



HAULING WOOD FROM THE MOUNTAIN FOR OUR NEW HOME.

Bardezag:
A Garden
of Boys.

JULY, 1903.

BARDEZAG:

AN AMERICAN MISSION STATION UNDER THE AMERICAN
BOARD OF MISSIONS.

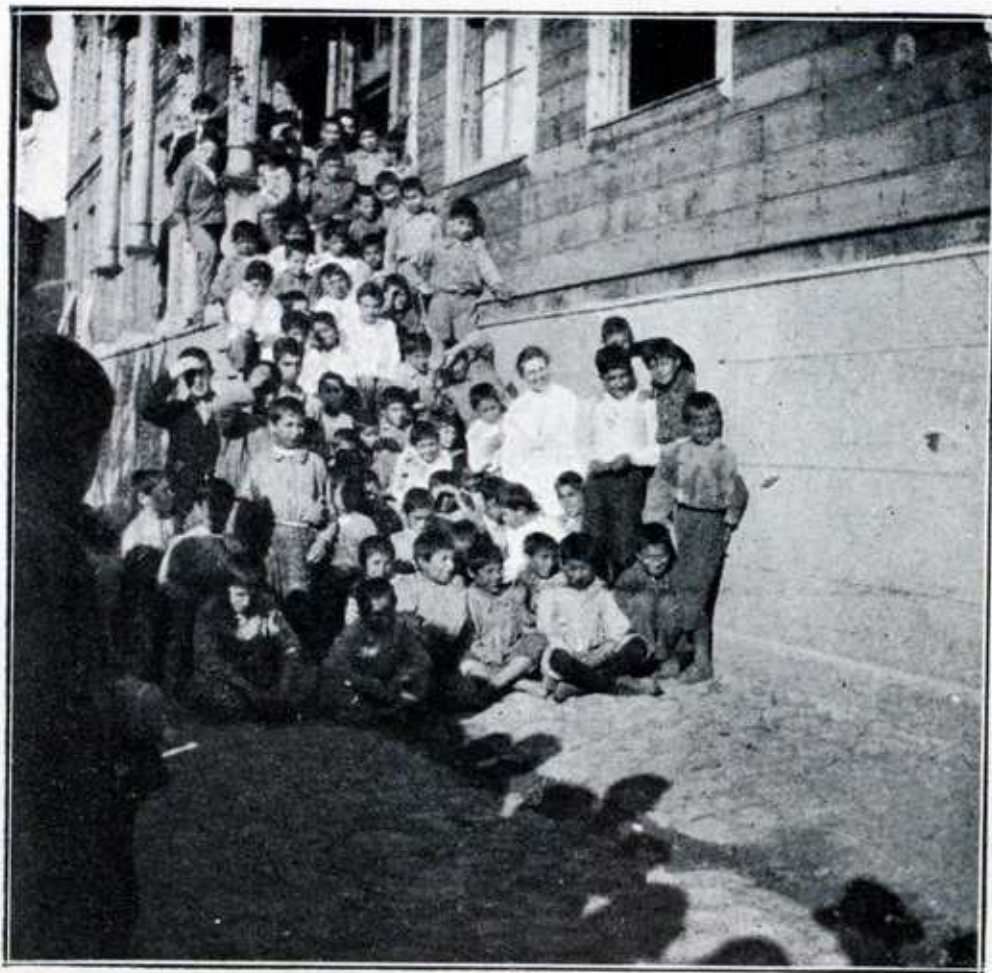


*A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE WORK CARRIED ON AT BARDEZAG,
A VILLAGE IN THE BITHYNIA MOUNTAINS, ABOUT
60 MILES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE, AT
THE UPPER END OF THE
GULF OF ISMIDT.*

—❖—
BY S. NEWNHAM.

—❖—
PRICE TWOPENCE.

Bardezag: a Garden of Boys.



ORPHANS ON HIGH SCHOOL STEPS.

“WE have a new house. We will work for the new house.” Thus opens the English composition of Stepan, one of the Bardezag orphans. Behold him a few days after thus writing, a piece of old sacking tied round to keep him clean, his trousers rolled above his knees, his sturdy bare legs standing in wet mud which he was manfully mixing with a shovel for plastering together the bricks of the “New House.” This building is the subject of the most absorbing interest to boys, masters, and indeed to the whole neighbourhood, and needs some explanation.

