5, 1882
80. Miss Eliza D. Everett . . . . .	Nov. 22, 1868	June 25, 1895	Feb. 8, 1902
81. Miss Ellen A. Carruth . . . . .	Nov. 22, 1868	May 10, 1870	
82. Rev. Jas. S. Dennis, D. D. . . .	Feb. 10, 1869	Feb. 1892	
83. Miss Ellen Jackson . . . . .	Nov. 15, 1870	Dec. 18, 1883	
84. Miss Sophie B. Loring . . . . .	Dec. 19, 1870	May 1873	
85. Galen B. Danforth, M. D. . . .	Nov. 9, 1871		July 9, 1875
86. Rev. Frank Wood . . . . .	Nov. 28, 1871		July 20, 1878
87. Mrs. Sophia R. Wood . . . . .	Nov. 28, 1871	Sept. 1878	
88. Mrs. Emily C. Danforth . . . .	Dec. 25, 1871		Jan. 13, 1881

<i>Names</i>	<i>Time of Entering</i>	<i>Time of Leaving</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>
89. Rev. Oscar J. Hardin . . .	Nov. 28, 1871		
90. Mrs. Mary P. Dennis . . .	Oct. 1872	Feb. 1892	
91. Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr. . .	Nov. 5, 1872		Oct. 6, 1886
92. Miss Mary Kipp . . . . .	Nov. 5, 1872	Dec. 11, 1875	
93. Mrs. Mary S. Hardin . . .	May 5, 1873		
94. Rev. Theodore S. Pond . . .	May 16, 1873	July 1, 1889	
95. Mrs. Julia H. Pond . . . .	May 16, 1873	July 1, 1889	
96. Rev. Frederick W. March	Nov. 18, 1873		
97. Miss Helen M. Fisher . . .	Nov. 18, 1873	Mar. 28, 1875	
98. Miss Eliza Van Dyck . . .	Sept. 1875	1879	
99. Miss Harriet M. Eddy (Mrs. F. E. Hoskins) . . .	Jan. 20, 1876		
100. Miss Harriet La Grange . .	Jan. 25, 1876		
101. Miss Emilia A. Thomson . .	May 30, 1876		
102. Miss Mary M. Lyons . . . .	Oct. 14, 1877	May 6, 1880	June 12, 1896
103. Rev. William K. Eddy . . .	Oct. 1, 1878		Nov. 3, 1906
104. Mrs. Mary Bliss Dale . . .	April 16, 1879	1904	
105. Rev. Chas. Wm. Calhoun . .	July 1879		July 22, 1883
106. Rev. W. L. Johnston . . . .	Aug. 12, 1879	Aug. 12, 1880	
107. Mrs. W. L. Johnston . . . .	Aug. 12, 1879	Aug. 12, 1880	
108. Miss Emily G. Bird . . . .	Aug. 20, 1879		
109. Miss Susan H. Calhoun . . .	Oct. 23, 1879	Apr. 20, 1885	
110. Miss Fanny Cundall . . . .	Dec. 18, 1879	Mar. 1, 1883	
111. Mrs. Jennie H. March . . .	Nov. 4, 1880		
112. Rev. George A. Ford, D. D.	Jan. 6, 1881		
113. Miss Bessie M. Nelson (Mrs. W. K. Eddy) . . . . .	Oct. 12, 1881	April 13, 1908	
114. Miss Caroline M. Holmes . .	Nov. 14, 1883	July 11, 1895	
115. Miss Sarah A. Ford . . . .	Dec. 16, 1883	April 1885	
116. Rev. Wm. M. Greenlee . . .	Dec. 16, 1883	July 1887	
117. Ira Harris, M. D. . . . .	Dec. 18, 1883		
118. Mrs. Alice Bird Greenlee . .	Nov. 6, 1884	July 1887	
119. Mrs. Theodosia D. Jessup . .	Nov. 22, 1884		Dec. 19, 1907
120. Mrs. Alice E. Harris . . . .	Feb. 1885		
121. Miss Alice S. Barber . . . .	Oct. 15, 1885		
122. Miss Rebecca M. Brown . . .	Oct. 15, 1885	June 19, 1892	
123. Miss Charlotte H. Brown . .	Oct. 15, 1885		
124. Miss Mary T. M. Ford . . . .	Oct. 22, 1887	June 12, 1894	
125. Rev. Franklin E. Hoskins	July 6, 1888		
126. Rev. Wm. S. Nelson, D. D.	Oct. 31, 1888		
127. Mrs. Emma H. Nelson . . . .	Oct. 31, 1888		
128. Rev. Wm. Scott Watson . . .	Oct. 5, 1889	June 8, 1892	
129. Mrs. Watson . . . . .	Oct. 5, 1889	June 8, 1892	
130. Rev. William Jessup . . . .	Nov. 29, 1890		
131. Mrs. Faith J. Jessup . . . .	Nov. 29, 1890		
132. Miss Ellen M. Law . . . . .	Nov. 28, 1892	Oct. 12, 1897	
133. Rev. George C. Doolittle . .	June 29, 1893		
134. Mrs. Carrie S. Doolittle . .	June 29, 1893		
135. Miss M. Louise Law . . . .	Oct. 16, 1893		
136. Miss Mary P. Eddy, M. D.	Dec. 23, 1895		
137. Mr. Edward G. Freyer . . . .	Feb. 11, 1895		
138. Miss Fanny M. Jessup . . .	Aug. 17, 1895	April 26, 1902	
139. Mrs. Anna Freyer . . . . .	Dec. 15, 1895		

