

the same nation dwelt together, in more public places, to adore the gods and graven images to which they had been accustomed.

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MISSION FIELDS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. TURKEY—CASSANDRA.

Nearly 50 miles to the south-east of Salonica is the long narrow peninsula of Cassandra, with a dozen small villages scattered over it, containing a population of between 2000 and 3000. They are an agricultural people, simple, unsophisticated, not much given to thought or change of any kind. They profess the Greek religion, but to all appearance might as well profess old Greek heathenism. Except when the "chink of pence" could be heard, the priests seemed perfectly willing to let them find out the way to the eternal kingdoms, without lamp or fingerpost, or any directions whatsoever. For verily the Greek Church at present is in as bad a state as can well be imagined. Venality is reduced to a system. No man owns to any but mercenary motives. Not man's soul, but his stomach, seems to be regarded as the head and front of his dignity. The Patriarch buys his office from the College at Constantinople: the Bishop and Archbishop buy theirs from the Patriarch: the priests "trade" with their *papa* the bishop: and the deacons think it no shame to tip the priests. And so we come to the people, the much-enduring drudge, who bear all and pay for all. "Nothing for nothing" is the motto of the priests. Funerals, baptisms, marriages, church services and ceremonies, all these are declared essential to salvation, but each and all must be paid for in hard cash. And that being the grand aim of the whole concern, some little transactions to take place, which to us sound strangely. Thus Mr. Marcussohn tells us that he has known cases in which the priest married a couple, but on being bribed by a wealthier suitor, has found good reasons for divorcing the husband, and re-uniting the lady to her second admirer. Such a Church as that is doomed without appeal by the rigorous laws of God. It can't stand, that is most certain. The Greek Bishop in Salonica was very friendly with Mr. Marcussohn: kindly, sleepy soul that he was, he knew that there was nothing very sublime about himself, and much that was useless, soporific, and deadly about his Church. "Your work in this place," said the Protestant missionary to him, "is to teach men that they have a God and Father in Heaven, and that they are in most imminent danger of Eternal Death, if they repent not. Do that work, neglect not thy duty, and if so pleases thee, I will leave Salonica tomorrow." "What can I do?" would the ecclesiastical alderman drowsily answer; "things are going on very well. They will last out the day." Respectable, somnolent old gentleman! I am happy to hear that he has been promoted to be Patriarch of Alexandria.

But I wished to speak of the quiet-living villagers of Cassandra. Some time since, a New Testament fell into the hands of a young man there. He read it, and then read it again, and then took to reading it to his friends and neighbors. "What is this we hear," was the cry; "we have never heard of Christ before. Our sensitive and digestive life then is not the highest. God have mercy on our souls, for now we begin to discover that we have souls." A great commotion was excited in Cassandra; which the Bishop and priests hearing of, they very naturally condemned as injudicious, and quite fanatical. The young man was sent for, catechized, and reasoned with as a suitable person who must know that money is the dearest possession man can have. "The book is of no use to you, young sir: indiscriminate reading of it is rash, yea wrong: it may be of some use to us, however; so you had better give it to us, and here is quite a little fortune of piastres to you for it." No: the young man would stand in his own light: would not listen to the arguments or bribes of his spiritual advisers: would listen only to what God the Lord was saying to his soul. The priests could not stand that. Such downright obstinacy and rebellion was too much for Greek flesh and blood to bear: so they threw the young man into prison, and felt relieved to think that they had at any rate cut the knot if they had not been able to unloose it. But he, through his friends, applied to Mr. Marcussohn, who at once went with the English Consul to the Pasha, and got him released and sent back to his home. To secure them from all further persecution, Mr. Marcussohn went to Constantinople, and with the aid of the American missionaries there, obtained a *firman* establishing all converts in Cassandra into a Protestant community. At the same time, he advised them to keep the name which they had themselves assumed, as his aim was not to proselytize to any particular sect, but to awaken men to the truth as it is in Jesus. They therefore call themselves "Bible Christians," a name which I wish that all Christians deserved. A "Protestant Christian!" that's a noble name: it awakens thoughts of olden struggles, of olden heroes who *protested* to the death against lies, who fought while strength was left to hold a weapon for God and truth. But—"a Bible Christian." I like the name still better. It is more humble; less sectarian; more descriptive of what the Christian ought to be.

Of course Mr. Marcussohn was now urged to come and preach to them. He went, and in his own quiet style, visited them in their own houses, and wherever two or three were gathered together. He represents their eagerness for Christian instruction as most extraordinary. They would gather round him in the houses, and question him, and drink in every word he spoke with indescribable avidity. Often the conversation would be prolonged till past midnight, and then they would