About 45 years ago, at the edge of the village of Bardezag, in the Bithynia mountains, a long, low building was put up for a cocoonery. After a time it was used by the American missionaries as a girls' school for many years, and again became a dwelling-house. At the time of the terrible sufferings of our Armenian brethren (1896), Dr. Chambers, the missionary in charge of this district, received a first instalment of orphans from Constantinople and, having nowhere to house them, the dwellers in this old shanty voluntarily turned out at a day or two's notice, and the orphans were installed. A strong new school was soon built, which to this day is known as the "Swiss Building," since the funds for its erection came from that little country of large-hearted people. This latter building consists of a large school-room below and dormitories above for the elder boys, and is comfortable and simple. The old building was put to much more complicated uses: kitchen, store, dining, clothes and workers' rooms, tailors' and shoe-makers' places, dormitories and play-rooms for the smaller boys, etc. Quickly the little ones filled in from all parts of the Empire. Although mostly sent by the Constantinople missionaries, they comprised refugees from desolated interior villages.

Over 100 terror-stricken boys soon crept under Mrs. Chambers' motherly wing. She soothed their woes, dressed their sores, and tried in every way that love could devise to make them forget the horrors through which they had passed. Little by little their tears were dried, they ceased to wake in the night screaming with fear, the frightened look, which was so heart-rending, passed from their dear little eyes, and they came to look upon "Our Orphanage" as the dearest, happiest place on earth.

The villagers used to crowd round the fence to watch the little fellows at play, and many a kind, useful gift of garden produce or home-made cloth was sent in to help.

* * * * *

The years rolled by, and great changes were seen in the surroundings. It will be well to explain Dr. Chambers' position. He is a Canadian, working under

the American Board of Missions. He has the oversight of all the native Protestant Churches and Schools in the Bithynia district, work which by itself would occupy the time and energies of one man. In addition to this he is principal of a High School for boys, which has grown tremendously under his fostering care, and has become, under ordinary circumstances, self-supporting. In 1899 it became imperative to find a shelter for this High School, the leases of the old cocoonery in which was its study-hall, and of the cottages used as dormitories, expiring. In their devotion to the work the C.s sacrificed their precious bit of garden, and instead of flowers and vegetables that spring rose up a splendid and suitable building, and the High School moved in, the entrance being past the old Orphanage, which looked more squalid than ever. This unavoidable enterprise entailed a heavy debt, which remains a burden on an over-worked man to this day. "My brethren, these things ought not so to be." There is money enough in England and America, money that is accumulating unneeded interest or ministering only to luxury, to clear off the debt to-day without inconvenience



BARDEZAG HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

to anyone; although we believe that mission funds are mostly supplied through the self-denial of less wealthy people, *i.e.*, those who know by experience what it is to be unable to fulfil their desires.

Be that as it may, we earnestly appeal to all God's servants into whose hands this may fall, to reach out those hands at once in willing help for the Saviour's sake. *Donations* are asked, not subscriptions; give them this year freely and generously that another appeal may not be needed!!

A warm-hearted American authorised an effort this winter, promising that if £700 were raised by the end of June, he would add the last £100 needed to clear off the whole debt. Our hearts were full of hope, but the friends in whose hands the appeal was placed gave no intimation that efforts must be made in other directions; but only on June 30th did we receive their answer that the generous challenge could not be taken up! This was indeed a bitter disappointment with which to begin the summer holidays. But, friends, Anglo-Saxons are not so easily beaten; with your help we will work shoulder to shoulder and claim the promise as the *result* of our summer's work, instead of a permission to restful enjoyment of the two months. But the joy will be there, deep and abiding.

Please send in your cheques, large and small, but *the larger the better*, to—

H. MUNRO FERGUSON, ESQ.,

“Friends of Armenia,”

47, Victoria Street,

Westminster, London, S.W.,—

who will see that Dr. and Mrs. Chambers' holiday in that enervating land is refreshed by news of what is going forward.

Our brethren across the water will be handicapped by the postal distance, but we are drawn so near together now that the difference will be but slight. Will they be kind enough to send their generous contributions to—

MISS WHEELER,

40, King Street, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.

"Bis dat qui cito dat."

And may God's blessing rest on every helper!

Once on its feet, the School can run alone, scholars' fees paying all expenses, teachers' salaries included, that is if the state of the country does not prevent a reasonable number of pupils from coming. Its work is invaluable. Its graduates are to be found in all parts of the Empire, as also in England and America, many of them *faithfully* doing their work not merely as bread-winners, but as teachers and stewards of the Bread of Life, blessing the day that brought them under the Christian training at Bardezag High School.

Those who appreciate the influence for good that these young men may be upon their compatriots will realise the responsibility which attaches to the work.

A Mother's Hope.