<i>Names</i>	<i>Time of Entering</i>	<i>Time of Leaving</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>
140. Miss Bernice Hunting . . .	Oct. 19, 1896		
141. Miss Rachel E. Tolles . . .	Oct. 2, 1899		
142. Rev. Paul Erdman . . .	Oct. 30, 1900		
143. Mrs. Amy C. Erdman . . .	Oct. 30, 1900		Dec. 2, 1901
144. Miss Ottora M. Horne . . .	Dec. 19, 1902		
145. Mr. Stuart D. Jessup . . .	Sept. 19, 1904		
146. Mrs. Amy C. Jessup . . .	Sept. 19, 1904		
147. Mrs. Gertrude B. Erdman .	Nov. 20, 1905		
148. Rev. James H. Nicol . . .	Nov. 20, 1905		
149. Mrs. Reb. McClure Nicol .	Nov. 20, 1905		
150. Mrs. Katherine B. Ford . .	Dec. 3, 1906		
151. Rev. James B. Brown . . .	Dec. 3, 1907		
152. Miss Ara Elsie Harris, M. D.	Aug. 24, 1908		
153. Miss Jane B. Beekman (Mrs. J. B. Brown) . . .	Dec. 30, 1908		

## Appendix II

### The History—Bibliography

In writing the history of the Syria Mission I have consulted

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Dr. Michael Meshaka's "Mashhadul Aiyān," (Arabic). A history of his life and times from 1820 to 1873—Helal Press, Cairo.

## Appendix III

### (a) List of American Medical Missionaries in the Syria Mission, 1833-1909

	<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Time of Arrival</i>	<i>Death</i>	<i>Length of Service</i>
1	Asa Dodge, M. D.	Jerusalem	Feb. 24, 1833	Jan. 28, 1835	1 yr., 11 mos., 4 days
2	Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., L. H. D.	Beirut Jerusalem Abeih Station, Beirut	April 12, 1839	Nov. 13, 1895	56 yrs., 7 mos., 11 days
3	Henry A. DeForest, M. D.	Beirut	Mar. 23, 1842	Nov. 24, 1858, in Rochester, N. Y.	12 yrs., 1 mo., 15 days
4	George E. Post, M.D., D. D. S., LL. D.	Tripoli Beirut	Nov. 28, 1863	Sept. 29, 1909	4 years in Mission, 42 years in College
5	Galen B. Danforth, M. D.	Tripoli	Nov. 9, 1871	July 9, 1875	3 years, 8 months
6	Chas. Wm. Calhoun, M. D.	Tripoli	July, 1879	June 22, 1883	3 years, 11 months
7	Ira Harris, M. D.	Tripoli	Dec. 18, 1883		
8	Mary Pierson Eddy, M. D.	Sidon Ma'amiltein Shebaniyeh	Dec. 23, 1893		
9	Ara Elsie Harris, M. D.	Tripoli	Aug. 24, 1908		

### (b) Other Medical Agencies in Palestine and Syria

ACRE.—Church Missionary Society. Hospital and Dispensary. Rev. S. Gould, M. D.

ALEPPO.—Presbyterian Church of England's Mission to the Jews. Dispensary. Dr. Charles C. Piper.

ANTILYAS.—Dispensary. Dr. B. J. Manasseh.

ANTIOCH.—Reformed Presbyterian Mission of Ireland and Scotland. Rev. James Martin, M. A., M. D., M. Ch.

- ASFURIYEH.—Near Beirut, Lebanon Asylum for the Insane. Dr. H. Watson Smith.
- BETHLEHEM.—Swedish Society. Dr. Ribbing.
- BAAKLEEN.—Lebanon and Palestine Nurses' Mission. Cottage Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Alameddin.
- BEIRUT.—Hospital. Knights of the Johanniter Order of Germany and Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. Rev. G. E. Post, M. D., D. D. S., LL. D.; Dr. Harris Graham; Dr. W. B. Adams, M. A.; Rev. C. A. Webster, M. D.; Dr. Franklin T. Moore, M. A.; Dr. Harry G. Dorman, Syrian Protestant College Hospitals, Women's Hospital, Dr. Franklin T. Moore. Children's Hospital, Dr. H. G. Dorman. Eye and Ear Hospital, Dr. C. A. Webster. Training-School for Nurses, Mrs. Gerald F. Dale, and Miss J. E. Van Zandt.
- BRUMMANA.—Friends' Foreign Mission Association. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. A. J. Manasseh.
- DAMASCUS.—Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Victoria Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. F. Mackinnon; Dr. Turnbull.
- DEIR ATEEYEH.—Danish Orient Mission. Dr. Fox-Maule.
- GAZA.—Church Missionary Society. Hospital and Dispensary. Rev. R. B. Sterling, M. D.; Dr. P. Brigstocke.
- HAIFA.—Jerusalem and the East Mission. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Donald Coles.
- HEBRON.—United Free Church of Scotland Palestine Jewish Mission. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. A. Paterson.
- IM EL FAHM.—Palestine Village Mission and Medical Work.
- JAFFA.—Church Missionary Society Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Melville Keith. Dr. Fuleihan.
- JERUSALEM.—The London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. Hospital and two Dispensaries, Dispensary at Siloam. Dr. P. D'arf Wheeler; Dr. E. W. G. Masterman; Dr. Maxwell.  
Moravian Leper Asylum. Jesus Hilf House.  
Ophthalmic Hospital. English Knights of St. John. Dr. Cant.  
Hospital and Dispensary. Knights of the Johanniter Order of Germany and Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. Dr. Grussdorf.
- KERAK.—Church Missionary Society. Dr. F. Johnson.
- LATAKIA.—Reformed Presbyterian Church of America. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. J. M. Balph.
- LYDDA.—English Dispensary. Dr. H. Salim.
- NABLUS.—Church Missionary Society. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. G. R. M. Wright; Dr. Griffiths.



