

# THE FRIEND OF ARMENIA

(FOUNDED 1897)

Organ of the Society of the **Friends of Armenia**  
And Helpers in the Relief of Distress among Syrians and other Sufferers in the Near East

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BEYROUT REFUGEE CAMP.

Marquee in Background sent by "Friends of Armenia."

# FRIENDS OF ARMENIA

And Helpers in the Relief of Distress among Syrians and other Sufferers in the Near East.

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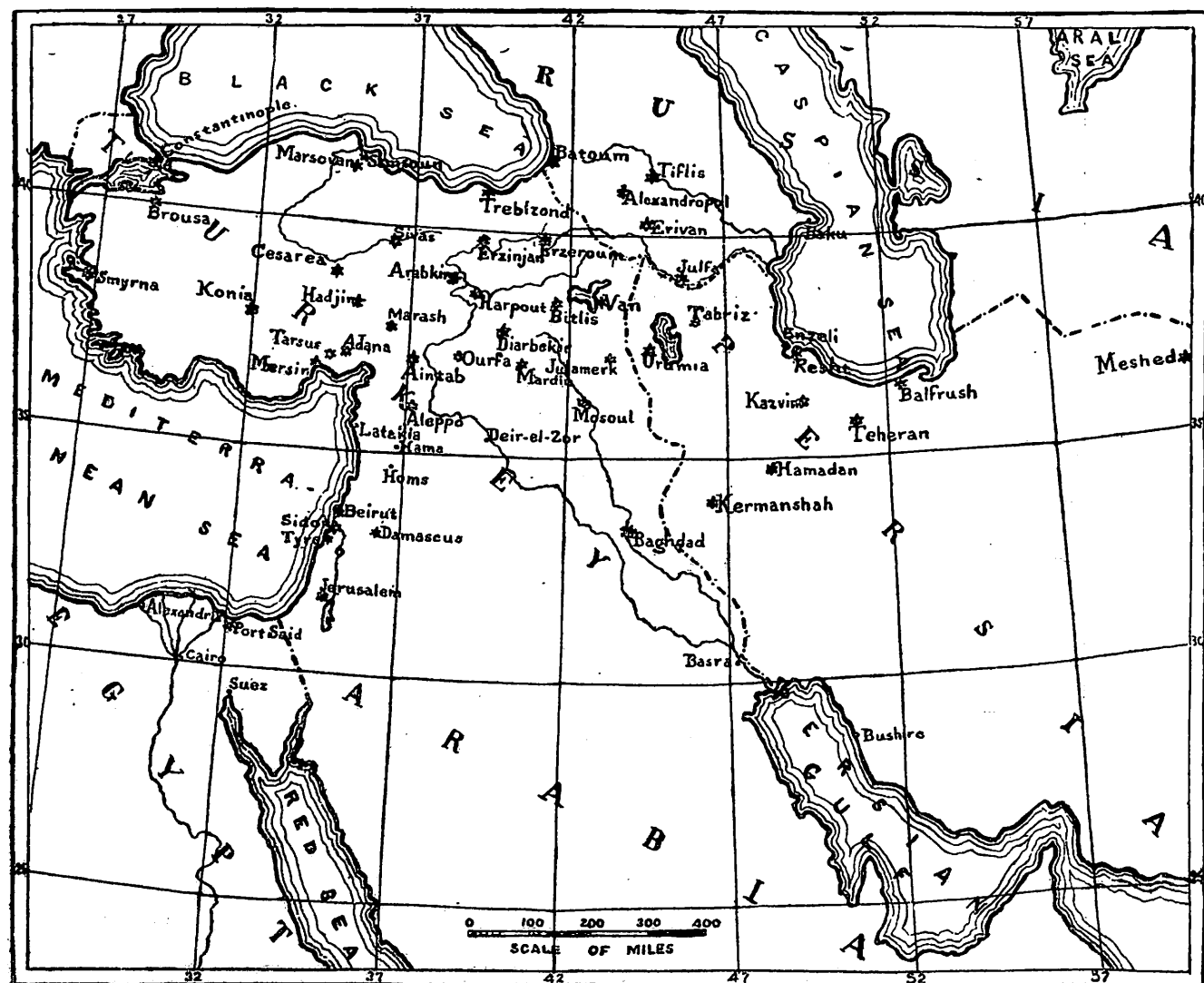
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# FRIEND OF ARMENIA.

NEW SERIES, No. 86.] FIRST QUARTER, 1923 [1S. PER ANNUM, POST FREE.

## Foreword 1923.

As we stand on the threshold of a New Year, can we, The Friends of Armenia, sound any note of Praise with the dark and awful retrospect of 1922, with its year of anguish and agony for the stricken Armenian nation, driven with a wicked cruelty by the Turks from their homes, the young men taken into the interior, perhaps to death, the young women to another fate, maybe worse than death. Evacuation panic in Constantinople, apparent failure of the Conference, no justice. Smyrna—a wicked tragedy, beautiful, prosperous Smyrna, one of the Seven Churches of Asia—whose record has again been repeated during the past few weeks—"Faithful unto Death"; "given The Crown of Life." Smyrna, whose hills are crowned by the tomb of Polycarp, burnt to the ground, with hundreds of poor Armenians burned and drowned, with the thousands of poor refugees, the many little innocent, helpless babies. Is this ruthless diabolical work the work of human beings? From all parts of Asia Minor come cries of distress, sadness, sorrow; the air is full of S.O.S. calls. Is it possible in such a condition of affairs for a note of Praise to come? Yes! if we listen on our knees, we shall hear a chant of Praise from the lips of the countless massacred ones, who, during 1922, have joined that multitude whom no one can number—who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and are now before the Throne of God; they join in the angels' chorus to swell that note of Praise, for God Himself has wiped away all tears from their eyes. We repeat it with hushed voices: God has wiped away all tears from their eyes. So for all this martyr throng we praise God, for unto them it was given on behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake. We join in this Praise, perhaps with eyes full of tears, and surely we resolve as never before, to help to wipe away some of the tears during 1923.

The rays of Hope which come from Light and Love are ours even through the darkness. All the help and practical sympathy given to the Friends of Armenia for the relief of this distressed people, for this we praise God; and for the faithful workers out in the field, working under often difficult circumstances, we thank God. And also that He has delivered from Constantinople and taken to a place of safety in Corfu, Miss Burgess and her women, and also Miss Newnham and her children. We thank God for every remembrance of Mrs. Cole, a member of Committee, who has entered into the joy of her Lord (page 13).

We thank God for Miss Frearson's visit home from Syria, and her help while here in arousing fresh interest; also for her safe return to her large family of orphans in Shemlan on Mount Lebanon. We return thanks that our faithful worker, Miss Salmond, has found a comfortable home in Scotland, and that kind

friends visit her. We desire to thank the Friends in Brummana for the hands of fellowship which they have extended in their welcome and help to the Misses Davies and Coomber, who were obliged to take their large family of children up there, where they are safely housed in one of the Friends' Mission buildings at the mere nominal rent of £50 sterling per annum. We are grateful for Miss Wingate's visit to Syria, for all the help she gave there, and for her safe return.

For the work during this New Year we plead for increased prayer, interest, and sympathy. There are, oh, so many poor women and little children, pinched and starving. Syria is full of refugees from Cilicia. Immediate succour alone can prevent catastrophe, for the morale of a people is bound to deteriorate if they are left in despair and idleness. And it is this simple, true love for Jesus Christ which we do note in most touching circumstances, among even the most destitute of the fleeing refugees, which gives to us all a great desire to help them. Many have said a final goodbye to home, property and country. To them it is a very real "loss of all things"; and their need is to press on to a new home, a new outlook—emigration if possible—and a future of usefulness and safety.

The work that is being done is so full of hope—that is why our workers are so happy; they are "wiping the tears." They are saving personalities, they are saving children, making them happy. In their work there is a wonderful atmosphere of Love. Is not this your work too?

In closing this Foreword, we call attention to the Annual Meeting, which it is hoped will be held during May, God willing. We want a big rally of all our friends at that Meeting, when interesting reports of the work during 1922 will be given.

We call attention also to the great bargains offered in handkerchiefs, which have been reduced 10 per cent. less than cost price. All this will help these people who learn to suffer and grow strong.

FOR THE EDITOR.

## Brummana News.

November 20th, 1922.

As I write it is simply raining in torrents—such rain as you in England have never seen. For more than a month we have had these terrible storms, and truly we have been thankful for shelter for our children now that winter is upon us. But our hearts are sad as we think of the poor Beyrout refugees, many of them without any covering, and others with just a few pieces of sacking. We brought a poor man and his wife up here to feed them up for a few weeks, as Yester, our worker, found them when she was investigating cases—both sick, no one to help them, and literally starving. I brought them up with me from



Beyrout last week, and their pitiful condition made a deep impression on our teachers and children. Each day, with the good food and medicine they are having, they are improving, and it is a pleasure to see them. When the heavy rains started I sent Yester down to the camp with a sackful of the waterproofs you sent last year, many of which I saved for this winter. How thankful I am that we have them, for they will be a Godsend these wet days. We also left some of them for the Alexandretta refugees, and also some clothes which we saved for these days; we are very thankful indeed to have the cases of clothes to give out. Yester is looking out the very poorest, though it is difficult to choose, and she will take the clothes to them.

I am enclosing some more names of S. C. Fund children; you have now up to 155. It is not possible to send all together. I am waiting now for the names from Tripoli, Damascus, and Adana; in each of these



GROUP OF FRIENDS OF ARMENIA ORPHANS AND WORKERS UNDER THE PINES, BRUMMANA.

places there are refugees in a miserable condition, and we are so glad to be able to help them. We are now giving out a Syrian pound a month to 120 sick and blind in Beyrout, and are helping about 250 in Alexandretta with milk, flour, etc., besides clothes. We are helping some to earn a living by lending them ten Syrian pounds to start some trade; if possible they pay back in small sums, but usually it is not possible. This is all apart from what Miss Coomber is doing with the industrial work—that is, helping many women and girls; and it increases each week. Please thank all kind friends for making this possible.

I am enclosing some pictures of our children: are they not lovely? Can you believe they are the same children who were in such misery not a year ago? It is a joy to see them improve. Some who were so weak from lack of nourishment are losing their pinched looks, and all are looking bonny and well, and a perfect joy to us all. Oh, what kind friends the Friends' Mission people are continuing to prove themselves!

Mr. Fox has arranged that six of our children attend their day school, so as to learn Arabic, and also to mix with the Syrian children, which is the best way to break down prejudice between them. He has also

asked for volunteers to come and give a little time to teach our school some Arabic, and their kind doctor is coming each morning to give them a lesson. Miss Cunnington also is always planning some kind thing for us and the children, and altogether we just feel surrounded with love and friends.

About the rent, will you please send it direct to Mr. Fox, also kindly adding 10/- per month for the three rooms, which are such a blessing to us these wet days. Oh! and do, please, pray that it may be possible for us to stay for more than a year—we are so happy to be here. Our Sunday School is getting on splendidly, but we long for our picture rolls to come. We are not particular about the size, if they are suitable for giving children lessons; and will you kindly find out if you could get a grant of Turkish and Armenian Bibles, Testaments, and portions? I should be so glad to have them for our children.

You will be glad to see enclosed letter from the British Consul. We can now have everything duty free, for which I am truly glad. Our cases arrived, and the material which the Committee sent for the children's frocks is lovely—so pretty and neat. Some are made into best frocks, others are kept until summer; some of the coats have been cut down to fit our girls, and they will be so warm for them. We make use of everything; what we cannot use ourselves is a great blessing among the poor refugees. We are also very glad of the children's shoes which were sent. The children go bare-footed during the summer, but now they have to wear shoes and stockings.

Serious news comes from Constantinople, and we wonder what is to be the end of all this. I wonder what will be the result of the Peace Conference. It looks as though we were never to get back to our pretty Deurtyol Home.

I will close now, with many prayers from our family for you all who so lovingly help us, and with hearty Christmas greetings.

