

THE STORY
OF
SMYRNA
MEDICAL MISSION

IN CONNECTION WITH

The Church of Scotland

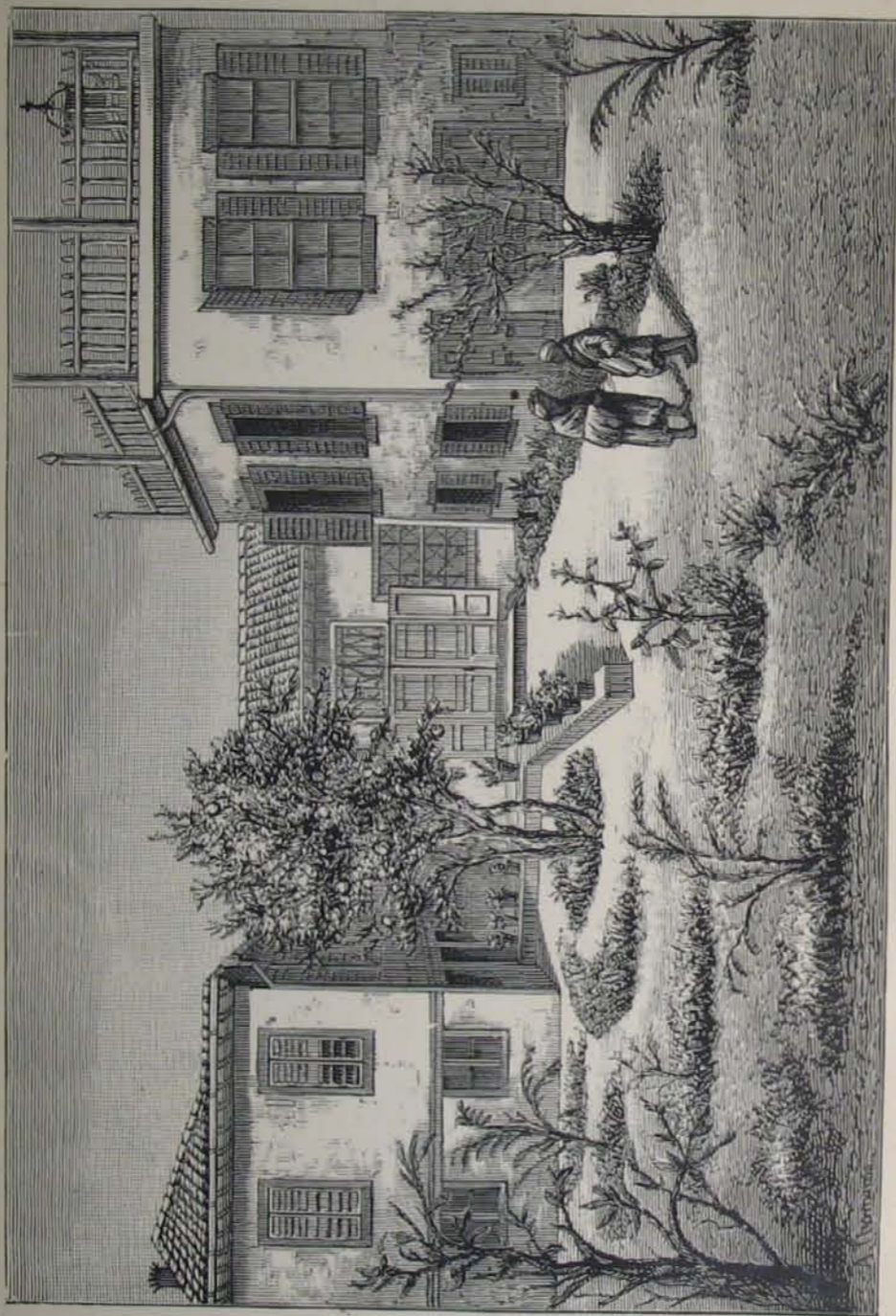


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THE STORY

OF

Smyrna Medical Mission

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

BY

L. PRINSKI SCOTT, M.B., C.M., EDINR.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY

EDINBURGH: R. & R. CLARK

1887

INTRODUCTION

IT is with feelings of gratitude to our Heavenly Master and to our good friends and supporters of the Smyrna Medical Mission, as well as with a personal desire for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, that I venture to tell the story of our work among God's ancient people. The Lord's promise, "I will bless them that bless thee," has been fulfilled to us in our endeavour to bring blessings to body and soul of Christ's brethren after the flesh.

I know of no work more interesting and romantic than Medical Missions. Certainly it is an endeavour to follow the divine example of Jesus and His disciples, "Who preached the Kingdom of God and healed the sick." In our case, the ordinary interest which attaches to Medical Missions is enhanced by the fact that we have day by day flocking around us the descendants of those who came to the Great Physician for healing. Here we see the well-marked Jewish features—the high forehead, intelligent face and sparkling eyes—which twenty centuries of dis-

persion and suffering have not been able to destroy, but only to intensify by marks of sadness.

We still meet with those who ask, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" and also those who say, "We have found the Christ. Come and see!"

We have much reason to be grateful to God for the way He has led us in our missionary life here in Smyrna. We can trace most clearly His guiding hand in our various vicissitudes. From the little mustard seed there has sprung a goodly tree,—from a little house in an obscure back street has sprung a goodly set of Mission premises, comprising a charming little Hospital capable of accommodating twenty patients, and a comfortable Mission House. The small number of patients who at first came by invitation has so grown that we are now daily besieged by eager applicants for assistance. Our Mission has become most markedly a power and influence among the Jews, while it does not confine its efforts exclusively to them.

The Smyrna Medical Mission owes nothing of its rise and progress to rich endowments. Whilst it is a branch of the operations of the Jewish Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland, it is supported entirely by special contributions from congregations, Sabbath Schools, and individual friends. The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society have given occasional grants of medicines out of regard for my having been one of their students; and the Juvenile

Auxiliary of the Society kindly make our funds an annual contribution. Still, by the blessing of God, our Mission for usefulness and completeness is second to none. The exchequer of the Committee in charge of the Mission has been like the widow's cruse of oil—never overflowing, nay, rather in such a condition that they could always see to the bottom of it. The means for the support of our Mission have come, not in showers which might have engendered waste, but like the dews of heaven, sometimes almost imperceptible. But the Mission grows, and this is a sure sign of life and God's blessing.

