

when to Low, when to kneel, and when to cross themselves. They perform their part and the priest performs his, and at the close of the service the men come forward, kiss the sacred crosses on the huge Bible which none of them can read, cross themselves before the pictures of saints upon the walls, then hunt up their boots and shoes which they have left at the door (a thousand pairs of them), and go home. But where are the women and daughters? They are not allowed to enter the body of the house, but, closely wrapped in their white sheets from head to foot, they climb up the dark stone stair-way to a narrow gallery and sit behind a high lattice, where, unable to see or hear anything, they can only have a sociable by themselves. Such were the religious privileges of the 10,000 nominal Christians. There was deep moral and spiritual darkness, with very few rays of light.

The first Missionary was stoned out of the city by a mob, at the instigation of an Armenian priest, but a few earnest men gladly received the truth, and a little church was organized. Then followed Sunday-schools, prayer meetings, day schools, pastoral work, and the first converts, like Philip, brought many a Nathanael to Jesus.

Thirty years have passed. There are now in Aintab 2000 enrolled Protestants, two churches, more than 600 church members, admitted on the same conditions as in New England, two Sunday-schools with from 700 to 800 members in each, day schools for all the Protestant children, with gradations of primary, middle, and grammar schools. These two churches have their ordained and settled native pastors, with deacons, church committees, and various institutions of well organized Christian communities. For a dozen years they have managed they have managed their own affairs, and have paid the salary of their pastors and the current expenses of their

churches and schools. The Missionaries now have no control over them, and wish none. These two Churches are independent and self supporting, and are able henceforth to stand on their own feet and take care of themselves. The Missionaries found only one woman in the city who could read, but now nearly every woman in the Protestant Community can read her Bible.

Look into one of these Sabbath schools and see 800 men, women, and children study the Word of God. All are present who attend the preaching service. Both teachers and scholars give close attention to their work. There is many a man among them who can repeat the Bible story from Genesis to Revelation. An hour or two later they gather for worship. The preacher can readily speak three languages and read two more. He conducts the service after the manner of the evangelical churches in America, but the language, of course, is Turkish, which is understood by all his hearers. The hymns are the Turkish translation of the sweet songs of Zion which we have heard to a childhood, and are sung in the same old tunes by the whole congregation, all singing the same part.

If the prayers and sermon were in English, they would seem appropriate in our ordinary congregations in America. That kind-faced deacon near the pulpit helped stone the first Missionary out of the city. The man in the middle of the audience, with a deep scar on his brow, is a converted robber from a village near by. He is now clothed and in his right mind. There are many interesting characters in the audience, but we have not room to describe them. A third congregation of some 200 has recently been gathered in the lower part of the city, and is working its way up towards self-support.

Will you now look with me again into the old Armenian church? You hear again the service in the sacred language of the fathers, but at the close there is a sermon in Turkish by the priest, at the demand of his audience, who have learned from the Protestants that religious services should be *understood* as well as performed. Near by the altar stands an