- NAZARETH.—Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Dispensary. Dr. F. J. Scrimgeour.
- SAFED.—United Free Church of Scotland Mission. Dispensary. Dr. G. Wilson.  
London Society for Promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews. Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. W. H. Anderson.
- ES SALT.—Church Missionary Society Hospital. Dr. N. Kavar.
- TIBERIAS.—United Free Church of Scotland Mission. Hospital and Dispensary. Rev. D. Torrance, M. D.
- 

(c) **Medical Mission Work of the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria, 1909**

- TRIPOLI.—Dr. Ira Harris and Miss Ara Elsie Harris, M. D. Hospital and Dispensary in the Meena.
- SHWEIR, MOUNT LEBANON.—Rev. Wm. Carslaw, M. D., and Dr. Haddad. Dispensary.
- MA'AMILTEIN.—Miss Mary Pierson Eddy, M. D., Wallace Ophthalmic Hospital and Dispensary. Dr. Eddy has also oversight of an independent summer Sanatorium for Consumptives at Shebaniyeh, and a projected winter home near Ma'amiltein.

## Appendix IV

### 1903. List of Mission Schools of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in Vilayets of Beirut and Damascus

<i>Town</i>	<i>Common School unless indicated</i>	<i>Date of Establish- ment</i>	<i>Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected</i>	<i>Vilayet</i>
Beirut	1 Boys' school	1841		Beirut
"	1 Girls' school	1833		"
"	1 Girls' Boarding- school	1845	1866	"
"	Syrian Protestant College	1866	1870-1909	"
"	Theological Semi- nary	1862		"
Belat	1	1858		"
Deir Mimas	2	1861	1864	"
Ibl es Saki	1	1852	1866	"
Judaideh	4 (1 High School)	1851	1873	"
Khirbeh	1	1865		"
Khiyam	1	1852	1864	"
Quleiaah	1	1858		"
Safad el Buttikh	1	1885		"
Abra	1	1866		"
Jubaa Halawi	1	1866		"
Qureiyyeh	1	1885		"
Mughdusheh	1	1882	1903	"
Maamariyeh	1	1888		"
Miyeh wa Miyeh	1	1880	1890	"
Mujeidil	1	1885		"
Sidon	1 Boys' school	1852	1864	"
"	Seminary for girls	1876	1875	"
"	Gerard Institute (boys)		1882, 1909	"
"	Dar es Salaam Or- phanage (boys)		1900	"
"	Common school for girls	1852		"
Alma	1	1850	1858	"
Qana	1	1850	1864	"
Tibnin	1	1857		"
Tyre	2	1853		"
Dibl	1	1880		"

<i>Town</i>	<i>Common School unless indicated</i>	<i>Date of Establishment</i>	<i>Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected</i>	<i>Vilayet</i>
Safed	1	1880		Beirut
Bussah	1	1880		"
Tripoli	Girls' boarding-school	1873	1876	"
"	Boys' boarding-school	1900		"
"	Boys' day-school	1854		"
"	Girls' day-school	1856		"
"	El Meena day-school	1854	1886	"
Amar	1	1879	1883	"
El Kaimch	1	1880		"
Hab Numera	1	1874		"
Khareibeh	1	1872		"
Marmarita	1	1875		"
El Mozeibeleh	1	1890		"
Ain Barideh	1	1890		"
Kefr Ram	1	1890		"
Beit Sabat	1	1890		"
El Yazidiyeh	1	1890		"
Beinu	1	1866	1883	"
Jaar	1	1874		"
Minyara	2	1888	1888	"
Sheikh Mohammed	1	1869		"
Bezbinah	1	1890		"
Meshta el Helu	2	1879		"
Safita	2	1864		"
Hasbeiya	1	1844	1854	Damascus
Khureibeh	1	1876		"
Kefeir	2	1857	1881	"
El Mary	1	1876		"
Mimis	1	1863		"
Rasheyet Fukkhar	2	1851	1865	"
Shibaa	1	1857		"
Ain Qunyet Baniyas	1	1858	1880	"
Mejdel Shems	2	1858	1873	"
Hamath	2	1874		"
Barsheen	1	1902		"
Mahardee	1	1884		"
Hums	3 (1 High School)	1859	1870	"
Feiruzeh	1	1890		"
Im Dulab	1	1890		"
Baalbek	1	1874	1884	"
Ain Burdhai	1	1878		"
Beit Shama	1	1868		"
Deir el Ghazelle	1	1861	1880	"
Hadeth	1	1882		"
Howsh Barada	1	1890		"
Kefr Zebd	1	1861		"
Qusaiya	1	1873		"

