

The  
Conquered Conflicts  
of My Life



*By*  
REV. M. P. KRIKORIAN

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS



REV. M. P. KRIKORIAN

*An Armenian Missionary, the son of one of the  
bravest martyrs of Armenia*

For Christ; therefore for the Salvation of the murderers of  
my loved ones—the Mohammedan Turks of Turkey  
Matt. 5: 44-48; Rom. 12: 19-21.—M. P. K.

The  
Conquered Conflicts  
of My Life

DEDICATED  
TO THE MEMORY OF MY  
BELOVED FATHER  
who was among the chief of the Cilician martyrs of  
Armenia in 1909, and to the memory of fifteen  
other martyrs of my immediate  
relatives in 1915 and 1916

BY  
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## INTRODUCTION

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WITH many people book-writing is a profession, and with others it is a passion; but neither is the case with the author of this booklet. During my little more than seven years' residence in America, in connection with my educational training, public work, such as preaching and evangelism, has rather been my lot. Specially my connection with the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief within the last year as lecturer and campaign organizer has intensified this work greatly. My messages averaged from three to seven times daily in the territory covering the major part of the Northwest, which afforded me the rare privilege of coming in contact with all classes of peoples and races. Being an Armenian, the burden of my message was naturally the story of Armenia and Armenians, which is at once ancient, marvelously romantic, frightfully tragic, and amazingly instructive. This may be illustrated in the words of a Northwestern lawyer at the close of a meeting in a courthouse, when he said, "Mr. Krikorian, you made me wise, because you opened my eyes."

Our meetings, almost without a single exception, were scenes of profoundest pathos, filled with sighs and sobs, supplemented with audible cries, which have been often heard from a considerable distance. As the son of a martyr, I, who had shared the bitter cup to the brim, was obliged to tell the romance of the excruciating death of my father, and of the seventy-five of my immediate relatives of whom I have suffered the loss during the reign of the bloody monster of the last four years. This consequently opened the field for the question, which I faced practically everywhere I went: "How did you ever get away?" I have been requested by a great many people, Christians one and all, and especially by the newspapers, to give my life's story and thus my experience. I have personally never believed very much in being an "Experience Preacher," so I have always declined to make my experience the **text** and the **theme** of my message; I have been so occupied with the Master that I had no time for the servant. Incidentally, however, I have given the synopsis of my experience to some of my very close friends, who only increased the pressure on me to give it to the public. I would not be guilty of doing such a thing had I not thought that it is good to show the signs and wonders that the High God hath wrought toward me. And now, inasmuch as I am in

the midst of my campaign of preparation to leave for my future field of labor as an evangelist and missionary to my own native land—Armenia—the home of the martyrs and the age-long trustee of the Gospel, and also to work for the conversion of the murderers of my loved ones, the Mohammedan Turks of Turkey, I, therefore, in obedience to the above-mentioned requests, do hereby humbly submit my brief testimony to the hands and hearts of friends and fellow-Christians, one and all, with no other purpose than to glorify Him, Whose omnipotent hands have been my guide and with the prayer and sincerest hope that it will be a **beacon** of **benediction** both to the readers and writer in the cause and kingdom of the eternal Redeemer, Whose I am, and Whom I serve.

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

**M**Y ORIGIN is a very humble one. I was born in Hassanbeyly, a very beautiful village of Asia Minor, one hundred miles north-east of the Apostle Paul's birthplace—Tarsus. It was a village of not more than two thousand five hundred inhabitants, rested at the bosom of two rugged hills, with a delightful stream dividing it. The house around which I spent my boyhood days was a very simple, flat-roofed building, in front of which stood a majestic walnut tree, in company with a mulberry tree equally monarchical, both of which were the choir gallery of brilliant birds, the charming musicians of the air. My father's occupation was that of a farmer, who toiled hard for the sustenance of the family, with a pair of oxen and a donkey—the beast of burden to carry his seed to the field. We were far from being rich, far even from being in ordinary comfort, but were surrounded with simplicity and scarcity. More than once our home articles, from the cooking utensils to the simplest carpet on the floor, were seized and sold in the public markets to pay the unbearable tax of the Turk. I did not wear a stocking till I was fifteen years of age; most of the time I was barefooted, defying snow up to the knees. But very often remarks were made of us, as the children of that peasant family, as to our rosy cheeks and healthy looks. When I became old enough, I started school; but not having public schools, I was sent back home more than once because my parents could not afford to pay my tuition fee. But after many turn-downs I managed to complete the simple curriculum that was offered in the village. However, not having a higher school, I went practically over the same books again and again, which only aroused in me a powerful passion for higher education. My father discovered from time to time that I was a real sanctuary of ambition for learning, but imprisoned in the castle of painful poverty; and he, being willing but not financially able to unload my burden, remarked more than once that he was almost tempted to sell his pair of oxen and lay the whole family's dependence for living at my feet. But as a father it was difficult for him to do this, for he had six other children besides myself and my angel mother to support. What should I do? I looked to my right, but no one understood, and to my left refuge failed me. A dark cloud hid the horizon of my hope for school, and so as the victim of the cruel poverty, I abandoned the hope of learning and took shelter in shoemaking.

My master, an old man of nearly seventy, was my uncle, who manifested a deep interest in me and gave me all the opportunities to make a real success. But my love for the school never died. As the days and months rolled on, however, my ambition toward the newly discovered pursuit of shoemaking increased greatly. Another one of my uncles was a gunsmith. To him I went one day and asked him to make me a few knives (keski) and some other instruments. He inquired rather earnestly what I was going to do with them. I told him that I was with the shoemaker and learning the trade; soon I should need them. He laughed at me, but he made them just the same. My master, discovering one day the newly born instruments, asked me where I got them; I told him my uncle made them for me. He was wonderfully surprised, but surely felt happy over the enthusiasm of the young shoemaker. In the meantime, while I was climbing the ladder to shoemaking success, my aunt, who was also deeply concerned about my education, through other friends of hers in Aintab reached Miss Rebecca Krikorian,\* who was in America at this time, through her brother, Coffing, in my behalf. During this time I went to Aintab, with the hope of entering the school, but through my cousin the information came from Mr. Coffing that there was no news from his sister yet, so I had no chance to realize my wish, but walked back, a journey of two days and a night, to my home village.

On my return again, I grasped my beloved shoe instruments, walking the road of resignation. At the end of another year, I was almost at the top of my trade and could handle its details with perfect ease. One morning while I was intensely working, some one behind touched me on the shoulder. In my sudden turn, I beheld my younger cousin, who said (geozun aiden), "Bright news for you; they want you in Aintab to attend the school." Oh, I thought for a moment that an angel stood by me, as the instruments fell from my hands like the untimely figs from the trees, for none but an angel can bring such news. I gathered myself up and dashed for home to learn more abundant about this Gospel and soon found out that all provision for my schooling had been made by Miss Rebecca Krikorian from America. I thought and I looked, and behold a golden lining shone through the dark clouds, as it were saying, "Delight thyself in the Lord, for he hath given thee the desire of thine heart." Filled with the thrill of the new-found joy I ran back to my old master and told him, "Uncle, I have come to bid you good-by, I am leaving for Aintab

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\*Miss Rebecca Krikorian has the same name, but is not related to me.

to attend the school." The old man looked, with tears running down his gray beard, and with a broken voice begged me to stay, saying that he might soon pass away and everything would be left to me. My aunt also fell on my neck and besought me with all her heart not to leave and used such expression of affection that my words fail to duplicate in English, unless I give a faint meaning in these words, "My son, my soul's beloved, do not leave your aunt."

Even though I loved them both dearly, the love of learning was too great to resist. As I gathered my instruments, the silent companions of many months, and laid them aside, I thought I heard them say, "Speed on, thou ambitious youth, make your calling and election sure." So I made my farewell to shoemakership and to my faithful master and my beloved aunt, who once more pressed me to herself and besought me in these words, "Meshach, Meshach, my beloved son, wherever you go, do not forget Joseph in Egypt." Having taken this wonderful warning as a chain around my neck and as the girdle of my youth, which I have never been able to forget, I stole away for the last time, leaving them in tears.

Before much time intervened, I arrived in Aintab, walking most of the way, which was rough and rugged, with simple sandals on my feet, called (postal), and went to Miss Krikorian's home, was placed in a room where her old saintly father was living. I continued three and a half years in Aintab in the pursuit of my schooling till I completed the course preparatory to college entrance, acting in the meantime as the boy or the girl of the house and the neighbors as the necessity arose for either. During these years the one great burden of my prayer was that God should open the door for me to come to America. Miss Krikorian's father, the old saint to whom I acted as Samuel to Eli, serving during the nights as well as during the days, to whom even the Turks looked as a true man of God, and whose deep devotion meant much to my young life, himself wrote to Miss Krikorian in my behalf that I might come to America.