SMYRNA, *October 1887.*

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CHAPTER I

PREPARATION FOR WORK

SUGGESTIONS had frequently been made in the Jewish Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland for the establishment of a Medical Mission among Jews. It was first proposed that a station should be planted in the Holy Land. After inquiry, however, this proposal was considered impracticable, as the localities most suitable for stations were already occupied by other Missions. About the time when my University course closed, the subject was fresh in the minds of leading members of the Committee. I had already got an appointment in connection with a Home Mission of the Church of England. Still, though pleased to work as a missionary at home, my chief desire was to go abroad as a missionary to Jews. Providentially, the way to the fulfilment of my desire was opened up.

Professor Charteris, whom I had known for some time as one of the elders of the church of which I was a member, told me one day that the Church of Scotland wished to open a Medical Mission for Jews. "Should I be asked to take charge of it would I be willing to consider the matter?" My

answer was, of course, in the affirmative, for not only was I anxious to launch out at once into Jewish work, but all my sympathies were with the Church of Scotland. The Committee on the proposed Medical Mission, of which the Rev. Alexander Williamson of West St. Giles, Edinburgh, was Con- vener, suggested that it should be located in Smyrna, and the General Assembly of 1881 approved both of the new Mission and of my appointment as its head. Smyrna was in every respect a suitable location. It has a population of over 30,000 Jews, among whom the late Rev. William Charteris and the late Mr. Späth were already carrying on a suc- cessful evangelistic Jewish Mission in connection with our Church.

For a whole year after my appointment the Smyrna Medical Mission was nothing more than a name. The funds were still insufficient to warrant the commencement of active operations. It so happened that I was invited to visit Aberdeen and address the ladies of the Aberdeen Association for Jewish Missions at their annual meeting. This was my first address on the subject of Jewish Missions; what I said has long been forgotten by me, but the consequence was that I made many friends and found many open hearts. Of Aberdeen friends in those first days of my missionary calling I would mention specially the late Miss Mary Ann Fiddes, who remained our warmest friend and advocate till she was called to her rest.

On the occasion of this visit to Aberdeen I was introduced by the Rev. Henry Cowan (now of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh) to the Synod, which was

then holding its spring sitting in Aberdeen. Never shall I forget the hearty welcome I received from its members. Their sympathy took a practical form in a proposal to raise a hundred pounds towards the establishment of the Smyrna Medical Mission. They also placed at my disposal opportunities of addressing congregations throughout their Synod on the work I was about to undertake. Among the most earnest in helping me was Professor Milligan, who accompanied me and introduced me to several congregations in Aberdeen. Others equally helpful were the Rev. Thomas Young of Ellon, and the late Rev. Peter M'Laren of Fraserburgh.

I addressed many congregations, and had on several occasions to undergo the formidable ordeal of addressing the various courts of the Church from Presbytery to General Assembly.

The summer of 1881 was spent in special pre- paration for work in the East—the subjects of the eye and ear being taken up as specialties. In the beginning of August I again went to Aberdeenshire, and shall ever look back with pleasant remembrance on two months spent at Westhill House, Skene. There I enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Farquhar and her sister, the late Mrs. Craigie, who were busy all the time with heart and hand enlisting friends to help them in working for a bazaar in aid of the Medical Mission. Their efforts were crowned with success, and we are now reaping the benefits of the labours of those who have since gone to their reward. But I must not forget to mention that it was in this same hospitable house that I first met the lady who was destined to accompany me to Smyrna as my wife.

Funds had in the meantime come in freely towards the support of the Mission, and it was arranged that I should go out to Smyrna towards the end of 1881.

On the 27th of October 1881 a goodly assemblage of friends and well-wishers met in the Tolbooth Parish Church, Edinburgh, of which I had been a member for some years, to wish us God speed in our work. I had still some opportunities of addressing meetings both in Edinburgh and Glasgow. At a meeting of ladies in the former city it was agreed to have a bazaar in Edinburgh in aid of our Mission at the same time as that held in Aberdeen. The Edinburgh bazaar was also very successful.

Among the ladies who took a pre-eminently active part in it were Mrs. Macnab, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Nicol, and Miss Tawse—all devoted friends of our cause.

On the day before Christmas our journey to Smyrna began—I had been married in Aberdeen to Miss Adamson on 29th November—and in Liverpool we spent a very cheerless Christmas Day waiting for the departure of our steamer. On the 8th of January 1882 we arrived in Smyrna.

CHAPTER II

COMMENCING WORK

MY first impressions of Smyrna were not very favourable. A boat came out to the steamer containing Mr. Charteris and one or two other agents of the Mission, accompanied by a Turkish Cavasse who very much resembled a porcupine. Any number of knives and pistols seemed to be growing out of his stomach,—a strange waiter for a messenger of peace! Before many minutes had passed, by the help of all-powerful *backsheesh*, which is as much part of the native's existence as his skin, we had made our landing. Rough narrow streets we had to pass—every street seemed a back street! In vain did we look for some open space or square. To add to the general gloom, it was pouring rain. When we reached the house of Mr. Charteris, however, a most cordial welcome was accorded us by all the missionaries here.

I need hardly say our new surroundings seemed strange—the people as well as the language. Very early in the morning we were awakened by the strange sounds of vendors. In vain we tried to make out what they said. One man called out something which sounded like “Johnny's Coat” or “Johnny

Scott"—my wife and I differed as to the precise rendering. Soon after came other cries, "Shake the lady," and "Oliver Cromwell." One still more euphonious, "I have not seen my Grandmother for a thousand years!" As time passed, however, we found that "things were not what they seemed." The narrow streets seemed to grow wider and smoother; it did not pour rain every day. We also discovered that the city contained such conveniences as railways and tramways, even the street cries underwent strange metamorphoses. For example, "Johnny Scott (?)" we began to associate with "Cream," and "Shake the lady" with sweetmeats.

On the day after my arrival I paid a visit with Mr. Späth to the Jewish quarter, where I was glad to see Jews working at various useful trades. Nearly all spoke Spanish. They seemed a much handsomer set of men than one usually sees of the same class in Europe. In the crowded bazaars I saw many things novel and interesting. In the way of trade, articles of most diverse nature seemed placed in strange juxtaposition, such as pearls and old boots, diamonds and second-hand clothing, daggers and patent medicines, many of them giving out wonderful odours pleasant or otherwise.

Over the door of many a prosperous shop was the secret of its prosperity, in the shape of a ram's horn or ass's jawbone, which had been hitherto quite successful in keeping off "the evil eye." Some few seemed busy, but in general the people were verifying the Turkish proverb, "To walk is better than to run, to sit is better than to walk, to lie down is better than to sit, to sleep is better than to lie down, and to die is better than to sleep."