ANNIE DAVIES.

P.S.—Am enclosing a letter from Alexandretta: we still continue to help there.

Brummana,

December 7th, 1922.

"We have just had the marquee put up down in the Beyrout Camp; it rained so that we thought it best to use it right away and not wait for the Y.M.C.A.

The £100 you sent last month has been a great help for special cases. One man we have had up here, who was very sick, was taken to the hospital and cared for and fed up by the kind friends in the Mission Hospital, and after two weeks he came out looking a new man. He is not fit to work, so we are continuing to help him with food, milk, and firing. Now we have another couple up here, sick and miserable, and all for want of food and warmth—two weeks of good food, care and medicine. Looking them up now and again is a tremendous help to them. We give them work while they are up here with us in the way of sewing, etc., and they earn a little in this way. This, of course, is all done with the relief money you sent; it is a blessing to many hundreds, not only in Beyrout, but in Alexandretta, Damascus, Adana, and Tripoli. Our woman, Diggin Yester, is

now spending most of her time in the camp, giving out doles of money to the most needy, investigating the sick, and giving out clothing. She keeps a list of every poor case, and we help them with a Syrian Lira a month as far as possible, always, of course, bringing the list up to me and reporting any special needy cases. I am glad to see this month a gift for refugees from Smyrna. I am waiting for investigating to be done before giving it. They are coming in tremendous numbers from all sides. I wonder why it is that all these troubles begin just when the cold and rain begins; it is so nearly every year.

We are very glad to know that the picture rolls are all promised, and that they are on their way. We are all looking forward to having them for our Sunday School; thank you very much for getting them for us. Your list of clothes arrived, and we are taking the names of the most needy. Will you please, next time you send a box, enclose 86 tooth brushes, also some packets of sewing needles, as the children are now learning to sew, and it is wonderful how many needles they break and lose. My anxiety about the 30 Marash children is now over, for Miss Wheeler has written to say she will again undertake their support, as she did in Marash. I enclose her letter. I do indeed thank God. It was kind of Miss Webb to write her about our work; indeed, everyone has been so kind. We are very happy in our Brummana Home; I think hardly a day passes but what I thank God that we are here. My mind goes back to a year ago, when we were homeless, and yet right through God has provided such kind friends for us that I feel I can never dare not to trust Him again. Our children are well, with very few coughs through this cold weather. Those who were weak and sickly through ill-nourishment are much stronger. Trefunda, our biggest girl, we are teaching to do our cooking, so that she will be able to earn her living later; and Yeghra, our other big girl, is down in Beyrout for three months, learning a little kindergarten, so that she may be able to help our little ones, of whom we have so many; and so they are each one getting a chance to make something of their lives, and for the privilege to help them to do this we thank God. Christmas is near, and we are planning some little treats for our children. Through the kindness of Miss Cunnington, I think we shall have a doll each for most of our little ones, and I think kind Dr. Taanus is planning to let us have the Christmas Tree after they have used it in the Hospital. Think what a delight this will be. Araxy, the girl I brought with me from Alexandretta, is the greatest help in every way; she helps to teach, and helps me in a hundred ways; just now she is in great trouble about the people in Alexandretta who are refugees there. Her mother is very ill, and her father cannot find work, and they have a large family of girls. I find that money has been sent for Jean Pekka's daughter: I am wondering if she may be among the refugees who have come from Smyrna. I shall certainly take her if I find her. Is it not terrible that this nation is not allowed to settle? As soon as they get to a place, something happens that they have to leave, as those poor things who went to Smyrna and Constantinople."

ANNIE DAVIES.

[Extracts from Miss Davies letter to Miss Wallis.]

"... Is it not splendid that we are to have our things out custom free! It is going to mean so much to the poor people to get things out once again. Many are thanking God for all the help that the "Friends of Armenia" have been to them in these sad days, and the Lord is working in spite of all. . . .

We are much enjoying the fellowship of the dear Friends' Mission people here. Oh! they have been so good to us all."

ANNIE DAVIES.

Brummana,

Beyrout, Syria, December 19th, 1922.

"I am setting the girls to work at some afternoon cloths and tray cloths, etc. I will send them as soon as possible. I have had quite a number of orders from ladies here, and they are all delighted with the Aintab embroidery. The coloured things made by the poor women in the Camp are not so well done, as many of the women have had to learn how to do the Horania work, but it is a great help to them to be able to earn a little. The clothes, too, have been a great blessing both to us for the children here, and to the people in the Camp.

Last week Diggin Yester came hurrying to the room at the Press to get some clothes for a poor woman who had just had twins, and nothing to put them in. We were so glad of the baby garments, whoever sent them will rejoice that their gift met such a need.

We are looking forward to a very happy time with the children; it is lovely to know we are here in this nice home with them. They have grown in every way; the improvement in work and lessons, and everything, as well as health, is so apparent, and we thank God too, for the change in many of them—we know they are trying to serve Him.

There is distress and sadness everywhere, but we are so glad to be able to relieve a little. May the love of God so fill our hearts that it may overflow to others. Miss Webb was speaking at the Women's Meeting at the Camp last Sunday week, on "God knows and God cares," and one poor woman came to her afterwards and said, "You must pray for me; He must hold me; He must hold me." Another woman standing near said, "She has five children, and nowhere to go"; and the woman answered, "I don't care a bit about that; He must hold me." Poor soul, she had grown weak, and could not realise that God still held and kept her. They do need our sympathy and prayers."

JEAN COOMBER.

## Constantinople News.

Friends' Mission, Constantinople,

November 7th, 1922.

I wonder if my letters all reach you? I have tried to keep you posted up with some of the news. I do not see yet what is to become of the Armenians; we hear that all the Christians of Anatolia are being hurried out without mercy. All their goods and even money taken from them, many have to tramp their weary way for



days before they can reach the sea-shore; and then, unless a ship is near enough to see them make signals or hear them scream, they will have no hope, and it maybe they will not take them on board, even if they see them in their distress, for man, through the heartless cruelty of war, has become in many instances callous. If we add the thousands of Christians here, where can they move?

I hope if these threats begin to be put into execution, I may be helped to lift our group of people out of the pit of destruction. If we can get them out, I am sure I can use them, and keep them from being burdensome to our Government; they are so industrious, and can supply markets with their lovely things under my supervision.

A. M. BURGESS.

Friends' Mission (Forsaken),

November 27th, 1922.

We are out of our house: one hundred and thirty of our people left for Corfu on Thursday evening last. Owing to difficulty in lifting our things, and a rough sea, we could not get all our things to the ships, so two lighters full of stuff are left behind with Miss Symonds and I. All our crowd must have reached Corfu by this time. I wept with disappointment that we had to stay over, but weeping did not save us. I had lots of warm things gathered in the lighters to wrap around my women, but it was no use. I do hope they have suffered no ill; they left in the snow and biting wind, and got so wet, also their beds and bedding. I thank you and all the kind friends of the "Friends of Armenia" for your prayers, support, and sympathy. We were ordered away, so no one can blame us, and we shall try and open our industrial plant in Corfu. I got lots of silk rugs and things on a ship in the harbour: these will come on to you. If you kindly pay anything there may be to pay from those in charge of them, I shall be all too thankful.

I am so sorry to leave here, and to leave so many dear people in fear of the future, but I could not do more. I was afraid of funds not being equal to the near needs. I was much pleased to get £500 this morning from our friends of the Embassy. Any communication now will be addressed to Corfu, c/o British Consul.

All the British are packed up, or are packing up, to get out. Tradespeople are making bales of their goods, and everything is topsy-turvy in all the homes. Turks are bound to affect all of those who stay here. "Turkey for the Turks" is their cry, and all who can get out may escape a grave. I had dinner last evening with gentlemen of the town who know all there is to be known here: they congratulate me on my speedy flight. "It is no place for ladies," so they say. The cheque to hand has relieved the strain very much. You will be glad to hear that I have an American House in New York ready to take all the silk rugs we can make. Our looms and workers have gone to Corfu. Some of the parcels I sent to you contain rugs. I shall write about them later; I am so bewildered I can do nothing about them now. About £100 worth of work in the houses could not be collected, but we may discover some means later for getting them.

A thousand thanks to you all. God reward you, is our prayer for you all. I must write as soon as I reach Corfu.

A. M. BURGESS.

Friends' Mission, Constantinople,

November 3rd, 1922.

This week I spent an hour or more with the Armenian Patriarch. Poor man! His spirit is crushed. The fear of his people causes much thoughtful concern for them and himself. The argument he hopes may bring some reason to the Turks is, that Armenians were not at war with the Turks (like the Greeks), and have no Athens or any place to flee to but the grave, as no nation so far offers to take in this nation, and probably could not do so if they wished. Therefore, it will be not only unreasonable, but cruel, to try and drive out their own subjects. Thousands are leaving every week, but many thousands cannot leave; they have been coming in from the Marmora side, and all have their sad stories to tell.

I shall be delighted to pass on the warm clothing. God bless the givers; no sacrifice or offering is overlooked by our merciful Father in heaven. I was so glad to get the cheque, as I am in need of help to keep the wheels turning.

A. M. BURGESS.

P.S.—I am so glad you continue in prayer and supplication. "Help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth," and from no other source.

[The Armenian Patriarch crossed over into Bulgaria soon after this.—ED.]

### Miss Burgess at Corfu.

Friends' Mission, Corfu,

December 5th, 1922.

We had a hurried flight from the Mission House, Constantinople; not that we were in terror of losing our lives if we did not hurry, but we were in danger of losing our industrial work. On November 28th I called at our Embassy, seeing rumours were most disturbing. I was told, "Before another week is over you may have to walk out of your Mission property with only as much as you can carry in a handbag, so you do well to consider a move." I was much bewildered, as our rug looms were full, our depots full of stock, our valuable depot cases, rugs, cushions, etc., etc., all our house furniture, and, more serious still, the lives of our British and native staff. Our Consul, Mr. Waugh, hurried me to be ready by Tuesday; I said I must have till Wednesday, but, with every effort, we could not get through the packing till Thursday. Anyhow, one hundred and thirty people were sent on Dr. Kennedy's ship. A good deal of our stuff I did not get away till a week later, and lots of our household goods, looms, etc. are not here yet. We expect them this week. I am nearly heart-broken to see the condition of our goods here—furniture smashed, things wet and spoiled, and lots of things lost. This is the second time. In 1914 we lost nearly half our possessions, and again we are suffering.

We are here in Corfu, where thousands are flocking. For four days there was no bread in the city for anybody. We went this morning to the Mayor of the town, about a house where we may open rug and cloth looms, and set our people to work. We expect more of our workers to follow, we had not time to gather them all. On our way here we stayed at Athens, or rather Port Krans; we went on shore so as to understand the situation. The congestion was awful; the very streets packed with people and ships full of poor people.

A heap of letters has just come to hand, so please excuse this hurried line. We hope to settle on some place soon for our people. About Turks and politics I have heard no news for a few days. I do hope there will be no war, but no one in Constantinople hopes for permanent peace.

We hope to continue to help and comfort from this quarter. We came here, it being the only near place to which we could flee with Armenians. I will tell you more later on. I hope, if the storm passes, to go back, after a year or so, to Constantinople.

A. M. BURGESS.

P.S.—I have just got a letter about Miss Fleming's handsome gift. This encourages me, as I have run our poor Mission into great debts. I am writing to Miss Fleming—whatever shall I find to say to her! She is a most liberal and gracious friend to our poor people.

### Miss Newnham at Corfu.

Post Restante, Corfu,

October 18th, 1922.

I hope you received my urgent appeal written nearly a week ago. God has been very good to us, and we have reached a safe refuge: twenty Armenians with a British pass and Greek transit visa. Friends were raised for us at every turn, and a sweet American girl who lost everything in Smyrna gave me an introduction to the Passport Officer here. He is a Protestant, and speaks English well; he took me to Pregective of Police, and then to the Mayor, who conducted us to the fortress and installed us in safety in empty, rather dilapidated rooms, amongst Greek soldiers and Turkish prisoners (officers). My folk are very plucky, and making the best of it, but the sooner we get winter arrangements made the better.