The circumstances of the Orphanage also are changing, and the time for which support was promised



HOUSE-MOTHER AND SON—
THE LATTER A GRADUATE OF HIGH SCHOOL.

by our faithful friends has elapsed. War and famine in other lands draw sympathy away from us. We can only be thankful that it has been practically manifested so long, and we are trying to be less dependent on outside help. For this reason we have been receiving for pay, boys whose parents cannot afford the High School fees; what they may pay over and above the actual cost of their keep helps towards the support of destitute orphans. Of the poorer ones also there are many whose



HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS BROUGHT TO OUR DOOR.

mothers have found work, and can send perhaps £2 or £3 a year, and this we require of them. Others, however, are absolutely without the means of living, many little ones whom we *cannot* turn out into the streets. One mother wrote to her little boys who had pleaded to go home for the summer when the others did, "You have forgotten what it is here, I haven't bread for you. Be patient and stay where you are, I am learning a new work, when I can really earn something by it I will send for you." For such as these we become beggars; may our brethren continue to supply food and clothing for these little ones in the Master's Name. We are straining every nerve to economize and earn, do you strengthen our hearts and hands!

Economy to the Fore.

This has proved a very economical year. Clothes were badly needed, but not one para has been paid for making them. A class of quite small boys learned to sew, and they have done an immense deal of work on the under-garments, as well as of mending their woollen socks. Behold in our picture the various attitudes of effort, and the sublime smile of the youngster who is picking from the basket the sock with the smallest holes! This class made the spring suits, each boy, as far as possible, doing all the hand-work of his own blouse and trousers, a bigger boy sitting at the machine by the hour running up seams. Proud were they indeed when they formed in procession, grouped according to their colours, to march to Church on Easter Day; and very sweet they looked all squatting on the matted floor, the blues one side and reds the other, within the chancel rails, the special place assigned them by the Gregorian Church. Here let me mention that the effect of their Protestant training is seen in their reverent behaviour at their own services, so different from the restless, chattering villagers outside the rails.

One cannot say that success was easily won in the tailoring class; 16 or more mischievous boys crowded into one tiny room; one unfortunate being to teach the right way, inspect stitches, order un-picking, see the right cotton used for each kind



CHAMPION TAILORS.

of sewing, watch that it didn't slip into handy pockets to be converted into kite strings, stepping to and fro over little squatters on the floor. When one's back is unavoidably turned it is a frightful temptation to a restless boy to stick his needle into his neighbour's leg ; or having to wait his turn for attention, how natural for the small fingers to test the scissors on anything that came handy ! These necessary implements cause almost as much destruction as our White Rabbit, who positively hunts the boys out of her way, and as they facetiously remark, " Opens button-holes, but never sews them round " ! They have many little jokes over their work, *e.g.*, nick-naming the scissors, the large ones being " the fly," the button-hole scissors, " the bee," and the wee things, " the lion."

On the whole it is a most happy and successful class, the boys, as a rule, being eager to come oftener than we can be ready for them.

Stitch ! Stitch ! Stitch !

Some members of the Protestant Church most kindly gave their time, standing for hours cutting out under-shirts, etc., many of which they carried home, and had sewn free by their neighbours. The women of Ismidt also sewed gratis about 50 shirts, and we were indeed grateful for this lifting of our burdens, as well as for the kindly feeling of which it is a proof—indeed, the villagers are very sympathetic. The tailor, who used to train our boys, made three coats for us free that we might not have the anxiety of fitting big boys, but this brought before us the necessity of learning to make coats for lads of 18 or so—a few of whom are kept on as part helpers in the Home. A day or two spent at his shop in the market revealed a few mysteries, and opened one's eyes as to the difficulties of a good fit ! Khacheg, a regular apprentice, having broken his arm was at home for some weeks, during which time he was a capital assistant, guiding the little sewers with his one hand and giving us some good hints.

Hovhannes, who had worked for a year or so under the master tailor, was

responsible for a class of bigger boys, and under his instruction they became splendid button-hole makers.

The sum total of work accomplished in the year was upwards of 238 undergarments, 15 shirts, 48 blouses, 17 coats, 43 pair trousers, 6 waistcoats, to say nothing of the terrible sock holes darned week by week with the aid of the wooden "eggs" made by the little carpenter boy, and endless patches sewn on little garments.

Special mention must be made of the "tales of bricks" of the last two weeks in June, when Hovhannes, having finished his examinations as graduating from the High School, devoted himself to making the suits for himself and class-mates, who are now going to earn their way in the world. He worked with enthusiasm on the clothes cut out for us by the tailor, so that in one week the two of us practically finished 5 jackets, 3 waistcoats and 1 pair of trousers.

The appearance of the boys in their new cream duck jackets Sunday morning caused quite a sensation amongst the High School boys, and were our time and strength sufficient we might make a thriving trade in these articles, leading the fashion.