On my first introduction to Jews I was received by them with a sort of dignified reserve. When however they learned that I also was an Israelite and a Hakim, and that, moreover, I meant to give help to the poor, gratis, their reserve melted away. A feeling of kindness and brotherhood was manifested by a warm shake of the hand. Of course all wished to know when I meant to commence work, and mostly all wished to consult me on some disease either past or present. One man, with extreme forethought, asked if he ought not to apply leeches for the heat of the next summer!

Although our friends here counselled delay and advised us to look about us, I was anxious to begin work at once. The difficulty of procuring a house seemed at first insuperable, as it was past the season for hiring houses. Providentially, we found a small two-storied house quite close to the Mission Schools. To be sure we had to pay for it! By way of complimenting us on our position, its owner raised the former rent of £45 to £70! The landlord even congratulated himself on being generous, as he expressed his conviction that Queen Victoria personally gave me £800 yearly! This transaction did not charm me with the people among whom we had come to live, and certainly it seemed like a wet blanket to our ardour.

Nevertheless the house was taken. The upper story we occupied as our dwelling-house, and the lower we converted into a Dispensary and waiting-room. There was not much time nor thought wasted on handsome furnishing. The Dispensary seemed a mixture of a drysalter's, a cutler's, and an old fur-

niture shop. We professed to have a great contempt for crystal bottles with gilt labels, for scales weighing germs, and for magnificent coloured vases adorned with the Royal Arms. Mahogany fittings, handsome cane chairs, and delightful odours, were conspicuous by their absence.

But we admired our bottles of all shapes and sizes, their only faults being that they were too big for the amount of medicine we had to put in them. We had to reconcile ourselves at first to homœopathic doses. Our fittings were originally old boxes covered with American cloth. Then came our opening day. Most of the missionaries in town were invited to the opening and came; though I should imagine those who had handsome Mission premises may have thought that we were making "Much Ado about Nothing." Thirteen patients (in this case not an unlucky number) came in response to our invitations, gorgeously attired in their Oriental costumes. The meeting was opened with prayer, Mr. Späth thereafter giving a short address to the patients. In it he stated the objects of our work here, and mentioned that a short service would be held on every dispensary day. Most of the patients on that occasion were Jewesses. These spoke loudly of the Doctor's ability, his wonderful instruments, and famous pills. The extraction of a nasal polypus was the foundation of a wondrous tale of taking a fish out of a girl's nose. Before many days our numbers had so grown that the place was crowded with the really poor and needy. Very early in the morning, long before the hour for opening, we could see the lame, the blind, and the weak coming from all directions. By eight o'clock

our door was besieged by a crowd of suffering people—Jews, Greeks, Turks and Armenians, having nothing in common in their ordinary life, but all brethren in affliction. Who could look on such a company without thinking of the universal remedy to be found for sin and suffering with Christ our Great Physician? We availed ourselves of such opportunities for bringing this truth home to the sufferers.

I shall now introduce the reader into the consulting-room, for a cursory look. See me wrangling with a woman who expects me to prophesy what is her complaint by merely feeling her pulse—not a word will she speak. Hear me trying vainly to persuade another that what she says is utterly impossible. At the same time I am Doctor, Clerk, Dresser and Dispenser. It is necessary to wash a sore that has never been washed, and to pull out maggots from a diseased joint to which a poultice of cheese had been applied in the vain hope that it would entice them to come out. Reader, I think you feel it is time to leave the consulting-room to get a whiff of fresh air and a look at the blue sky. Undoubtedly there are many occupations and sights more agreeable!

So the work went on for two years, the number of our patients and our wants continually on the increase, while our accommodation as well as our supplies were very inadequate. The landlord and neighbours began to complain, so at the term, renewal of lease was denied us. The Committee at home were hampered, as the Mission was still in the experimental stage, and comparatively unknown, because little money had been coming in for the

Mission. The few friends who knew its worth, and the promise of usefulness contained in it, gave us hearty encouragement, and thus though the prospect was gloomy for a time we prosecuted the work with vigour and hope. We rented once more a small house, fitted up a respectable dispensary, and half a dozen beds for patients.

This shadow of a small hospital was a continual eyesore, as we had not a single penny for its support.

CHAPTER III

PROGRESS

GRADUALLY our prospects began to improve. As the Mission became better known, funds were more easily found for it. The Rev. Thomas Nicol of Tolbooth Parish, Edinburgh, had been appointed Convener of the Committee in charge, and had spent a week with us in Smyrna on his way home from Alexandria in 1884. He was able to interest a wider circle of friends in our work.

An effort was now made for supporting a few in-patients. We rented a large house, one part of which we set aside as Hospital and Dispensary, while the other we retained as our dwelling-house. Although in many ways very inconvenient, this arrangement was necessary. We could not afford to procure assistance, and had to nurse and look after the patients ourselves. Afterwards I doubted whether this was a wise step to take, as the overwork and continual anxiety entailed by having sick people always in the house, told very much on Mrs. Scott's health. There seemed to be no alternative, however. People would come to us from long distances. If we took them in we were able to give them assistance, if we did not, we sent them away more un-

happy than before. We did our best, and had our reward in seeing a few restored to health and happiness. I am sure these patients all left us with kindly feelings towards Christianity—some even with a desire to know the Source of all Christian benevolence.

Some of the cases were very interesting; accounts of them appeared in the *Mission Record* from time to time. Attempts were made by the Jewish authorities to prevent Jewish patients from coming to us. Some were threatened with excommunication for living in the house of a *Min*¹ (heretic). No doubt by these means some were detained from coming, but on the whole we always had as many as we could well manage. A few successful cases soon overcame even these scruples. The following case was one of these. A Jew of good family had been unfortunate in business. Unable to bear his reverses with the usual amount of Jewish patience, he attempted to commit suicide by swallowing a large dose of corrosive sublimate. His distracted relations did all they could for him with their own private knowledge of all-powerful nostrums; they sent for several Jewish doctors who expended their technical skill in vain. Hope was abandoned, but as a sort of forlorn hope the Missionary Doctor was sent for. On arriving at the house of the unfortunate man I found not only the house itself, but the street, for a good distance on each side of the door, thronged by an eager crowd who waited to hear the fate of a man who wished to take his own life. The sight inside

¹ This word is made up of the initial letters of the Hebrew words for Believer in Jesus of Nazareth.