Fancy a poor woman with tiny children going from Smyrna to Africa, Marseilles, and then Brindisi. Is life worth living for them? Is there no heart left in nations, that they do not open a place where men may work and live? American ladies in Constantinople beg me to go back and fetch another lot, they think this is wonderful. Our Consul General, Mr. Waugh, was splendid, and all his subordinates.

November 1st, 1922.

Truly God fulfils, and more than fulfils, His promises. How can I thank the Committee sufficiently for their generous and prompt help (£100)? Now we are ready for the next step. The expected 2,000 or more

refugees are daily waited for; mercifully last night a boat of food arrived; last week there was no bread in the island for two days, but plenty of sweet potatoes, etc. I believe America is on the track of sending supplies. I will try to write you often and fully.

My own party is most happily placed—again a gift from God; a lovely "villa" with eleven large rooms, three miles out of town, with olive orchard and good water supply, so the boys should keep healthy, and we can receive more. Our masters are keen to help with refugees.

November 3rd, 1922.

Our lads are crowded round the lamp in the next room, one reading aloud Lloyd George's Manchester speech, in Armenian, with certain bits censored. There is enough of it left to show that the British public have no excuses for not knowing what is going on, or what are Kemalists aims. We cannot feel thankful enough for the firm stand General Harrington took, and for the clear way he has explained the situation. The immense number of armed fanatics all round us in Constantinople formed our chief danger at the last. He was very careful to prevent their being helped to break out, and several times suddenly stopped all boats on the Bosphorus after dusk—a safe measure.

Another day has passed without the refugees reaching this island; again they say "To-morrow." Now that your Committee's generous gift has reached me, I am anxious for them to arrive, that we may understand what kind they are and what steps it will be best for us to take. Will you please convey to the Committee my heartfelt thanks for the sympathy and support so kindly given. It is hard for one to face these problems without corporate support, but somehow it has seemed all through this year as if God's guidance had been very definite, and He certainly has raised for us splendid friends at every turn. "Patience—experience and experience hope," as our family here are learning, and it is bringing out the best in them too.

To-day's Armenian paper says that at Samsoun, Tongouldak, and all round there, the Turks, having previously carried off all the young men for so-called military service, have now given the old men and women notices to clear out in fifteen days, with no permission to sell lands or goods. With an empty Anatolia, what can they do with an empty Thrace?

Have tramped in for Church and to meet two boats; no refugees yet. Will write when they come.

November 8th, 1922.

The day we left Constantinople I met the most active Scout-Master getting off to Egypt in a great hurry. It seems that amongst their other preparations, the Turks had taken down the names of all Boy Scout leaders and working centres; the movement had become very strong in the city, but owing to this move I am told the work has been closed, and as many leaders as could fly the country went off at once. We are much interested in the talk about the need of more population in Canada and Australia, feeling that



we could supply a small portion, and we watch anxiously for answer from London.

We are working away at improvement in English and general usefulness, to prepare them to be independent of women's help. We had great fun the first Monday when I turned them all out to do the belated voyage laundry. I must put in my not too successful picture of the scene. The boys and masters collected brush wood from the hills for fuel, drew water from the well, and then proceeded to wash their clothes in every available pan, tub or basin.

November 11th, 1922.

We have waited three weeks now for the refugee ships that were hourly expected, and shall delay no longer. I am writing to Dr. Chambers, that if he can find a way to send out any lads we will do our best for them here. I am also trying to get more information about the possibilities of starting an industry for new-comers.

I am putting up letters to carry in to post to-morrow morning, when we hope to tramp three miles to Church. The boys have been learning "Rock of Ages" to sing. It may be we shall find letters there, but if I wait for those I miss this mail.

My grateful thanks to all the friends who have sent sustaining messages.

C/o British Consulate, Corfu,

November 27th, 1922.

Once more I have to acknowledge a most kind, understanding letter from you, and welcome enclosure, cheque for £4 13s. I do feel indeed that God's goodness is far and away beyond our deserts, and I do pray that workers and boys may show our gratitude by our lives. We elders are intensely thankful for this peaceful life; you can understand that there is a bit of restlessness amongst the bigger boys, who had hopes of getting right over to Canada, a land of corn and wine and liberty. They will never really understand the serious work of life until they have to earn their bread before they eat it! One has not lived with boys all these years without learning that!

Yesterday they were all worked up again by meeting what remained of their old companions of the Lord Mayor's Fund, and we went, staff and boys, to welcome the 700 homeless ones and help them in any way in our power. Mr. Osborne asked me if I knew a certain two boys in his party. I said they had been under my care from the beginning; he said they were his best helpers, and you can fancy how glad I was. It was touching to see the delight of boys and girls at finding friendly faces on the strange shore.

Miss Kinney's school was closed; things were very dark. It is national suicide that the Turks are working for. Our poor, poor friends! The Turks are controlling passports now; they say it is getting more difficult to escape, but we expect more friends on Friday with Miss Burgess; she is tremendous at daring the Turks! You dear folk are so good to me.

We have been taking our boys to the English Church Sunday mornings, as an approach to keeping up their religious associations. We practise the hymns, and I try to help them to catch the spirit of the service; the Chaplain and his wife are very earnest

Christians, but their work is rather uphill at present. I heartily echo your prayer that our consciences may be kept tender, and we may readily acknowledge where we need to be set right.

We are glad of the N.E.R. turning in this direction as they are sure then to bring in stores, and flour always seems an uncertain quantity in the island, and they say meat will run short, but I do not worry about that whilst we have pulse foods, especially, which contain iron.

December 30th, 1922.

Received January 9th, 1923.

How sweet of you to send me that gracious message of remembrance for Xmas—remembrance by God and man. Friends are doubly precious at this time. "It never rains but it pours." These weeks I have been troubled at not being able to start real relief work: suddenly, all other ports being full to overflowing, they began to pour the refugees in here without reckoning. There must be nearly 20,000 already in this little place—and the shipload of flour we expected has gone on to Patras, though invoiced for here! Two more ships again this morning—packed—hardly standing room—they come from Mersine and all parts. I have rented a small house (6-7 rooms), and am putting in 27 persons! Too many, but the new Greek Prefet begged me not to refuse any of them; he is working splendidly, calling on all classes to assist. I have to make myself responsible for feeding and looking after all I house. Your £100 will now do noble duty—and there are various other gifts. The N.E.R. are very kind, they gave me a case of milk, and will give cocoa to-day. Of course they are well organised for bringing in supplies. I am thankful to have the Americans so kind. The Misses Fraser and Fowler are always most cordial, and would help me if they could. The Bishop of Gibraltar was here lately, and was very friendly. My boys have been able to help a little in the Church, decorating for Xmas, keeping the door, etc. It is the nearest thing to their own Church, and they are beginning to find their way in the Prayer-Book, which helps them to undersand, and the Chaplain and his wife are much interested in them, and have undertaken to furnish the Xmas Tree. It is hard to think of festivities now with so much sorrow round. One morning this week a young Scout Leader from Scutari turned up with a letter from Dr. L. Chambers, saying he had brought me eight boys! several of them my old boys. They had been able to arrive fairly clean, but after a long trying voyage, lying on the deck in wet blankets, etc. I am now sitting beside the youngest, poor little Laz Khachig, age 10, a protégé of Philadelphia Armenians. He has pneumonia from the exposure, but a refugee Doctor whom I brought out to-day, hopes it will pass quickly. Other boys are going in for boils, abscesses, etc., to which I strongly object, as the nursing devolves on me; they only laugh at my protests! To-day the Consul's daughter implored me to take a little half-starved orphan, a mere skeleton, that she could not get received into the Greek orphanages; so, as some of our boys can help by speaking Greek, I brought out the little scrap of humanity, not understanding it was a girl! If you could see the pathetic hollow eyes, and

the little skinny hands warming at the fire. Our Mairig has washed and dressed her in odds of boys' things, and an old apron must do for a temporary skirt. We have persuaded the Greek neighbour to let her sleep there, and her girls can see she is all right at night. We will feed and care for her till some better arrangement can be made.

Armenians, who have been hustled from pillar to post for eight years, are like experienced colonists; they quickly arrange bedding, take out pots and pans and look for work. I had a tailor starting jackets for our boys yesterday, only he had not so much as a pair of scissors—I had to find all. There are two shoemakers in my group: I am looking for tools! The women are to come and wash for us. If I can possibly get wool, we must spin and knit—anything is better than sitting down to brood. Onlookers say that of all the cruel war, this is the cruellest part. Dr. Chambers wants to send me eight more lads, ages 16-20, but all the Christian Powers say they cannot help any over 16 to escape—which means that this generation is to be wiped out. I hear that many are in prison already, and receive forty strokes a day to prepare them for trial.

Yesterday, two more ships lying out from the quay, with swarms more refugees, hardly standing room. The Consul's daughter and other ladies visit eighteen centres every day, mixing and serving out milk for babies. I sent two of our nice young men from Constantinople as interpreters, and they are doing good voluntary service. The Raymonds at the Consulate have been goodness itself to us; they seem to help everyone. How long? How long? Till His kingdom comes? I am ashamed to tell you tales of woe, but you need to know, though it wrings your heart.

My Bishop brother is now over his illness and trying to move in the emigration plan.

SOPHIA NEWNHAM.

December 23rd, 1922.

Received January 9th.

Now a ray of happiness. I went to my little Greek skeleton, into whose cheeks a faint tint is creeping. She replied to my query, "Calla," "well," and then coaxingly, "Mamma—portucala" (Orange), in such a natural way—poor wee mite. *Second Ray.* Our good stolid Haroutrine has found on the crowded quay his mother, sister, and family, whom he had not seen for four years. They were shut up in Karaman between Konia and the Taurus. We have received all nine into our "Hotel." It is so comforting to be able to do something at last. We have now 29 boys in our Home.

S.N.

December 3rd, 1922.

Received December 28th, 1922.

It is heartrending to see the lighters come in packed. The poor folk scramble out, and drag their belongings across the Esplanade to a large open space roped in, there they sit down on their bundles, carrying children in arms, special possessions, at times even a pet dog; they wait uncomplainingly for hours, until the authorities have time to draft them off to store-houses,

factories, or other available buildings. Every empty house is on the police list, and owners of good furniture try to secure good tenants before the police can put in poor, uneducated folk. To-day we were called out into the country to see a very well-appointed house, and to-morrow we are to meet the boat and see if our friends want it. It is far out. Thus far chiefly Armenians with resources have come, the poorer ones move with difficulty in spite of clouds growing ever blacker. The teachers from the huge orphanage at Kuleli—Asiatic side of Bosphorous—told us the Turks had come in, paying no heed to the American flag, and carried off 15 or 20 of the poor boys who had been rescued from Turks before.

The Bishop of Gibraltar is here; he is getting an increasingly good opinion of the Armenians. He tells of a group, from Smyrna I believe, who, arriving in Athens in dry weather, promptly made sun-dried bricks, built a village, opened a School and elected a Governor. If you compare this with the despairing attitude of most refugees you would understand his admiration.

We feel more and more dear England's difficulties at the same time that we are crushed with the thought of the sufferings and dangers here. The problem of rescue is far more hazardous now than some weeks ago. Truly it is a trial of faith, this waiting for news and succour.

SOPHIA NEWNHAM.

P.S.—On Xmas evening we lighted our first fire, and the whole family sat round and played games.

## Appeals from Aleppo, Syria.

[To "Friends of Armenia."]

I am wondering if you could possibly give us a little help this winter for the refugees that are crowding every day into this City. As you know, all Christians have been ordered out of Turkey on pain of forcible deportation at the discretion and pleasure of the Government. The time limit expires in a week. This means that we have now about 20,000 refugees in this city, and we expect at least 10,000 more. Of course many of them have property and are well to do. Unfortunately the Kemalist Government does not allow them to sell any of their land, and houses abandoned by their owners become Government property. Further, on their way here many of the refugees are robbed and maltreated, so that they often arrive without bedding, clothing, or money. Of course the problem is too vast for any one to cope with, but we have started a small girl's hostel.