Hovhannes had to wear once each piece of his outfit, winter and summer goods, remarking, sweetly, he really felt like Queen



SINGER'S GIFT MACHINE.

Elizabeth with such an extensive wardrobe! although to us it would seem meagre enough.

Finger-Work.

Miss Wheeler, Secretary of the Armenian Relief Committee in America, and her brother kept rousing us on the subject of "Finger-Work," so our 1 lb. of plasticine was produced, and as a reward for steady sewing a boy would be allowed to retire to the corner of the room for half an hour "to make something." Such wonderful animals, pots, and oddities were turned out! But the scarcity of material caused trouble so, when some scouts brought news of green clay away up on the hill, we set out to secure a supply.

Bare-footed boys waded into a tunnel and scooped out masses of wet clay; then down they sat on the hill-side to mould houses and plan our life in them. It was a sweet picture—so free and careless were the little ones—working, chattering, singing, swinging on the trees, the sun lighting up their happy faces under the red fezes.



BUSY FINGERS—OLD ORPHANAGE AS BACKGROUND.



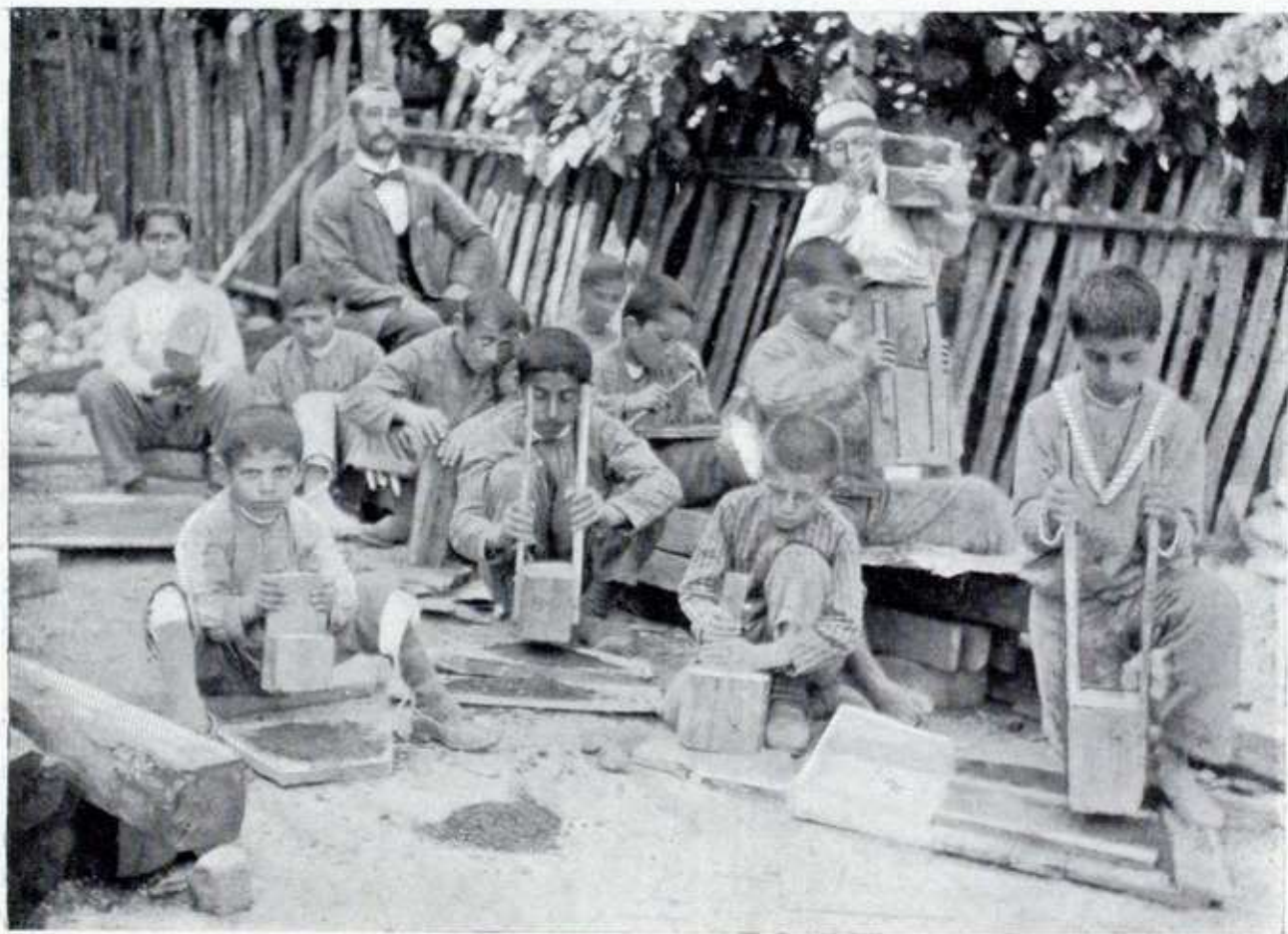
LAZ BUILDING HUTS.

