

usually favorable, is sometimes quite otherwise. What he is doing, how he lives, what he accomplishes, whether he has any business to be where he is, whether he is faithful in his duty, whether he is "having an easy time of it" or enduring the requisite amount of hardship, whether he is married or single, whether he has children and what he is going to do with them, whether he rides in a "pony carriage" or walks, whether he has copies of the *Century* and the *Independent* on his table, whether he has too many "comforts," whether he has any "culture" and how much; does he dare to be wealthy, or allow loving hearts at home to brighten his exile with a few "alabaster boxes" from Tiffany's or Steinway's—in short, is he to be recognized or repudiated; is he genuine or is he a fraud; is he a "success" or is he a "failure"? Such are some of the minor currents of thought which seem to drift into little whirlpools about him.

In the meanwhile the missionary goes quietly and patiently on with his work, than which, for serious responsibility, and far-reaching influence, and fragrance of spirit, and charm of unselfish love, and power of uplifting and transforming energy, we know no higher and sweeter task for loving hearts to plan and human hands to do. He is undisturbed by criticisms, undismayed by difficulties, undaunted in purpose, unflinching in his loyalty to the sublime commission he holds from those pierced hands which rule the ages. He believes in a whole world of possibilities for this present existence, and in better and sweeter hopes which may brighten the future of even the most degraded souls. He is confident of a coming triumph which will thrill and gladden the world.

We have spoken of the welcome he receives from rulers and high officials in many of the countries whither he goes, but this is not always the case. In some lands his work is at present stoutly opposed, and he himself is not altogether welcome, but is regarded with considerable distrust and disfavor. What to do with the missionary is just now a pressing problem in Turkish official circles. Where did he come from? who sent him here? what is his business? how did he get so thoroughly at home among the people? how has he accomplished so much before we knew what he was about? what is to be the outcome of his work, and what is the best way to deal with him? These are questions of both state and church at the Ottoman Porte. The missionary, in fact, seems to have unconsciously arranged a sort of "surprise party" to the Turkish parsonage, and as is often the case in those well-intended affairs the party surprised is somewhat embarrassed by the excess and variety of the gifts thrust upon him. In the traditions of the Ottoman Foreign Office there has never appeared a hint or a warning of an American invasion. In the rogues' gallery of the Turkish police, although we may find pretty much every type of European and Asiatic physiognomy, there is no portrait of the American