

the United States and had returned to their own people to preach unto them the Word of Life.

The loss of life and property was so crushing in this massacre that the society under whose auspices these unfortunate missionaries labored has been compelled to suspend operations. For almost half a century these United Brethren in Christ have been maintaining this mission in Sierra Leone, at a cost of over a half a million dollars. It is estimated that the loss in mission property amounts to \$100,000. There are left, however, 5,000 converts, who, it is safe to believe, will remain steadfast and build up again the work that has been laid in ruins by the ruthless hand of the savage heathen. It is the purpose of the home society to re-afirm and hold the field fully by the autumn.

SUMMER VISITORS AND THE CHURCH.

WE are all familiar with the saying of a celebrated character that when he went off on a vacation he left "everything behind him, even his morals." If we substitute for morals "the duties of religion," we correctly describe the practice of but too many of our Church people, both men and women. It is a sad fact that many of our people when they are away from their homes for the summer seem to think they have no responsibility in regard to such duties as church-going, attendance at Holy Communion, or setting an example of consistent Church life. They act as if they were absolved from these duties for the time being. Sundays are spent lolling around verandas, swinging in hammocks, reading trashy novels, without a thought of public worship or attendance on the Church's services. What wonder is it that many a country parson dreads the coming of the summer visitor because of the effect upon his flock? His people know such and such a one is a Churchman, a leading man in some great city parish, and yet he does not go to church or Holy Communion when away from home. It must be they argue because such observances are not of much importance. On their way to church they see upon the verandas or the lawns of the suburban homes well dressed people whom they know are Church people, many of them leading workers in city parishes, members of important church committees, laughing and talking and clearly with no intention of attending service. Can it have anything but a bad effect upon the country people, especially the young who look up to these city visitors as people of superior knowledge and education?

What a help to the Church's cause, to the hard worked country parson, it would be, if

these summer visitors but realized that the public worship of God, the feeding on the Bread of Life, is as much a duty and a privilege in the summer as in the winter, in the small and plain country church where the congregation is scattered and the singing oft-times bad as in the large and beautiful city one where eye and ear are alike pleased and solemnized. Some there are, indeed, who recognize this but more, alas far more, do not and the result is often most disastrous to the cause of the Church in our country places.—*N. J. Parish Visitor.*

VILLAGE LIFE IN PERSIA.

BY MISS H. L. CONNER, OF JULFA.

EVER since I came out from England, now more than three years ago, it has been my great pleasure, whenever possible, to get away into the villages and live altogether among the people. I may make a rough division of the Persian villages into two classes.

First, those on the river level, or where some stream coming down from the hills makes extensive irrigation possible. Here the principal industry is fruit growing. A village of this kind will be surrounded by gardens producing a succession of fruit from May to November—cherries, mulberries, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, melons, apples, pears, and grapes. Each garden is enclosed within high mud walls, and has in it a rough, unfinished-looking two-story building, where, during the fruit season, the man in charge sleeps, and to which, in the hot summer weather, the owner of the garden and his family frequently come to pass the night. The only preparation necessary for the visit is to spread a carpet, lay down some pillows, and light the *kaliun*, or large hubble-bubble water-pipe, which to every one in Persia, men and women alike, is one of the absolute necessities of life.

The village itself is surrounded by high walls. When you enter one of the houses by the low door, and your eye becomes accustomed to the semi darkness, you see the women working at small hand-loom, in which they weave a gaily colored plaid material. They use this for the *chaddars* or sheets, in which every woman wraps herself when leaving the house, pulling it half across her face if a man is present. Many of the larger villages weave plaids peculiar to themselves, and in the hospital at Julfa I have often been able to guess correctly from what village a new patient had come, only through recognizing the plaid of her *chaddar*.

The picture is of a woman of one of these villages in her house-dress, made very picturesque by the brilliant coloring of shirt and skirt, both made out of home-woven calico.