

S Ralph Harlow

**Student Witnesses
for Christ**



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"The history of the Church confirms and illustrates the teachings of the Bible, that yielding little by little leads to yielding more and more, until all is in danger; and the tempter is never satisfied until all is lost. – Matthias Loy, *[The Story of My Life](#)*

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STUDENT WITNESSES FOR CHRIST

S. RALPH HARLOW



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YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS**

To
THE FIRST STUDENT VOLUNTEERS OF SMYRNA
IN GRATITUDE FOR THEIR FRIENDSHIP
IN JOY FOR THEIR ENLISTMENT
IN FAITH FOR THEIR FUTURE

*—the oath is yours: the end
Is His, who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.
Today and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free:
Henceforth the Cause and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be.*

—Henry Newbolt.

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PREFACE

Many biographical sketches have been written dealing with the lives of devoted young American and British students who enlisted for life service under the banner of the Cross. The names of Horace Pitkin, Warren Seabury, Keith-Falconer, Alice Jackson, Eleanor Chestnut, Louise Andrews, and a host of others are as familiar to most of us as are the names of David Livingstone, John G. Paton, Bishop Hannington, and the long list of leaders of the older generation who valiantly upheld the Christ.

The sketches in this short volume are studies of young men and women of another land, of other races, who likewise have been set free from self and sin through captivity to Jesus Christ. What He can do for one race, Christianity contends, He can do for all men. These pages are proofs of such contention. What He has done in these lives, He is waiting to do for countless thousands like them, had He but lips to speak through, lives through which He could reveal Himself as He is. Only as American students who know Him offer Him their lips and lives in this crowded hour of the world's great need, can the truth of God be brought to these students in other lands, who together with us are coming into the disintegrating yet wonderful experience of the revelations of an age of truth.

A few of these sketches have appeared in briefer form in articles contributed to the *North American Student* and the *Missionary Herald*; chapters one, three, and eight appeared in the former and chapter four in the latter. They are reprinted with permission of the editors and have been enlarged.

S. R. H.

Boston, May 1, 1919.

STUDENT WITNESSES FOR CHRIST

"From age to age they gather, all the brave of heart and strong,
In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph-song:
The truth is marching on!

'In this sign we conquer'; 'tis the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
'He finds his life who loseth it,' forevermore it saith:
The right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright;
And love is marching on!

Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be;
On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see,
Our God is marching on."

—FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT IN TURKEY

At the first Young Men's Christian Association Conference in the Turkish Empire, held in June, 1914, above Beirut in the Lebanon, a group of men met for prayer and meditation on some of the great problems confronting the leaders of young manhood in the Christian colleges of the Near East. Up on that Lebanon mountainside history repeated itself. For, as the Student Volunteer Movement had its birth in the first student conference in America at Mount Hermon, on the banks of the Connecticut, so, at the first gathering of Christian students in the Turkish Empire, such a movement as has released spiritual power among the colleges of America was born, to be known as the Student Volunteer Movement of the Turkish Empire.

Except in local centers this Movement does not yet have any formal organization. It has no officers, no secretary, no reports. At the Lebanon Conference a few men met together and prayed earnestly that this Movement might gain headway among the college students of Turkey, consuming selfishness and sending forth young men and young women eager to lay their lives on the altar of God's service in the spirit of Christ among the people of the land.

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A simple declaration was drawn up, which reads as follows: "It is my purpose, in the spirit of Christ, to make religious work among my own countrymen the main object of my life." Cards, very similar in form to those of the Student Volunteer Movement, were printed. On one side appears the declaration, with space for signature, name of institution, address, and date. On the back of the card a simple explanation of the declaration is given, worded in much the same language as that with which North American students are familiar on the back of the Volunteer cards, except that the challenge is to *remain in Turkey*—in many ways a harder call, involving more sacrifice than the call to *go*, to which we listen at our conferences. By religious work, as stated in the declaration, is meant active connection with the Church, such as the priesthood or the career of a lay worker, teaching, social service work, medical missionary work—either as a physician or nurse—or the Association secretaryship. The General Committee of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations for the Turkish Empire is cooperating with the Volunteer Bands by planning a department which will investigate needs and opportunities for Volunteers and will act as a sort of candidate secretary's office for the Movement as it grows.

The majority of the Volunteers in the Smyrna group are planning to enter the teaching profession, going out into the church schools and missionary schools to carry the message of Christ. One of the group expects to come to America and enter the

Springfield Training School to fit himself for the Association secretaryship. A few will enter the priesthood, the hardest field of all, for that means wearing long robes, and long hair and beard, receiving a mere pittance of an income, and struggling constantly with superstition in an atmosphere sorely lacking in spiritual vitality. Here the opportunity for men of heroic vision is a great one.

I believe that thus far there have been four Volunteer Bands founded in the Turkish Empire: one at St. Paul's Institute at Tarsus; one at Central Turkey College in Aintab; and two in Smyrna, one in the International College, the other in the American Collegiate Institute for Girls. Each one of these traces its origin to the impulse of the Lebanon Conference.

I can speak from knowledge of the influence and spirit of the Volunteers in the Smyrna institutions. The band in the International College was formed in June, 1915, with six members. It now numbers over twenty. The band in the Collegiate Institute first met in December, 1915, with two members, and now has more than fourteen in its membership. Each band meets once a week and during my last year in Smyrna they spent five weeks on the problem, "What does it mean to be a Student Volunteer?" Later on, the life of David Livingstone was studied in one of the groups, and the problems of Turkey were discussed in the other. Fervent indeed were the prayers on the lips of these young saints.

Several union meetings of the two bands have been held, which were the most inspiring gatherings of

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Volunteers I have ever attended. This is not strange when one considers the forces and problems represented in that group. The majority of these Volunteers are Greek Orthodox and Armenian Gregorians. There are a few Protestants, and one Turk. These students face the same mighty forces with which Luther struggled, which drove the Pilgrims out of England, and which have burned martyrs at the stake—the reformation and deepening of the spiritual life of the great historic churches to which they belong. And ever before them looms that Gibraltar of resistance to the claims of Christ, that mightiest of Christianity's opponents in the field—Islam.

It is not easy to join the Volunteer Band in Smyrna. It means persecution and misunderstanding. It means turning away from the lure of America—that goal of all earthly hopes and ambitions to many a student in the Near East, the charm of the land of freedom to the liberty-loving heart of youth in the land of bondage and oppression. Yet above the campus of the college and the institute rises Mount Pagus, holding on its sides the old amphitheater where twenty centuries ago Polycarp laid down his life for Christ, and his spirit still lives in these Volunteers. In a recent letter from one of the bands was this paragraph: "We can not but feel thankful that He is giving to us the chance of doing something toward His great purpose for the establishment of His Heavenly Kingdom on earth; that He is using us, the weak and frail in mind and body, as instruments in His hands, so that we may be able to accomplish through His loving

grace what He has put before us in days past, in those blessed days of the conference."

To the students who read these pages there is a background which I would have made clear: while the test of discipleship in the Christian faith is Christlike character expressed in life, and while devotion to Christ's Person has always been the great dynamic in the Christian fellowship, "there are those of us," as George Eliot writes, "who move in those higher realms who must have our affections clad with knowledge." This has been more true of our generation than of any other generation which has ever lived. The tremendous advance in science has challenged us to follow truth wherever truth might lead us, and for many of us it has been a difficult pathway from our childhood beliefs into the faith of men and women who are forced to think in modern terms. We have gone through this revolution in the interpretation of religion into terms which have meaning for our generation, with a background of two thousand years in which martyrs and saints have borne witness in Christlike character to the influence of the Christian faith. However differently we may think from St. Francis of Assisi and Savonarola, whatever the gulf in the intellectual interpretation of the fundamentals of our faith may be from that of the men of Calvin's day, and even from that of our own Pilgrim ancestors, we find a common bond binding us all together when we come to our mutual devotion to Christ and to our united affirmation as to the uniqueness and the value of the gospel message and story. Moreover, we are surrounded

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by Christian institutions such as the school, the church, and the home, which bear continual witness to the reality and worth of Christianity. Great minds have gone with us along this pathway; able ministers of the Gospel, Christian professors, and authors of splendid books, have helped us to comprehend anew the meaning of our faith.

The inspiration of the Bible, the problem of miracles, the questions regarding the divinity of Christ, the personality of God, the value of prayer, and many lesser problems with which we have struggled, far from losing for our generation all significance through reinterpretation, have taken on new and richer meaning. We are coming out of the struggle after truth wondering why it was that the simplicity of the Christian message and the beauty of Christ's Person should have been buried amid so much rubbish of theology and metaphysics. We have come to see that science has been the great friend of religion, blasting superstitions and old fears which held our forefathers of the middle ages in constant bondage. The terrors of witchcraft, the slavery of signs and charms, and all the forces of the dark have been robbed of their power through the gospel of science. And science has made us face the truth for the truth's own sake. We have learned anew that this is God's world and that the laws of this universe are God's laws. Those laws, far from removing us from Him, have led us into a deeper understanding of His nature and of how He works, and they have not superseded the laws of the spirit. The Bible, far from losing its hold over our

lives, is coming to be to us—more than ever it was in childhood—the record of the greatest story that has ever been told and the fullest and most satisfying interpretation of the life that is life indeed. Christ, far from losing His place of leadership, has become to our generation the test of what is truly Godlike, and His character stands out stronger than ever because the record of His life and teachings has been subjected to so fiery an examination, the critical test of an age which refuses to believe anything because it is comforting, if it cannot be held, also, to be true.

Never in the history of the world were the students of all the world thinking in such similar terms as they are today, and the students of Asia Minor, of China, Japan, and India, are also seeking after the truth. They, too, are coming out into the new age where science bids them open their eyes and behold the universe as it is. Boys come down from the mountain hills of India to the government schools and the missionary schools of Calcutta and Bombay, fearing at first to attend classes if a white animal crosses their path. Boys and girls come out of the interior of Turkey to attend classes in the schools of Smyrna and Constantinople, still believing in the power of the evil eye and the influence of old graves where saints lie buried on the mountain outside their village. Children come in from the villages of China to the schools of Foochow and Shanghai, with charms clutched in their hands. And then the new world breaks, and all these superstitions drop away. But more than that—for these superstitions are bound up with their childhood faith—their

religion drops off as an old garment and they come out seekers after truth, but agnostics and with no basis for a faith in God. Unlike us, they have no rich heritage in institutions and in the lives of great religious leaders who, in spite of intellectual differences, still radiate in character that which holds the younger generation. Rather, as they look around upon their religious leaders and into the heart of the mysteries and rites of their faith, they turn away sick at heart, and leave religion to old women and to ignorant peasants.