<i>Town</i>	<i>Common School unless indicated</i>	<i>Date of Establishment</i>	<i>Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected</i>	<i>Vilayet</i>
Ras Baalbek	1	1884		Damascus
Schlifa	1	1878		"
Tinnin el Foka	1	1888		"
Tullya	2	1861		"
Aitanith	1	1868	1878	"
Ammiuk	1	1871		"
Furzul	2	1868		"
Jedeitha	2	1870	1877	"
Khirbeh	1	1875		"
Meshghara	2	1869	1884	"
Moallakah	2	1868	1877	"
Quabb Elias	2	1872		"
Qura'n	2	1870		"
Sughbin	1	1870	1873	"

Mission Schools of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in the Mutserfiyet of Lebanon

<i>Place</i>	<i>No. of Schools</i>	<i>Date of Establishment</i>	<i>Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected</i>	<i>District</i>
Ghurzuz	1	1858	1882	Kesrawan
El Munsif	1	1889		"
Sheikhan	1	1890		"
Kisba	1	1871		Kura
Bishmazin	1	1867		"
Kefr Hazir	1	1890		"
Bterram	1	1874		"
Enfeh	1	1878		"
Batrun	1	1881		Batrun
Karm Saddy	1	1902		"
Duma	1	1876		"
Jezzin	1	1881		Jezzin
Room	1	1881		"
Maghdoosheh	1	1882	1903	"
Berta	1	1856		"
Miyeh wa Miyeh	1	1880	1890	"
Salhiyeh	1	1870		"
Kaituly	1	1905		"
Kurayyeh	1	1884		"
Kefr Jerrah	1	1880		"

<i>Place</i>	<i>No. of Schools</i>	<i>Date of Establishment</i>	<i>Permanent Buildings owned by Americans. When erected</i>	<i>District</i>
Mejdaluna	1	1850		Shuf
Joon	1	1850		"
Jemaliyeh	1	1890		"
Aleih	2	1842	1850	"
Komatiyeh	1	1904		"
Abeih	2	1844	1850	"
Ainab	1	1842		"
Ain Anub	2	1842		"
Ain Zehalteh	1	1850	1860	"
Aramoon	1	1844		"
Baaklin	2	1868		"
Ghareefeh	1	1890		"
Metulleh	1	1878		"
Bhamdoun	1	1848	1870	"
Bshamoon	1	1842		"
Deir el Komr	2	1858	1895	"
Deir Kobel	1	1858		"
Dibbiyeh	1	1863	1870	"
Rishmaiya	2	1897		"
Shwifat	2	1863		"
Suk el Gharb	2	1853	1870	"
Ma'amiltein	1	1905		Kesrawan
Shweir	3	1865	1875	Metn
Ain Sindianeh	1	1865		"
Khunshareh	1	1905		"
Btughrin	1	1865		"
Kefr Akab	1	1865		"
Kefr Shima	1	1847		"
Hadeth	1	1853		"
Zahleh	3	1868	1875	Zahleh

## Appendix V

### Outline of the History of the Syria Mission of the American Presbyterian Church and Contemporary Events, 1820 to 1900

#### *First Period—1820 to 1840*

Turkish Sultan, Mahmoud II, 1808-1839.

A period of exploration and preparation, intolerance, persecution, banishment, wars and pestilence.

1822—The American Press founded in Malta.

1834—The Press removed to Beirut.

The principal missionaries were Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, arrived in 1820; Dr. Jonas King, 1822; Dr. William Goodell, translator of the Scriptures into Armeno-Turkish, 1823; Rev. Isaac Bird, author of "Bible Work in Bible Lands," 1823; Dr. Eli Smith, who began the translation of the Bible into the Arabic, 1827; and Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book."

October 20, 1827—Naval battle of Navarino, destruction of the Turkish fleet by the allied English, French and Russian fleets.

1826—The first Protestant martyr, Asaad es Shidiak, starved to death in the Maronite Monastery of Kannobin, by order of the Maronite Patriarch.

1828—War with England expected, missionaries fled to Malta.

1830—Armenia explored by Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. H. G. O. Dwight.

1830—The first girls' schools ever opened in the Turkish Empire commenced by Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Goodell in Beirut and Mount Lebanon.

1830—When the missionaries returned from Malta to Beirut one small rowboat came out to meet them, containing the entire Protestant community of the Turkish Empire, viz., five persons. (Now, in 1900, about 75,000.)

1834.—Mrs. Eli Smith opened school for girls in Beirut.

1835—Boys' Seminary in Beirut with six pupils.

The Greek war, the plague, the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt (1825-1830), and the disturbed state of the country, rendered continuous missionary labour impossible.

Protestant Christianity a *religio illicita*.

*Second Period—1840 to 1860*

September, 1840—From the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha by the allied English, Austrian and Turkish fleets, to the civil war and massacres of 1860.

Turkish Sultan, Abdul Medjid, 1839-1861.

The Turks restored to Syria.

Protestantism recognized by the Turkish Sultan as one of the religions of the empire.

1840—Boys' Boarding-School in Beirut under Mr. Hebard.

November, 1841—Civil war in Lebanon between the Druses and Maronites.

March, 1844—The Sultan Abdul Medjid issued a firman that Christians of all sects are not to be insulted nor to be persecuted for their religion.

