

be driven by the Spirit to see what is the real remedy against error in our present time. A hunger and a thirst for an inspired word from God is not foreign among them. In their paper, "*Die Warte des Tempels*," of January 17th, the following piece appears, of which I give a translation:

"The people of Israel had Prophets. These were no separate caste. They were men of the people, from shepherds and upwards. * * * They founded their words and existence, their whole being, on the Lord Sabaoth: Thus saith the Lord. What they said was clear, admitting of no doubt. * * * A prophet is consequently a man who can found his words on revelation from God. Do we need such men? * * * Although no University can produce them, yet the Templars have entered a road which will lead to the prophetic office. We need not be ashamed of this office, nor must we retreat, as if this perhaps would be kept for others, or as if everything would arrange itself. Prophets were formerly, as we have seen in Israel, useful and necessary. This they still are, and will always be."

I have quoted this passage in order to show how the Templars at present acknowledge the necessity of guidance through inspired men, even if they themselves hardly understand their own position, at least clearly. And the conclusion would be near at hand that a people with such understanding would be prepared to receive the Gospel of Christ, when preached to them, a Gospel which offers them exactly what they say they need. But this is another question altogether. Time alone can show; and I hope that all who take an interest in the establishment of the Kingdom of God will remember that right here in the Holy Land and in the adjacent countries is a vast field for missionary labor which, rightly cultivated, will yield an abundant harvest. J. M. S.

HAIFA, Palestine, February 1, 1889.

OUR CHICAGO LETTERS.

Owen Meredith, in his dreamy, languorous, yet sententious romance, "*Lucile*," has one bit of pure prose, though couched in numbers rhythmical, harmonious, and well balanced. Owen says:

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, and live
without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live
without books;
But civilized man cannot live without
cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowl-
edge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope
but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is love but
repining?
But where is the man that can live without
dining?

Yes, that is the question, who can live without dining? After all, there is but a step between poetry and

potatoes, between prosody and pepper, between sweetness and soup. Realizing the stern philosophy of Mr. Meredith, Chicago has never attempted to live on prairie blizzards or on lake breezes. Chicago has, in fact, a "Training School of Domestic Science." This institution is managed by some of our best and most worthy matrons. Though it has a formidable name, it is simply a school of hashery, or cookery. It boards young women out of place and teaches them the arts of housewifery. Its mission is that housekeeping shall not become a failure, whatever marriage may do.

One Saturday, not long ago, eight young ladies, "Seniors," from the West Division High School visited the Domestic Science temple for the purpose of taking a lesson in cooking. Mrs. Swan, the vice-president of the "hashery," undertook the task of teaching the young ladies. She drew up a bill of fare for a dinner which the ladies themselves were to cook and eat. Miss Sill, of the astronomy class, was appointed to the pie department. She was placed in charge of a cold chicken, with instructions to mix the white meat judiciously with the brown and await the making of the crust. Miss Sill proceeded to her work and thought over that accomplished person mentioned by Dickens who was said to be equal to anything, from the contemplation of a star to the consumption of a potatoe. Miss May Chandler and Miss Jessie Chandler, both from the Latin class, and whose favorite author was Virgil, were appointed to the salad department. As Miss May took up a large cabbage she could not help paraphrasing her favorite author, and while chopping she kept repeating:

I who have lately sung heroic ballads
Am now engaged in making cabbage salads;
Adieu, for evermore, to fleshly sonnet,
My goal is now a husband and a bonnet.

Miss Blanche Pattison from the Greek class was appointed to superintend the stuffing of a turkey. Her favorite author is Homer. She can repeat a book of the "*Odyssey*" backwards. As she proceeded to her work, how she wished that some forlorn Ulysses would wander her way, and then she thought of how Ulysses appeared to his own herdsman, Eumeus, and begged a meal; and how Eumeus went out, as Pope has it:

Straight to the lodgments of his herd he
ran,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the
snn,
Of two, his cutlass launched the spouting
blood;
These quartered, singed, and fixed on forks
of wood,
All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And, smoking, back the tasteful viands
drew.
Broachers and all; then on the board dis-
played
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid.

All this Miss Pattison spoke in Homeric Greek, and then interpreted it in Chicago Anglo-Saxon for her friends. Though Miss Pattison proved very awkward at manip-

ulating the interior department of a turkey, yet she could enlighten the boss cook with a very learned rhapsody on "*Cookery of the Ancient Greeks*." She went so far as to prove that the Greek tramp was but an old edition of the American tramp, and then she recited what Eumeus said to Ulysses when the latter expressed a desire to visit the queen to ask assistance. Eumeus said:

Small is the faith the prince and queen as-
scribe

(Replied Eumeus) to the wandering tribe,
For needy strangers still to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveler that touches here
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear.

Miss Pattison proved by these lines in the original Greek that tramping is a very ancient institution. She wished in her heart that some one of the tribe would present himself, so that she could see him eat. Miss Allee McClure of the English Literature class was deputed to make cranberry sauce. Miss McClure is sentimental, poetic, and indeed, altruistic. Her favorite author is Thomas Campbell, and her favorite poem is "*Pleasures of Hope*." The lady named repeated whole pages of the poem, and finally rested on that passage where the tramp looks wistfully over the garden gate, and sees a smiling cottage and well tended beds of flowers, and wishes that for himself some such place may exist in the dim future. "There he is the poor man," she says, and she quotes Campbell: "You friendless man, at whose dejected

eye
The unfeeling proud one looks and pines
by;
Condemned on penury's barren path to
roam,
Scorned by the world and left without a
home.

The sweet Miss McClure ran to the door to meet this poor man and give him warm welcome. She was disappointed. The visitor was neither a Campbellian tramp nor a Homeric one, but a Chicago reporter who wanted to test practically the efficiency of the young lady cooks.

There were a full dozen reporters present. Of course the city editors picked out reporters with lean jaws and capacious stomachs and assigned them to the hashery school. A Chicago woman would deem it sacrilege not to invite the press to any little movement of hers. The young ladies of the High School, and the old ladies of the Domestic Science business would deem their work in vain if a column or two did not advertise them in the newspapers. A Chicago woman would burn the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians if she were sure of two columns in the newspapers next day. But in this case journalism had its revenge. The reporters ate everything in sight. Miss Pattison said that a branch packing house of Armour's was nothing compared to what these quilldrivers could do.

Cooking is certainly a very important department in the economy of life. Observers there are who attribute to it many of the great