

zealous and devoted in the performance of these duties, but the practice of Islam has nothing to satisfy their soul hunger. Their belief in God is cruel fatalism, and all their rites work no change of heart, and give no peace of conscience.

The Gospel comes to them with a special appeal, and bringing its own message. That they should have any message, or be considered at all, is news to them; they are so used to neglect and disrespect. When two of us, at the invitation of a lady of rank, attended their Passion Play, we sat with her on the ground, among a crowd of women, who were pushed about by ushers with long poles, while the "lords of creation" sat comfortably above on chairs, and in booths.

So accustomed are Moslem women to being hustled about that they wonder at Christ's "Forbid them not," which we are apt to apply only to the children, forgetting that it was spoken for the mothers. It is sometimes most amusing to see a pompous dignitary crowd his way into the dispensary of the lady physician, and when made with difficulty to understand that only women are treated there, retire crestfallen. There at least women have not only the first, but the only entrance. They are not surprised at the Syrophenician woman being called "a dog." They are used to the epithet and employ it themselves. One often hears one berating her own offspring, as "child of a dog." When driven to desperation by want, the Persian woman