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W. Goodell

The Old AND **THE NEW** ;

OR

THE CHANGES OF THIRTY YEARS

IN THE EAST,

WITH SOME ALLUSIONS TO ORIENTAL CUSTOMS

AS ELUCIDATING SCRIPTURE.

BY WILLIAM GOODELL,

MISSIONARY IN CONSTANTINOPLE OF AMERICAN BOARD COMMISSIONERS
OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.

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INTRODUCTION.

“THE Changes of Thirty Years in the East!” How suggestive is every word in the title!

THE EAST! The birth-place of history, the cradle of religion. There *was* Eden; and there is Ararat, Bethlehem, and Calvary. Jerusalem is the mother of us all. A home-feeling have we towards all the prominent places of Judea. As often as we read the Holy Scriptures, our imaginations picture the hills, waters, and towns of that old world. We are more at home on Mount Zion than on Mount Olympus, on Lebanon and Olivet, than on the Quirinal and Capitoline hills, along the brook Cedron and the banks of the Jordan, than on that “mirific stream” which ran red with the blood of Adonis. Multitudes who never crossed the sea, daily visit Bethany and the shores of Tiberias; inhale the fragrance of the “goodly cedars,” and the “rose of Sharon;” and look out upon that “great and wide sea,” where floated the ships of Tyre. It is not strange that in a rude age whole nations were incited to enthusiasm to recover the sacred places of the East from the possession of the Infidel. Our hearts have an inalienable property in those localities, which are associated with our religion, and thither they betake them-

selves, as swallows to their nests; and now, in the best of senses, we purpose to recover unto the Lord,

“ Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

In every gallery in Italy there hangs a picture of that touching incident, recorded in Roman story, of a daughter visiting her imprisoned father, doomed to death by starvation, and nourishing his famished frame from her own bosom. Is the legend to have a higher fulfillment than poetry ever dreamed of? Sublime is the idea, that we, a young republic, occupying a country unknown to the world when pure worship was offered at Jerusalem and Byzantium, are now rendering back the currents of life to the superannuated, infirm, and dying civilizations of the East, from which our own life proceeded. As Abraham bought a burying-place for his family in Machpelah, in proof of his confidence in the promise of God, that all the land of Canaan would at last belong to his descendants, so the bodies of American missionaries sleep now in the plains of Mesopotamia, the mountains of Persia, hard by the Holy City, and in all the Empire of the Moslem, the pledges of our belief that all the East shall yet be recovered to the pure faith of the Son of God.

The defection of the Oriental Churches began while yet the last of the Apostles was upon the earth. The Seven Churches of Asia Minor seem to symbolize all the vari-

ous forms of opinion and practice which Christian communities would ever assume ; and the messages addressed to each, forewarned the world of the mode in which heresy and mischief threatened the Church of Christ. Fervid affection gave place to cold formalism, till Christianity wasted away, at length, to that ghastly skeleton of religion which it has long been in the East. The name remains, the spirit and the life are fled. The mummies of the Nile stand in their subterranean abodes, mute mockeries of the philosophic theory which first deposited them there, vainly waiting the return of those departed souls, which the doctrine of Metempsychosis had promised ; so the forms and sacraments of the Oriental Churches, deprived of their original life and truth, are but the memorials and monuments of a former religion, which, nevertheless, in God's own plan, will know the time of resurrection and restitution.

With the loss of love came heresy, divisions and dissensions ; for frosty metal is broken into fragments by the slightest blow. Then uprose from his sultry sands the Lord's Avenger, and drave the distracted flock at his imperious will. A mighty thing was Mohammedanism when its one masculine sentiment was young and vigorous—"God is a WILL, and man is his agent." It had armies, it had science, it had empire, it had MEN. Aggression was its life. So long as it pushed its way with energy, Pagan idolatries, Christian mummeries, and the subtle abstractions of so-called Christian disputants, went down

before it as chaff before the storm, and the religion of the False Prophet became the mighty empire which once it was in the world. Dead formalism baptized with the name of Christian, the sacraments of the Christian religion ossified into novel idolatries, and Mohammedanism in its varied phases of fatalism,—these are the principal objects within the scope of missionary endeavors in Western Asia.

The changes which have occurred in the East, during the present century, have been so many, and yet so gradual, that few properly appreciate them. Moving with a current we perceive not how swift and strong it is. Events which once were very extraordinary, are esteemed so no longer. In the year 1820, Dr. Worcester, then Secretary of the American Board of Missions, addressing the churches in this country used the following language: “By means of those establishments (missionary,) and mostly since our last address to you, more than thirty persons, belonging to five or six different heathen nations, have, in the *judgment of charity*, been brought to the spiritual knowledge of the truth.” This is announced as a great event, and in very guarded phrase, as if it were expected that it would meet with incredulity. Yet such advances have already been made that should we hear to-morrow that twenty thousand Armenians in the Turkish Empire had come to the spiritual discernment of the truth as it is in Jesus, it would not appear half so wonderful to us as the conversion of the first ten or twenty at the beginning of our modern evangelism.

The East has been largely *explored*. The veil of mystery which long concealed it from view has been withdrawn. Much which was once little better than dream-land, has been extensively visited by diplomatic authorities, military officers, adventurous travellers and religious missionaries. It is accessible in every part. Modern facilities for travel have been very extensively introduced. Steamers ply on the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. The mails are transported with all regularity across the sandy desert of Suez, and down the waters of the Red Sea. Baxter, in his day, yearned for the time to come when there should be some mode of access to the distant Turk. How much more is known now of every part of the Levant than when a twig taken from an osier fig-basket of Constantinople introduced the willow-tree into Western Europe. The military roads which Augustus Cæsar surveyed throughout the Roman Empire nineteen years before the advent of our Lord, some three or four thousand miles in extent, of immense advantage afterwards to those whose "feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," were very limited facilities for intercommunication compared with those which now expedite travel through all the waters of the Orient.

Forms of Eastern life and opinion have been made the object of earnest study. The time has come for a better analysis of all false religions, and the able Treatise of Prof. Maurice on the Religions of the East, is but one of the many investigations which Occidental minds are

yet to make of Oriental habits and opinions. That these religions should have existed so long, withstanding so many shocks of violence, and subtle airs of antagonistic faiths is reason enough why we should be wisely studious of the best method of approaching those who are under their influence.

Notwithstanding all the heresies and formalisms of Oriental Churches, it must not be forgotten that there is still a great amount of truth in their possession. They are not Pagans. They possess copies of the Holy Scriptures, though not in the vernacular language. The Word of God is still there, though it is made of no effect by means of traditions. It is overlaid by a superincumbent mass of error. Nevertheless, though it sleepeth, it is not dead. The labors of modern missionaries have given it a resurrection. They have translated it from the learned into the vulgar tongue. They have loosed it, and bade it go. An immense service is this which has been accomplished by the first corps of missionaries in the East. From its very nature it has created little noise and observation, but performed once, it need not to be repeated; it is a work done for all time, and those who follow have only to build upon these well-laid and strong foundations.

Many of the changes which have occurred in the Turkish Empire, have surprised and delighted the civilized world. Not long ago, the Turk was, in our language, a synonyme for barbaric despot; but now the Sultan is a pattern of toleration, the patron of justice and the pro-

tector of the persecuted. The Christian Hungarian found a friendly hospitality and a strong refuge in the shadow of the Crescent. We pretend not to comprehend all the aims and interests of diplomacy in the East. The Oriental Question is constantly assuming a new importance. A single glance at the map must satisfy any one that the possession of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus is of immense consequence to all those countries drained by rivers which flow into the Euxine and Caspian; and so must be involved in the political and commercial prospects of the Eastern Hemisphere. Enough now to know that the Turkish Empire has already felt and acknowledged the genial influences of European civilization, relaxed its ancient severity, come forth from its former seclusion, and attached itself, at many points, to the general interests of our species. Much, in these changes, undoubtedly, is due to the character of some of the foreign Plenipotentiaries resident at the Sublime Porte; particularly to Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador, the fast friend of liberty, letters and religion. His kind regard for our American missionaries at Constantinople, his sincere respect for their character, and cordial appreciation of their services, have been so distinguished, that when the history of his wise and manly diplomacy in the East shall be written in full, it may appear that the sound sense and Christian intelligence of those who have worthily shared his confidence, have not been altogether without an influence—no less powerful because

unobtrusive and silent—on the general condition and prospects of the Ottoman Empire.

The appearance of another book from the missionaries of the American Church, suggests a topic which richly deserves an ample and grateful consideration—the obligations of Literature and Science to Modern Missions. What valuable additions have been made during these last thirty years to the general knowledge of the world, by those who have gone into all the earth to bear the gospel of our Lord! By them how many languages have, for the first time, been reduced to writing. Into how many tongues has the Word of God been translated by their hands. We verily believe that more has been done in the science of Philology, Geography and Ethnology, indirectly, by Christian missionaries, than has been accomplished by all the Royal and National Societies of the world, making these objects their direct and exclusive pursuit. How much of the thinking and acting of the world just now is related to Christian philanthropy! The object of the missionary is purely and directly religious. But that object cannot be accomplished without opening new channels for human sympathy, drawing distant parts of the world into closer fellowship, and producing a thousand incidental benefits on the social and intellectual condition of the race.

Few words need be said by way of introducing the accompanying volume to the public, for its author has “praise in all the churches” of his native land. Of what

materials his nature is composed, may appear from the following letter, written by him to his own brother, wherein we know not which to admire the most, its purity of taste, its depth of pathos, or its simplicity of piety.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 18, 1843

MY DEAR JOTHAM,—The intelligence contained in your letter was not unexpected. Our father had attained to a great age, lacking only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days, but more full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. How long he had “borne the image of the earthly” before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind I know not; but I know he had long borne “the image of the heavenly.”

Though I can look back some forty-five years or more, I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, and prayer, and self-denial, of deadness to the world and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable, as in the church, of which in those days he was a member, there was scarcely one individual who could fully sympathise with him in his religious views. Those great evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own church never adopted into her creed, were his meat and drink. “*The raven, though an unclean bird, brought food to Elijah,*” was a common expression of his on returning from church where he had been able to pick out of much chaff a few crumbs of the bread of life. His privileges were few; prayer-meetings were unknown; the sum total, or about

the sum total of his library was the Family Bible, one copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Pike's Cases of Conscience, the second volume of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and the Assembly's Catechism.

But, though his means of grace were thus limited, yet, meditating day and night on God's law, his roots struck deep; and he was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whoever saw him riding on horseback would, if he kept himself concealed, be almost sure to see him engaged in prayer. Whoever should work with him in seed-time or harvest would find his thoughts as actively employed above as his hands were below. Whoever of the Lord's people met him by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would find him ready to sit down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend "what is the length, and breadth, and depth and height" of the love of Christ.

Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an indistinct recollection of the small house on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garret, floored with loose and rough boards, where twelve of us were born; and of the small clump of apple-trees before the door, where your elder brothers and sisters played in the days of their thoughtless childhood. There, with no lock to any door, and no key to any trunk, or drawer or cupboard; there, where, as I am told, nothing now remains but an old cellar, which may even itself, long before this, have

been filled up; there our godly father prayed for us with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit; there, on every Sabbath eve, he asked us those solemn, important and all-comprehensive questions from the Catechism; and there, with eyes and heart raised to heaven, we used to sing to the tune of Old Rochester,

“God my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.”

And there, too, our mother, of precious memory, though, as she died when you were but six months old, you remember her not—there she lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness and faith. There she used to sit and card her wool by the light of the pine knot, and sing to us those sweet words,

“Hov’ring among the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.”—WATTS.

And there, too, almost thirty-four years ago, we assembled early one morning in her little bed-room to see her die. Her peace was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation till she had actually crossed over into shallow water within one minute of the opposite banks of the Jordan—heaven and all its glories full in view. Precious woman! “*Were my children but pious,*” thou didst often say in thy

last long sickness, "*how cheerfully could I leave them and go away.*" But what thine eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since told thee: that the eight children thou didst leave behind, with all, or all but one of their partners, were partakers of that blessed Gospel "which was all thy salvation and all thy desire," and that three of thy sons were engaged in proclaiming it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers, and "*hath remembered his holy covenant,*" as we all are witnesses this day.

But before I close I must say something more of the early habits and character of our venerable father. The little farm he once possessed, if it were not all *ploughed* over, was, I am confident, almost every foot of it, prayed over. And some dried apples from it, which a subsequent owner sent me a few years since, were to me "as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." He was full of the millennium and of the missionary spirit, long before the existence of the present Missionary Societies; praying daily for both Jews and Gentiles—saying with the Psalmist, "Let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, all of them"—and like his uncle Solomon Goodell, was ready and desirous to contribute something for the spread of the glorious Gospel long before he had an opportunity for so doing.

He served three years in the revolutionary war; and I was struck with the fact you communicated of its being early on the morning of the memorable 4th of July, amidst the roaring of cannon, that he slept in peace.

And though to his children he left none inheritance, no not so much as one cent, yet in his godly example and prayers he has left them the very richest legacy which any father ever bequeathed his children.

It is a rare privilege we have all enjoyed in being descended from such parents. They were the children of the Great King. They belonged to the royal family. Their names were on the catalogue of princes, and of those that live for ever. They daily walked abroad with the conscious dignity of being heirs to a great estate, even an incorruptible inheritance. And they have now gone to sit down with Christ on his throne. "And they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more." I love to look back and see how, with no ambitious aspirings after worldly gain, or pleasure, or honor, they humbly walked with God—how from day to day they deliberately sought, both for themselves and for their children, first of all "the kingdom of God and his righteousness"—and how in this scoffing world they were so united to Christ as apparently to have no separate interest or existence—it not being so much "they that had lived, as Christ living in them!"

It was doubtless a mercy to them that they never at any time possessed much of this world's goods, and were at times reduced to great straits; and a mercy to us that we had to bear the yoke in our youth, and often to make our meal of salt and potatoes; and I have often found it in my heart to bless God for all his dealings with them and

with us. And why should we be anxious to leave our children any other inheritance than was left to us? If we leave them this, and they avail themselves of it, then, though *we* be dead, they shall still have a Father who will provide for them, and take care of them, and bless them, and make them happy for ever.

And is our father gone, who prayed for us so much? Let us be thankful that the Great Intercessor "*ever* liveth to make intercession for us;" and more than ever let us avail ourselves of his mediation and atonement, of his grace and strength, and of his righteousness and Spirit; and more than ever let us now pray for ourselves and for all our brothers and sisters. And is our father dead? Let us arise and give thanks to God that good men *may* die. Let us give *special* thanks that our father and mother are no longer in this world of sin and sorrow.—And let us be more careful than ever to "be followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises," being sinners saved by grace alone."

Of the Royal family indeed! Well may such an one appropriate to himself the lines of Cowper :

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The Son of parents passed into the skies !

It was the privilege of the writer, when a boy, to know the Rev. Mr. Goodell, then prosecuting his studies in the

Theological Seminary at Andover. His habitual cheerfulness, his merry laugh, his entertaining and instructive conversation, his kind and wise fidelity, were well fitted to plant in the mind of childhood the most agreeable associations with his name, which in subsequent life have ripened into the highest respect and affection. Few persons could be found in regard to sound sense, patient purpose, genial temperament and thorough preparation, better qualified for the delicate and important position he has occupied in Constantinople than the author of this volume. Solicited by the officers of the Missionary Board to revisit his native land after an absence of nearly thirty years, he brings with him the translation of the entire Bible into the Armeno-Turkish language, accomplished by his own hand throughout, from the original Hebrew and Greek.

The very day on which he finished this great work of his life, he wrote a letter to his former instructor, John Adams, Principal of Phillips Academy at Andover,—knowing well the deep interest which he would feel in the usefulness of his pupil, in which occurs the following sentence: “Thus have I been permitted, by the goodness of God, to dig a well in this distant land of which millions may drink; or, as brother Temple would express it,—to throw wide open the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem for all this immense population.”

Having visited many of the churches of America, Mr. Goodell returns to the East, the scene of his labors, and the home of his affections. This volume he leaves to

“Zion’s friends” and his, as a memorial of the noble cause to which he has devoted his whole life. Thousands will join in the prayer that his life may long be spared to the Church; and that when he enters the “City of God,” it may be his reward to greet multitudes from the land of his toils, who shall bless God for his service in opening the fountain out of which they have drawn that water which springeth up unto everlasting life.

W. A.

NEW YORK, 2 May, 1853.

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSIONARY'S RETURN.

“I rejoice in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again, wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.”—Phil. iv. 10.

AFTER an absence of near one-third of a century from our native land, where we once enjoyed to a high degree the friendship of the benevolent and the good, we have been permitted to revisit it. About one half of my own existence, and more than half of Mrs. Goodell's, had been spent in the East; and, when first invited by the Prudential Committee to return, we did not at first think of accepting their kind invitation. We had been so long away, and such great changes had in the meantime taken place, both in our own habits and among our friends at home, that we felt we should “know not the manner of the God of the land,” nor the latitude and longitude of any of the customs of this new generation. But the more we considered the subject, the more we deemed it our duty to make this visit; especially on account of our beloved children, three of

whom having already been several years in this country, we greatly longed to see; two others being ready to follow we could bring with us, while our three youngest could be left with dear friends at Constantinople, who kindly offered to take charge of them, as pledges of our return.

This visit we have now made; and, instead of regretting it, we see much, very much reason for thankfulness that God, in his good Providence, has permitted us to make it. During the almost two years of our sojourn here, I have travelled about eighteen thousand miles, generally by railroad, and no evil has befallen me. On almost every Sabbath I have spoken three times, and several times also during the week; and, of the hundreds of appointments made for me, I have not, through ill health, failed of fulfilling one. Everywhere we have met with the very kindest treatment. Everywhere we have been made to feel so much at home, that no one perhaps, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, could say with more propriety,

“I am monarch of all I survey.”

This visit has been a very refreshing one to our spirits. We have loved to look out upon the greenness, the freshness, and the verdure of your meadows and pastures, so different from those of the

East, which in summer are withered and dry from the scorching heat of the sun, and the long absence of rain; and to think what a good land it is, which the Lord God of your fathers has given unto you. We have loved to look upon your godly-minded farms, as they might almost be called, that is, farms cultivated with honesty, industry, and economy, and in many cases, too, "sanctified by the Word of God, and prayer," so unlike the dishonesty and indolence, the shiftlessness and oppression, with which all land in the East is ploughed, and every field is reaped. And, after having for so many years seen scarcely a face which was not more or less distorted by arrogance or cringing servility, by intolerance, bigotry, selfishness, or unjust suffering—we have gazed with delight on the ten thousands of happy countenances in this happy land, which are lighted up with such bright expressions of kindness, benevolence, and Christian hope.

"Here my best friends and kindred dwell,"

and how could we feel otherwise than at home among them.

Most of the fathers, indeed, and many also of their descendants, whom we used to know and love, are gone. But the blessed promise is fulfilled, "One generation shall praise thy works to another, and

shall declare thy mighty acts." And another rich promise has been thankfully remembered, and often repeated, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." That is, the children were to be so much better than their fathers and mothers had been, that they might well be called princes and princesses. So have we found it in regard to some of the present generation—and our fervent prayer is, that it may be so in regard to them all. And being received by all of them, not as strangers, but as fellow-citizens and joint heirs, we have felt that all things were indeed ours; these pleasant fields, and beautiful gardens, with all their fragrant flowers, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, we have enjoyed them all. In all our travels through this good land, we have met with the most hearty welcome, and have had the very best accommodations. We have had no taxes to pay, and no trouble with domestics, nor have we been burdened with any care or responsibility; and yet, during all our sojourn here, we have been like the possessor of a great estate, having "servants and maidens, men singers and women singers, musical instruments, and that of all sorts," for our special entertainment. The Bible promises a hundred-fold to those who suffer any loss for the truth's sake, but this good Bible always does better

than it promises ; and we here publicly acknowledge, for the encouragement of all others, that we ourselves, however unworthy to suffer, or to speak of suffering, have already received ten times nearer a thousand-fold, than a hundred.

From the West, we now turn our faces again towards the rising sun. And, "I suppose you like living there better than you do here," many have said to us. No, indeed, we do not go there for the liking of the thing at all ; for, if we sought our own comfort or pleasure, we should most certainly remain in this good land. No romantic views of missionary life beckon us back ; for we have had too long and too much experience in all the sober realities of this kind of life, to feel the influence of any such romance. No glowing speeches from venerated fathers in the church now inspire us with enthusiasm to return to the scene of our former labors—for "the fathers, where are they?" Their voices are silent in death, or faltering with age. No, it is only a strong sense of duty that urges us to return. The ties which bind us here now, are far stronger than those we were called to sever thirty years ago ; for we now have children here, unsettled in life, and without a home ; and to leave them in these circumstances, is to us a trial so great, that the separation from parents and brothers and sisters thirty years ago, seems

as nothing in comparison. Ourselves, and those so dear to our hearts, we commend to your prayers; and to your prayers do we commend that great and good work in which we have been so long engaged. We have, by the grace of God, been permitted to see much greater things accomplished than we had ever expected, even in our brightest days of hope and anticipation; and we are encouraged to go back and resume our labors in the East. We are indeed now advanced in life, and we cannot reasonably expect to do much more active service anywhere; but what little we may be able to do, we are better fitted to do in that country than in this. It is also more needed there than it is here, and the influence of it will, if the future be like the past, reach much farther there, than it would be likely to reach here. And O, may the Lord of life himself "abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

Some of the things that have happened to us during our sojourn in the East, with some of the mighty changes that have taken place there within the last thirty years, will be found in the following pages. And to all those whose hearts are interested in the cause of missions, are these pages dedicated.

And now, beloved friends, farewell. Friends and guides of our youth, those few of you who still remain below, together with the many recently ac-

quired in our old age, we bid you all an affectionate farewell. For the patience with which you have borne with our infirmities, and listened to our communications, and for all the numerous acts of kindness you have shown us, we thank you on behalf of Him, for whose sake you have done it, and who is abundantly able to bless you for it. In your pleasant dwellings we have often felt as though we were already occupying some of the "many mansions" in our Father's house; and in some of those upper mansions of His, we hope to dwell with you forever. And we are almost there, some of us certainly. A few more journeys, voyages, separations, trials, and changes, and we shall be there. Surely, then, "it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." With some of us the sun has been up a great while—it is already past the meridian; the shadows have lengthened, the day may come to a close much sooner than we calculated—and who can tell us whether we shall be favored with any twilight between the day of life and the night of death? "It is high time to awake," for others have been up and doing a long time, and have accomplished a great deal, and some of them, some who commenced life with us, and with whom we often sung, and conversed, and prayed, have already finished their work and

their pilgrimage, and gone to receive their reward. And their very names and memories, O how precious they are to us! And shall we not be stirred up to follow their faith and patience, that we, like them, may inherit the promises? Shall we not be daily rising higher from earth, and all that is groveling and selfish, and be stretching forth our desires towards that eternal happy home, where all the righteous dwell? And shall we not feel that to love, and serve, and honor Him, to whom we are indebted for every hope of that glory yet to be revealed, and even to suffer with him, or to make any sacrifice, however great, for his sake, is a privilege unspeakably great? an honor, of which we are altogether unworthy?

Soon after the author's return to the United States, he attended a meeting appointed for him at Schenectady, New York, where he was greeted with the following hymn, which was sung with much taste by the choir, under the direction of the composer, S. B. MARSH, Esq.

THE MISSIONARY'S WELCOME.

1. Brother! thou hast come to tell us,
Of the land where darkness reigns,
Where the heathen in his blindness,
Will not hear what God proclaims—
Thou art welcome—thou art welcome,
To thy father-land again.

2. Many years of toil and suffering,
Thou hast spent in Jesus' name;
Holding forth the blessed gospel,
Heathen nations to reclaim;
Now returning, thou art welcome,
To thy father-land again.

3. We have read—but now we see thee,
Servant of the most high God!
Pilgrim, though thou'rt worn and weary,
Tell us of thy works abroad;
We are ready, and will listen—
Tell us of the works of God.

CHAPTER II.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

“The same is a great city.”—GEN. X. 12.

THE latitude of Constantinople is about the same as that of New York city, but the climate is much less severe. It is situated in lat. $41^{\circ} 1' N.$, and long. $28^{\circ} 55' E.$ This city of minarets and of the Sultan is itself a great world. The population of the City Proper cannot be much less than eight hundred thousand. The number of houses within the walls of the city is eighty thousand. And, as very many of these houses contain each more than one family, and some of them more than two, it would not perhaps be deemed extravagant to reckon ten souls to a house; and this would give eight hundred thousand for the city itself. Including the large suburbs, therefore, the population must be more than a million. Scutari itself contains more than a hundred thousand; Pera and Galata with Topkhanah, full as many more; and Hass Keuy with Kassim Pasha, nearly as many more; to say nothing of the numer-

ous smaller villages on both sides of the whole Bosphorus, all of which, coming as they do under the police regulations of the city, may very properly be regarded as suburbs. One million and two hundred thousand may, therefore, be considered as a moderate estimate for the city and suburbs. This is a higher estimate than is generally given by travelers; but, if we take the number of Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, who pay the capitation tax, then double this number for the Mussulmans (they being supposed to constitute at least half the population), and then add as many as the sum total of all these for the women and children (which is certainly moderate), we arrive at just about the same result. No better data, than these two, we possess not, for a census is never taken; and both of these give us just about the same, viz.: *one million and two hundred thousand.*

This immense population consists of various communities, who for the most part live in separate quarters of the city and suburbs, and have their respective languages, costumes, customs, and religion. Their respective costumes, from head to foot, they were formerly not allowed to change; and, at whatever distance a man's dress could be distinguished, it would be known at once, whether he were a Mussulman, an Armenian, a Greek, or a Jew; and, if a Mussulman, whether he were a lineal descendant of

the prophet, or not.* But they are now permitted to change, and the whole tendency is towards that which is European. Instead of their respective turbans and kalpacks, they now almost universally wear the fez or red cap; and, instead of the long dress and the girdle, they now wear the frock coat.

The principal languages spoken at Constantinople are the Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and Spanish,—this last being a lingo of the Jews. And to these we might add the German, French, Italian, English, Persian, Russian, Bulgarian, and others. Indeed, whoever should walk slowly down the principal street in Pera, and should listen attentively, would be likely to hear eight, ten, perhaps twelve, or even more languages spoken in the course of half a mile. It is a proverb there, that the more languages a man can speak, so much the more he multiplies himself.

The Government is despotic; and, in times past, it must have been fearfully so. But the present reigning monarch is a prince of so excellent a character, that he has never to our knowledge been even accused of injuring any one in person or property; and this is certainly saying a great deal of one whose power is in a sense absolute. The title given him by his own subjects is generally that of Padi-shah, which means Emperor; or that of Hiunkiar,

* See Illustrations.

which signifies Blood Drinker, or a Dealer in Blood, —this latter title having doubtless in former times a terrible significancy. Except by Europeans, he is never called Grand Seignior,—this word not being an oriental one. Nor by his own subjects is he ever called The Sultan. Whenever they speak of him under this title, it is in connection with his own name, as Sultan Mahmood, Sultan Selim, or (the present one) Sultan Abd-ul-Medgid.

