

a long flight all at once; fixing my eye with closest intensity on the spot where it had disappeared, but looking for it in vain, minute after minute. Discouraged, I have given it up and turned my eyes to look for other birds; when, casting my glance back casually from force of habit, the downy little cluster of feathers would touch my eye at once. How often, in a locality where I had been told there was maiden-hair fern, have I sought anxiously, but in vain, in the thick underbrush and crowded woods, until I succeeded by paying less attention and letting my eyes wander carelessly where they would. How often, hunting for fringed gentians, have I cast my eyes far away over the level marsh, to find at last, to my mortification, that I had been walking over them! And every one is familiar with the advantage of leaving an unsolved problem over night, for the inspiration that comes from a night of, not thought, but sleep. Do we not oftener remember with thankfulness things we have not said, than sigh with regret over things we have? "Silence is the keenest reproach," says Henry James; and it is also sometimes the sweetest assent, the most powerful argument, the most effective appeal. "We have left undone the things we ought to have done;" ah, yes! but we have also, fortunately, left undone a great many things we thought seriously of doing, but ought not to have done. What is to be done? is an all-absorbing question: what shall I do to be saved? What shall I do for my children? What shall I do to keep happy? Excellent questions all; but do not forget the intrinsic excellence, also valuable, in remembering what it is best not to say, not to think, not to read, not to see, not to do.



Housekeeping in Turkey

By Agnes Bailey Ormsbee

One of the first things that the missionary's wife in the Turkish field has to yield to is that she cannot go to market, be she ever so respected in her work, or be there ever so large a Christian population. She would be mobbed, if she tried it, by the hoodlums of the town, as one determined American woman found out. Although marketing may not be one of the dearest delights of the housewife, when she is entirely cut off from it its pleasures seem doubled. As a result the American housewife has to depend entirely upon the choice of her native cook for her daily menu. She does not know what is in the market, consequently she cannot select. The most she can do is to suggest this or that, or say, "We haven't had that for a long while." There is one good point in favor of the cook's marketing, and that is, the people of the bazars would charge the missionaries excessively, and the native cook "knows the ropes." It follows that the cook must be a man, as no native woman goes to public places.

The cook wears the native costume of gay cotton trousers, a shirt-like garment, a jacket, voluminous belt, and a red fez indoors and out, but so far yields to American tastes that he will don the white apron, at least to wait on the table. His duties are to prepare the meals, "do" the dishes and attend the table, market, and buy the wood for fuel. This latter is a long-winded affair, because it takes three hundred or more "loads" of wood for a year's supply. But, although my lord the cook will buy the wood, he never brings a stick of it into the kitchen. That is menial. A woman does that!

More servants than would be employed at home are needed. Hours of their time are taken to get common raw materials ready for use. But servants' wages are small, and they feed themselves. A cook is liberally paid who gets an equivalent of \$7 a month. The housemaid gets \$2.50, while twenty-five cents amply pays the laundress for her two days' work each week. Turkish women wash their clothing, which is worn day and night, once a fortnight, but they never iron it. So the laundress has to be taught ironing as well as the cook the art of washing dishes. A woman gladly brings the wood and keeps the great earthen jars in the house full of water for ten cents a week; while a hostler, to care for the horses

and mules of several families, is happy with \$6 a month wherewith to support his wife and four or five children.

One of the hardest things for the homekeeper to adjust herself to is the lack of butter. The natives do churn by swinging milk back and forth in a goatskin; but as the hairs are in the inside of this rustic churn, the butter does not attract American buyers. So the missionaries accustom themselves to butterless bread, rolls, and vegetables, and learn to use the fat from sheep's tails for frying and shortening purposes. The tails of these Turkish sheep often weigh from twelve to twenty pounds, and are as broad as the body of the beast, and almost as long as the sheep is tall. Out of this big tail, which is the true one with the spinal column in it, hangs a small one. These tails are cut up and tried out like leaf-lard, and the fat is kept in stone jars. The cow is a joke in Turkey, so small and stunted is she; but the hostler is indignant if asked to feed or milk her. A woman does this for ten cents a week. Goat's milk is largely used; but its flavor is so strong that American palates prefer sheep's milk.

