

can be as defiant, shameless, and persistent, as she of old before the unjust judge. Not unfrequently mobs of women led by a woman, attack the gates of the governors, demanding bread.

Their often miserable and diseased condition of health makes them feel how tender is Christ's compassion in His miracles of healing. They also have often suffered much from quack nostrums, "only to grow worse." In any crowd of village women, one may see an old hag, bent and "bowed together—not able to lift herself up," and there is no more pitiful sight than the old women of Persia. A neighbor, a hundred years old, always appeals to our charity on the ground of being "an orphan."

Their life and occupations are so identical with those of Bible times, that they feel at once familiar with the scenes described in the New Testament. Every morning, a village woman must mix the leaven in her meal for the daily baking, must sweep her mud floor, and often two of them sit at the hand mill grinding wheat or salt. Every one who can, wears a necklace of silver coins, and counts each one precious. The custom of covering the face "lest a man look upon a woman" is so inwrought into their earliest training that they are able to draw their veils *instantly*, whatever they are doing, if a man approaches.

They marvel, as did Christ's disciples, that He talked with a woman, especially of a foreign race, and that He asked for a drink of water, for to-day