The Armenian Orphanage which was started by my sister has fortunately been entirely taken over by the American Near East Relief. Its former Director, Pastor Shirajian, has been able, with the help of a few friends, to rent a house, and has there a few of the most destitute girls from the ages of 16 to 25. Young girls arrive from the interior after journeys lasting from two days to three weeks, in open carts and carriages, and have absolutely nowhere to go. At a cost of £1 sterling we can give them shelter and food for one month. If they find work the cost per head per month is reduced to 10/-. To-day we had to refuse shelter to twelve girls who had arrived absolutely friendless and penniless. Seven of these had



been driven out of Turkish houses where they had been forcibly taken during the great deportations of 1915 to 1916. Failing some such home as this, they have nowhere to go to, and sleep in the courtyard of the Armenian Church or in already overcrowded Khans.

Winter has set in early this year. It is now quite cold and very wet. We feel if we can take them over the next three months of cold, they will have a chance in the spring. Some may find friends or relatives in Armenia, and others get work: for most of them are clever at sewing. Perhaps you might bring the matter up at the next Committee Meeting of the Friends of Armenia. Any contribution, however small, will, I think, be at once able to give some relief.

E. H. A.

Aleppo streets are full of Armenian and Greek emigrants. Harpout, Mezeri, Merdin, Ourfa, Aintab, Marash, etc., people are crowded in Aleppo. There have been left in Aintab only 118 Christian people, mostly Hospital Staff, etc. 1,200 persons left in Marash—the poorest people.

When I was not so busy and I saw many good girls without residence and left alone, I tried to start a "Girls' Home." I hope you will be interested. So far as I know from my long experience, the most difficult cases are the cases of the elder girls, and especially in this Eastern country. Aleppo is much more attractive for elder girls. It is necessary to keep the elder helpless girls in a very good environment. I hope you will have sympathy with this "Girls' Home." I know you cannot do a great deal, but anything you can do we shall be very much obliged. There are many girls to be taken in, but we have not the means to do much.

A. A. S.

### Loving Service in Journeys Oft.

In the last paper I sent to this Magazine, I endeavoured to give a short sketch of the last visit I made to one of the many Christian villages (that means unoccupied by Moslems) in the vicinity of Marash, where my lot has been cast for many years, and service rendered. I will now try to recall some incidents connected with that Service which may be a stimulus to those now working for the help of the many orphans and widows in that land.

Marash is known as a Station of the Central Turkey Mission of the American Board, and is situated in the interior of Asia Minor, far from the sea and not near any railway line.

The American Missionaries' Work was pre-eminently educational, and they were very successful in the training of men and women (chiefly Armenians, for work amongst their own people. After the terrible massacre of 1895-6 they realised that a New Department had to be organised; many, many widows were left helpless and in great distress, little children wandered about in a forlorn and most pitiable condition, and hourly appeals were made to the handful of missionaries for relief. Financial help was being sent, but there was needed those who would assist in mothering the little children, and provide work for the women, and help by loving sympathy to bind up the terrible wounds of soul and body.

These appeals were frequently made in our English

papers, and through this Society many have gone forth in answer to the Call. Amongst the first to respond, I left London in January, but will not now recall that journey, especially the horseback ride over very high mountains, at that time covered with snow. Dr. Lee met me, and accompanied me all the way, and on a bright sunshiny day we arrived in Marash at Dr. Lee's house, and Mrs. Lee gave me such a hearty welcome that at once I felt at home. One of my first duties was to acquire sufficient knowledge of the work that she had initiated so well, that very soon I might be able to take it over, and relieve her, and so enable her to accompany her sick husband to America for treatment.

The other members of the Mission lost no time in visiting me to express their gratitude, and these were followed by the leaders in the Churches and Schools, assuring me that they felt God had answered their prayers, for they had felt most anxious, knowing the need was very great. Then a band of the boys and girls who had been picked up and were now being sheltered, came to see the one who was by God's help to take a motherly care of them—such a sight! Can one ever forget the introduction or the faces of those who had suffered so much; but the hope lighted up the sad faces, the hope that the "Father of the Fatherless" would direct all.

The first few weeks were spent in company with Mrs. Lee, learning all her methods, and at the same time acquiring a working knowledge of the language. The day soon came when she handed over account books, etc., also a big book with long lists of names of orphans already received, set down under the name of the Committee who had promised their support, and there were five such centres in different countries. Some months quickly passed in this way, when an opportunity was given for visiting the villages from which many of the children had come, and it was thought best that I should avail myself of this. The Rev. F. W. Macallum was to be our conductor, adviser, etc., as he knew the way, the people, their language, etc.; and Dr. Piper, who had arranged to leave his medical work in Aleppo, that he might bring relief to those so far removed from any doctor. What an exciting time it was preparing for such a trip—horses for each one, as well as animals to carry all our provision, food, bedding, etc. When all is ready we start off with mixed feelings. That first night we secured apartments on the roof of the house occupied by the Turkish Guard. It was a beautiful night in June, the moon and stars shone brightly, a river ran close by, and the great mountains were on every side. We had made an early start, and hour after hour we rode along over rough roads; in the early afternoon we camped just outside a large village, and in no time the inhabitants encircled us, and soon the Doctor had a big clinic, all kinds of diseases were represented, and soon he could have emptied his medicine chest. Again we camped out under the open heavens for the night. The first stop we made next day was on the outskirts of a village; while we rested on the hillside, men and women came, and drawing near they unceremoniously began to untie our footgear; remonstrance was vain, for there was water with which they bathed the tired feet and so refreshed us; after a visit with them, we continued our journey in order to reach the larger town, where we stopped over the Sabbath Day. Mr.

## A Trip to Beirut.

[Extracts from a personal letter sent by Miss Ruth Wingate, of Glasgow.]

I'm not awfully thrilled with some of the places they shew you as the historic places mentioned in the Bible. I love the places they have left alone, but all the made-up looking ones—well, I think they spoil Jerusalem. It was a joy to stand on the top of the Mount of Olives, and look away over the real country where all those Old Testament wonders happened, and to see the country and the places where Christ really walked and worked, but at the same time I felt with joy that it does not make Jerusalem more real to us. His realness is quite independent of all that. These old places are really dead and the living places are in our hearts now. The disciples weren't a bit better off than we are—not a scrap.

Another thing that was really lovely to see was the Golden Gate from the Temple area—the Golden Gate where our Lord is to enter from the Mount of Olives when He comes again. I loved to stand there and think of Him coming, and to look at their wonderful blockade, which really is the best bit of blocking you ever saw; it's most thorough, and just think of it all crumbling, and that gate just being quite ready for Him to walk through when He comes, no matter what it was like five minutes before. It makes me laugh to think of the trouble they've taken to block that old gate up. I needn't talk, for I'm sure the blockades we put up in our hearts are just as bad.

Miss Davies and I went to the Y.W.C.A. for the night, and the next morning they took me to the camp where the Armenian refugees are. I know the proper thing to do is to tell you all I saw, whether it is done or not; and so if anybody does not like it, please forgive me, because I feel I ought to just speak out straight. The camp is by the sea, in the poor part of Beirut, and it covers a few acres waste patch of ground. I know that almost anything I can write will leave you all quite cold compared with what you would be if you could see the state of these people, and then you would be as *savage* as I was. The sight of it made me cry. A few of the better tents are made of canvas (at least the roof is), but the sides (if they have any) are made of sackcloth, or worse, of ordinary rags. The whole place is packed closely with miserable tents of this kind. Most of them are made of rags from roof to floor, and, of course, are no use whatsoever in the rainy season, but just give a little stuffy shade at present. The sun simply blazes down on this place with all its might. The ground is baked hard as iron and as flat as a pancake, and as I stood there I felt shrivelled up during the first minute. You know I'm not fastidious; I like a comfy bed, but I can sleep perfectly happily on the ground if need be. My nose is not very keen, and it has to be a pretty good smell before I notice it. I have not been in the least bothered with Eastern smells, so I am not exaggerating when I say that the conditions of that place are utterly *abhorrent*, and the people living here far above that sort of thing, and, therefore, suffering in a way that there are no words to describe. Some of the people even have no rags to make tents of, and they make their home on a rug which is virtually all they have, spread out on the

Macallum conducted a service in a small building, which was packed with eager listeners. Some of us went for a short walk, and found the well where women congregated, and sitting amongst them we read in our broken tongue the story of the Samaritan Woman. The children in large groups also sat around, and every moment of our time was spent in doing good. The following day we reached Zeitoon; this town has a unique history, which some day we may tell. Here we were invited to the house of the chief man, and we were supplied with the best their farm and dairy could produce. Finding several who could converse in English, we gladly plied them with questions, for there was so much that was not only new but intensely interesting about the place and the people. Then we were never left alone; the whole town came to call and express their gratitude for our visit, and hoped we would remain there. Amongst our visitors there was a very benign-looking Armenian priest, who was truly interested in what we had come to do. On assuring him that it was our chief desire to help some of the orphan children who swarmed around us, he questioned the wisdom of undertaking such a work, and tried to persuade us that if we would send him the money, he could lay it out to much better purpose. Then we had to arrange for some thirty orphan boys who had been picked up. Some few families had undertaken to bring them into their own homes; some took one, others two, of the lads, but it was not turning out satisfactorily, and it was then decided that we should start a small Orphanage there. We interviewed several men who were very willing to supervise such a scheme, only they stipulated that a missionary should be the chief adviser. We could not just then decide the question, but we saw the thirty boys, and encouraged them to be obedient and helpful to the friends who were assisting them. It tickled them immensely to have a foreigner giving loving advice, and its effect was beneficial, we heard. We thus spent two very long days in this interesting town, but continued our journey, having gained some new ideas about the life and the needs of the people. Our medical friend was obliged to leave us, for he had come to the end of his medicines, and his own work could not spare him any longer. With Mr. Macallum leading us, we continued our ride over those wonderful mountains, stopping where we could, but everywhere there was the same sad story to be heard, and we saw the ashes of whole villages which had been burned; one especially, where a large Armenian Monastery had stood for centuries, lay now in ruins, and all the inhabitants either had been killed or they had escaped elsewhere. Having been gone fourteen days, and riding horseback nearly every day, we were not sorry when the last day came, and we would have time to rest and recount some of the incidents of the road, and especially glad that no accident had happened to us; but on the whole it had prepared us in special ways to take up the work afresh, and with more knowledge of what was expected of us.

On our return we had to write an account of his trip to those in the home-land whom we knew were not forgetting to ask our Heavenly Father to guide all through this journey, and how gratefully we recorded all the strength and help afforded us.

AGNES C. SALMOND.



ground between the tents, under the sky and open to the sun; and there they sit or lie, with a little pile of useless, worn-out rubbish beside them. I felt ashamed to be seen with a sunshade and decent shoes. It wasn't so much the shoes I had on as the row against the wall at home, and the thought of my sisters in England with equally long rows, and others, thank goodness, with shorter ones. My conscience had been busy before I left home along this line, but I think this is final.

If you have not felt the heat you can't imagine what it is like, but the very dogs get out of the sun to sleep in the middle of the day, and the sleep is beastly, it's not like sleep at all, it's like dope. These people can't get away from it any time, for there is nowhere for them to go. The smell and the flies are just foul, and they are legion. The camp is the rottenest looking wreck of a rubbish heap you ever saw, yet when one goes down into it one sees that, in spite of the wretched poverty and awful circumstances and disease and difficulty of every kind, these people are comparatively clean. The tents are tidy and well organised. I could see that our people of the same class would have been dead long ago in the same circumstances, and they would have sunk to depths of sin to which these people are not sinking. They seem to be of a superior working-class, accustomed to nice homes, and it may be owing to this fact and a certain amount of education, that they are able to keep decent; because their Christianity is just about the same as ours, that is, about 2 out of 10 (I guess), and it is considerably hampered by Eastern customs and Eastern thought, to which they are tied if they are not victorious Christians, just as we are to-day in England when we are tied to etiquette and what's *done*, and what our brothers and sisters *think* of us. Those conditions at home and abroad are the result of half-hearted (no, not even that, but one-tenth hearted) Christian service. I am fearfully convicted because I KNOW that whole-hearted Christian service is the CURE, and it *could* be immediate, and that is the tragedy. I feel it rests with the *individual*. If every converted Christian was serving God as Peter and James and John did, these things would NOT be, but because they DO exist it is our fault somehow. It is most decidedly not up to those who are unconverted to give their money to those who are, just because they are told to, but the Apostolic law is "travel light," and this is where I feel so guilty, and I suppose it's lack of consecration, because if we did it like Peter and James and John, the unconverted would just all come through as the first results. And in fact that is just how it happens any time.