1845—Civil war again in Lebanon. Missionaries ordered down to Beirut.

1846—Boys' Boarding-School opened in Abeih by Dr. Van Dyck. Girls' Boarding-School in Beirut by Dr. and Mrs. De Forest.

1847—The Protestant "Charter of Rights" was issued by the Grand Vizier in Constantinople. (See Goodell's "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire.")

1848—The first Syrian Evangelical Church organized in Beirut with eighteen members.

1849—New translation of the Bible into the Arabic language begun by Rev. Eli Smith, D. D., assisted by Mr. Butrus Bistany.

1850—The previous Protestant "Charter of Rights" being only Vizierial, the Sultan Abdul Medjid issued an Imperial Firman, called the "Imperial Protestant Charter of Rights," guaranteeing to the Protestants all the rights and privileges of the other Christian sects in the empire.

1853—First steam printing-press set up in Beirut.

1853-1855—Crimean war. British influence predominant.

1854—Commenced printing new translation of Genesis.

February, 1857—The famous Hatti Hamaiyoun or Imperial Edict, or guarantee of religious liberty, announces that no Mohammedan becoming a Christian shall be put to death.

1857—Four evangelical churches in Syria with seventy-five members.

January 11, 1857—Death of Dr. Eli Smith.

February, 1857—Translation of the Bible continued by Rev. Cornelius V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., LL. D., assisted by the Mufti, Sheikh Yusef Asir, graduate of the Azhar University in Cairo.

1858—American Boarding-School for Girls in Suk el Gharb, Mount Lebanon.

*Third Period—1860 to 1880*

Light out of darkness. From the civil war and massacres of 1860 to the dedication of the Gerald F. Dale, Jr., Memorial Sunday-School Hall in Beirut.

1860-1861—Sultan Abdul Medjid.

1861-1876—Sultan Abdul Aziz.

1876-1899—Sultan Abdul Hamid.

March 29, 1860—Translation and printing of Arabic Reference New Testament completed by Dr. Van Dyck. A pocket edition in April.

April to July 9, 1860—Civil war between the Druses and Maronites in Lebanon, followed by bloody massacres in Lebanon, Hasbeiya and Damascus.

August and September, 1860—Twenty thousand refugees receiving aid from the Anglo-American and German Relief Committee in Beirut. The missionaries spent four months feeding the hungry and clothing the needy. One hundred thousand garments distributed, and £30,000 given in relief.

August, 1860, to November, 1861—Occupation of Syria for nine months by 6,000 French troops, on behalf of the European Powers, and a fleet of twenty-five British line of battle-ships, with the consent of the Sultan.

Increase of European and Christian interest in Syria. New educational and benevolent institutions founded.

October, 1860—British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission founded by Mrs. Bowen Thompson. These schools have now fifty-one schools and 4,000 children in Syria, chiefly girls.

October, 1860—Prussian Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth found an orphanage for girls in Beirut, with 130 orphans. Up to this date, 1900, they have trained about 1,000 girls.

June 10, 1861—A new government instituted in Lebanon under a Latin Christian Pasha, appointed with the approval of the six European Powers.

July 18, 1861—Daoud Pasha inaugurated as Governor-General of Lebanon. His successors have been :

Franco Pasha . . . . .	1867-1871
Rustum Pasha . . . . .	1871-1881
Wassa Pasha . . . . .	1881-1890
Naoum Pasha . . . . .	1890-1900
“ “ . . . . .	1900-1905
Muzaffar Pasha . . . . .	1905-1907
Yusef Pasha . . . . .	1907+

1862—American Female Seminary reopened in Beirut.

October, 1862—Suk Girls' Boarding-School transferred to Sidon.

January 27, 1862—The Syria Mission voted to establish a college in Beirut, with Rev. Daniel Bliss as president.

1863—The Syrian Protestant College was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York.

March 10, 1865—Celebration of the completion of the Arabic translation of the Old Testament, thus completing the new Arabic Bible.



June, 1865—Dr. Van Dyck left for New York and superintended the electrotyping of the Arabic Bible, duplicate plates being deposited with the Bible Societies in New York and London, and in the vaults of the American Press in Beirut.

October, 1865—The College formally opened in Beirut with sixteen students. Number of students in 1880, 124. In this period Mrs. E. H. Watson, under the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, opened a Girls' Boarding-School in Mount Lebanon.

The Lebanon Schools Committee, of Scotland, opened Boys' and Girls' Boarding-Schools in Suk el Gharb and afterwards in Shweir, Mount Lebanon. The Kirk of Scotland Jewish Committee instituted schools and a chaplaincy in Beirut. Miss Taylor opened the St. George's School for Moslem and Druse Girls in Beirut.

1869—Imperial press and school laws promulgated, establishing a severe censorship over all books and newspapers.

May, 1868—American Theological Seminary opened in Abeih, with Drs. Calhoun, W. W. Eddy, and H. H. Jessup, as instructors.

1870—The Syria Mission was transferred from the A. B. C. F. M., of Boston, to the American Presbyterian Board of Missions.

December 7, 1871—Corner-stone of the Syrian Protestant College laid by the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York.

1873—American Female Seminary opened in Tripoli, Syria.

November, 1873—Theological Seminary transferred to Beirut.

May, 1875—Dog River Water introduced into Beirut.

