

all ages and all nations, and they undoubtedly prove that the constitution of man is such that he, under certain conditions, can perceive what is not actually present to his physical eye. This fact being proved beyond a doubt, who can say that the gift of prophecy is impossible?

Let us now suppose that God, for certain purposes, operates through His Spirit upon this, let us say, visionary faculty in man, then we have a prophet of God. Such were Moses, Elijah, Daniel, John, Joseph Smith, and all others who have for a longer or shorter period of their lives stood under Divine influence and guidance.

To deny the possibility of the prophetic gift is to deny a large part of the history of mankind, and to deny the necessity of prophecy in this age is to give oneself a certificate of spiritual blindness. On these two negatives the religion of the world is to a large extent built.

LETTER FROM TURKEY.

Going out for a farewell inspection of Aintab, I will take paper and pencil with me, and for the reader's benefit jot down such glimpses of this typical Turkish town as shall come under my notice while proceeding through its narrow alleys and lanes, which are the only streets the place affords.

But now to my task.

THE STREETS

are from five to twelve feet wide, dirty and crowded. In the business quarters mats made from the flags of the date tree (*Phoenix dactylifera*) are stretched from house to house, across the streets, furnishing during the caniculæ or "dog days" a cool retreat highly appreciated by the numerous canines of the neighborhood.

Oh, how gingerly I pick my steps in their midst! In the Ouali-Pasha's presence I would not walk more deferentially, for as sure as a fellow treads too near, a growl is uttered, and the others—the whole tribe—spring up and show their long hooked teeth and exercise their lungs most unpleasantly, until some commotion down the street causes them to scamper off that way. Here sits a paralytic, then comes a blind man, and there a leper lies in the dust, the vermin groveling upon them. They shout for alms with truly Oriental pathos, and long before a gift is bestowed they begin to bless the anticipated benefactor. "Allah make thee live forever, my lord! Allah save thee, for thou wilt give a crust unto me, a dog. As Allah is God, I am a dog, but thou, my lord, art an illustrious Effendi; we have heard of thee long before thou comest to this land!" Such lies they tell for a prospective 5 para (half a cent). Further on are more beggars, more dogs, upon whom gad-flies swarm, more dirt of the most pungent smell, and farther on is more. Ah! there he comes—the lunatic—half naked, dishevelled, grinning and laughing in fits of fantastic glee. How the lit-

tle boys hurrah at him now! A few days ago he gesticulated and shouted madly, in fearful paroxysms. When this maniac is on the war-path the people get out of his way, yet they claim he is a "Saint" possessed of a particularly benign spirit.

THE CHARSHÉE OR MARKET

is sometimes called the Bazaar. Here caravans of camels file in noiselessly, but at a hurried gait, and heavily laden asses come on from another direction. A camel is a sort of gentleman; he will not throw one over as he hurries along; if he cannot get out of the way, he will stand still for the pedestrian to pass; but a donkey will walk along resolutely, and if a person stands in his way, or if there is anything like a jam, he merely lays back his ears, gives the other party an emphatic look, leans his body forward and presses on, squeezing and rolling his victim against the wall; kicks, clubs or canes cannot deter him from his purpose—nothing but an iron pointed goad will do it. So well is this understood that the merest beggar, derwish, singing man or lazzaroni is provided with a double-pointed spear or javelin, which serves also as a weapon of defense against jackals (coyotes of the east), wolves and hyenas, while tramping from town to town. Sometimes this implement serves too, it is said, to scare a few francs out of a lone and unarmed traveler. The charshee presents otherwise the appearance of a country fair in a village of England, France or Italy, but everything has an extra flourish, glitter and Oriental appearance.

THE SHOPS

are generally called "magazines. By the way, I notice that the English language contains many words taken bodily from the Arabic and applied more or less in the sense of the original; for instance, alchemy, alkali, algebra, magazine, sirop, sugar. These shops, or "magazines," whether of artisans, scribes or merchants, are merely small rectangular chambers from four to twelve feet wide, and from six to twelve feet deep. The walls are of stone, and the roof is of earth, supported by strong beams. The fronts are simply wooden barricades which are taken down or put up as often as the owner of the firm chooses to prosecute business, or finds it necessary to have a siesta or nap, a steam-bath at the Hammam, a meal, or smoke from the Nargileh at home, a prayer at the Mosque or a shave at the barber's.

The floor of the shop is of stone, three feet above the level of the street; at the front is a carpet of screeching colors and bizarre pattern; the dealer squats upon this with his legs folded. On a shelf stand his shoes, and a slim stock of curious looking goods surrounds him; red morocco shoes, slippers, ladies, yellow goatskin boots ornamented with horse-hair tassels, Greenhome made glass jars containing drugs—rhubarb, orrisroot, myrrh, gum arabic and henna (*Lawsonia alba*), the latter for

dyeing the finger-nails etc.. Chinese lanterns and a few gaudy strips of glittering paper furnish the necessary light and sparkle at night. The merchant always carries his inkstand and penholder or kulum case in the belt. This is carried by all educated Mussulmen from Morocco to China. In the Des Museum the reader may see one, brought from India by one of our missionaries. It is describe as a kulum case from India.

THE METAL WORKERS.

The brass workers, copper, silver, tin and blacksmiths all occupy a portion of a street quarter especially devoted to the plying of their respective trades. First we will take notice of a brass-founder. His shop is about 7 by 10 feet in dimensions. In one corner is a pile of charcoal; opposite are some copper scraps and zinc, of which he throws a few bits into a red hot crucible which he himself has made of refractory clay, and finishes a molding in sea sand of just such a pen-case as alluded to above, while a boy opposite him manages most vigorously a bellows consisting of a plain goat skin, two wooden handles, and the canon of a discarded gun, the end of which is cemented into the floor, below the smelting-pot, whose cover he now lifts off. Truly beautiful are the red, green and white fumes which now escape from it. Imagine, if you can, the heat required to make this copper and zinc combine in that miniature furnace, and become perfectly fluid. So he throws on more coals, some right into the crucible, while the boy at the awkward bellows puffs and perspires. Only a moment, a few sparks, a refulgence like sunlight, and the molten metal flows with a hiss into the carefully prepared mold. The other articles visible in this shop are bells, keys, spoons, brass arm-bracelets and rings.

The coppersmith's, and, more strange to tell, the blacksmith's anvils are not as large as our common ten pound sledge hammer. A horse shoe is simply an oval plate of Swedish iron, which is subsequently hammered cold to fit the horse, remaining of course a plate with a large hole punched in the centre and eight smaller ones for nails. The silversmiths manufacture primitive jewelry and filigree work. And the backbone of tin-smithing is at present—will you believe it?—American coal oil cans! These they tinker and work over into plates, cups, dippers, lamp shades, reflectors, pails, etc., etc.; in fact they display an ingenuity in the use of old tin cans so greatly like that of the Chinamen in our western mining camps that I will refer to the Turks a little further on in a separate paragraph, showing their semi-Chinese origin and habits.

THE WOOD WORKERS.

Here we come to a row of establishments where wooden shoes are manufactured. The principal tool employed is the adze. The wooden shoes of this country are far from resembling the Dutch or French *sabots* and still less the old country clogs.