After I had been in that camp for five minutes, I felt sick. Swarms of little children crowded round us, the most miserable little pinched ghosts, and to think of what it meant to the starving and sick parents to see them. They nearly all, grown-ups and children alike, have some awful disease of the eyes. I don't know what they call it, but the eye half closes and gets covered over with a white film. It attacks the baby children more especially, and they lose their sight very quickly, and, of course, one eye affects the other in a remarkably short time. The parents have just nothing, so they can do nothing. The disease is caused by flies coming from the filthy lavatories,

and from garbage heaps, and from sick people who have infectious diseases. The sanitary arrangements are criminal, and are the root cause of all the trouble, but the town will not allow the camp to spread out another inch, and although it is close by the shore, they will not allow them to have the lavatories by the sea, but they must be within the bounds of the camp, with the result that the whole place is quite unbearable. I'm perfectly sick that I can't send you the sight and the smell in this letter, because I feel the desperation of not being able to make you understand or care enough with words. There are four or five of these places for use in a camp of thousands of souls. A large wide trench has been dug behind them on the edge of which they are built. Everything flows from them into this OPEN trench, and can *never* be emptied, because the town won't allow it, I suppose. They have had no material or proper facility for building these things, and so they are scarcely private and have no convenience of any kind inside. When the rains come (and they are far heavier than our rains), the trench is filled with water in half an hour, and this filth flows out into the uttermost end of the camp and into all the tents. The farthest tent is only three minutes' walk away, and there are crowds of tents only six yards away. You can't get away from the smell of them, and everybody in this camp is in the direst misery, but they can't get work so they can't get out of it. The missionaries are working hard to get the people out into work. Orphanages are started to take as many of the children who are starving as possible, and, of course, all the orphans. Money has come in so badly that there is very little when it is divided among all the camps, of which there are thousands. It would break your heart if you had been with Miss Davies when she went there the other day with about £10 to dispose of. She met women there whom she had not seen since they entertained her in their cottages to comfortable meals in the villages from which they had fled. It would have made you all literally cry if you had been there, as we were without the means of saving these people. They have got a tent up in the best part of the camp where they gather the most destitute of the children every day. They can only take a certain number. The tent is made of canvas; it is high and airy, so that these children are kept away from infection and heat during the day, and if there is any food going they get it, and they get a little school, but then one can't teach much to physically weak children, except through loving treatment, and even that is hard to interpret when you have not the wherewithal.

They get them cleaned up a bit too. You must not imagine that this place is really cool, although it is the coolest place, for it is quite like a furnace. There are four Armenian Christian girls, with happy faces and miserable bodies, helping to care for these children. They live in the tent. They are REAL. That is a law here, the workers MUST BE REAL. You would not think they could afford to keep that law here, but they do. I can't write about things properly somehow, because there are no words to describe my feelings and my questions, and all the big facts that lie behind a state of affairs of this sort. I had just begun to wake up before I left home, but I'm going on still, and so will everybody. Please forgive me if perhaps I'm writing as if I were the only person living

who ever woke up. I don't mean it that way. We don't risk much for Jesus at home, I'm afraid.

I know God will hold us responsible for all this suffering. Why, of course He will!

If we had that money to use for the camp we could at least save the lives of the dying. In every tent there was somebody stretched out on the ground dying, desperately ill with something awful. Dying because their people have nothing to give them. And there sat the wretched wife, mother, or husband, simply waiting and watching—looking—well, I can't describe how, keeping the flies off with a rag, and all the while the little children are around living and breathing this polluted air and absolutely BOUND to get ill themselves. I'm used to illness; I have seen a lot and can look at anything and never turn a hair, but this is different, because it's hopeless and because it's really murder.

Jesus said, "Feed My lambs," and what must He feel as He looks down on some homes to-day, and



"FRIENDS OF ARMENIA"  
ORPHANS AT BRUMMANA.

then on these camps? Mother, you and I, and all friends, are giving less than we could, and that I MAINTAIN.

Mr. Buchman says, "The best way to do is to do," so let us all begin, for there is no moment like the moment called now, as Mr. Hooker says. Most of what we consider necessary ISN'T! People who have less time for "self" simply have no time for some of the things we at home think necessary. It's all awfully wicked, with this misery in our world, and yet *we don't know*, that's why we do it!

They have a Red Cross Depot in this camp, but it simply does not *anything like* meet the need. There is just one second-class nurse, and her outfit is of the poorest, and working all day she can't overtake the work, nor do it in a proper antiseptic manner: How she does anything at all I can't think. I know what a camp ought to be like, and I tell you I could not pick a hole in the tidiness and organisation shown in the arrangement of those filthy places. Two and sometimes three families live in those six feet square places. There is no privacy for the women. You can see almost all that goes on in the tents as you pass. Can you imagine it? Is it not demoralising? And yet the people who work among them say that they are NOT demoralised. Where would our folk of this class have been after three or four years of this sort of thing?

I tell you frankly, I was utterly prejudiced against these people when I came out, because of a happy little way people have of wanting to enlighten you on these occasions, but all things considered, it's a lie. The occasional case may be true, but I rather fancy that the reason any Armenian who is well enough off to be living in foreign parts and is giving impressions unfavourable to his race, can all very easily be explained by the fact that he is away from them all. He ought to be living with and working among them. But if we just put ourselves into the shoes of some of these cases that we think of, and if we found ourselves safe after horrors that equal those of the Middle Ages, and beat anything that happened in the German War, I think we might forgive him.

Miss Coomber has gone down to Beirut on business, and has been gone two days, and Miss Davies left this morning on a four days' walking trip, which she says she would not have had if I had not been here to help, so I was left alone, and of course one of the children took that occasion to get ill with rather alarming symptoms, but it was only a chill, and she's all right again to-night. This four days is all the summer holiday poor Miss Davies has been able to get, but she is the sort you could never be sorry for, because tired and all as she is, she loves the work and everybody and everything, and is as happy as any woman I ever saw, and yet, honestly, how she has come through I simply can't think. She is a *real* mother to those 73. Well, dear people, I must flit, so good-bye, and I hope you won't be bored before you have waded through all this.

Miss Davies has sent a request for the following articles for use by the Orphans:—

Large sized collapsible Card Tables.

Pictures by great masters.

Picture Puzzles (Jig-saw), Table Croquet, Table Tennis.

Ping Pong set.

If any readers have puzzles, etc. which they would like sent to the children, they will be much appreciated. —[ED.].

### Report of Dr. Lovejoy.

(Extracts from Report of Meeting addressed by Doctor Esther Lovejoy.)

Dr. Esther Lovejoy, President of the Medical Women's International Association, and Chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, arrived at Smyrna on 24th September—eleven days after the fire, and found the people still awaiting transportation. It had been announced, a proclamation had been pinned up, and a statement had been dropped from aeroplanes, to the effect that anyone remaining in Smyrna after 30th September would be deported into the interior. Dr. Lovejoy gathered from Americans who had been in Smyrna a great many years, that the people generally understood deportation to the interior to mean hard labour, lack of food, and finally, death. On her arrival at Smyrna she found the people greatly disturbed by the proclamation. They were crowded together on the quay, all the buildings, with the exception of the Turkish quarter, having been destroyed.



On visiting the Turkish quarter, however, she found everything going on very well.

The American Consulate and relief headquarters had been established in the vicinity of the quay. Everyone tried to crowd as close as possible to the former; some even tied shreds of American flags on to them, with the idea that they would bring protection. Dr. Lovejoy found two Y.M.C.A. men (Messrs. Jennings and Jacobs) most actively engaged in relief work, Mr. Jennings offering to secure ships for the refugees; also some of the residents at the American College were doing valuable work.

Masses of refugees to the number, it was said, of 250,000, having lived on the quay at Smyrna for eleven days at the time of Dr. Lovejoy's arrival, the whole length of it, and the streets leading from it, were like a foul sewer. The nights, which were very clear and still, were pierced by awful human shouts and the terrible screams of women, started in the back streets and taken up by all those on the quay. The screaming was said to be due to robbers coming and stealing their money and girls. When the screaming commenced the ships in the harbour would throw their searchlights on the pier, and scare the robbers away.

The evacuation of Smyrna started on September 24th (Sunday), on which day there were seven ships for use, but on the Monday there was only one.

The night of September 25th remained vividly in Dr. Lovejoy's memory, from the fact that on this night she went out on to a balcony with an Armenian woman who was helping the relief workers, and looked down on the crowd on the quay. An Armenian woman was heard praying for ships, and for the life of her brother, who was in hiding. She asked the doctor to pray, but all she could compose herself to say was, "God save these people." The Armenian woman went to bed, with perfect faith, and immediately fell asleep. During the night nineteen ships were reported off the harbour.

Next day (Tuesday, September 26th) all the ships were in the harbour. All the men between eighteen and forty-five, many of them the fathers of young families, were detained by the Turks for deportation, and the scenes caused by the separation were indescribably tragic. Perhaps the most terrible sight of all was the division of families. Some mothers, to prevent their children being torn from them, tied them together, but great holes in the wharf, and broken glass lying about made it very difficult to walk. Mothers whose children had become separated were frantically crying, "I have lost my children." Those who could speak English were helped by the sailors, but those who could not were not understood, and continued to scream, shriek, offer wild prayers and plead.

### Tears and Triumphs.

MISS KATHERINE BREDEMUS.

Many of the people at home have a very vague conception of the foreign missionary and his work. I have even heard some say, "I wish that I had the opportunity to travel and see the world like the missionary has." Such a person is usually one who has always been comfortably settled on a farm, with every need abundantly supplied, and knows nothing of the strain of parting from relatives, friends and native

land, and getting adjusted to new conditions, odd manners and customs, strange food, and an unintelligible speech. The romantic halo about missionary work is usually in books as those who are on the field find that it is intensely practical, and that only a person of poise and sense and of well-developed Christian character—one who is not afraid of hard work—will remain on the field any length of time. One must keenly feel the "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel" and keep a steadfastness of purpose, as work in the regions beyond has its dark as well as its bright side; its discouragements as well as its encouragements.

It would indeed be a strange conglomeration if one could really give you a pen picture of all we do. Each day hours are given to visitors, the large majority of them being needy women and orphan girls who come pleading, not for charity but for work. Every one has a sad story, and long ere night comes our hearts are sick with the sights and stories of abject terror and suffering. It indeed requires God-given strength and courage to stand calmly at one's post of duty. One day this week I had at least twenty of such callers. A number of them had been refugees for the last seven years, and they have been driven from pillar to post. Since the need is so great we can only help the most needy cases, and that after thorough investigation for many of these people have no sense of wrong concerning many of the matters that we have been taught to regard as evil. The Oriental is polite and ceremonious; he flatters you, especially when he is seeking a favour of some kind; lies to you, and cheats you when possible. So you see that they are sadly in need of the Gospel.