August 31, 1876—Accession of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

April, 1877—Russia declares war against Turkey.

1877-1878—Great Circassian deportation from Bulgaria to Syria.

1877—Mohammedan Society of Benevolent Intentions opened schools for girls in Beirut, Damascus, Tripoli and Aleppo.

Greeks, Papal Greeks, Maronites and Jews opened schools for boys and girls.

Multiplication of newspapers and books.

Society of Friends founded a mission, hospital and schools at Brummana, Mount Lebanon, under Theophilus Waldmeier.

#### *Fourth Period—1880 to 1901*

December 19, 1880—From the dedication of the Gerald F. Dale Memorial Sunday-School Hall in Beirut to the present time.

Growth of all departments of Protestant missionary work, medical, educational, publication and evangelistic.

Beirut becomes the literary centre of Syria.

1887—The Mejlis el-Maarif, or Board of Public Instruction of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, the Caliph of Mohammed, placed the seal of authorization upon thirty-three different editions of the Arabic Scriptures and parts of Scriptures.

The Local Board in Damascus also approved 330 different Arabic publications of the American Press in Beirut.

April 8, 1894—Death of Rev. Wm. M. Thomson, D. D., author of "The Land and the Book," in Denver, Colorado, aged eighty-nine.

November 13, 1895—Death of Rev. C. V. A. Van Dyck, M. D., D. D., LL. D., in Beirut, aged seventy-seven years.

July, 1895—Railway opened from Beirut to Damascus and Hauran.

1896-1897—Prince Gargarin, Director of the Russian Schools in Syria and Palestine, orders the Arabic Scriptures to be used in all their schools.

During this period the Syrians of the various Christian sects have begun to emigrate in vast numbers to Egypt, Australia, and North and South America. Not less than 75,000 have gone, and others are preparing to go. The young, industrious, ambitious, and educated classes are going to seek to better their condition. Insecurity for life and property in the interior and want of employment are driving them away.

January 28, 1900—Death of Rev. W. W. Eddy, D. D., in Beirut, aged seventy-four years.

1900—The whole number of children in Protestant Schools in Syria and Palestine is about 18,000, of whom one-half are girls.

The number of Protestants enrolled as a civil sect is about 7,000.

Number of Scriptures issued since 1860, 600,000.

Whole number of pages printed at the American Press from the beginning is about 650,000,000.

There are sixteen Arabic Journals in Beirut:—one Turkish official, four Protestant, two Mohammedan, two Greek, four Maronite, one Independent, two Jesuit.

Four Hospitals have been founded since 1860:—St. John's, Protestant (Knights of St. John, Berlin); St. Joseph's, Papal; St. George's, Orthodox Greek; and the Beirut Municipality Hospital.

The Syrian Protestant College has 434 Students, sixteen American Professors and Tutors, two French Adjunct Professors, one Syrian Adjunct Professor, and nine Syrian Tutors. (See pp. 816-817.)

Its graduates number, in the Preparatory Department, 309; Collegiate Department, 169; in Medicine, 163; and in Pharmacy, fifty-eight.

It has ten stone buildings, a large library, an astronomical observatory with a refractor of twelve inches aperture and fifteen feet focal length, extensive scientific cabinets and collections, apparatus and laboratories.

In the American Cemetery, adjoining the American Press in Beirut, are the graves of Pliny Fisk, died 1826, Dr. Eli Smith, Dr. Van Dyck, Dr. C. W. Calhoun, Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Eddy, and others.

In the Female Seminary, in the rear of the Church, can be seen the upper room in which the Bible was translated into the Arabic, during a period of sixteen years. A tablet commemorating the fact was placed in the wall by President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University.

## Appendix VI

### “Figures,” 1908-1909—Statistics of the Syria Mission

#### EVANGELICAL AND GENERAL MISSIONARY WORK

	1876	1908
AMERICAN MISSIONARIES } Men . . . . .	13	16
} Women . . . . .	15	25
	28	41
NATIVE SYRIAN LABOURERS } Ordained pastors . . . . .	3	10
} Licensed preachers . . . . .	13	31
} School teachers . . . . .	96	174
} Other helpers . . . . .	8	11
	120	226
Stations . . . . .	5	4
Outstations . . . . .	60	97
Churches . . . . .	10	34
Church buildings . . . . .	24	57
Added on profession during the year . . . . .	75	134
Male church-members . . . . .	364	
Female church-members . . . . .	209	2,744
Total members from the first . . . . .	—	4,792
Regular preaching places . . . . .	61	97
Average congregations . . . . .	2,642	6,025
Sabbath-schools . . . . .	40	86
Sabbath scholars . . . . .	1,540	5,831
Syrian Protestant community (within the field of the American Presbyterian Mission) . . . . .	2,982	7,553
Contributions of native communities, including tuition in boarding-schools and seminaries . . . . .	\$1,252	\$49,536

#### EDUCATIONAL WORK

	1876	1908
Theological seminary . . . . .	1	1
Pupils in seminary . . . . .	7	—
Boys' boarding-schools . . . . .	1	4
Pupils in boarding-schools . . . . .	42	577
Female seminaries . . . . .	3	3
Pupils in seminaries . . . . .	89	298
High schools . . . . .	2	2
Pupils in high schools . . . . .	29	100
Common schools . . . . .	71	106
Boys in schools . . . . .	2,031	3,410
Girls in schools . . . . .	819	1,299
Total schools . . . . .	8	116
Total pupils . . . . .	359	5,688
Adult females in Bible classes . . . . .	—	350