Three years and a half passed and my school work at Aintab was completed; but what next? The next year I was in great hopes of entering the college; but here again was a cloud upon my horizon darker and thicker than ever: for Miss Krikorian's brother, who had been receiving the help for me from her said that Miss Krikorian could not send me help any more because of other pressing causes, so I had better get ready and go back home. I felt how severe and distressing was the blow, to lift me up to the pinnacle and then let me go down below the precipice to crush my heart. I sat down near the

step and wept bitterly until the clouds burst over my soul, thinking how soon the star of my hope was supplanted by the lightnings of lack. I begged Miss Krikorian's brother to let me stay in the city and earn some money to enter the college next fall; but he refused my plea and urged me to go home. Seeing no way of escape, I placed myself again in the dusty road, joining a caravan, and walked on with a heart sinking deeper within me each step of the way. When I reached home two days later, I revealed the circumstances to my pious parents, who, too, wept over my sun that had again set.

I spent that summer in helping my father and brother in their farming, but it was not school. So when the fall drew nigh I told my parents that I would go to Aintab again and see Mr. M——, the president of the college, about continuing my education. They begged me not to, because I had only fifty cents, instead of fifty dollars for my board, tuition, and room rent, to enter the college; and in addition to this I must have my dormitory outfit. I again undertook to walk the road with a small caravan (ghatirji), two days and a night of hard journey before me, with fifty cents in my pocket, only one loose garment (zooboon), and a cane in my hand, the rod and staff of my comfort. My angel mother came with me nearly two miles and, realizing that she could not follow me all the way, she fell on my neck and kissed me while the pearl-like tears fell from her eyes, one after another, over her ambitious boy, who too wept and paid back the love of his mother, the dearest angel on earth. She waited and watched at that memorable spot as I stole away behind the curving hills toward my intended goal. As we plunged through the dreary desert, I fell back of the caravan, for they were traveling too fast for me and was picked up occasionally by different individuals and placed on horseback. The road is one of the roughest and most perilous of its kind. We traveled at night as much as during the day and I found myself more than once fallen asleep on the roadside, waiting for the next person to pick me up.

Finally another hard journey was over and we were at Aintab. The first night I spent in the inn, which took away fifteen cents out of the fifty, leaving me a grand total of thirty-five cents.

The next morning, which was the registration day of the Central Turkey College, I sought an opportunity to see Mr. M——, the president of the college. Upon my arrival, I saw the students rolling down their gold pieces; I thought to myself, "What a contrast with my thirty-five cents!"

Finally I succeeded getting to the president, who inquired as to my intention. I replied that it was to attend the college. "Very well,"

he said, "how much money have you?" I told him thirty-five cents. He said, "You don't mean to enter the college with that money do you?" I said, "No, I need that myself." He asked me what were my plans then. I answered, "My plans are to enter the college." He said, "How can you enter the school without money?" I answered, "I don't know that part; I know I have no money, but I came to enter the school." He said, "Meshach, your story is a long one; you had better wait till we are through with those who have their money."

So I waited till the end and he called me again. "Well," he said, "what shall we do with you?" I answered, "Mr. M——, I don't know, but I want to enter the school." He replied, "Meshach, we cannot take any student without money." I replied, "I know that, but you are missionaries and could afford to give a chance to a poor boy like me. I am determined not to go back home again to a weeping mother, but enter school." I told him, furthermore, about my uncle in England, who had promised to assist me in my education and persuaded him to agree to take me in for the present, till Christmas, and in the meantime he and I would both correspond with my uncle. To this he agreed and he took me in.

Here a great barrier was removed, but the battle was by no means over. I did not have a single book, neither pen nor pencil nor stationery, and no bed to sleep in. After a distressing night came the morning deliverance.

That afternoon I went to Mrs. H——, Dr. B——'s wife, an acquaintance of my aunt, and opened the subject to her of how I had gained the entrance to college, but had no bed to sleep in. She was rather touched, and gave me a very large quilt (yorgan), laden inside with wool, and a pillow. I shouldered the yorgan and the pillow and hurried on my way toward the college, a mile distant. The yorgan being large enough, I put half underneath as mattress and with the other half I covered myself. I borrowed my books from the other students and picked up the small forsaken pencils from the waste baskets. To meet part of my expenses I acted as waiter for four tables, and picked up all the waste and scattered papers from the college campus, which compelled me to rise at five o'clock in the morning.

By this time one month of our agreement had rolled away and no word came from my uncle; the second month passed by: still no word. Mr. M—— every time he saw me asked about money from my uncle, but neither he nor I had heard a word. Soon the clock struck for the third month and the time was up, but no money in sight. I

received the information from a person who had just returned from England, and who was well acquainted with my uncle, that my uncle had met with business reverses and was not able to assist me.

Here again the enemy, poverty, had fired its deadly shot to crush my course. Mr. M—— called me from the study room, saying that a caravan had come from my village, I must get ready to leave the school and go back home with them, because the agreement was over and no money had arrived. This went through me like blood, for I abhorred to go back and face a weeping mother in the midst of the year. He told me to go to the city and make my arrangements with the caravan to leave for home. I went, but was glad to miss it. The roads being extremely dangerous, it was necessary for me to wait for such chances. Mr. M——, finding out that another caravan had arrived and very eager to send me home, called me one day from the classroom and stopped me while I was reciting. I was again ordered to go to the city and be sure not to miss this caravan, for, he said, "We cannot keep students without money." I went to the city and waited around till the caravan left, and on my return told him that I could not find it. He called me more than five times from study and classrooms to send me home with the caravans, but I twice told him the untruth and the rest I missed. He determined to send me home, and I resolved to stay till the end of the school year. I won the battle, even though it tempted me to tell an untruth twice; thank God I had the forgiveness of it long ago.

It was a year of torture and tears. In midwinter I was obliged to rise early and not having proper protection I was overtaken by cold, which needed attention. I went one afternoon to Doctor Shepherd, the beloved physician, of Aintab, one of the noblest souls that has ever breathed in the Turkish Empire, to have him advise me. Mr. M——, the president of the college, came after me and told Doctor Shepherd not to do anything for me because I had not paid my tuition to the college. At the end of the school year he did not allow me to take examinations because I had paid him no money—as though I had it and kept it for myself!

School was ended, so I had to go home. During the examination week, in which I was not permitted to participate, I sought for something to do to benefit myself financially and to enable me to earn my fare home. So I went to Dr. Shepherd again. He had several tons of wood in his yard that needed to be cut; I asked him to let me have it as piece work to cut and stack it into his woodshed, and he kindly did. While the students fought through the brain kingdom during their

examination hours within the walls, I wielded my ax and declared war against the wood in the open air, fighting by means of the muscle kingdom. The president of the college thought he conquered me by not permitting me to take examinations; he did not even allow me to participate in athletic contests, because I was guilty of the unpardonable crime of being poor; but that indomitable spirit implanted in me by God the omnipotent has never known defeat, but has always sought to conquer. I cut the wood during the day, carried it to the woodshed in the moonlight, and stacked it the following morning. My work brought me the grand sum of seventy-five cents, for which I was deeply grateful. When the time arrived to leave the college and go home, another student, Bedros Elmasian, who was in the orphanage, and I hired a horse, each paying half. We took our turns in riding, dividing the journey as equally as we could, and arrived home safely, which ends the first cycle of my life's little drama.

## CHAPTER II

### LEAVING HOME AND THE 1909 MASSACRES OF ADANA

UPON my arrival home, I spent the summer again with my parents, helping in their farming. My parents, of course, learned the ordeal which I went through during the past school year, and were convinced that there was no rest for me until this abnormal hunger for education was satisfied. I told my father one day that I could not stay at home, but I would steal away to some corner of the world to complete my education. I proposed this time to go to Tarsus for another moneyless trial to enter the St. Paul's College. The determination so grew within me that I decided to leave home. Another young man and myself arranged to leave at three o'clock in the morning with a caravan for Adana, sharing again the horse between us. My mother was away from home in the cotton field and stayed there at night with my relatives in order to pick cotton in the cool of the morning. So my younger sister, Mary, rose early in the morning and prepared a simple lunch for my journey, the best she could have made. I placed the immortal lunch in a small bag and kissed two of my sisters, two brothers, and my father good-by in tears, ten years ago, thinking very little that it was the last farewell on this side of glory.