A JEWISH COUPLE.

was indescribable—wailing women and children, and the Jew himself suffering intense agony. After clearing the room of its crowd, I applied the stomach-pump, gave him a good wash out, and with the aid of the usual antidotes restored him to consciousness and comparative comfort. The effect on the crowd was marvellous. Many accompanied me home in order fully to examine the curious instrument. Next day, on going round the Jewish quarter, I found I had become a famous man because of possessing this wonderful instrument which these Jews called, "La ultima esperanza del estomaga."

Our Medical Mission now exerted a marked influence over the Jews. The bitterest bigots came to us for the sake of the temporal benefits we were able to confer on them. While waiting for these, they respectfully listened to the preaching of Christ's Gospel. We were particularly glad too that many women were present at our services. The reader must know the disabilities under which missionaries in the East labour in their endeavours to preach to the women. Jewish women do not go to the synagogue, and are never seen in public sitting alongside the men of their community. At first we found it necessary to have a screen set up between the sexes, but one day, during an overcrowded meeting, I requested my dispenser to remove the screen so as to give more room. Some of the women veiled themselves, others turned their backs, but from that day the screen was not again in requisition. Now they are on a footing of equality with the men, and listen to discourses on spiritual matters for the first time in their lives. National antipathies are very strongly

marked here, but for the common benefits which those of different nations receive from us, they seem willing to sink these, and sit side by side listening to the one universal Gospel.

We had only one drawback in this general progress, which was a continual thorn in our flesh. We were continually liable to interruption. No sooner had our work got into full swing in one place than we found it necessary to quit. To such an extent did this reach that in the course of four years we had to move some part of our establishment no less than six times. We often dreamt of having permanent Mission premises of our own where those repeated hindrances could no more disturb us, but little did we think that a time was close at hand when our desire was to be granted. After three and a half years in Smyrna, during which we had all experienced severe attacks of sickness, we thought it unwise to attempt a fourth summer here without some change. We accepted the invitation of the Committee to spend the summer at home.

CHAPTER IV

AN HOSPITAL IN THE BANK

WE arrived in Scotland in the beginning of May 1885, very glad once more to see old faces and old scenes. For me it was not to be a holiday, but a continual ordeal of public speaking. During the summer I received great encouragement from ministers and congregations, and helped to increase the interest in Jewish missions.

My arrangements for addressing congregations were facilitated not only by the Convener of the Medical Mission Committee, but also by the Rev. Robert Pryde of Glasgow, who acted as Convener of the Jewish Mission Deputation Committee.

At the meeting of the General Assembly I was asked to speak on the Jewish Mission Report. Among the statements I made to the Assembly, I mentioned our many wants here. We were not aware at the time that a thousand pounds lay in the Bank for us. This sum had been collected about the time that the Medical Mission came into existence, chiefly by the indefatigable energy of the late Mrs. Muir, whose husband was for long the highly esteemed minister of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh. The money had been raised to found a memorial

to the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in the form of an institution, calculated to benefit his Jewish kinsmen somewhere in the East.

Friends who knew of our need of an Hospital suggested that this was the very object to which to devote that large sum. It did seem peculiarly appropriate that the memorial dedicated to this distinguished son of Israel should take the form of a beneficial institution among his brethren, and in a land which occupied so much of his thoughts. The matter was laid before Mrs. Muir, who told me that she was pleased with the idea; and Dr. Winchester and Mr. Lewis Bilton, W.S., who were her advisers, strongly recommended its adoption.

The representatives of the general body of subscribers met, and I had the opportunity of stating the needs of the Mission to them. Without a single dissenting voice, it was agreed that the money in their keeping should be handed over to the Committee of the Smyrna Medical Mission for the erection of an Hospital. Dr. Winchester, I should say, was particularly hearty in the matter, telling those present that if they wished to have an Hospital, they must also do something for its future support.

But this sum was only about two-thirds of what I had calculated to be necessary for the erection of an Hospital and a Mission House. The latter was quite as necessary as the former. Three hundred pounds were in the hands of a Committee in Aberdeen—the result of the bazaar held for us when we first entered on our work. The three hundred we still considered necessary came to us in a marvellous way.

A gentleman in London, whom I had never met,

had heard through the Quarterly Statement of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society of the Smyrna Medical Mission, of its wants and difficulties—especially that the Hospital was in my own dwelling-house. He first communicated with the Rev. John Lowe, F.R.C.S.E., who referred him directly to me. He wrote to me asking full particulars of our work and of our needs. Before long, in answer to a letter stating these, I received the gratifying intimation of a donation of three hundred pounds to be devoted to the completion of our Mission premises. Thus in a marvellous way, and in a very short time, means were placed at the disposal of the Committee for establishing our work in Smyrna.

In October we had another farewell meeting, and another departure for the East, this time accompanied by a trained nurse, Miss Christina Campbell from Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, who was to devote herself to the patients in our Hospital and give any assistance within her power in the Dispensary.

CHAPTER V

THE HOSPITAL

ON our arrival in Smyrna we received a hearty reception from our friends, and quite an ovation from our old patients, who expressed themselves in true Oriental fashion. Before many days, however, a gloom was cast over the Mission by the death of Mr. Charteris, our ordained missionary here. To us the loss was great; he was a sincere friend and most sympathetic colleague. After forty years' faithful service in the Master's vineyard, almost all in the cause of Israel, he was called to his reward. He was a Nathaniel indeed, and many, both Jews and Greeks, will remember, while life lasts, the kindly face, the warm heart, and the open hand that marked their friend.

I consulted several friends on the question of a suitable site for our Hospital, so that we might go on building at once. One of the conditions of our receiving the last three hundred pounds was, that the Hospital should be in working order within six months from the date of its offer. But on all sides I heard the same advice, "Yavash, yavash." Turkish policy in all matters pertaining to general life is not how to do things, but how to avoid doing them. However,

as it turned out, the little delay was all for the best. After examining the advantages, and weighing them against the disadvantages of many places, I at last fixed on one that seemed to me peculiarly suitable.

It consisted of a large house situated in the Rue de Méléés of the Armenian quarter. This street was at one time the fashionable street in Smyrna, being inhabited chiefly by rich Armenians. Its attractions were many: along its centre flows the classic stream from which it takes its name, this stream being bordered by trees which cast a grateful shade on wayfarers. But the tide of fashion has turned, setting towards the Quay, a name given generally to the fine promenade which extends for about three miles along the edge of our beautiful bay. The former wealthy denizens of the Rue de Méléés have vanished, leaving to mark their former presence large houses, in some cases beautifully painted and frescoed, and also the large gardens attached to these houses.

