

has become history to be recorded to all ages as one of the most heroic achievements of a brave, much enduring race. To relate all the details would fill another book.

A month passed by. Through husbanding their provisions they had all managed to subsist. They calculated that with care they might still carry on for another fortnight, but after that starvation lurked ahead.

It was particularly at that time they began to look to the sea as a means of escape. The outlook over the Mediterranean had from the outset suggested possibilities of freedom, instilling courage into the souls of not a few.

"There is hope in the sea but no hope in the grave," said one to the other, though many an old person of the multitude had never before clapped eyes on the sea. For their closer comfort they held stoutly to the ancient Armenian proverb, "In every city of the East I find a home."

Confident in the hope of escaping by the sea they prepared three copies of a appeal to the captain of any passing vessel. It was a suitable S.O.S. appeal addressed to any English, French, Italian, or Russian admiral or captain, in the name of God and of human brotherhood. It described how the people of six villages, some five thousand souls in all, in escaping from Turkish barbarity had resisted week by week the attacks and blockade of a large army. They begged to be transported to Cyprus or elsewhere, declaring that wherever they were taken they would never be idle but work hard for their bread. The appeal was signed by the Protestant pastor of Zeitoun, Dikran Andreassian.

To three of the best swimmers of the camp was given the task of watching the sea with the object of at once