Three days later I arrived in Adana (my companion having remained in Osmaniah, a town on the way), and then I went to Mersine, a Mediterranean harbor for Cilicia. Having no hope of continuing my education I began to seek a position. After two weeks hard seeking and many turn-downs, I caught a man on the street one day and asked him to give me a position. He told me to call at his office and I did. The man happened to be a Greek merchant of remarkable wealth, who had an Armenian for his chief bookkeeper. As soon as I was employed, I obtained from the merchant the Greek alphabet to learn and I began to write my name and mark the sacks, boxes and cotton bales with the Greek letters. Soon I was given the charge of the shipping department as well as customhouse transactions. In a few months I earned seven dollars, for my monthly salary was as high as two dollars and fifty cents, and forwarded it to my parents as one of my first earnings. During this time I was boarding with my cousin, who was married to an Armenian doctor, formerly a resident of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for seventeen years, and an American citizen.

Just at the time when my parents received the money, before they had the joy of using it as a small gift from their absent son, the deadly carnage of 1909 took place, and a slaughter of the Christian Armenians followed, generally known as the "Adana Massacre," which swept seventy-five thousand lives out of existence. A few days later the news reached us that our beautiful village was also attacked, seventeen of my male relatives being victims of the horrible tragedy.

One of my uncles and a distant relative succeeded in running away for three days and nights without food and arrived in Mersine. They told us that the Turks attacked the village about nine o'clock at night, shooting, plundering, and setting the houses on fire as they went on. The innocent inhabitants of the village were forced to leave their homes and properties and even the little children in their cradles were left behind. In their escape they witnessed such sights as cut noses, cut ears, cut tongues, and bodies divided and hung from the trees. One young man was tied to a tree and burned to ashes. Twelve young men were caught and tied together with a rope, and after the coal oil was poured on them, they also were burned to ashes. One of these was my uncle. The twenty-seven most prominent ministers from over Asia Minor, on their way to the yearly conference, were caught and placed in a church and burned to ashes; another of my uncles was in this group also.

As a third uncle was running away at night, he came to the place where his mother was hiding herself in a friendly Mohammedan home. He called out several times, "Mother! Mother!" My grandmother came out quietly to see her son. Uncle said, "I am hungry, mother; have you anything to eat?" Grandmother gave him a few small loaves of bread and advised my uncle to hasten to his Turkish friends in Cholakli, a village five miles distant. On his way, toward morning, my uncle met the very friends he was looking for. They were friendly with him at first, but later asked him to renounce Christ and accept Mohammedanism and be one of them. My uncle was a very devoted man of God, faithful deacon in the church for many years, and he preached many times as the assistant pastor. He answered the Turks, "My friends, you have sat many times at my table and slept in my house; you know that I cannot deny my faith in Christ." They told him that unless he yielded he should be killed. But he did not move a single iota from the Rock of Ages upon whom he stood; so the Turks resolved to kill him. My uncle begged the Turks to give him ten minutes' time and they did. He knelt down on the dusty road amidst his cruel murderers, spending the precious ten minutes in prayer,

closing with these words, "Heavenly Father, forgive the Turks, for they know not what they do." At the close of his prayer he said, "Here I am now ready for whatever you wish to do with me." Then the Turks, while he was yet in the attitude of prayer, struck his head with an ax, and divided his skull, and left him on the roadside with no grave to be laid in. Toward noon, my grandmother took the same road to see her son in safety in the home of his Turkish friends, but found him lying on the roadside. The very bread she gave him was drenched in the blood of the martyr safe in the arms of Jesus.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast;  
There by His love o'ershadowed  
Sweetly his soul shall rest."

On the night of the onslaught to which I have already referred, all the able men, women and children taken by their parents, were gathered in a large mass on a small mountain behind the village, a scene of heartbreaking farewells—husbands kissing their wives good-by; fathers kissing children for the last time, as the flames of their burning houses illumined the sky; brothers and sisters wishing God's care and protection over each other. Oh, what a soul-stirring picture, beneath the same eternal blue! Are they not the creatures of God?

In the midst of these happenings, there is one most prominent romance that I cannot refrain from telling, even though my pen refuses to shed the ink for what is coming. This stirring story circles around a man who escaped during the night through the terrible trail of death, and toward the morning took refuge in a small cave, hiding himself from the terrific Turks. Just a few hours later, a number of fleeing Armenians passed by the same road and saw this man inside the cave. Recognizing him by his face, they offered him a portion of the loaf of bread. The man, taking the bread, looked up to them and thanked them for their kindness, but he said, "I saw a revelation two hours ago, that I will die today." So he urged them saying, "Take the bread back and use it for yourselves and God's speed to you!" They took the bread and continued their journey. A few hours later a group of Turks also passed by the same path and noticed the man in his hiding place, partly fallen asleep. They went in and tried to force him to renounce Christ and accept Mohammedanism, but already illumined by the Redeemer's revelation, and being strengthened in faith, he refused to surrender his Christ for the Turks. Upon

this bold refusal the Turks shot him first, cut him to pieces, and then burned him to ashes—

Oh, what an honor to be the son of a martyr, for this man was my own father!—The last words of my father to me were, "My son, if you could be a man for God and be a blessing to others, I would not regret if I lay my life down." He met his wish so truly and laid himself down so nobly; for me has remained the balance to be a man of God and a blessing to my fellow men. I thank God that inasmuch as lies in me, I am striving to be one of God's men and he has already honored my feeble efforts put forth in His name for others. I thank God for a Christian father! I would rather be the son of a martyr than possess thrones on earth that are crumbling to dust, while my hope to see my father in glory is rising higher each day.

The massacre in Adana reached its very zenith as the smoke of the burning houses in that city towered above everything, defying the very sky and crying in vain to the deaf kings and monarchs for deliverance from the Turk. Mersine, where I was staying, which was only a short distance from the burning city, was filled with fright and was on the verge of being massacred. Stores were closed day after day and the wild Turks filled the town, ready for their bestial murder and savage plunder. We did not sleep for several nights, watching every moment and expecting that the terror might strike us any time. But, thanks be to God, a European and an American battleship arrived and the Turks soon disappeared. The local government and the foreign ambassadors succeeded in avoiding massacres at this particular time. As the conditions became rather normal, realizing that the dulled sword of the Turk might again be wielded on us unawares, I began to look around for better assurance. One day I heard that a steamship from Alexandria, Egypt, was transporting the people, especially refugees, free of charge to America. At once I made myself ready to leave for Egypt. My cousin, with whom I was boarding, wept and begged me not to leave, but the hope of reaching America was too profound to resist. Again with a weeping party behind I left Mersine with an old suit case with several holes in it, an old red blanket with no less than a dozen air chambers, and five dollars—all that I possessed—part of it borrowed from my cousin. After sleeping on the deck rolled in my red blanket, I arrived at Alexandria, Egypt, the fifth day making a visit on the way to Joppa, where Peter was.

### CHAPTER III

## EGYPTIAN EXPERIENCE

I WAS now in Egypt. How strange everything looked without anybody to welcome you, none to smile at you, and that was not all, for the steamship which was to take me to America was not yet built. What a disappointment to be sold into Egypt by the opinion of others, the victim of an unsatisfied ambition! No one laid a conspiracy against me to sell me to Ishmaelites; it was the star of my own dream of reaching America that stood before me. Here I was no servant of Potiphar or officer of Pharaoh's. I wished to cry out like Reuben, "the boat is not; and I, whither shall I go?" I did not know a single soul but the God of Joseph. Through search and inquiry I found the Armenian church where hundreds of refugees from Adana and other sections of Asia Minor were being sheltered. They showed me a tent to make myself at home in company of two young men. The inside of the tent was dry, sand and dust abundant. As the shade of the first night enveloped, I laid half of my blanket underneath me and half covered myself, using the old suit case for a pillow, only to find myself in the morning halfway buried in sand.

While I was in this Egyptian predicament I sought a position, but not knowing the Arabic language sufficiently well, I failed to succeed. Therefore, my capital of five dollars soon disappeared, even under the strictest economy. This side of the romance did not last very long, I fell sick and was confined to my sandy bed. How I longed then for mother and her gentle touch!

I lost thee, my Mother, when young health had fled  
And sank 'neath the pain distressing.  
Where, ah, where was the hand that once pillowed my head,  
And the ear that once heard me sing?