But bargain-making in Turkey is quite a science. The vendor usually protests, swearing most solemnly by the life of all his relations that he is selling at a loss, though all the time he is prepared to take a third of what he asks. The buyer on the other hand roundly abuses the goods in question, says he does not really need them, but merely wishes to buy as a favour to the seller. When property is in question, the ordinary difficulties are increased greatly, from the fact that it is absolutely necessary, according to law, to conduct negotiations through a broker, who receives two and a half per cent from both sides on the amount paid. Of course it is his interest to make the price as high as possible. However, I

disarmed my broker by telling him that I meant to give no more than six hundred pounds for the house, and should he help me to get it for that, he would be paid percentage on the price asked, which was a thousand. It being no interest now, but the contrary, for the broker to run up the advantages and the price of the property, we got our bargain concluded to such purpose that we bought the place for six hundred and seventy-five Turkish liras.

But the buying needed most careful navigation over the sea of circumstances, as the property was the possession of no less than thirteen different shareholders. All went well until the end, when the thirteenth, evidently a rogue, refused to give up his share, in the hope of having it bought from him by a big *backsheesh* from the "very rich Company who wished for the house." I asked Mr. Thirteenth which was his part. He was not sure. "Well," said I, "I have already got twelve shares and can do without yours. I'll wall off a bit in a corner for you with which you can do what you like." He was nonplussed, wondering what he could do with such a little bit. He went away so far satisfied, with permission to remove a tree which he wished from the garden.

All the legal formalities were duly gone through, and I received the title deeds, had them formally registered in the Government House, and we became the rightful "owners of the soil." Now we prepared for building by getting a Government permit, after which we were fortunate enough to secure a Christian gentleman, Mr. George Perrin, to undertake the building. He has done his work most conscientiously and to the

great satisfaction of all concerned. After a few alterations and repairs the Hospital building is eminently suitable for our work. The general ground plan is in the form of three sides of a square, one large building, from the two ends of which extend two wings. The largest part contains in the middle of it a fine hall, capable of seating a hundred people or upwards. We have got comfortable benches set in it which are usually well filled. A stove is also there, which is in requisition during the winter months. Our walls are brightened by pictures, plants, and beautifully-painted Hebrew texts, the work and gift of Miss I. H. Hope, St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbright.

On one side of the hall are the women's ward, having accommodation for six patients, and two rooms set apart for the nurse. On the other side are a very convenient dispensary and a bathroom. The right wing contains upstairs one ward, capable of accommodating six patients, and under this male ward is the laundry, etc. In the left wing is another male ward, which can hold eight patients. Under it are servants' rooms and kitchen.

The Mission House is quite close to the Hospital, occupying a part of the original garden. It has been newly built, and is fairly commodious and comfortable.

The situation of the Mission buildings is most suitable, being just midway between the two Jewish quarters and within five minutes' walk of either. We have plenty of fresh air, as from the number of gardens about us we are not overcrowded by surrounding buildings. As our elevation is con-

siderable, there is usually an appreciable difference in our temperature from that of the close, stuffy atmosphere of the lower quarters. Should we find it necessary at any time to extend our buildings, there is ample scope for doing so. I think that in every way we have been most fortunate, our premises and surroundings being all that we could desire.

CHAPTER VI

MEDICAL MISSION WORK AND ITS INFLUENCE

IT was my good fortune to have considerable experience in Medical Mission work in connection with the Edinburgh Medical Mission under the superintendence of the Rev. John Lowe, F.R.C.S.E. I learned as a student what is meant by a Medical Missionary. I learned that it meant a doctor, but more than a doctor,—a city missionary, but more than a city missionary. To be a Medical Missionary is to be, in short, the embodiment of all kinds of Christian efforts to reach the hearts of the poor and degraded through their bodily and social circumstances.

The idea that a man carrying a box of Cackle's Pills in his pocket and a Bible under his arm constitutes a Medical Missionary is utterly erroneous. In medicine and surgery he must be abreast of the times, and not only must he be able to speak a word in season to those whom his professional labours bring within his influence, but he must as a preacher be able to interest an audience, so as to rouse them to a consciousness of the solemn realities of life. Should he fail in either of these, his whole character as a Medical Missionary must suffer. It was with a consciousness of this learned from my former ex-

perience that I entered on the duties of the Smyrna Medical Mission.

I have always considered it a prime requisite for the carrying on of successful work, that the worker be in thorough touch and sympathy with those among whom he labours. One must always be able to put one's self metaphorically in their place, to look from their point of view on their doubts and difficulties, so as most effectually to help them in conquering these. Here, one must give every Oriental credit for honesty in speech which sometimes one knows to be an exaggeration. Every disease, even the most trivial, must be treated with the same respect as one of gravest importance.

For example, a statement was made to me the other day which I was expected to receive with all evidence of credence. A woman, speaking of her child, said she had seen a worm sticking out of each of its eyes. In like manner, a Turk told me that once when he was lying asleep on a terrace, a live snake had crawled down his throat, from the effects of which he had been suffering for five years. Argument in such cases is of as little avail as in cases of hysteria. The mass of the people are ignorant and superstitious, and should one appear to doubt them, they would no longer come for sympathy or aid. Orientals have unlimited faith in a doctor—one of their maxims advises them "never to live in a place where no Hakim dwells." It has been by knowing and respecting these usages that we have gained such an extensive influence among the people here.

Towards the end of 1882 a great fire in the

Jewish quarter rendered some fifteen hundred families homeless and destitute. These looked in all directions for help, a very large proportion of them coming to the Missionary Doctor. What they begged for was merely a bit of canvas to shelter them and their children from the scorching sun. Before many weeks had passed, however, I saw crowds of these huddling together for warmth among the ruins of their old homes, and begging now for protection from the bitter cold and for fuel. I appealed to the sympathy of friends at home, both by means of the *Record* and by private letters, in hopes of getting the wherewithal to help a few. In less than three weeks such a response came to my appeal that hundreds of families got assistance in the way of house-room, bedding, fuel, food, and clothing. One can hardly describe the scenes of daily occurrence round the door of the Mission House during that sad time. Early in the morning eager crowds gathered, waiting for the distribution of tickets, wonderful tickets that could be exchanged for food or coal. A humorous incident occurred in connection with this distribution about a year later. A man, respectably dressed, came to me, telling me that he had been burned out of his house, and had immediately left for Constantinople. However, as he had heard that "Her Majesty commissioned me to supply all those who had suffered loss with various goods, he, having been absent at the time of general parting, came now to receive his share!" But as a rule, the people received their gifts with expressions of heartfelt gratitude, and many were the blessings bestowed on the Committee and the Doctor.