## SCHOOLS IN BEIRUT, 1909

	Schools	Boys' Schools	Girls' Schools	Male Teachers	Total Teachers	Boys	Girls	Total Scholars
Moslem . . . . .	36	29	7	99	130	2,965	1,497	4,462
Non-Moslem . . . . .	18	15	3	106	121	1,686	460	2,146
Foreign . . . . .	43	23	20	120	172	3,720	2,928	6,648
Moslem . . . . .	36	29	7	99	130	2,965	310	4,462
Catholic . . . . .	3	3	—	37	—	392	—	392
Orthodox Greek . . . . .	5	3	2	17	25	367	1,497	677
Maronite . . . . .	6	6	—	40	—	526	—	526
Jews . . . . .	2	1	1	10	17	350	150	500
Syriac . . . . .	2	2	—	2	—	51	—	51
French . . . . .	17	14	3	120	172	3,720	2,928	6,648
Italian . . . . .	2	1	1					
Russian . . . . .	5	—	5					
German . . . . .	3	—	3					
American . . . . .	4	3	1					
English . . . . .	12	5	7					
	97	67	30	325	423	8,371	4,885	13,256

## THE AMERICAN PRESS

*Founded at Malta, 1822, and at Beirut, 1834*

*The Arabic Press of the American Mission printed during the two years :*

	1898	1908
Total pages . . . . .	28,085,564	44,589,571
Of which, Scriptures for the American Bible Society . . . . .	18,516,000	30,507,000
Volumes of Scriptures distributed . . . . .	64,539	101,000
Total pages printed from the first . . . . .	625,671,085	923,345,755

*Volumes of Scriptures, Including Bibles, Testaments and Portions, Issued by the American Bible Society in Beirut*

	1880	1908
Distributed in Syria <i>Sold</i> . . . . .	4,779	9,843
“ “ “ <i>Granted</i> . . . . .	119	98
Consigned to American Mission, Egypt . . . . .	5,244	48,228
“ “ British and Foreign Bible Society . . . . .	512	32,267
“ “ U. S. A. . . . .	—	1,875
Total . . . . .	10,654	92,311
Average yearly issues . . . . .	1880-1889	23,000
“ “ “ . . . . .	1890-1899	39,000
“ “ “ . . . . .	1900-1908	64,051

PRESS WORK, PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTION OF  
BIBLES, TRACTS, ETC.

	1876	1908
Bible House and Press Establishment . . . . .	1	1
Steam Presses . . . . .	3	5
Hand Presses . . . . .	2	6
Hydraulic Press . . . . .	1	1
Type Foundry . . . . .	1	2
Electrotype Apparatus . . . . .	1	1
Stereotype Apparatus . . . . .	—	1
Embossing Presses . . . . .	1	2
Hot Rolling Press . . . . .	—	1
Cutting Machines . . . . .	2	2
Press Employees . . . . .	44	62
Publications on Press Catalogue . . . . .	207	692
Volumes printed during the year . . . . .	38,450	171,500
Pages " " " " . . . . .	13,786,980	44,589,571
Of which, pages of Scriptures for the American Bible Society . . . . .	4,277,500	30,507,000
Of which, pages of Tracts . . . . .	232,000	
Total pages from the beginning . . . . .	159,810,300	923,345,755
Scriptures issued during the year by the American Bible Society . . . . .	5,641	92,311
Other Books and Tracts sold and distributed . . . . .	25,721	91,291
Copies of Publications of all kinds issued during the year	50,000	183,602

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SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

The Syrian Protestant College, situated at Beirut, is not connected with any Missionary Society or helped by its funds, but it is a direct outgrowth of the Mission in Syria, and is closely affiliated with the Mission and related to its work. It has a magnificent location, and in its Preparatory, Collegiate, Commercial, Pharmaceutical and Medical Departments it has 870 students. A Training School for Nurses was established in 1905 in connection with the College Hospitals.

The corps of instruction and administration numbers seventy-four, of these sixty-three devote all or some of their time to teaching, and eleven are engaged in the conduct of the business affairs of the institution. Thirty-five are from America; twenty-five are Syrians; two are Greek; four British; two are Italians; two are Swiss; 3 are Armenian; one is Austrian.

STUDENTS	1876	1890	1908
Medical Department	} . . . . . 27	45	{ 117 }
Pharmacy Department			
Commercial Department	. . . . . —	—	52
Collegiate Department	. . . . . 28	56	200
Preparatory Department	. . . . . 22	217	453
Training School for Nurses	. . . . . —	—	12
Total	77	318	870

The College was opened in Beirut in the autumn of 1866. The first class was graduated in 1870. The Medical Department was organized and opened in 1867, the Preparatory Department in 1871, and the School of Commerce in October, 1900.

The College property is situated at Ras Beirut, on a fine site overlooking the sea, the city of Beirut, and the long range of Lebanon Mountains. It includes about forty acres of land, on which fourteen buildings have been erected for the accommodation of the institution. Of these, College Hall and Medical Hall were occupied in the autumn of 1873, the others having been erected at various dates since that time.

Arabic was originally the language of instruction, and is still thoroughly taught, but English was substituted in the Collegiate Department in 1880, and in the Medical Department in 1887.