Tearing Down.

But they did not stop at *mud* houses. Our wild little mountain Laz developed a great taste for carpentering, and through the winter was always ready to mend our Home, *i.e.*, whenever anyone put his foot through the rotten flooring Laz would fit into the hole bits of old boxes, or, if too bad for that, nail pieces right over. We bought him an axe, which he always used with his left hand, and it really seemed that he was learning to be "faithful in little," bringing back the unused nails instead of hiding them in his pillow-slip for sled making, as had been his wont. We refused to spend one needless para on the building, as it had fallen into such a state of decay that a new one was imperatively necessary, and towards this end, step by step, our Heavenly Father led us on, shewing us opportunities for laying in stores of seasoned timber, until in May we obtained local permission to begin a substitute building. So we held our closing entertainment early, the orphans singing and reciting, and four elder ones playing several violin pieces quite creditably, a matter of great jubilation amongst their comrades. They have a very loyal feeling towards the Orphanage, and don't mind much which boy attains an honour, as long as the honour *is* won for their Home. In the High School football matches the Orphanage members of the class that won the championship said, "We had made up our minds that it would be all right if the seniors won, because there were orphans in that class too!"

Building Up.

By special arrangement all the younger boys were sent away for the summer, to the friends of the most destitute money for bread being allowed, and the old Home became at once a scene of desolation. The remaining boys were formed into a line for handing down the tiles first to be stacked ready for the new Home. As the workmen battered down the old beams the little fellows scrambled amongst the dust of ages, bringing us buttons, pens, and other valuables. The old architect was much



POUNDING BRICKS FOR MORTAR.

touched by seeing that when the candyman came to the fence, and would fain have exchanged his wares for old nails, etc., the boys said, "No, these are for our Orphanage, and must all go to Madama."

To quote from Stepan again: "First the architect measured, then Dr. Chambers prayed for the new house. Then the workmen brought the stones, and some of the boys helped them. Then they began to join the walls. The butcher killed the lambs, then the priests and Baron Mikael sang a chant, and Dr. C. read a Psalm and prayed. Then the masons began to work in earnest. The house has three storeys. The washhouse and the kitchen will be separate, at the side of the playground. By this means the steam and the smell will not reach the house."

First Earnings.

The boys, big and little, worked bravely in all their spare time, thus saving much expense. Carrying bricks, and mud for joining them, chopping hemp for mixing in the mortar, pounding broken bricks (see picture), for outside plaster, all must be done by hand. It was like a happy anthill, all movement, each toiling on his own way to and fro. In thirteen days the frame was up and the roof on. Some of our Graduating Class began working regularly from 5 a.m. till 7 p.m. so faithfully that the architect awarded them higher wages than the workmen whose places they had taken. On Saturday night they voluntarily brought their earnings as an offering to the Orphanage. Harontune was prepared to say, "I've been six years in the Orphanage, and here is the beginning of paying my debt," but when he stood before Dr. and Mrs. C. he was seized with shyness and only said, "The steward wants 2 ps. change"!

We are all delighting in the thought of space, cleanliness and comfort next year in a building really adapted to the purpose for which it will be used. Up to the time of writing there is no debt, thank God, and we are confident that His servants will be led to give us the means to finish what is absolutely necessary.



THREE ORPHAN BROTHERS;
THE ELDEST—MR. LEBANON—PAID FOR BY ARAB SCHOOL-BOYS THAT
HE MAY BE TRAINED AS TEACHER FOR HIS OWN VILLAGE.

Followers of Dr. Lorenz.

When any leisure can be found from this great work there is another undertaking calling for labourers. Dr. C. had bought a piece of land which he this spring lent to the orphans to see what they could make of it. This was most exciting. A group of eager boys would troop up the hill with their tools in the fresh early morning to dig round the young mulberry trees, plant potatoes, beans and other vegetables, and gain health, appetite, and experience in manly toil. As one boy wrote to his supporter in Switzerland, "We are learning to get physical culture at the same time with the mental, and be like Dr. Lorenz, who was a farmer's son and had good muscles." Many half holidays were thus passed happily and usefully, and now the beans are curling green and luxuriant around their poles, and tomatoes most flourishing.