Of various matters and things relating both to Constantinople and to the Turkish Empire, of the operation of laws, of the frequent abuses, and of the very many improvements, the reader will find occasional notices in some of the following chapters.

CHAPTER III.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES AND HINDRANCES IN OUR WORK.

“When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.”

LUKE xi. 21, 22.

ONE of the difficulties of our mission is, the number of languages we have to acquire. Every Sabbath we preach in five different languages at Constantinople, viz.: English, German, Greek, Turkish, and Armenian. In three others also, viz.: French, Italian, and Spanish we have preached, and we might every Sabbath had we strength and time. I was myself called upon to lead the music every Sabbath, in four different languages, viz.: English, Greek, Turkish, and Armenian.

We sailed from New York, Dec. 9th, 1822, in the Brig *Shepherdess*, Capt. Storer. We stopped at Malta about nine months, and during this time both Mrs. Goodell and myself studied Italian. During the four and a half years we were at Beyroot, she

studied Arabic, and I attended both to Arabic and to Turkish. When we removed to Constantinople, I continued the Turkish, and she found it indispensable to learn Modern Greek. After several years, when the Spirit and Providence of God had brought us into close relations with the Armenians and with the Female Boarding School, Mrs. Goodell found it necessary to study both Turkish and Armenian. On account of our having removed from one Missionary field to another, we have had to stammer in more languages than we otherwise should. But every Missionary at Constantinople has to learn more than one language, and generally more than two. It will be readily seen, that this diversity of tongues is a great hindrance to us in our work. It is so in two respects; for, in the first place, it takes time to acquire these languages; and in the second place, it takes time to use them. Instead of addressing one great congregation at one and the same time in one language, we have to address several smaller ones at different times in different languages. As I said before, we have to preach in five different languages every Sabbath at Constantinople. The strong man there has armed himself strongly with this confusion of tongues.

Another great hindrance to us in our work is, the distance the members of our Armenian congregations

live from us and from each other. Constantinople is, with its suburbs, a great world. It is not there as it is at most other stations, where the people live almost within call of the Missionary ; or, at any rate, where they can come together for meetings almost at any time, by day or by night. At Constantinople, they are scattered over a territory of some twenty miles square. For some of them to attend a meeting takes up a whole day. Nor is it less difficult for us to go to them. Those who live nearer together, still often find a difficulty in attending *evening* meetings ; for all the gates are closed at sunset, and except in case of fire, they are, in general, not opened till morning. Thus the people can never go from the city to any suburb, nor from any suburb to the city, in the evening. Moreover, the streets there were never made for the night. It is difficult enough to walk in them by day. The pavements look like *break-neck* pavements. The streets are not lighted by a single lamp. No person is allowed to be out after dark without a lantern ; and sometimes, even with a light, he cannot be out after eight o'clock. Not unfrequently, also, the police purposely blow out the poor man's light, and then clap him into prison, unless he can buy himself off by a present. All these things at Constantinople have operated greatly to our disadvantage.

But, though the strong man armed thus kept his palace, yet a stronger than he has come; and in spite of every disadvantage and opposition, he has broken open that palace, and "led captivity captive."

It might be added here, that we ourselves have never yet lived in the capital, the city itself. No Frank is allowed to live there. We have always had to live in some of the suburbs, as Pera, Galata, Ortakeuy, Buyukdere, San Stefano, Bebek, &c.

Another great hindrance to us in our work, is the difficulty of finding suitable houses to live in; and the difficulty of getting into them, when we have found them; and the difficulty of keeping them, when we have once taken possession. I have myself had to pack up and move some thirty-three times, more or less, in twenty-nine years. If, according to the old proverb, three removes are equal to one fire, we have suffered no less than eleven fires. One we have actually and literally suffered. Though I have removed so often, I have still, at different times, occupied the same houses longer than most of my brethren. This necessity for frequent removals, arises in part from the conflagrations; in part from the exorbitant rents which are demanded, the moment we seem to be comfortably settled in a house; and sometimes from a vote of the station, on

account of the nature of our work. Much time is necessarily consumed in this perplexing business,—more weeks, more months, than the reader can well imagine.

On one occasion, the house we occupied was altogether too strait for my own family, and for the Female Boarding School, and after much research, I succeeded in finding at Galata a very suitable one for our purpose. I made a contract with the owner; I paid him the money one year in advance; I packed up all my things to remove; when lo! the police interfered, and would not permit us to move one step. I complained to our minister at the Sublime Porte, and he represented the matter repeatedly and strongly to the Turkish Government, but it was without any avail. The government absolutely refused a permit. It was in the time of persecution; and the government, instigated by the Armenian “principalities” and hierarchies, pretended to fear that one inch of remove with our few little girls, would so disturb the balance of moral power, as most surely to turn that part of the world “upside down.” After some weeks of delay and fruitless negotiations, we had to unpack all our things, and remain in our confined quarters. But there was room for One more,—One, greater and better than all the rest,—to come and take up his abode with us; and no

police on earth could be vigilant enough to prevent his coming. "Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not;" and whom for the same reason the world cannot circumscribe, or confine by bolts and bars. No; all the potentates and powers of the earth combined could not prevent the Spirit of all life from breathing upon us there, nor were our accommodations so narrow as to preclude his dwelling with us. With his presence, although in our confined quarters, we enjoyed most precious seasons; and we doubt not, the "Lord will count when he writeth up the people, that this and that one were born there" in those very circumstances. 'A stronger than the strongest armed' came and took possession, and we beheld his glory, and enjoyed his presence; and his favor, with the enmity and rage of the whole world, is infinitely better than his curse, whoever and how many soever may bless.

Let me here mention another circumstance, which has been a serious impediment to us in our appropriate Missionary work at Constantinople. Being at the capital of the Turkish empire, we have had to spend a good deal of time in securing protection for our brethren in the interior, and in answering charges preferred against them by their enemies to the Turkish Government. We have sometimes had to devote much time and to employ all our thoughts

in devising ways and means to counteract these false charges, and one of our number has had to spend days, and even weeks, in executing; that is, in efforts, often fruitless, to procure from government a single document necessary for the protection of our brethren at one of the interior stations; while, at the same time, several other documents would be called for by brethren at other stations for themselves or the native brethren, to be taken up by us in order, each one separately, and each one requiring the special and, perhaps, frequent consultation of all the members of our station, and each one requiring the special care, and discretion, and time of a brother for weeks, in efforts to execute what was called for. In secular but necessary works of this kind, or of similar kinds, pertaining to our own station or to other stations, one of our number was so much employed for several years, as not to do anything of that spiritual work, in which a Missionary is always supposed to be engaged. I say "*necessary*" work, for though secular it was necessary. I might indeed say, it was *missionary* work, for a Missionary had to do it. Still it was of course a great hindrance to us in what was more appropriately our work as Missionaries.

In this connection, it might be said that, though there are more Missionaries at Constantinople than

at any other of our stations, yet but comparatively few of them are exclusively devoted to that station. Those brethren who are connected with the Bebek Seminary, and with the Female Boarding School, belong rather to the whole mission, than to any particular station. Those Seminaries, and of course the brethren connected with them, belong to Broosa, Smyrna, Trebizond, Erzroum, Ain-tab, &c., as well as to Constantinople. The labors of those brethren are directed for the public good, and not with reference to Constantinople in particular.

The same also may, in a measure, be said of those at Constantinople who are engaged in translating the Scriptures, or preparing other works for the press. They work for the whole mission, rather than for that particular station. Sometimes the calls from some of the interior stations for a particular book or books we are preparing for them, are so loud and imperious, that we feel constrained to let everything else go, and bend all our efforts to complete what is so earnestly demanded. These things can be better done at Constantinople than anywhere else; and the Seminaries should most manifestly be located there rather than at any other station. And the brethren engaged in these labors do, in fact, a great deal for Constantinople itself, but it is done indirectly. Would you see the *full* fruit of their labors, go to

Ain-tab, to Nicomedia, and to many other places where the work of the Lord commenced, and where it has been greatly helped forward, by the books and the teachers that went forth from Constantinople.

So of our brethren who are connected with the press at Smyrna. If you would see the fruit of their labors, you must go to Constantinople, to Ain-tab, and to many other places; and you will see enough to excite the liveliest praise and gratitude, however little you may see at Smyrna itself. Those brethren labor for the whole mission, and not for their particular station. They are influenced by what the whole mission demands of them, rather than by what their own station demands of them. Still they are able to do much, indirectly, for their own station; and a church of the living God has been recently organized there.

“Brethren, pray for us.” You see some of our many difficulties and hindrances; and I could mention many more. But though we often have to employ our thoughts and our hands very differently from what our patrons and friends at home generally suppose, yet “we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly.” Will you help us by your prayers?

CHAPTER IV.

CHARACTER OF THE RELIGION.

“Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me; the new moon, and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with: it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.”—Is. i. 13.

“And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.”—Is. i. 15.

THERE is an abundance of religion in the East, but it is all ceremonial. The Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, and others, are, all of them, as Paul said to the Athenians, *most superabundantly religious*. But this religion of theirs has little or nothing to do either with the heart or with the life; that is, it is not necessarily supposed to exert any influence on a man's moral character. It has little or nothing to do with the religion of the Bible—it is a thing of their own manufacture. And, according to their practice, a man may be most highly religious, and at the same time most grossly immoral. The two things, viz., religion and morality, have, in their practice, if not in their apprehension, no necessary connection, but are entirely divorced from each other.

Travelers often speak of the people of those countries as being very sincere, conscientious, and praiseworthy, in respect to their devotions; and they would even hold them up as an example for Protestant Christians to imitate. And yet these same travelers would apply the term bigot, fanatic, hypocrite, or some such odious epithet, to every sincere Christian who should pray, as some of those people do, in the streets, in the coffee-shops, in the public places of resort, in the midst of business, or wherever they might happen to be, when their hour for devotion had come.

“But look, they are not ashamed to pray anywhere,” said a gentlemen to me one day. Yes, I replied, and so a man in America is not ashamed to wash his hands anywhere. And why should he be? He would be ashamed not to do it, that is, if his hands needed washing. It is the custom to do it. Everybody does it. Nobody would be admitted into good society without doing it. But if, for a man to wash his face and hands implied that he feared God, that he kept himself unspotted from the world, that he was leading a conscientious, heavenly life upon earth, and was acting constantly with reference to eternity—worldly men would then be as much ashamed to be seen washing their hands, as they are now ashamed of prayer, or of Christ’s ordi-

nances. But it is not done out of regard to Christ, nor does any one ever suppose it to be so done. It implies nothing of this kind, it expresses nothing of this character. Now, it is just so of the prayers of those people. Everybody prays. It is the custom to pray. It is the law to pray, and for some of them five times a day. A man, thus bound by law, would be ashamed not to pray. He would be afraid not to pray. He would be hissed out of society, or what is more probable, sent out of the world—would lose his head, if he refused to pray. And his prayer implies no more as to his moral character, than the custom with us of washing one's hands, or shaving one's beard. I am aware that these remarks are very sweeping, and there are, I know, honorable exceptions to them. But I speak only of the general impression, and of the general state of things in regard to all classes of the people.

The fact is, nobody in those countries ever expects to find a man more honest, more hospitable, more benevolent, more heavenly-minded, because he prays. Should any of us be traveling in the far West, and be overtaken by darkness in some very obscure looking place, and be compelled to seek shelter for the night in some hut, where the inmates looked more like the savage than the civilized, we might have some fears as to our personal safety.

But if before retiring to rest we should see the head of that family take down the good family Bible, and read a portion of God's blessed Word, and sing with his family a hymn of praise to their Redeemer, and then offer a fervent prayer with them, and for them, and for the people of that place, and for our common country, not forgetting the strangers present; all our fears would vanish at once, and we should feel as safe as though we were in our own father's house.

But not so in the East. Nobody there ever feels that his life and property are in any degree the more secure, because he has fallen into the hands of those who are accustomed to pray. No one is ever supposed to be the less covetous, the less selfish, the less impure, the less a cheat, a gambler, a liar, a defrauder, a robber, a murderer, because he prays. Nothing is farther from his own thoughts, or the thoughts of the bystanders, than that his prayer should exert any transforming influence upon his own character.

In the first place, as I have already said, he is obliged to pray, whether his heart be in the service or not; and, in the second place, he knows not what he prays, the prayers being always in an unknown tongue. Those at Constantinople, who pray in Arabic, speak only the Turkish. The Maronites of

Mount Lebanon, who speak Arabic, always pray in Syriac, a language they understand not. The Greeks pray in ancient Greek, the Armenians in ancient Armenian, the Jews in Hebrew, the Catholics in Latin, the few Christians found in Egypt, in Coptic,—all of which are to them dead languages. Whenever they have any business transactions with their neighbors about temporal and trivial matters, they are always careful to speak in a language which they understand. But whenever they have any business with their Maker about their eternal interests, it is always done in a language which they understand not. As might be supposed, there is sometimes, both at the synagogue and in some of the churches, a great deal of noise and of conduct highly indecorous. But in the mosques there is never anything of the kind. The appearance there is always that of earnest devotion. And so it is, when any individual of that faith rises up to perform his devotions by the wayside. Though his prayers are in Arabic and not Turkish, yet his attention seems wholly absorbed, and he goes through the form of words with the greatest external propriety. How his thoughts may in the meantime be employed, it is not for us to say; but we find great difficulty in controlling our *own* thoughts, even when we understand the words we use.

I was once sitting with some of my family under the shade of a large tree, and two individuals came and sat down there, one of whom commenced telling the other a long and very amusing story. This other, happening soon to look at his watch, be-thought himself of his prayers, and he immediately arose and entered upon them with all earnestness. The story-teller, in the meantime, continued his story, and did it with as much emphasis and enthusiasm as though the other was giving his undivided attention to it, which, in fact, subsequently proved to be the case, for, when he had finished his devotions, and had taken his pipe, and resumed his seat by the side of his companion, he only asked one question, about a part of a sentence. Of his own prayer he had understood nothing, it being in an unknown tongue; but of the story he had understood every thing, except two or three words of one sentence that had escaped him.

All the nominally Christian sects in the East considered us, your Missionaries, to be without religion. They said we were very honest, very benevolent, very moral, and very good; but we had no religion. They had all the religion, and we had none. True, we kept the Sabbath, had family prayers, observed occasional fasts, and administered the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper. But we made nothing

of these outward things. We did not take them for our Saviour. We placed no dependence on any such like performances for salvation. In their estimation, therefore, we had no religion. The distinction they make between the religious and the moral character of an individual is very singular. With us there can be no religion without morality—but with them, the religious has very little (or perhaps I should say nothing) to do with the moral character.

An instance, which came under our own observation, will set this in a very striking point of view. When we were at Malta in 1829, two Greeks, notorious for their piracies, and other crimes, were brought into the place, and were tried, condemned, and executed there. In the course of the trial, it appeared that some beef and anchovies on board one of the English vessels which they pirated, were left untouched by them; and the circumstances under which they were thus left, appeared to the court so extraordinary, that the culprits were asked the cause of it. They promptly replied, that it was at the time of their great fast, when their church ate neither meat nor fish; and God forbid they should think of committing such an awful sin. Now these men appeared to be most hardened and abandoned wretches, enemies alike to their own and to every other nation, and yet most rigidly maintaining their religious

character. While they were robbing, plundering, and murdering, and while they were stealing women and children from their neighbors the Greeks, and selling them into captivity to the Turks, they would have us understand, that they were not so heathenish as to taste of meat or fish when prohibited by the canons of their church. Now, supposing that, while they were in the act of committing murder, a single drop of the blood of the victim had, by means of the blows inflicted, been spattered on their lips, and thus, by chance, passed into their mouth, the high probability is, that they would have felt in continual danger of perdition until they could have visited some church, and confessed to some priest the dreadful sin of having thus unwittingly tasted something of an animal nature in the season of Lent. I do not indeed affirm that they would have manifested such ignorance and superstition as this; but it would not have given me any surprise to hear that they did—and to hear, moreover, that they derived their principal hopes of success in their horrid traffic, from the strict attention they paid to the requirements of their religion. Those men, doubtless, kept a lamp burning before a picture of the virgin, night and day. One of them wore in his bosom a piece of what he called the very cross of our blessed Saviour; and, when this was taken from

him, he was greatly troubled, for he thought he was now in danger of being killed—whereas he supposed before, that not even a cannon ball could touch him.

After their condemnation, a priest of their church, living in Malta, hastened to confess them, for they had but three days to live; and the account he gave of them was, that they had both of them been very religious men, that is, careful to observe all the requirements of the church—and as such he gave them the communion. And yet one of them was employing the last precious hours of probation in writing an indecent song, in which he bequeathed three potions of poison to his wife, directing her to take them morning, noon, and night, and jocosely informing her that he was about to be married at Malta—representing his tragical end as the nuptials, the gallows as his bride, the tomb his mother-in-law, &c. In short, he appeared to feel that he had always been a strictly religious man, that he had now confessed and obtained absolution for all that, wherein he might have, at any time, failed of being religious, and that of course he had now nothing to do but to indulge himself in the coarsest ribaldry about the most solemn subjects.

You will doubtless say, that this was an extreme case; and I suppose it was so. But still it shows

the nature and tendency of all the religion of the East. All the religion of the East, under whatever form professed, partakes more or less of this character. Men in that part of the world have universally imbibed such erroneous ideas respecting sin, that correct notions of what sin really is, and what it is not, can scarcely be said to have an existence. They put darkness for light, and light for darkness. When I have reproved persons for the most barefaced falsehood, dishonesty, or any other immoralities of which they were guilty, they would not unfrequently reply, "This is not religion, this has nothing to do with religion, this is only a wordly affair." They know, indeed, that these things are not altogether right—but still they are not the great crying sins which their priests condemn, and which debar them from the privileges and ordinances of the church. And what that distinguished ecclesiastic, who was in this country a few years ago, said of his own countrymen, can be said in general of all the people of the East. "My people," he said, "will tell lies till they can find no more to tell; and then they will perhaps say some truths till they have time to manufacture some more lies." Truth is fallen in the streets there, and equity cannot enter. There is not a straight line there in any man's head. And there is not a correct thought there in any man's heart about

God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, probation, salvation, the Gospel—almost everything of a moral nature is most awfully crooked and wrong. The priests, as a body, have little or nothing to do with the moral character of the people. Their business is understood to be with religion, and not with morality. And, whenever they meddle with the moral character of the people, it is often for the sake of increasing their religious character at the expense of their moral. That is, the more grossly immoral they may be, so much the more strictly religious they must become—must be so much the more attentive to their fasts and feasts, repeat so many more “ave Marias,” burn so many more candles before the picture of some saint, or make so much the greater benefaction to some church.

It is not, then, *religion*, which your Missionaries have any occasion to carry into those countries. There is enough of that there already. All classes of people have a superabundance of it. They have prayer books, liturgies, ordinances, and ceremonies without end. They need import no more. What they already have they had much better export. Or rather, as it is not needed in any other country, they had better throw it all overboard, and be like the people at the Sandwich Islands, when the first missionaries arrived there. When our Saviour told

his disciples that, except their religion exceeded that of the scribes and Pharisees, they could have no place, no part, no portion in his kingdom, he did not mean that, because the Pharisees fasted twice a week, they must exceed them in this respect, and fast three or four times, in order to be saved. Nor did he mean, that they must try and infuse a spirit of life into all that dead formalism of the Pharisees. But he meant, that they must utterly renounce the whole of that pharisaism, and all that sort of righteousness, and possess something of an entirely different character. They must not so much as make use of those old bottles to put this new wine of the Gospel in. Let those old bottles, and everything belonging to them, perish. Let all those old rites and ceremonies go forever, and never again be once named among saints. They do not agree with these new doctrines of Christ. There is no fitness, no congruity between them. And, if these new doctrines be mixed up with them, they will lose all their force, and spirit, and life, and perish with the old. Let not a single 'new, good piece of cloth be put upon those old,' tattered, worn-out, thread-bare garments; it makes nothing better, it makes everything worse. What improvement can be made in that which is "the worse for mending," and "the more foul for washing?"

Let us ask, then, what is the character of our own religion? Is it worth carrying with us all the way through the world? Shall we not have to leave a good deal of it on the banks of the Jordan, before passing over into the promised land? And if so, why should we be burdened with it now? Let us at once cast off from our religion everything, which we cannot swim with across the Jordan. And let us pray earnestly for those who, encumbered with so many shackles of this kind, will assuredly sink, and never rise again, unless the grace of God come to their rescue.

CHAPTER V.

A CAUSE, AND A CAUTION.

“Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not.”—JOHN, xiv. 17.

THE question is often asked, How could those Oriental churches become so corrupt? The plain answer is, that the Gospel, being something spiritual, cannot therefore go down to posterity from father to son, like an estate, or like the religion of pagans, of Confucius, or of others. So far, indeed, as Christianity has become a mere ecclesiastical or national concern, it stands on the same level with those other religions; that is, in all these outward respects it can descend from father to son, like any of the religions of human invention, as the Protestant, the Lutheran, the Papal, the Greek, the Armenian, and others. But the grand distinctive feature of the Gospel is, that it is spiritual, and that as such it has to do with the spirits of men. In this respect it cannot be inherited, but has to be as distinctly received by each individual separately, as though it had never been accepted before by any one in this

world. All the individuals of every new generation must accept it with as distinct an act, as though it were the first time they had ever heard of it. And, because it is spiritual, and of course invisible, it has to be received, not from man, and under a worldly influence, but directly from God, and under a divine influence. Whoever thus receives it, enjoys all its eternal privileges; and whoever leaves it to come to him in some natural, or (if you please) supernatural way, without any such distinct and marked acceptance of it himself personally, will never possess any of its spiritual advantages. The Gospel, then, should be carried to every new generation, as though it had never been carried to the preceding one; and its claims should be urged upon them, as though these claims were now put forth in this world for the first time; and the same dependence on the Holy Spirit to bring it into saving contact with the spirits of men, should be felt and acknowledged now, as in the very first days of Christianity. No new mode of exhibiting the gospel need be invented in order to give it a new appearance; for the gospel is itself Good News to all nations, and to all ages, and it is equally fresh and good from generation to generation. It is just as fresh and good now as it was eighteen hundred years ago. And it should be always preached and always re-

ceived, not as an old story, but as news fresh from heaven; otherwise all that which is spiritual and saving in it ceases, and only the mere shell, the dead form, remains; and dead forms and ceremonies, though multiplied without end, will never supply the absence of spiritual life. Let, then, all the churches in our land take warning. And whatever else they may forget, let them never forget this—"It is the Spirit that quickeneth." Where there is no Holy Spirit there is no sign of life. The Gospel is a dead letter. No man uses it; only the dead forms are used.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR DESTINATION.

“There are many devices in a man’s heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.”—PROV. xix. 21.

“A man’s heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.”—PROV. xvi. 9.

IT is now more than thirty years, since we went to “the land of the people of the East;” and you will probably be surprised to learn, that we have never been to Jerusalem. Though we were for several years connected with the Palestine mission, and though, when we left America, our destination was Jerusalem, yet we have never been there. When we landed at Beirût, which is situated at the foot of Mount Lebanon, we found it too late in the season to think of going farther with our families; and we were under the necessity of taking a house there for the winter, but it was done with the full expectation of leaving it in the spring, and removing to Jerusalem. When, by the strong recommendation of our good brother Fisk, I commenced learning the Turkish language at Beyrout, it was under the full impression that

my head-quarters would be at Jerusalem; for at Beirût only the Arabic was spoken. But the Lord has led us by a way that we knew not. After some of our number had visited Jerusalem, and spent the winter there, it was thought best that we should form a station at Beirût, before commencing one at Jerusalem. But though we lived at Beirût for several years, and during all this time we were within one hundred and fifty miles of Jerusalem, and, although during all the years (near twenty-nine) of our sojourn in the East at Malta, at Beirût, and at Constantinople, we have always been within a few days or hours' sail of the ancient Joppa, the nearest port to Jerusalem, "whither the tribes go up;" yet we have never been up there. We never dared go. We never felt that duty called us there. We could not, in general, go without using that money which the churches had placed at our disposal exclusively for Missionary purposes, and not for the sake of gratifying any curiosity of our own, in visiting places of celebrity. And our work in the East has been any thing rather than a work of romance. Christian travelers, friends from this good land, have, indeed, offered to bear all our expenses, if we would accompany them to the holy city; but we never dared even do this, for we never felt that our time was our own. Our hands have always been full of

business. Pleasant, indeed, would it have been for us to go and "see the place where the Lord lay," to walk where he walked, weep where he wept, and pray where he prayed. And very pleasant would it be now, could we tell you that we had 'walked about Zion, and counted the towers thereof;' and that our feet had actually stood on that very Mount Olivet, whence our Saviour "ascended up where he was before." It would be very pleasant could we say that we had thought of you amidst those sacred scenes, and had brought you an olive leaf plucked off from some of those ancient trees in the Garden of Gethsemane; or a few wild flowers from Bethany, the pleasant village of Martha and Mary, where our blessed Lord so loved to retire for the night, after having been contradicted and insulted and grieved all day by proud Pharisees at Jerusalem. Very pleasant would it be could we show you a willow, or even a pebble, from the banks of the Jordan; or could we offer you a pomegranate from the fields of Boaz, where David's great grandmother gleaned after the reapers, and where, centuries afterwards, the angels came flying down to tell the shepherds of David's Lord, the babe of Bethlehem. But we have not been permitted to gratify our own curiosity in this respect, nor can we now gratify yours. Our hands, as we said, have been full of other work.

“The rose of Sharon,” and “the lily of the valley,” which once so flourished in Palestine, had become entirely extinct there; and it was found necessary to transplant them from other climes, and to cultivate and water them with the tenderest care. These ‘roses of Sharon,’ and these ‘lilies of the valley,’ we have been engaged in transplanting. And, blessed be God! you will now find them in all their fragrance, and beauty, and loveliness, not only at the foot of Mount Lebanon, and up the steep sides of that goodly mountain, but even in the city, and gardens, and suburbs of the great Sultan Abd-ul-Medgid, and in greater or less abundance in many of the cities, and towns, and villages throughout that vast empire. And, if you will ‘get up early to some of those gardens, to see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth,’ you will be filled with most grateful surprise; ‘finding at the gates all manner of pleasant fruits;’ and, ‘before you are aware of it, your soul will make you like the chariots of Amminadib.’

In some of the following chapters the reader will have a panoramic view of some of these gardens.

CHAPTER VII.

IMPORTANT CHANGES.

“The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

PSALM CXXVI. 3.