To a certain degree, this is true of those students who have been brought up amid the churches of the Buried Talent, for the centuries of oppression and degradation under which the Armenians and Greeks of Asia Minor have been forced to live have had a woeful influence upon the spiritual life of the church. The young men and young women of these lands are not naturally irreligious, not by nature worldly and unspiritual; I have marveled at their wonderful receptiveness to religion clothed in terms which had meaning to them, as to us, because interpreted not in opposition to, but in harmony with, the scientific age in which we live.

Surely ours is a great responsibility to the students of other lands. Surely ours is a great privilege to pass on to them what has meant so much to us—what indeed has saved for us our faith and our Christ. These students, the sketches of whose lives are given in these succeeding chapters, came into the knowledge of the love of God and into allegiance to Jesus Christ

as their Saviour and Lord, first because they saw Christianity as a way of life which appealed to them, and then because it was interpreted to them in terms which had meaning, not only in the college chapel and in the prayer group, but in the classroom for biology and in the laboratory where they were studying physics and chemistry. To you, young men and women in our American colleges, who have learned that Christ is—as He has been to every generation of Christians since the Twelve walked with Him in Galilee—the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and who have also come into the wider knowledge and understanding of the universe in which the God He revealed lives and moves and has His Being—to you, I say, there is opened a door of rich opportunity in a day when old faiths and old creeds are tumbling to ruins in foreign lands and where there is no rock foundation on which to start rebuilding, a door wide open to hearts that are hungry and unsatisfied, where you can help bring in the life of Christ, who is indeed the Rock, the same yesterday, today and forever.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom
or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the
right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that
light. . . .

Careless seems the great Avenger: history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim un-
known,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his
own. . . .

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched
crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be
just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that
stood alone
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam in-
cline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme
design."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SHEMSEDDIN

The rays of the setting sun, like great shafts of light through old cathedral windows, were slanting between the rows of tall, dark cypress trees of the Mohammedan cemetery just beyond the Caravan Bridge of Smyrna. The old bridge, which dates back to Roman days, has for centuries been the approach of the camel route from Bagdad and the interior of Asia Minor into the great metropolis of the Ægean Coast.

I remember this particular afternoon, not for the romance of the unending line of camels bearing spices and figs, nor for the many-colored garments of the passing multitude, nor for the somber glory of the dim aisles of evergreen, but for a smile which shone on the face of a Mohammedan *imam*. I knew him for a priest, because he wore the black gown and the great white turban which only the religious leaders of Islam are permitted to wear. Hundreds of other *imams* had passed me in that first year in Turkey, but never had they turned to me and smiled. The smile on that young man's face won my heart. He was the first Mohammedan into whose face I had ever looked and seen there real spiritual longing. At that time he was attending classes in the International College as a day student. The story of his life is full of human inter-

est. It is of especial significance to those who are following closely the movement of Christianity among Mohammedans and its influence over their thinking as well as over their lives.

Shemseddin was born about the year 1890, and his father was a Moslem Turk who came from Russia at the time of the Russo-Turkish war. His mother was also a Moslem Turk. His childhood was spent in Moslem surroundings, and he attended the Turkish elementary schools. At the age of sixteen he began his religious studies in schools established for the training of *imams*. When at eleven years of age he had seen a *hafiz* repeating the Koran—a *hafiz* being one who has committed the Koran to memory—his longing for religion and for spiritual things was so ardent that he cried out, "I, too, want to be a *hafiz*," and began immediately studying the Koran until he himself earned the title. The value to the Mohammedan of committing the Koran to memory is not in any knowledge which he gains thereby, for the Koran is in Arabic and many a *hafiz* understands no Arabic; but the Koran is considered to be of divine authorship, coming word for word from Allah himself, a copy of it being under the throne of God in Heaven. Therefore, merely to repeat these words has a virtue of its own.

Until the age of sixteen, Shemseddin never doubted the authority of Islam, although he was ignorant of its philosophy or its theology. By nature he longed for spiritual truth. In his younger theological days he prayed daily that his nation might be made perfect. For himself, his deepest desire was to know God. At

the *medresse*, the Turkish theological school, he began to have serious doubts as to the efficacy of the teachings he was learning. He alone of all the students in the school revolted from the massacres, although it was openly held among the *imams* that it was a virtue to kill a Christian when the order came forth from the Sultan, the Caliph of the Faithful. He continued the forms and prayers, but inwardly he was losing faith.

With the restoration of the Constitution in 1908 and the sudden, new impulse for liberty that swept over the Turkish Empire, he determined to take truth for his standard, wherever truth might be found. At that time he met a Mohammedan judge from Crete, who was of a very liberal turn of mind. This judge told him a great deal about the English people, their ways and their religion. It seems that he had for sixteen years served under the English, and so entertained very kindly feelings toward them. Not only did he tell Shemseddin about their Christian ways and customs, but he also told him things about Mohammedanism of which the young man had not before thought. He pointed out that Mohammed's life was not perfect—in fact, that it had serious moral blemishes. From that time Shemseddin resolved to learn all he could about the religion of the English.

In 1913, Shemseddin came to the International College at Smyrna. His appearance made an excellent impression. He had a winning smile upon his face whenever he greeted his teachers, although he knew no English. The first English he began to read was the Psalms. When he was studying the Twenty-

third Psalm he said to his teacher, "Ah, I love that Psalm!"

Shemseddin's liberal thinking in matters of religion, viewed from the Mohammedan standpoint, had attracted the attention of the Moslem students in the college to such an extent that persecution began to appear. He was at that time the head of a mosque in Smyrna, and the fanatical element connected with the mosque went so far as to follow him to his school and watch to see whether or not he attended chapel exercises. When they found he did attend the religious exercises, he was warned that unless he gave up this practice he would lose his place as an *imam*. So for a time he gave up attending chapel.

That summer he desired to continue his study of English, and as Mrs. Harlow and I were studying Turkish, we agreed to exchange lessons, he to teach us Turkish while we taught him English. Never can I forget the days of that summer when this young seeker after truth came morning by morning to study with us there in our home on the college campus. Acquaintance soon ripened into a beautiful friendship. We asked him frankly if he were willing to study the teachings of Jesus, and his instant reply was that that was what he wanted to study most of all. And so, with the Turkish Testament side by side with the English, he began his studies. The beatitudes were first taken up. What a radiance lighted his face when we came to "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"! His own heart was ready to receive that spiritual truth.

Late in the summer my brother-in-law, Mr. Birge, and my sister arrived on the college campus as reinforcements to our missionary staff, and joined our study circle. It was in November that we all knelt together in my study in prayer. Sometimes we would pray standing, with hands outstretched in Moslem fashion; at other times we knelt. Finally we reached the point where we were able to suggest that we compare the teachings of Mohammed with the teachings of Jesus: putting the Fatherhood of God over against the impersonal power and force of Allah as taught in Islam; the moral basis for society and the home in the Gospel of Jesus over against the teaching of plurality of wives and the loose moral system permitted by the Koran. This study was accompanied by repeated times of prayer together for guidance and light, and it was under these conditions that Shemseddin became a true follower of Jesus Christ.

His understanding of spiritual truth was a constant marvel to all of us. One day we were reading together those words of Jesus, "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" Immediately he looked up and said, "How true that is! Without salt everything tastes flat. That is the condition in the lives of most of the people of this country. The Turkish boys in this college have no real life, they simply exist. I must try to be salt among them, so that their lives may have real savor." At another time, in comparing Mohammed and Christ, he said, "From a distance Mohammed and Christ tower like great mountains against the horizon.

Both of them are great figures attracting men by their strength; but as one approaches the mountain called 'Mohammed,' the nearer he comes the less he finds to satisfy his soul. There it stands, a great, rugged height, but bare and desolate, with no cooling forest shade and no wells of life-giving water. There is no rest and no refreshment for a tired or thirsty soul, only barrenness. The nearer one comes to the mountain called 'Christ,' the more beautiful and more attractive that mountain seems. There are green and shady places for one who is tired, there are little brooks for thirsty spirits to drink from, there are beautiful flowers along the path, and the more one visits in the shadow of this mountain the more one is rested and attracted by all it has to offer. Many wonders not seen from the distance, appear as one draws near to Christ." Many of Shemseddin's sayings revealed a wonderful nature, a deep natural comprehension of spiritual truth. One day he said to me, "Do you know, Mr. Harlow, I believe that every child born into the world is really born a Christian, for every little child is loving, open-hearted, generous, and Christlike. It is only as they grow older and are taught false ideas that they grow away from their natural childlike Christian spirit."

His passion for the redemption of all humanity developed wonderfully as he came to think of Christ as the Saviour of the world. His hatred of the existing Turkish Government was intense, but he was not alone among the Turks in this respect. Several of the Turkish boys in the college confided to us their bitter

antagonism to the cruel leaders of the Turkish State. I well remember one boy who came out of the interior, where he had witnessed the atrocities upon the Armenians, who told me with tears in his eyes of these fearful things and said that his great wish was that the English might overthrow this horrible regime. On the morning when the British fleet began its bombardment of the Smyrna forts, while the Gallipoli campaign was still in progress, Shemseddin brought me a thesis which he had written. This was before he had openly admitted that he was a Christian. He told me to keep the paper secret, but now there is no longer any need of that, and this is an extract from that paper: "This morning I was awakened by the voices of angels crying, 'Awake, liberty has come! The evil days are ended.' Now, it was not an angel, but the voices of the English guns; yet they spoke to me as an angel would of liberty and justice. 'We speak to end all tears, to end the evil, to end the reign of cruelty'—this is what the guns seemed to say." Not far from our city, a wealthy Turk ran up the British flag when the bombardment began, to show his sympathy, so sure were we all that the British would be in possession by nightfall. Alas, it was not to be so, and many a life went out in that province because of the failure at that time.

Shemseddin's love for his family was always very marked, and he particularly loved a younger sister, the mother of two lovely children. One day she appeared at the college, wild with grief. Her husband had just returned from the interior, bringing another

wife who would now supplant her in his heart and home. Her place was now to be that of servant to the new wife. Mother of two children as she was, and still a girl in her twenties, Shemseddin felt for her all that a Christian brother would have felt for his sister, for he now shared in all those high ideals of womanhood which are the heritage of the true follower of Jesus Christ. He went at once to the city to the Moslem court, but in vain he pleaded before the Moslem judge, his plea receiving the stern rebuke, "You are talking against our religion when you say it is wrong for a man to have more than one wife."