What a triumph could we but win the prize offered by Messrs. Maule for the best tomatoes grown from the seed sent gratis!

At the corner of the garden a small hut was built of old boards from the



PREPARING FOR MAULE'S PRIZE TOMATOES

Orphanage, and here we would gladly invite our benefactors to a picnic tea. The original purpose of this hut was to shelter a *bekji*, protector of the garden; but the attacks on our precious plants have happily ceased, and the kiosk remains a monument of the boys' work. It was so funny to see the dignified bearing of urchins of 10 and 11 years old, returning at dusk from watering the young plants, to the smaller folk who popped their heads from under the quilts to hail them; they called out, "You lie down and sleep that you may become men. *We* have been working in the field, just that." They pulled up their carefully made fences unbidden, and carried the sticks up to use as bean supports, and transplanted their various treasures to the new garden. How much one could tell would it not be



wearying to our readers, such as the work so willingly done in making Mrs. C.'s little garden plot, the original way of levelling the new-laid sods by sitting forcibly on them! When told the young grass was Robert C.'s "play-ground," one small boy took off his shoes before treading on it.

Promising Signs.

These are a few details of our daily life, and we long for a graphic pen, that you might enjoy a better view of it. But we must hurry on to the most important part of all, the measure of encouragement which our Heavenly Father grants—the first-fruits, although it is still sowing-time. There are a few

boys who have remained six years in the Orphanage, and who, being chosen out for some special suitability, have followed the High School course as day-boys, graduating this June. It is not in vain that they have been kept for this extra time, for their influence is very valuable amongst the younger boys and lightens our task, undermanned as we are. When the House-master went away for a week one of these boys took charge of the dormitories, and kept perfect order, no Master being in the building at all. The Matron being away at the same time, another boy managed the dining-room work, whilst a third took the little ones' dormitories, things going as smoothly as if our whole staff were present. This is no small encouragement; but there was better still. On the Sunday evening two of them conducted the service in the Orphanage, reading, explaining, praying, and on another occasion giving good, straight advice to those who were leaving, such as that they should *never* neglect the daily reading of their Bible,



SEWING SHEETS ON TO THE QUILTS.



and be careful in their choice of companions. They speak humbly and kindly, as elder brothers, and the little ones look up to them and follow their lead. They have learned much in these years, and are splendid comforters in times of discouragement. If one is cast down by trials, one says, "Do not despair, God teaches by these things." He will repeat to one God's promises, and pray with a child-like simplicity over the matter in hand, or come running in with a joyful face, "God has heard our prayer, here is another answer!"

The fourth class and apprentices formed themselves into a little society, choosing the name of "Daniel's Band." Their simple and practical rules were: To pray every day for God's help; not to steal even the smallest thing from another; not to use bad words; not to lie.

To those who understand Oriental nature and surroundings this will convey the idea of a sweeping reform! God keep the little fellows

in their resolve ! It would do your heart good to hear them singing so heartily
 “ Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,” which rivals in their affections, “ Hold
 the Fort ! ” and is sung at their meeting every Sunday.

Boy-like, there are many struggles and falls ; perfection is not found in teachers
 or taught ; but through cloud and sunshine the good seed is sown and springs, the
 flowers and leaves are appearing, and in God’s own good time must come “ the full
 corn in the ear.”

May we earnestly beg you to take your part in the sowing, even at the cost of
 great self-denial ; it will be seen to have been worth while in the Day when Sowers
 and Reapers shall rejoice together.”



BARDEZAG.

BARDEZAG, our “ Little Garden,”
 Lying on the steep hill-side,
 Flooded by the warm Spring sunshine,
 By its brightness beautified.

Far below thee stretch the vineyards,
 Sloping to the silvery sea ;
 High above thee rise the mountains
 Clothed with many a budding tree.

Twittering sparrows throng the gardens,
 Finches flit from tree to tree,
 Whilst the well-beloved cuckoo
 Shouts his triumph o’er the lea.

Wearies not the eye of gazing
 On the "everlasting hills";
 Wearies not the ear of listening
 To the murmur of thy rills.

Wearies not the foot of roaming,
 Finding pleasures ever new;
 Wearies not the hand of gathering
 Flowers of many a varied hue.

Yet the heart grows sometimes weary
 With the burden of thy life,
 Sinks the soul with sense of failure;
 Is there vict'ry for this strife?

Faint we not, nor be discouraged!
 Ours 'tis but to plant and sow,
 Leaving fruitage to the Father,
 Who alone can make it grow.

Treasured in His Royal Garden
 Is each wayward boyish heart,
 He appoints the clouds and sunshine,
 Needed growth and strength t' impart.

