

A LETTER FROM TURKEY.

This is one part of the world where the saying, "Christmas comes but once a year," does not hold good. We have three here every year—ours on the 25th December, N. S., the Greek on the 25th December, O. S., (twelve days after ours), and the Armenian on the 18th of January. This last we have just passed, and once more breathe freely. The day is not an especially trying one on us ladies, but the gentlemen have our sympathy as they sally forth early in the morning, make, perhaps, twenty or more calls, which means, not as in America, eating twenty meals, but simply drinking twenty tiny cups of Turkish coffee, twenty glasses of sherbet, and something less than twenty cups of tea, besides being served twenty times to sweets. Of course, none of this program may be omitted without giving offence.

Some friends from Chicago having sent us a box for our Sunday-school, we gave the presents on Saturday, January 16th. I think if those friends could have seen the happy, beaming faces as the children left that day, they would have felt amply repaid for their trouble. Our Sunday-school numbers about a hundred and fifty, so that unless we have help we cannot give the children this Christmas treat.

From America we had received something over twenty five dressed dolls, but this not being enough, we had to buy eight in the market here. These are not very good—have wax heads, and so are in danger from either extreme heat or cold. Those from America are bisque, and are much more durable.

Before the presents were distributed we had a short program of singing and recitation of scripture verses. The small children of the intermediate department recited prophecies concerning the coming of the Messiah, while the infants followed with the story of the birth of Jesus.

This was followed by the distribution of the presents, and I don't believe a more excited, happy group of children could have been found anywhere. Some of the boys received boats, some balls, and one a horse, while some of the shivering ragged little ones of the poorer class received warm clothing. The women each received a pretty American advertising card, (we have an endless demand for these), and each one, men, women, and children, went home with a candy basket. The girls, as I before suggested, or at least, many of them, received dolls. One of our

girl boarders—a village girl of about twelve or thirteen, had expressed a great desire to have a doll, so we had one prepared for her. When her name was called she came up very shamefacedly to get her doll, as the girls were laughing at her, but after she got safely back to her seat on the floor, we saw her slyly hugging her doll under her shawl. Poor child! I don't suppose she had ever seen a doll out in her village. She is as proud as any young mother, and the doll, I hear, is quite a favorite among the boarders.

Schools have opened again this week, and everything is settling down again with us, as with you, after the holiday season.

M. MACALLUM.

A TRUE STORY.

One bright, busy Saturday morning some few months ago, there came to our door a young girl, enquiring for the lady of the house. As she carried a satchel she smilingly assured us that it did not contain anything saleable, but that she was directed to us in hopes of obtaining the address of a lady—a friend who was interested and engaged in missionary work in our city. She appeared to be about eighteen years of age and had a very attractive face and winning manner. Although asking that morning to be used "For His sake," in our own home while our heads and hands would be busily engaged all through the day, yet when looking for the first time into the face of the beautiful stranger, the request was, for the moment, forgotten. During a short conversation, some simple remark was made about the pleasure and blessing derived from working, when at once the large dark eyes filled with tears, as she said "Oh, how I wish that I too were a Christian." Then we were privileged to tell "the old, old story" of the only Saviour, "the refuge and strength," "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother," but she seemed to feel that all this happiness could not be hers. She told her life story in a few words, she was born in France, was an actress and had been on the stage ever since her mother's death, which occurred when she was but three years old. The troupe of which her own father was the manager were at the Grand Trunk station waiting for their train and she had taken this opportunity of spending a little time with a friend, whom she had met some years before. She felt that she could not be a Christian unless she discarded her profession entirely, for the excitement and fascination of the stage seemed