Besides these burdens persecution was rife. It was not the purpose of his associates and friends in his own city to allow the change in him to take place without a protest. He had been deprived of his position in the mosque, and the vilest stories about him were concocted and circulated in the coffee shops and on the streets. These were carefully investigated and found to be wholly without foundation, mere fabrications of his persecutors. A band of the most fanatical among the Moslem students in the college definitely organized for the purpose of bringing Shemseddin's career to an end. One of the group of plotters was at that time living in my sister's home, and through him we were able to follow the course of events, as he unwittingly related to her the plans of this little inner circle.

One day we found the campus surrounded by soldiers sent there for the purpose of arresting Shemseddin. The plan was to have him put into the army

and sent to the front line at the Dardanelles. At that time any man had the right, by paying a certain bounty, to be exempted from military service. Moreover, Shemseddin had suffered a fracture while a small boy which had left one of his legs slightly deformed. But in a Turkish community, justice does not always rule. So sure were we that he would be taken that we planned to hide him if possible. After much searching, we at last found friends in the city willing to let him stay in their home until the British captured Constantinople and freed Turkey from the terrible yoke of oppression under which she was then suffering. The most pessimistic among us could see nothing but a brilliant entry of the British forces into the city on the Bosphorus within a few weeks. Little did we dream in those days that three awful years of war still lay before humanity. Our plan as worked out for Shemseddin's escape was briefly this: my sister and another missionary friend, dressed as Moslem women with heavy veils, were to come to our house; there Shemseddin would put on the outer garments of the Turkish dress and, concealed by the veil, would go with my sister into town to the home of our friends. In my study on our knees we commended our friend to God, and as we rose he looked up into our faces with a radiant smile, as he said, "I am not afraid to die for Christ." At the last moment, in spite of many entreaties, he decided that it was better for him to go openly into the city with my brother, and there give himself up to the Turkish court of his own accord. He said, "I am not ashamed of my faith in Christ, and

I would not want to be caught in a disguise as though I were ashamed of Him." A dream of the preceding night had a great influence on him, for he had told us in the morning of this dream in which he saw himself dressed in his ordinary clothes walking over the road into Smyrna, and on the way One in white had met him and led him safely past the soldiers.

We knew that among the Turks we had a few warm friends, who hated fanaticism and bigotry among their fellows, and on whom we could count for support when the case came to trial before the military tribunal. With my brother, Shemseddin went out our back gate, by a roundabout way through the fields over into the city, escaping the cordon of soldiers around the campus. The next day he presented himself in the open court. The sum required to exempt Shemseddin from military service amounted to about \$100. Mr. Birge and I were able to raise \$50 and that very week I received a remittance of \$50 from a friend in Boston. Two years later this friend told me that, walking along one of Boston's streets, the thought came to him that he ought to send this money. He was very much gratified when I told him the story of what we did with his gift.

Shemseddin offered the bounty to the tribunal and the case was taken up as to whether they would accept it or not. We knew that the issue was life or death. Never were there more tense hours than those which followed. Groups of our Christian students were in almost constant prayer, as were those of us who loved him best, that, whatever happened, Shem-

seddin might prove loyal to the Lord and Master of his life. When his case came up the court room was crowded; some of the highest military men and civil officials of the city were present, as was also the leading religious *Khadi* (judge). Among the men in the court room were some of the more liberal minded leaders, whom we had pleaded with to stand by him. Fortunately the *Khadi* was liberal and friendly. Just before the opening of the trial he had whispered to Shemseddin, "Why did you take off the white turban from your fez? Why have you ceased being an *imam*?" Shemseddin replied, "Because I am a Christian."

For more than an hour and a half he was questioned, and as the case went on the crowd increased. His answers were clear, distinct, gentle, unequivocal. "You may kill me," said he, "you may slay me in any way you please; you may make me a slave, but my heart is freed. I see in Islam many plants not of God's planting, and by the grace of God I want to do all I can to root them up. I see a great building, very high, very glorious, built by force, but no heart or soul in it. Some day it will fall down and destroy those who occupy it." These are some of the things which Shemseddin declared in the open court, but with the exception of the *Khadi's* question at the opening, no one asked him if he was a Christian. Several voluntarily spoke in his behalf. One colonel, putting his hand upon his shoulder, said, "May you become a great and good teacher in the college where you have been studying." Another addressed him in a very friendly

way as "our Protestant *imam*." The *Khadi* spoke long and kindly with him and offered to let Shemseddin address a great crowd in the largest mosque in the city. Not all, however, were friendly. Numbers of the lesser *imams* who were present were exceedingly angry.

There were many missionaries, some of them there in Smyrna, who did not dare to dream that such things could take place in a Moslem court. It shows that, underlying the surface of superstition and bigotry, there still remain among the Turks strong men here and there, of liberal mind, who love the truth and who wish to see justice done. I might add that of all the provinces in the Turkish Empire the province of Smyrna was most exempt from outrage in the days of fearful massacre and crime that followed and was ruled more wisely than any other province in the Empire. The court decided to take the regular exemption tax in lieu of Shemseddin's services as a soldier.

That night he came back to the college campus. When he walked into the college dining room, a free man, the excitement and rejoicing were great, for one whom we had counted as lost was found, almost given back to us from the dead. But his testing was not over. Hard and bitter experiences lay in the pathway of this young disciple. His open profession of his Christian faith brought down upon him the wrath of his family; he was cast out by them. But in the life on our campus Shemseddin's influence was wonderful. His conversion marked a turning-point in the spiritual life of the college, and Greek and

Armenian boys who bore the name of Christian, but to whom Christianity had been of little real value as an influence in their lives, now stopped to inquire as to the hidden power of their own faith.

Shemseddin was the first student in the college to sign the Student Volunteer declaration. For two years he continued thus to bear witness to Christ as Lord. His daily words and acts were indeed a Gospel written in flesh and blood.

And now from across the water comes this word: that outside the walls of Smyrna his body has been found, stabbed in many places. Just how he died, who killed him, those in Smyrna have never been able to determine. But one thing we do know, that only his earthly body was struck by the knives of the murderers and that his spirit, clad in the armor of God, went to meet his Captain face to face.

**“Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be;
To give my whole young life to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.**

**Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.”**

MARIA OF ANCIENT SAMOS

The custom of crawling under a coffin on one's hands and knees would not appeal to the average American college girl. Yet one of my earliest pictures of Maria is of her upturned face, half amused and half ashamed, as she crawled out from under a coffin in a Greek church in ancient Smyrna. It was Good Friday, and there was a constant coming and going of women and children and old men who each in turn kneeled and then crawled three times under the coffin in which lay a figure representing the crucified Saviour, for a blessing was believed to come upon all who thus humbled themselves. On top of the coffin were dried flowers. Many of the devout ones bought small quantities of the crumbling leaves and took them home for future use, for, according to the priest, these leaves are efficacious in case of sickness and when blown into the air will drive out of the room the evil spirit causing the disease. There were very few young people in the crowd that came and went that afternoon in the Church of St. Catherine; Maria had come only because she had promised her aunt that she would crawl under the coffin where the little painted doll representing the Saviour was laid.

As we left the church, Maria told me how little real

spiritual life came to her through the ceremonies and external rites, which, to her bright and developing mind, were superstitions. I tried to explain some of the great and glorious history of the Eastern Church, the story of Constantine and the great Chrysostom, and she replied with enthusiasm, "Oh, I love my church." She loved her church because she was a Greek, and because for long centuries her people had lived under the cruel domination of the Turk. Her church had bound her people together nationally; it was in the church that Greeks met as Greeks and talked of their hopes and of their aspirations for freedom; the great national holidays of the Greek nation were observed in the church, and this Greek girl from ancient Samos represented all the best in Greek tradition and thought. But, spiritually, she was where the great majority of educated Greek students are today—agnostic in their thinking and with no grip on that substance of things hoped for, that evidence of things not seen, which is the inheritance of faith.

Maria Kefala was born on the island of Samos about 1896. Her parents were well-to-do, and she was their petted child. When in her teens she was sent to Smyrna for the better education which could be there obtained, to the school in that city which stands for Christian character—the American Collegiate Institute for Girls. Her scholarship was high and I recall the time when she shed tears because she did not receive one hundred in a certain examination but was given the mark of ninety-six or ninety-seven.

She easily led her class, and it was a pleasure to see in her face each morning the eagerness with which she drank in whatever knowledge was circulating in the classroom.

I was particularly fortunate in having her in my class in Greek and Roman history, a subject which fascinated me and which, of course, was dear to her heart. Around us lay the ruins of the Greek civilization which we were studying, fallen columns of old marble temples, remains of huge amphitheatres. The very echoes of the days of Greece's ancient glory seemed to reverberate against the windows of our classroom. I took the class to Ephesus, to the old theater where "for about the space of two hours" the mob which sought Paul's life had cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." There Maria held us spellbound while she recited lines from one of the great Greek dramas. They went with me also to the old amphitheater where Polycarp, the first Greek Bishop of Smyrna, laid down his life for Christ so many centuries ago, and where at the same time twelve young Greeks were torn to pieces by the lions rather than deny their Lord.

One would think that amid such an environment Maria's soul would have thrilled with new life, but for years her spirit seemed asleep, though her mind traveled swiftly and far. From time to time she came to our home, and the first time she was present at family prayers she burst out laughing; they were the first she had ever attended and they seemed to her to be a very strange rite. In one of our early con-

versations, when she had said, "Oh, I love my *church*," I asked her what she thought of Jesus, and she replied indifferently, "Oh, I don't care anything about *Him*."

At the close of her Sophomore year, her beloved Samos was captured by the Greek army of King Constantine. She told us that when she sailed into the little harbor of Vathy and saw the Greek cross flying over the government building where the hated crescent of the Turk had flown so many years, she cried with joy. In the fight which Greece was waging with Turkey, she gave her pony, a priceless possession, to help the Greek cause.

When the Student Volunteer Movement was begun in the schools of Smyrna, there was something in its challenge to absolute surrender which made a strange and powerful impression upon Maria Kefala. She became more thoughtful, began to attend regularly the meetings of the Young Women's Christian Association, and finally, after much thought, she signed the Volunteer declaration. From that moment, she never wavered in her steadfast allegiance to the cause of Christ. The enthusiasm and clear thinking which had made her a leader in the school were now turned to the service of her Lord. With a conviction which no one who looked into her face could doubt, she said that never had she known real joy until she gave herself wholly to Christ and His work.

Two years from the day when I saw her crawl out from under the coffin, in another Lenten season she stood in the presence of a great company of women

of her own race, all of them ignorant and superstitious, and explained in beautifully simple words the meaning of Holy Week and especially the meaning of the Holy Communion. Among some twenty Greek girls in one of the villages, girls who could neither read nor write, she formed a sewing circle where her radiant personality soon streamed into their lives with divine power as she led them step by step into an understanding of the faith that is in Jesus. Wherever she goes, of one thing I am assured—she will be a messenger of the Lord.