He alone can do the pruning,
 Care for each with tenderest love,
 In this life prepare the blossom
 For His own bright Home above.



“Bear ye one another’s burden,
and so fulfil the law of Christ.”



NEW BUILDING FUND.


| | | | | | |
|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------|
| From Current Expenses Account | ... | ... | ... | ... | £ T 150 |
| „ Self-Help Department | ... | ... | ... | ... | „ 50 |
| „ Swiss Committee per M. L. Favre | ... | ... | ... | ... | „ 88 |
| A Home for the Master | ... | ... | ... | ... | „ 50 |
| Orphans' First Earnings | ... | ... | ... | ... | Ps. 71 |
| Sale of Cocoons raised in the Orphanage | ... | ... | ... | ... | „ 230 |
| Bookbinding, Basket-making, &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | „ 133 |
| Madame Lancia | ... | ... | ... | ... | £3 3s. od. |

Besides a few gifts from kind friends in England and America, of which the account is not to hand; so that, by God's grace, at the end of June the actual building was nearing completion without as yet one penny of debt.

The necessary fittings must be waited for until the money comes in. Generous well-wishers please take notice!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

June, 1902—June, 1903.

| INCOME. | <i>Piasters.</i> |  | EXPENDITURE. | <i>Piasters.</i> |
|---------------------------------|------------------|--|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Native Sources | 17,485 | | Deficit from previous year ... | 6,351 |
| Swiss Committee | 26,565 | | Board, Lodging, Clothing and | |
| American ,, | 14,398 | | Instruction | 64,133 |
| Friends of Armenia | 16,069 | | Loan to New Building | 15,000 |
| Cardiff Committee | 5,500 | | | |
| Mrs. Hardin, Syria | 1,217 | | | |
| Miss Marshall, Edinburgh | 1,650 | | | |
| Friends in Switzerland | 607 | | | |
| Waterbury Sunday School, U. S. | 565 | | | |
| Fresno ,, ,, ,, | 110 | | | |
| Mr. & Mrs. Holder, N. Y. | 568 | | | |
| Gedik Pasha | 750 | | | |
| Total Income | 85,484 | | | 85,484 |

This shows an account of 82 boys kept and educated at an average cost of $65\frac{1}{2}$ piasters (12/-) each per month, *i. e.* at a lower rate than ever before. But it must be explained that on account of taking down the old building most of the boys were sent off May 20th, thus saving their board for a month.



WAITING FOR A HELPER!

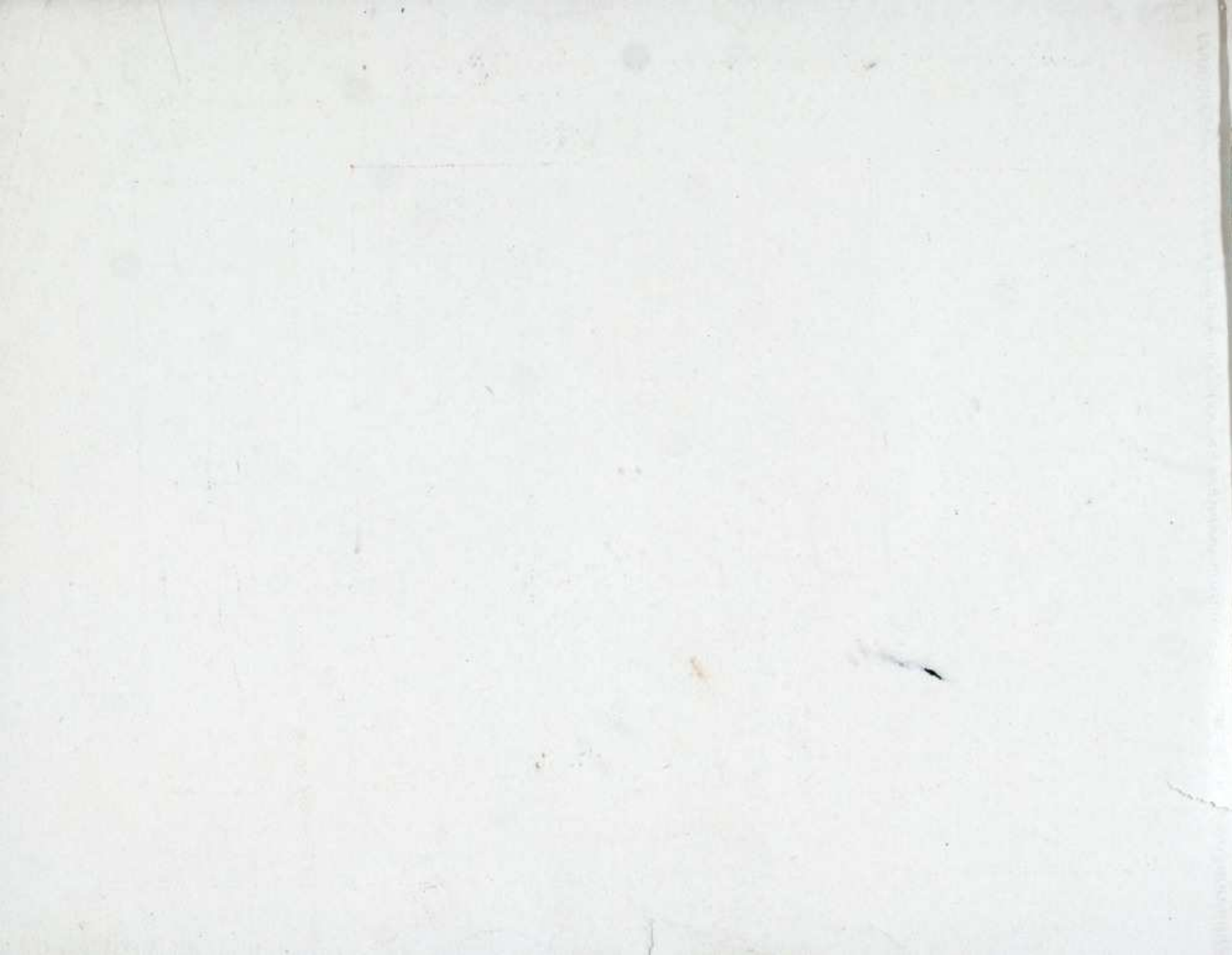
*I have pleasure in enclosing £ : : as a
contribution to THE BARDEZAG BUILDING FUND.*

