

The Christian schools in Mosul, Eastern Turkey, are well attended, but any girls who are allowed to go are taken away when they reach the age of ten or twelve, and are then considered sufficiently educated and marriageable.

The following description of the dress of a wealthy girl in Mosul will interest you, though I am sure you would not wish to exchange your freedom for her finery. She wears a dress of the famous Damascus silk, a velvet jacket, a beautiful silver belt with jewelled clasps, and strings of gold coins and bangles around her neck. The hair on each side of her face is worn short, the rest is braided in many small braids which hang below her waist, on the ends of which many gold coins are attached. Her head-dress is a small red fez, profusely ornamented with coins and broaches, and a huge black tassel which falls to her shoulders. When she goes on the streets she wears a bright red and white braided shawl, which envelopes her from head to foot, but her bright eyes and pretty face peep out, for she need not wear a veil till she is married. But girls of the higher classes are seldom seen on the narrow, crowded, and filthy streets, and it is considered a great disgrace for a girl to engage in any employment which would make it necessary for her to go out.

It is a Persian custom to make calls at their New Year, which is in Spring, and the missionaries avail themselves of this custom to get upon friendly terms with their Moslem neighbors. Refreshments are always offered ; in the houses of the poor, generally a plate of candy ; in those of the better classes, sweetmeats, cakes, sherbet and coffee. In one such home the ladies inquired how their visitors spent their time, and each tried to tell her story of useful work for the Lord. When they, in turn, were asked what they did, they replied half sorrowfully : " We do nothing but sleep and eat, and wonder what we will have for the next meal." Some of the ladies, however, embroider and make cake and sweets. In another house the ladies said : " Tell us about your prophet. Why do you not believe in our prophet ? We believe in yours." The lady missionaries in Teheran were once asked to breakfast at the house of a family of very high rank. The place was like a palace, but the mistress was a captive in a gilded cage. There was a large company of relatives and numerous servants in waiting, but to do honor to the foreign guests the young sisters-in-law prepared the table by spreading a large red cloth on the floor, and then, stepping on it with their bare feet, set on the dishes of the feast, and great sheets of bread which served for plates and spoons as well as for food. After breakfast they asked many questions, some of them about prayer, and the Lord's prayer was repeated to them. An old lady was at the time sitting apart repeating prayers, using beads much like a Roman Catholic's rosary.