“Over there” takes on new meaning these days. “Over there” in Asia Minor are countless girls like Maria Kefala, waiting for the message which will transform their lives as it has transformed hers. She joins her appeal with mine to all who read her story, that you will give heed to the cry of her sisters and yours: “Come over and help us.”

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things;—

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,—
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!"

—FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK

"Hell must be the station just beyond Afion Kara Hissar," a visitor to this city in the interior of Turkey once declared; while an Armenian teacher who had spent much of her girlhood there said, "*It is Hell!*" Now that you have Afion Kara Hissar geographically located, I would that you might look out across its thatched mud roofs, its dirty streets, its gray mosques with their minarets, and its great rock rising eight hundred feet from the heart of the city and crowned with the ruins of an ancient fortress. Forty thousand people lived in the shadow of that rock before the terrible days of massacre and deportation of which I shall speak later. More than thirty thousand were Moslems; the remainder were Christians, mostly of the Armenian Gregorian Church.

No woman dare show herself on the streets of Afion Kara Hissar unveiled, yet do not let this convey to you the impression that it is because the city is the abode of purity and modesty—far from it; no playground in all the city rings with the laughter of children at their games, though the streets are full of children. No park, no green lawns, no gardens, no trees, except a few near the foreign railway station a mile away, greet the tired eyes—only mud, mud

streets, mud houses, mud hills, and the rock towering eight hundred feet above the city. Its rock is not the coldest nor hardest thing in Afion Kara Hissar. The coldest, hardest problem is the people who live in its shadow, the mass of ignorant, fanatical humanity, bound by a thousand fetters of superstition, Moslem and Christian alike.

At the foot of that rock, in a building containing church, school, and home, lived a man and his wife and their daughters. Hagop Yeranian was born in Marash in 1856. At the age of twelve he was taken from school and set to work, since he must help support the other eleven children in his father's home. In Turkey, where illiteracy is no disgrace, most boys give up all idea of a higher education when sent to the factory or the field. At the age of seventeen, Hagop Yeranian had a definite spiritual awakening. His parents were Protestants and he united with the church on confession of faith. He soon resolved that by the grace of God he would fit himself for the work of the Christian ministry. With this new ideal before him, he began going to a mission night school, while he continued his work by day for the support of the growing family. So earnestly did he apply himself that he was sent to Aintab to the American College. From Aintab he would go out into the surrounding country, preaching the Gospel everywhere, and so marked was his devotion and so intense his zeal that he was sent to the theological seminary at Marash. Now was his cup of joy full. The spirit of the man is revealed by a line from a letter written to a mis-

sionary friend, in which he said, "If you can send me to Hell itself, I will gladly go to preach the Gospel of Christ." During these days in the seminary he spent the summers preaching in the villages, and met the girl who later became his wife and loyal supporter in all his later ministry. She was teaching in a mission school and was herself a graduate of the American School for Girls at Hadjin.

Mr. Yeranian's first work was in Tarsus, and surely the spirit of him who has made Tarsus immortal fills the soul of Hagop Yeranian. In 1890 Dr. McNaughton, of the Smyrna field, noticed the kind of man Hagop Yeranian was and also the kind of place Afion Kara Hissar was, and proceeded to bring the two together. True to his words written earlier to his missionary friend, Yeranian accepted the call. He found two Protestant church members in that city of 40,000 souls, and he started to build up a community of men and women to whom spiritual life would be the heart of all life. He held meetings in his own little rooms, went daily into the marketplace, talked with the people in their shops, and visited their homes.

Not long was his road one of peace. The Gregorians began to stir themselves out of their spiritual lethargy and superstitions, and souls were touched and hearts began to question. Because they found neither sympathy nor spiritual life in the old church, they spoke of reformation. Then did bitter persecutions begin. Stones crashed through the windows of the home where the meetings were held; horrible yellings and cursings and disturbances by an organized mob

broke in upon the times of prayer and service. On the streets he and his little family were jeered and spit upon. Obscene jests and songs were sung under the windows of his daughters' room, and all who showed sympathy with him were boycotted in the market and in peril of their lives upon the street. Yet daily this servant of God walked boldly into the market, "to remind them that I was still there with a message," as he put it. Gradually he gathered a little flock around him. During these years all services were held in his own home, and there he also started a school for children. In 1901, after eleven years of faithful service, the site for a building was secured, with the help of the missionaries; and then came six long years of waiting until in 1907 the first stones of a church edifice were laid. The house contained an attractive room for church services, five schoolrooms, and the living rooms for the pastor and his family and the young women teachers who lived with them. In many ways the building and the work were comparable with some of our settlement churches in America.

When I first visited Afion Kara Hissar in 1912, more than two hundred children gathered in the schoolrooms, and a congregation, more than one hundred of whom were active members, attended the church services. An alert Young Men's Christian Association met on Sunday evenings, a splendid Sunday school gathered in the schoolrooms, and there was a kindergarten for the little tots.

In all this loving ministry, Hagop Yeranian's wife was one with him. Their home was a spiritual force

throughout that community. There had been times of dread and fear. Once the mother and little children spent much of three days and nights in hiding, from fear of massacre at the hands of Moslems. More than once their door had been flung open, while some roughs cried out that in a few nights their blood would flow. Yet this family resisted the call of America, which draws so many Armenian Protestants from Turkey. Four of the daughters have been graduated from the Smyrna Institute for Girls and by a special course have prepared themselves for teaching. All of them have been rendering splendid and efficient service in our mission schools, two in the school back in Afion Kara Hissar. The other three daughters were still in school at the time I visited there, and one had merely to look into the faces of these young women, born in such a city, to realize the power and beauty of a Christian home.

Two incidents stand out from a visit to Kara Hissar. It was a cold day, and Mr. Yernian and I had gone for a walk outside the city, when we came upon a wretched party of veiled women bearing little children in their arms. I noticed that all the children were weak and sickly, and, though it was bitterly cold, even tiny babies wrapped in rags were being carried along. They had come from a visit to a "holy place" without the city, where there was a spring in which it was supposed was a spirit which healed all who were bathed therein. From where we stood, Mr. Yernian pointed to an old field full of tumbled-down grave-stones, thick with weeds. He told me that many people

went and slept among these graves, because that, too, was supposed to have healing power. Up on the great rock were bushes covered with old strings, tied on by those who sought healing and protection from the "evil eye." These are some of the "powers of darkness" which surround the lives of people and little children in lands where the light of the knowledge of the glory of God as it is in the face of Jesus Christ has scarcely penetrated.

The other incident took place in the city. Two little boys came down the street singing lustily. I noticed an expression of pain and indignation on the face of the good pastor beside me. Turning to me he said, "Oh, it's awful, simply terrible, those words." Then he told me that in Afion Kara Hissar it was a custom to teach the vilest songs to mere babies, and that companies would gather and applaud as the filth came from the little ones' mouths.

But amid all this superstition and degradation, Hagop Yeranian walked with unsullied heart. He kept his love for the beautiful; he was passionately fond of music and flowers. It was a delight when I visited in his home to have him show me the pots and cans and boxes from which he had coaxed flowers of marvelous beauty to spring forth; while the memories of our evenings round the table, singing beautiful hymns, are treasures of mind and spirit. By his own efforts he was able to secure a baby organ from America for the church. Mr. Yeranian had a fund of delightful humor, which overflowed into his contagious laugh and sparkled in his dark eyes. His spirit was

essentially that of eternal youth, and it was his Christ who kept it so.

He overcame the early ill-will of the Gregorians, and finally was invited to speak in the Gregorian church, while many Gregorian children attended school and Sunday school. His soul longed for the Turks. He has told me that his greatest desire is some day to preach the Gospel of Christ from a mosque to Moslems. Often Moslems would attend his services; as many as twenty have been counted on a Sunday evening, coming under cover of the darkness, for here in the interior of Turkey it would cost a Moslem his life were it discovered that he had Christian leanings. Often Moslems came for private talks with him, and one morning when I was in his home a Moslem teacher came and spent several hours in earnest conversation on religious subjects, and when he left he took a Bible with him.

Thus under the shadow of this great rock was one who was under the shadow of a greater rock, the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus. He stood in the heart of this great evil city, a stronghold of spiritual power, giving himself in the spirit of Christ to the people of Afion Kara Hissar, a living testimony to his Master and an unanswerable challenge to those who maintain that missionary work in Turkey is not worth the price.

It was in the terrible summer of 1915 that with my wife and little boy I again visited Afion Kara Hissar. From the station we drove to the home of an Armenian doctor, a well-educated, fine young graduate of our American schools, whom we had met on a

previous visit. The doctor had been taken away a year before to serve in the Turkish armies, but we found his wife and two small children at home. She was one of the strongest members of Mr. Yeranian's church, and we learned from her some of the details of the sad events which had torn him from his home and from his people.

One night a Turkish mob, headed by the military, had marched to the church and school and given the family a few hours to leave. Friends took in Mrs. Yeranian and the children. The two young men who were teachers in the boys' school were dragged off to prison, and we have never seen or heard from them since. Mr. Yeranian himself was sent on to exile over the Bagdad railroad. Mr. Yeranian's wife and two daughters came soon after to Smyrna, that they might be united with their other children there, who were in school. Thus, almost miraculously, did they escape the deportation of all the Armenians which so soon followed. The church and school where Mr. Yeranian had worked so faithfully had been turned into a Turkish mosque, and was called "Patience Mosque," because the Turks declared they had been so long patient with the Christians. A great triumphal procession had celebrated the tearing of the Cross from the tower, and the rooms which had once been the home of this messenger of God were given up to pillage by the roughs of the city.

We found the doctor's wife engaged in packing a few things to take with her. She was momentarily expecting to receive orders to go with the other Ar-

menians of her village on the same journey into exile. Already the Armenians of the different towns around had received orders and were in hasty preparation for their departure. While we were in her home the order for Kara Hissar arrived, that the ten thousand Armenians of that place should be at the railroad station within twenty-four hours. The heart-rending cries of the women in their despair can never be forgotten. A Turkish officer was going through the streets of the town, declaring that any one who helped the Armenians in any way, giving them food, money, or comfort, would be beaten and cast into prison. In spite of this order, after figuring out what it would cost us to reach Constantinople we gave these helpless, defenseless women all the money that remained over, but we were powerless to do more.

The courage of the doctor's wife, who knew that she must take her two babies and face starvation and death with them, was wonderful. Many of her neighbors poured into the house to her for comfort and cheer. It is often in the darkest hours of life that the brightest light shines from the human spirit, and often in obscure parts of the earth one discovers the stuff of which true heroes are made.