WHEN we first went into those countries, the Turks walked proudly about with their bosoms stuffed with pistols and yataghans; and certainly they were very terrible in their appearance. To us they were like the Anakims of old, of whom it was said, “Who can stand before these sons of Anak?” The very sight of them made us tremble. In those days the head of a rayah, *i. e.* of a native Christian or a Jew, was not so safe as the head of a dog; for the dogs have always been protected by Mussulmans, even to a proverb; but not so those poor people. Human life was less sacred than the myriads of sea-gulls that are found in the harbor of Constantinople, or than the ten thousands of porpoises that play in the waters of the beautiful Bosphorus.

Two Janizaries swaggering along in the streets of Constantinople, in those dark times, would see a

Greek walking at a little distance before them, and would lay a wager that they could shoot him down; and one of them would immediately fire upon him; and, whether the man was killed or only wounded, it mattered nothing to them; they would walk on, as though nothing had happened; and no notice would be taken of it by the police. It was then a proverb, literally a true one, that the hat of a Frank was more safe than the head of a Greek. That is, the head of a Greek was much more likely to be cut off, than the hat of a European to be knocked off, or even touched. Those Janizaries had become lawless, and they were terrible even to the Sultans themselves; for, like the Prætorian guards at Rome, whom they would they set up, and whom they would they put down. But that whole order of Janizaries has been since destroyed. By the late Emperor, Sultan Mahmood, a man of mighty energy, and the first of his race to introduce reforms, that order was in 1826 so utterly annihilated, that it no longer has any existence.

But to return to those dark times. One of our oldest friends in Constantinople told us, that as he was one day returning home, towards evening, from his shop in the Bazars, he saw sitting before the door of a coffee-shop two of these Janizaries, one of whom had a new yataghan, which he was brandishing and

admiring. He immediately beckoned to our Armenian friend to go to him. He went. He dared not refuse to go; for to refuse would have been death. The Janizary told him that he had just bought that new yataghan, that he had never had an opportunity of trying it, and that he was then going to try it on him. Now this with us would be a mere joke, and it would be so considered; but it was no joke there and then. Our friend began to plead for his life; he wept; he wrung his hands in anguish of soul; he said he had a large family dependent on his labors for their daily bread; he bowed down at the feet of this monster of cruelty, and kissed the hem of his garment; and he entreated with such importunity that his life might be spared, that the other Janizary, appearing to be moved by the poor man's entreaties, and to feel some compassion for his children, said to his comrade, *Kanzir ghitsin*, that is, *Let the hog go*. And he let him go. And our friend, pale as ashes, and trembling in every limb, went home to give thanks in his family for his wonderful escape. Had he been cut off in that summary way, his body would have been dragged out of the city and thrown into the Bosphorus, or into some hole, and his family might not have known for several days what had become of him. They would have sent in every direction, but, learning nothing, and at length hearing of this

case, they would take it for granted that this must have been their own father. When the first Evangelical church of Christ was organized in Constantinople in 1846, I saw this old man stand up as one of its first members, and subscribe with his own hands unto the Lord. And when, a few days afterwards, the first native pastor was ordained over that church, I saw that same old man standing up with the other members, while the tears were streaming down his furrowed cheeks; and, as soon as the service was ended, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Soon afterwards that old man went, as we have reason to hope, to join the general assembly and church of the first-born above.

But those dark times have passed away, and can hardly be expected to return. The sun is up at Constantinople, and, with the enlightened policy of the present reigning Emperor, nobody can make it again dark. True, the dogs of the street, though less numerous and less savage than formerly, still enjoy protection, and the sea-gulls and porpoises still play in the Bosphorus unmolested; but those nominally Christian communities, together with the Jews, have also now *their* Magna Charta, and both life and property are now comparatively secure, under the mild sway of Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid. Even their

testimony against a Mussulman is now admitted in a Turkish court of justice. Formerly, this was not the case. No testimony of Armenians, Greeks, or Jews against a Mussulman was ever admitted; but the testimony of two Mussulmans, though they might be worthless characters, whom you might pick up in the streets, and hire for a small compensation to testify to anything you pleased, was sufficient to nullify the whole combined testimony of all those great communities. But it is not so now. Through the untiring efforts of the British Ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning (now Viscount de Redcliffe, he having been most deservedly advanced to a peerage), this great change has been recently effected.

But in those olden times, for a man to be rich was almost equivalent to his being guilty of high treason. For were any one suspected of possessing wealth, he was almost sure to be cut off suddenly without judge or jury; and some high misdemeanor, some great political offence being then assigned as the cause, all his property would be confiscated. No man, therefore, dared make a display of wealth, even if he possessed it; but his house, instead of looking like a palace, looked from without as though it were a decayed, neglected, uninhabitable place. It was often entered by a very low and narrow door, the approach to which would purposely be amidst such filth, carrion, and ruins, as to seem almost impassable.

Sometimes, instead of capital punishment for the crime of being rich, what was considered an equivalent, or more than an equivalent, was taken. We knew a man, who was at the head of the custom-house in Beirût, Maalim Aiyooob, that is, Job the Learned. This man had of course many opportunities by right or by wrong of acquiring wealth, and he never neglected them. But just as soon as he had acquired it, the Pasha of St. John d'Acre would send up, have him seized, put to the torture, and he would in this way press him as you would press a sponge, till he had drained out every drop of that precious elixir from him. He would then take him out of prison, and permit him to come to St. John d'Acre in order to kiss the hem of his garment, would give him a new pelisse, reinstate him in his office at Beirût, and afford him every facility for again gratifying his greedy appetite for wealth; and, just as soon as he obtained it, he would put him right under that vice again, and give him another gripe. And this he did three times within a few years. Poor Maalim Aiyooob! He always seemed to feel that he was greatly honored by the Pasha in being permitted to go so often, and kiss the hem of his garment, and receive every time a new robe of honor. Instead of losing his head, as would have been the case with most of those in his situation, he was, on the con-

trary, reinstated in his office as being proved and found free from all crime. Thus he labored, as it were, in the very fire, and spent his strength for nought. And yet, strange to say, that man always seemed as intent on getting wealth, as though that were the answer to the first question in the Assembly's Catechism, What is the chief end of man? What is man made for?—as though he had been made for nothing else—vainly hoping each time to elude the vigilance of the Pasha. But are not all worldly men guilty in a greater or less degree of the same folly? For what difference does it make, whether Abd Allah Pasha has our property, or somebody else? We never carry it with us to the other world; and, if we leave much of it to our children, Oh how much more likely is it to prove a curse to them than a blessing! If there be no good way of disposing of the wealth, which our heavenly Father is pleased to entrust to our care; if there be no benevolent institutions among us, we might almost as well as not let Abd Allah Pasha have it at once. But, at any rate, one greater and mightier and more inexorable than he is coming, the “king of terrors,” who will not indeed touch our property, but will separate us from it by an act of everlasting bereavement. Let us learn, then, to “use this world as not abusing it.”

We knew of another man at Constantinople, who

was the owner of a large mansion on the beautiful Bosphorus. This man three times furnished his whole great house through all its stories, from top to bottom, in the most costly and splendid manner, in order that the Janizaries might come in and plunder the whole. He did this three times, and in this way he three times redeemed his life from destruction. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." This house is now owned by the mission. It is the property of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It is the Bebek Seminary—the Boarding School for boys, where our young men are trained up to be translators, and "pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

But the times in those countries are now changed. The Janizaries have been overthrown. New laws and new regulations have taken place of the old. A man can now be rich without being considered *ipso facto* guilty of a capital crime. The houses are many of them now painted in gay and lively colors, and many of them look like splendid palaces. People are not afraid to make a display of wealth, and even in some cases of more than they actually possess, as alas! is too common in more civilized countries.

When we first went to Beirût in 1823, no steam-

boat had ever passed over those waters ; and all our letters, papers, periodicals, books, clothing, &c., came to us very irregularly. They would, for instance, be collecting at Malta and Smyrna for a considerable time, till there should be an opportunity for Alexandria. At Alexandria they would again accumulate and remain, till there should be an opportunity for Beirût ; and then they would all come together. Our letters, that had been accumulating for months, often came with all the correspondence of the merchants, in a bag with a large cannon ball tied up with them. This the Captain did, in order to sink them all to the bottom of the sea, the moment a Greek man-of-war should appear. These men-of-war had a commission to take all merchandize not clearly designed for European merchants. The letters were therefore destroyed, that they might tell no tales to the Greeks, as to whom the property really belonged. Thus our letters and papers, whenever they reached us, would come like a perfect deluge, sweeping away all calm reflection and sober thought, and making us almost crazy for several days. But those waters are now continually passed and repassed by steam, and the communication is regular, frequent, and easy.

When we first went to Constantinople in the year 1831, we received all our letters, papers, and boxes

by way of Smyrna. But the opportunities were then very unfrequent, if compared with what they are at present; and the average passage of a vessel from Smyrna to Constantinople was then thirty days. Now, by means of steam, it is less than a day and a half, and the opportunities are several times a week. Then, when we went from home, we could not tell the week, nor even the month, when we should return; now we can calculate the very day and hour.

The changes in that whole country have been wonderful,—changes social, civil, political, moral, and ecclesiastical,—changes wrought both by the mighty power of God's Providence, and by the omnipotent energies of his Spirit. That whole field seems to be an entirely different field from what it did, when we first entered it. Against the prevailing superstitions and corruptions of the times, no one in Constantinople dared, at that time, lisp a syllable, unless it were in a whisper and in secret. Now, the whole city is filled with these new doctrines of the Gospel, and they are publicly discussed in the khans and coffee shops, and at all the chief places of concourse.

When we first went to Constantinople, nobody supposed it possible that a Protestant service would be tolerated except in the palaces of the Foreign Legations. No one could even open a school without permission from the Turkish Government. Your

Missionaries went there, and without power or influence, or even permission, they quietly seated themselves down in the very city of the Sultan, under the very eye of Patriarchs and chief Rabbies, and in the midst of all the grandees of the empire and the emissaries of Rome ; and there in their own private houses they had their schools ; and there they opened their chapels, where the gospel has been preached in the English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Armenian, Turkish, and Greek languages. And their right to do so will never again be questioned. Those things have gone by ; and, moreover, custom there has all the force of law. There has, indeed, at times, been great indignation against us ; but it has been strangely impotent. Kings and princes have taken counsel against us ; but their counsel has been carried headlong, and has come to nought. Bribes, the never-failing resort and the mighty engine of all those Oriental hierarchies have not been spared ; but the devices of those crafty ones have been disappointed, so that their hands could not perform their enterprise ; and the might of those terrible ones is now laid low. Their power is gone.

When we first went to Constantinople, we found there only one Protestant service on the Sabbath, or rather during the whole week. This service was at the Chapel of the English Embassy, and the num-

ber that attended was often very small, not more than eight or ten. There were then no prayer meetings, Bible classes, nor Sabbath schools in any language. Now, including the various prayer meetings, Bible classes, &c., there cannot be less than forty Protestant services every week. Every Sabbath the gospel is now preached in English at four different places, in Armenian at five different places, in German at four, and at one place in Spanish, one in Turkish, and one in Greek.

In the mission house at Pera, there are every Sabbath the following services, viz.: *First*, a Bible class for the Armenians in Pera, composed mostly of adults. They meet at an early hour in the room appropriated to the Greek Chapel.

Secondly: a church prayer meeting. This consists of the members of the Pera church, and they meet immediately after the Bible class is finished. One of their number is B. V., formerly a priest at Nicomedia, a man who has suffered imprisonment and exile for the cause of truth, and who is always wide awake, full of faith and good works. He was the first one, whom the Patriarch in the late persecution made an "anathema maranatha," and whom he declared he had annihilated and reduced to a nonentity. But lo! 'he is made a pillar in this new temple of our God.' He is an elder in the church of

Christ. He is also recorder of the civil community to keep an account of all its transactions from the beginning, for the future historian.

But individual cases of persecution need not here be mentioned. Of all the members of that church, as well as of the other churches, this one general remark may be made, that they have passed "through much tribulation;" but that, though excommunicated, cursed, annihilated, they still "have life, and have it more abundantly." It would do you good to hear them pray. Though you might not understand a word they said, the very tones of their voice would tell you it was prayer, and very *fervent* prayer they were offering. It would do you good also to hear them sing—to raise the tune themselves, and sing with the spirit and understanding also your own good Old Hundred, Hebron, Bangor, Watchman, Pleyles Hymn, Ortonville, Nashville, St. Edmonds, Sicilian, &c. And you might join in and sing your own good English Hymns to the same tune. This we have done repeatedly. When they have been singing an Armenian Hymn, we have frequently struck into the same tune with them, and, not having their Hymn Book in our hand, have sung an English Hymn, without any discord or confusion. And on one great occasion, when the assembly was very large, and consisted of several of those communities

who did "not understand one another's speech," and who had come together for the express purpose of giving united thanks to God for the great deliverance he had wrought for them all, we sung on that occasion several times in different languages to the same tunes. Our singing, it should be said, is Congregational singing. Every man, woman, and child sings. As, therefore, on the occasion just referred to, they all sung, of course those who sung Armenian, were not disturbed at all by those who sung Turkish, Greek, German, English, or any other language. They heard no words but their own words, and of course thought of no words but their own words. They were all singing, Pentecost like, 'each one in his own tongue wherein he was born.'

We have sung several times in this way, since our return to this country. In one church we sung in seven different languages, and in another church we sung in nine. And, at the Annual Meeting of the Board last year at Troy, some of the returned Missionaries with some of the native converts met together, and sung in fourteen different languages. And the various tribes and nations of men, that dwell upon the face of the whole earth, might all stand up and sing together in this way.

But let us now return to this church prayer meeting. You will recollect, that this was the second

service in the Pera chapel on the Sabbath. Before this prayer meeting is closed in the room below, the *Third* service commences in the chapel above. This is the English service, commencing at 10½ A. M. When there is a good orthodox English Chaplain at Constantinople, not more than twenty-five or thirty attend our own service in addition to our own families. When the Chaplain is a Puseyite, some fifty or sixty attend. And when there is no English Chaplain at all, more than a hundred frequently attend our chapel.

The *Fourth* service is the Greek. This is held in the room below, and commences at 12 o'clock, or rather, as soon as the English service is over.

The *Fifth* service is the Turkish, held in the chapel above. This commences at 1½, P. M., and is attended by both Armenians and Greeks, and sometimes also by Jews and others.

The *Sixth* service is the Armenian, which commences immediately after the Turkish, and before the congregation is dismissed. The Greeks, and those present who do not understand Armenian, for the most part quietly leave the chapel after the Turkish service is over. Thus from 8½ in the morning till near 4 in the afternoon, and on Communion Sabbaths until after 4 o'clock P. M., full eight hours, there is one continued series of six religious services in four

different languages in that Pera chapel every Sabbath day.

Before we conclude this chapter, let us not forget to mention one change more, and that a very great and mighty one. When we first went to the East, there was, to appearance, no Holy Spirit there. No individual of any of those various communities appeared to have the least idea, that there *was* any Holy Ghost in our days. Those of them called Christian, were indeed all taught to believe, that infants were regenerated by the Spirit in baptism. But of no other divine influence had they any knowledge. For any to pretend that they had divine influence was, they supposed, the same as to pretend to have the power of speaking with new tongues. Ask them to pray for the Holy Spirit, and they supposed you meant that they should pray that they might have the same power of working miracles as in the primitive times. The idea, that we are now sanctified, quickened, comforted, guided by the good Spirit of God, that it is now the office of the Holy Spirit to open our eyes, soften our hearts, lead us to Christ, and take of the things of Christ and show them to us, thus "applying to us the benefits of redemption"—was all new to them. For generations and for centuries, the Holy Spirit had been frowned upon and grieved away; no church admitted him,

no house received him, no family welcomed him, no heart longed for him. No individual was ever known to go and kneel down and ask for the Holy Spirit. O, what a region and shadow of death! The whole country was like the valley of dry bones in Ezekiel's vision. There was no breath, no life, no sign of life in them. In the name of Jehovah of Hosts we called upon those dry bones to stand up and live. And they soon began to move—they began to come together—there was a shaking and a great noise—all Mount Lebanon was startled by it, and the great city of Sultan Abd-ul-Medgid was thrown into confusion by it. For there now began to be organized bodies, there were regular meetings, there was a new appearance of things. But there was one thing still wanting, viz., *the Spirit of life from God*. The prophet Ezekiel not only called upon the dry bones to live, but he called upon the Holy Spirit to give them life; and he prayed as much as he preached. He spent as much time and used as many words in invoking the Spirit of Life, as he did in proclaiming God's message to the dry bones. There was the form of existence, and the appearance of life; but of what use is the form without the substance, the appearance without the reality! Bodies were organized, but "the body without the spirit is dead." Thus prayer was offered for our own little meetings. And you yourselves, we doubt not, helped us by your prayers:

for the Spirit of Life from God certainly came and entered into many of them. The voice of the Son of God broke the slumbers of death, and many now walk abroad in the character of living, breathing men. They have been breathed upon by the Holy Spirit, and they have become "a living soul." And they give evidence of life, by calling aloud to their neighbors and kindred on every side, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Yes, the Holy Spirit has returned to bless that land, to make that 'wilderness as Eden, and that desert as the garden of the Lord.' In many of those "tents of Kedar" the Holy Spirit now dwells. He has taken up his abode there. And the whole strong current of the thoughts and feelings of many he is turning to a "better country, even an heavenly." There is the same evidence that the Holy Spirit is there, as there is that the breath of heaven is there; the effects are seen and felt; and the effects produced there are the same which are produced here and everywhere else by the same Spirit. As that which is born of the flesh, is flesh, whether it be in America, Europe, Asia, or Africa, that is, it is worldly, carnal, minding only the things of the flesh; so that which is born of the spirit, whether it be in Boston, or in Constantinople, is spirit, that is, it is spiritual, minding the things of the Spirit, and looking at the things which are unseen and eternal.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPARATIVELY EASY WORK TO REMOVE MOUNTAINS.

“If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say to this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea: and it should obey you.”—LUKE, xvii. 6.

“Ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossible unto you.”—MATT. xvii. 20.

THESE were proverbial expressions, denoting impossibility. To remove mountains, to open the eyes of the blind, to heal the withered arm, to raise the dead, to divide the sea, to make a world, or to destroy the world, are all the same; that is, they are all of them equally impossible with man, but perfectly easy with God. The disciples, then, by using the name, and trusting in the power, of Christ, could perform impossibilities. By their own power they could not perform any one of all these things, not even the least of them; but by his power they could with the greatest ease do whatever of this kind he called upon them to do.

Now, in point of fact, the disciples were actually required to do what was far more difficult than to

throw a mountain into the sea. Had they been called by Christ to do this, they could have done it in one minute, and without any fatigue. But they were called to do what was infinitely greater than this. They were to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. Without wealth, without arms, or influence, they were to go forth, and overcome all those mighty potentates and powers, visible and invisible, human and superhuman, that were arrayed against the truth of Christ on earth. By the foolishness of preaching they were to root out all idolatry, not only from the world, which is comparatively easy, but from the hearts of men. They must not only overthrow all the temples and altars of every nation under heaven, but they must bring all their devotees willingly to worship the living and the true God. This was the *great, the impossible thing*. To create the world was easy. It was done by a word. He spake and it was done. But to redeem the world was not easy. It was the work, not of a day, a week, a month, or a year. It cost the Son of God years of suffering, and the painful and agonizing death of the cross. So, for the disciples to throw a mountain into the sea, was easy. To heal all the sick was easy. They could do it by simply tossing a handkerchief to them. They could do it by simply 'passing by, and letting their shadow fall upon

them.' But to bring one slave of Satan to be a child of God, and especially to bring back a whole revolted world to God,—this was indeed a work mightier than all others.

So your missionaries, had they been called by Christ to go and command all the goodly cedars of Mount Lebanon to be plucked up by the roots, and be planted in the midst of the sea, or be transplanted on the Green Mountains of Vermont, or the White Hills of New Hampshire, they could have done it with all ease. They had, many of them certainly (we hesitate not to say), sufficient confidence in the power of Christ to do all this, and ten thousand other similar things, had they been called to do it. They could have overturned Mount Lebanon itself from its very foundations; and high Olympus, with Mount Athos, and Mount Ida, and Mount Parnassus, they could have tossed, like so many foot-balls, into the midst of the sea, and then come back to you in all the freshness of youth. At the command of Christ, they could have gone forth and quenched the fires of Etna and Vesuvius, dried up the Red Sea by simply stretching their umbrella over it, caused Jordan to be driven back by simply placing their foot in it, made all "the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs"—and then come back to you years ago, with all the buoyancy and

strength of youth, and no hair of their head turned gray.

But we have been called to sympathize with Christ in the infinitely greater work of saving men. We have been called to fill up that which remained of the sufferings of Christ in bringing to truth and salvation the slaves of sin and error. We have had to do, not with inert matter, but with rebellious spirits. We have had to "wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." We have had to operate, not upon adamant, but upon hearts harder than adamant. We have had to quench, not the raging fires of Etna, but those boiling, raging passions of the human heart, which have "been set on fire of hell." We have had to remove, not mountains of rock, covered with perpetual snow, but mountains of guilt and opposition, reaching the very heavens. We have had to go into the very heart of the kingdom of darkness, "where Satan's seat is," and there, amidst conflict, and noise, and strife, and deadly hate, to break open the prison doors, and proclaim liberty to the miserable captives.

Let it then be repeated, that what your Missionaries are called to do, requires more faith, grace,

patience, strength, and help, than to remove all the mountains and sycamine trees in the world. And let the churches never forget, that we are 'men subject to like passions with themselves'—having no more strength of our own, than they have. "Brethren, pray for us." "*Brethren, pray for us.*"

CHAPTER IX.

PERSONAL TRIALS AND SUFFERINGS.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”—Is. xliii. 2.

“Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.”—PSALM lxxvi. 12.

AN account of some of our own personal dangers and sufferings is given, in order that the reader may better understand the sad condition of those countries, where no Bible is read, and no Gospel is preached.

For months we did not dare walk upon the terrace of our house, nor sit near a window, lest some person, hired by the priests, should fire upon us. This was at Beirût, in the early history of that mission. For months, too, we did not dare take a cup of coffee out of our own houses, lest poison should be mixed with it. It is the custom there, when a call is made, to offer coffee, served up in very small cups, and to refuse to drink it would be a gross breach of etiquette—because it would imply,

or would be considered as implying, a suspicion on the part of him who thus declined it, that poison might be mixed with it; so common was the custom in those days. On one occasion, Mrs. Goodell had to call with some other ladies on the harem of one of the princes of Mount Lebanon. When coffee was handed round, the excellent lady of the British Consul, Mrs. A——, immediately exchanged cups with her, and the cup given to Mrs. Goodell to drink she took, and after a moment's pause drank it off herself—feeling assured that, *had* poison been in it, the wife of that prince would not have permitted her to drink it, but would, on some pretence, have sent it away, and ordered another cup. This excellent lady is now the good Mrs. T——, missionary at Beirût—and as ‘Priscilla and Aquila, for Paul’s life, laid down their necks,’ so did this good woman for ours; ‘unto whom not only do we give thanks, but we ask all the churches’ of America to do the same.

We were then young and inexperienced, and our adversaries were many and mighty; full of craft and cunning, wise to do evil, ready for any wickedness. “And the floods of ungodly men made us afraid.” Mr. King had then left us, to return to this country; Parsons and Fisk had both of them gone to “a better country, even a heavenly;” and we had no one to counsel and guide us. Nor had we then learnt,

as I trust we have since, at least in some degree, the power and grace of Him who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Had we known exactly what to do, or had we known that we could do nothing, it would have brought great relief to us. Our friends were then hunted like partridges upon the mountains. The learned and noble Assaad Esh Shidiak was already suffering "trials of cruel mockings and scourgings," and awful tortures, in the Patriarch's dungeon. Such a faintness often came over our heart, and such a trembling took hold upon us, as I cannot describe. I say *us*, but perhaps I should rather say *me*; for my worthy colleague, the Rev. Mr. Bird, had nerves given him, which, when compared with mine, seemed as firm as the very roots of Mount Lebanon itself. But such was my own state, that I often expressed, in words, what I deeply and continually felt in my innermost soul, viz. that the greatest favor I could possibly ask was, that some Obadiah in Ahab's court would take and 'hide us by fifty in a cave, and feed us with bread and water,' till the indignation of those Jezebels should be overpast. Blessed be God! the indignation is past. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped."

But, though our fears were many, and our distress often very great, yet we never thought for a mo-

ment of quitting our post; and to the praise of the riches of Divine grace, let this be distinctly recorded. We were, indeed, often "cast down, but not destroyed;" and God did not permit us to be discouraged. We had gone forth in the name of Christ, to take possession of that whole country of the Anakims, and our motto was, "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." We arrived in Beirût Nov. 16, 1823, and continued there about four years and a half. After the battle of Navarino, all consular protection in Syria ceased; we were outlaws; war was threatened; commerce was suspended, and we had no means of obtaining remittances from home; the plague was raging, and our intercourse with our native friends was entirely cut off, or interrupted; Mr. Temple also had to leave Malta, and return home, and the presence of some of us was required in that island to carry on the operations of the press. We therefore left Beirût May 2d, 1828, and returned to Malta for a season. Mr. Bird afterwards recommenced the Syrian Mission with a new associate, and, by direction of the Prudential Committee, I commenced a new station at Constantinople, where I was a year afterwards joined by Mr. Dwight.