A few days later I saw the doctor and told him to diagnose my case and let me know the trouble. He looked at me and said, "You ought to drink three quarts of milk daily for a few days." I told him I had no way of obtaining the luxury, but he kindly supplied the portion for a few days and I was soon well again. But an uncontrollable appetite possessed me, following my convalescence, and there was nothing to satisfy it. I was obliged to meet the inward call by way of the hunger three days and three nights. On the morning of the fourth day the pressure was so irresistibly strong that it stopped at no plea and something had to be done. So I went to the Armenian

man who was selling bread and bacon (basdirma) at the gate of the Armenian church. I asked him, "Friend will you give me one of those loaves of bread and some bacon?" (the bread is a pie size loaf and half as thin, and bacon is the famous Armenian preparation seasoned tastily and noted for its smell, so tempting to the victims of hunger); he said, "Certainly." I did not tell him that I had no money. I ate the first course, but felt no better, in fact worse, because it only awakened and quickened the eager crowd within with nothing more to quiet them. So I asked him a second time for bread and a portion of the famous bacon and he was kind enough to listen to the diplomatic beggar again. I ate the second course, but the conquest was by no means yet in sight, for I felt as though I had not eaten anything. I looked at him for the third time. "Say, friend, can you give me some more of that bacon and bread?" He paid my look back and said, "What has been wrong with you? haven't you eaten anything since last week?" I said, "You have rightly said, nothing since last Monday." I ate the third course, and felt as though it would last me another forty-eight hours. When I was ready to leave I told him that I had no money then, but would pay it back as quick as I could. He gave me rather a surprised look but he did not say much.

While I was in these circumstances I was putting forth no little effort to find a position and finally succeeded in finding one as a blacksmith helper with a gas lamp company, right at the edge of the historic Nile River. During my stay I was put at every kind of piecework, which always appealed to me, and I made good money, as high as seventy-five cents daily, which paid my bread and bacon indebtedness and left much over. But unfortunately at the end of five weeks the company failed and the shop was closed. No one but the devil is happy every time he sends one of these blows, especially in Egypt where he thinks he has his headquarters. But thanks be to the God of Joseph, He was there, too!

What little I had earned all disappeared while I was seeking another position. Here again I was face to face with the heartless hunger. By this time I had made a few friends who advised me to make an application to the street car company, the president of which was a very noted and noble Armenian. Upon my application a number of Arabic questions were fired at me, to which I answered with the same zeal whether it was right or wrong. The decision was favorable and I was accepted by the company. I was given the order to learn the principles, and especially the routes, which as a rule takes fifteen days. But I succeeded in meeting the demand

in eleven days, at the same time fighting the foe of hunger. I began as a regular conductor earning wages, but I could not get the benefit of them as they were paid only once every fifteen days. I made my predicament known to the company, so they allowed me to draw a nickel daily from my wage of thirty-five cents, which was my source of sustenance for fifteen days.

As the months rolled by, I became very familiar with the course of the conductor and I mastered the Arabic language till I was called (Ibn'l Arab) "The Son of Arab." I made thirty days' wages in fifteen days, working both day and night, and earned enough ammunition to shoot at the old foe.

But, ah, there was another tempest in the sea of my soul that had not yet been stilled, another aspiration had not been yet absolutely answered. I did not come to Egypt to be a street car conductor; America was my goal and the unquenched thirst for education was neither cooled by the Mediterranean nor curbed by the ancient Nile. O God, send the Moses!

One afternoon, while I was sitting in one of the Armenian restaurants, I saw a man whom I knew years ago in Aintab, who was our shoemaker. He said, "Meshach, why do you spend your time here? You ought to be in America, with your more or less of school experience." I told him that was my unrealized dream, but that I had no way of meeting the expenses of the voyage. He said, "Why don't you write to Miss Rebecca Krikorian?" I let him know that I would have done so if I had known her address. He said, "I am leaving for Aintab soon and will make it my duty to send it to you at my earliest convenience." Six months later the promise proved true and I had the address to which I promptly forwarded my first letter. As soon as Miss Krikorian heard from me and learned the object of my plea, she called a number of her friends for prayer and they themselves placed my case before the Lord. I heard from her the first time with good hope; the second still better; and this time the Lord put it into the heart of one of those, His children, to give fifty dollars for this purpose, which bought my trans-Mediterranean and Atlantic ticket, that I received in her third letter. When I received this ticket and realized that my prayers of many months and years were answered, that my passage to America had come, I thought the world was altogether new for me and that I was placed in the royal carriage with Joseph. The joy of my deliverance from Egypt was as great as that of Moses and Miriam, who burst forth into that glorious and eloquent song along the Red Sea: "The Lord is my



M. P. Krikorian, at Alexandria, Egypt, 1911, three months before his pilgrimage to America.

strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. Ex. 15:2, 11, 13.

## CHAPTER IV

### PILGRIMAGE TO AMERICA

**M**Y PILGRIMAGE to America from the land of bondage was indeed my passover and deliverance. I left Alexandria, Egypt, on one of the November evenings and arrived at Marseilles, France, on the fifth day of the journey. We were delayed there to make our connection. Our train left from Marseilles at eight o'clock in the evening and arrived at Paris ten o'clock in the morning. After ten hours' stay in Paris our train left for Le Havre where we were quarantined for five days. After this period was over, we were transferred to the large steamship, Rochambeau, to sail for New York. During our sail of seven days from France to New York the Atlantic punished us no little till with many others I fell seasick and could not and did not take any sustenance, but was subject to an involuntary fast for sixty-two hours. When I saw New York City, I was as happy as the sailors of Columbus, ready to cry out, "Land! Land!" We reached New York and were carried to Ellis Island, where the sheep are separated from the goats. What a heart-breaking scene to witness a person who after a month's hard travel is not able to pass the examination but sits down and weeps on his misfortune, because he is not allowed to enter the country. After being examined and having received "Bono," we pilgrims were taken in a boat to a railway terminal according to our addresses. Our train left for Harrisburg at eleven o'clock in the evening and arrived at the Pennsylvania depot at three o'clock in the morning, where Miss Krikorian, who sent me the ticket, and another lady were waiting for me. Having no previous acquaintance with her, she asked me whether I was Meshach and I answered her by returning the same question whether she was Rebecca. This was our fashion of introduction. As we took the road toward the home where the aged people spend their latter days, she put the second question to me, "Are you a Christian?" which was a very fitting one, especially for a person who had just left Egypt. I answered, yes, as much as I understood, admitting, however, that there was still the smell of the garlic and onion of Eypgt on me, that a spiritual bath could have been right in order to clean me up. Thank God, I had it before very long. Next morning Miss Krikorian took myself and another Armenian young man (Jacob Ekmekjian) to Mount Joy, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where we were entertained at Rev. Eli M. Engle's house. They had a meeting that night in Landisville, where Miss Krikorian was to speak. She took for her text Rom.

8 :30-39, and for her theme, "The Persecuted Armenia," sometimes using me for the first division of her sermon and Jacob for the second division, and sometimes vice-versa, but making her climax always by the remarkable death of her father. Standing before the audience every night, while she was lecturing on us visible subjects, made me perspire almost as much as the man I saw in the witness box at the courthouse in Los Angeles, California. This being just before Christmas, the process went on until we were well baked to enter the newly completed Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home in Grántham, Pennsylvania.

## CHAPTER V

### COURSE AND CAREER IN AMERICA

**H**ERE comes the unsatisfied educational hunger to the scene again. At the opening of the winter term of 1912, through the kindness and instrumentality of Bishop S. R. Smith, then the president of the Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home, now a departed saint in glory, myself and two other Armenian young men were admitted to the school, upon a previous arrangement made by Miss Krikorian; her nephew, also, was added later on. Here I was again with a new task to finish my educational loaf which was left half-baked across the waters. I made my choice of six books, among them was the Myers' Ancient History. I attended the classes for a week. I could carry the books, but not the language, so I resolved not to climb the ladder by jumping at it, but to walk to the top by way of the steps; therefore, I laid Myers down to rest, and one other book beside it to keep company till I should see them again, and took others easier to digest, thus avoiding mental indigestion. If those red bricks had the gift of tongue, they could only count the hours I consumed in the presence of midnight oil, consulting Webster for every word. What the mathematician wants by his mysterious words, the historian with his veiled sentences, the grammarian with his hyphens and hyperboles, the speller with his puzzling words, pneumonias and phantasmagorias, while you can see them by your mental vision, but are compelled to spell wrong because you cannot pronounce them—is all so different from what I used to know and speak.