The scene of confusion increased, as Turkish troops with fixed bayonets urged the people to make haste. Mothers with children in their arms were on their knees around us, begging us to help; but we knew that any outward aid we might give them now would bring upon them later more cruelty. "Oh, there is no God for us," cried out one Armenian mother as she

held her little boy in her arms. Just then a poor woman rushed in to get some medicine for a young girl who had fainted outside. "It is the slow massacre of our entire race," said one. "It is worse than massacre," replied another. In the railroad station scenes of indescribable pathos were being enacted all around us when we arrived. The women and children were being forced into cattle cars, and the faces of little boys and girls looking out from behind the tiny barred windows struck one's heart almost numb. Old men and old women, young mothers and their children, were all huddled together like so many sheep or pigs—human beings treated worse than cattle are treated. It was with broken hearts that we left Kara Hissar, and hardly had we started on our journey when we began to pass one train after another crowded, jammed, with other Armenians being carried away to the deserts to die of starvation.

It had been amid such scenes as these that our beloved friend Hagop Yeranian had himself been sent to exile. Upon reaching Constantinople we implored Mr. Morgenthau to use all his influence to stop the murder of these people. I shall never forget the look in his face as he replied, "My heart has already been wrung so dry that it seems as though there was nothing more left to wring out, I have suffered so for these people." And surely, all through those terrible months, he labored unceasingly to lighten their sufferings.

Months passed, when suddenly there came to us a note which filled our hearts with joy. Mr. Yeranian

had escaped to the home of some American missionaries in Marash. Later on, some friendly German missionaries—a small group who had protested bitterly against the action of their own government in its share of the responsibility for the atrocities—took Mr. Yeranian under their protection, where, so far as we are able to learn, he was still living at the time of the Turkish capitulation.

Now that the War is over, we are hoping that those who have survived the deportation from Afion Kara Hissar may return, and that the school and church may once more become the center from which there will radiate the light of the Gospel. We hope that again, in Afion Kara Hissar, there may be a happy reunion of this Christian family, which for four years of bitter separation and trial has stood firm in the Christian faith; and that again in the marketplace, under the shadow of the rock, Hagop Yeranian's face may shine as a witness for his Master.

**"Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning;
Wild with despair, or dark with sin and dread,
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
Hopeless, un comforted.**

**As Thou hast loved me, let me love; returning
To these dark souls the grace Thou givest me;
And oh, to me impart Thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to Thee!"**

A MOUNTAIN JEWEL

Far up among the Anti-Taurus Mountains, not far from the city of Arabkir, nestles the wretched little village of Shepik. It is a village where poverty and want seem written over every door and where ignorance and superstition have held sway through long centuries. There is nothing beautiful in that little mountain village, and yet it was in Shepik that the heroine of this story first saw the light.

In one of the mud-thatched houses of this village was born a little girl, in a land where girls are not welcomed and where their lives are drab and dreary. Her parents gave her the name of Kohar. Now Kohar is the Armenian word for jewel, and why they gave her this name I do not know, for she was neither pretty nor comely in form—from infancy she was a poor deformed humpback. In Turkey there is little sympathy for the deformed; all too often they are looked upon as cursed of God. It is only in Christian lands that that tenderness and sympathy for the unfortunate which make their lives bearable are to be found, save where some exceptional man or woman takes pity on their misery.

What Kohar's childhood must have been we can only guess. Shut out from comradeship with her fellows, chained to miserable poverty, and with no sun-

shine to brighten her mental and spiritual sky, dark indeed must life have seemed to that little humpbacked girl. But one day she heard in her village that some strange people from a far-off land had started a school in the city of Arabkir, six miles from her mountain home. She heard that these people had a strange and new religion and that they told the people that even girls should learn to read. Newcomers from the city always had new stories to tell of the queer ways of these foreigners and many discussions arose therefrom. Why did they open schools for boys and girls? Why did they treat their wives so well? Why, they even walked with them in the street and let their wives enter the house first. In her heart Kohar was attracted by all these things, and, though the village priest said that they must beware of these newcomers, she determined that she would go herself some day and visit these American missionaries. Within her was born a great desire to read, herself, and to write, and particularly to read the Bible, which she heard the missionaries said everyone should read.

This desire filled her whole soul, and, overcoming all her fears and in spite of her deformity, she started one afternoon alone for the distant city. Her escape was soon discovered, and her mother, with the village priest and others, started in pursuit. Far out on the road they overtook the little humpback, and after a furious fight in which Kohar screamed and spit and clawed, they dragged her back to the village by her long braids of hair. The story of this desperate struggle on the country road reached the ears of the

American missionaries, and one of them started out for Shepik to visit the little girl who so earnestly desired the light. Her intensity of purpose made him resolve that she should have the opportunity for which she so longed, and he urged her to pray that God would lead her. Never before had she understood the meaning of prayer. To her prayer had been the mere mumbling and repetition of set words, taught her in childhood; but now the missionary opened her heart to prayer as communion with a Heavenly Father, with whom she might really talk and to whom she might pour out her heart's longings and desires. Indeed, that little child on the mountainside did enter into real communion with the Father, to whom even a little deformed child is precious.

Now in those days it was thought in that region that only the priest might read the Bible, and when these missionaries proclaimed that the Bible was written for all to read, it caused great discussion. Little by little, the prejudice against the Americans had broken down in the city of Arabkir, and an increasing number were seeking for themselves the light that shone from the pages where the words of Jesus were written. The Light broke even in that mountain village, until it was the topic of conversation in every home. More earnest souls among the villagers bought copies of the New Testament and began to read for themselves. They were surprised to find that the "Protestant book," as it was called, contained the same words as the Holy Book from which the priest read in the church, save that this Protestant book was in

their own modern vernacular rather than in the ancient Armenian. Soon a few dared to say, "These missionaries are right. We ought to read God's message to us. Was it not to the poor and to the common people that Jesus spoke? And our priests are wrong to keep us in ignorance." A great desire for knowledge was spread abroad, but many people became more antagonistic toward these new ideas. This was particularly true of the women, some of whom said that the Turks were bad enough, but that this new religion was even more dangerous because it had so much to say which appealed to the children. "I would rather my child should be a Turk than one of these Protestants," was a saying often heard upon their lips.

Strange to say, the priest himself began to read his old Bible more carefully and to think less of church forms and rules. New as much of the teaching seemed to him, he began to wonder if after all it was not very like the old teaching from the lips of the Master Himself.

Among those who used to sit up in the long winter evenings and discuss these age-long problems were Kohar's father and uncles, and, in the dark corner of the old hut, the little humpbacked girl would drink in all of their conversation, believing in her heart that God would some day answer her prayers. From an ill-tempered, ungovernable child, Kohar had softened to a gentle, thoughtful girl. Pity entered the hearts of her parents and broke down their prejudice against the school and the missionaries in the distant city,

as they looked upon the crooked back of their daughter. She would never be married, she could not even work in the field; what was there left for a village woman? And yet these missionaries offered to take their child and teach her and fit her, they said, for real service. Her father said, "By and by she will be only a burden to us, but if we let her go to school she may be able to help herself in some way. At any rate, they will care for her."

Joyful indeed was that day for Kohar when she entered the school at Arabkir. Her progress in the school was remarkable from the first day. She loved her books, she was persevering in her studies, and at the completion of her course she became a teacher herself in the girls' school. But not yet was she satisfied. This school gave her but an elementary education, and she had heard that in Harpoot there was a higher school for girls. Within her heart there arose a great question. She knew that she was much needed as a teacher in this elementary school, and she did not want to leave those who had done so much for her, for she saw no one to take her place. Learning of her desire, one of the missionaries said, "Although we need you very much here, you shall go to Harpoot."

Again with radiant face and smiles, she entered upon a new phase of her spiritual and intellectual development. In the seminary at Harpoot she led her class and upon graduation she was selected as assistant, where she was beloved by all the girls and a source of great satisfaction to the missionary teachers.

Keen in intellect and an eager teacher, it was her Christian influence in the school which counted most. She was made head of the school family, and truly she became a spiritual mother to succeeding generations of girls who, like herself, came up from little villages out of the darkness into the light.

Kohar was not satisfied, however, with the mere routine of the school. In the long vacations, instead of resting or returning to enjoy life in her own home, she went off on tours through the villages from which her pupils came. She would gather around her the women and girls and pour out to them, from the depths of her heart and from her own rich experience of God, a message new and wonderful to these ignorant peasant folk, so many of them overburdened with the problems and hardships of common life. She would teach them little hymns and passages from the New Testament, and earnestly she sought to bring them to One who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She had a sweet voice and her singing brought courage to many a weary heart. She visited the preachers and the teachers in that district, and her coming into their homes was always a season of refreshment. Ah, how many to whom she brought new inspiration have been called upon since to walk through the valley of the shadow of death in bitter days of massacre and persecution; how many of her own pupils whom she sent forth rejoicing have indeed found help in her strengthening influence in days which have been hard and almost unendurable.

Her own little village among the mountains, where her father, mother, and brothers still lived, was not forgotten, for the Light had indeed reached into that village and now the priest himself stood up and preached the living Jesus. He who had spent most of his time merely burning incense before old pictures of the saints, and whose chief interest had been in keeping fasts and holy days, now rose in that community to lead his people into real spiritual life.

Because Kohar was poor and came of parents who were always on the verge of poverty, she sought to earn money outside her teaching, which brought her but a small income. While she was visiting and talking on her tours in the villages, her fingers were ever busy making collars and fancy articles of lace. These she sold, and some of the money which she thus earned always went to Shepik.

But the heart of the Christian faith is a desire to have the *whole* world know the love of God and come to a realization of the great family into which He calls His children, and in Kohar's life there had surely blossomed the spirit of Christ Himself: so, although her life was spent among the needy all around her, her thoughts and prayers reached out to all the earth. Out of her meager earnings she would give from time to time for work in other lands, that she might feel bound up in the great cause of winning the world to Christ. At one time she gave five dollars for work in another land, that money representing at the time a warm dress which she really needed. Always interested in the needs of others and their comfort, she

forgot her own, and many times her health would have suffered had not her missionary friends watched over her. Frail in body but untiring in spirit, she continued her work among these villages and in the schools. The love of the people increased, and from time to time many gifts came in, most of these being in the form of clothing made by the women of the villages. In America the story of her work was told, and from that far-off land there came gifts which touched her tender heart at the thought that strangers could care for her because they, too, loved the same Jesus she did.

