

Slowly the fate of our city became apparent. Most of us had the foresight to put up a change of clothing and toilette articles in bags or shawl cases. Miss——and I went up to the girls' college to sleep. One after another, we saw the villages on our beautiful plain burn before our eyes. The fathers and mothers of the girls were in them, and oh, the agony of the sight! Saturday and Sunday we spent most of the day in the dormitory, pleading with God, reading comforting texts and softly singing hymns. I felt as if we could enter ~~into~~ ^{into} the feelings of the Scottish Covenanters or the Huguenots. The solemnity of approaching death was all about us. I have counted nine deliverances for Miss——and myself during our last tour.

Monday morning, November 11, our quarter was in a hush like death. Fires burned before us and we received news of an attack on the very nearest village to us. But where were the valiant soldiers for our defense? A paltry handful dragged a cannon up to the hill commanding both plain and city, and there a parley was held with the Kurds, who commenced to swarm the hillside. Soon we saw the cannon dragged back; there was firing in the pass commanding the road to the city, but it was up in the air, for not a Kurd fell. The Kurds then overran the Armonian quarter of the city. Not a Kurd was killed that day, and, believe me, pieces of cannon balls and the distinct marks of two were found in Dr. Barnum's study. Please draw your own inferences, terrible as they must be.

We watched the breaking open of houses, the scampering of these great Kurds loaded with plunder. It is a most amusing memory, even though our hearts are about crushed, to think how like swarms of ants they looked, as they rushed hither and thither with their burdens. When we saw Mr. Allen's house burning, we felt that it was time to move. We hustled ourselves down stairs and part of us turned into the school yard, and part of us up to the hill above our buildings. There the soldiers turned us back, and again it was comical to hear them call out, "Don't fear, don't fear," all the time shooting, mostly down into the ground or up into the air, but pretending to shield us from the Kurds. We seated ourselves on the ground in the girls' schoolyard. When we heard the Kurds banging around within the building, breaking doors, we fled again, bags, babies, bundles, school girls and boys and our two helpless invalids, Dr. Wheeler and Mrs. Allen. This time the last in the fleeing crowd were shot at twice by a villainous Kurd. I saw soldiers laden with booty hustling it away.

Night was coming down upon us as we crowded into the boys' stone College building, as our last refuge. Rifles were banging, shouts arose, our whole quarter was in a blaze. Between us and the burning chapel was only one school building. One of the chief officers twice came, and, even kissing Dr. Barnum's head, besought us to come out. Out where? Into the darkness, among those assassins, perhaps to be scattered and certainly, if we were saved, to deliver up all our dear flock to destruction. Dr. Barnum asked our will in the matter, and we all agreed that there we should stay and perish in the flames together. So, his answer to the really kind Chief of Police was, "No, if you wish to protect us you can do so here as well as anywhere. We shall stay here together." And there we sat on the hall floor, patiently watching our slowly approaching, most welcome death, a chariot of fire. The flames leaped and danced, the sparks flew gaily upward into glory, and we gazed on them in peace and longed for their quick work.

But this was not to be. Mr. Gates, obtaining the protection of the Chief of Police, and even his help at the hose, pulled out the college fire engine, and it was not long before we were saved from that danger. Day after day new forms of alarm appeared. Groups of turbaned Turks not seldom bore down upon the building and were turned back by the soldiers. Faces looked pale and old, for it was not ordinary death we feared.

Little by little, we managed to get mats to sleep on. Miss——, a girl and I occupied one, half of our bodies being upon the cold floor. We slept with clothes, boots and hats on, and, yes! we actually slept, we were so utterly weary. We ate the driest of bread and salt cheese. We spoke with bated breath. We slept and woke, pleading in our hearts to God for mercy. Some of our dear flock had been separated from us in the flight. Group by group they came back. Can I tell you what these meetings were? It was like life from the dead. I never can describe it all. Our dear school girls had saved nothing but the clothes on them, and each her own blessed Bible. They read texts to each other. They prayed together. We did not dare to sing.

November 19—Over a week has passed since we fled. That morning Mrs. Barnum had read to us from the new version, "Our God is a God of deliverances," and, truly, such He has proved. Some of the time one hundred soldiers have kept watch over us. A sentry walks the roof of Dr. Barnum's house. We all stayed in the college building as long as it was unsafe to leave it, lest it should be burned or the crowd there be destroyed. There were four hundred and fifty people gathered there, and the confusion and dirt became so unbearable that we were glad enough to leave as soon as it was safe.

I confess I thought of you all and of pitying tears flowing from your eyes for us, could you have seen us all at our breakfast, a week ago to-day, squatting on the floor around a tin dish of oatmeal, with no accompaniments whatever, not even bread! But now we have fine appetites and good food, and not one of us is broken down nervously.

We are trying to have wool mattresses and comforters made and to get flannel blankets. It seems pitiful to have to turn to the world again and care for the body, but we find that as life is spared we must eat and sleep. Alas! for the poor villagers wandering out in the cold and rain. Our hearts ache and ache for the poor, tempted ones, who are sorely pressed to deny the Christian faith. Some have yielded. We almost envy those who have gained the martyr's crown. Many, many times did we long for death; we were so weary, so oppressed. In spirit we yielded up our lives for Christ's sake. May He accept them, and, henceforth, for us to live be, Christ.

I have spoken of things as I think of them. A week ago to-night, when every ray of hope as to life was gone, the Sultan himself called the chief officials to the telegraph office and inquired for our safety. Judge Terrall, our Minister at Constantinople, had sent us four telegrams, and has evidently done everything he can for our safety. He asks us to state our losses on personal property and eight buildings, that he may procure indemnity from the Government.

The world can never be the same to us again. We must henceforth set lightly by things below, and yet there is a bit of pain over it all. There is a worse ache over the ruin in all our field, over the schools stopped and all the preaching work, over the dead and wounded. And remember that this thing has been going on over all the land. I cannot but believe that