During my first year, next to Jesus Christ and my Bible, Webster's dictionary was my best friend. Second year went more easily and smoothly compared to the first; third was still better than the second, and my fourth year was not study but singing a song. While attending the school, with the rest of the Armenian students I had been engaged in manual labor, as much as the institution could afford to give, to meet my expenses, but this was by no means sufficient. I cannot pass without acknowledging that Christian friends, one and all, manifested interest and assisted me time and again. In the face of all this, however, silent battles were fought during the school years on account of finances; but through the noble help of Bishop S. R. Smith, we were encouraged to continue our school, and I for one succeeded in completing the course June 17, 1915, with an indebtedness of nearly two hundred dollars, which the Lord wonderfully helped me to pay.

After the completion of my course at this place, I traveled toward the middle west and west, lecturing and occasionally making evangelistic efforts till I arrived in California. By this time my educational appetite was fairly well appeased, but far from being fully satisfied, and while I was praying and looking for a higher sanctuary of learning, for firmer establishment in God's Word, I was definitely led to the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, where my good friend and brother, Dr. R. A. Torrey, is and was the dean.

Dr. Torrey is a true man of God, a great man yet so little as to be one with those whom he takes under his wings to instruct, a lover of God and lover of his fellow-men more than any man I know. On one occasion, while I was making a few remarks in his office in behalf of the Armenians, rather touched he said, "Brother Krikorian, I wish it were possible to bring all our Armenian brethren to this country." It was so laconic, but, ah, how much love behind! It was concise, but it was the crowning expression of a Christian soul which makes its possessor truly great and Christlike. I have considered more than once the greatest privilege of my life to sit at the feet of such a man, who knows God. Knows God's Word. He is sound as gold, as pure as a diamond. Thank God, others may crumble to dust, but God has still such pillars in his Church as the monuments of his marvelous grace and love.

My reader will clearly observe that there is a silver line running through this leaflet, which is my thorn in the flesh and that is the financial difficulty. At this place, too, I was face to face with the same old foe. Before entering the institution, I had thought of pressing suits, but no place was available for the work. Through the kindness of T. C. Horton, however, the business superintendent of the institute, a dear, lovable soul, I was permitted to realize my object in my own room. I bought an iron, an ironing board, and some other articles incidental to such a trade, and began pressing. After an advertisement of my work throughout the school, the Lord blessed it in such a way that it was sometimes more than I could handle. The clerk at the institute, a former student, and numbers of others asked me whether I was a professional tailor. I answered, "I am doing what a tailor does." I did not say I was a tailor or I was not, because I was not a professional tailor but just picked up pressing by observing others and practicing. The practical side was so victorious that the greatly satisfied customers and well-pleased fellow-students no longer cared about the professional part of it. This was not all; the slogan, "If you are satisfied, tell others," went so far that the neighboring hotels offered

work. For the steam or dry cleaning I made the contract with a laundry and for alterations and repairs with the neighboring tailor. During my first year, I kept on pressing and studied at the same time; sometimes till twelve o'clock at night I pressed and prepared my lessons which were exclusively memory work. In my second year the Lord opened the door for me to preach on Sundays and occasionally during the week and provided the needed means for the duration of the course. Through the kindness and good will of the faculty, I was permitted to complete my work of two years in five terms, one of the rare exceptions, and graduated June 27, 1917.

The greatest pearl that I ever picked from the ocean of knowledge at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles is personal soul-winning for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is my spiritual necklace, and I am not ashamed to wear it. It is the discipling of others that has brought me joy unspeakable; it is upon this platform that I personally shook hands with my Lord. Yes, even the sun the monarch of the day, the moon the queen of the night, the stars, the ever-glittering princesses of the eternal blue, shone forth with more brilliancy and brightness upon my soul.

At the time, when this passion was growing deeper and richer daily, the Lord sent the famous Evangelist, Billy Sunday, to Los Angeles, the fearless foe of wickedness who sounded the vocal trumpet in one hundred and eight sermons in two months, who has immortalized many homes by bringing the King of Glory in. At this time the special burden of my prayer was that I might be used during this wave of revival. I was appointed as one of the key personal workers, which afforded me the privilege to answer my own prayer in being passive in His hands; and the Lord blessed me in leading two hundred and fifty souls to acceptance of him. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11 :30. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Dan. 12 :3. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." James 5 :20.

Having completed our present educational training, both myself and Samuel Krikorian (we are not related, but life-long associates having the same name) were occupied deeply with the thought of the intense suffering of our blood and race, the unoffending and Christian Armenians. While occupied in this revival effort, the great burden of our prayer was to be a blessing to our starving people. Having received



M. P. Krikorian in his study-room at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, California, 1917.

the definite call from God, which was irresistibly clear and strong, to throw ourselves into the public effort to lift our voice in their behalf, we obeyed the call and plunged forth at the close of the revival. After making a few minor preparations for our work, we left Los Angeles, California, one night at 11.30, like Abraham of old, not knowing where our goal was, and decided to stop at Bakersfield, a distance of two hundred miles. The Lord graciously helped us in raising friends. However, we had our share of the struggle. We were provided with two pieces of oil cloth canvas for advertising and succeeded in making a canopy of boards to fasten the oil cloth on, and placed it on a wagon pulled by a horse, which appeared to be a veteran of the Civil War; a boy with a cowbell in his hands constantly ringing it to advertise our meeting, as he drove the prehistoric animal through the town. The Lord honored the weak efforts which were put forth in His name and gave us a blessed meeting on the following Sunday evening. But what next? We looked at the map, and looked to ourselves, but could not tell; so we knelt in prayer: "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. Jer. 10 :23. "A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps." Prov. 16 :9. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way." Ps. 37 :23. "Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps." Ps. 85 :13. Pinning our faith in these exceeding great and precious promises we cast our anchor in him to lead us each step of the way singing the song:

"Like a shepherd tender, true,  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,  
Daily finds us pastures new,  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;  
If thick mists are o'er the way,  
Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,  
He will watch them lest they stray,  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

"All along life's rugged road  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,  
Till we reach yon blest abode  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;  
All the way, before, He's trod,  
And he now the flock precedes,  
Safe into the folds of God  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

“Thro’ the sunlit ways of life  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads,  
Thro’ the warrings and the strife  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads;  
When we reach the Jordan’s tide  
Where life’s bound’ry line recedes,  
He will spread the waves aside,  
Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

Yes, through the thick and thin, objections and oppositions, Jesus led us:

“We heard no footsteps, saw no form,  
But, ah! that gentle voice,  
Through all earth’s din and fiercest storm  
We heard Him and rejoiced.  
Rejoiced and followed and obeyed,  
Even o’er the mountain cold,  
As He with us always stayed  
Telling us to grow bold.”

We received no little opposition from the missionaries who had recently returned from our own country, the modern silversmiths and Demitriuses, whose spirit was so unlike that of Christ. But the God of Paul was for us; who could be against us? We took our route day after day toward the northwestern country and arrived in Portland, Oregon, having had a successful journey with good results. The Lord always sent us to some of His true children on the way, one of whom, Dr. White, of Albany, Oregon, recommended by Mr. Foster, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Sacramento, California, deserves mention here. On our arrival in Portland we went to the Y. M. C. A., where the news of our work had already preceded us and had reached some of our missionary friends (?) again, who were employed by the same relief committee with which we worked later on. Thinking they were using diplomacy, they acted friendly toward us and then sent the detective after us, saying that perhaps we were alien spies, but they knew better. They were the victims of jealousy, because God was with us and the people were being moved by the tragic romances of our own people, the blade of which was set on our bones. But it was not long before the detective himself felt that he was also before detectives, for we asked him whether he was a saved man. He said, “Gentlemen, you are all right; if I can do anything for you, or can help you in any way, don’t fail to let me know,” and bidding us good



One of the floats suggested by M. P. Krikorian for the publicity of the drive. On the left the tall figure represents the United States People, and the wheat sheaves the country, the latter being changed into bread loaves, and falling over, to the right by the starving children, representing Armenia.





M. P. Krikorian in an oriental costume leading the Armenian and Jewish parade on the Fourth of July, 1918, as a forerunner for a thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000) drive in connection with the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, Spokane, Washington.

"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

success he left. Thank God, our detective foe became our devout friend, which is always the case with God's own chosen, "so that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Heb. 13 :6.

The eternal God hath been our refuge, and underneath us were the arms of the everlasting. He drove our enemies before us, saying, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and brought us to Spokane, Washington, where we met Rev. E. A. Potter, the executive secretary of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, where we were employed a year.\* Mr. Potter has the appreciation and the gratitude of us both for his Christian courtesy and conscientious co-operation during our connection with the committee. I for one feel indebted to give him this tribute, and also his associate Dr. Sherman L. Divine, the chairman of the committee.

