

rough stool of local make, he smiled and dreamt of profits and perhaps a visit to the great city.

Was that thunder? A low rumbling sound came from far down the street and gradually drew nearer. Then came a few persons running for dear life, then more, running wildly, some one way and some another. The neighbors were closing their shops and Torkom also stepped outside to put up the shutters. Suddenly a crowd, mostly of men, rushed by in a panic. They were all his fellow countrymen, the despised and hated Armenians. Behind them came a mob of Turkish villagers, shouting men and women, armed with clubs, swords and pistols, yelling, shooting, striking down in a frenzy of religious hate, every unfortunate Armenian whom they could. It was for this, then, that the police had seized all their arms the day before, to leave them, powerless to strike a blow, the victims of their hated foes. How Torkom now longed for the pistol buried under his fire place at home. O God! at least a stone. Must he die as men were dying around him, slaughtered like cattle?¹ The panic-stricken crowd paused a second, huddled together, trembling, swelling each other's fear, seized by the terror that sometimes seizes even the bravest soldier in battle, the terror of utter helplessness. Suddenly they broke and ran but only those who escaped the flying bullets or the weight of blood-sprinkled clubs. Torkom stood for a second, paralyzed before the impending horror. Then he, too, turned to fly. But as he looked a company of Turkish soldiers came hastening from the opposite direction, armed and in battle array as if to meet a dangerous foe, eager to partake in this glorious massacre of the unbelievers.²

"Who is of the faithful? Allah is God and Mohammed is his prophet!" came the challenge from a hundred throats. All around men fell. Some slipped in the blood that had already formed pools in the street, to be buried alive under the corpses of those who were struck down later. Now and again in a frenzy of fear one unfortunate would cry out, "I am of the faithful. Allah is Allah and Mohammed is his prophet." And as the sword which already had prepared to fall on his head was turned aside, he slunk away; the horror of calling upon the hated name of Mohammed burned into his soul, his pride of race humbled to the dust. He had saved his life at the cost of that which made life worth living. But he could not die like a dog. In an agony of suspense lest he fall a victim to some other fanatic, a greater horror seized his soul—the horror of death all around him with no means of defence and no hope of revenge, deserted even by God; the pent up agony of his heart found voice in the cry, "I am not of Mohammed! Slay me

1. Surprise has often been expressed at the fact that the "spiritless" Armenians offered no resistance to the Turks. How they could, disarmed beforehand by the police, while the government supplied their enemies with weapons, it is hard to see. Sometimes they did offer a successful resistance, unarmed against armed and overwhelming numbers; and then the soldiery stepped in and mowed them down, and often no one was left to tell the tale. Where they did have a chance the Armenians offered a resistance that would rank along with the bravest deeds in Anglo-Saxon history.

2. Although much is made of the phrase "Islam or the sword," as a justification, from the Mussulman point of view, of the massacre of the Christians, it is to be noticed that only Armenians suffered, and not all Christians. Even those Armenians who embraced another form of Christianity suffered less than those who remained true to the national church.