Later on, many of the homeless flocked to the

Lazaretto, which in consequence became so overcrowded that a movement was set on foot to enlarge it. The Jewish authorities invited me to see their plans of extensions, asked if I could make any further suggestions to them, and begged that I might give what practical aid I could for the benefit of their poor. I did what I could for them, and now find that nowhere do I meet with greater gratitude for any service done than among the poor Jews of the Lazaretto.

Poor people still kept flocking to the Dispensary who were ashamed to ask for bread, but whose cases of sickness and debility too surely evinced that they were suffering from want of food. We opened a soup-kitchen for these, making arrangements with a Jew to do the cooking for them. Houses were visited and tickets distributed according to necessity. This allowed families to receive some daily supply of food with the greatest of privacy.

Before very long, the Medical Mission became known not only in Smyrna but in the surrounding districts as a sort of "Enquire within for Everything." More than once I have been called on to decide judicially between two tradesmen who had fallen out, and even in delicate matters concerning family affairs.

All the while we strove to show these poor people the motive power and source of all Christian benevolence, that we loved them and worked for them for our common Father's sake, and for the sake of His Son who loved us and gave Himself for us.

Before this time, the relation between us and the people was chiefly that between doctor and patient, or helper and helped. But as soon as the Hospital



*THE CHIEF RABBI, SMYRNA.

was opened, our relationship became more intimate. When the idea of an Hospital was first mooted, many prophesied that it would be a failure; they said, "As long as your connection with the people is at a distance, they will be friendly towards you and respect you, because you help them without infringing any of their national traditions. But as soon as you ask them to come into your Hospital, to eat of your food, and be more directly under your Christian influence, all connection will cease." Happily, however, such has not been the case. No sooner was the Hospital opened than we had applications for admission from many more than we could accommodate. We gave them to understand, too, most distinctly at the outset, that we did not intend to conform to their usages in the matter of diet. We would not try to dissuade them from certain beliefs; what we wished for was the healing of their bodies, and the opening of their minds to receive Christ as their Messiah.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to give a few instances of cases that came under our notice, to show the confidence inspired by the Medical Mission, the prejudices to Christianity removed by it, and the thirst which it fostered among those who received its benefits for a knowledge of the truth which underlies all Christian charity. One of my first cases makes a pathetic little tale: A man came to the Dispensary one morning, and, on being admitted to consultation, told me that he himself was well, but he had come some twenty-three miles to consult me about his little son. I could gather very little information as to the nature of the disease of the

child from his description, and at first hesitated whether I should allow the little one to be brought. But, as the poor fellow was most importunate, and seemed so confident that should his child get into the Hospital it must be cured, I consented to his bringing it.

Two days later, on looking from the window, I saw what appeared a curious sight—a man and woman carrying a bundle of rags in a square washing tub. The care which they bestowed on their burden led me to watch their movements, and with not a little surprise, I saw them stop at my own door. On looking at the man more closely, I found he was my visitor of the former day. When the “bundle” had been carefully deposited in the hall, I found among the rags what was absolutely a living skeleton,—a poor child so emaciated that the bright shining eyes seemed three times too big for the face from which they looked up at us. The outlines of every bone in the body could be distinctly traced, and all the joints of the upper and lower limbs were suppurating. A single look at such an object was enough to tell any doctor that the case was hopeless. I asked the parents why they had carried their child such a distance to die here. They only replied, “We had no doctor, and we thought you could do something for us.” But one could hardly believe what proper diet and careful nursing did for the child. The faith of the parents was rewarded by having their child restored, if not to the original free use of his limbs, at least so far as to be able to walk on crutches. He is now a lively little fellow, who hops about contentedly, very grateful for his

limited powers of locomotion. These were orthodox Jews, strict observers of the law. But during his stay in my house, the father and I had many conversations on the subject of Christianity. Before he went away he asked me for a New Testament, which I know he read carefully from the knowledge of it that I afterwards found him to possess.

Another man came to me from Magnesia, a city about fifty miles from Smyrna. He had been suffering for more than a year from a chronic internal disease. So bigoted was he that for days he would not touch a New Testament, even a Hebrew Bible belonging to a Christian he would not read. When in conversation I approached the subject of religion, he closed his eyes, pleading weariness or internal pain as an excuse for not listening. His case was incurable, and I was able only to alleviate the most distressing symptoms, for which the man seemed very grateful. Gradually his prejudices began to melt away and he no longer objected to talk of Israel's Hope. One evening I found him in a very depressed condition over his protracted illness. He told me I had cured one man of what he thought a similar disease, why was I not curing him? Then he told me of the distress in his house caused by his long inability to work, how it had been necessary to sell the household treasures for bread, how he had a large family to provide for, among them daughters who needed marriage portions; and with tears in his eyes he pled in almost exact Biblical phrase, “If you are willing you can heal me.” I was obliged to tell him his case was incurable, not from want of will on my part but from want of power. If we were not

willing to help him, why did we keep him there, feed him and nurse him? This was not done for payment, not for his good opinion, but merely because we were anxious to do him good. I then told him of the Great Physician with whom all things are possible, whose power never fails, and we read for the first time a portion of the New Testament. To him it was something quite new and very startling to find that this Physician was the rejected Messiah. He now began to look forward to my evening visits, and pressed me to lengthen them. He read the New Testament for himself, and told me he was bewildered with what he found there. Who could fathom the depths of that man's troubled heart, or guess at the visions that flitted through his mind? Certainly no human power. I, as well as the Rev. Mr. Eppstein, had opportunities of praying with him. He left us soon after, taking with him a New Testament which he had asked of me. I am in no position to judge of that man's heart, but one thing is certain, he set out on the right road in search of Truth. Our hope is that in his last hours he was able to look back, as Abraham looked forward, to the Cross of Calvary with rejoicing.

These two cases are cited merely as specimens of the Jews who have been brought directly under our influence.

But besides Jews, many others have benefited from the Medical Mission, among them Turks and native Christians. The other day a little Turkish donkey boy was brought in with a badly lacerated leg, the result of a bite from a donkey which had become vicious. He had been in the Turkish

Hospital for a fortnight but left it much worse than he entered. His face was unspeakably solemn when he came to us. On being asked about his relations, he said he had none. His mother had died first, and when his father followed her he left little Ali his sole possession—a donkey. The donkey became Ali's brother and only friend. He told us how he used to embrace and kiss it when it was tired, and if it had not enough to eat, he would have sold his fez to buy it a feed of corn. But one day the donkey broke its knees and shortly after it died, leaving poor Ali alone in the world. He says he wished to die too! But now, with a rapidly recovering leg, Ali is putting a better face upon matters, and is looking forward with most philosophic cheerfulness to running twenty or thirty miles daily after another man's donkey.