Do not imagine that all her pathway, however, was easy or that she was welcomed wherever she went. Prejudice and superstition die slowly. In one village where the people looked with scorn upon Protestants, she sought one time to gain a listening ear. She particularly longed to speak to the women of this village, for they were superior to those of any other place in the Harpoot field. They were neat and tidy in dress, and their homes were better and cleaner than most of the villages on the plain, but they were far away from the simple teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. In the streets of this village she was openly stoned and hooted, but finally her gentle, winning ways touched waiting hearts and she was able even there to gather around her a group who listened eagerly to the wonderful words about Jesus. She started classes there, teaching some of these women so that when she had to leave them, they were able to read for themselves the precious words from the Gospel. Some of these

women had snow-white hair, yet patiently she taught them their A. B. C's. and when at last she had to go back to the school, they cried, "Oh do not leave us. Who will care for us if you go?" She received permission to stay on for some weeks, and the result of her stay there was the coming out of twenty-three people into open profession of their faith in Christ as the new Way in life. She built up there a school of more than sixty pupils, and the results of her labors only the Lord of the harvest will ever fully know. Surely when her parents named her Kohar, they named her not amiss.

In Turkey today there are many jewels waiting to be found; there are many little girls in far-off mountain villages waiting for the Light. Out of that humble home among the mountains there came this little deformed child, and she met One who also came from a little village home in a hill country. He is still ready, still calling to such little girls as Kohar, but He needs lips through which to speak, hands through which to work. There are schools in Turkey undermanned, where teachers are sorely needed. There are countless villages in Turkey to which girls like Kohar might go, even as she went out, a blessing to the land. Who, then, will come to seek out His jewels and prepare them to shine for the crown of the King?

**"God end War! but when brute War is ended,
Yet there shall be many a noble soldier,
Many a noble battle worth the winning,
Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.
Life is battle,
Life is battle, even to the sunset.**

**Soldiers of the Light shall strive forever,
In the wards of pain, the ways of labor,
In the stony deserts of the city,
In the hives where greed has housed the helpless;
Patient, valiant,
Fighting with the powers of death and darkness.**

**Make us mingle in that heavenly warfare;
Call us through the throats of all brave bugles
Blown on fields foregone by lips forgotten;
Nerve us with the courage of lost comrades,
Gird us, lead us
Thou, O Prince of Peace and God of Battles!"**

—HELEN GRAY CONE.

VI

SAVAS FROM GALATIA

On the 19th of September, 1918, General Allenby's men went over the top in their great drive which crushed the Turkish armies in Palestine, and Turkey then ceased to be a military factor in the World War. On that morning, in the advanced trenches of the Turkish forces, was a young man through whom I had hoped God was to bless coming student generations in Asia Minor. At the last student conference which I attended on the campus at Paradise, I listened to that young man present the strongest challenge for dedication of life to Christ which I have ever heard from the lips of an undergraduate. Yet three short years before he had been an outspoken agnostic among the students on the campus. His story is briefly told, and whether other chapters are to be added in this world I cannot tell, for since that September morning when he was last seen in the thick of the conflict he has not been heard from by us.

Savas Arghyriades came out of Northern Galatia, that plain made sacred by the footsteps of St. Paul in his missionary journeyings. His home was ancient Isparta, and the ruins of the old Greek civilization abound throughout that neighborhood. His parents were Greeks, and though he remembers them but dimly, for early he was left an orphan, I am confident

that both his father and mother were of exceptional character. His father was a doctor and stood in the life of the town for all that was best. Yet Savas was left in poverty and want while still a little child. His boyhood education was in the village school, and a hunger and thirst after knowledge developed early in life. With a purpose which was unshakable he determined to come to the American College in Smyrna, that he might obtain the best possible education to fit him to make money and to become a successful business man.

In a college of four hundred students it was not possible for me to come into personal contact with all of them, and this was particularly true of my relationship with the day students, those students who lived in the city and attended classes. My attention was first called to Savas in a faculty meeting at the close of the school year in 1913. Dr. McLachlan, our President, was going over with us the ranks for the college year, when he came to the name of this student who had just completed his Freshman course. My heart has seldom been stirred as it was that evening listening to the simple story from Dr. McLachlan's lips of that boy's fight. He called our attention to the fact that Savas outranked all other students in the college; that for several years no student had attained in excellency the mark reached by this young Greek from Isparta. There must have been in the Greek school in Isparta a well-trained teacher, for several students from that town have distinguished themselves in scholarship in the life of our college.

After Savas's grades were read, we listened to Dr. McLachlan's remarks. All of us thought that Savas was living in the city with relatives or friends, but we were informed that this was not the case: that with no one to befriend him and no relatives near, this boy had gone to a neighboring farm and there had secured permission to live in a little outhouse of mud which had been used as a donkey stall or a place to keep a few hens. For food he had lived largely on vegetables and fruits, which he had been able to secure for a few pennies here and there from the gardens and vineyards which abound around Smyrna. His clothes were poor and he had long outgrown them. Later I visited the little hut where Savas had lived through that long winter, studying by candlelight. Shortly after this I related Dr. McLachlan's story to my wife, and we resolved to open our hearts and our home to this boy, should he return to college in the fall. In September I met him face to face for the first time, and though he showed lack of proper nourishment, and though his clothes were worn out and faded, I loved that boy from the first moment I looked into his eyes. Every Wednesday night he came down to our home for supper. At first he was shy and it was most difficult to reach intimate terms of friendship with him. But, oh, how worth while every moment that Savas ever spent in our home seemed to us! It was worth while going to Turkey just to have come into touch with his life and spirit.

As the weeks passed, our acquaintance deepened into real friendship and his shyness disappeared. Yet,

with the exception of grace at the table, we never entered into any discussion which bordered on religious subjects. Finally, however, we reached the place in our friendship where Mrs. Harlow and I could no longer refrain from talking with him of those things which meant most to us. I was not surprised when Savas told me that he had little religious faith in his life—that, if there were a God, He must be a bad or indifferent being who cared little for the sufferings of mankind. Brilliant in mind as Savas was, easily leading the college in scholarship, his life had been engulfed in the misery of a land where ceaseless oppression at the cruel hands of despotic masters had sapped the joy from the life of his race. His own bereavements in early childhood and his constant struggle with bitter poverty had left him but a cloudy sky and a short horizon to face the problems of his narrow universe. The little he had seen of religion as expressed in the Greek Orthodox Church was of such a nature as to bring small comfort to a heart in trouble and less satisfaction to a keen mind seeking truth.

He seldom attended the meetings of the college Christian Association, but, coming to our house as he did week by week, the silent witness of a Christian home was telling in his life. One evening he reached our house just as we were putting our little boy to bed. For the first time we asked him to come upstairs with us, and after John was ready for the night and we had romped together around the room, our two-year old baby boy stood up in his crib, and with his sweet,

clear voice sang that song so dear to little children in Christian lands, "Jesus loves me, this I know." The baby prayer which followed was characteristic of our little son, who always ended it with remembering by name his loved ones, including several of the boys of the college to whom he was greatly attached. I suppose it was the first time that Savas had heard his own name mentioned in prayer, but I little realized the effect of that baby's prayer on his heart. Quite overcome with feeling, he said to me, "Mr. Harlow, I didn't know there was anything like that in all the world." Later on, he told me that as he stood by our baby's crib it came over him that here in this little life there was a joy and a Presence, real and wonderful, which he lacked, and as he thought of the multitude of children throughout the land who went to bed at night in fear of evil spirits, with blue beads and charms around their necks to ward off the evil eye, there came upon him a great desire that he might have this childlike faith and might carry this message to the distressed and fainting spirits of his people.

From that evening, his progress in the life of the spirit was very rapid. Not long after, he not only knelt with us in family prayers but would often join us with a short petition from his own lips, and when at the close of the year the first Paradise Conference met on our campus, Savas came out openly as a follower and disciple of Jesus Christ.

On the last morning of the college year a small group of students took breakfast in our home, and before we parted for the summer we knelt in prayer

together. Walking up the campus with his arm around my shoulders and my arm linked in his, Savas said to me, "You and Mrs. Harlow have been father and mother to me indeed, and you have turned the darkness of my heart into light, for you have brought me to God." Surely at that moment did I rejoice that God had given to me the great privilege of being a missionary of that Gospel which brings life and light to lonely souls. Throughout the summer we heard regularly from Savas, who, in order to earn something toward his expenses, had gone to a village to tutor some wealthy boys. During the year he had come into the college as a regular boarding student and had not only carried off high honors in his lessons, but had faithfully performed a great deal of outside work and had gained a scholarship.

The town in which he was tutoring, he wrote me, was indeed in need of the Light, and he fearlessly started in to let his own candle shine. He organized a club for the boys of the town and offered to teach them English free, but when he came to the choice of a textbook, he used the New Testament. Out of that group he led several of the young Greek students into a fuller comprehension of the real values of life.

During his Junior year in the college, he was elected president of the Student Christian Association. His personal work among the students of the college was as tactful, and yet persistent and fruitful of results, as any such endeavors to lead men into the great friendship of Christ which I have ever witnessed on any campus. One of the problems which face the mis-

sionary in the Near East, or in any Oriental country, is that of helping the people to realize that no work is degrading if it is honest. Yet in the midst of poverty and misery, when we were feeding over two hundred and fifty Turkish refugees a day, we found it most difficult to get some of them to do any work, because many of them had come from wealthy families in Macedonia and it was beneath their dignity. One day I took a Turkish boy over to the free soup kitchen and asked him to help me give out food. As we came away, I told him of our difficulties and said to him, "If you were starving and had a family to support and I were to offer you a job digging in the street at good wages, would you accept it?" His instant reply was "Oh, how could I? I am a gentleman!" We determined in the college to break this idea that a gentleman was one who could not work, but who could beg or squander money. Savas was foremost in helping us in this new and difficult undertaking.

We decided that students should wait on table in the college dining-room, and to start the new custom several of us who were teachers and professors put on white aprons and served our students. Even after the student waiters were secured, every Sunday we let the regular waiters have a day off and the teachers would serve at the tables, assisted by volunteers from among the other students. In a short time it became quite an honor to be chosen on Sunday as an assistant waiter; but Savas took up the hard task with another Student Volunteer as a regular waiter, and he performed his work faithfully and well, helping thereby

to earn his way in the college. It was also his duty to wash and wipe the dishes in the college dining room, and many an evening I would go down to the kitchen and together we would wash and wipe the dishes. Those hours with him, when we talked together at our work, were among the happiest hours of my life in the college and I always came away feeling that I had received a blessing just from the conversation which flowed from Savas's lips. I can no more think of anything low or impure coming from him than I can think of impure water coming from a beautiful mountain spring. All that came from his lips seemed to me touched with the very spirit of the cleansing Christ.