While at Beirût, my house was once plundered by the Bedouin Arabs. It was in the time of the Greek revolution. Twelve Greek men-of-war came

to Beirût to sack the place. They took possession of all outside the walls of the city, and kept possession three days. They might have taken possession of the city at once, but they were probably not aware of its weak and defenceless state. The governor of the city sent to Abd Allah Pasha, at St. John d'Acre, for troops, as Beirût was under his jurisdiction, and the Pasha sent up a host of Bedouin Arabs to protect us. As soon as these troops came, the Greeks went quietly on board their ships, and put to sea. These Bedouin Arabs, finding they had nothing else to do, turned into all the gardens and suburbs of Beirût, and set about plundering every house. There were perhaps as many houses in the gardens around Beirût, as in the city itself. The houses were of stone, but every bit of wood, or timber, doors, window shutters, &c., they cut down and sold for fuel. This work of devastation and destruction we saw going on the greater part of the day. The people had all fled to the mountains, taking with them such things as they could carry, and leaving everything else to the care of these our good protectors, the Bedouins. Several parties of them came, in the course of the day, to our own house; but I told them we were English (we had then English protection), and they went away. At last, some of their more resolute and reckless ones came, and,

in their strong guttural manner, called upon me to "Iftah el Bab" (open the door). I told them I should not "Iftah hoo," (open it.) They saw from my dress that I was not a native. The house was English, and if they broke it open they did it at their peril; for the Sultan would soon hear of it, and would take speedy vengeance on them. They said they knew neither the English, nor the Sultan, and they fell to work in good earnest. Fine looking, noble fellows, those Arabs—choice, independent spirits, the very lords of the desert, with a voice like thunder, were those Bedouin Arabs. I had barricaded the door very strongly with stones and wood, and they must have been full half an hour in cutting their way through. During this time I was reasoning with them from a narrow window above, showing them how they were violating the most solemn treaties, and calling upon them to desist. Sometimes they would stop a few moments and listen to what I had to say, and then return with redoubled ardor to their work. One man leveled his gun, and threatened to shoot me, and I of course stepped aside from the window for a moment.* At last they cut and split that door to pieces, and then

* See the Illustration, page 72. Some of our readers may be interested to know, that the Rev. Pliny Fisk departed this life in the chamber at their right hand. Fisk and Parsons were the two first beloved missionaries sent to Palestine from the American churches.

rushed up like so many tigers, eager for their prey. Several Turks from the city, who knew us, came along at this time, and they hastened up after them, and stood at the door of Mrs. Goodell's room, and did not permit one of them to enter *there*. They seized hold of boxes, trunks, kitchen utensils, everything that came in their way, and carried them off; and I, in the meantime, threw as many articles as I could into Mrs. Goodell's room; and some of my things I even snatched out of their hands, and threw in there, when any one had laid hold of more than he could well defend, or carry away at once. On this account, one of them came very coolly the next day to claim some tobacco, which he said I stole from him, while he was engaged in the lawful work of plundering my house. For, however poor these Bedouin Arabs may be, they always have their pouch of tobacco; and it would seem that this man had lost his in the affray, either with me, or somewhere else, and accused me of having stolen it. But it was a false charge. He could not prove it, and I refused to pay him. But, had I been a native, I should have been obliged to pay very dearly for that tobacco which he had lost, or pretended to have lost—certainly for as many pounds as he had lost ounces, to say the least.

Three times I sent to the city to the English consul,

informing him of my situation ; and three times he sent to the leader of these troops, demanding protection ; and three times the old Sheikh sent horsemen to protect me. But no sooner had they left the city, than they galloped off to plunder for themselves, instead of coming to my aid. At last, what with my own remonstrances, and the remonstrances of those Turks, with the assurance that complaints had already been lodged against them, they left me. They begged my pardon for what they had done, hoped I had not been very much frightened, nor much injured, took what they had obtained, and went off.

From me, they went to the house of a French merchant near by, and took from him almost everything he had. He, through fear, had sent his family to the mountain, and of course there was no harem—no women's apartments in his house ; and these men went everywhere, and took almost everything. The wires of the piano they tore off, thinking them to be some precious metal. The venerable old Sheikh, to whom we made application for redress, made many fair promises of having the rogues flogged to death, if we would catch them ; and he invited me to come and sit with him, as he was surrounded by his men, and see if I could identify any of them. I accordingly sat with him more than one hour, and I was very much struck with his pious talk, for in a previous chapter,

you have learnt how amazingly full of religion all those people are;* and with his ejaculatory prayers, for they can pray as well as the Pharisees; and with his kindness to almost every poor beggar that came along, giving about the 960th part of a dollar in a most ostentatious manner, and thanking Allah that he himself was able to live without begging. But he was very careful to keep out of the way all those I wished to see. He said it was impossible that it could have been any of his men who plundered me, for that more honest fellows never lived. But everybody knew that all of them had been out plundering from morning till night, and that they received little or no pay from the Pasha, and lived by what they could get in this way, by plunder. But the people in those countries are certainly a very wonderful people, and we can hardly understand them. If they plunder, or if they commit murder, they are very careful to do it in the most honest and religious way possible. Should they lie in wait behind a hedge for the traveler, when they are ready to shoot him down, if they be of those called Christian, they will first most devoutly cross themselves, and call upon the virgin and all the saints to help them, and then do their bloody work in the name of the Holy Trinity. And, if they be Bedouins, or others of the same faith,

* See Chap. IV.

they are always sure to commit the deed Bism Allah Errahman Erraheem, that is, in the name of God most merciful. And, after they have stripped the unfortunate traveler, and taken everything from him, if they turn and see that he is still living, and likely to live, they may feel that they have gone a little too far, and they will perhaps give him back one of his animals, and help him mount it, and give him something to put round him; and, if they have a dry crust, will give him that to sustain him, and will send him off with many prayers and good wishes, that he may reach his home in safety, and never fall into the hands of any other robbers, as long as he lives; and thus, on account of their generous conduct toward the unfortunate man, carry off with a very quiet conscience all they had previously taken from him; and think themselves a perfect pattern of good works to all future generations. But, let us remember, these people never had a Sabbath school, never had a Sabbath-day, never heard a sermon, nor read a chapter in the Bible, nor in childhood learnt any one of those beautiful Hymns which Christian mothers teach their little ones. They need exactly what you have, to make them what you are. Will you give it to them?

The French merchant, whose house was plundered by those Bedouin Arabs, being unable to obtain any

redress at Beirût, finally made application to the Pasha, Abd Allah Pasha, of St. John d'Acre, who had sent up these troops. The Pasha denied that any of his troops could have committed such depredations, for they were sent to protect, not to plunder us; and he declared, that it must have been the Druzes of Mount Lebanon, or some others, who had committed these outrages. On hearing this, I employed a Greek to paint their costumes, and this painting the English Consul, on claiming damages for me, sent to the Pasha, that he might see with his own eyes, whether the robbers were Druzes or Bedouins. And, strange to say (what would hardly be admitted as evidence in our courts of justice), the Pasha received it as proof positive, that they must have been his own men. And I recovered all the damages I claimed, above \$300 for myself, and for others who had property in the house with me.

In June 1831, I removed with my family to Constantinople; and, soon after our arrival, all Pera, the only suburb where Franks were then permitted in great numbers to reside, was burnt to ashes. It was an awful conflagration—terrible beyond all that was ever before known among all the frequent and devastating conflagrations of that capital. It was like a “lake of fire,” “the sea and the waves roaring,” and the flames dashing high. The streets were nar-

row. The wind was strong. The houses were all built of frail materials. There had been no rain for a long time. Every house was like tinder. When the fire struck a house, it often did not seem more than a minute in passing through to the other side. Burning pieces of wood were carried to a considerable distance through the air, and would set fire to distant houses, while many intervening ones were still untouched. The whole atmosphere seemed on fire; and my hat and clothes several times took fire, while I was fifteen or twenty rods distant. Many lives were lost. Some were trodden down in the narrow streets, so great was the crowd of people hurrying away with what little of their effects they could take. Some were crushed by falling walls. Some were unexpectedly surrounded and cut off by the fire passing over, and kindling beyond them. Many thousands slept that night in the Turkish burying ground, with no pillow but a grave. Indeed a great many spent several days and nights among the dead, till they could find a better place. Only eight houses stood at sun set, where many thousands stood at sun-rise. On the morning of the 2d of August, we were surrounded with our usual comforts; in the evening we were dependent on charity for a place to lay our head. Our furniture, clothing, bedding, books, everything was gone. And we were

strangers in a strange land. We have had to flee from conflagrations several times since; but never since that time have we been involved in such ruin. We, like many others, fared the worse for living in houses, which were considered fire proof. In the great burning day, may no such false confidence prove our ruin!

In the year 1839, we encountered a very severe persecution. It commenced in so violent a manner, that everything true and good seemed threatened with utter annihilation. Mr. Schaufler was already making preparation to go to Vienna, and Mr. Homes to Mesopotamia; and we hastened their departure from the capital, in order that, if we were expelled from the country, they might not be numbered with us, being already away. Mr. Hamlin and myself then sat down and quietly waited the issue, hardly expecting anything else but to be forcibly carried out of the country. I say "*forcibly carried*;" for we had made up our minds to obey no summons to depart, which were contrary to reason and justice, from however high a source those summons might emanate. We knew, that in all our labors we had, like Paul, been careful to violate none of the fundamental laws of the empire, and that, if expelled, it would be in violation of their own laws; and we were therefore determined not to stir a single

step, till we were absolutely taken up and carried off by force. And, if only two were thus carried off, the other two being already absent, and Mr. Dwight being then in America, might after awhile return. My papers, journals, and correspondence I hid in various places, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. It would indeed have been a high misdemeanor, and an infraction of those solemn treaties the Porte had made with Christian nations, for any persons to enter our premises without my permission, or the permission of our ambassador; yet, in such a time of excitement, who could tell what excesses might not be committed! Several of our native brethren were thrown into various prisons; and others were sent into exile to various and distant places. Those who remained, and whom we occasionally met in the streets, we generally passed without any sign of mutual recognition. To have noticed them, might have brought them into great danger, or even proved their ruin. But, if we could not speak to them, nor write to them, nor say one word of comfort to them, we could still pray for them to our "Father, who seeth in secret;" and we could still keep on our work of translating the Bible and other good books for them.

But those terrible ones were soon brought low. In most unexpected ways, the mighty were cast

down from their seats. Some were driven into darkness and obscurity. Others were chased out of the world, and suddenly called to give up their account to God. And we lifted up our hands and said, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

There was once a society formed, the object of which was to get rid of us by poison, or by whatever other means it could be done. Whether the members had bound themselves by a great curse, as did the more than forty conspirators against Paul's life, we never knew. But, "if it had not been the Lord, who was on our side, we may truly say, if it had not been the Lord, who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us, then the waters had overwhelmed us, the proud waters had gone over our soul." Truly "our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

Several times the Turkish Government withdrew all protection from us, and gave notice to our Minister, that whatever might befall us, whatever violence might be done to us, whatever evil might come upon us, whatever insults might be heaped upon us, they would not interfere, nor be responsible; and that

we must absolutely leave the country, or take all the consequences. 'But, having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day, witnessing both unto small and great, saying none other things than' those we find in the blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

One word of the pestilence,—the plague—that awful scourge, by which we have been frequently interrupted in our labors, and cut off from all intercourse with the people for weeks and months together.* Sometimes, from a thousand to fifteen hundred would be falling every day on our right hand and on our left; and from day to day we seemed to be traveling on, not towards an unseen distant eternity, but in the very narrowest path along the very edge of it; not knowing in the morning on which side of this path we should be found lying at night, and not knowing at night on which side we should be found lying in the morning. Surely "it is of the Lord's mercies, that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." 'He hath given his angels charge concerning us, and in their hands they have borne us up' to the present moment.

On account of conflagration, pestilence, and other reasons, we have had, as mentioned in a former

* See Memoirs of Mrs. Dwight, who, with her child, died of the plague at Constantinople.

chapter, to move thirty-three or thirty-four times in twenty-nine years. But the changes that have taken place in Turkey, in all these respects, are great and wonderful. We no longer have any plague there ; for quarantine regulations are now established. And, since their establishment, since the Turkish Government have practically, at least so far as this subject is concerned, given up their favorite doctrine of fate, now some ten or twelve years, we have no ravage of plague there. For the plague, being confessedly more contagious than infectious, cannot prevail, where proper sanitary regulations are enforced.

We no longer of necessity come into any collision with the Turkish Government ; for our Evangelical communities have now their own chartered rights and privileges—the same as the other great communities of the empire. This charter was obtained for them through the great efforts of the British Ambassador, Sir Stratford (now lord) Canning.* And, since they have had this charter, since they have had an acknowledged existence, with the right to worship God in their own way, and their condition is no longer anomalous, we are no longer in danger of giving disturbance to the Sublime Porte. It is proper here to say, that the Ottoman Government, and the Mussulmans universally, were never disposed of their

* See page 47.

own accord to interfere with our labors; but that, on the contrary, they rather sympathized with this new movement, because it was much more in accordance with their own ideas of the simplicity of worship. And we should never at any time have given them any uneasiness by our labors among Armenians, Greeks, or Jews, nor would they at any time have molested us, had they not been instigated and greatly troubled by the heads and hierarchies of those great communities, whom they were accustomed, and whom they deemed it true policy, to oblige. It is proper also to say, that, when we, ourselves personally, had any cause of complaint, we always went to our own Minister, after we had one; and that he invariably acted for us with all that promptness and energy, for which our countrymen are generally distinguished. For instance, when the Sublime Porte, being on one occasion troubled beyond endurance by our enemies, called upon our Minister to send us out of the country, he very promptly and properly replied, that he had no power to do any such thing; that all his power consisted in protecting us from all injustice, while we were there, and in holding them responsible for any harm they suffered to come upon us. But, when our Evangelical friends, the natives of the country, were in difficulty, we always had to go to the British

Ambassador ; for our own Minister could not interfere in such cases,—not being allowed, by the policy of our government, to interfere in the internal affairs of another people. But the British Ambassador could do it, and his own government required him to do it, and the benevolence of his own heart prompted him to do it with mighty effect.

As I have referred in this chapter to the dreadful conflagrations, with which we have been repeatedly visited at Constantinople, I ought to add, that we are now much less exposed than formerly to that awful calamity. The streets, especially in the Frank suburb of the city, are now widened ; and the people are now permitted, and in some cases required, to build of stone or brick, which in former times they were not allowed to do. Formerly, the streets, particularly in Pera, were very narrow, and many of them mere lanes ; and from the houses on each side balconies were built, or even the whole upper stories would jut out, and project so far as nearly to meet. In some instances a cup of coffee could be passed across from the window of one to that of another living opposite ; and a man in the street might look up in vain to see the sky. The houses, too, were built of frail materials,—so frail, that, when a house was first erected, it had to be propped up until another was built up against it. The wind there, during

the summer months, is generally very high; and the water is very scarce, for there is seldom any rain for four or five months. And we have seen fires, half a mile wide, sweeping through the very heart of the city. There were fire companies, and they would always have to hasten to the spot, but you could not depend on their exerting themselves to save your house, unless you made a bargain with them and paid them their price; and their demands would be in proportion to the nearness of the fire. So all the porters and all the rabble of the city would pour in upon you from every quarter to save your furniture; but they would not touch a single article (unless your back was turned), till you had come to their terms, and paid them their price; and this would be in proportion to the greatness of your danger. And thus, though you had not a moment to lose, you would be delayed by efforts to cheapen the price, while the fire was coming right upon you. When you had finally made up your bargain with them, a mode sometimes adopted was this: Take a strong rope and tie it round one of them, and give him what he is to carry, and pay him for it; then bring the rope and tie it round another, and give him his burden, and pay him; then tie up a third and perhaps a fourth in the same way; then take hold of the end of the rope behind, and drive them

out. And if any one of them should get loose from his load in those narrow and awfully crowded streets, away he would go with your furniture and the pay for carrying it and all; and that would most likely be the last you would see of him. But everything of this kind is now, under the government of Sultan Abd-ul-Medgid, better managed. These fire companies are under better control. The porters are more ready to help you, and think less of helping only themselves. The fires, too, are much less frequent, the streets being widened, and many of the houses being now fire-proof. Indeed, wherever the Gospel comes, all blessings come with it.

CHAPTER X.

A WORD TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

“Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.”—PSALM cxliv. 15.

ALL the people in this good land seem to be born and brought up so near the borders of the Messiah's kingdom, that they are enjoying innumerable temporal advantages from it. They have good schools, useful books, wholesome laws, upright magistrates, kind neighbors, skilful physicians, security for person and property, and all the ten thousand amenities of this life. Oh! if they would only step over the boundary line into this spiritual kingdom, they might enjoy all the blessings of the Messiah's reign, and be happy under his government, not only in this short life, but through eternal ages. But, alas! too many seem satisfied with these merely exterior, secondary, and, at best, temporary advantages, which are always found connected with His government; just as the greater part of those who followed Him from one side of the sea of Tiberias to the other,

thought only of having their physical wants supplied, or their physical infirmities healed. And alas! are there not a few who are so opposed to all that is spiritual and eternal in "this Gospel of the kingdom," that they seem ready to deny their indebtedness to it, even for that which makes this present life so desirable? But let such persons make the experiment; let them retire from these suburbs of truth and goodness, and go at once into the kingdom of darkness and error; and the further they proceed, the more discomfort, insecurity, and wretchedness they will find. And then, without the Gospel in its power and purity, let them remove these evils, if they can.

CHAPTER XI.

FEMALE BOARDING-SCHOOL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

“Knowledge shall be increased.”—DAN. xii. 4.

“That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.”—PSALM cxliv. 12.

WHEN we first went “to the land of the people of the East,” there was no native female known, who could read or write. We never saw one on all “that goodly mountain, even Lebanon,” and we never heard of one throughout all Syria; and the prejudices against female education were very strong. In the first place, it was said to be an impossible thing to teach a woman to read; and it was gravely asserted, that we might as well undertake to teach the wild asses of the desert to read, as to teach a woman. And, in the next place, it was asked, with a most triumphant air, Of what possible use it could be to her to learn to read, supposing any one was found capable of it? Could she light her husband’s pipe any better? Could she bring his slippers with more modesty? And as to learning to write, pray

what could she or would she ever think of writing but "love-letters?"

But these prejudices have gradually worn away, and female education is now becoming, in a measure, common. Our "zeal hath provoked very many;" and many hundreds, and even thousands, of "the daughters of the land" are now being taught, in addition to those embraced in our own schools, in different parts of the Turkish Empire. I propose, in this article, to give some account of our Female Boarding-School at Constantinople.

This school was opened in Oct. 1845. It commenced with eight scholars. These were as many as we thought it desirable to take the first year; both because our accommodations were very small, and because Miss L——, who was to have the more immediate charge of this school, had but recently come from America, and could hardly yet speak in the language. I may add, too, that we wished to commence as quietly as possible, and not make too much noise, lest the school should be broken up by the Patriarch. Miss L—— was assisted by a young Armenian female, who had been living and studying in our families for two or three years. Her name was Armaveni Doodoo, *i. e.* Miss Palm-Tree. She was a good scholar, and a very pious girl. Her example in school was always good, and her influence

great. She loved the school; she loved to learn, and she loved to teach. And her efforts for the temporal and spiritual good of the pupils were untiring. When she left the school two years afterward, to be married to the native pastor of Trebizond, she conversed very tenderly and faithfully with each member of the school separately, and then with the whole collectively; and the weeping was so loud, that it could be heard in almost every room of the house above and below.

As I have mentioned the name of Armaveni Doodoo, with its signification, Miss Palm-Tree, it may not be out of place to mention and translate the names of some others of our pupils. Doodoo in Armenian signifies Miss; and it is always placed after the name instead of before it, as with us. Takoohi Doodoo is Miss Queen. This is a very common name with the Armenians, and we have always had several of that name in school. Soorpoohi Doodoo is Miss Holiness. Aroosiag Doodoo is Miss Morning-Star. This Miss Morning-Star is now an assistant in the school, and a very important helper. Evbraxis Doodoo is Miss Good-Works. Sophik Doodoo is Miss Wisdom. This Miss Wisdom has been recently married to Mr. Glad-Tidings—viz. Avedis, which in Armenian signifies good news or glad tidings. The pastor of one of the Evangelical churches

in Constantinople is Pastor Glad-Tidings, and he preaches glad tidings of great joy to the people there from Sabbath to Sabbath. And it is he, who has taken Miss Wisdom for his wife. Another one has been married to Mr. Resurrection—viz. Harootun. The pastor of the Evangelical Church at Nicomedia is Pastor Resurrection, and he preaches Jesus as the Resurrection and the Life, to the people there.

The reader will doubtless think these names rather fanciful. But they are not names, which we gave them; they are names, which their own parents gave them in infancy; and, when we become accustomed to them, we no more think of their signification, than people here do, when they speak of Mr. Black, or Mr. White, or Mr. Green, or Mr. Gray, or Mr. Brown. When we hear these or a hundred other similar names for the first time, we are struck with their signification; but, when we become accustomed to them, we think only of the persons whom they represent. All names among all nations were originally significant, though that signification is now in many cases lost.

I said we commenced with eight scholars. But, in the following February, we were induced to take five more, on account of the violent persecution, which broke out with awful fury against the Evangelical party, and drove them from their homes, and

threw them upon our charities. Every previous persecution had scattered everything to the four winds of heaven, and nothing could prevent it. This, on the contrary, brought and kept all together, and nothing could prevent it.

The history of this school from year to year we need not give. It now consists of twenty-four pupils, mostly between the ages of eleven and fifteen, though some are younger, and some may be older. It was the original intention, that no scholar should be received under nine years of age, nor for a less term than four years. It was also expected, that at least half of them would be pay scholars. But the school has been much less select than we intended. The separation of the Evangelical party from the mother church took place a few months after the school went into operation; and thus, instead of our educating the daughters of a privileged class, who would be able to bear the expense, we were called upon in the good providence of God, to educate indiscriminately the daughters of a whole community—this new and important branch of the great Protestant family.

The hours of study in this school are from 8½ to 12, and from 1 P. M. till 4; and an hour also in the evening. From the beginning, they have always been required to do their own work. They make

their own beds, sweep their own rooms, fill their lamps, lay their table, wash their dishes, carry up their own wood and water (though, while the school was with us at Pera, to the fourth story), light their own fires, iron their own clothes, &c., &c. They also, for the most part, cut and make their own clothes. From the first, one afternoon in the week was devoted to needle-work, both plain and ornamental. But more experience has induced us to devote now two afternoons a week to this purpose. Every Saturday, except an hour for music, is devoted to general house cleaning. The only recreation any of them ever took, while the school was with us in Pera, was skipping the rope on the terrace. The place was altogether "too strait" for them. In September, 1850, Mr. Everett took the school into his family at Bebek, where the accommodations are ample.

During the five years that the school was with us, we can say in truth, that very few of the hours of the pupils were ever wasted in idleness. No sooner had they finished their lessons, recitations, &c., than they took their knitting, or sewing, and continued their work, till they retired for the night,—the older ones till 10 o'clock, or even later—all apparently very happy, engaged either in lively conversation, or in singing some of their beautiful Hymns. Very

seldom did they ever complain of their food or their work. Their conduct towards us was invariably respectful and affectionate, and they evidently took pains to give us as little trouble as possible.

On one occasion, however, one of our pupils, in consequence of a former classmate of her's having been taken as an assistant teacher, manifested a spirit of insubordination, and had to be sent home. In connection with the devotional exercises at the close of the school that day, some remarks were made on the subject, and then was sung a Hymn, versified from the 51st Psalm :

“Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live,” &c.

The Armenian Hymn, however, is not eight feet, but ten, and is sung to the very plaintive tune of “Hamilton.” I do not now remember whether we finished one verse or not, but at any rate we did not finish two verses. In the middle either of the first or of the second verse, every one's feelings had become so tender, and the weeping had become so general, that the verse and the tune had to be left unfinished. The prayer, that followed, was made up of broken sentences. But the absent one was remembered. And the absent one did not long remain absent. She returned to school ; and the insubordinate became subordinate.

There have always been two or three in school, who have studied English. These have studied Murray's Grammar, Parley's Geography, Morse's School Geography, Colburn's Arithmetic, Adam's Arithmetic, &c. ; and one of them, Armaveni Doodoo, —viz. Miss Palm-Tree, studied with much interest Watts on the Mind, and Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy. But most of their studies have been in Armenian ;—Grammar and Logic in the *Ancient* language ; and Geography, History, Moral Philosophy, Arithmetic, Astronomy, &c., in the *Modern*. They have studied Wayland's Moral Science in Modern Armenian, and they have now Upham's Intellectual Philosophy in the same language. With the help of some excellent maps and globes, furnished by a benevolent lady in Massachusetts, many of them have become first-rate scholars in Geography. I have never known classes in any School or Academy in America pass so good an examination in Geography, as some of the classes in this school in Constantinople. Their reading-books in Armenian have been the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, &c. One of the pupils has for the last year been taking lessons on the piano. This instrument was furnished also by the same benevolent lady, to whom we are indebted for the maps and the globes.

At morning and evening prayers, the Scriptures, both of the Old and of the New Testament, are read alternately in Armenian and Armeno-Turkish; that is, the Armenian New Testament in the morning, and the Armeno-Turkish Old Testament in the evening, or *vice versâ*. This was adopted, in the first place, from necessity, on account of my own connection with the school, as I speak only Turkish; but the practice is still continued from choice, as the benefits are very manifest. All the pupils read in turn at both morning and evening prayers, and some remarks are generally made on what is read. At morning or evening prayers, or at both, a Hymn in Armenian or in Armeno-Turkish is always sung to some such tune as Hebron, Old Hundred, Illinois, St. Edmonds, Windham, Ortonville, Nashville, Bangor, Watchman, Sicilian, &c.

Those girls are fine singers. Many of them have very excellent voices. They *all* sing; for, as there has never been anybody there to tell them they had no ear or no voice, they have not found it out yet. Some of them generally sing the Second. To hear them sing, although you might not understand a word of the language, you would feel persuaded that they were indeed and in truth 'singing with the spirit and understanding also.' Many of them will sing thirty or forty tunes. Every one of them has

committed to memory their whole Hymn Book, consisting of more than fifty choice hymns. Some of their hymns are translations from some of the best hymns in the English language. As,

- “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”
- “From all that dwell below the skies.”
- “Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace.”
- “Not all the blood of beasts.”
- “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.”
- “I saw one hanging on a tree.”
- “His loving kindness, O how great.”
- “Jesus, I love thy charming name.”
- “Grace! tis a charming sound.”
- “Holy Bible! book divine.”
- “Why do we mourn departing friends.”
- “Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.”
- “Jerusalem, my happy home.”

With many others.

Every day they learn a verse of scripture to repeat at the breakfast table, and another to repeat at the opening of the school in the afternoon.

On the Sabbath, there is, at 9 o'clock, the Sabbath school. All learn Jones' catechism, and after that the Assembly's catechism. This they repeat, together with all the references and proof-texts. At 11 o'clock, while the mission families have their own public service in their own language, the pupils have

a prayer-meeting among themselves. At 2 P. M., a sermon is preached to them, and to a few of their female friends in the neighborhood, who come in to unite in the public worship of God. Afterwards, there are various little prayer-meetings among them, as indeed there are through the whole day. Some of them also seek an interview with their teachers, to make known to them their religious state. At 7 o'clock they meet with their teachers to sing some of their sweet hymns, and to repeat some of the verses of Scripture they have learnt during the day. They are not encouraged to commit to memory more than twenty or thirty verses, but some of the smaller ones often commit more than a hundred. All their hymns they committed to memory of their own accord.

One evening in the week there is always a meeting, conducted by one of the Missionaries, in Armenian or Turkish; and on another evening there is always a meeting for the Greek girls and others who understand that language; for there are now several Greek girls in the school. Every day those pupils, who are members of the church, have a prayer-meeting by themselves. Every day, too, those who are hopefully pious, but are not yet members of the church, have a prayer-meeting together. And all these, with the others, have more or less meetings together during the week.

Every Friday afternoon, they meet as a benevolent society to do fancy work, and at the close, they have a female prayer-meeting, being joined by some pious females in the neighborhood. A part of the avails of their work this year they give to Ain-tab, to enable the station there to teach all the female members of the church and community to read the Word of God. The children of the school there, the little boys and girls, are employed for this purpose; and they receive for their services a para a lesson each. Nine hundred and sixty paras make a dollar; and thus, for a dollar a day, nine hundred and sixty women there can be taught to read. From the avails of their fancy work, they also contribute something every year for the support of their own native pastor; something to aid in the support of a colporteur in the interior, and something for the poor, and for various benevolent objects. What they contribute for the support of the colporteur is given at the Monthly Concert. Everyone contributes on this occasion, and with great apparent delight, as though it were indeed "more blessed to give than to receive."

