

"Agreed!" shouted a chorus of voices—those of Hok, Li, Ming, Lang, Neng, Wong, Ping, Yek, and others of the robber band.

Long Finger Nails then drew the lot and it fell on Whasang. But some said: "No; let's wait till to-morrow night and then try again."

And so they did; but, again, on Tuesday night Long Finger Nails drew "Whasang." Once more all agreed to wait; but on Wednesday night, the thirty-first, the captain again drew Whasang!

As Long Finger Nails was a fortune teller, he cried out, "That settles it!"

He at once ordered the band to prepare to march to the little village, fifteen miles away, where the missionaries were now sleeping peacefully, never dreaming of harm.

Only one hundred, however, obeyed the order. They were wild, fierce-looking fellows, bent on dreadful deeds. They knew the mountain paths, and so, even at midnight, could safely thread their way down over the rocks.

The sun was just rising on Thursday morning, the first day of August, when Mildred, Kathleen and Herbert Stewart, a trio of happy children, climbed the hill beyond their cottage to gather wild flowers for the breakfast table, for it was Herbert's sixth birthday.

Suddenly they heard horns and drums, and looking up they saw a band of one hundred savage-looking men, some in blue and some in white cotton clothes, coming out of the bamboo grove near by. They fled to the house, and Kathleen, outrunning the others a little, hid under the bed; but the robbers followed so closely that they struck Mildred, Herbert and the three-year old Evan (who met them at the door), cutting Mildred dreadfully with swords and spears, and wounding Herbert so badly that he died next day.

A leader named Ting (his nickname was "Blind Eye"), and two others, Wong and Ming, rushed into the next room, where Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were just rising, and stabbed them both through and through with sharp swords and spears until they fell dead on the floor. Then they slew Lena, baby Hilda's nurse, and Miss Nellie Saunders, who was coming in from an adjoining room to see what was the matter. As they rushed out, Ting afterwards said they saw the Stewart children huddled together on the floor.

Meanwhile another band had broken into the other cottage where six young ladies were staying—Misses Marshall, Newcombe, Stewart, Gordon, Codrington, and Toppsy Saunders, sister of Miss Nellie Saunders, already killed. Miss Newcombe was stabbed, and, with her head almost severed, was thrown over a precipice. The leader, Yek, and eleven other men surrounded the other five young ladies, who begged that their lives be spared.

For a few moments the hard hearts of these cruel men seemed to relent, but just then To Chio, the leader next in influence to Finger Nails, came rushing along, waving a red flag wildly, shouting:

"Kill them! Kill them! Kill them!"

So Yek and his band turned back to the five lovely young women, now kneeling in prayer, and ran them through with spears till they all fell over dead, save one, and she only escaped because they thought her dead, too.

Truly, these nine noble souls were martyrs indeed! Mr. Stewart was a gifted man, descended from an Irish earl; and Miss Elsie Marshall was a fair, lovely English girl, only twenty-three, and the daughter of a minister. And as much could be said of all the others. But they counted not their lives dear unto them. They knew there were dangers when they left their native land, but they gladly laid down all for Christ.

But where were the children? Let us now go back to the Stewart's house. Mildred, thirteen years old, and Herbert and Evan lay bleeding with dreadful wounds, whilst Kathleen, still undiscovered, crouched under the bed.

But what is that roaring and crackling sound? The thought flashed through Kathleen's mind, "Fire!" and, creeping out, she found the house in flames; for after killing the inmates and stealing all they wished, the cruel fellows had broken up the chairs, piled the fragments in a heap, poured kerosene oil over them, and set a match to the whole.

Although only eleven years old, brave little Kathleen seized wounded Mildred and dragged her out. Returning she carried her two bleeding brothers out in the same way, and rushing through the flames the fourth time, found baby Hilda (one year old) still living, but under the dead body of the faithful Lena, who had given her life to save little Hilda's. When the baby sister was