

also imprisoned, comforted those who were left and exhorted them to trust in the Lord Jehovah even unto death. A Kurdish sheikh and a few of his followers were called from the mountains near Ichmeh, so that the Turks might throw the blame on the Kurds. The village officials opened the church and brought out the pastor. They asked him if he would repeat the formula that would make him a Moslem.

"We will make you a Moolah in our church if you will accept Mohammed."

"Have I confessed Christ till my hair has grown grey," he replied, "and shall I now deny Him?"

The tall Kurdish sheikh who was the judge, commanded the Kurds to fire, and the faithful Gregory fell pierced with many bullets. "Drag him away!" said the chief to those who had bound on the white to save themselves. As they lifted him tenderly, for they loved him, the command came, "Tie a rope to his legs and drag him away like a dead donkey!"

One after another passed thro' the ordeal till the sacred fountain running out from under the church was one of blood.

Then came the tall, noble son of Gulaser, Deacon Mardiros.

"Will you confess Mohammed?"

"Mardiros," he said, "have I lived, and Mardiros will I die."

For other instances of Christian heroism, and for much valuable information concerning missionary work in that stricken land, we commend you to Mrs. Wheeler's interesting volume. As we read of the outlook in that country which has so often been baptized with Christian blood, we cannot but join with the missionary in her earnest hope for a better day. "Shall we not pray that our eyes may be anointed so we may look forward with a broader, wider, clearer faith to the time when we shall see the Turk, the Kurd, the Armenian, joining hands as they kneel about the cross of Calvary?"

"Oh, for that holy dawning  
We watch, and wait, and pray,  
Till o'er the height the morning light  
Shall drive the gloom away.  
And when the heavenly glory  
Shall flood the earth and sky,  
We'll bless the Lord for all His word,  
And praise Him by-and-by."

## A Christmas Legend.

IT was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast as Hermann, the charcoal burner, drew his cloak tighter around him to protect him from the cold blast. He had been to carry a load to the castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard he was poor,



BREAD MAKING.



SPINNING AND WINDING.

### VILLAGE SCENES.

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gaining barely enough to supply the wants of his wife and four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wail. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantly clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"