From March 19, 1918, we were actively engaged in lecturing and telling the heart-rending romances of our people, the most tragic story of human history! During our connection I traveled in the major part of Montana, northern Idaho, and Eastern Washington. Before we were separated from the committee, a few months after the signing of the armistice of the great four years' war, the office of our employment had received a total of \$300,000 and we had the joy of sharing its success in company with other faithful workers.

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\*We have employed Rev. M. P. Krikorian as lecturer and campaign organizer in Eastern Washington, Idaho and Montana, one year. About three hundred thousand dollars has been raised for relief in that time and Mr. Krikorian's appeals have had much to do with the success of the work.—E. A. Potter, Executive Secretary, Intermountain District, under the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

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Above are shown several members of the cast which presented the drama, "The Cross or the Crescent," Thursday evening, March 27, 1919, at the Central Christian Church, as an Armenian benefit. Standing from left to right, they are: M. H. Yager, Miss Beth Bangs, Miss Lucille Swanson, Miss Catherine Sohns and M. P. Krikorian. Seated, from left to right, Miss Marguerite Motie, Paul Yager and Miss Lily Courtney Snow.

## PLAY SHOWS THE PLIGHT AND FAITH OF THE ARMENIANS

### Mothers Die Rather Than Give Up Christianity For Mohammedanism and Food.

How starving Armenian children have waited in vain for bread from America which came too late and they perished with hunger, and how the Armenian mothers, in destitution and rags, have clung to their christian faith and faced the death of martyrs, rather than accept Mohammedanism with the promise of food and shelter, is vividly portrayed in the play, "The Cross or the Crescent."

The pathos of the drama marvelously brought out by Miss Marguerite Motie (Miss Spokane), teacher of public speaking, and Miss Lily Courtney Snow of the Courtney School of Elocution and Dramatic Art, who carry the roles of the Armenian Mothers.

The part of the "Terrible Turks," who carried out their threats, after the women have repeatedly refused to accept the crescent in exchange for the cross, is taken by M. H. Yager, author of the drama, and M. P. Krikorian, who has been assisting for the Armenian relief campaign.

The drama closes with a portrayal of Red Cross work in the stricken country, the parts of the workers being taken by Miss Ruth Hubbell, Miss Lucille Swanson and Miss Beth Bangs. The starving children are impersonated by Paul Yager, June Burch and Ruth Porter.—*Spokane Chronicle*.

The profoundest pathos was demonstrated by the fact that nearly 1500 people were kept busy in wiping away tears from their eyes.

"I have become all things to all men, that  
by all means I might save some."

## CHAPTER VI

### BACK TO BETHEL

I AM the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred." Gen. 31: 13. The God of the champion patriarch, who has been my divine pillar of cloud through all these days, summoned me now to arise, to get out, and go back to Bethel to my home land and to my kindred. The God of my boyhood, the God of my protection, the God of my deliverance from Egypt, and the God of my pilgrimage to America, the God of my course and career, the God of my salvation—it is He who is bidding me out into the great arena of His glorious harvest fields and service. Back to Bethel is the challenge. Homeward is the order of the divine commander-in-chief, "to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of (spiritual) sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Ah, what a solemn charge!

As I am now preparing myself for this Christian warfare in my own native land, Armenia, the home of the martyrs and the age long trustee of the Gospel, and realize that I am to go to my home and kindred, the voice speaks within me, "Have I a home—that golden setting in which the brightest jewel was mother—and are there left any kindred?" The deadly war and the bloody monster of the last four years swallowed up in its angry tides seven members of my family, leaving me alone with one sister. More than seventy-five of my relatives have become victims to the unrelenting crime that has eclipsed all the tragedy of human history.

The only letter within the last five years reached me from my oldest aunt, in which she unfolded the floodgates of maddening grief anew to me. In this epistle of exile, my aunt quoted the diamond words of my angel mother as she was ready to march the bloody path of persecution and deportation, the trail of the living death; as she shouldered one of my brother's children my mother cried out, "**Let us march on, this is the way to Canaan Land!**" O mother! what a triumphant entry into the New Jerusalem, what a faith, what a hope! Would God that I were a partner with you! She left this message with my aunt for me. "Tell Meshach," she said, "that all the success he ever had and will ever have is because of the unceasing prayer of his mother." My aunt wrote, "We could hardly find your mother home at night. She was either in the garden prostrate on her

face, or on her knees upon the doorstep of the church, beneath the blue and open sky, or in the haymow wrestling with God in prayer for you." Ah, mother, sweetest sight of life, the holiest name alive; youth may fade, love may droop, the foliage of friendship may fail, but your sacred prayer outlives them all. Thank God for a praying mother for ever and ever! I know only too well that it was my mother's powerful petitions which took me under holy wings as I passed through the experience of the foregoing pages. I, too, can say with Abraham Lincoln, "All I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother." I would rather have a mother who can prevail with God in behalf of her son than all the empires of the earth; for it is that mother's hand that rocks the cradle, and hers are the hands that rule the world.

Behind the mountains of each success  
Lies the kingdom of prayer;  
Give me a mother with praying lips,  
I shall conquer everywhere.

There is another star upon the table-land of my memory that ceases not to shine, but immortalizes the early days gone by; and that is the image of my mother and her Bible—the companion of her best and holiest hours, source of her indescribable Christian life and character. As I lifted up my head from the pillow each morning, my eyes were captured by mother and the large family Bible which crowned her sacred lap as she turned the leaves of divine inspiration one after another, reading while she was preparing the morning meal. Many precious lessons have I learned, yet had my memory suffered the loss of them all, a mother with open Bible I could never forget! No scenery of the snow-crowned Alps, grand though it may seem; no painting though it may be immortalized by the magic touch of Michelangelo and Raphael; no ceremony, however decked and dotted with diamonds, can ever equal a mother, whose silver hair waves over her wrinkled face, which is illumined by the rays of God's sacred Book—the Bible.

Mother, thy open Bible,  
Image immortal to my soul;  
Shall I forget thee? No! Never!  
Though the ceaseless ages roll.

Mother, thy open Bible,  
'Tis the crown of my head;  
Shall I cease to love it? No! Never!  
But will preach and spread.



M. P. Krikorian's Mother, sitting, who, after having shouldered one of her grandsons, said while she was being deported to the desert of death "*Let us march on, this is the way to Canaan Land!*"

"The sweetest face in all the world to me,  
Set in a frame shining silver hair,  
With eyes whose language is fidelity;  
This is my mother. Is she not most fair?"

His beautiful Aunt, standing, whose husband was cut to pieces with the ax in front of her own eyes, by the Turks of his long acquaintance. She too went victim during the bloody carnage of the last four years, leaving four orphan children behind.

My father, too, lifted up his silver trumpet in prayer each morning, mentioning the names of all of his children, especially it seemed mine, for I can hear him now, while my loved ones lie in their premature grave of martyrdom. Thank God for Christian parents who crowned my life by their glorious example! I, too, must follow their footsteps in my love and devotion to the Lamb of God who sitteth upon the throne; He shall be their shepherd, guiding them to the fountains of the water of life, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I go to Bethel, not because I shall find the humble home of my golden days, which was the place nearest paradise on earth, a hint of the Eden of the past and prophecy of paradise regained. I go there, not because I shall again find that jeweled casket which once contained the most precious of all jewels—mother. I go there because I am challenged by their blood of martyrdom, the silent spokesman of the ages. I go there, not to take vengeance of their murderers, but to use the sword of the spirit which slays every Turk, to give them life eternal. God has heavily laid upon my heart the conversion and the evangelization of the Mohammedan Turks of Turkey who have been the (chronic) murderers of my unoffending and Christian people. To the question, "Why do the Turks hate the Armenians and Christians at large?" let the Son of God answer: "They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God's service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father nor me." John 16 :2-3.

When a Turk kills a Christian family, murders the father, outrages the mother and the daughter, slaughters the boys and the babies, he thinks that he is doing the perfect will of God. My God, who will lead him from this deadly delusion, from this Egyptian darkness of death into the glorious life and light of the Son of God? Who? It is to these poor benighted hosts of humanity; it is to these millions of captives under the stupendous rock of ignorance; it is to these blind multitudes, that God is calling me to preach the Gospel of liberty, the Gospel of the acceptable year of the Lord, to these who are bruised by the age-long scourge of sin and savagery.

Can the Turks be converted to Christianity? you may ask. Thank God, why not? Does not the son of God who died for them see their possibilities, too? Do you think He says, that for the Mohammedan there is no hope or help in his God? Has He not a challenge, too, for your faith, the challenge that rolled away the stone from the grave where Lazarus lay? "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"



The above picture was recently received from Aleppo, Syria, forwarded by my Aunt. They are the children of my Cousin Rev. Dikran Koundakjian, who was among the innumerable Armenian Martyrs of 1915 and 1916. Standing from left to right, they are Albert, Jacob (Hagop), and Gulania sitting. These are three examples of the 400,000 Armenian children that are orphaned by the ruthless war. Are they worth saving?