The reader will expect me to give an account of some of those precious revival seasons, which we have enjoyed in that school. Though the general impression of all who come to this school is, that it is somehow closely connected with Christ's everlast-

ing kingdom, and that putting off the works of darkness, and putting on the armor of light, is an important part of their education, which they are resolved to attend to; yet something more than this general impression and these good resolutions is necessary, in order to make any one "spiritually minded," which "is life and peace." Merely to resolve to be converted, is not conversion. No one ever really becomes spiritual without the Spirit. "That which is born of the Spirit, is spirit"-ual, and that only. In respect to this influence of the Spirit of God, the school has been very highly favored. Four times, in less than six years, has it been visited in a most gracious manner. The Spirit of God has come "like a mighty rushing wind," and every head would be bowed low in the dust. "The Spirit of *life*" has come; and those, who were insensible and dead as to all spiritual subjects, would be quickened and made alive. 'The Spirit has come like a *dove*;' and the whole aspect of the school would be at once changed. The pupils would be made still, and tender, and thoughtful; loud talking would at once cease; almost every voice would be subdued and kind; and almost every countenance would become sweet and pleasant. At such times, though the ordinary exercises of the school have not in general been interrupted (indeed they have been interrupted

but once), yet for weeks together the voice of prayer and praise has been heard from the earliest dawn till late at night; for no sooner was a lesson recited, than the most, or all of the class, would ask leave to retire; and thus, without any previous arrangement on their part, or on ours, continuous prayer or praise would be offered. Such seasons were very precious. 'The mountains melted like wax at the presence of the Lord.' Hearts harder than adamant were broken to pieces. On one such occasion, all our pupils, except five small ones, seemed to be brought out into light as bright as the brightest day. "God is my Father, and I am happy," said one poor orphan girl. "Bring all the school together, that I may tell them what God has done for me, a poor orphan child," said another, a sister of the former. Another very sweet girl, a great favorite with us all, who had early learnt all the Assembly's Catechism, and who was always very careful not to express more than she really felt, said with great rapidity and earnestness, "Yes, yes, I know I love my Saviour." We ourselves had entertained hope of her before, though she herself had not. "The world cannot give the joy I feel, and the world cannot take it away," said another. While one and another of the previously converted ones said, "I prayed for this, but I hardly believed it would ever again be."

From day to day the pupils petitioned for a special day of fasting and prayer; but so intense was the feeling developed, that we did not dare appoint such a day. Nor indeed was there any occasion for it; for, 'while the Bridegroom was with us, why should we fast?'

The first revival was in the Autumn of 1846. It was on Sabbath, Nov. 22d, that anything unusual was first noticed.* Two of the pupils then came to Miss L——, and asked, with tears, how they could obtain new hearts—saying, at the same time, that they had been praying for several weeks for a new heart, but, the more they prayed, the worse their hearts appeared to them; and they were entirely discouraged. Others in the school were almost immediately brought under the convincing operations of the same Divine Spirit; and, in a few days, the seriousness became general, and the solemnity great. Individuals were constrained to leave their studies and the school-room for a longer or shorter time, every day, and give themselves unto prayer. Many, also, were the little circles of prayer formed during the day; and every evening the whole school had a prayer-meeting among themselves.

On the following Friday, the state of feeling was

* For an account of our peculiar circumstances at that time, see page 18 under the article "Difficulties and Hindrances in our work."

such, that, contrary to our intentions, all study throughout the school had to be given up. This was the only occasion when the regular exercises of the school were interrupted; but on that day every one was sitting, or apparently anxious to sit, 'at the feet of Christ,' to learn of him. All seemed to feel that he had in very deed 'rent the heavens and come down' amongst them with both his hands full of eternal blessings for them. One of the oldest pupils, who was already a professor of religion, and who had entered into this revival with her whole heart, turned pale, and trembled, and wept, and said, "When I read of the revival in the Female Seminary, among the Nestorians, at Ooroomiah, I thought, 'Well, these girls in our school can never be made to feel so;' but lo! the Spirit of God is come, and nothing can stand before him."

And who, that has seen only the dreariness and leafless forests of Winter, can be made to understand anything of the beauty, the loveliness, the fragrance of Spring? But, when the soft breezes of heaven come, what a change! "Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." And one, and another, and another, begins to hear that sweet voice from heaven, saying, "Arise,

my love, my fair one, and come away" from this vain world. "Set thy affections on things above." "Shake thyself from the dust," and walk abroad as a daughter of the great King of heaven.

The managers of the school have always observed a daily concert of prayer for the pupils, a day being fixed upon for remembering each one particularly in her turn. This concert was never known to the pupils; but it is worthy of notice, that several of those who have become hopefully pious, first entertained hope on that very day, in which prayer was especially offered for them. Verily our God is in all generations, and in Constantinople, as well as in other places, '*a God that heareth prayer.*'

Two or three days of fasting and prayer have always been observed in school every year, and those have generally been days of rich spiritual blessings. The first, and the leading object, which the managers have endeavored steadily to pursue from day to day, has been not to make their pupils great scholars, but 'to make them wise unto salvation.' And the next has been, while aiming to give them a solid education, to teach them also habits of economy, industry and benevolence, and thus to prepare them for usefulness in the station they will be likely to occupy. Comparatively few of them will be employed as teachers. Most of them marry very early; so early

indeed, that very few of those who come to school at the age of thirteen or fourteen, remain four years to complete their course of study. The consequence is, that there has been a constant succession of new scholars, and of course, a constant need of regenerating and converting grace. And blessed be God! this great mercy, as I have already related, has been most richly bestowed. Of all who have left the school, very few (except some small children) have apparently left it unblessed. Of the first seventeen that entered the school, all but one (and she a small child) have profess edly entered the school of Christ; and many, who subsequently became members of the school, have also become members of the church of Christ. One of our first pupils is now an assistant in the school, viz. Miss Morning-Star; and she is a very important helper. Three of our pupils are the wives of native pastors; and a fourth is the wife of a native preacher, who has no pastoral charge, but is employed as translator, and who is also a teacher, in this same Female Boarding School, of ancient grammar, penmanship, and vocal music. Others have been married to our native helpers, to deacons and elders of the churches, and I may say in general, to persons of good character and in good business and circumstances. All or nearly all these are hopefully pious,

and all or nearly all those to whom they are married are also hopefully pious.

Two of our pupils have departed this life. One, while she was yet a member of the school. She was about thirteen years old. She trusted in the righteousness of Christ alone. She made a most happy exchange with him. She spoke to him. She had business transactions with him; that is, she gave him all her badness and took all his goodness, and her assurance of being accepted in this way seemed perfect. She was 'perfect in Christ Jesus.' And her end was one of great peace, joy, and triumph. Her worldly-minded mother, who was an Armenian, was present to witness this wonderful scene; and she was much affected by it, and exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous." She has since, for the most part, attended the Protestant service.

The other one, who has departed this life, had been married about a year to one of the deacons of the church. Death came to her very suddenly, but she was prepared. She was ill but a few hours; but her whole attention was so turned away from all that is 'seen and temporal,' and so absorbed in that which is 'unseen and eternal,' that she exclaimed, "I see *Christ*, I see him; can *you* not see him?" And she gladly went 'with him to be where he is' in that

bright world above. This person was taken a very poor, ignorant, and unsightly girl, from a very poor family, and was placed in our school by the hand of charity. She was, so to speak, drawn out from the very bottom of ignorance, nothingness and sin, and wonderously 'raised up to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' She was a fine singer, and was equally at home with the air or the second. She was much beloved by the whole school and the whole church, and her death was greatly lamented. But our loss, we doubt not, is her eternal gain.

Let me now close what I have to say of this school, with one remark, and one request. The remark is this: I doubt not "the Lord will count, when he writeth up the people, that this and that one were born there." The request is, that you will remember this school in your prayers,—that all who shall enter it in time to come, may at once enter the school of Christ—that all the daughters instructed there, "may be as corner-stones, polished" by the Holy Spirit, "after the similitude of a palace." Amen and Amen.

CHAPTER XII.

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

“The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.”—1 Cor. xii. 21.

MR. PRESIDENT,—

My good brother from the Choctaws has just said, as an apology for the shortness of his speech, that the Indians never make long speeches. I might, therefore, keep silence, and offer, as an apology, that the Turks never make any speeches at all. The time has been, when a Turk, who should be found guilty of making a speech, would be likely to be himself made a head shorter for it. Only a few years since, the inhabitants of the great city of the Sultan were forbidden to talk, even about the weather. Ibrahim Pasha, at the head of his victorious army of Egyptian troops, was advancing with rapid marches towards the capital, and the orders issued at the capital were most stringent, that no persons should be seen talking together about the weather; for it was well understood that, if they

could not talk about the weather, they could not of course talk about any more weighty matters, and especially about affairs of state. So, when the late Emperor, Sultan Mahmood, was going to be absent a few days from his capital, on an excursion to Adrianople, he caused a high imperial order to be issued, that the good people of Constantinople should not talk about the weather during his absence. Let every man stay at home, and mind his own business, and let politics alone. He had no more to do with the state of public affairs, than he had to do with the regulation of the weather. If any two persons were seen sitting and talking together before the door of a coffee-shop, it was at once taken for granted that the subject of their discourse must be about the weather, and they were punished accordingly.

You will readily perceive, then, that Turkey is not the best place in the world to learn the art of making speeches. But, Mr. President, if I cannot make a speech, technically so called, I may perhaps, as a witness, bear some testimony in regard to the good which your society has done, and is still doing, in the East. Many of the poor pilgrims there would never have got through the slough of Despond, or over the hill Difficulty, had it not been for the timely aid of your Society. Many, indeed, would never have commenced this blessed pilgrimage, but

would have remained and perished in the city of Destruction, had they not been awakened to a sense of their danger by some of those little messengers you have sent forth. Your publications have often gone where no Missionary could possibly go. Much of the time, for many years, the Missionary was very closely watched. He could hardly stir without alarming the whole community; and all the enemy would be at once on the alert to counteract all his efforts. It is said of our Saviour on one occasion, that "he entered into an house, and would have no man know it: but he could not be hid." So it has often been with us Missionaries. What would we not sometimes have given, could we only "*be hid!*" Could we only get into such a city, or such a place, or visit such a family, and "*no man know it!*" But everybody would know it, and they would know it as soon as we entered the town. Even before we reached the place, everybody would know we were on the way, being informed by spies, or by despatches from the headquarters of the enemy--the bishops and patriarchs. And the noise, and excitement, and prejudice, and misrepresentation would be so great, that we often, like our Saviour, had to retire without being able to vindicate our character, to vindicate the truth, or to do anything more than to make blind eyes blinder.

How often could we have strengthened the hands, and encouraged the heart of our poor, weak, persecuted brethren here and there, could we only have gone to them, as Jonathan went to David in the wilderness of Ziph, in a wood, and "*no man know it!*" But your tracts could go everywhere. The Dairyman's Daughter, for instance, could wrap her cloak about her, and often pass from one field to another, unobserved. The Young Cottager, Mary Lathrop, Nathan Dickerman, and others of like spirit, could go into a school, and sit down with the pupils, and sometimes mingle with them a considerable time, without exciting suspicion. And even John Bunyan himself, trudging on foot with his sack of tools, could go almost anywhere, and hold conventicles throughout the whole length and breadth of the land.

These little tracts are certainly very wonderful things. They are like the light infantry, that sometimes do terrible execution, when the cavalry and heavy artillery cannot be brought to bear at all.

The exact number of this Society's publications which we have translated and put into circulation, I do not know. But the whole number of books and tracts, that have issued from our presses, since I went into the Mediterranean, is not less than 450, averaging not far from fifty pages each. Some of these have been school books, from the Abs up to

Moral Philosophy, including Wayland's Moral Science, and Upham's Intellectual Philosophy. Some of them have been controversial works,—“Tracts for the Times,” striking hard while the iron was hot. But full half of them must I think have been the American Tract Society's best publications, that have gone forth like so many streams from “the pure river of the water of life,” carrying gladness, fertility, and salvation, through the whole length and breadth of that land. John Bunyan, with his pilgrim's staff, is traveling all over Mount Lebanon, and throughout all the hill country of Judea, telling his dream in Arabic. And he is traveling through all the great plains of Asia Minor, as far as to Ur of the Chaldees, and along the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, telling his dream in Armenian. And he is traveling all over Greece, ascending Mount Parnassus, and sitting down by the fountains of Helicon, telling his dream in Greek. *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

And in addition to all these from our own presses, there must have issued from the presses of other Missionary Societies in the Levant, some 250 different kinds of books,—thus swelling the whole number to more than 700. Just think! Seven hundred springs sent into those valleys to run among those hills, giving drink to every tribe that roams

there, for they are in various languages ; where “the wild asses,” or rather those that are “like the wild ass’ colt,” may quench their thirst forever.

This statement does not include the Scriptures, and does not include reprints. Of our own publications, more than a hundred are in Armenian, some sixty or seventy in Armeno-Turkish, many in Arabic and Greek, and others in Greco-Turkish, Hebrew-Spanish, Italian, Bulgarian, &c. Our first Tracts in Armeno-Turkish were prepared at Malta some twenty-four years ago. They were our first attempt at the work, and they were very imperfect. Our translators were altogether inexperienced. We were also far removed from the people, for whose benefit the Tracts were intended, and of course we could not enjoy the benefit of any criticism. Our whole work at Malta, therefore, was one of great imperfection. And yet, strange to say, some of those poor Tracts, so wretchedly done that we are now almost ashamed to look at them, or acknowledge them as ours, did more apparent execution than any we have since prepared,—“that no flesh should glory in his presence.” That blessed work at Nicomedia, which resulted in the formation of a church, now large and flourishing, with a native pastor settled over it, where no Mission family ever resided, owes its commencement under God to those poor imperfect Tracts of the Malta dispensa-

tion. I said we were almost ashamed to acknowledge them as ours. And yet why should we not rather glory in such infirmities, imperfections, and weaknesses, that the power of Christ may be the more manifest, and that his grace may be the more conspicuous? To this Society then I would say, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." What we did at Malta, we did in the morning. It was at the very commencement of our day's work, and we had not then learnt how to sow the seed to the best advantage. But the Lord gave his special blessing to that. One of those, that went so poorly clad to Nicomedia on this occasion, was the Dairyman's Daughter. Let then every dairymaid in our land take encouragement to do good, however poor her appearance may be in her own estimation. And let this Society be encouraged to help forward many such dairymaids and Dairyman's Daughters, however foreign their accent, and however unworthy their dress and manners may seem to be.

Mr. President, I stand up here as the representative of all the Evangelical churches that have been organized in Turkey, now in number more than twice the seven churches of Asia; and in their name

I thank you for what you have done; and on their behalf I offer the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the Society recognize the necessity of the steady support of the Christian press in nominally Christian and pagan lands, as an indispensable auxiliary to Missionary labors, and rejoice that they have been enabled to remit \$20,000 the past year in aid of this noble work.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”—Ps. cxix. 105.

WE never fully appreciate any blessing, till we are deprived of it, or till we have seen others deprived of it. Who ever realizes what a blessing health is, till it is taken from him? Who can fully estimate the value of light, till he has himself been in darkness, or seen others in darkness? Had I always lived in this land of Bibles, I feel persuaded I should never have known, certainly to such a degree as I now do, our indebtedness to this blessed Book—the Bible. In my childhood, though I of course admitted it in theory, yet after all I never really thought, that all the light, and truth, and goodness about us came, not from our good fathers and mothers, but originally and directly from the Bible—this great fountain of all light, and truth, and goodness.

Astronomers tell us, that, should some of the fixed

stars be suddenly extinguished, we should not at once perceive it; but we should still, for a time, enjoy their light as before, because the last rays would not yet have reached us. So, if all the Bibles in our land, if all these bright luminaries were to be now extinguished, we might still feel for a time, that we had as much light as before. The last rays would be still coming to us. But, before many years, we should find the shades of night beginning to settle down upon us; and in the next generation, there would be a darkness that might be felt. Our good fathers and mothers would be gone, and a new generation would arise, "that knew not" the Bible. But may these our bright luminaries never be thus extinguished! May it never be necessary for the good people of these United States to learn from any such sad experience, that all their light, and truth, and purity, all their education, morality, industry, prosperity, happiness, good order, good government, good society, all their comfort in affliction, and hope in death, all, *all* come from the blessed Bible.

During our sojourn in the East, we have had opportunity to learn something on this subject. We there see whole tribes and nations of men walking on in darkness, without "the light of life." We see them go every way but the right way. We see

them admit anything as true, but the truth itself. We see them fall into every pit of error. Nothing is too absurd for them to believe. There is not a straight line in their understandings, and there is not one right thought in their hearts about anything spiritual. Everything of a moral nature is exceedingly perverse. I know of no words in the English language, by which I could fully express to you how thick, how gross is the darkness, where the light of truth shines not. And could I even find the words, you could not understand the full import of their meaning, unless your own eyes should see, and personal observation should help you to understand.

When I have been standing on some lofty peak of Mount Lebanon, or on some of the beautiful eminences around Constantinople, and have looked down on the bewildered crowds below, I have often lifted up my hands and exclaimed, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever." "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed." He, who stands on the Bible, stands on the Rock of ages, and no storms can move him. I have seen men, women, and children stand there unmoved, though the heathen were raging, and the kingdoms were

moved, and though earth and hell seemed let loose upon them.

Our work among the corrupt churches of the East has been altogether a Bible work. Without the Bible, and the Bible in their vernacular tongue, we could have done nothing. Those churches, indeed, always had the Scriptures, but it was to a very limited extent, and in dead languages,—that is, in Ancient Greek, Ancient Armenian, and Syriac. Through the kind aid of those two great and good societies, the British and Foreign Bible Society and the American Bible Society, those churches now possess the whole Old and New Testament in their own vernacular language, viz. in Modern Greek, Modern Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, Greco-Turkish, Hebrew-Spanish, and Arabic.

This, which I now hold in my hand, is the Armeno-Turkish New Testament. I was for several years engaged in translating the whole Bible into that language. The Old Testament is in two volumes, and is translated directly from the Hebrew; and the New Testament, as you see, is in one volume, and is translated directly from the Greek. Many Armenians have lost their native tongue. They no longer speak or read Armenian; they speak and read only Turkish; but they read it, not with the Arabic character, which the Turks use, but with

their own character—the Armenian character ; and it is therefore called Armeno-Turkish. No one can read it but an Armenian, or one who has learnt the power of the Armenian alphabet ; but, when it is read, all in the whole country—Armenians, Greeks, Jews, and others who know Turkish, all these, as well as the Turks themselves, understand it. So, many Greeks in the Turkish empire have lost their native tongue, and speak and read only Turkish ; but they read it, not with the Arabic character, which the Turks use, nor with the Armenian character, which the Armenians use, but with their own character ; and that, therefore, is called Greco-Turkish. The Turks have no character of their own, but always, as well as the Persians, use the Arabic character. Thus we have Arabo-Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, and Greco-Turkish—the language in all cases being Turkish. And it may not be out of place here to remark, that we ourselves have no character of our own, but that we are as poor as the Turks in this respect ; for in writing and reading our own language, we always use the Roman character. The French, Spaniards, and others do the same.

The translation, printing, and circulation of the pure Word of God in the various languages, and among those mingled people of the East have been a great work. And ‘ the entrance of it is giving light ;

it is giving understanding to the simple.' Though it was the Dairyman's Daughter, that tripped on so lightly to Nicomedia,* yet she did not go there alone. No; she had the very best of company. The New Testament went with her. And the church formed there is altogether a New Testament church.

The Word of God in those countries has been like the fire and the hammer to break rocks of error to pieces. It has been the sword with two edges to cut into the very heart of superstition, bigotry, intolerance, and wickedness. I never saw anything do such execution, as the Bible does. It is "the Sword of the Spirit." And, as the flaming sword at the gates of paradise turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life, so this turns every way to keep men from the way of death. It cuts right and left, above and below, before and behind. There is no error of any kind, which it does not cut up root and branch at one blow. One would think the Bible was really made on purpose for just such work as this. It stands right out, like the angel with a drawn sword in his hand, against every evil and false way. And, if Balaam himself cannot see it, the very beast on which he rides testifies against him. In the East, we have seen men, whom nothing on earth could subdue, quelled and subdued at once by the authority of the

* See pages 114, 115.

New Testament. We have seen men, whose violent passions were subject to no parental, ecclesiastical, or civil control, bow down at once to the authority of the New Testament, and become docile like little children. The Bible is becoming THE GREAT BOOK in the East. It is taking the place of all other books. The attention of men universally is more or less directed to it. It is quoted as the ultimate authority. It is the final appeal. It is examined like the great statute-books of a kingdom. Formerly, it was the gilt paper—the *leaves only*, that were considered holy; now, it is that sanctifying truth, which those leaves contain. Formerly, it was the outside—the *cover*, that received all the attention and all the homage; now, it is the *inside*, that is, those precious truths contained within. Formerly, on the Sabbath, and on every great festival, the New Testament was publicly brought out, that the people might reverently approach and kiss the cover—the *handsome binding*; while, at the same time, if any one truly received and followed the truth contained within those gilded leaves, he was cast out of the church, cut off from his business, separated from his family, denied every comfort, and put to every kind of torture. But people now kiss the outside a great deal less, and read the inside a great deal more. And every person, who begins to wake up to a new life, begins at

once to learn to read (if he did not know before), in order to read God's blessed Word, and to see with his own eyes whether these things are so or not. Every old woman, grandmother though she be, learns at once to read, in order that she may be able to read the Bible—"the Bible, more precious than gold," in her estimation. I have seen one grandmother trying to spell out the Bible with three pairs of spectacles on. They were all without bows, and were all stuck tight and fast from the bridge straight on towards the tip of the nose, making it unnaturally sharp in appearance, and not a little obstructive to the sound of the voice. And she would occasionally peer over the top of the whole with a look of the greatest animation to ask the meaning of some hard word, or, to her, difficult passage. That woman is now a member of the church of Christ; one of her daughters has been married to one of the native pastors; and one of her sons is a preacher of the glorious gospel.

At Ain-tab, one of our Missionary stations, there are more than one hundred and forty women now learning to read, in order that they may be able to read the Word of God. They are taught by the children of the schools. The little boys and girls go round every day and give them lessons, and they receive for their services a para a day each. Nine

hundred and sixty paras make one dollar; and thus any little boy or girl there, in this way of school-keeping, can earn a dollar in nine hundred and sixty days—almost three years. Where do these paras come from? Not from the churches here. You have nothing here so small as that; and of course you cannot do business on so small a scale as that. Though I must confess, that in my visits to the churches, I find some of them doing business on rather a small scale after all,—not remembering, that ‘to whom much is given, of the same will much be required.’ These paras come from the churches there. A part is contributed by the pupils in our Female Boarding School at Constantinople.* They are “faithful in that which is least,” even in the 960th part of a dollar. And in this way those poor women at Ain-tab, whom, had you seen a few years ago, you would have thought more foolish than I should dare express, are now becoming wise unto salvation. They no longer sit down together in the dust, but they are ‘sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus;’ and they are “able to comprehend with all saints,” in this or any other country, “what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know,” and tell something about “the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.” Yes; the entrance of

* See page 100.

God's Word has given light to those dark minds; it has given understanding to those simple and foolish ones. And they themselves are now lifting up their eyes to heaven, and saying with joyful and thankful hearts, "*The word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*"

Go on, then, ye noble-minded ones, ye members and patrons of this great and good Society; go on in the blessed work of giving light to those who sit in darkness, and life to those who are in the region of death. Your work is a godlike work. It is like setting wide open all the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem to a perishing world. And it is therefore with great pleasure that I offer the following Resolution, which has been put into my hands for the purpose:

Resolved, That the Providential facilities now furnished for circulating the Scriptures, not only in Christian, but in Mohammedan and pagan lands, should fill our hearts with gratitude, and lead the friends of this Society to enlarged efforts and sacrifices in the good work to which they are called.

CHAPTER XIV.

EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

“The churches of Asia salute you.”—1 Cor. xvi. 19.

“These are they which came out of great tribulation.”—Rev. vii. 14.

BEFORE we left America, judging from the glowing speeches we had heard good men make, we thought the millennium was just at hand. But, when we went to those lands, and saw all the errors, the gross superstitions, and deep degradation, together with all the ecclesiastical and political bondage of the people, the millennium seemed removed back a thousand years at once. And all the bigotry, superstition, and intolerance of all classes of the people, with all their ignorance, oppression—everything wrong in church and state, in heart and life—all these things rose up before us like a great mountain of granite; and the very utmost that we poor Missionaries seemed capable of doing, was to look round, and try to detach a few very small and loose particles here and there with our fingers. The whole aspect of things was most discouraging. But,

as the reader has already learnt in some of the preceding chapters, those mountains have melted away like wax at the presence of the Lord.

There are now nineteen Evangelical churches organized in Turkey. Seven years ago there was not one. Now there are almost three times the seven churches of Asia. Of these, three are at Constantinople itself, one at Broosa, one at Nicomedia, one at Adabazar, one at Smyrna, one at Trebizond, one at Erzroom, one at Tekir-dagh (Rodosto), one at Sivas, one at Diarbekir, one at Mosul, one at Ain-tab, one at Killis, one at Aleppo, one at Beirût, one at Hassbial, and one at Abeih. And, in addition to these, there are materials for other churches, to be organized at various other places. Each of these churches can say with an emphasis, of which those of you who have always lived in this good land, can hardly form an idea,—

“ We are a garden, wall'd around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground,
A little spot, inclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.”

And indeed it was a waste, howling wilderness—such as your eyes have never yet looked upon, whatever desolations you may have seen—from which these little garden-spots have been inclosed. Will you not, then, with great earnestness, lift up a prayer

for them, in the language of the Bible, 'Awake, O North wind, and come, thou South, and blow upon all these gardens, that the spices thereof may flow out,' and that all these plants of righteousness may flourish, and may bring forth much fruit?

Every one of these churches has "endured a great fight of afflictions." Every one has passed "through much tribulation." The members of these churches have, many of them, had a martyr's spirit. They have had frequent "trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment." Some of them have been "faithful unto death," and have, I doubt not, received a martyr's crown. Others "have suffered the loss of all things," and have "taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they have in heaven a better, and an enduring substance."

