

a low stool is placed before you and upon this a large copper tray or table loaded with fruits and sweetmeats. These things depend on how much your hosts wish to honor you and on the wealth and position of the family. Cushions are placed about this low table, and the hostess invites you to be seated on one of these while she seats herself to serve you.

"You cannot refuse these courtesies unless you are very intimate with the family. You can often make this entertainment a pleasant introduction to the missionary work you wish to do in this very family, and, if you are wise and courteous, you may win the host and hostess—and this means the family. When you leave you say, '*Menak parce*,' 'May you remain in peace.' The host and hostess reply, 'May you go in peace.' The hostess always accompanies you to the door, and sometimes the host also, urging you to come again. This kind reception may be only Oriental politeness; but generally the people feel honored by your call, and it opens the door to kindly feeling which is great gain in your missionary work."

The above is a description of a reception in the city. The missionary also takes us into the poorer homes in the surrounding villages. Let us go with her into one of these village homes.

"The mother is a widow with three children. She greets us kindly and brings us a cushion to sit upon. There are few comforts in this dark room. The walls are black with the smoke of years; some of the timbers in the roof look like charred wood. The fireplace is in one corner, and consists of a hole in the earth lined with flat stones. Here the grass, 'which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven,' is piled, after being dried on the flat roof of the house, fire is added, then the village peat, making at first a great smoke, but finally a hot fire. The smoke fills the room, and everything is scented with the smell, as it slowly makes its way out of the hole in the roof, which is also the sky window, only one other being found in the room to let in light and air.

"The woman sits at your feet on the mat laid on the earth floor. You open your Armenian testament and read, 'Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' She is weeping. You ask her why she weeps. 'I know these things are true,' she replies; 'you are reading the words of Christ—I have heard our good preacher read them—I believe them; but I did not learn this till after my husband died, and I am afraid he did not know that Jesus prepares mansions in heaven for those that love Him.' How could I comfort her? I closed my Bible and asked the Lord Jesus to bind up her broken heart. Wiping her eyes with the corner of her coarse apron she looked into my face, saying,

"'Hanum, what shall I do? I wish very much to send Markareed to the city school.'

"'What can you do?' I replied.

"'I can make over the bed her father used.

I can wear his stockings and give her mine. She has an old dress, and I have enough blue and red homespun cloth to make her another. Then I have the yazma I had as a bride which will do for her head covering. I can't do more, except to get my neighbor to put her on top of a load of cotton and take her to the city.'

"'Let Markareed come,' I said, 'and I will do the rest.'

"God never requires His children to do more than they can, and I was sure He would open the way for Markareed. She came and made so much progress that, after the seven months' schooling under the American teacher, we sent her back to teach a girls' school in her own village under the care of her mother."

Among those who received instruction in the missionary Bible School was a blind youth who became so familiar with his Bible that his fellow-students dubbed him "Hamaparpap," and ever after he was known as Hohannes Hamaparpap, or John Concordance. After his studies were completed, he was sent to take charge of the work in Shepik, where was a struggling church steadily growing weaker and weaker. Under his preaching a gracious revival was begun which spread far and wide among the churches. A tender, loving spirit was manifested, and the pastors would often see the people in tears, old and young convicted of sin and enquiring, "How can I be saved?" All classes were reached. At one of the morning meetings, the worst man in one of the cities, who was so wicked that neither the Christian nor the Turk would claim him, was melted and, to the astonishment of all, arose to ask the Christians to pray for him that the merciful Saviour would not pass him by.

This manifestation of the Spirit's work not only raised the church to a higher plane, but also the whole community. More Bibles were sold, and the Scriptures were read with greater care: the schools increased largely in attendance; with the result that the missionaries were too few to carry on the work among the villages of the plain, and more men were called for to superintend the work which had so rapidly increased.

The churches in Harpoot and the surrounding neighborhood were among those that suffered during the recent reign of terror in Armenia. And when the time of trial came, the converts were not found wanting. Ichmeh was one of the villages visited by this terrible persecution. Gulaser, the most honorable among the Christians, was beheaded with a sword as he sat in his house. His brother, Boghos, nearly eighty years of age, was dragged from his sick-bed, stripped of his clothing and left to die. Gulaser's son Mardiros (Martyr) was imprisoned with many others in the Gregorian church. A few to gain their liberty accepted the Moslem faith and bound on the white turban, saying, "In a few days the English will deliver us; why should we die?"

Gregory, the pastor of the church, who was