The only meat known is mutton, but the cooks are skillful in producing a great variety of dishes which are really delicious. Among them is a dish called *yepruk*, which consists of chopped, uncooked mutton and raw rice highly seasoned with pepper, allspice, and salt, and laid in grape-leaves. These are then tied up with thread and the mixture boiled in water in which there is a little citric acid. The same mixture is put in the *ajdör*, a vegetable similar to our cucumber in taste, and then boiled and called *dolma*. *Kabobs* are pieces of mutton strung on an iron skewer and roasted over the fire. *Kifta* is chopped mutton, highly seasoned, and squeezed around this skewer and broiled.

But while there is no choice in meats, there is plenty of poultry and game. Partridges are three cents, and wild boar, secretly got into the city for missionaries to buy, is very cheap. To think of eating "a dear gazelle"! Yet this they do, stuffing him with rice, chopped mutton, and almonds, and pay seventy-five cents for him. Our national bird can be bought disguised under the title of Egyptian hen, but he is costly. One must pay as high as forty cents for a good one; but when he is stuffed with rice, mutton, and almonds, he is a toothsome reminder of "the land of the free."

If the household can have no butter, it is not restricted in vegetables and fruits. Ochra, egg-plant, cabbage, tomatoes, beets, lettuce, string beans, yellow corn, squashes, and native peas are plentiful. Walnuts, almonds, filberts, and pistachio-nuts are a drug in the markets. Cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, figs, grapes, and olives, of the most delicious varieties, make glad the housewife. She follows in the footsteps of her countrywomen, and preserves them for use in the rainy winter months; but her eyes are never brightened by a basket of strawberries, for Asia Minor produces none of the small fruits. Raisins are the tutti-frutti gum of the land. Every one is munching them, and native mothers keep them in their pockets, and stuff them into their babies' mouths if they show any sign of crying at prayer-meeting. Servants have to be taught every simple thing, and how to handle and care for the various utensils. Breaking or injuring them is a serious matter, for nearly everything has to come, perhaps, thousands of miles, and once broken there is no one to repair them. The missionary wife must be forehanded, and plan ahead for six months. Has she pins, thread, needles, tape, brooms, clothing enough? Does she need a dress? That must, at the least distance, come from England, unless, perchance, she can content herself with a cheap native cotton, or wishes a dainty native silk. Has the spring of her watch broken? She must wait to send it by some one to America.

She must be steady and prudent in her desires, for she cannot send capriciously for boxes across the sea. There is the heavy freight bill to consider, and the Turkish official, who frequently helps himself to "tribute" from her most longed-for clothing or materials. Yet, with all its privations, the American woman seldom draws back from this her chosen field of work.

For the Little People

A Nursery Song

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black!
Full off from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamber up to the Baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the Baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.
And one says "Shall!" and t' other says
"Sha'n't!"
And one says "Must!" and t' other says
"Can't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you, now, from my house keep out!
But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light:
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says "Please!" and t' other says
"Do!"
And both together say "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry a while!

—St. Nicholas.

How Dixie Got in the Picture

By Florence Maude

It was just at dinner-time. Five pairs of knives and forks belonging to five little Baers suspended operations.

"Who is it?" they cried. The five little Baers had good lungs, so the chorus was pretty loud.

"It's a man with a camera. Wants to take a picture of the house."

This announcement brought a chorus so strong that Father Baer could do nothing but stand and smile—not at all an unusual thing for him to do, for Father Baer was an easy, good-natured sort of man.

After a medley of "Do!" "Let's!" from the little girls, and "Hi! going to have our picture took!" from the boys, the five scrambled from the table, almost before Father Baer had finished saying:

"Come on, every one of you. Bring the baby, mother. We couldn't have the picture without the baby."

The family trooped out, the boys tumbling over one another in their haste to be the first one out. The traveling photographer's wagon stood near. The man was getting his camera in position. He looked smiling, as if he thought the little brown house nearly covered with vines was a good subject. Perhaps it was the family.

All at once some one cried, "Where's Dixie?" How could they have forgotten Dixie? The chorus took up the cry. Dixie was a little black girl, who was found by Mother Baer, and was taken in the family that she might help with the dishes and assist in looking after the crying needs of the youngest Baers. The family picture would hardly be complete without Dixie's shining face in the background.

"I ain't goin' to be took!" shouted a voice near at hand.

"Oh, do!" shouted the five in chorus.

