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Torkom.

The Story of a Struggle Against Odds.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESOLVE OF DESPAIR.

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in June that the Missionary, obedient to the call of the needy, mounted his horse and rode down the gentle slope of the hills to the lake at the south-west. The letter that had called him was simple but eloquent.

"Dear Brother in Christ,

The wolf has scattered the sheep of my flock and I am not allowed to go to offer them comfort. May I ask you, a brother shepherd, to tend to my sheep? They need you at Kara-Hissar.
Bishop Yeghia.

Uskub."

Of the awful massacre at Kara-Hissar this was the only news that had reached the ear of the Missionary. But trouble was in the air, and the veiled threats and boastings of less wary Mohammedans had come like the rumbling of an approaching storm. The very redness of the sunsets had seemed to pre-
sage blood. And so he recognized the seriousness of the call and went. At the lake a large caïque, rowed by three sturdy men, took him to Uskub, a large town on the shore farther up. The hot sun beat relentlessly upon the party for the hour that it took them to go. At the railway station at Uskub the officials would fain have stopped him. "There had been a little row, truly. But it was a small affair. An Armenian and a Turk had quarreled over a bargain. The Armenian hit the Turk who rushed at him with a knife. Some Armenians interfered and clubbed the Turk to death. But the police had captured these men." That was the official report. There was nothing else. Still it would be better for him not to go, because the people were disturbed and there might be more trouble. Any one of them would be glad to go and bring him news of any of his friends, but the muttesarif¹ has specially requested them to see that he should be kept from putting himself in danger.

1. Muttesarif—Civil governor of a province.