There is a knock at the door and I admit a widow with her baby and a poverty-stricken friend whom she has brought with her. The frail, half-starved baby girl seeing several people, thinks she is in a religious service and bows her head as if in prayer, and then says, "Amen." Her widowed mother is rich in faith but O, so poor in this world's goods. Her husband was killed by a French auto last year in Adana, leaving her with three small children. He was a brand plucked from the burning, and since his clear conversion a few years ago, had lived a very devoted Christian life. His poor wife suffered much from his cruelty and was very much opposed by him before he, in answer to her prayers, accepted and became acquainted with her Christ. She frequently says, "Miss Bredemus, my load is a very heavy one, but my faith has not been shaken." She, her three children, her husband's brother, wife and two children are all living in one tiny room. How they all manage to find floor space to stretch out at night is a question in my mind. Her friend, who is almost blind, is made happy by being added to the list of "needle workers."

They are hardly gone until there is another knock at the door. This time I admit an old, ragged, sad-faced widow named Sarpook who pronounces all sorts of blessings on the kind friends who send funds to help them. We have had unusually cold weather the past few days, and, in spite of warm clothing, I have found myself shivering a number of times. But all this woman has on is a pair of thin, baggy trousers, a thread-bare skirt and waist—showing the bare flesh—and a much-faded, padded, short jacket. With pride she shows me the new pair of stockings that a

former Adana acquaintance has given her. Hanging on my wall was a long blue jacket belonging to a suit which I wore on the never-to-be-forgotten flight from Hadjin. It is badly faded but still looks "smart" as the English say here. I put this coat on her in place of her own and you would laugh could you see the strange combination. However, it is warm, and how pleased she is as she leaves asking again and again, "Oh, is this for me?"

These are only glimpses of our daily surroundings; the details must be left to your imagination—and only eternity will reveal the far-reaching results.

## Shemlan News.

December 4th, 1922.

"Last week, when I went to meet the steamer on which a friend brought me my trunks, I went into a shop, and while there what I took for a refined gentlewoman came and said something very low to Mr. S. He had to ask her twice to repeat before he could hear, and then with quivering lips she said, "I am so hungry." She had recently come from Constantinople; had been quite comfortably off there, and had come here; it had cost her such a lot to get here that she had nothing left, and her children were crying for bread. They were outside in the heavy rain. Mr. S. called them in, and asked them if they had not had their breakfast. The boy began to cry and said, No, they were hungry. Mr. S. gave the mother some money, and told her where to go to get food, and I think there was not a dry eye in the shop as they went out."

Shemlan,

December 8th, 1922.

"Many thanks for the money which you have sent us; as soon as I receive it, will send you a receipt for it.

I was at the Refugee Camp the other day, and saw the tent you dear people had sent. How I wish you all could have seen the difference between it and the other shelters, the very best of which are made from old petroleum tins nailed over a thin wooden framework.

I had not been there long before ever so many women came, saying they were widows, and they understood that only widows were to be allowed to live in it, and would I please write their names. Compared with the two buildings put up by the resident Armenians for schools, the tent was very large, but one widow looking in with some pleasure, said, "If we might gather in it for a religious service, you would see we could fill it very quickly."

I have seen a woman to-day who lost her husband and five children from starvation; then she went out of her mind, and was taken to the hospital. She is now better, but as she told of what it had cost her to see her loved ones die, one's heart went out in deep sympathy."

KITTY FREARSON.

### A Worker in the Cause of Armenia.

We regret to record the death, which took place on December 19th, after a long and painful illness, of Mrs. Madeleine Cole, who for many years had been a

resident at "Danehurst," Upper Richmond Road. From the time of her youth she devoted many years to the cause of education, on which she had broad and far-seeing views. For many sessions Mrs. Cole laboured at the Working Men and Women's College in Queen's Square, which had been founded by her sister, Mrs. Malleon. Here she found scope for upholding her views that the profession of teaching was one of the noblest ways of helping the world. Subsequently she kept a school in Earl's Court, which was very successful; and of late years she rallied many of her old pupils together to found the "Guild of Every Little Helps," which has done much good work in assisting poor and distressed girls and women.

For the past twenty-eight years Mrs. Cole laboured unceasingly in the cause of Armenia, and during that period as treasurer and secretary of the "Women's Armenian Relief Fund" she transmitted over £30,000 to those unhappy people. In a tribute to her memory, an Armenian correspondent of "The Times" puts on record "the gratitude and respect which the Armenians owe to Mrs. Madeleine Cole, by whose death they have lost a great friend and benefactress. The Armenians will always gratefully cherish her memory and remember her self-denying work."

Mrs. Cole had the warmest sympathy for all cases of distress, and her beautiful and generous nature attracted to her a large circle of friends, by whom her death will be deeply regretted.

The remains were cremated at Golder's Green on December 22nd, and the ashes were buried by the side of the deceased lady's husband in Putney Vale Cemetery on December 28th.

—Wandsworth Boro' News.

## The Unhappy Armenians.

A CALL ON THE GOVERNMENT TO PROVIDE A NATIONAL HOME.

Under the auspices of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland a mass meeting was held in the Central Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday afternoon, October 24th, to consider "Woman's responsibility in connection with the problem of the Near East as it affects the Armenian women and children." Quite a large number of people were present, although one would have wished that it had been a "mass meeting" in the real sense of that word, because some deeply moving addresses were given regarding the situation in Armenia to-day, and our undoubted responsibility towards these unhappy people. Indeed, if these addresses could have been broadcasted throughout the country we are sure that something drastic would very soon be done to meet the situation at once. But at all events the organisers of this gathering feel the occasion to be a momentous one, and are hoping, as a result of the meeting, to arouse the feeling of responsibility in the women of Great Britain, and through them of the world.

The Hon. Mrs. Alister G. Fraser, who presided over the gathering, pointed out that help can be given, first by learning the truth ourselves; secondly, by arousing public opinion and supporting any action taken by Governments for the amelioration of these conditions; and, thirdly, by sending relief to the



helpless and innocent sufferers. She reminded her hearers that years ago, in 1895, women flung themselves into the waters of Lake Van rather than be taken by the Kurd and the Turk, and only a few weeks ago women and girls swam out for safety to the warships in Smyrna Harbour, and when they could not be received drowned themselves rather than return to what had once been their homes. This scene, which was witnessed by the British Consul, speaks for itself.

Miss E. Truran, who has spent eight months working as a relief worker in the Caucasus, had a heart-rending story to tell of what she had herself witnessed; of people living in holes in the ground, sleeping with animals for warmth, and of little children who don't even know how to play.

Miss Maude Royden spoke on our responsibility to the Armenians, and Mrs. Geo. Morgan moved a resolution, urging upon the Government that "any settlement agreed upon must include the provision of a National Home for the Armenians and the erection of adequate machinery for the protection of minorities in Thrace and Asia Minor, such machinery to be devised in collaboration with, and placed under the direct control of the League of Nations."

The resolution was seconded by Mrs. Dale, and Lady Frances Balfour spoke a few words at the close of the meeting.

—*Life of Faith.*

### An Armenian Church in London.

London, the compendium of almost every style of architecture, is having some of the few existing gaps carefully filled up. A remarkable addition of the kind just completed is the Armenian chapel designed by Mr. Davis for a site in Kensington. It is in the tradition of Armenian Byzantine of the thirteenth century, with a slight Saracenic influence. Mr. Davis has introduced into the art of London a building characteristic of Asia Minor, recalling the building and the cloisters of Haghbat, Armenia.

There is no external carving, the effect being obtained by masses, reposeful surfaces, accurate mouldings and inscriptions. In the angles of this cruciform structure will be noted some curious niches, which are compressed at the top like the corbelling of Moorish art. These are typical features of Armenian work. The building is crowned by a hexagonal turret, supported on seven columns. The doors are of oak, with intricate Arabesque carving.

The building is of diminutive size, designed to hold a congregation of 75 people, yet its scale is impressive both externally and internally. The architect has contrived to work in an exotic manner, but he has produced a building expressive of its purpose in Portland stone that does not look the least out of place in London. Now that the Turk is having his will again of Armenia and the Armenians of Asia Minor, the existence of an Armenian church in London is significant.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

### With the Armenians in Asia Minor.

The Christian service meeting of the Queen Street Wesley Guild was well attended on Monday night,

when Mr. W. Hume gave a most interesting address on his experiences amongst the Armenians. Dealing with the history of the Armenians the speaker said that they claim to be descended from Noah, which is a very big claim, but nevertheless a claim they are very proud of. It was about the year A.D. 400 that the Armenian nation was split up and became subject to the rule of Russia, Persia and Turkey. The characteristics of the Armenians showed them to be very sympathetic, peaceful, and yet very industrious. They realised the value of education long before the Turks, though they are naturally suspicious because of the unfaithfulness of the Turks in the years gone by. The massacres of the Armenians were chiefly organised by the Mosques and were due to the antagonism towards Christianity. The point the speaker wished to emphasise was that in spite of much persecution, they had kept the banner of Christianity floating over Turkey.

The Rev. J. T. Green spoke words of appreciation of the service Mr. Hume had rendered to the Guild, which the audience endorsed.

—*Scarborough Mercury.*

### Cable from Dr. Chambers, to Rev. Harold Buxton.

Received December 29th, 1922.

From Constantinople.

"EASILY TEN THOUSAND ORPHANS ASIA MINOR IN ADDITION TWENTY THOUSAND ALREADY TAKEN BY NEAR EAST RELIEF. NEAREAST REPRESENTATIVE TOKAT WIRES DECEMBER TWENTYSIXTH: 'TWO THOUSAND ORPHANS AT TOKAT; TWO HUNDRED AT DEREKEUY. FIVE THOUSAND REFUGEES MAJORITY WOMEN AND CHILDREN EN ROUTE FROM SIVAS TO SAMSOUN, THREE THOUSAND UNABLE REACH SAMSOUN UNLESS AIDED. CHURCHES AND INNS EN ROUTE FILLED WITH SICK.' SEVEN HUNDRED ARRIVED CONSTANTINOPLE TODAY FROM EXORDOU; SIMILAR CONDITIONS MANY POINTS. APPROXIMATE COST TRANSPORTATION FROM INTERIOR TO CONSTANTINOPLE ONE POUND STERLING PER CHILD.—CHAMBERS."

[Extracts from letter to Hon. Mrs. Fraser from Miss Woodsmall.]

Chanak,

November 1st, 1922.

Knowing your interest in Armenians, I have been wanting to write to you about the refugee situation in Athens and Piraeus. In fact I had a cable worded last week, hoping that on the strength of it, you might make a special appeal to the Friends of Armenia. Doubtless you have already done so, but at any rate a few more facts may not come amiss, with the impressions of us who have seen the situation first-hand. On second thought I realised that a cable would be too meagre.

Among the 50,000 or 60,000 refugees in Athens and Piraeus, there are at least 15,000 to 20,000 Armenians, many of them refugees several times over, and a great many second generation refugees. All of the Adana

Alexandretta, Syria,

November 14th, 1922.

Dear Miss Davies,

Just a few lines to let you know we are trying to carry on some of the good work you began here last year.

I have been thinking of you particularly of late, as I have been giving out the clothing you left.

The refugees are much worse off this year than last, because their health is broken from the malaria, in addition to lack of comfortable dwellings, and difficulty of finding steady employment.

You remember the record of the Kharne people: well, they are still keeping it up, and if there is any work to be found, they are on the spot. If they are sick one day with chills and fever, the next day they are back at their jobs.

These poor people, however, suffered worst of all about a month ago, when a flood—following continuous rains (heavy)—swept through their camp in the night. It was a fearful time—bedding, cooking utensils, and even babies in their cradles were swept along, besides their winter provisions. The latter were mostly rescued and dried afterward, but of course are hardly fit to eat after being in the dirty water. No one was drowned, although it was thought at first they had been, but the floating bodies proved to have been washed out of graves on the higher level.

Well, because of their special need, it is to the people in this camp, especially the school children, that I first gave of the clothing and waterproofs, and they are so grateful, particularly for the latter. That bale of soldier boy suits is a Godsend, besides the other things. For the girls I have been especially glad to have had those pieces of uncut blue flannellette. We measured it off, two or three arshuns each, and it makes them such a comfortable dress. I wish I had more of it. If they can't send us any clothing from the N.E.R., I think I must buy some flannellette.