But Ali is not our only Turk; in the bed next to him we have the Chief Dervish of Magnesia, who is a man well educated, and liberal-minded enough to seek help from a Christian. He had been suffering for some months from chronic dysentery, and had heard of our Hospital from a neighbouring Jew who had been cured by us of a similar disease some little time before. He told me that he too could cure diseases by certain writings and incantations, so I said to him, "Physician, heal thyself!" In reply he told me that diseases are divided into two classes—one curable by his method; the other, among which his own malady was included, curable only by mine.

He was a typical Turk! A day or two after he came in, while suffering very much, he told me that were he rich, he would gladly leave us twenty pounds

on going out cured, but as he was not rich, he would leave us twenty dollars. He recovered rapidly, and on the evening before his departure I jocularly alluded to the twenty dollars. He said, "Allah is great! What is twenty dollars? I shall pray to Allah and He will send you sixty liras, which will be much better." To assure us of his sanctity he told us a wonderful story. Before going to Mecca his face was as bare as the palm of his hand, but as he looked on the tomb of the Prophet, suddenly his beard sprang to its present dimensions.

Before leaving, the Dervish gave me a most cordial invitation to visit him in Magnesia. Thus we are gradually extending our influence to other cities besides Smyrna.

CHAPTER VII

A FEW THOUGHTS ON JEWISH MISSIONS

I AM afraid Jewish Missions have been little understood—Christians seem to have taken only a half-hearted interest in them as a rule. For centuries the Jews were persecuted by the Church, then followed a period of neglect, and when at last the Church was awakened to a sense of its negligence it said, "The Jews are bad, the Jews are stiff-necked, the Jews are incorrigible. Yet they have some claim on us, for were not our Saviour and His disciples Jews? Although it is more shame to the Jews that they remain so, let us send somebody to them, peradventure we may be able to pluck a few brands from the burning."

It is to the credit of the Church of Scotland that she was the first Church in the field of Missions to the Jews; but even then only part of the Church entered into the scheme, the majority looked on with indifference. As a natural consequence, Jewish Missions have not shown a large measure of visible results. True, many Jews have been brought to a knowledge of the Messiahship of Christ,—in some marked examples, without the aid of a missionary. Another reason why Jewish Missions have not been

more successful is because missionaries have in many cases not understood the people among whom they came to work. Jewish Missionaries are very apt to forget that for ages the Jews were the sole guardians of revealed truth, which truth they originally received from God. The Jews have ceased from the sin of idolatry, and are not to be approached in the same manner as heathens. Moreover, they still cling, and rightly too, to the hope of the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning their nation.

We treat them as if for the last nineteen centuries they had been standing still, while other nations have been progressing. We have given them credit for being only *Jews* or sharp business men, who can make a living where a Christian would starve. And we have forgotten that in all departments of literature, art and philosophy, they have stood second to none.

Two classes of missionaries come out among the Jews, one, whose agent is a desultory sort of worker who carries on a guerilla warfare against their institutions. Schools he has none, nor any other agency whereby to benefit the poor people. Only by his superior enlightenment will he be able to "convert" two or three which will be worth a great deal. But these conversions in all likelihood turn out to be spurious cases, being, as a rule, young men who have had no work, and in fact *mauvais sujets*. Lately, during a conversation with a highly-educated French Jew, I heard the opinion held by his class concerning these. He said, "When I hear of a Jewish convert to Christianity, I ask what sort of a character had he? Did he work? In many cases the character

is not of the best, and he had no work. His loss is nothing to the Jewish community, and if the Christians think him a gain they are welcome to him." I said to him, "But what of Neander, Herschell, Saphir, and others of equal repute?" He admitted that they must be true converts, a loss to the Jewish Church, but still the pride of the Jewish nation. Through such men as these, Christians are led to look upon Jews in a different light.

No! no! That desultory warfare, making a single captive, will never do! We must have larger ideas. The cry must not be, Tell us of baptisms; nor must the judgment of a committee as to the efficiency and success of a missionary be based on the number of baptisms he performs. These may, and often do, mean very little—in fact may do positive harm, as the ordinary Jew is thus made to look upon the Sacrament of baptism as the chief requisite for becoming a Christian.

Missionaries of the second class, among whom are the agents of the Church of Scotland, have educational aims set before them. They work on the right principle, but as a rule do not go far enough. The fault lies not with the committees nor with the agents, but in the inadequate support afforded by the Church as a whole. They have an idea that a little is better than nothing. That may be so, where a loaf is in question, but in Missionary effort "a little" may be worthless. We must take into account all the surrounding circumstances. We come into a community for the purpose of teaching. If our standard of education, and our appliances for the same, are inferior to those already existing in or

attainable by, that community, we must necessarily fail in attracting their children. Indeed, we only play into their hands; they will allow us the labour of teaching rudimentary knowledge which is carried on while children's minds are not likely to receive any lasting impression. The higher education, which really in greatest measure forms the character, these children will seek in their own schools. While this system continues, we are practically wasting our energies. I see no reason for the belief that "anything is good enough for a Mission School." We would do well to take a leaf from the book of the American Missionaries in this matter; they understand the educational needs of the people and provide for them. For us, advance can only be made by larger liberality and effort on the part of the Church.

But even with the most complete appliances for the education of the children, it is not sufficient to work for them alone. We must at the same time extend our efforts to the parents, otherwise they will undo all that we can accomplish for the children.

It is a true saying that, "Do what you like with a Jew, a Jew he will always remain." God forbid that we should try to make anything else of him. We do not, or at least we ought not, seek to denationalise him,—that would be contrary to prophecy and to God's will as shown in His dealings with these people. The Jew is already in possession of many precious truths; what we seek is to direct his mind to the proper conclusion whither those truths point,—to bring him to a knowledge of Jesus as the Messiah promised to Israel. Let the Jew accept that and we

are satisfied. I most heartily concur with the views of Rabinowitz. The Jew clings to his Passover Feast—and why not? Is it not a commemoration of a great national deliverance? The Jew clings to the rite of circumcision, and why not? It was God's peculiar covenant with Abraham called an "*everlasting* covenant." But once the Jew accepts Christ as the Messiah, he will sooner or later cease to observe the religious ceremonials that merely shadowed forth what has already been fulfilled in Christ.