Even before they had any ecclesiastical organization, and at a very early period of our labors, they were called to suffer very many, and very severe annoyances. Let me mention one of the ways in which they could be made to suffer. The Pasha of St. John d'Acre, Abd Allah Pasha, monopolized almost everything. He made all the soap for the people of his pashalik. Every now and then there would come to Beirût a whole cargo of soap, which the inhabitants of that city must take at his price;

and his price would be likely to be full twice as much by the wholesale, as they could possibly get for it when they should come to sell it in retail. Now the people of Beirût consisted principally of Turks, Jews, and Greeks; and the heads of these communities would come together in order to make a proper division of this soap among themselves. The Turks, being the most numerous, would have to take the largest share, and the Greeks and Jews would have to take what properly belonged to them respectively. The Greeks must now make a distribution among themselves of what fell to their share. Here is a Greek merchant, who is doing much business, and they give him a proportional large quantity of this soap to dispose of in the best way he can. Here is another merchant, who is doing much less business, and they give him a proportionally less quantity. Here, again, is another, who is doing still less business; but he has just begun to read the Bible, to call upon the missionaries, and to wake up to the importance of eternal things; and they put upon him, not two-fold, but many fold; and he cannot open his door and go out into the street, till he has taken all that soap, and paid for it. Very poor encouragement this for men to read the Bible. And long before all this soap can be disposed of, lo! there comes up another cargo of soap; for Abd Al-

lah Pasha was very careful that all his people should have very cleanly habits. Now this was only one way in which those, who 'thirsted for God, for the living God,' could be annoyed. They could be annoyed in almost every way, just in this manner; and there was no possible redress for them.

But, though such annoyances were very grievous to be endured, and sometimes seemed to be almost beyond endurance, yet they were called upon to endure still greater sufferings for the truth's sake. In the winter of 1846, the persecution, which broke forth against them, was so organized as to take a systemized form, and to be truly awful. They were thrown out of their own houses and shops, and in some cases never permitted again to enter them, and their houses and shops passed into other hands. They were cast out into the streets, some of them at midnight, and were not even permitted to walk those streets; for all their protective papers were taken from them. They were cut off from every guild and corporation, and were not allowed to do any manner of work; and they could supply themselves with neither bread nor water, though they might have the money to pay for it. They were utterly helpless. They were outlawed. They might be thrust into any prison, or trodden down as the mire of the streets, and there was no individual in the whole country who had

any right to ask a single question about them. We took houses and opened doors for them. We applied to the noble English merchants and others at Constantinople to aid them by their charities; we made a statement of their condition, and laid it before the whole Christian world; and we received liberal contributions for them, till the persecution could be arrested, and the affairs of these poor people adjusted by the Sublime Porte.

That the reader may have a more vivid impression of the persecutions they suffered, two cases will now be given. One was that of an interesting man at Trebizond. He was a man of much respectability there, having been elected a member of the great municipal council of the nation. This man was seized by order of the Patriarch, and without seeing his wife and children, was brought 700 miles and thrown into the mad house in Constantinople, being fastened with two chains, one from his neck to the wall, and the other from his feet to the floor, in such a way that he could neither stand up straight nor lie down—a most uncomfortable posture to be in. It was intended that no eye should ever see him. But, as he was dragged through the streets of Constantinople, one of the Evangelical brethren saw him, and immediately reported it; and “prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God

for him." And on the third or fourth day, when the assembly was very large, and the native pastor was praying most fervently, that the God, who delivered Peter "from the hands of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews," would interpose and save this our brother,—when he ceased, lo! this brother was standing up in the midst of the assembly! How he was delivered, we have never known. All that he knew was, a man, whom he had never seen before, entered and knocked off his chains, and told him to go; and he came. Efforts were, however, made for him. The English Ambassador was informed of his situation, and he with his accustomed kindness and promptness, notified the Sublime Porte. What steps the Turkish Government took we know not; but the Lord heard the prayers offered, and blessed whatever means may have been used, and our brother was brought "out into a large place." And, before we separated, we had another prayer; or rather, as the reader may well suppose, the voice of thanksgiving and praise went up from overflowing hearts unto Him who heareth and answereth prayer.

Two others were thrown into a Turkish prison. Another brother had been previously thrown in there on the very wicked pretence, that there was no person to be security for him. These two breth-

ren at once stepped forward, and offered their names as security; and, because they dared do such a kind act, they were both of them immediately thrown in there with him,—the meaning of which was, Now let any other man in the whole empire step forward to be security for a Protestant if he dare. It was an awful place, dark and filthy, not fit to live in, nor fit indeed to die in. Vagabonds, thrown in there, often had to spend a night in the place; but it was never expected that they would be continued there. They were either soon punished, or put somewhere else; for it was never supposed that any one could live there. But these three brethren staid there a great while. I went to see them. I looked through the gratings. I went to say something to comfort their hearts. But the sight of so much discomfort and misery affected my own heart to such a degree, that I was able to say scarcely anything to them. My tongue literally clave to the roof of my mouth, and I felt that I needed a comforter myself. These brethren might have been released any moment, by simply saying one word, one very short word of two syllables and four letters,—*Mega*, the meaning of which is. *I repent*. But blessed be God! they did not say that one little word. Repent indeed they did of sin and folly. But they did not repent, that they had read the Scriptures, and become “wise unto

salvation." They did not repent, that they had escaped from the bondage of error, and found eternal truth. They did not repent, that they had placed their feet on the rock of ages, and found solid standing there. And the God, in whom they trusted, at length delivered them to the confusion of their enemies, and the great joy and encouragement of their friends.

Instances like these now related were occurring constantly for several years, and some of them were even more terrible in their character, as the reader of the *Missionary Herald* may recollect. But let these suffice. Should we see a little innocent lamb, surrounded by thousands of most ravenous beasts—lions, tigers, bears, wolves, each having his fiery eye fixed deadly on this lamb, and each seeming ready to pounce upon it; and should we then see that little helpless one led away by an unseen hand from the midst of them all to a place of safety,—we should feel that it was scarcely less than a miracle. Now the deliverance of these persecuted people seems as wonderful as that. Their numerous enemies rose up against them, and threatened to annihilate them; and they had all the wealth and power sufficient to do this; and they had never undertaken to annihilate any one before without succeeding. But ten thousand mighties are not equal

to one Almighty. They were, like Pharaoh, engaged in an unequal contest with Jehovah. And

“Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free.”*

These churches in Turkey we now present to all the churches in America, as sister churches in Christ; and we ask, will you accept and receive them, as members of “the household of faith”? These new communities we now present to you, as new and important branches of the great Protestant family, and as worthy of your confidence and sympathy. They are indeed few and feeble; but “their Redeemer is mighty,” and mighty things has He accomplished for them. We have told them a great deal about you, and ventured to assure them of your sympathy and prayers. Have we done right in so doing? We have told them, that, though they have lost a few friends among their own selfish neighbors and kindred, yet they have gained a hundred, yea a thousand fold among the purest and the best people in every part of the world, and especially among the churches in our own native land. Did we tell them right? We have told them, that, where some ten or twenty doors and hearts were formerly open to welcome them, there are now ten thousand such doors and hearts ready to be opened to receive them; and

* See “Christianity Revived in the East,” by H. G. O. Dwight.

that, where a few good wishes were formerly expressed for them from selfish hearts, fervent supplications and prayers are now offered for them by many ten thousands of the most benevolent and the best people on earth. Did we tell them what was true? Are you as ready to sympathize with these persecuted ones? to pray for them? to receive them as "fellow-citizens of the saints, and of the household of God?" and to assist them in their poverty and feebleness, as we have endeavored to make them believe you to be?

These churches may be called Missionary Churches, for they all labor to convey "the light of life" to the regions around and beyond them. The church in Constantinople, between the time of its organization and the formation of the second church, a period of about four years, had already abroad nineteen of its members, as pastors, translators, teachers, colporteurs, &c.; some of whom still remain abroad, and "some are fallen asleep." The church in Ain-tab is full of zeal in this respect. Some of its members are almost always absent, planting "the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley," wherever they go; and scattering good seed "round about their habitation," though they encamp there but for one night.

Some of these churches are in places, where no

Missionary resides ; and we have no churches, that appear more happy, more united, more spiritual, more prosperous, than some of these. They are furnished with native pastors, who appear to “feed them with knowledge and understanding,” giving the same evidence of love to their Master, which Peter was required to give, viz. by ‘feeding the sheep and the lambs.’ One of them has meetings every day or every evening in the week ; of which one is always an inquiring meeting, and another is a church prayer-meeting ; and one is always for the purpose of telling his people of the great improvements that are going on in the world, and of their relation to the cause of Christ. This faithful pastor, if he hear of any unpleasant state of feeling existing between two brethren, will neither eat nor drink, till he has been to “set them at one again.” His influence is very great. He is a man of great simplicity of character, and his example preaches every moment. He is very abstemious, almost as much so as Elijah the prophet, or John the Baptist, ‘drinking neither wine nor strong drink,’ taking neither coffee nor tea, using neither snuff nor tobacco, but keeping under his body, and bringing it into subjection. He is dead to the world, but alive to God ; always wide awake, body, soul, and spirit ; always ready for prayer and praise ; always ‘waiting for the

Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say *more* than they that watch for the morning.'

Another of these pastors has three services on the Sabbath, and several others of different kinds during the week. His people love him much, and they say he is worthy to be loved. He is a man of great kindness of heart; of good presence; and of uncommon skill in adapting himself to the prejudices, the weakness, or the strength of his hearers. His influence even among the old Armenians is not small. More or less of them always attend the chapel services; and some, who dare not come to the chapel, he meets at stated times in other places in order to answer their inquiries, and 'explain to them the way of God more perfectly.' Not a few Armenian children are found in the Protestant school established there.

There is no Missionary among us, whom we should wish to see settled at some of those places instead of those native pastors. We should feel it to be altogether a retrograde motion to have those pastors removed for the sake of any of us Missionaries being settled there. Not that they are very great preachers, not that they are learned men; for they are neither the one nor the other in our understanding of the terms. But they are well adapted to those places. They know how to get access to the native mind, and

how to place that truth there, which the Holy Spirit makes use of to sanctify. And, moreover, it now looks there as though the Gospel had taken root, and was growing in its own native soil. It is not an exotic, depending wholly on foreign aid and support; but it is now native, it belongs to the soil, and it is now, by its own native energy, sending its roots deep, and spreading its branches abroad towards heaven. May each one of those churches long 'flourish like the palm-tree, and grow like a cedar in Lebanon!'

LINES WRITTEN AFTER HEARING AN ADDRESS FROM
MR. GOODELL.

I had heard of the "blades of Damascus,"
Of temper and edge so unmatched,
That one stroke, on the neck of a foeman,
His soul to its Houris despatched.

I had heard of those gardens in Turkey,
Where acres of roses were grown;
Where the "Queen of the flowers," in rich beauty
And fragrant profusion, were strown.

And this, too, was the "Rose of Damascus,"
The "Damask," the Orient famed;
From which the rare skill of the Turk-man,
Drew that perfume, the "Atar-gul," named.

Now, I've heard of new gardens in Turkey,
With "Roses of Sharon" in bloom,*

* See page 42.

Where “Morning-Stars,”* “Queens,” in their glory,
Lift up from Armenia the gloom.

And at Lebanon’s foot,—o’er its steepness,—
Bloom plants for the garden of God ;
The Missionary’s toil has transplanted,—
They thrive in the tear-watered sod.

See them close, and more closely up-springing ;
See,—wall after wall is broke down ;—
List the sweetness,—these flower-voices singing,—
“Our Saviour, the Lord of all, crown.”

Not the “Ottar of Roses” from Turkman
Can with the rich fragrance compare,
When the Lord shall come down to his garden,
Smelling perfume of holiness there.

On the banks of the lovely Bosphorus,
Many souls stained with sin are made clean ;
The deceiver, the thief, sit “decorous,”—
Angel-peans, resound o’er the scene.

Auburn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1852.

* Morning-Star, Queen, Palm-Tree, &c., are translations of the names of some of the pupils in the Boarding-School at Constantinople. See page 91.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPELS.

“Ye are the temple of the living God.”—2 COR. VI. 16.

EXCEPT at Nicomedia, there is at none of our stations a house yet erected for the public worship of God; but all the temples are spiritual ones, being built of living stones. For a place of meeting, we take a house that has a large room or hall in it; and, when this is full to overflowing, we take down a partition, and enlarge our chapel by thus including within it another room; and, when it becomes again too small, we look to see if we cannot take down another, and thus enlarge it still more. And at Ain-tab, one of our stations in the interior, when the Missionaries had in this way removed every partition, they just knocked out one whole side of the house, and then spread an awning, which reached far over into the enemy's territory. This we might call “Church Extension,” in the truest and most legitimate sense. Here the people sit without benches,

or seats of any kind, being packed like slaves on board a slave ship, that is, occupying the least possible space imaginable. And they sit in this way, even far beyond that awning, under the open firmament of heaven, although that firmament should become dark with clouds, and the rain should pour down in torrents. For, strange to say, those people are no more afraid of the rain that falls on the Sabbath, than of that which falls on Tuesday or Wednesday. Poor people! How very obtuse their minds must be! They have not yet learnt to make those exceedingly nice distinctions, which modern refinement understands so admirably.

It should be added, that for want of room, (although in one direction they have taken in "all out-doors,") they have to pack away some of the smaller children under the good minister's table, and that sometimes the little fingers and toes of this part of the congregation get thrust out so far, that he treads upon them; and then, according to the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Bacon, who visited the station in his recent travels in the East, "*there is music in that house.*"

But we need chapels. And why are they not as necessary for the comfort and prosperity of the churches in Turkey, as they are found to be in America? Should some modern Nehemiah visit us, and "see the distress that we are in" for want of suitable places

for worship, we feel persuaded he would at once write home to his friends, and say, "*Let us rise up and build.*" And the very next thing to be recorded for succeeding generations to read would be, "*So they strengthened their hands for this good work.*" Amen. So let it be.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY BRETHREN.

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”—PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

I WISH to say a few words of those with whom it has been our happiness to be associated these many years, at Malta, Beirût, and Constantinople. I wish to acknowledge, in this public manner, that you have sent us some of the very best specimens of the productions of this good land—some of your very best sons and daughters. Like the wise men who came from the East, you have opened your treasures and given us your very best, and better even than “*gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.*” These beloved brethren and sisters have been great blessings to us. Some of them must be personally known to many of my readers. And in regard to all we may make this one remark, that “they are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.” We have often passed together through most thrilling scenes “of trouble and of joy.” In consequence

of conflagration, pestilence, persecutions, and afflictions of various kinds, we have been thrown together in all sorts of inconvenient ways, that were calculated to try one's patience. We have been brought into much closer contact with each other, than families here are usually brought; and much closer than it is generally safe for such imperfect creatures as we are, to be brought. But the grace of God has been exceeding abundant towards us; and we thought we would not wait for the millennium before becoming kind and gentle, but would begin now to be just as good and kind to each other as we intended to be, should we live in the millennium. Or, in other words, that we would endeavor to be just as kind and courteous to each other here on earth, as we expected to be in heaven. And why should we not be? Why should we not *now* live in the kingdom of Christ, and do all our business, make all our visits, maintain all our intercourse with each other, take all our meals, and make all our journeys in this blessed kingdom?

Our own little Prayer meetings, Bible classes, Sabbath schools, Singing meetings, and Communion seasons, we always maintained among ourselves, in distinction from those we had with the people. This we did, even when one family was by itself alone. And these seasons were often very precious to us.

After the public labors of the Sabbath, some of our families would often come together, and parents and children sit down together, and repeat to each other some of those beautiful Hymns with which the English language so abounds. We would all become converted like little children, and sit down together to say the Assembly's Catechism—our little ones in their turn asking their fathers and mothers, "What is the chief end of man?" And their fathers and mothers endeavoring to answer with the spirit and the understanding also, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy him forever." This to you may seem light and trifling, but with us it was all seriousness and devotion—and it was profitable to our souls. We found it good, even in old age, to be thus converted and "become like little children" once more, and learn over again, "What is the chief end of man? what is man made for?" A great thing for all Missionaries to know. A good thing for all Missionary Societies to know—for all the ministers of the Gospel, and all the churches of Christ to learn over again.

Soon after my family removed to Constantinople in the year 1831, we commenced learning according to the verse system; that is, committing to memory every morning, and repeating at the breakfast-table, a verse of Scripture. As almost all the families that

have since gone to Constantinople, or to the regions beyond, have been for a longer or shorter period members of our families there, the practice has been very generally adopted at all our stations. In this way a great many verses of Scripture can be committed to memory in the course of twenty years. We generally use various languages, as English, Turkish, Armenian, German, French, Greek, Modern Greek, Italian, Latin, and Hebrew. In my own family no more than four languages are generally used, viz. English, Turkish, Armenian, and French. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you *richly* in all wisdom." But how can the word of Christ dwell *richly* in us, unless we commit it to memory?

Among those who have surrounded the Lord's table with us at different times have been members of the Episcopal church, the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, German Reformed, Moravian, Scotch Presbyterian, Free Scotch, Seceder, English Dissenter, Latin, Armenian, Protestant Armenian, Greek, Greek Catholic, Protestant Greek, and Abyssinian churches. To these we might add the Swiss and French churches, and the Plymouth Brethren, twenty-two in all. Sometimes as many as nine of these churches have been represented at the same time, when the whole number of communicants has been less than twenty.

All our communion seasons have been in "an upper room," and most of them have, from necessity, been in a private room, "furnished and prepared" for the occasion, the same as when the ordinance was first instituted.

Our own Missionary brethren have themselves belonged to some four or five different denominations of Christians. And, in addition to this, we have labored side by side in the same neighborhood and in all Christian harmony with English Episcopal Missionaries, with Methodist, Scotch, and Free Scotch. With an Episcopal brother we have taken turns in administering the communion of the Lord's Supper. When he officiated in his turn, we united with him in his way; and when we officiated in our turn, he united with us in our way. The same also with our Scotch brethren at Constantinople. Sir Stratford (now lord) Canning, British Ambassador at the Sublime Porte, to whom I related the circumstance, said, "This is what I call Christian communion." "Yes," I replied, "your creed says, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy universal church, the communion of *saints*,' not *sects*." Different denominations of Christians have united with the Protestant Armenians at Constantinople in celebrating the Lord's Supper, and *one* Episcopal clergyman has received the bread and the wine from

the hands of our native pastors there. "I believe in the communion of *saints*," not sects.

I have a letter from that man of God, the bishop of Jerusalem, our good brother Gobat. He is a man of great simplicity of character, and "he worketh the work of the Lord" among those corrupt churches just "as we do." In this letter, he asks whether the charter granted to the Protestants was only for Armenians, or whether it included Greeks also ; and then says, "You will hear with pleasure, that thirteen families with sixty-one souls at Nazareth have just declared themselves Protestant before the Kadi, of whom I hope that several are under the influence of the Spirit of grace. Our people at Nablous call themselves Protestants also, but as they are left perfectly quiet of late, they have not yet taken any outwardly decided step." This good bishop has no more fraternity with those corrupt churches, than he has with the synagogue of Satan. Instead of having "fellowship with those unfruitful works of darkness," he "rather reproveth them." He "cannot bear them that are evil." He has "tried those, who say they are Apostles (and Apostolic), and are not, and has found them liars." And instead of sympathizing with those proud persecuting prelates, and assisting them in the awful work of extinguishing every spark of goodness, and destroy-

ing every sign of returning life, the whole sympathy of his heart is with those who are just beginning to live, to breathe, to pray, to read God's holy Word with a prayerful desire to understand it, and who, "for the truth's sake," are troubled and persecuted by their respective hierarchies.

Such is Samuel Gobat, Lord Bishop of Jerusalem.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !

"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garments ;

"As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion : for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore."—Psalm cxxxiii.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST GENTILE CONGREGATION, COMPARED WITH SOME OF THE LAST ONES.*

“Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.”—Acts x. 33.

THIS is the language of Cornelius and his friends to the first Missionary that was ever sent to them. And perhaps I cannot better introduce what I have to say of some of the congregations, to whom your Missionaries in Turkey have had the privilege of preaching the Gospel, than by refreshing your minds with some of the interesting features of this first Gentile congregation.

Cornelius was an officer in the Roman army. Of his early history we know nothing; but judging from his name, we might infer, that he was allied to some of the noblest families in Rome. By living in Palestine he had become so much acquainted with the truth, as to renounce idolatry. But,

* Preached in Portland at the time of the Annual Meeting of the Board in 1851.

though he worshiped the same God the Jews professed to worship, yet he did not join himself to the Jewish church. That church, like the Oriental churches at the present day, had become most awfully corrupt. It was no church for a spiritually-minded man to join. 'The very light that was in her had become darkness, and how great was that darkness!'

Cornelius is anxious about his eternal well-being, and what can such men as the chief priests and scribes do to relieve his anxiety? He has not yet learnt how a man can be just with God,—how a sinner can be sure of being pardoned and saved; and of what use to such a man is a whole church of Pharisees and hypocrites! of utter worldliness! of perfectly dead formalism! as every church becomes, whenever the Spirit of God leaves it! Cornelius sets apart a day for humiliation, fasting, and prayer. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, God sends an angel to him,—not to preach the Gospel to him, not to tell him one word of that great salvation, which God had provided for all people; but simply to tell him where he could find a Missionary to instruct him and his family in regard to their eternal salvation.

As soon as the angel departs, Cornelius doubtless, first of all, falls on his trembling knees before God,

to give thanks for his great mercy, and to acknowledge his own unworthiness. He then calls for three of his most confidential servants, one of them a pious soldier, and sends them off the same evening to find out that Simon Peter, who (the angel said) lived at Joppa, very near the sea. They traveled, as it would appear, all night, or nearly so, and by noon the next day they are in sight of the city; and soon they are making inquiries for the house of the tanner, where this wonderful Jew lodged.

But this same Peter, who is especially designated to preach to Cornelius what an angel was not permitted to do, needs himself to be taught of God. So strong were the prejudices of the Jews, that the report of Cornelius' vision would not have induced Peter to go one step to publish salvation to those uncircumcised ones in that unconsecrated place, had not a vision from the Almighty, thrice repeated, weakened his prejudices; and had not the Spirit then directly addressed him, saying, "Go with them doubting nothing, for I have sent them." God has to teach all those whom he employs, and sends forth to teach others. And, unless they be thus taught of God, oh! how contracted are their views, and how unfit are they for their work! even though, like Peter, they may have been in the best Theological school for three years.

Peter is thus prepared by divine grace to go down from the house-top to the gate, and receive in the most cordial manner this first deputation from the Gentile world. The messengers of Cornelius spend the night with him, and such a night they had never passed before. Such conversation, such instructions, such prayers, such blessed news they had never before heard. The heart of that devout soldier must have been filled with joy unspeakable. On the morrow Peter departs with them, and several of the brethren from Joppa accompany them. We learn from the narrative, that six of the Jewish brethren accompanied them. (Acts xi. 12.) They have some fifteen hours to travel, most probably on foot, and reach Cæsarea the next day.

Cornelius is anxiously waiting his arrival. He has given notice to his relatives and friends, and many are assembled, as we learn from the narrative. The occasion is a deeply interesting one. Every heart is in a serious frame; and a stillness and sacred awe pervade that whole assembly. The messengers, they think, must by this time be very near; the hours and even the minutes are counted; the door and the windows are watched; there is less and less of conversation in that house, and there is more and more of deep thought and solemn feeling. Cornelius, who, as we may suppose, has hardly slept since

he saw that angel and despatched those messengers, begins to pace the room. His face is pale ; his limbs tremble ; and his lips are now and then seen moving, as if with the utterance of prayer.

Presently a servant rushes in, and says, "Sir, they have come." He hastens to the gate, and throws himself at the feet of him whom God has sent to instruct him. For aught he yet knows it may be the Messiah himself who has come, and he falls down and pays him divine honors. Peter shrunk with horror from such homage. He laid hold of him, and took him up, and said, "Stand up ; I myself also am a man."

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, as we learn from the narrative, (Acts x. 3 and 30,) and the apostle was doubtless both thirsty and weary. But he sees the situation of the man ; and without stopping (so far as appears) to take any refreshment, he enters the house at once, and behold the whole house is filled with uncircumcised Gentiles. Peter informs them that he should not have come, had he not received from heaven most positive instructions to do so, and he asks why they had sent for him.

Cornelius, with a tremulous voice, and interrupted, we may suppose, with tears, relates all the extraordinary circumstances of his state of mind, of the deep anxiety he had long felt, of his prayers, of his

fasting, and of the vision he had seen ; expresses his great satisfaction and gratitude, that Peter had come so readily ; and then adds, in the words of the text, "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." He says no more, but this expresses everything. And doubtless all present nod assent to it. And, in the momentary pause that ensues, there is a silence, deep and solemn. And down the cheek of many an old Roman soldier, whose eye had never been moistened before, was the tear beginning to steal.

"Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." I confess my former ignorance, and narrow prejudices. But God has enlarged my own heart. (And a blessed thing it is when God enlarges the heart of the Missionary, the pastor, or the church ; for it is a sure sign that great blessings are about to come upon the people. Oh ! how much the Apostle himself learnt in being thus called upon to guide those inquiring Gentiles into the path of salvation !) God has enlarged my own heart, he might truly say. He has taught me this great truth, that "in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." And on the utterance of such a sentiment from the mouth of a Jew, we may well suppose there would be in that assembly of Gentiles

a gush of feeling, which would make the place a Bochim. For such a sentiment from the mouth of a Jew had never before been heard among the poor Gentiles. And that first expression of the Apostle at once brought that whole assembly of Gentiles within the circumference of divine favor, and placed them all within the possibility of eternal life. And methinks we may see that whole assembly 'moved by it, as the trees of the forest are moved by the mighty winds of heaven.'

The Apostle now proceeds immediately to the great doctrines which he was sent especially to communicate, viz. salvation by Christ alone—forgiveness of sins through faith in his name—Christ coming down, and dwelling with us as our own flesh and blood—Christ crucified for us, and raised again from the dead—Christ anointed of God to be King forever—ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead—being "Lord of all," that is, being the *world's* Saviour and King—exalted to give a full and free remission of sins to all, of whatever nation, or tribe, or family, who should believe on him. These were the great themes on which the Apostle was expatiating; and a mere abstract of which we may suppose to be all that is preserved on sacred record.

But the Spirit of God is there, and that assembly

can no longer restrain their emotions. In the very midst of the discourse, their 'tongues break out in unknown strains,' to celebrate the work of redemption by the blood of atonement. They magnify God for his wonderful love to man. And, in doing this, they are able, like the Jewish converts, to speak in languages they had never learned. They now see clearly how a man can be just with God—how a poor sinner of the *Gentiles*, as well as of the Jews, can be saved. And they cannot cease to admire this wonderful provision of the Gospel. It exactly meets their wants, and they embrace it. They *all* embrace it. They probably all of them embraced it within the first half hour. They probably all of them embraced it within five or ten minutes of each other. And cannot the Gospel be embraced as well in five minutes, as it can in five years? And can it not be embraced as well by a whole congregation of men, women, and children, as it can by any one individual of that congregation? How long does it take men, how long does it take a large assembly of men to believe good news, when such news, as in this case, comes properly attested. They *all* embrace it. It is "like cold waters to a thirsty soul;" and they lift up their hands, and bless God for it. Their minds are filled with such peace as the world never gave them; and with such confidence and joy,

as the doctrine of the Pharisees had no power to impart.

