

ler, Morton and Cuthbertson, and were thoroughly good. The attendance was no doubt made larger than it otherwise would have been by the circulation of dodgers through the town, by the agency of the small boy, a few hours before the meeting. One incident of the meeting must not be forgotten—the passing of a resolution expressing joy that Dr. Barbour is coming to the Congregational College, and calling on the churches to help the board to put the college on a footing suitable to its aims.

The churches in the district, and their pastors, are asked to bear in mind the meeting of the association to be held in Toronto to consider a revision of the constitution. A draft, containing the proposed changes, will be sent out in a week or two. C. S. PEDLEY.

Mission Notes.

MR. EDITOR,—The following is an extract from a private letter, written by Miss Macallum, which would, we think, prove interesting to the readers of THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT :

Monday evening, March 28.—Yesterday and to-day we have been all the time guarded by Turkish soldiers. As I write, there are ten on guard for the night.

The Greeks have been in a very bad frame of mind all winter. All the time they have been going from bad to worse. They always shouted after us, but they have been specially bad lately. The other day, when I was out, a woman pinched my arm, and called, "Evangelikos!" Last Sunday there was a great disturbance at the "Rest," and a guard of Turkish soldiers had to be called to protect Mr. and Mrs. Constantine on their way home. The Rest is rented by Misses Haworth and Gunstone, English ladies, so the Pasha sent for the English Consul, and said, "Now, I wash my hands of this whole affair; you must see to it." The English Consul at once closed the hall where Mr. Constantine preaches, and the next day the coffee-room and the room where the ladies have meetings (the coffee room is now re-opened). This, of course, encouraged the Greeks to believe that they could do just as they pleased, so a mob of them collected round the church yesterday while the Armenian service was being held, and commenced to hoot and howl and throw stones. Mr. Bartlett went to the American Consulate, and the Consul sent off at once for Turkish soldiers, and a guard of eighteen came up to the church. The mob came just as near them as they dared, and screamed; then the soldiers would make a sally, and the crowd would fall back. You don't know what a feeling it gave us to be sitting quietly in the church, and to know all the time that there were hundreds of people outside howling like wild beasts in their rage against us; part of the time the crowd amused themselves by throwing stones at

our windows; both in this house and in the new one a number of panes were broken. When meeting was dismissed, they caught the brethren after they had gone where the soldiers could not see them, and beat some of them, stoned others, and kicked others. Then the mob went to the houses of the Protestants, both Greek and Armenian, broke windows and doors, threatened to kill the people, went to Mr. Constantine's house and broke all the windows, reached up through the iron grating and tore the lace curtains from the windows, threw many stones—one struck poor Mrs. Constantine on the forehead as she was trying to lock the door against them—and there they raged and howled for hours.

The soldiers came, and at three, Miss Lawrence, protected by Mazar and three soldiers, went down (Dr. Constantine stayed with us). Miss Lawrence had an awful time getting down; they danced around her, shouting all the vile names they could think of, and several times the soldiers were discouraged, and said that they must go back. Poor Mrs. Constantine was glad to see her, and, after staying a while, came up here, and both she and her husband spent the night with us.

One of our day scholars, Vartouhie, a member of my Bible class, died on Sunday, and was to be buried at three o'clock, so Miss Jillson and I and a few others wanted very much to go. We did not have very much trouble going, but coming back there was a great crowd assembled, and they hooted and spat at us—poor Ariadne! they spat right in her face, and it was a girl who did it too. It has been one of the most dreadful things in this whole affair that the women have been so bad.

Last night we expected trouble, because it was the night of our Greek meeting, but we had a strong force of soldiers, and so everything passed off quietly. After meeting, a man took Mr. Constantine aside, and told him of a plot which had been made to murder him, the Greeks are so bitter against him. I wish I could tell you what splendid men these Greek brethren are. After all they have suffered and suffer every day, they come into meeting with their faces radiant, and are so eager to speak and pray. One who has suffered most said that he had never been so happy in his life, and even if they should kill him he would be glad to be the first martyr, and that all of his family were ready, even for martyrdom. Then so many spoke of the wonderful comfort they had from the Bible and prayer these days, how God seemed very near to them. It was one of the best meetings we have ever had. I used to think I loved the Bible—I believe I did—but ever since I came here, and especially since I came to Smyrna, I have loved it more and more; but these last few days have made it seem so precious that it seemed as if I never really loved it before. The Psalms