We have two teachers in the Cemetery Barracks again this year, and such a nice school and Sunday school. They looked so pale and sickly when it began, but the anti-malarial pills which we dole out twice a week, have made such a change in their looks and spirits. We have also a school in the Eybeg Camp, and at the Red Cross place in the City. We expect to begin a Sunday School there, and this place is also used for evening prayer meetings. We had one of the rooms enlarged for this purpose.

We are feeling better ourselves since the weather is somewhat cooler. We find the Kennedy's and Miss Houston (a new worker), and of course Miss M.—as of old—pleasant neighbours, but our work is necessarily quite separate.

I have written hurriedly because it is time to send the letters. It occurs to me now—if the donors of the clothing would be interested in the use we have made of them—you might forward this, although it is not in proper shape.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. J. MARTIN.

[Part of money sent for relief by the "Friends of Armenia," and also some clothing, was forwarded by Miss Davies to Alexandretta where much suffering was alleviated by the gifts.—Ed.]

refugees of last January, who came to Smyrna (you remember there were quite a number, as the Greeks offered free boats and stimulated the evacuation), have become refugees again after less than a year. They were just beginning to establish themselves, and lift themselves out of the refugee class, when the Smyrna disaster again swept everything away from them, and this time left them stranded in a country not their own, and to which they have no claim. Very few of them speak Greek, so that they are literally in a foreign country.

Although the attitude of the Greeks toward the Armenians is not unfriendly, still it is altogether natural that the Greek refugees are much more likely to be given the preference.

Less than 20% of the estimated 500,000 refugees in Greece are men, and the majority of men are old and infirm. As you know, all the men between 18 and 45 years were held as prisoners. Those age limits were only nominal, as boys under 18 and men much over 45—in fact, all the able-bodied—were kept back. Thus thousands of families are without support. One glance at any refugee shop or refugee camp immediately verifies this tragic truth—thousands and thousands of women and children utterly helpless.

However, even in this appalling situation, I found something really hopeful—an Armenian community of refugees building mud huts and trying to establish themselves into some kind of a normal life out of the herded demoralisation of a refugee camp. Some of them have board or zinc roofs and regular windows. All the community work—men, women and children—making the bricks for the houses. Until they can build their mud houses, they live in tents. Some of the more enterprising have managed to have tents to rent. There are 1,465 people in the community, and of this number 300 children under 15 years of age. Houses cost from 700 to 1,000 drachmas at the present rate of exchange—from £3 to £5 sterling. Tents cost 250 drachmas, or about £1 sterling.

RUTH F. WOODSMALL.

Beirut,

Nov. 14th, 1922.

Your favour of October 16th reached me some days ago. I thank you in the name of the needy people for the enclosed cheque for £50. I have conferred with Miss Webb and Rev. S. M. The latter was absent on a tour of a number of towns and villages, and returned a few days ago. He had already made some investigation concerning the destitute blind people. This gift will afford opportunity for practical relief.

I have not had much correspondence with you lately, but I am sure your correspondents have kept you informed. Miss Davies and Miss Coomber are doing fine work indeed—splendid women as well as splendid workers.

May I take this opportunity of once more expressing our deep appreciation of the very efficient service you Friends of Armenia are rendering. In this awful welter of human misery, suffering, and destitution, you have stood well to the service. May God continue His rich blessing upon you and sustain your faith and courage.

Yours very sincerely,

W. NESBITT CHAMBERS.



## Near East Relief.

## FIVE THOUSAND CHILDREN TREK FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO SAFETY.

America's job of mothering 100,000 orphaned children in the Near East is attended by many incidents pathetic and dramatic. The confidence with which these thousands of children look to their self-appointed benefactor to see them through to self-dependent man-and-womanhood, and their native aptitude for meeting every ordeal with a thrifty spirit of co-operation, often endow the incidents of their living with both pathos and drama.

The recent 500 mile pilgrimage of 5,000 children from Near East Relief orphanages in Harpoot is one of the most stirring events which has occurred in all our work overseas. Many months ago it was decided that the children in all the interior stations of Asia Minor would be safer if removed, because of unsettled political conditions. It has always been difficult and expensive to operate these stations because of transportation problems, and since the Angora regime the problems of maintenance have been intensified.

Gradually, therefore, the evacuation of our children from interior stations was begun. From Harpoot alone 5,000 have been brought out. Over mountain and desert country, with camels and donkeys, the children, some of them as young as four years of age and not many exceeding ten, taking turns riding on the donkeys and trudging sturdily on willing feet, they have come.

As they passed from Turkish territory into Syria, to be distributed among the orphanages there or sent on further to Constantinople or Greece, they defiled through a little frontier village called Jerablus, on the site of the ancient city of Carcemish.

Carcemish was the seat of the great Hittite kingdom, possibly as long ago as 2500 B.C. Many scholars contend that the Armenians have descended from the Hittite race, and it is an interesting coincidence that this column of pilgrim children, chiefly Armenian, should march to safety across the ruins of the ancient metropolis of the Hittites who are frequently spoken of as "proto Armenians."

—"The New Near East."

It was at Carcemish that our national hero of Arabia, Col. Lawrence, D.S.O., at close quarters first studied the lives and habits of the Arabs and Kurds before 1914, when digging in the interests of the British Museum for Hittite inscriptions and other things dear to the heart of the Archeologist.

His wanderings through the heat of summer up and down the country, living the Bedouin life on the Plains, advising and counselling them in their feuds and family difficulties, arranging and striking bargains for marriages, is all very romantic. But he prescribed for them, provided quinine for their malarial ones, and in this way "casting his bread upon the waters" has now returned with enhanced prestige to his country and her sons.

G.F.G.

## How Long.

It is with mingled feelings that we have followed the Conference held at Lausanne. We prided ourselves, and still do, on the stand Lord Curzon has made. *But*, just as we go to press we find in the "Daily Telegraph" of Jan. 16, 1923, that what the world has desired and wanted so long, and what all justice-loving and right-thinking people long for, has been denied. Armenians and the Assyro-Chaldeans are not to have respite or freedom, but must return to their cruel task-masters, that is, hundreds of thousands of widows and girls, whose earthly heritage they have been deprived of, along with over 200,000 orphans, will return under the yoke of oppression. What a travesty of righteousness in this enlightened age, and this is the result of the Conference at Lausanne.

"The provision of a National Home for the Armenians and the Assyro-Chaldeans has, however, been put aside so far as any inclusion in the present Treaty (to Turkey) is concerned."

The outlook in the Near East does not appear any easier. But the Lord is still on the Throne, and He is our hope and expectation. We get nothing to cheer us in looking around, but everything to encourage us by looking up.

G.F.G.

## Receipts, July 1st to September 30th, 1922.

## EARMARKED MONIES.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend (Beirut Refugees ...	20	0	0
Anon. (Miss Davies' Work) ...	5	0	0
A Friend (Whitehaven) (Constantinople Relief) ...	2	0	0
A Friend (Joint Appeal) ...	8	6	
Anon. (Whitehaven) (Beirut Relief) ...	3	0	0
Brown, Miss (Beirut Refugees)	10	0	
Bradbridge, Mrs. (Miss Davies' Orphans) ...	10	0	
Booth, Miss M. (Beirut Relief) ...	9	0	
Brooke, The Misses de N. (Alexandretta Relief) ...	2	2	0
Barclay, Wilkinson F., Esq. (Beirut Relief) ...	1	1	0
Dickie, Rev. J., per, from Bermaghie United Free Church Sunday School (Miss Davies' Work) ...	16	0	
Druids' Circle Meeting (Joint Appeal) ...	1	0	0
Davies, Mrs. William (Beirut Relief) ...	13	0	
Ewing, Mr. (Joint Appeal) ...	5	0	0
Fraser, John, Esq. (Shemlan Orphan) ...	3	0	0
Fussell, Miss L. C., per, from Friends at Dalzell (Miss Davies' Orphans) ...	4	0	0
Frearson, Miss E. (Shemlan) Gardiner, Mrs. M. (Joint Appeal) ...	1	0	0
Gibbens, Mrs. F. (Shemlan Special Orphan) ...	3	0	0
Galustian, A., Esq., per Coll. at Meeting Loch Fyne (Beirut Relief) ...	10	2	2
Galustian, A., Esq., per Coll. at United Free Church, Ardrishaig (Beirut Relief) ...	6	0	0
Galustian, A., Esq., per (Beirut Orphan) ...	7	0	
Galustian, A., Esq., per, Coll. from United Free Church, Inverary (Beirut Orphans) ...	7	5	0
Glasgow Joint Appeal Committee, per J. Gardiner, Esq. (Joint Appeal) ...	5	0	0
Higham, Miss J. (Joint Appeal)	10	0	
Hughes, Rev. M. A., per, Coll. at Flower Service (Beirut Refugees) ...	4	1	6
Hayes, Miss Caroline (Beirut Refugees) ...	3	0	0
Joyce, Mr. & Mrs. W. H. (Miss Davies' Work) ...	5	0	0
Johnston, Miss, per (Miss Davies' Work) ...	10	0	
"Keswick" (Joint Appeal) ...	5	0	
Keyworth, Miss Annie (Miss Newnham's Work) ...	4	8	10
Lutyens, Mrs. (Special Orphan, Bethlehem) ...	6	10	0
Minchin, Mrs. (Miss Davies' Work) ...	15	0	0
McKeown, Mrs. (Joint Appeal)	10	0	
May, Miss C. E. (Beirut Refugees) ...	1	0	0
Owens, Mrs. H. (Miss Davies' Work) ...	2	0	0
Priestman, Mr. & Mrs. (Beirut Refugees) ...	25	0	0

Carried forward £150 2 6

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	150	2	6
Pelman, G., Esq. (Joint Appeal) ...	2	2	0
Madill, Mr. J., per, from Derry Auxiliary Irish Branch, F. of A.—			
James A. Fulton ...	2	6	
Mrs. Jack ...	5	0	
Mrs. Temple ...	5	0	
Mrs. Gaff ...	5	0	
Foster Lavery ...	5	0	
John McCaughey ...	5	0	
Miss Ann McNeil ...	3	0	0
Robert Logue, Sen. ...	10	0	
Robert Fulton ...	2	6	
Samuel Wilson ...	5	0	
A. T. Golligher ...	5	0	
William Jack ...	2	6	
Mrs. Lynch ...	5	0	
F. A. Dill ...	5	0	
Mr. Duncan ...	2	6	
E. C. Carey ...	10	0	

	£	s.	d.
Rust, Miss O. M. (Beirut Refugees) ...	2	0	0
Ramsay, Miss M. (Joint Appeal) ...	5	0	0
Richardson, Mrs. Wakefield (Joint Appeal) ...	50	0	0
Ramsay, Lady, and Miss Ramsay and Miss Marshall (Joint Appeal) ...	4	5	0
Sheppard, Rev. H. R. L., per, Coll. at St. Martins-in-the-Fields (Joint Appeal) ...	21	6	3
Sheppard, Rev. H. R. L., per, from A Friend (Joint Appeal)	2	0	
Two Sisters (Beirut Refugees)	1	0	0
Truswell, Mrs., per, Mt. Tabor Mission (Special Orphan) ...	3	15	0
Travies, Mrs. (Beirut Refugees) ...	5	0	0
Vaughan, Miss (Joint Appeal)	2	10	0
Wallis, Miss H. E., per, from Basingstoke Mothers' Bible Class (Special Orphan, Miss Davies') ...	12	0	0
Warden, Miss (Beirut Refugees) ...	10	0	
Walker, Miss (Caucasus) ...	2	0	0
Wellesley-Read, Miss S. A. (Joint Appeal) ...	10	0	0

£278 7 9

## GENERAL FUND.

Albright, W. A. Esq. ...	15	0	0
Anon. (Fivemiletown) ...	7	6	
Arrow, Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Alcock, Miss E. ...	5	0	
"A. A. G." ...	2	6	
Alexander, Miss E. ...	5	0	0
Anon. ...	6		
"A Friend" ...	5	0	
Anon. (Kingstone) ...	1	0	
Anon. (Buxton) ...	10	0	
Albright, W. A., Esq., per, "A Friend" ...	3	0	0
A Friend ...	5	0	0
Anon. ...	2	3	
"A Friend," per, the Manager, Lloyds Bank ...	5	0	0

