

pose of God that a life-time warfare shall be kept up between the body and the soul. There ought to come to every true Christian a day of final victory over his bodily powers, in which they will cease their rebellion, and come into the sweetest union with the soul in its great work of developing a likeness to Christ.

Why are we called upon to present the body a living sacrifice to God, if its powers are not to be sanctified to holy purposes? Why should we spend all our life waiting for the adoption of our whole nature, to wit, the redemption of the body, as well as the soul?

Our fondest dreams for the progress of humanity must be based in a newly created body by strict obedience to the laws of God, written on every fibre, tissue, muscle, and bone. We cannot develop the human brain and heart to the possibilities that God has put in them, while they are the tenants of bodies the laws of which are violated in the commonest habits of every-day life.

Regeneration does a mighty work for us; but regeneration has also much to do with our highest and best development. The sins of the fathers must cease, so that the sons may be spared their terrible visitations; the accumulated virtues of parents must roll over on their children in purer, stronger, and better bodies until by a blessed economy the whole race shall be exalted to heirship with Christ through loving obedience to all the laws of physical as well as moral life.

Why may we not now, under the laws of redemption, begin to build a new heaven and a new earth, new souls and new bodies. If our souls are redeemed and renewed by obedience and faith, why not secure also the redemption of our bodies? I know it is slow work to teach the subtle but mighty elements of self-restraint. I know the flesh lusteth against the spirit. Yet I thank God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

FROM THE ORIENT.

Last evening, after a safe voyage of about 1000 miles from Aintab, I arrived here feeling well, and aside from the oppressive heat on the Mediterranean I have enjoyed my trip very much. While traveling here now with our modern steamers, one is forced to reflect upon the difference of comfort in traveling enjoyed in the nineteenth century with what was enjoyed in the days of the Apostle Paul as related by Luke in the Acts of the Apostles of his trip to Rome.

But while traveling by water has been wonderfully improved, the fruitful hills on the coast of Asia Minor and the rich Ionian island have certainly retrograded. The country seen from the sea appears bare, and a wail is heard from the people of all classes concerning the hard times, and various government oppressions.

This lack of energy is, however, not altogether the fault of the governments; much may be justly laid to the indolence of the people.

Careless and regardless in all their temporal affairs one may see them idling away their time smoking and telling tales. The Greeks appear to be the more enterprising of the lot, but they are rent by internal social difficulties, church tyranny and often political aspirations.

Here in Smyrna the Greeks decidedly predominate among the native races. Greek is universally spoken and Turkish but sparsely understood. French manners and ideas are at a high standard here, and a great effort is being made by the people to be called French subjects. Any slight relationship or chance is eagerly grasped to be denominated something different to Lavantines. They appear to be quite conscious that their fusion race is a perceptible discredit.

Smyrna is the second city for size in the empire. It has about 200,000 inhabitants, of which about one-third are Greek, one-third Mohammedans and the other third Armenians, Europeans, etc. Smyrna has the best built seaport in the empire, ships are laying to at the wharf, a sight quite strange here in the Orient, where ships as a rule, have to anchor out in the harbor and transport all freight to and from the ship by boats, but even here boats have to be used in many instances, as only the stern end of the ship is allowed to reach the wharf, so that the passengers have all to be landed by *kayik* or boat. If any one desires to see how work in general can be done in an awkward way, let him come to Turkey. The study seems to be, how can things be done unhandy?

But coming back to Smyrna again, we find the city quite clean and neat, a few streets well paved, a nice promenade, upon which is a street car line, on the beach; here also are located coffee shops, casinos and saloons. The city presents a pretty sight from the Smyrna Gulf, upon which it is located. Smyrna is built partly upon a bottom and partly upon the side hill. Back of the city upon a high hill is a ruined fortification yet to be seen. It would appear to be from the time of the Crusaders, being of the style in which they have built several in Syria.

Our Protestant friends have been trying to proselyte Smyrna and to reform her in their way, but it seems hard work. Saloons and fine dress make much more impression upon the foolish Orientals.

An English mission board and the American Congregational Mission Society have each a station here. Each has also a coffee shop called "The Rest." Here the weary traveler is invited to step in to read the word of God; and if his soul be wearied with the sins of the world he may be comforted by the visitors who are supposed to be in a degree spiritually minded.

The walls of "The Rest" are decorated with scriptural passages bearing on the atonement of Christ, and Bibles and religious newspapers can be found. Well, the arrangement, though curious when contemplated in connection with missionary work, still does some good. It furnishes a respectable

place for people to spend a few hours reading and perhaps also here men may be turned from the evil of their ways. The place is quite cosmopolitan; inscriptions and Bibles may be found in about fifteen languages. But think of the change from what we read in the Bible of preaching the word of God. Here we have the work reduced to a business principle. Of course cafes are in great demand in the orient, but I can hardly conceive the idea that this is the way to preach the Gospel. But perhaps looking at it a little different it may be better comprehended, i.e. Their doctrines being man-made, why should not also their methods of expounding them be man-made as well?

After leaving the cafe, one finds himself mixed up in a curious multitude. Fruit venders and street peddlers every few steps, each yelling or droning out some peculiar noise in order to attract attention. Donkeys with two large bread baskets, one on each side of the animal quietly moving on, camels and fine carriages. Well dressed people and boot-blacks all seem to assert some dignity in their respective vocations in life.

As a whole Smyrna may be reckoned among the hard places to redeem or reform. Vice and pride and a bogus civilization have firmly rooted themselves here, and such places as Smyrna, Constantinople and Beyruth are a disgrace to the name of Christianity; when we look at them as lights of a high and noble cause. They present progress and power or something better to the eye to be looked at, but inwardly they are only hot-beds of sin sowing their deadly seeds to the country broadcast.

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MEDICINE MEN AND WAR DANCERS.

The habits and customs of some of the Western tribes are so little known to the general reader that, perhaps, a description of some of their curious practices may be of some interest. Mr Paul Beckwith has published an interesting paper on the Dakotahs in the last report of the Smithsonian Institution, and among other things he remarked that the medicine man or high priest is invariably a chief, and although he maintains his sway by the use of mysteries and incantations, nevertheless at times shows a power which is not understood by those outside of the cult or brotherhood, and through a knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs often performs cures that lead one to believe he is not altogether the charlatan he is represented. His cures are often the wonder of the army surgeons.

An incident in point is cited in the case of an Indian who one day came staggering into camp with his leg horribly swollen from a bite of a venomous snake. The camp surgeon could do nothing for the sufferer, but he was completely cured by the medicine man. Another case is