The Converted  
Mohammedan Teacher

Here is a converted Mohammedan teacher, whose picture has recently reached us in a letter written by one of the Armenian refugees and Christian workers from Marash, Asia Minor. The following excerpts are translations from the above mentioned letter which I am moved to give out:

"Once more we have begun to hold spiritual meetings and the future is very brilliant. The fall of the Turkish Government has reduced their strong religious fanaticism and faith to utter naught. Their faith in the whitewashed morality of Mohammed is wonderfully shaken."

"We are in great hopes that they will throng into the bosom of our Christ by masses and multitudes. The above white-turbaned Mohammedan teacher came to me this evening with heart burning with the desire to know of the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. There is a most profound hunger among the Mohammedan Turks and Kurds."

"Christendom," says Keller, "accustomed itself ever since the crusades to look upon Islam as its most bitter foe and not as a prodigal son to be won back to the Father's house."

Can we listen to a more hopeful and inspiring testimony than this from Mohammedan lips? "My creed is this: I believe in God as my Father and His unchanging love for me; so I call myself a Mussulman, i. e., one who is at peace with and in submission to God." The same man has told his fellow-citizens that "no one can be a Mussulman unless he is first a Christian." Ah, what a divine revelation of Christ's supremacy over the deadly delusion of Mohammed, the Arabian impostor, which shadows the destiny of 250,000,000 of our fellow-men. What a glorious foretaste of the triumph of the cross over the forever vanquished crescent, the emblem of cruelty and curse! If all this can be true under the iron rule of Turkish despotism with her incalculably villainous rulers and of hostile Moslem fanaticism, who will place a limit to the brilliant possibilities of winning victories for Christ in this inglorious downfall of the Ottoman Empire which has worked out the grandest climax to one of the most immortal deeds of the world's great conflict, by removing the spell of thirteen centuries of

political tyranny over the land of Christ, dislodging a powerful and gigantic heresy, which is the monstrous barrier to full access of these poor benighted hosts of Moslems to real Christianity?

"Father, the hour is come, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." The hour of destiny has struck! God is leading the church to this amazing task, the task of the conversion of the Moslem world to Christianity. The solemn duty of Christianity to Mohammedanism, the glorious privilege of discharging it, the historic grandeur of the conflict, the way in which the honor of Christ is involved in the result, and the brilliant issues of victory, all combined, make this problem of the Christian evangelization of Islam one of the most fascinating and momentous themes which the Church of God has pressed upon the Divine attention. The time is ripe for the church of Jesus Christ solemnly and seriously to consider her long-neglected and sacred duty to this amazing fraction of our race! It is not to be supposed or dreamed that a church guided and inspired by an almighty leader will neglect a duty simply because it is difficult and calls for faith and fortitude. The attention of the Christianity of this day is indeed especially and urgently directed to the needs of the Moslem world and many devout and ardent Christians are profoundly convinced that a momentous duty demanding an unparalleled spirit of sacrifice is now before the church. If a believing church, or even a devout group of united Christian hearts, calls upon God and He answers them, surely if God calls upon his loyal church and points out an open door of duty, it is time for us praying Christians to take heart and devote ourselves faithfully to any appointed task however difficult! We cannot slight this task because it is hard; we dare not ignore this tremendous question of spiritual responsibility and Christian indebtedness because it looks formidable.

Christianity in her historic childhood was called upon to contend with the colossal power of the heathen Roman Empire. She was victorious although her resources were limited and her opponent was, to all human judgment, unconquerable. Shall she think now for one moment in her magnificent maturity, with her imperial resources, her heavenly leader, her glorious mission, and with the crying needs and conflicts of this day of days, of this twentieth century, challenging her attention, that her warfare is accomplished and she may disband and demobilize her forces? No! Never! It is rather the golden hour of her spiritual offensive when she may win her Victoria Cross! Islam, and all else arrayed in opposition, must yield to the conquering Christ and give place to Christianity! Our Lord is now heading His army,

the Church Militant, to the vantage ground of the most sublime privilege, to high and holy responsibility. His leadership is our inspiration, His exceeding great and precious promises are our hope, His power is our trust, His grace is our sufficiency, His conquest is our courage, His glory and supremacy is our divine and sanctified aim; and the outcome is triumph!

The missions and missionaries in the Turkish Empire hardly assumed any openly aggressive attitude toward Moslems. Spiritual forces are hiding in awakened hearts; conviction lies in ambush and bides its time; the silent prayer, the patient hope, the quiet hour with the Bible, the conscious thrill of a new-found liberty of conscience, prudently concealed it may be and carefully restrained as yet, waiting the touch of faith upon the hem of Christ's garment, are the only signs of the presence of the living Gospel. God is merciful to those who wait for the morning, while yet unable to break altogether from their spiritual bondage; many a soul sings its song of deliverance in the silent hour and seclusion of its own heart's sanctuary. Now the voice of the multitudes can be heard round the shrine of a larger and wider national freedom of this newborn world. These unevangelized millions under the crimson yoke of Islam are not only a challenge to faith, but also a profound rebuke for the neglect of the Church of the Living God! The church must no longer look at Islam as a bitter enemy, but a prodigal son who needs to come home. We must no longer present a silent apology and think Islam is impossible to possess for the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing is too hard for the Lord to do; nothing is too difficult for prayer to accomplish; and lives laid down in loving service will work out the possibility of glorious victory.

The love of Jesus Christ, manifested in sanctified hearts and incarnated in the lives of deeply devoted men and women, will irresistibly win Moslems and disarm their fanaticism. It has done so, is doing so, and thank God will do so more and more when the church—the militant church, the fighting church, the live church—realizes and grapples with her unprecedented opportunities for the evangelization of Moslems.

“Through the promise of God's pages,  
Through His work in history stages;  
Through the cross that crowns the ages,  
Show His love to them.”

The Great Napoleon said, “The only way to have a conquering army is to have an army that is always fighting.” Christianity will

only be a conquering Christianity when she begins the fight of love. No Church can be a conquering church unless she is always fighting the good fight of faith. No Christian can be a conquering Christian who is not always fighting. The world has just got through with fighting for the earthly monarchs and dying sovereigns. The Church of Jesus Christ is challenged now to mobilize her forces for the fight of faith, in the army of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the only potentate and light unapproachable, in the hands of whom is placed the dominion and power forever and ever!

The evangelization of the Moslems—so stupendous in its stretch, so deep in degradation, so hopeless without the gospel—is one of the grandest and most inspiring problems ever undertaken by the Church of Jesus Christ. It may be a work of surpassing difficulty which may require a new baptism of apostolic energy and wisdom, faith and love; it may tax the intellect, the faith, the wisdom, the zeal and self-denial of the whole church in every land, but unless Christ's commission has lost its meaning and its power is insufficient for His undertaking, the Turks of Turkey and the Mohammedan world must and will be evangelized. While the other religions and systems of error have fallen before Christian missions and consecrated missionaries of the conquering Christ, like Dagon before the ark of Jehovah, Islam like a mighty Goliath has defied long enough the armies of the living God and the progress of Christ's kingdom. But now she must fall in subjection to the "Name which is above every name" that at the name of Jesus every Moslem knee should bow and every Turkish tongue confess that "Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Mohammedanism has been marching faster than Christianity. How is it? Has the Mohammedanism more urgency in her message? Has she greater treasure in her dowry? Mohammedanism has no big vision, she has no strong hope, she has no atoning blood for sin, she has no secret of robust progress.

If then Mohammedans have done so much with their sheer force, so much with their sword, can we not do more with ours? With our better message, with our more glorious faith, with our higher motive, with our richer reward, with our certain victory, with our nobler inspiration, with our better comradeship, and with our divine Leader, before whose great white throne and great white life the mock majesty and whitewashed immortality of Mohammed stand in abject terror. They worked for Mohammed; shall we not work for our Christ, who in His own time shall appear with celestial pomp and divine splendor, with honor and power eternal? Shall we not spread His redeeming

grace and unfold the riches of Christianity by attacking vigorously each Moslem heart for Him who leads His army conquering and to conquer!