The Apostle can now no longer restrain his own feelings. And looking round on his brethren—those six who had come with him from Joppa, he asks, “Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?” And the result was, that they were all baptized, and added to the Church of Christ that same afternoon. Whether they all received the Lord’s Supper on this occasion, we are not told; but it is most likely that they did; and that their first meal together, of those Jews and those Gentiles, (a thing not known before in this world,) was a Sacramental one. It was a most memorable occasion—a sermon such as they had never before heard—a day never to be forgotten by them. They requested Peter to spend several days with them. They had now some acquaintance with Christ, but they wished for more. They had received the Holy Spirit, but they had still need of the ministry of the Word; and were not like too many, who, when they think they have received the Spirit, set themselves up altogether above the ministry of the Word. They had been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God’s dear Son; but of the nature, and laws, and institutions of that kingdom, they had

yet much to learn. *They* had been translated from Satan's kingdom into Christ's kingdom; but their *property*—their farms, their merchandize, perhaps all yet remained where the owners once lived, and had not yet been transferred; that is, they had not yet learnt how to live, and use their influence and property in this new kingdom of Christ, into which they had now come, and in which they were to live forever. They had a thousand questions to ask, and Peter had ten thousand things to say to them of Him, who "was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and who afterwards, while their own eyes beheld, 'ascended up where he was before.' How much they must have learnt during those few days that Peter was with them! How rapidly they must have grown in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ! Perhaps more in the course of those few days, than many Christians among us do in the course of half a century!

Let me now draw a comparison between this first Gentile congregation, and some of our congregations in Turkey. And

1. Cornelius said, that he and his friends were all "present before *God*." Now this has been emphatically the case with some of our congregations in the Sultan's dominions in Turkey. The people have come together not to meet with man, but to meet with

God; not to transact business with one another, but to transact business for eternity. All their concerns were with God. Had it been possible for them, especially during the severe persecution, to steal into our assemblies without being seen by any mortal eye, most gladly would they have done so; for they could not be seen without incurring the risk of being stoned, thrown into prison, sent into exile, or deprived of all means of living. They came, then, not to be seen of men, but they came on purpose to meet with God. They were *all* present before God, old and young, male and female, for they all incurred the same danger. And whoever went into their assembly in those times, would feel at once that God was there, and that each one was there alone with him, and was speaking to him, and was transacting business with him, and was taking the whole cup of salvation for himself, as though he were the only person, or as though he were the first person in this world, to whom that blessed cup of salvation was ever offered. And whoever comes into our assemblies at any time with such feelings—thus hungering and thus thirsting after righteousness,—no such individual is ever sent empty away. There is always “bread enough and to spare” here for such famishing souls. It is only the *rich*, who are sent empty away—those who come here for

nothing, who feel their need of nothing, who ask nothing, and expect nothing,—such must expect to go away as poor, as blind, as insensible as they came, although they may come every Sabbath for fifty years.

2. Cornelius said, that he and his friends were all “present before God to *hear*.” They had not come to see, or to be seen. They had not come out of custom. They had not come to pass away an idle hour; or because the bell rung, and they hardly knew what to do with themselves. They had come to *hear*. They did not enter the place with levity, nor leave it with bustle. While there, they did not place themselves in an attitude of unconcern, or in a posture favorable for drowsiness; nor did they turn their eyes to any object which would be likely to divert or distract their minds. They were all attention. Their eyes were riveted on the speaker. They regarded him as an ambassador of Christ, and the only thing they thought of was the message he had come to deliver. They were all under a holy influence. And that such a congregation should receive such signal blessings from God is no wonder.

Now such at times has been the appearance of some of our congregations at Constantinople, Nicomedia, Adar-Bazar, and especially at Ain-tab. They have come together to *hear*. They opened their *ears*

to hear. The whole congregation as one man would *bend forward* in order to hear. They would open their eyes, and open them very *wide*, as though they could hear all the better for it. And they would even open their *mouth*, as though they would swallow down every word. One would be often reminded of the passage, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Like those who had been long famishing, they would seize the truth with great avidity, and swallow it by whole mouthfuls. "I opened my mouth and panted; for I longed for thy commandments," seemed to express the feelings of very many. And to open the rich stores of the Gospel to such persons was like 'pouring water upon the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.' Not a drop seemed to be wasted. It was not necessary to preach a whole sermon in order to give them the full impression, or wake them up to the importance of a subject. "The voice of the Lord was powerful, and full of majesty," even in simple sentences. And not only sentences, but even single words would sometimes seem to wake them up to a world of thought. Such words as *emân*, faith; *tevba*, repentance; *moohabbet*, love; *Koortarygy*, Saviour; *Hesoos Chrisdos*, Jesus Christ; *ghök*, heaven; *enayet*, grace; *sadakat*, righteousness; *merhamet*,

mercy, and many others of a similar kind, would sometimes seem to be attended with divine energy to their souls. Like as it is with you in a great and powerful revival of religion, when but few words comparatively seem necessary to bring men to Christ and salvation. The "word was with power." It "was perfect, converting the soul." Like a two-edged sword, it cut every way. It came with all the authority of eternal truth, and with all the freshness of good news from heaven. Sometimes, after they had been sitting in a crowded room for three or four hours, and the assembly was already dismissed, they would be slow to leave. Some would almost always be sure to linger for the sake of proposing some question, and taking still deeper draughts from the river of the water of life. Many took notes, both for their own improvement, and for the sake of communicating to others what they had heard from us. They gathered up the fragments, and retailed them; and, as retailers, nobody in all Constantinople carried on a brisker trade than they did at times. They lighted their candle, not to conceal it under a bushel, but to put on a candlestick for the public benefit. And the water they drank for their own refreshment, thus became in them "a well of living water, springing up" for the refreshment of all their neighbors and friends.

3. Cornelius said, that he and his friends came together "to hear *all* things" that Peter was commanded to tell them. To hear *all*; not a part, but the whole; not a few things merely, such as the light of nature teaches, or the wiser heathen approved; but *all* things, which God had to communicate. Cornelius did not dictate to the speaker, what he should preach to them. He did not caution him to avoid everything, which might offend the prejudices of his audience, or contradict their preconceived notions. He did not content himself with just that portion of God's message, which suited his own convenience, or accorded with his own views, or encouraged him in his own opinions and ways. But he meekly received the whole,—however much it might humble his pride, or condemn any of his former practices, or oppose any of his wishes, or interfere with any of his plans. Instead of exercising dominion over God's truth, as the manner of some is, he let God's truth exercise dominion over him. He gave himself up to its entire control, and he was sanctified by it, and made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

And thus the congregations in Turkey. They for the most part appeared to desire to know all God's truth, and to have nothing concealed or explained away. They come together to learn and not to

teach. They were converted and become docile like little children. They were Bible Christians, and a "*Thus saith the Lord*" was abundantly sufficient to establish every doctrine; and the lack of this authority was sufficient to induce them to lay aside at once every superstition, though such superstition might have had the sanction of ages. Instead of simply going back to the fathers, they went clear back to the grandfathers, to the very Apostles themselves. Here they planted their foot. Here they took firm hold, and let everything else go. "What was sufficient for the primitive Christians," they said, "is sufficient for us. What saved them, will certainly save us." Even in the constitution of their church, the Constantinople Platform* (not the Cambridge or Saybrook), although everything is so entirely different from anything found in the Oriental churches, yet they never objected to the least thing which appeared to have the sanction of the New Testament. They were in fact like that good man, who, when he went to hear the word preached, used to say, "Now let the Word of God come; and, if I had six hundred necks, I would bow them all to the authority of God's Word." And to see men, to see a whole congregation of men bow down just in this way to the authority of the New Testament, was a

* See *Missionary Herald* for Sept. 1846.

sight worth looking at—a sight not often seen in this world.

4. Cornelius “had called together his *kinsmen* and *near friends*,” that *they* also might learn how they could be saved. In doing this, Cornelius had done his friends a great kindness; for, in this way, *they* also shared the benefit of divine instruction. Thus our churches in the East. The brethren, when persecution has not prevented them, have in general been very active and zealous in inducing their neighbors and friends to come and hear the gospel. Look abroad in almost any direction, and you would see some Andrew, bringing his brother Simon to Christ; or some Philip, persuading his friend Nathaniel to come. You would sometimes see a brother come into the assembly, leading a poor blind beggar whom he had picked up in the streets, not with the expectation that his bodily eyes would be opened, but with the hope that ‘the eyes of his understanding might be enlightened,’ that thus he might be enabled to see the glory of Christ, and to ‘look at those things which are unseen and eternal’—which he could do as well without bodily eyes as with them. Sometimes one would be brought in to hear the gospel, who, like “the sick of the palsy,” was so far gone, that it required the efforts of more than one brother to bring him there. He seemed to be “borne of four” ‘over

the very top of the house,’ and “let down through the tiling.” That is, three or four brethren had to put forth all their persuasive effort to bring the man in. Nor was such effort made in vain. ‘The power of the Lord was often present in our assemblies to heal some of those who had need of healing’—to heal all who “had *faith* to be healed.” And to ‘see the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the blind see,’ the dead live—I mean those wonderful moral transformations—O those were “visions bright,” and they were as real, as they were bright; and they were worth going a great way to see.

“Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES.

“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do.”—ACTS, ix. 6.

“Here am I ; send me.”—IS. vi. 8.

THIS great and blessed Reformation, which has been faintly described in the preceding chapters, is now going on in a marvellous manner through that whole country. In very many of the cities, and towns, and villages of that vast empire, (and it is said that the names of more than a hundred such places could be given,) the work has begun. Individuals in all those places now meet together on the Sabbath, and at other stated times, and sit down in some secret place for the express purpose of reading the Bible together, and endeavoring to ascertain what is the truth ; and, if there be found one among them to offer prayer, they lift up their voice with their hearts to “the Father of Lights” for his good Spirit to guide and direct them in their inquiries. And they are calling loudly for Missionaries, or for native pastors and teachers to come and take the

direction of this new and important movement, and we have none to send. Let, then, all the churches know, that I have come for some more of their own sons and daughters. And let me ask each one, Will you give them? How many will you give? How many have you given? This church of Christ, organized I know not how long ago, how many representatives has she now at the Sandwich Islands? In China? In India? In Persia or Turkey? In Greece or Africa? Or among the red men in our own borders? Have you fifty such representatives? Have you half that number? Should this church give us several, and several of her very best, would she be a loser by it? Would she not, on the contrary, be a great gainer by it? Would she not be a much more spiritual church? A much more self-denying and praying one? Much more wide awake in regard to everything benevolent and good, than she is at present? Would she not "have life," and have it far "more abundantly," than she now has? And would she not find in her own happy experience, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive?" It might indeed be a greater blessing to her to give one, than to receive twenty.

And, should this church contribute far more abundantly, than she has ever yet contributed, for the support of those sent out on this errand of mercy,

would she become impoverished by it? Have you ever read of any of your sister churches becoming impoverished in this way? I never heard of such a thing, since the Lord Jesus had a church on this continent. Heretofore your Missionaries in Turkey have been digging, and ploughing, and sowing amidst a great deal of discouragement, difficulty, and opposition, and sometimes even of danger. But now the great harvest has come. It is now the great grand crisis with that mission. And, had we the men and the women to send, where they are imperiously demanded, we have every reason to believe, that, within the short space of three or four (not thirty or forty) years, there would be in those countries, not merely nineteen Evangelical churches as at present, but more than sixty or seventy such churches; and that these churches would very soon be able to take care of themselves, and, instead of calling upon us for any more aid in men or money, would themselves be contributing both of these to send the Gospel to the regions beyond them.

Now, ye rich inheritors of an incorruptible inheritance, ye adopted sons and daughters of the great King of Heaven! when you yourselves were translated from the kingdom of Satan and selfishness into the kingdom of Christ and benevolence, where did you leave all your worldly substance? Your

beautiful farms, and rich merchandize, and all your stock-in-trade? Did you leave everything off there, in that kingdom of worldliness, where you once lived, to be all of it, (comparatively speaking, *all* of it,) used up according to the course, and customs, and fashions of this world, just as though you had lived and died there yourselves? Why not at once transfer everything into this new kingdom, this empire of all goodness, where you hope to live and be happy forever? And where, after a few days, or years at most, you expect to be employing all your energies through eternal ages? Why not begin now? Here, in this happy kingdom, why not begin to live, and move, and have your being now? Here take all your meals? Here make all your visits, and never go out of this kingdom for the sake of a single evening's entertainment? Here transact all your business, and never go out of this kingdom to make a single bargain? You have property enough for yourselves and your families, your pastors and teachers, and all the great benevolent enterprises of the day; only let it be employed here, in this kingdom of light, where it ought to be, and not off there, in that kingdom of darkness, where it ought not to be. It will—*all of it*, be used up, *somewhere*. *It depends upon you to say, WHERE.*

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE MISSIONARY, AND CHURCHES STILL MORE STRANGE.

“Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways.”—HAG. i. 7.

THERE was once a very eminent servant of God, who was sent on a Foreign Mission. He was at first very unwilling to go to such a distant country, and tried for some time to evade the call of duty by turning his thoughts to lands nearer home. But the call was very loud and imperious, and he finally consented to go. His labors there were short, but his success was very remarkable. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the labors of any other Missionary, in ancient or modern times, have been crowned with such signal success. But this success of his in some way affected his temporal interests, or unfortunately he thought it did, and he was in a very bad state of mind about it. He wished at once to resign his commission. And, when he appeared before God in prayer, he thought, and it would appear, expressed it in so many words, that he ‘did well to

be angry even unto death.' His name was Jonah, the son of Amittai, who was sent on a mission to that great, and distant, and idolatrous, and very wicked city, Nineveh. Poor Jonah! you have his example before your eyes.

Now, ye churches of Christ, your prayers have been heard, and great success has been given to the labors of your Missionaries. God is opening doors before them in a wonderful manner. Doors, which have been shut from the generations of old, he is now setting wide open. He is pouring out his Spirit, and multiplying the trophies of his grace. Thousands are waking up to a new life; and the circumstances of multitudes are calling for schools, Bibles, Tracts, chapels, pastors, and teachers, to an unprecedented extent. Now all this success, all this answer to your prayers, is going to affect your temporal interests. For you are now called upon as imperiously as Jonah was to go to Nineveh, to enter at once all these doors, which the Providence of God has thrown wide open to you; to disseminate all these Bibles and Tracts, which are so loudly called for; and to send forth all these "pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." And all this will surely affect your interests, and will affect them permanently. And it will

affect them more and more, and this not only as long as you live, but through eternal ages. And whoever is made angry by this state of things, is as much worse than Jonah, as the light and privileges of the New Testament Dispensation are superior to those of the Old. And, if he continue in this unhappy state of mind "unto death," we know of no reason why he may not continue so forever after death. But whoever is made happy by it, will have eternal cause to be more and more happy. Yes; of the increase of the gladness and joy of that man's heart there will be no end; for the increase of this blessed kingdom of Christ will be eternal. "*Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end.*" Blessed, forever blessed are all those whose happiness and interests are connected with the prosperity of this everlasting kingdom of Christ!

CHAPTER XX.

RUTH CONVERTED, AND NAOMI AN EXAMPLE TO PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS.*

“And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”—RUTH i. 16, 17.

SAYS the infidel Voltaire, “We know nothing in either Homer or Herodotus, that goes to the heart like this answer of Ruth to her mother-in-law.” The very simplicity of the language has a moral sublimity about it of the very highest order.

Ruth was a Moabitess, born of heathen parents, “an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger from the covenant of promise.” In the land of Israel there is a famine; in Moab, plenty. Israel is punished for his sins; “for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” Moab chooses to have his portion in this life, and is left uncorrected, and fills up the measure of his iniquities.

* Preached in Constantinople at the Chapel of the British Embassy, April 15th, 1849.

A Bethlehemite, to escape the famine, mortgages his inheritance, and leaves his country and the public worship of his God, and goes to sojourn among idolaters. Instead of accepting the punishment due to his sins and the sins of his people, and remaining to relieve his more suffering brethren; instead of humbling himself under the mighty hand of God, as Jeremiah, or Ezra, or Daniel would have done; instead of taking up and bearing the cross,—he thought only of avoiding it. He consulted his own temporal interests merely; he pursued his own selfish plans exclusively; and he died and was buried among the enemies of God. Verse 3. “He that seeketh his life shall lose it.”

His two sons, who accompanied him, pursued the same worldly policy. They violated the Divine law by marrying strange wives. And, after ten years, they died childless, both of them, and had their grave with the wicked. Verse 5.

Their aged widowed mother is left in destitute circumstances,—probably more destitute, than any of the widows in Bethlehem, the famine there notwithstanding. But she is a woman of eminent faith and piety. Judging from her character, we might readily conclude, that she had remained in Moab contrary to her own inclinations, first out of regard to her husband while he lived, and afterwards for

the sake of her sons. But she evidently longs for the privileges of the sanctuary, and for the worship and ordinances of the true God. She hears, also, that the Lord has returned in mercy to bless his people with bread. And, besides all this, Moab has become a more melancholy place to her than it ever was before; for there she has buried her husband and her children out of her sight, but not out of her thoughts. She is now impoverished, stricken, and afflicted; and, among her old acquaintance at Bethlehem, should she return there, she must expect to meet with many mortifications. Yet she resolves to return at once to her nation and kindred—to the land of her fathers—the land of promise. “I will arise and go to my Father.” And why is earth ever embittered to us, if it be not that heaven may be endeared to us, and that our thoughts may be directed thither? Surely we may call our afflictions great blessings, when they are improved for the good of our souls, and when they quicken us in our return to God and duty.

The daughters-in-law of this disconsolate widow, strange to say, accompany her. Her example and conversation have been greatly blessed to them. Her kind and obliging behavior has won their affections; her grief has engaged their sympathy; and her instructions have impressed them with the van-

ity of idols, and with the importance of renouncing them and worshiping the living and true God, if they would secure his everlasting favor. They had never before seen any one of so sweet a spirit, as their good mother-in-law; and, in the impulse of the moment, they resolve to return with her to her people, and to her God.

And lo! they are even already leaving their country and their idols, and starting on their pilgrimage. We may suppose them to travel on foot, each one carrying in her hand, (or what is much more likely, according to the custom of the country, on her head,) what few articles she possessed. In the circumstances of their departure, their feelings had been wrought up to a high pitch; in the heat and dust of the road at that season of the year, they are soon exhausted; and they sit down under a palm-tree, we may suppose, by the way-side to refresh themselves, and to take a last look of the country they are leaving forever.

Naomi has no sure evidence, that these her daughters-in-law have chosen the Lord for their portion. She fears, therefore, that they will repent of their undertaking; and she urges them with great affection to return. She suggests, that they would be much more happy with their own mothers, than with their mother-in-law, who was of another nation

and another religion, and who was withal so poor, that she had not where to lay her head. She thanks them for their attachment to her, and for all the affection and fidelity they had shown to her sons—their former husbands. And she prays earnestly, that the Lord Jehovah, her own and her fathers' God, (whose name she invokes twice in their hearing,) would reward and bless them. Verses 8, 9. Silver and gold she has none; but she gives them what is worth infinitely more, viz. the prayers and blessing of the pious widow.

It was a moment of deep interest and great tenderness to these daughters of Moab. Their young hearts were ready to burst. Will they serve God, or mammon? That is the great question now before them. "They lifted up their voice and wept. And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee to thy people." Verses 9, 10. They could not think of a final separation; and they professed a strong resolution to go forward.

And so a certain scribe said to our Lord, "Master, I will follow thee, whithersoever thou goest." He had seen the miracles of Christ, admired his discourses, regarded him as the Messiah, and evidently expected promotion or some worldly advantage by attaching himself to his interests. But the reply of our Lord at once dashed all his carnal hopes to the

ground. He told him, that he was a stranger in this his own world; that he had no comforts for himself; and that of course he had no temporal rewards to bestow upon his followers. Of this scribe we hear no more; and we infer, that he went away like multitudes in every age, exceedingly regretting that he could not make it subserve his temporal interests to follow Christ.

It is no honor to religion for men to profess it, whose hearts are not engaged in it, who have not counted the cost, and who do not prize it higher than anything else. Paul was ready to suffer the loss of all things for it. Said our Saviour, "Who-soever he be of you, that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Thus Abraham parted with his country at the call of God, and Moses with Pharaoh's court, and Stephen with his life. There are difficulties in religion. It will cost us something. It will cost us the mortification of our sins, and a life of self-denial, and a conflict with our depraved appetites and desires. In this, the nineteenth century, it is not likely to cost us our life or liberty; but it will cost us the ridicule of the scoffing world, and more or less of reputation. And who can be expected to encounter all this with cheerfulness, and endure unto the end, unless his heart has been touched by the grace of God, and unless he

has a most full purpose of heart to be always and everywhere a disciple of Christ?

Such appear to have been Naomi's views on this whole great subject. There was in her case no 'compassing sea and land to make one proselyte.' She was no sectarian, no fanatic, no bigot. But she was a woman of deep and enlightened piety; and everything she said and did was rational, considerate, and judicious. She would by no means encourage a spurious, half-way, temporizing, selfish sort of a religion in her daughters-in-law. She would not have them change their religion, unless their religion first changed them. She would not have them change their religion, unless they did it cheerfully, voluntarily, from conviction, and with the whole heart. She would not have them leave their people and their comforts, merely for her sake. She knew it was utterly out of her power to make the least temporal provision for them, and she in a most solemn manner assures them of it. She cannot promise them a single earthly comfort. On the contrary, they must expect nothing but poverty and neglect. If they do not come for the sake of religion, making that their most deliberate choice, let them by all means return back. "Turn again, my daughters; why will you go with me?" (Verse 11.)

"And they lifted up their voice, and wept again."

(Verse 14.) It was the turning point with them; and eternity was depending on the decisions of that moment. They were both of them much affected with the tender things Naomi had said; but the effect on both was not the same. To Orpah it was, like our Saviour's answer to the scribe, "a savor of death unto death." It served as an excuse for turning back to her idols. She availed herself of the opportunity to yield to her natural corrupt inclinations. She took an affectionate leave of her mother-in-law. She bade her farewell forever. She turns her back upon the pilgrims, and upon the country to which they are bound; and she goes away sorrowful, to have her portion in this life, and to die with the unclean.

Ruth and her mother-in-law still remain under the palm-tree, we may suppose, watching, with sighs and the most tearful interest, the retreating steps of Orpah, till her winding path leads her behind some projecting rock or hill, and they lose sight of her forever. Her name is never again found written in this book. Poor Orpah! Why was such a price put into thy hands to get wisdom, seeing thou hadst no heart to improve it?

But Ruth cleaves more closely to her mother-in-law. The discouragements and difficulties of which she hears, only serve to hasten on the moment of

ultimate and irrevocable decision. They are to her "a savor of life unto life." She is under the teachings of God's good Spirit. And, when Naomi urged her sister's example, saying, "Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods, return thou after thy sister-in-law," (verse 15,) that is, 'Go now, if you will ever go, and do not proceed one step farther with me, unless it be out of a sincere affection to the God of Israel, and to his holy law,'—Ruth is fully prepared to take the last step, and to end the debate forever. She begs her mother-in-law to say no more to her. "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

To this most solemn profession, she adds the formality of an oath under the most ancient form of imprecation:—"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Her resolution is fixed immovably and forever. She has, by the grace of God, assuredly chosen that good part which shall never be taken away from her. She is converted by the Spirit of God, and she is become as a little child. She has another spirit, and is brought within all the holy influences of that new

and everlasting covenant. She has bound her soul with a bond never to be broken. And there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over this daughter of Moab.

"Entreat me not to leave thee," she says to her mother-in-law. She would stop her ears against every solicitation to turn back again to the world.

"Whither thou goest I will go," though it be to a country I never saw, and about which I have heard many strange reports.

"Where thou lodgest, I will lodge," though it be no better lodging than Jacob had, when he put the stones for his pillow.

"Thy people shall be my people;" however poor and despised, and though they be the ridicule of all my own family, and country, and of the whole world. I will fare as they fare. Their reproaches shall be my reproaches. I will submit to the same yoke. I will take up and bear the same cross. I will live and die with them. Let me have my portion with the Lord's people, and I ask nothing more. Let me live their life, and die their death, and be buried in their sepulchres, and rise again with them at the resurrection of the just.

"With them numbered let me be,
Here, and in eternity."

And what shall separate thee from the love of

Christ, thou, that hast come to put thy trust under the shadow of the God of Israel? Shall poverty, shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come? Nay, in all these things, thou shalt come off more than a conqueror through Him, that thought of thee with everlasting kindness, and provided salvation for thee before the foundation of the world.

Noami is satisfied with this answer of Ruth, as our Saviour was with that of the Syrophenician woman. They now proceed on their pilgrimage together, and are mutual helps to each other. After many a weary step, they arrive at Bethlehem. They have no means of subsistence; but Ruth readily accommodates herself to her low circumstances. It is the beginning of barley harvest, and she proposes to avail herself of the privilege granted to the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, and to go like the poorest of the poor to glean in the fields.

The Lord, indeed, intended other and better things for Ruth; but he was pleased first to prove her, as he proves all his people; and to try her sincerity, humility, industry, patience, confidence in himself, and dutiful affection to Naami for his sake. Orpah could not have stood such a trial as this. But had Orpah been assured beforehand of obtaining such a settlement, as Ruth at length obtained, she would

then have come and joined affinity with Israel, making a hypocritical profession of religion for the sake of secular advantage.

Not so Ruth. Her state is indeed very low, and her outward prospects dark ; but her heart does not rebel, nor is her confidence in the God of Israel shaken. "Let me now go to the fields," said she to her mother-in-law, "and glean ears of corn after him, in whose sight I shall find grace."—(Chap. ii. 2.) She knows not which way to go, nor for whom to inquire, nor with what reception she will be likely to meet ; but she goes depending on the good providence of God ; and "whoso trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord ;" and the steps of Ruth are directed to the fields of Boaz.