Carried forward £35 13 9

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	35	13	9
Anon. (Colwyn Bay) ...	2	6	
"A Sympathiser" ...	2	6	
"A Friend," per Mrs. Walsh	10	0	
Acworth, Mrs. A. M. ...	5	0	0
A. M. ...	10	6	
Aldwinckle, Mrs. A. O. ...	2	0	0
Anon. (Malmesbury) ...	1	0	0
Abbot, Cumming T., Esq. ...	2	1	8
Anonymous ...	50	0	0
Ansell, Mr. H. ...	5	0	
Anon. (Putney) ...	1	6	
Anderson, Miss E. ...	1	10	0
Anon. (Merthyr Tydvil) ...	10	0	
Anon. (Monton) ...	5	0	
A. N. W. ...	1	10	0
"A Friend" (Kinsale) ...	10	0	
Anon. (Boothstown) ...	8	6	
"A Friend in Ulster" ...	10	0	
Aitken, Mr. D. ...	5	0	
Anon. (Belfast) ...	1	0	0
Anon. (Hastings) ...	4	0	
Anon. (Teignmouth) ...	2	0	
A. B., Alford ...	2	6	
Anon. (Edinburgh) ...	1	0	0
Anon. (Reigate) ...	3	0	0
Anon. (Nottingham) ...	1	0	0
Anon. (Midhurst) ...	5	0	
Booth, Miss M. ...	15	0	
Babb, Henry B., Esq. ...	5	0	
"Brooklands, E. & M. H." ...	10	0	
Britnell, Mr. & Mrs. W. E. ...	10	0	
Beadle, Mr. E. F. ...	10	0	
Brown, Miss B. ...	4	6	
Bassett, Miss K. ...	2	6	
Buckle, Mr. T. ...	5	0	
Banks, Miss ...	5	0	
Butler, Miss, per, from Kilburn Mission Hall Friends ...	2	10	0
Baker, Maurice, Esq. ...	5	0	
Breay, Miss M. L. ...	1	0	0
Bamford, The Misses ...	10	0	
Bryan, Mrs. L. ...	1	0	0
"B. B. B." ...	5	0	0
Bowen Miller, Miss ...	3	0	0
Baker, Ben., Esq. ...	1	0	0
Barcroft, Mrs. W. ...	2	0	0
Brine, Mrs. ...	5	12	5
B. C. (Richmond, Yorks.) ...	1	0	0
Butterfield, Miss ...	1	0	
Burt, Miss Janet ...	10	0	
Bonner, Miss ...	5	0	
Berts, Mrs. A., per, (Coll. by)	17	6	
Bates, Miss A. ...	2	6	
Boe, Miss A. C., per (Coll. by)	1	0	0
Brown, Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Bleakley, Miss Alice ...	2	0	0
Billington, Mrs. ...	5	0	
Bosanquet, Miss E. P. ...	1	0	0
Brownlow, J., Esq. ...	10	0	
Brigham, Mr. D. ...	2	6	
Bray, Miss E. L. (Sale of Jewellery) ...	3	6	6
Bingham, C. H., Esq. ...	1	1	0
Barbour, G. F., Esq., per Coll. from Fincastle Chapel ...	4	10	5
Butler, Cephas, Esq. ...	3	3	0
Bailey, Mr. & Mrs. C. Wellesley ...	10	0	
Brittenden, Miss R. L. (per, from Zulu children of Sunday School at Inanda) ...	2	0	0
Beddington, T., Esq. ...	3	0	
"Banner of Israel" Readers of the ...	1	7	6
Balfour, B. R., Esq., per Irish			

Carried forward £159 8 9



Table with 3 columns: Description, £ s. d., and £ s. d. Lists various contributors and their amounts, including 'Brought forward' and 'Carried forward' entries.

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Brought forward			Brought forward			Brought forward		
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
871	7	8	987	1	5	1,099	19	5
Parkinson, B. R., Esq. ...	9	0	Skinner, Lt.-Col. C. ...	1	0	Thornley, Miss E. ...	5	0
Piesse, Miss N. E. ...	1	0	Sloan, Walter B., Esq. ...	2	0	Trenow, Miss ...	5	0
Pittam, Mrs. J. H., per (Coll. by) ...	1	0	Sloan, Walter B., Esq., per gift at Keswick Convention ...	2	10	Tottenham, Lt.-Col. F. ...	5	0
Parmiter, Miss ...	10	0	Scott, Mrs. ...	1	0	Tuam, The Rt. Rev. the Bishop ...	2	0
Price, Rev. F. W. ...	1	0	Stoddart, Miss ...	5	0	Tyndall, Mrs. A. H. ...	10	6
Paterson, Mrs. M. ...	1	1	Skuse, Mr. and Mrs. C. & E. ...	10	0	Vint, Mr. F. F. ...	1	0
Powley, Miss E. I. ...	5	0	Stewart, Miss E. W. ...	1	10	Wilesmith, M., Esq. ...	3	0
Pears, Miss Lucy ...	50	0	"Save the Children Fund" ...	2	10	Woolley, Miss E. ...	5	0
Parke, Mrs. ...	5	0	Smith, Mrs. A. J. ...	4	0	Wilson, Miss A. and Friends ...	1	6
Quarmby, J. W., Esq. ...	10	0	Swanwick, Miss M. ...	3	0	Wright, Mrs. E. ...	2	6
Robertson, Miss ...	5	0	Spence, W. R., Esq. ...	2	0	Winder, The Misses N. & G. ...	10	0
Robbie, Mrs. E. ...	5	0	Storrs, J., Esq. ...	5	0	Wilson, Miss A. I. ...	1	1
Rust, R., Esq. ...	1	0	Schofield, Miss B. ...	1	0	Williams, Mrs. ...	1	10
Rees, Miss M. A. ...	10	0	Sharp, Miss F. ...	5	0	Wallis, Mrs. L. L. ...	5	0
Raybould, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. ...	1	0	S. E. ...	10	6	Wood, Miss M. H. ...	1	0
Roe, Miss E. S. ...	1	1	Searby, Mrs. ...	2	10	Warden, Miss ...	2	6
Reid, Mr. A. G. ...	10	0	Seward, Mrs. E. ...	7	6	Wood, Mr. G. ...	5	0
R. G. B. ...	10	0	Scott, Miss B. ...	1	3	Wright, The Misses ...	10	0
"Record," Readers of the ...	10	0	Salmon, A. N., Esq. ...	2	0	Whitaker, Miss E. ...	1	1
Robbins, Miss ...	5	0	"Sunday at Home," Readers of the ...	5	17	Williamson, R., Esq. ...	5	0
Redgrave, Miss D. M. ...	5	0	Sisson, E. M., Esq. ...	1	0	Wilson, Mrs. M. ...	1	0
Rowell, Mrs. Sydenham ...	2	10	Stevenson, Mrs. ...	5	0	Wood, Miss C. ...	2	0
Rogers, Mrs. C. G. ...	1	0	Sanne, Miss M., per, (Coll. by) ...	10	0	Watts, Mrs. E. ...	5	0
Randle, Miss ...	2	6	Searle, V. M., Miss ...	1	1	Woolls, Miss Agnes ...	10	0
Rose, Edwin, Esq. ...	1	1	Stiles, Deaconess E. ...	1	0	Welbank, Mrs. A. ...	5	0
Richards, Mrs. E. ...	2	6	Smith, Miss F. ...	10	0	Watson, Miss L. ...	5	0
Rev. F. W. and Mrs. H. ...	1	0	Symes, Miss L. ...	2	6	Wilson, Mrs. J. V. ...	2	6
Robinson, Miss ...	4	0	Somers, Mr. G. ...	10	0	Wallis Toller, Mrs. ...	1	1
"R. G. C." ...	5	0	Saunders, Mr. F. A. ...	5	0	Wild, Miss M. ...	10	0
Sherrard, T. Esq. ...	1	0	Small, Miss G. ...	5	0	Wilson, Miss J. per, from Hamilton U.F. Church Sabbath School ...	6	8
Sharnock, Miss ...	1	6	Steele, The Misses ...	1	0	Waugh, Miss ...	10	0
Saumeray Smith, Miss ...	1	0	Stone, Miss J. ...	2	6	Woodhouse, Miss ...	1	0
Shearman, Miss A. C., per, Pupils of Ashley House Schl. ...	1	9	Smith, Miss S. L. ...	5	0	Wade, Miss G. C. ...	5	0
Shepherd, Miss C. E. ...	5	0	"Sympathiser" ...	2	0	Wilson, Miss ...	1	0
Smith, Miss Mary ...	5	0	Sargood, Miss D. ...	1	0	Wigram, Rev. E. F. E. ...	2	2
Shaw, Mr. Charles ...	5	0	Swarbrick, Mrs. ...	5	0	Wheatley, Miss Olive ...	5	0
Skeat, Miss B. M., per, Pupils of Baliol School ...	8	6	Sale of Silver Box ...	2	6	Wesley, George W., Esq. ...	10	0
Smerdon, Mrs. E. ...	5	0	Thomas, Mrs. M. ...	1	6	Watt, G., Esq. ...	3	0
Stuchbery, Miss ...	10	0	Thurgood, Miss C. E. ...	1	0	Wedderspoon, Miss J. per Miss Simpson ...	8	0
Sinclair, Mrs. G. H. ...	1	1	"Two Friends in Perthshire" ...	12	6	Miss Robb ...	6	0
Smith, Mrs. A. M. ...	1	1	"Thankoffering" ...	10	0	Mrs. L. ...	6	0
Skelton, Miss ...	2	0	Tinling, J. F. B., Esq. ...	1	1	Miss Mary Henderson ...	5	0
Swift, Mrs. ...	2	6	Taggart, Mr. J. A. ...	1	0	Watson, Mr. W. ...	10	0
"S. B. G." ...	1	0	Tatham, W. J., Esq. ...	2	0	Wood, Mrs. A. ...	5	0
Samson, Miss L. ...	5	0	Templeton, Mrs. ...	4	0	Wakefield, O. S., Esq., per, (Coll. by) ...	20	0
Skipwith, Miss C. A. ...	2	10	Truell, Mrs. ...	10	0	Wemyss, Miss A. ...	2	0
Smith, Miss K. per being coll. at Silsden Church of God ...	3	0	Taylor, The Misses T. H. & A. E. ...	1	0	West, Mrs. J. ...	1	1
Sayers, Mrs. ...	2	6	"Two Sympathisers," Bourne-mouth ...	1	1	Way, Miss L. A. ...	10	0
Summerhayes, Mrs., per A. Friend ...	1	0	Tobias, Miss M. L. ...	1	0	Warner, Mr. and Mrs. ...	5	0
Smart, John, Esq. ...	2	2	Thornely, The Misses ...	3	0	Young, Miss I. F. ...	5	0
Somner, Miss M. ...	5	0	Thorn, Miss A. J. ...	6	0	Young, Mr. J. S. ...	2	6
Saunders, Miss O. E. ...	10	0	"The Christian," Readers of ...	19	8	Youngusband, Miss Rebecca ...	10	0
Sherlock Vaughan, J. Esq., LL.D., J.P. ...	1	1	Thomson, Rev. John ...	1	0	Young, Miss ...	2	6
Stevenson, Miss Ethel ...	3	0	Thomas, Miss G. E. ...	5	0	Y. X. (Paignton) ...	1	10
Shaw, Rev. Charles ...	1	0	Tomlinson, J. E., Esq. ...	1	0			
Schofield, T., Esq. ...	1	0	Thompson, J., Esq., ...	1	0			
			Taylor, Bros., Messrs, ...	2	2			
			Thompson, W., Esq. ...	1	1			
Carried forward	£987	1 5	Carried forward	£1,099	19 5	Total ...	£1,191	17 11

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