But no amount of coaxing would do it. "I ain't goin' to be took," was her persistent answer. "I tell you I ain't goin' to be. Yo' jus' go 'long. I ain't goin' to have that thing p'int-in' at me."

But Dixie's curiosity was great. By the time the family were arranged in proper position, and Mother Baer said she thought they ought to look as natural as possible, after which Fritz insisted on perching himself on the fence, and Tom, the baby, set up a howl every time everybody else was ready—but, as I was saying, by the time the family were arranged, a little to the west of the house so as to get the best view, Dixie took it into her head to watch the proceedings from the side door.

Softly opening the door so as not to disturb the rigid posture of the family group, she cautiously poked her head out. Her thick lips were parted, and her big eyes wore a startled look and were opened to their fullest extent. She wanted to see what the "thing" did when it "went off." It was an exciting moment. The man had disappeared from view. Nothing could be seen but his legs. This added to the solemnity of the scene. The family sat or stood in fixed attitudes. The man reappeared, a broad grin on his face. "Good!" he shouted, with a wave of his hand. "Don't move," and he slightly, very slightly, shifted his camera. Then in a moment more it was done. Dixie's face fell. Was that all? She quickly withdrew her head. The children came scampering in.

"Why didn't you come, Dixie?" they shouted.

"Didn't want ter."

"Didn't you ever, Dixie?"

"Naw."

"We have, lots of times—that is, we all did once. It's fun."

Dixie shook her head, still unconvinced. There was something very mysterious about it all to Dixie; she couldn't quite understand.

Then came the waiting. That was very hard. The man said he would send them by mail. At last they came. All gathered around Mother Baer in breathless silence while the package was opened.

A shout came from Fritz. "Dixie got in the picture!" The chorus took it up. Dixie appeared. "I didn't, nuther," she shouted, vigorously.

"But you are, you are!" shouted the Baers, dancing wildly about, while Mother Baer laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Slowly Dixie drew near. With wide-open eyes she gazed upon the picture. There it was, the picture of her very own self, "the best of the lot," Fritz said.

"I jus' stuck my head through the doah to see how yo' was gittin' 'long," she said, slowly. Then gradually astonishment changed to pleasure; a broad grin crept over her black face. "I reckon yo'll give me one, Mis' Baer," she said. She was growing proud of the fact that she had been "took." It was worth talking of. She wanted to show her friends.

Mother Baer said, "Yes, Dixie shall have one." And she did. And now you know how Dixie got in the picture.

At the Photographer's

They were having their pictures taken—eleven little brothers and sisters. The photographer got them all arranged, when one of them at the end had a new idea about the camera and thought it was a good time to investigate. He jumped down, and all the others rose to their feet to see what he was doing. The curious one was put back, and all were put in position again, when the middle one felt himself crowded, and he stood up. This crowded the two back of him, and they pushed; and the group all got on their feet again. The photographer was in despair. He got them all back in position, and then he read them a lecture. He explained how impossible it was to take their pictures unless they did as they were told. This time they looked very solemn; the photographer felt sure they would sit still. They looked solemnly at the camera, and just as the photographer had decided that he must change their expression to one of animation, his cat came in the room. The eleven, with one bound, sprang to the floor, while puss, with tail raised in greatest anger or fear, jumped on top of a desk, with the whole pack whelping and barking and reaching after her. Yes, they were dogs, all the same age, and brothers and sisters. The photographer took the cat in his arms, and the eleven puppies climbed on his legs, and, in trying to reach pussy, got tangled in each other in a way that made the photographer laugh. The cat was shut tightly in another room, and the photographer, still laughing,

patted the platform and whistled. Back came the dogs, with wagging tails and sparkling eyes, and panting for breath. It was almost as good as a run out-of-doors! They were so intelligent that by this time they had learned what was expected of them, and they took their places and kept them for the minute the photographer needed them.

No doubt when they got back to the kennels they told of the frightened cat, and the noise they made; and the other dogs, perhaps, were envious.

The Reason

When Minnie and Mamie are both at play,
Everything runs in the smoothest way;
Each dear little face is so sunny and sweet
To watch them together is surely a treat.

They never quarrel and disagree,
Nor snatch the playthings, nor come to me
With pitiful stories, as Jennie and Sue
When they play together are sure to do.