Name

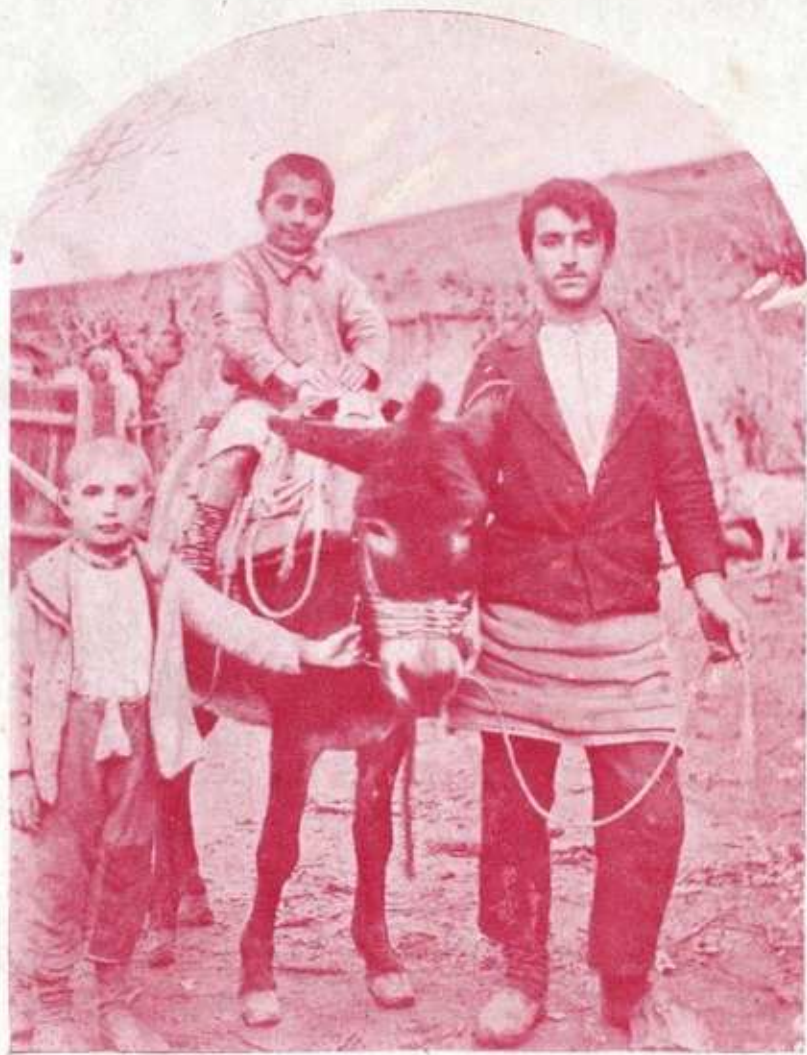
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Date



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