

*THE BIBLE IN CENTRAL TURKEY.*

At Beilan, says Dr. Bliss, we saw a few of the Protestant brethren who are holding the truth in love and seeking to win others to Christ. We were especially interested in the preacher and his family, and two graduates of the Aintab Female Boarding School, now teachers at Beilan. A little "salt" and a little "light" are doing their appropriate work among the people who dwell in that beautiful "pass." Our second day's journey was only five hours, but one of exceeding interest. The scenery was very rich and varied. We had a fine view of the Antioch plain and lake. The city itself was hardly discernible, but its situation was easily distinguished. We stopped for the night at one of a cluster of khans. While waiting for our evening meal I took out my writing apparatus and began a letter. I had written but a single sentence when a young man approached and asked some questions. I at once laid aside my writing and entered into conversation with him. I found that he was an Armenian from Beilan. In reply to my question as to whether he could read he said, "I can read very little." I at once took out one of the Gospels in Turkish in the Armenian character and handed it to him. He took it and began to read quite slowly. After a time I asked him if he did not wish to buy it. He assented, and, inquiring the price, took out the money and paid for it. As he turned to leave I said to him, "Have you no friends in this place who would like to obtain for themselves a book similar to the one you have bought?" "I will see," he replied, and went out. Soon two other young men came and asked for the Testament and paid for two. Not long after others came and bought three more, making six copies in all.

Passing along the northern border of the Antioch plains the next day we rode through several Turkish and Koordish villages with dwellings made of reeds with thatched roofs. At one a woman made bold to come up to us and ask whence we came. When told that some of us were from Stamboul, she was eager to know the news from the war. A little conversation revealed the fact that her husband and son had gone to the war and no news had come from them. From another house a brother, from another a son, making ten individuals out of a small cluster of houses. The following day a Koord, a tall, straight, athletic man, with a keen, intelligent eye and open countenance, overtook our company as I was walking, leading my horse. Entering into conversation with him, I found that from each of ten villages near by from ten to