## MEDICAL WORK OF THE COLLEGE

### I. JOHANNITER HOSPITAL

The Medical Professors of the Syrian Protestant College have been for thirty-six years the sole medical attendants of this institution. The hospital is situated on the bluff overlooking the Bay of St. George, in a terraced park of about four acres. The main building is a stately edifice with a central block, two pavilion wings and a rear pavilion connected by a covered glazed corridor. The central block contains the administration department, the operating room, the pathological laboratory, the kitchen and various apartments, and on its best ventilated faces a number of wards, most of them looking out on the sea and Mount Lebanon. The lower story of the rear pavilion is the chapel erected by American friends of the noble Johanniter Order and of the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. The upper story is the surgical ward for men, and is a model of its kind, having windows on all four sides and the most perfect system of lighting and ventilation. Another building furnishes accommodations for a large polyclinic, another is isolated for contagious diseases, and still others for laundry, dead house, gate house, etc.

The institution is owned and supported by the Johanniter Order, composed of the flower of the Protestant nobility of Germany, with the son of the Emperor at its head. The nursing and administrative staff is furnished by the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth. The edifying spectacle of the coöperation of two such institutions as the Johanniter Hospital and the Syrian Protestant College is a striking testimony to ecumenical Christianity resting upon the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.

	1876	1908
Indoor patients . . . . .	537	792
Patients treated in polyclinic . . . .	9,162	13,821
Total days of treatment . . . . .	17,500	21,024

These patients come from all parts of Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Cyprus, Asia Minor, and the Greek Islands. They are Mohammedans, Jews, Druses and Christians of various sects.

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## 2. MARIA DE WITT JESUP FOUNDATION

This Foundation consists of a plot of about four acres of ground, southeast of the College campus, on which is :

(a) A structure known as the 'Adm House, formerly a dwelling, used as a Children's Hospital and a Training School for Nurses. In this building there were treated, during the nine months of the college year, 110 women of whom ten were labour cases, and ninety-five children. The days of treatment were 6,500.

(b) A Maternity and Woman's Hospital was completed in 1908, with a capacity for thirty-five patients.

(c) A Children's Hospital, to include an Orthopædic department, with accommodations for thirty patients, is now about to be erected.

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## 3. MARCELLUS DODGE EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL

A commodious building, with room for thirty-five patients, now being built on ground adjacent to the Jesup Foundation. It will probably be ready for occupancy before the close of the year.

## Appendix VII

### Statistics of the Syrian Protestant College from 1866 to 1906

TABLE I

*Showing the number of individual students who have graduated from one or more departments of the college.*

Graduates of the School of Medicine (since 1871) . . .	330
Graduates of the School of Pharmacy (since 1875) . . .	162
Graduates of the School of Commerce (since 1902) . . .	53
Graduates of the Collegiate Department (since 1870) . .	300
Graduates of the Preparatory Department (since 1883) .	922
	1,767

TABLE II

*Showing the number of students enrolled each year from the foundation of the college.*

	College	Medicine	Prep.	Pharmacy	Commerce	Nurses' Training School	Total
1866-67	16	—	—	—	—	—	16
1867-68	27	14	—	—	—	—	41
1868-69	31	21	—	—	—	—	52
1869-70	48	29	—	—	—	—	77
1870-71	54	31	—	—	—	—	85
1871-72	36	25	5	—	—	—	66
1872-73	39	26	19	—	—	—	84
1873-74	29	27	16	2	—	—	74
1874-75	31	21	13	3	—	—	68
1875-76	28	26	22	1	—	—	77
1876-77	34	24	47	1	—	—	106
1877-78	33	21	51	3	—	—	108
1878-79	25	27	67	2	—	—	121
1879-80	33	36	38	1	—	—	108
1880-81	29	39	51	2	—	—	121
1881-82	31	46	74	1	—	—	152
1882-83	37	47	86	—	—	—	170
1883-84	43	33	99	3	—	—	178
1884-85	56	31	96	3	—	—	186
1885-86	61	30	76	1	—	—	168



	<i>College</i>	<i>Medicine</i>	<i>Prep.</i>	<i>Pharmacy</i>	<i>Commerce</i>	<i>Nurses' Training School</i>	<i>Total</i>
1886-87	66	27	75	2	—	—	170
1887-88	70	31	78	2	—	—	181
1888-89	65	33	96	5	—	—	199
1889-90	56	38	127	7	—	—	228
1890-91	57	36	102	5	—	—	200
1891-92	49	38	104	5	—	—	196
1892-93	49	42	139	8	—	—	238
1893-94	45	49	137	11	—	—	242
1894-95	65	59	139	12	—	—	275
1895-96	70	56	159	12	—	—	297
1896-97	72	55	172	10	—	—	309
1897-98	80	49	174	15	—	—	318
1898-99	106	50	202	20	—	—	378
1899-1900	109	62	240	24	—	—	435
1900-01	109	84	315	29	14	—	551
1901-02	124	109	324	28	26	—	611
1902-03	121	115	328	30	35	—	629
1903-04	139	129	378	26	45	—	717
1904-05	146	111	425	21	47	—	750
1905-06	153	95	450	29	37	5	769
1906-07	190	102	515	27	38	6	878
1907-08	186	108	449	30	52	6	831
1908-09	201	117	455	37	52	14	876

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