

the country, where now there are eighty. There were then no Turkish government schools where now there are graded schools in all the larger cities.

One of the greatest difficulties Christianity had to encounter in heathen lands was the opposition to the education of women. An eminent American schoolmaster, who resided among the Orientals for several years, states that when it was proposed to educate the girls in his somewhat roomy school district, the old men took it as a great joke; they said: "If you educate the girls, the next thing you will want to do will be to educate the donkeys. A donkey can learn to read as well as the girls can. And there is just as much use in having a donkey that can read, as to have a girl that can read. There's nobody that will marry a girl that can read. She will think, and talk back; her husband cannot do anything with her. We shall have our houses full of old maids." Among the minor morals cultivated by the habit of reading is the virtue of cleanliness. Better lighted houses follow the formation of reading habits, and the neighbours who cannot read follow the fashion. And if they do not see to read, they at least see the dirt, and they fall to and clean up their rooms. And if there is a window, they open it and let in pure air. Forty odd years ago there was not a glass window in Aintab. Forty thousand people lived, for the most part, in the dark and the dirt. If the Americans have carried no other light to Turkey than "lights" of window-glass, they deserve well of humanity.

An interesting section of this volume is devoted to the influence of Christianity on art, architecture, music, and poetry. The hymns and the hallelujahs of the millennial day, says Dr. Tenney, are anticipat-

ed in these great buildings which typify the city of God upon the earth. There is an organ in Freiburg with seventy-eight hundred pipes, like the trunks and stems of a forest through which the voice of God is sounding. The tiny pagoda roof-bells swinging and ringing in the passing breeze, and the deep tones of the mammoth low-hung bells, which voice Buddhist devotion in the far Orient, but set forth a toy worship when compared with the myriad tones of that mighty instrument which voices the mountain tempest and the songs of the brooks, the



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wail of penitence and the beatific melodies of the celestial world, the alpine bells of peaceful flocks and the wild war-trumpet, the voice of birds and cathedral chimes, funeral sobs and the hallelujahs of triumphant saints, the morning hymn of one whose heart is broken, and the jubilant notes of numbers without number around the throne of God.

In poetry, the noblest of the fine arts, there is, with one exception, no rival people to dispute the claim of the Hebrew and the Christian to the first rank. Whether the world-wide non-