I wondered what the reason could be,
Since they all are sweet little girls, you see,
So I called them up and the case made plain,
And asked if they could the riddle explain.

And Minnie looked puzzled, and shook her head,

But our wise little Mamie quickly said,
With a wee, droll smile: "I think it must be
'Cause I let Minnie, and Minnie lets me!"

—Exchange.

They Ring the Bell

There is a man in New York who has only one leg. He is poor, but he manages to live and enjoy life, though poor and a cripple. He loves fishing. He spends all his time on the river front near the Battery fishing. He catches enough fish for his own food, and sells enough to give him the money he thinks he needs. Perhaps you have seen men and boys who, when they fish, use several lines. They bait the hooks and fasten the lines to the dock if fishing in the city; to different parts of the boat if fishing from a boat. It keeps a man quite busy passing from line to line, and this one-legged man—we will call him Jim—says he spent a great deal of time trying to devise some method by which he could tell whether he had a fish on a line without walking so much. One day recently a nursemaid came to the river front with a baby in her arms. The baby had a rattle. "There," thought Jim, "there's the very thing." He asked the nursemaid to give him a bell from the baby's rattle. She did. He fastened the bell on one of his lines and sat down to watch. There was a slight tinkle—hardly that. Jim was charmed. He knew the habits of fish so well that this faint sound told him that it meant a nibble. He waited. There was a frantic jingle, then silence; then another frantic jingle. Jim hurried to the line, pulled it in, and there was a big eel. Jim worked hard the next few days, and made money enough to buy a half-dozen bells. He equipped his lines and sat down. Now he waits for the ringing of the bells that tells him a fish is on the line. He says if he falls asleep it takes four bells to wake him. When some one told him that his method was not sportsmanlike he said he was not fishing for sport, but for a living. He would not use bells to catch trout.

Bathing Song for Baby Fingers

Come, Thumbkins, Pointer, and Tallman,
Goldman and Baby wee,
Let's plunge in the china wash-bowl,
And play it is the sea.

Away on the soapy billows,
A-swimming to and fro,
We'll bathe until each one of us
Is white, just like the snow.

—Child-Garden.

The Religious World

Return of the Deputation from Japan

The Deputation of the American Board to Japan has finished its labors and returned to this country. It will be remembered that it was composed of the Rev. J. L. Barton, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the Board, the Hon. William P. Ellison, of Boston, the Rev. J. G. Johnson, D.D., of Chicago, and the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., one of the editors of this paper. The Deputation was absent just four months. Its members were received with the utmost courtesy both by the missionaries and the Japanese Christians, and wherever they went every opportunity was extended to them for pursuing their investigations. In nearly every city receptions were accorded them, and the Ministers of State at the capital kindly received them and helped them so far as was possible in their work. They had conferences with more than one hundred and fifty Japanese Christians, and their services were in constant demand for sermons and addresses; especially at the Doshisha University in Kyoto were they called upon for sermons and lectures. It will be a week or two before the results of their labors can be given to the public, but this much is already known—the Deputation feel that they have not failed in their work. They have the assurance, from both the missionaries and the Japanese, that great good has already resulted from their visit. They reached San Francisco on the “China” on the morning of Christmas Day. Their report will first be presented to the Prudential Committee, and afterward, with its recommendations, given to the public. We shall then acquaint our readers with the results of these long-continued and patient investigations.

The Illness of Joseph Cook

The Outlook is able to state the exact facts concerning the condition of Mr. Joseph Cook, of whose illness exaggerated suggestions have been telegraphed from San Francisco. About six months ago Mr. Cook started on a tour around the world. He had reached Australia, and was in the midst of a peculiarly successful series of engagements to lecture, when he was overtaken by serious nervous prostration. The day was Sunday, and he was preparing to assist the Rev. Dr. Bevan in the services in his church. He remained for some time in Australia, and then started for Japan to meet Mrs. Cook, who had gone to that country in company with the American Board's Deputation, intending there to join her husband in his trip around the world. The voyage from Australia to Kobe occupied nearly forty days, and at times was terribly rough. Such a voyage, in such a sea, and in tropical heat, was enough to exhaust a well man. After a delay of two weeks, in company with Mrs. Cook and the returning Deputation, Mr. Cook sailed on the “China” for San Francisco. He was twenty-two days at sea, when he ought to have been in bed, but he endured the journey well, and also the long ride across the continent to the sanitarium where he is now resting. The reports that his mental faculties are impaired are not true. He is simply broken down by overwork, and must rest for a few months. His physicians feel sure of his ultimate restoration to health, and there is every reason to believe that in due time he will be able to resume his public duties. The members of the Deputation to Japan were constantly in his company after leaving that country, and they found his interest in public questions unimpaired, and his willingness to converse concerning the profoundest questions of philosophy and theology greater than was best for one so far from well. His lectures, of course, for this season will be interrupted, but probably for no longer. The Outlook has often had occasion to differ with Mr. Cook, but it has never failed to recognize his power as a public teacher, and it extends to him cordial congratulations on the prospect of speedy recovery.