And who is this Boaz? Boaz, as it would appear, was one of the very richest citizens in Bethlehem. In the language of Scripture, "*he was a mighty man of wealth.*"—(ii. 1.) He was also one of the worthies of Israel, a man of faith and prayer. He was of a most honorable family ; for his grandfather was the renowned Nahshon, who was prince of Juda in the time of Moses, and who, at the dedication of the altar, offered among other things two vessels of silver, and one of gold. This was his grandfather. The father of Boaz was Salmon, who married Ra-

hab—the same, that through faith, hid the spies in Jericho, and whose family was the only one saved in the destruction of that city. This Salmon, the father of Boaz, settled in Bethlehem, and he was, in fact, the making of the town; for he is called “*the father of Bethlehem.*”—(1 Chron. ii. 51.) We may therefore well suppose, that in the time of Ruth no one in Bethlehem had richer fields, or a greater number of servants and handmaids, than this grandson of Prince Nahshon,—this son of Rahab by Salmon, who was probably the greatest landholder in the town, and who, at any rate, did more for its prosperity than any other individual. And but a very short time elapsed, before Ruth had the enjoyment of all those rich fields, where she had gleaned, and became the mistress of all those servants, with whom she had associated, and with whom she had but a few days before ‘dipped her morsel in vinegar.’—(ii. 14.) She became an heir through faith. She had the honor of being reckoned among the ancestors of David; and the still greater honor, so earnestly coveted in those times, of being one of the ancestors of the King Messiah,—the desire of all nations—the Saviour of the world. About thirteen hundred and fifty years afterwards, we hear of her again. Her name is found recorded in the most honorable table of genealogy ever known

on earth—the genealogy “of the only begotten of the Father.” In that table of genealogy, her name is found. (Math. i. 5.) This table has been already published in some two hundred languages; and it will yet be published and read in every language and dialect under heaven, and thousands of millions will be encouraged by her example to make the same blessed resolve she made. “No man liveth unto himself.” Little did the barefooted Moabites think, as she sat weeping aloud under the palm tree with her mother-in-law,—O how little did she think of the amazing and everlasting consequences of that decision, to which she then came! How little did she think, that the whole world would read her history, and admire it, and bless God for the grace bestowed upon her! and that hundreds of thousands of sermons would be preached about her in the great congregations of God’s people! That palm tree, where she sat and wept, and gave herself to God, will be remembered in heaven. That shade, that rock will be remembered in heaven. That road, which she traveled with so much grief, and weariness, and faith, and prayer, will be remembered in heaven. Those fields, where she once gleaned, will be remembered forever. They were the same fields, or fields in the same vicinity, where the angels, some thirteen hundred years afterwards came

flying down with such songs of joy to announce the birth of David's Lord—the babe of Bethlehem.

We have said, that Ruth was an ancestor of David. She was his great grandmother. And it is most likely on *his* account, that her history was first written, it is generally supposed, by Samuel. And when David, overwhelmed with a sense of God's wonderful kindness to him and his family, "went in and sat before God, and said, Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?"—he would naturally extend his thoughts as far back as this great grandmother of his, who came so poor and desolate from the land of Moab. Desolate indeed she was, and in other respects than temporal; for, according to the strict letter of the law, 'no Moabite could even to the tenth generation enter into the congregation of the Lord.' But to this law Ruth became a most happy exception. And whosoever in our world becomes related to Christ by faith, becomes by that very act an exception to every law, which excludes him from the inheritance of the saints in light.

How very wonderfully has that prayer of him, who was to be the future husband of Ruth, been answered! "The Lord recompense thy work; and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." (ii. 12.)

This prayer of Boaz has been already answered exceedingly above all he asked; and we may say, infinitely above all he was then able to conceive. And yet what has been answered of that prayer is as nothing in comparison with what remains to be answered of it—“*forever telling, yet untold.*”

We have now briefly considered the character of Naomi and her husband, of Orpah and Ruth, and of Boaz. You will naturally expect me, in conclusion, to entreat all of you without delay to make the choice which Ruth made. But is this necessary? Does not her own simple story speak to you more entreatingly and more impressively than any thing else which could be said? If, however, you will suffer the word of exhortation, let me urge upon you what is not so obvious, viz.: *the importance of following the example of Naomi.* We, like her, are in a foreign land. She was among idolaters, and we are among those whose privileges have been much inferior to our own, and whose faith is in consequence much less pure, and whose worship is much less simple. In speaking to her daughters-in-law of their people and their gods, she did not prejudice their minds by bringing a railing accusation against them. And why may we not safely imitate her in this respect? But in her conduct she recommended the true religion; and the influence of her example, and

of her conversation and prayers, was an unspeakably great blessing. And why should not ours be so too? She was one individual—a woman—a widow—a stranger—poor, and unbefriended; and yet there, in the land of Moab, that woman touched chords, which will vibrate forever in a world of joy. And why cannot we, every one of us, with God's help, do the same here? The good which this one, poor, desolate woman was instrumental of accomplishing, was not confined to her own family, nor to her own city, nor to her own tribe, nor indeed to the whole nation of Israel. It was not confined to that whole country, nor to that whole continent—for it has been felt, or it will be felt, on every continent, and on every island, and on every sea. Nor will the influence of it be confined to this whole world; but it will sooner or later reach beyond all worlds, beyond all time, and all space. And why, with God's blessing, may not our influence also thus reach, if we have her faith and humility, and exercise her discretion?

CHAPTER XXI.

SYMPATHY WITH CHRIST IN THE NECESSITY OF AVOIDING PUBLICITY.

“And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man.”—MATH. viii. 4.

“And Jesus straitly charged them, saying, See that no man know it.”

MATH. ix. 30.

OUR Saviour often commanded those, whom he had healed, *to tell no man*. On one occasion, “he straitly charged them.” He admonished them most earnestly and solemnly. But it would appear, that they generally disregarded his injunctions. Like many new converts, they had more zeal than knowledge. They thought themselves wiser than him, who had taught them. Doubtless their intentions were good; still they did injury, and sometimes great injury, to the cause of Christ. In one instance, in consequence of a man’s disregarding these solemn injunctions of Christ, the excitement became so great, that our blessed Saviour could no more openly visit that city. There were many blind, deaf, diseased persons there, who needed his help, bodily and spiritually, but he could not go there to help them. He

had to remain far away in desert places. (Mark, i. 45.)

Now, to persons born and brought up in this happy land, all this must seem strange. But to us in the East, it is all familiar. We have had to learn there, what we never could have learnt here, viz. to sympathize with Christ in this very particular.

In the course of our mission, we have very often said, or heard it said, The Holy Gospel is now in such a family; but “see that no man know it;” for, if it be known, the family will be compelled to give it up to the priests, or see it burnt before their eyes. Such a man has recently begun to read his Bible, to think about his soul, and to visit the Missionary or some of the native brethren for religious instruction. But “see thou tell no man” of it; for, should it come abroad, he will be at once thrown out of employment, and prosecuted for false debts. And the man is yet weak. It may be, that as yet he has no saving faith. It may be, that as yet he only sees men as trees walking, if indeed he can even see so clearly as that. He has no power to stand. He will recant. He will turn back. And his last state will be worse than the first. A colporteur has just been sent out by us to such a region. But “see that no man know it;” for, if it be known, the enemy will surely send after him, and on some false charge get him thrown into

prison. Some or all of the books will be collected and burnt before some church door. Our own government will in consequence be brought into collision with the Turkish. There will be a great bill of expense for us, or rather the churches to pay, before we are able to get back our colporteur safe and sound, with or without his books. Great prejudice will be excited, and no good done. The reader will see a reason, then, why we have often had to act as our blessed Saviour acted, and to say, as he said, "*See that no man know it.*"

But I am happy to add, that, as the Protestants now form a distinct community of the empire, and are acknowledged as such by the highest authority, having their own chartered rights, issuing their own passports, &c., all these evils are, to a degree, now removed.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANNOYANCES AND DISCOMFORTS.

“Have dominion—over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.”
—GEN. i. 28.

ONE of the very first commands of the Bible is, that man shall “have dominion,” not only “over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth,” but also “over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.” Now the people of those countries have very little ‘dominion over those *creeping things*,’ but those ‘*living things that move*,’ have in too many instances dominion over them to a degree, of which persons in this country can have no adequate conception. That whole Eastern world abounds with those lively little things, to which reference is made in 1 Sam. xxiv. 14, and xxvi. 20. And these being much larger and more lively, and a million times more numerous, than were ever known in this Western Hemisphere, they are excessively annoying, especially to strangers; and on some persons coals of fire

could hardly produce a more sudden inflammation, or be more intolerable.

But there are still greater annoyances. The people, having no sort of a frame for supporting a bed, are accustomed to sleep on the floor—and thus, in some parts of Turkey, their houses become filled with troublesome insects. After occupying a room for some weeks or months, the members of the family are forced, by these bands of night rovers, to quit it, and betake themselves to another; and thus, after a few years, (unless one of those all-purifying conflagrations intervene, to arrest the progress of these invaders,) the whole house becomes infested with them to a degree beyond all endurance.

But there are still other annoyances. Among the various plagues God sent upon Egypt, it is said, "There came divers sorts of flies, and lice in all their coasts." Now, from the sacred narrative, it does not appear that the latter ones here mentioned were ever removed by Moses, as the flies, the frogs, and other plagues were removed. At any rate, some of them must have made shift to 'creep' away beyond the coasts of Egypt into all the surrounding countries; for alas! they are still found sometimes "upon man" as well as "upon beast."

When some of the lower classes of the people first come into our religious assemblies, their appearance

is anything but inviting, and we instinctively shrink from any closer contact with them than necessity requires. But, if such persons continue to come, and begin to wake up to the importance of that which is spiritual and eternal, almost the first thing that can be said about them, is what Paul said to the Corinthians, "But ye are *washed*."—(1 Cor. vi. 11.) "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified," &c.; but the first word is "*washed*." That is, they begin at once to wake up to the decencies of this life. Whether the Apostle had, in this instance, any direct reference to the personal habits of the Corinthians in the choice selection he made of the words he used, or whether he referred simply to their moral character, yet certain it is, that the Bible is all Oriental, and that it has a meaning there, which is no less striking in its literal, than it is in its spiritual import; while in this country no one would necessarily think of any other than the spiritual meaning. The kingdom of Satan is, indeed, such a kingdom of filth, and vermin, and wretchedness, as those, who are born here in the very suburbs of Christ's kingdom, know nothing of.* And O, what a blessed thing for men to be translated from that kingdom into this of light and purity, where they may 'cleanse themselves from all filthiness

* See pp. 87 and 88.

of the flesh and spirit, and perfect holiness in the fear of God!' And I should not omit to say, that in our Evangelical communities, (and to a degree also among others,) not only suitable frames for beds, but tables, chairs, knives, forks, &c., &c., are now being introduced, and husbands and wives now sit down together at meals in a Christian manner—a thing formerly unknown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BRIDE.

“Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me?”—GEN. xxix. 25.

AN Armenian bride is so thickly veiled, that she can see nothing. The (to be happy or unhappy) bridegroom has never yet seen her; and, when he takes her hand, he knows not, whether it be that of his great-grandmother, or of whom. The mothers have the management of this important affair; and they say to to their sons, If you cannot trust your mother, pray whom can you trust? What do you know about a wife? Is not your mother the best judge.

In Syria, the bride has to pass through a screaming process. For three days before she is married, she screams at intervals as loud as she can scream, and she is of course heard over the whole neighborhood. It is not the scream of anguish, nor is it the scream of joy; but it is the well known scream of “*marriage intended.*” Does any one ask, what the object can be? The answer is, Fashion. And is it

not just as proper for people to be in the fashion there, as it is here? The idea may have originally been, that the bride was supposed to be so very sorry to leave her dear home. But, after she is married, she makes ample amends for all this screaming; for she has to sit three days without opening her eyes, or speaking a word. Her female friends come and look at her, and make remarks about her dress and her beauty, taking special notice whether her eye-brows meet, and, if they do not, whether the space between be so painted, that they appear to meet; but she, in the meantime, must neither speak nor see.

At Constantinople, she goes, on her marriage, to live with her husband at his parents' residence; and she is not allowed to speak to her mother-in-law for a whole year, except in a whisper. If she wishes or has occasion to speak with her, she must go modestly and timidly, and whisper in her ear like the most obsequious servant. And, should her husband come into the room, where she may happen to be, she immediately rises, turns her face to the wall, and stands there till he goes out. O Christianity! what hast thou not done for woman! And how awful to see a woman in Christian lands despise, or even treat with indifference and cold neglect, that Gospel, which alone has raised her to her present elevated position in society!

It should be added, that, in our Evangelical communities in the East, this whole business is managed very differently. The parties see each other, become acquainted with one another, and interested in each other. And the form of the marriage ceremony, we ourselves gave them. It is of course simple. The whole thing is in fact conducted much in the same way, as it is with ourselves; and Christian families, with all the sweet influences of home and domestic happiness, are multiplying.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ROYAL WEDDING, OR AN INVITATION EQUIVALENT TO A COMMAND.

“But, when the king heard thereof, he was wroth; and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.”

—MATTH. xxii. 7.

ABOUT twenty years ago, the late Sultan Mahmood made a marriage for his daughter. And he sent to all parts of his realm, and invited the pashas, and governors, and judges, and counsellors—all the great and mighty ones of the empire to come up to that wedding. Now an invitation from him is, in Oriental style, always equivalent to an express order; and no one would dare refuse to accept it, unless he was prepared to raise the standard of rebellion, for the very act of refusing would be high treason. In the parable of the marriage of the king's son in the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, it is said, that the king “sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.” They are called “murderers;” and in fact some of them were such, for they had killed some of his servants. But

the Sultan would have considered them all worse than common murderers, even had they killed nobody; for the very fact of their declining his invitation would have made them all at once guilty of high treason against the empire, and he would have sent out an army immediately to destroy them. As all this is Oriental, doubtless those who first heard the parable spoken by our Saviour, understood it in this sense. And thus every invitation from our kind Father in heaven should come to us with all the authority of the very highest command; and, on the other hand, all his high commands have such a regard to our own happiness and best interests, that we should receive them all as most precious invitations.

Those, invited by Sultan Mahmood, all came up, bringing presents in their hand, vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and raiment, and needle-work. The first day the royal dower was carried in grand procession from the palace, where the bride had been living, to the one prepared for her still higher up the Bosphorus. The distance was perhaps not more than half a mile, but, in order to make a royal display, a circuit in the country of three or four times that distance must have been made. All Constantinople poured out on the occasion; and the women themselves, as it was supposed by some present,

must have been ten deep on each side of the way, nearly the whole distance. The procession was preceded by the cavalry. Then came all the officers of the empire, well mounted, the inferior ones coming first, and each attended by his prescribed number of constables, or (as they would be called in ancient Rome) lictors. These were on foot, and from the saddle on each side of the horse, they branched off behind harrow-like. Each officer that came, was of greater power and authority than the preceding one, was better mounted, and was attended by a greater number of these lictors. After all the mighty had thus passed on, the dower followed; and the display here made, who shall attempt to describe? Suffice it to say, that it took sixteen men to carry her jewels—her ear-rings, and finger-rings, and bracelets, and aigrettes, with all the diamonds, and brilliants, and precious stones. They were carried on very large salvers, or in large open baskets, only a few inches deep, but full three feet in diameter, with perhaps cotton placed at the bottom, and all these jewels spread out thick on the top, and exposed to the full view of the hundreds of thousands of spectators. These sixteen men carried the salvers (or whatever they may be called) on their heads, and they went one right after the other. This is only a specimen. Most of the other things, however, were carried on

mules, or on carts; but everything was exposed to view, and was in this same grand style of royal magnificence.

The next day, the bride was herself to be carried, and all Constantinople poured itself forth again. The procession was preceded, as on the day previous, by the cavalry, followed by all the high officers of the empire, on their richly-caparisoned horses. Then came the carriages, first the ancient bungling ones, followed by the more recent and better looking tali-kahs, all filled with Turkish ladies of rank and fashion, who were covered with a profusion of jewels. Each carriage that came, contained those of higher rank, than did the preceding one; and after some hundreds of them had passed, they were succeeded by others, such as I had never seen in the country before, viz. European coaches and chariots. These had been recently introduced in order to grace the the occasion, or to distinguish the Royal Harem from those of others. After quite a large number of these had passed, there came one all of silver! the wheels of silver! And the one, that followed, was all of gold! the very wheels were of gold! no wood, or iron, or even silver was to be seen. It was a present from the Emperor of Russia, and was drawn by six or eight cream-colored prancing horses, with trappings and decorations all in keeping with the gold

chariot, and in harmony with the great occasion. This chariot was a curtained one. It was the last one. It was *the one*.

“Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb,” when the bride, “all glorious within,” shall “be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white.” And blessed are all those who accept the invitation, and go forth to “see the king in his beauty,” as he shall appear “in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.”

CHAPTER XXV.

ORIENTAL ETIQUETTE, OR AN APOLOGY INADMISSIBLE.

“And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.”—MATTH. xxii. 12.

WHY did not the delinquent say, that he had not time to procure a wedding garment? that he had been sent for in haste to attend the feast, and that he left his work at once, and came with all the speed he could command? Or why did he not say, that he was really too poor to buy one? that he could indeed hardly afford to give his time, for he had a large family depending on his labor for their daily bread? A reference to Oriental custom will make all this plain, showing the utter impossibility of any such excuse being offered, or any such apology being made.

No person can have an audience with the Sultan, or come into his presence to speak with him, unless he first accept of a garment to wear, furnished from the royal wardrobe. A few years ago, not even the

foreign Ambassadors could enjoy this privilege, unless they and all their attendants, how many soever they might be, were thus clothed. In the case of foreign Ambassadors, this ceremony is now dispensed with, but in regard to all the subjects of the empire, it is still binding. Should any native of the country venture into the royal presence without this attire, and should be asked how he came there without it, he would have nothing to reply. He could not say, that he was too poor to buy one, for it is a garment not to be bought, but to be accepted. He could not say, that he did not know it was necessary; for the lord chamberlain stood at the door with it, urging it upon him, and telling him the awful consequences of venturing into the presence of majesty without it. Such presumption on the part of any one would meet with condign punishment; for the intruder would be a rival, setting himself above all authority, abrogating laws, and changing immemorial usages at pleasure, as though he were already higher than the highest. And the order would be instantly given, that he be bound hand and foot, and consigned to the darkest dungeon, or (what is still more probable) that he be immediately led forth to execution.

Now the great idea (and what all those, who heard this parable, doubtless understood) is, that we are

unfit to appear in the presence of the great King of heaven, without first accepting of him to wear that robe of righteousness, which we ourselves possess not, but which is wrought out for us, and offered to us, and urged upon us. Without being thus clothed directly from the great wardrobe of heaven, we have no business to come into the presence of the Holy One, to speak to him, to sit at his table, to ask a single favor of him, or in any way to draw down his attention upon us. Without first accepting this, we can have no intercourse, and no business transactions with our Maker, however urgent our necessities may be.

The garment, furnished from the wardrobe of Oriental kings, is not returned or left behind by the accepted wearer, when he quits the royal presence; but it henceforth belongs to him. Should he be admitted, however, to another audience, he has to accept a new one, just as though he had never received one before. In the same way, we should never put off, but always wear that robe of righteousness, which makes us accepted in our intercourse with heaven; and, in the same way, we should never fail to accept a new one, whenever we come to appear before God, even though it be every day, or many times in a day. "*Accepted in the Beloved*"—do we know what it means?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ROYAL CAVALCADE, OR THE PUBLIC ENTRY OF THE MESSIAH INTO JERUSALEM.

“And brought the ass and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon.”—MATTH. xxi. 7.

SINCE Jesus could ride but on one of them, why should both be brought? or rather why should both of them be furnished with all the necessary equipage for two riders?

It is to be remembered, that this was the public entry of the King Messiah into Jerusalem; and that, on such occasions, it is the custom for an Oriental to go attended with the whole royal stud, all richly caparisoned. Whenever the Sultan goes in state, even to the mosque every Friday noon to public prayers, all his led horses, being those he rode on former occasions, and having the same bridle, saddle, and housings, accompany him; and instead of the people throwing down cashmere shawls, or spreading their garments in the way, sand is now

brought and strewed the whole distance, however great it may be, simply as a token, that common earth is not fit for royalty to ride upon. Twice a year, at two great Mussulman festivals, he goes in great pomp to Sultan Ahmet, which, having six minarets, is the largest of the royal mosques. On these festivals, he goes, not at midday, but early in the morning, and his retinue, consisting of all the great officers of state, is very imposing. We ourselves have been present repeatedly on those occasions, generally taking our position outside the gate of the Seraglio, where he first comes out to the public gaze of the multitudes of both men and women, who are assembled there. At those times, he always has a band of music playing there; for he has several very fine bands, taught by European masters; and better martial music is perhaps seldom heard in any country. The procession has the grounds of the Seraglio to pass, before reaching this gate. Officers of an inferior grade come first, but all well mounted; and, as each one emerges from the gate into the open public street, either his horse is startled by the music, or the crowds of people assembled, or else his rider makes him start (for the Turks, being the very best horsemen in the world, love to make a great display), and his Arabian steed dances, and prances, and frisks about in high mettle,

and then passes on to make way for others. Each one that comes, is of higher rank than the preceding, is better mounted, and attempts to make a greater show of himself, and of the freaks of his own fine Arabian. Those behind never crowd upon those before, but each gives the one who precedes him, the few moments necessary for any gallant show he may choose to make. When all these mighty ones have passed on, then follow all the led horses of the royal stud; and they come dancing, and prancing, and frisking, for their feet are very lively; and the stirrups are of gold, and the bits, and curbs, and cross chains are all of gold, and the large saddle cloths are covered with diamonds and brillants glittering in the morning sun—

“Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.”

And then comes the Sultan himself on his mighty prancer. And the music is hushed in an instant; and there is a death-like silence among all that great multitude of people; every limb is motionless; every breath is drawn; every eye is fixed, as if by instinct, on the countenance of that one man, whose power over them is almost unlimited. Young men from court, placed on each side, now prostrate themselves, and exclaim, “Long live Sultan Abd-ul-Medgid.” And at this moment, the whole band of music salute

him in full chorus. Altogether the ceremony is one of the most magnificent and impressive, that can well be imagined. Several individuals once went with the determination to take particular notice, whether he wore gloves, or not, for it had been a subject of dispute ; but they were so taken up with the mightiness of the whole scene, that they did not bring their eyes down low enough to look at his hands.

So let every knee bow to the King Messiah, every tongue confess him Lord, every heart repose confidence in him, and every eye be directed to him as the only refuge of a perishing world. And, as he passes on, to set up His kingdom, and to "judge the world with righteousness," let all "the floods clap their hands," and let "the little hills rejoice on every side." And let all that read, and all that hear, bow the head, and say, "Amen ; even so, come, Lord Jesus."

APPENDIX.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT A GREEK BAPTISM, AS
WITNESSED BY THE REV. MR. RIGGS.

SMYRNA, April 21, 1851. (Easter Monday.)

1. The Easter chant, "*Χριστός ἀνέστη ἐκ νεκρῶν θανάτῳ θάνατον πατήσας, καὶ τοῖς ἐν τοῖς μνήμασι ζῶν χαρισάμενος*:" *i. e.* "Christ is risen from the dead, having by death trampled upon death, and granted life to those who were in their graves."

2. The exorcism, during which the priest breathed three times upon the child, saying, "Spirit of falsehood, spirit of unbelief, spirit of wickedness, &c., depart," &c.

3. The renunciation of Satan; the sponsor, a lad of some ten years of age, holding the child in his arms, and facing the West.

4. The acceptance of Christ; the sponsor turning towards the East.

5. The creed, repeated three times.

6. The Easter chant repeated,—*Χριστός ἀνέστη*, &c.

7. A general prayer for all sorts and conditions of men.

8. A general thanksgiving.

9. Consecration of the water with exorcism and making the sign of the cross upon it with the priest's hand.

10. Consecration of oil, which was then poured crosswise into the font.

11. The baptism. The priest taking the infant, perfectly naked, into his hands, and holding it over the font, said, "The servant of God, Iphigenia, is baptized" (placing it in the water which reached up to its neck, and thrice taking up water with his right hand and pouring upon the child's head), "in the name of the Father" (then lifting the child up, and again placing it in the water and repeating the affusion as before), "and of the Son" (same movement repeated,) "and of the Holy Ghost, now and ever, even forever and ever, Amen."

12. Chrism, or anointing the child's head, ears, hands, body, and feet, with *μυρον* or holy oil.

13. Cutting off three locks of the child's hair, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

14. Dressing of the child, the priest blessing the garments, and saying, "The servant of God, Iphigenia, is dressed in the name of the Father, and of the

Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now and ever, even forever and ever.”

15. Then taking the child, and holding it up over the font, the priest said, “Thou hast been baptized, thou hast been washed, thou hast been enlightened, thou hast been sanctified,” &c.

16. Then giving the child again to the sponsor, and placing it within a shawl or scarf which had been tied, and thrown loosely over his neck, the priest and sponsor marched round the font, the former chanting, “As many as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ,” both of them stopping on the north, east, south, and west sides of the font, bowing towards it and crossing themselves.

17. Afterwards a lesson from the Gospel was read, and the priest left the room, followed by the sponsor carrying the child, the priests and attendants chanting, “As many as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ,” and the Easter chant, *Χριστός ἀνέστη ἐκ νεκρῶν*, &c.*

To the above, the Rev. Mr. Wood, for many years a Missionary at Constantinople, and now Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign

* I have witnessed this ceremony a number of times, and in no instance was the whole body of the person baptized immersed in the water. In many instances the size of the font would not have permitted it.—E. R.

Missions, has added the following remarks on the subject:

The mode of administering the ordinance, which Mr. Riggs describes, as he has repeatedly witnessed it among the Greeks, is also the mode practiced in the Armenian church—that is, a partial, *not a total* immersion, three times repeated, and accompanied with a thrice-performed affusion. Dr. Perkins, in an article contributed to *Coleman's Ancient Christianity Exemplified* (p. 574), gives a similar representation of the manner in which the rite is administered among the Nestorians. His language is: The children “are then set into a vessel of tepid water, which extends up to the neck, and held there by a deacon, while the priest takes up water with both hands (not the right hand only) and suffuses it over the head, repeating one person of the Trinity each time.”

The Armenian clergy base their practice of baptism by affusion on the fact, received among its traditions by their church, that the Saviour was thus baptized. In all their pictures of the scene of his baptism, Christ is exhibited as standing in the Jordan, and the Baptist as pouring water from his hand upon his head. Jews, who sometimes enter the Armenian church, are baptized in the same manner.

It may be of interest to some to know that the

Armenian church acknowledges the validity of baptism by sprinkling, and receives, without rebaptizing them, Romanists and Protestants, who seek admission to its communion with no other baptism. The Greeks rebaptize, but the writers must be mistaken, who represent the ground of this to be a view of immersion as essential to baptism. Regarding all other bodies of Christians as in heresy and schism, they arrogate valid ordinances and salvation to their own church exclusively, and would no sooner receive one baptized by immersion, without rebaptizing him, than they would one whose baptism was by sprinkling. Their own baptism, if it ever is, very extensively, to say the least, is *not* an immersion. They also lay stress on the form of expression used by themselves: "This servant of God *is baptized*;" and affirm that the form "I baptize," used by others, makes the baptism of the latter to be merely human, while their own alone is divine.

In the Armenian church the rite of *Confirmation* is performed by the *priest*, and immediately follows the baptism.

THE END.



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The old and the
new : or the
changes of thirty
years in the
east, with some

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