

they would not only attack those who opposed them but would take revenge on us all, men, women and children, and burn our houses and take our goods. Let us rather keep quiet. They will seek to pick quarrels, but we must suffer in silence every indignity. Perhaps they may leave us in peace. We may lose some of our goods, but we will at least save our heads."

But still the hot-headed youth harbored sweet dreams. A bold stroke for freedom! They were waiting the signal. Already hundreds of their exiled countrymen from France and Russia had gathered at the border and were ready to enter and help their nation free herself from the thralldom of half a thousand years. They but waited the signal. Little did they know that these reports had been circulated by the very men from whom they now strived to conceal them. Nor did they know that already many a small band of insurgents had been persuaded to strike, thinking that all their fellows were on that day also battling for freedom or for death, and had died the death of heroes, brave men to be so sadly duped. So they waited, expectant, impatient, hearing in imagination the booming cannon from the British battleships which they fondly thought were coming to their aid. They chafed under the delay caused by interminable quarrels between the leaders of the various revolutionary parties, recking not that even here the crafty Turk was working on a national weakness to make them his playthings.

It was the morning on which the Missionary left on his errand of mercy that the soldiers came. As the head of the column came opposite the Missionary's house, the first house at the entrance to the village, a murmur of anger passed along the ranks, for there at half-mast hung a British flag, home-made, completed late the night before by the good mother and hung in triumph by her two boys, who welcomed this opportunity of exhibiting their flag and expressing their feelings, for they knew their father's errand. The leader of the soldiers, a youz-bashi (centurion), with the bullying arrogance of an inferior who finds himself in power, cursed the flag and the queen whose flag it was. And then, when they had passed, the mother noticed the flag and took it in, little dreaming that it had caused mischief already and would become the cause of international dispute.

And so the sad time dragged wearily on. Men were afraid almost to breathe. Their blood boiled under the indignities they suffered at the hands of the soldiers. They saw their goods taken from under their very noses and dared not ask for the price; for the uniform of the thief was backed by the authority of the government. Gradually news crept in of a massacre here and another there. The very silence of the newspapers was ominous. Everybody knew that the censor would not allow the truth to appear. Would England help? No, we must turn to America. And she is too far away. And, meanwhile, Christian Europe looks on in silence, believing or professing to believe the "official" reports of the Turkish government. Viewing each other's every move with jealousy the "Great Powers" quarrel. A joint note demanding reform must be presented by their respective embassies at Constantinople to the Sultan,—but now one and then another refuses to put his name, for he has received a cipher message from his government. And so the farce goes on,