Americans in Turkey

We have just been permitted to see a letter, written by a person resident in Turkey, which gives emphasis to the inquiry which is rising in many quarters as to whether the question which ought to engage the attention of our Government is not the protection of American citizens in Turkey rather than

the assertion of a questionable interpretation for the Monroe Doctrine. The letter describes the perils of American citizens entitled to the protection of their Government. They were obliged for a long time to be on sentinel duty to protect themselves and their families from the awful outrages which are daily perpetrated on other Christians, evidently with the permission of the Turkish soldiery. When the writer speaks of the massacre at Cesarea his words are almost too terrible to quote, but we give them here because they are in a letter which is before our eyes, and which was written on the ground. Of its truthfulness there can be no doubt: “I can't write much of the horrors in Cesarea. It seems as if I couldn't stand it. The riot began a little after noon, and raged for nearly four hours until orders could be received from Constantinople to allow the military to fire their guns. . . . It has been simply fiendish—killing for the sake of killing, and because it is a merit to kill Giaours. Not merely in the markets and in the streets, but houses broken into and women and girls killed, almost literally cut to pieces.” And so runs on the tale of blood and death, and horrors worse than death, and all because some persons are Christians. Such barbarism cannot be explained away by attacking the wisdom of missionaries. Every Christian pulpit and newspaper throughout the world ought to demand that all such senseless talk as we have recently heard about war with England should cease, at least until the Christian nations have resolutely and thoroughly settled this Armenian question in the only way which will be permanent and assure peace.

A Centennial

The Duane Methodist Episcopal Church of New York City has recently celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. Services were held every evening during the anniversary week, and among the speakers were many former pastors and members of the church, as well as a large number of pastors from the adjacent churches. At the first Sunday morning service the Rev. John Parker, the first pastor in the present edifice, preached the sermon, and in the evening an interesting sketch of the history of the church was given. At the Sunday-school reunion on Wednesday evening addresses were delivered by several of its former superintendents. The Thanksgiving Love Feast on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) was followed by a reception to members and friends of the church. The Rev. Alexander McLean preached on Friday evening, and conducted an altar service. On the closing day of the anniversary the Rev. Dr. Crawford preached a sermon on “Methodism,” which was followed by the reception of members. The evening sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Longacre. This church has had a remarkable history, and we wish for her another century of success in her work of winning souls to Christ.

We make the clipping below from the “Christian Register,” of Boston, the organ of American Unitarianism, because we have seen in its columns different sentiments from other correspondents. Having had a wide acquaintance both with missionaries and with the representatives of the American Government in various foreign lands, we do not for a moment hesitate to indorse the sentiments we quote, and, without necessarily reflecting in the least on our Consuls in foreign lands, to assert that in every land with which we are familiar there are missionaries who, for scholarly qualities, ability, and those elements of manhood which ought to be the pride of all Americans, are greatly superior not only to our Consuls but to our Ministers. The extract from the “Christian Register” is as follows:

To the Editor of The Christian Register:

During the past few years I have visited Christian missions in nearly all parts of the world, and from personal observation, as a business man, can say that the foreign missionaries are fully equal to our Consuls in ability, zeal, and fidelity.

J. S. PAINE.

Boston.

In spite of all that is said concerning the desirability of union among the churches, it is evident that but little progress has yet been made. If we judge from the utterances of representative bodies, we shall be very much encouraged; but when we come to the actions of individuals and local churches, there is equal reason for discouragement. When the pastor of one church says that he can congratulate a minister, but he cannot congratulate a