At the close of the college year in May, 1916, at our second Paradise Conference some two hundred and fifty young people were present at an outdoor service. Around us in the twilight rose the hills which carried me back in memory to just such evenings on Round Top in my own student years. Savas was one of four speakers to present the claims of Christ at this life-work meeting. As I listened to him my heart said within me, "Surely here is a future leader of the student movement in Turkey." His clear-cut, forceful presentation, his own manifest sincerity, and his burning conviction carried us from point to point as he laid before us the beauty and the challenge of the Christian life. I could hardly realize that this was the boy who, two short years before, was wandering in a sea of doubt and made no pretensions to even a faltering faith. Many a bright young spirit in that group went out to face suffering and death in the near

future. We were in the midst of the most cruel and heart-rending atrocities that have ever been committed by men on their fellowmen, for the Turks had again let loose their fury and their fanaticism upon the Christian races. Yet in that group, the night after Savas spoke, more than one hundred young people rose and by a sentence one by one committed their lives to the way of Jesus. Two or three of those sentences still linger in my memory. A young Armenian girl gave as her testimony, "I have learned in these days of the conference that the great revenge is the revenge of love. I would have my revenge upon the Turks by leading some of them to the knowledge of the love of God as I have found it in Jesus." No wonder the Turkish boy sitting beside her rose, and with trembling lips said, "I, too, stand here in agony for the truth. I see that what my people need is not fine buildings, nor even schools where languages and mathematics and history are taught, but my people need a new heart where the spirit of love shall rule." A young Armenian student gave as the closing declaration of the evening, "I do not feel tonight that we are in Turkey with massacre and bloodshed around us, but I feel as though we were in Galilee with Jesus in our midst." Such expressions as these came from the lips of students whose spiritual life had developed in an atmosphere made possible by the earnest prayers and leadership of Savas and a little inner group of Volunteers.

That summer it was necessary for me to leave for America, and early on the morning of my departure

several of the students walked five miles over a dusty road to the station where I was to take my train. It was hard to part. Some of them were about to be called into the Turkish Army to serve under a flag which they despised and in a cause which they hated: a flag which for five centuries had flown above their race as a sign of despotism and oppression; a cause which meant the continued enslavement of their people under the cruel hand of the oppressor.

Soon after my arrival in America I received some notes from Savas, from which I wish to make a few quotations. Here is one of them: "Please write me as often as you can, for I need your help. News of deaths of dear ones comes every day from every side, but every new grief and burden strengthens me, and instead of discouraging me nerves me with greater enthusiasm to go forward fearless. I expect to be called to the army soon. Do not be anxious or sorry for me, only pray. I am strong and ready to face everything and anything that may come with Him at my side."

After college opened in the fall, Savas was very happy that he was able to return, writing me, "God has led me safely back to the college, and surely He has heard our prayers and will bless you richly and bless us here more than we could think of or hope. Yesterday afternoon we had our first Y. M. C. A. meeting, and it was truly wonderful. I spoke on 'The Purpose of the Association' and told them about the Morning Watch and welcomed the new students into the race which is before us, 'looking unto Jesus.' Dr.

McLachlan then spoke of the influence of the Association on the college. During my four years here I had never heard him speak with such great enthusiasm and force. Some of the things he said I wish could be written in the annals of the college. Oh, that you might have been here with us! The meeting was an inspiration all through, and it was evident that forces greater and higher than ours were in action. The impression on the students was deep. Many applied for membership at the close of the meeting, and the opportunities we have with them are great, as they are all of open mind. With your prayers and the assurance of Christ's presence, we are sure and do firmly believe that this year, too, will be a blessed year, that the work will continue to advance and that we shall go from strength to strength."

Surely Savas's words proved true, for since then two student conferences in the midst of war, with shrapnel bursting over the campus itself at times, have been held there at Paradise, and each year comes the report that they have been going from strength to strength. One Greek student whom I remember as one of the younger boys in the Boy Scout troop, upon whom Savas had a great influence, is now president of the Association. Every Sunday afternoon they hold religious services for the Greeks of the neighborhood and this young man preaches in a Greek Orthodox Church in the city of Smyrna. Truly before us in Asia Minor lies a new day.

My last message from Savas was dated December 22, 1916, and from it I take the following: "I am now

drilling every day and will remain in this camp for some months. There is a great deal of hardship and suffering along the way, but these are good for me and I am sure if I survive I shall come out a stronger man with greater readiness for sacrifice and better discipline to obey Christ at all costs for His great cause. Pray for us who are here in this hard situation."

From this camp Savas was sent into the Turkish Army and transferred later to the front. He told me, and I believe that he held to his conviction to the end, that under no circumstances would he fire upon a British soldier, for to him they were messengers of peace and good will and liberty; nor could he take life or take part on a side which was fighting for the continuance of injustice and oppression. It may be that his body lies there on the plains of Judea, but if this is so, then I know that his spirit entered gladly into the presence of One who Himself laid down His life in Judea, and that from being an unwilling soldier under a banner which he scorned, he became an eager and loyal soldier under the banner of the Prince of Peace, whom he loved.

Savas was last seen terribly wounded and in great agony on the battle field. In a letter from another member of the Volunteer Band which reached me recently in reply to a letter of mine, he writes: "As you say, Savas, if gone, has gone on to continue that higher service to which God called him. In his last letter to me, in which he told me of the dangerous position in the line in which he found himself, he wrote among other things, 'I only pray that whether

by life or by death I may be able to glorify Christ.' I shall never forget these inspiring words of his, which can teach us all a glorious lesson."

No, Savas's influence will not soon pass from those of us who knew him and loved him.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation.”

—ISAIAH.

**“I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
And I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
Can set this land on fire,
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
Will set this land on fire.”**

KOORDISH AMY

Readers who are not too old to remember their high school days will recall the march of Xenophon's ten thousand over the mountains to the sea. Up among the Anti-Taurus Mountains lived a wild tribe whom Xenophon called the "Carduchi," and it was near Redwan, now one of the mountain stations of the American Board, that a fierce struggle took place between Xenophon's troops and this tribe. The descendants of these wild Carduchi still live in those mountains, and are one of the tribes of the fierce Koords who several centuries ago were converted to Mohammedanism. After they were partly conquered by the Turks—for they have never been made wholly subject—the Turkish Government employed them again and again to perpetrate deeds of most fiendish cruelty upon the neighboring Nestorian and Armenian Christians. In the recent massacres which have swept away more than a million helpless Armenians, these Koords have played a fierce and bloody part.

Yet out of this tribe near Redwan came a young woman who, throwing off the bondage which Islam places upon womanhood, came into the glorious inheritance which Christ holds out to all. Her name is Amy, and her father's name was Murto. Her

mother was a beautiful Koordish maiden named Bayzie, who was renowned for her beauty throughout the whole region. The Koords give their women far more liberty than the harem-owning Turks, whose women are forced to hide their faces behind ugly black veils; for the Koords, while guarding with vindictive jealousy the virtue of their women, allow them to go and come with unveiled faces. From this marriage came two little girls, Amy and Hedjie, and their home was happy, as such mountain homes go, until one midnight there came down upon their village a raid from a neighboring tribe, and the beautiful mother was carried off by a wealthier and mightier Koord. The husband, with his two little girls, escaped the massacre and fled to a distant city, where he died not long after, leaving his little daughters as servants in the home of a wealthy Armenian.

It was in this Armenian home that the Light first penetrated the heart of the little Moslem Koord. One day she obtained a two-cent copy of the gospel of Matthew, and as this Armenian family was educated and had taken good care of the orphan children, Amy had learned to read sufficiently to drink in a few words here and there of the wonderful message on the pages of the gospel. She heard rumors that in the city of Harpoot was a school where girls were educated far beyond anything known in her immediate vicinity, and she sent word secretly to the school, asking if they would take in a poor orphan girl. Word was sent back to her that if any one would be responsible for her clothes, books, and

traveling expenses, she would be received; but she replied, "I am only a poor Koordish girl for whom no one cares, and those with whom I live are so far from wishing to send me that should I go to school they would even deprive me of all my best clothes." It seemed to the teachers in the school impossible at that time to encourage her to come to Harpoot, but all the fiery spirit of her ancestors dwelt in Amy's breast and her earnestness of purpose and sincere desire to secure an education gave her courage to start out on foot to visit the school and plead her cause face to face. Little as she knew of the spirit of the Great Master, nevertheless she comprehended sufficiently the meaning of His life and teachings to reply to the missionaries, "If Jesus were here and a poor girl like me wished to come to Him and learn about His salvation, don't you think He would receive her?" So the missionaries inquired back in her village as to the character of Amy, and when from all sides they heard that she was reliable, industrious, and truthful, it was decided to take her into the school.

Difficulties, however, immediately arose, for word got abroad among the Koords that the missionaries were about to carry off one of their tribe and make her a Christian, and down upon the village came a troop of wild Koords with loaded guns, who let it be known that should any one attempt to take Amy off to the missionary school they would do so at the peril of their lives. No wonder that fear and trembling took possession of the Armenians in that community, and all of their previous stories regarding Amy's truthful-

ness vanished in thin air before the loaded guns of the Koords. They now affirmed that Amy was a lazy shirk and only desired to come to the school to escape life's burdens and the daily routine of a servant in the Armenian household where she worked. The missionaries quickly understood the reason for this sudden change, and, after a cross-examination, one of the Armenian Christians blurted out, "Is this Koordish girl of so much importance that, for her sake, you are willing to send our souls into eternity unprepared? Shall we be lost that she may be saved?" To this the reply of the Americans was simply, "Certainly not, but having conscientiously taken our position, no fear of Koordish guns shall turn us from it."

It remained then to decide how Amy should be brought to the school. Should the missionaries themselves attempt to do this, it would have raised a mob and have resulted in the outbreak of serious trouble in the town. There lived in this town one Armenian who was a most devout follower of Christ, one to whom the Gospel came as cold water to a thirsty soul. Beyond all the others in the little Protestant community in that neighborhood, he had been most interested in giving this Koordish girl a chance to come to Jesus. It was this man who, with the spirit and resolution of a martyr, came forward and said, "I myself will be responsible for bringing Amy to Harpoot. Tell all the Koords that I have done it. Let them kill me, if any one." Having received the consent of the missionaries to bring Amy to the school he hastened off to the chief of Amy's tribe, a famous old brigand by

the name of Ali Gako, and his daring so pleased the old chief that he gave him a paper authorizing him to take Amy to Harpoot to be educated by the Americans. Once in possession of this paper Garabed lost no time, but putting Amy on his mule left the city that very night, and the next day presented Amy at the door of the girls' school, where she was immediately enrolled.