We must always show a true respect for their Mosaic dispensation, otherwise we will only repel them. In preaching to a Jewish audience, one cannot take up a Christian dogma, or doctrine for exposition. One cannot say, "It is written so in the New Testament," as a proof of its veracity; for the Jew, to commence with, does not believe in the New Testament. We must invariably take our premisses from that which he already believes—the Old Testament, and draw our conclusions to New Testament facts. If we take this line we will invariably succeed in interesting the Jew, and set him thinking. This is the only logical way of bringing conviction to a Jew, and every Christian Jew I have met corroborates this from personal experience.

But with all this, one must keep in view, and sympathise with, all the doubts and difficulties that beset a Jew the moment he begins to deviate from the old paths. Not only is he tossed to and fro on a sea of internal doubts and fears, but every external circumstance goes against him. He sees idolators who call themselves Christians; he sees men whose

morality is inferior to his own calling themselves Christians. He asks himself the question, "Is there not a mistake somewhere? Must I give up these old Jewish ceremonies established by divine command for conflicting modern rituals? Shall I cast myself adrift from the old ark that has weathered a thousand storms? Must I be disowned by parents and all those others dear to me by natural ties, and then be received by Christians at best with suspicion?"

I would lay emphasis on "suspicion," for there are Christians who do not believe in the possibility of a Jew being converted. The structure of Christianity stands or falls with this question: If the conversion of a Jew is impossible, the Apostles could never have been converted; and St. Paul was only an enthusiast and a madman when he said, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Has the Gospel lost its power since then? If it has, then close your churches and silence your preachers. To say that a change of mind, heart, and feeling is impossible, is to say that we thoroughly know the mind of man, and, moreover, to insist that it can run in one groove only, and that consequently all instructors and philosophers labour in vain.

But when the Jew from conviction has left all and followed Christ, what is to become of him? What will his future be? This is a vexed problem in Jewish Missions and has yet to be solved. He at once breaks all old ties, he is despised or persecuted by his brethren, and

generally his former means of obtaining a livelihood are removed out of his power. The missionary cannot make provision for all converts; even if we give work to one, his brethren point the finger of scorn and say we pension him. Hitherto the missionary usually has been obliged to send a convert away to a strange place where, unknown, he may be able to support himself. The disadvantages of such a proceeding are evident—we lose a witness for the Truth, and find that spite of all our work we can never have a Jewish Christian community or Church. Could we collect such a community, the advantages would be obvious. The missionary would be surrounded by fellow-workers. A hesitating Jew would more readily step across the line if he knew that a welcome waited him on the other side from men who had experienced like trials with himself. He would have congenial social intercourse among his own people still. Did facilities for the temporal welfare of Jewish converts exist, many more would openly profess the secret beliefs which they hold concerning the Messiahship of Christ. We have yet to discover a means by which we can keep our converts in the city of their nativity, and I think that this can be done only when Christians, both at home and in the Mission field, are thoroughly in earnest over our Jewish work.

APPENDIX

SOME NOTES AND FACTS

I.—FOLLOWING the example of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, we have kept a register of all the cases treated by us during the last six years. The following will give some idea of the professional work that has been done :—

Three days a week we receive patients at the Dispensary. On the alternate days we visit at their homes such as are not able to come to us.

Cases registered in the Dispensary for the first time	21,000
Number of visits, allowing each case an average of three visits	63,000

Of these we may give a rough division of the visits as regards nationality and sex—

Jews { Male	20,000
Female	30,000
Greeks	10,000
Turks and others	5,000
Prescriptions dispensed	150,000

Besides the above, non-professional visits have been paid to Jewish houses of which no record has been kept.

Since opening the Beaconsfield Memorial in January 1887, fifty cases have been treated in the Hospital, chiefly Jews. We have had several interruptions, but of course this department is only developing.

II.—This is hardly the place to give a detailed account of the nature of the cases, that being more suitable for a medical paper. But the following general outline will give an idea what they are like. About ten per cent are surgical, the other ninety per cent comprise numerous and very diverse maladies of a medical nature—chest complaints, eye diseases, and malarial fevers, forming at least fifty per cent.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to the reader to know how the natives here treat many of their diseases. Should one suffer from earache, the bulb of an onion is introduced into the ear, and allowed there to rot. I need hardly say that the first introduction of my ear-speculum into an ear so treated showed me very little of the tympanum.

An inflamed eye is treated by having a smooth pebble or an old ring hung over it to charm away the disease. Another method of treating this is by establishing counter-irritation. A wound is made in the leg usually, where a bean is inserted, which keeps the sore open until the eye is healed.

A cure for jaundice. Take a piece of yellow silk thread, the exact length of the patient. Dip it in honey and let the patient swallow it. Immediately thereafter make a transverse cut across the bridge of the nose between the eyes, and allow it to bleed profusely. Those suffering from strumous diseases hope to be cured by eating the flesh of a weasel, but should that fail, they consider that the flesh of a mummy is quite infallible. Dislocated joints are charmed back into position by applying poultice made of a fish very seldom to be got.

An epileptic fit is treated by a Dervish, who applies the entrails of a newly killed chicken over the epigastric region.

Prolonged labour is shortened by blowing ram's horns over the patient so as to frighten away evil spirits.

The wound caused by dog-bite is treated by having applied to it some hairs pulled from the animal's body.

Many serious diseases are supposed to be cured by old women who shut themselves up with the patients for days and communicate with the spirits.

Falling off hair is restored by the application of an ointment composed of powdered snake and oil.

But as prevention is better than cure, all the natives, Jews, Christians, and Turks alike, carry charms to ward off the Evil Eye which causes these diseases. And should the above remedies fail in curing a sufferer, as in truth they generally do, he then applies to a doctor for aid.

III.—The population of Smyrna consists of

Greeks	.	.	.	100,000
Turks	.	.	.	50,000
Jews	.	.	.	30,000
Armenians	.	.	.	10,000
Franks	.	.	.	15,000
				<hr/>
				205,000
				<hr/>

IV.—Protestant Mission Agencies working in Smyrna :—

- Church of Scotland (to Jews)—*Schools and Medical Mission.*
- London Jews Society (to Jews).
- American Mission (to Armenians)—*Schools.*
- Evangelical Mission (to Greeks).
- German Deaconesses.—*School and Orphanage.*
- Sailors' Rest.