God wills it! That was the watchword and battle-cry of the crusaders. Yet there was a thousandfold more devotion, courage of conviction, and energizing enthusiasm in those ages to wrest the empty sepulchre from the Saracens that there is in our day of days to bring the Moslems the saving knowledge of Him who burst forth in triumphant tone, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." The forever living and risen Saviour. At this golden hour, we must take up that old cry with the newest and noblest zeal as the modern crusaders of the compassionate Christ and His cross, wielding the sword of the spirit for a thrilling triumph! There are thousands of Moslems, who have grown dissatisfied with their old faith, crying out in darkness in search of the road to truth and salvation: "When will you come to us? When will you bring us the Gospel and point us the path to eternal life? When?" The war has broken the hard crust which had gathered on their minds; the presence of death, destruction, sorrow and pain, the sense of being in the grasp of forces far too great for them to control, have awakened the feeling of their own helplessness, making them cry out for God! They are crying for the satisfaction of redeeming grace. They are crying in their hunger of soul, they are crying in their emptiness and unrest, they are crying in their shallow sleep, they are crying in their awakening, they are crying in their delusions, they are crying in their unsatisfied cravings and desire, they are crying in their weariness and sin, they are crying the cry of death; it is the cry of souls in whom the love of Jesus has never yet been known!

Quick, before my inner bare vision,  
Myriads of faces crowded up to view;  
Sorrowful eyes that said: "For us is no provision;  
Give us your Saviour, too!"

Give us, they cry; "your cup of consolation  
Never to our outstretching hands is passed;  
We long for the joy of your salvation,  
And oh, we die so fast!"

Far and wide through all this changing,  
Pants for thee each Moslem breast;  
Moslem tears for thee are flowing,  
Moslem hearts in thee would rest.

O God! O church! O children of men! O spirit of mine! Six billion of these Mohammedans have already filled Christless graves! Five times the present population of the world! My God, can such hunger be left unfed? Can such cries of the dying fall on deaf ears and remain unanswered? Has not the hour come to join the Abraham of old and cry out: "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" Must not Jesus see the travail of His soul among the Turks, too, and be satisfied? Shall we not, can we not, must we not, as the crusaders of His spirit, learn at this hour of all hours to give ourselves in sacrifice to those whom we wish to take under our wings, while the assurance for victory is as bright as the colors of a rainbow? Ah, the obstacles in the way of the conversion of Moslems in Turkey and elsewhere are not solely within themselves; they also lie in us; it is our stubbornness, our unspeakable neglect, our lack of courage, conviction and sympathy!

Was it in vain that the myriads of Armenian martyrs (already) filled the city of God? Is it conceivable that the blood of the innocent millions of men, women and children which has deluged that cradle of Christianity through the scarlet centuries to purify the dry heart of the dying Turk should remain unanswered? Was it hopeless that Armenia, who held the torch of Christianity aloft through the ages, should create in us the deepest sense of responsibility in carrying on the cause of Christ so solemnly left behind! Was it in vain that the multitudes were driven by the poisonous winds of hate to a modern exile? Was it idle that caravans of Armenia's wretched sons have been swept into eternal deserts by the tempest of blood, the aged were disabled and bayoneted, mingling their gray hairs with blood-laden dust? Was it useless that the skulls of little ones were crushed in rocky cavities and mortally wounded maidens crawled upon their knees to be annihilated by the threatening swords of their tormentors? Is it nothing to you, Christian, that mothers of Armenia were digging with their fingers in the adamant earth and beseeching mother nature for sepulchres in which to lay their slaughtered sons? Who witnessed those perpetual nights of terror and the indescribable agonies of the dying? Who deplored the terrible silence of darkness when brandishing sabres destroyed tearful lives? Who harkened to the moans of the wounded within the deep valleys—to the maddening screams?

My God, hasn't the plough been drawing deep furrows, and the blood of Armenian martyrs prepared the soil for the sowing of the seed? What shall the harvest be?

Will not the church—the militant church of the living God—take up the challenge—take up the charge of the dead and of the dying

and of the living—and plunge forth into this arena of sublimest opportunity with abundant supply of the bread and water of life for all these poor hungering and thirsting Moslems who have so long been imprisoned in the castle of Mohammed's giant despair? Here is the opportunity, but where is the force to turn it into spiritual victory? That force is the kingdom of God upon earth, the force which He revealed and wielded, the sign of the cross, the force which has its fountain in love emanating from the omnipotent God, who is love, and who reigneth to find expression in the life of men. Nothing else will do instead of this! Civilization without Christianization, ethical culture substituted for Biblical newborn nature, philosophy without godly piety, reformation of the head instead of regeneration of the heart, will not fill this chasm of human need; for evil may turn all of these into its agents and instruments as it did so clearly during the cosmopolitan catastrophe of the last four years the bloodiest conflict of all the civilization. It is the force—the force of the kingdom which the Gospel of the grace of God proclaims!

The hour of destiny has struck; it is this future to which we turned with strained eyes and beating hearts. What a wonderful opportunity for the faith of our crowned Christ! What a call to advance. What a divine challenge to enlarge the tents, to strengthen the cords, to lengthen the staked-for hour of Christian conflict and conquest!

“Is this the time, O Church of Christ, to sound  
Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap and blunt  
The men and women who have borne the brunt  
Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held their ground?  
Is this the time to halt, when all around  
Horizons life, new destinies confront,  
Stern duties wait the church never won  
To play the laggard, when God's will was found?”

No! Rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords,  
Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,  
And to thy kingdom come for such a time!  
The earth with all the fulness is the Lord's.  
Great things attempt for Him, great things expect!  
Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime.”

Why should the Church of God flinch? The immensity of our task is also the index of our triumph!

Let one watchword of the Ecclesia of God be, therefore, in this supreme and sublime hour for victory that "Christ, the Child of the Orient," and the Divine heir of her tribes and kingdoms, shall possess His inheritance among the Turks, too! Shout for joy, O Zion, ring out the watchword true, the spell of thirteen hundred years of political tyranny over the sacred lands of Christ is broken, and God has shattered to pieces the scarlet yoke of the mighty as in the day of Median. Hallelujah, the star of Bethlehem, the Mazzaroth, which swung low over the lowly manger, has become once more the Sovereign of the newborn Near East! That voice from the Arabian desert, that tone of defiance and hateful articulation from the Bethel of locusts, shall no longer say to the church of the living God thus far and no farther!

Forward, therefore, because God commands and His authority is imperative! Forward because Christ claims and His force is irresistible! Forward because Holy Spirit moves and His influence must not be quenched!

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountains; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift up, be not afraid; say unto the (Moslem) cities, Behold your God!"

Behold your Christ! Behold the Lamb of God! The purifying, life-giving power of whose eternal truth shall at last win the Moslem heart and open to it a nobler pathway of victory and triumph here on earth and hereafter in eternity!

My Christian reader, you who believe that salvation through faith in Jesus Christ is the only hope for the Turks of Turkey, and that Christianity owes a sacred indebtedness to carry to them the Gospel of the grace of God; will you pray and hold the rope then as I go down?

All those who are so circumstanced that would like to have a share in the conversion and evangelization of the Mohammedan Turks of Turkey should forward their donations and contributions to Bishop J. R. Zook, 1194 14th St., Des Moines, Iowa; or directly to the Author, 3423 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No sum is too small and none too big.

While at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles Mr. Krikorian has been one of our most faithful students and has done thoroughly satisfactory work in all his studies. He has been a very earnest soul winner, and attracted everyone to himself by his character and personality. Everyone here has confidence in him.

Sincerely yours,

R. A. TORREY.

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## EIGHT COMMANDMENTS OF THE KORAN CONCERNING CHRISTIANS

(1.) "They are surely infidels who say, Verily God is Christ the Son of Mary." (Koran, Chap. V.)

(2.) "O true believers, take not the Jews or Christians for your friends; they are friends the one to the other; but whoso among you taketh them for his friends, he is surely one of them." (Chap. V.)

(3.) "War is enjoined you against the infidels; but this is hateful unto you; yet perchance ye hate a thing which is better for you, and perchance you love a thing which is worse for you; but God knoweth, and ye know not." (Chap. II.)

(4.) "Fight therefore against them, until there be no temptation to idolatry, and the religion be God's." (Chap. II.)

(5.) "Fight against the friends of Satan, for the stratagem of Satan is weak." (Chap. IV.)

(6.) "And when the months wherein ye are not allowed to attack them shall be past, kill the idolaters wheresoever ye shall find them, and take them prisoners, and besiege them, and lay wait for them in every convenient place." (Chap. IX.)

(7.) "When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads, until ye have made a great slaughter among them." (Chap. XLVII.)

(8.) "Ye are also forbidden to take to wife free women who are married, except those women whom your right hand shall possess as slaves. This is ordained you from God." (Chap. IV.)