In those early days curiosity, expectation, and delight succeeded each other as she entered into the new experiences. Tall, erect in form, and with dark flashing eyes and unkempt hair, this mountain girl was a subject for a painter. The American teachers and the Armenian girls, who opened their hearts to this Koordish maiden of an alien faith belonging to a tribe which had never hesitated to visit suffering and persecution upon their own nation, quickly won Amy's heart, and through them she was led to the Great Friend of little ones, to the Saviour of the world. Her progress intellectually was slow, but she was faithful and persevering, and what she once learned she never forgot. So thoroughly did she master her subjects that, after four years as a pupil, she was offered a position as teacher of the younger girls.

By this time she had made an open confession of her faith in Christ, and united with the church. It is only justice to the Koords to say that, while they can be very cruel, they are less fanatical than the Turks. Had Amy been a Turkish girl, her open turning to Christ would probably have resulted in deeds of violence. Amy possessed a dignity and a devotion to

duty which marked her throughout her days as a teacher in the school. A friend once sought to induce her to omit a certain lesson, but she replied, "I have been put here to teach these girls, and I will do it."

Do not think that Amy had no dark days and no problems. Her aspirations led her to long for greater things beyond. She heard of Vassar and Mount Holyoke, and at times her yearning to go to America and enter one of these advanced institutions of learning for young women quite overcame her. Disappointed in her plans and efforts—for it seemed out of the question at the time for her to leave the country, it being practically impossible for any Moslem woman to leave Turkey, and most certainly the Turks would not have permitted one who had become a Christian to do so—Amy would sink at times into what her American teachers called "the depths of indigo," while at other times she would become absorbed in a spirit of other-worldliness, as though she were on the verge of departing this present life. Outside of the classroom she would isolate herself, reading her Bible and singing hymns, living apart from all others. However, her naturally exuberant spirits would quickly throw off these dark spells, and one of her fellow-teachers once wrote to her in a spirit of fun after one of these periods, "Why, Amy, I thought you were about to die and here you are again wickedly taking the air with these worldly-minded girls."

As time passed, her conscientious desire to do right, her prayerful efforts to exert a Christ-like influence over the girls in her classroom, and above all her

humility at her deficiencies, developed in her a character which shone in the life of the school with the light of Christ's own spirit. Her one great desire became to have her sister Hedjie come to the school and enter into the same great opportunities which had been hers. Already her influence over her sister was such that back in the Armenian village Hedjie was learning to read and write.

This is but a brief portrait of this Koordish girl. I have given it here because Amy stands as a challenge to courageous young Americans. Out there in those Taurus Mountains, since the days of Xenophon her tribes have waited for the Light. As yet little missionary work has been done among them. They are but indifferent followers of Mohammed, never having felt any real allegiance to the Turk. Of Jesus they know scarcely anything, and yet I believe that could they know Him as He was and is, could they know Him as the fearless leader of youth, the One who challenges men to live the heroic life, the One who was generous, open-hearted, and forgiving, the One who opens His arms to the poor and outcast and leads them to the God of all comfort, could they know *Him*, I say, I believe that out of their wild tribe would come forth a great host to be followers of the Lord Christ. "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Isaiah's words at the beginning of this chapter may well be used of those who will go forth to work among Amy's kinsmen.

**"Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thy arms,
And strong shall be my hand."**

—GEORGE MATHESON.

THE LEADER OF THE BAND

Cruelty and crime may stain the war-scarred lands of Europe with blood that cries like Abel's from the soil, but Asia Minor still retains the foremost claim as the victim of diabolical outrage and concentrated agony. Out of this fearful whirlwind of oppression, lust, and massacre, above the sobbing of women and the wailing of children, I hear other voices—the voices of young men and women, sharers of the agony, bearers of the fearful burden; yet in their voices there is the note of victorious faith as they repeat together the Student Volunteer declaration of Turkey: "It is our purpose, *in the Spirit of Christ*, to make His service in this land the main object of our lives."

"In the Spirit of Christ!" How it lifts our hearts above the din and strife! We stand once more in the shadow of a green hill far away, and again the old familiar words break through the darkness of the closing hour: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The Cross has triumphed. Love has conquered death.

In November, 1916, the first Student Volunteer conference in the Turkish Empire was held at Smyrna. There were over a hundred students present, and they listened for an entire day to messages of thrilling

power from the Volunteers of the International College and the Collegiate Institute, Smyrna. For some of the Volunteers who spoke in that conference it was the last time they saw their fellow students, for within a few days they had to leave to serve in the Turkish Army. Among these was the leader of the Volunteer Band in the International College, George Michaelides.

Let me tell you the story of his life—although no life like his can be adequately described in printer's ink. His life is of the warp and woof of which true saints and heroes are made—built on the scale of two worlds. If you can count among your list of friends just such a one as he, you are rich.

George Michaelides was born twenty-six years ago, in a little village on the coast of Asia Minor. His father, a man of spiritual yearning beyond his race and above his class, was a teacher in the Greek school. His pupils were to him lambs to be led to the fold of the Good Shepherd. Of that I am sure. Into the curriculum of the school he introduced Bible study, and on Sunday he had his boys in the parish church, with their Bibles in modern Greek before them. This aroused much bitter feeling and persecution, for to the Greek Orthodox prelate all such signs indicated Protestantism and a spirit of inquiry into truth that was not to be tolerated. The Bibles were taken away and the Bible study in the school abolished. The father could not rise above the prejudice and bigotry of his native village and kin; but he must have passed on to his son much of his deeper nature and in the boy's heart were sown seeds which were to bear fruit.

When George was about fifteen he was sent to the International College in Smyrna, the American missionary college, where he entered the preparatory department. Here he was one with the other Greek boys, hating all that was called Protestant, bigoted in his attitude toward all that was not Greek Orthodox. But here also he came into a real fellowship and friendship with those who loved him and who loved Christ. He joined the Young Men's Christian Association of the college and finally became president of the Association. It was while he held this office that bitter trials came upon him. One night Turkish irregulars, under instructions from the Government, broke upon the little village where his home nestled among the hills by the sea. At sunset three thousand villagers dwelt happily around their hearths. By midnight massacre and crime had swept the hillside and driven the people in terror to their fishing boats.

Wild rumors reached Smyrna. For weeks no certain word came of George's loved ones—father, mother, sisters. He also had to keep up the courage of another sister, who was a student in the Collegiate Institute for Girls in Smyrna, with whose education George was helping by working in the college. During these days when the strain of waiting was almost unbearable, George often came to my room, and his prayers, as he shared with Christ his burden, steadied my own faith and taught me in experience some of the great truths I had formerly held in theory. At last came real news. The mother and sister, after drifting for hours in a small boat on the open sea, had

been picked up half starved, and taken to Mitylene on a Greek torpedo boat. The father had been picked out of the sea by a sailing vessel and taken to Salonika. Months later, father, mother, and daughters were reunited at Mitylene.

It was during this period of trial and anxiety that George joined the Volunteer Band, being one of the six who formed the first band, and he was at once selected as the leader. Although the war had prevented him from seeing his family since they lost their home, he was a tower of strength and inspiration in the life of the college and to the whole student body. To the members of the faculty he was a comrade and brother. It was planned that when he completed his A. B. work in the college in June, 1917, he should come to America for a seminary training, to return as my associate in the Association work among the students, his special field to be the boys of the preparatory department. Then came the news that he was called into the Turkish Army. Let me quote a paragraph from a letter from him, written after his summons came:

“Never for a moment do I doubt Christ’s love, help, and guidance. He moves in a mysterious way, but all things will work together for good. The early message to the church in Smyrna is as strong and living and inspiring as ever. With our hand in Christ’s and with the earnest prayers of our friends and loved ones, nothing can separate us from the love of God. First of all and above all is His love, and He is sure to bring about in our lives, whether in life or in

death, that which will glorify His name. We are His; He has bought us with a price." Yes, I know that is true. Whether it be by life or by death, George Michaelides, first leader of the Student Volunteers in Smyrna, will glorify his Lord—his Master and ours.

Since writing that last paragraph much has intervened. For months I have been in France and upon my return to America I found, to my joy, the following letter from George awaiting me. During the days when General Allenby's army was closing its grasp on the last gasping ghost of a Turkish army, my fears for George and some of the other students, who I knew were with the Turkish forces in Palestine, kept growing. I knew how they hated the whole wretched business, how they longed for the overthrow of the power which for centuries has enslaved their people. And this is the word from George. It is dated "Suez, September 27, 1918," and continues as follows:

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it! You know the beginning of my troubles, but you do not know the end, which as usually crowns all. On Thursday morning, September 19th, the long expected attack started. The British forces simply marched over and the Turks took to flight. Everything went to pieces, rotten as it was, and the entire army lay dead upon the field or prisoners in the hands of the British. I went into the action singing in my heart that hymn we sang so often back at Paradise, 'Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free.' The fast approaching peace and its immediate prospects of reunion on the campus and the college

work, dear to us all, lessen the pain of this long separation and fill my heart and soul with the highest hopes. Last night I dreamed of Johnny and Ruth welcoming me with one of their songs back to your home on the campus. All day I have lived in happiness over that dream. Can such a day come? And are we to forget in that moment of joy all the pains of the past? God knows, and to His perfect wisdom and love we commit all. Life behind these prison wires is not very cheerful, but I must say that the kindness of the English in charge makes it a happier place for me than the Turkish army."

And from my letter, which I immediately wrote in reply, let me quote a few lines: "My joy over the victories which were freeing Palestine forever from the cruelty and oppression of Turkish rule, was mixed with apprehension for you, Savas, Ivan, and others dear to my heart, who I knew were in danger. But I rejoiced that, whatever might come, you would meet it as those for whom death had no fears and suffering no terror. Constantly you have been in my prayers, and I thank God that you are safe at last. I have already written to Smyrna that I want you for my associate in the Religious Work Department, turning over to you the special responsibility for the boys in the preparatory school, leaving me freer to work among the men in the college. What a wonderful day it will be when again we shall meet on the campus at Paradise and unite our voices once more in 'Faith of our fathers, living still in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword.'"

A still later letter from George, written from Cairo in March, contains these words:

“I wish I could put down in writing all I feel for America and Mr. Wilson, but I am afraid my style and power of expression are too small for the occasion. I am proud that I can count such a friend as you who is an American. I am proud of you and of my love for America and for every American ideal.”

If George himself could add one closing word to mine, I am sure it would be this: “All that Christ has meant to the students of America He can mean to the Greek students of Asia Minor. All that they lack is the presentation to them of His claims in such terms as have made His Gospel a reality to the young men and young women in the colleges of North America in our generation.”

Who will come over and help us present those claims? We need you.