

to cry, to think that she must be parted from her dear brother; for he was all that was left to her in the wide world. The brother, too, cried that he was to see his sweet little sister no more; and they both wept and clung to each other a long time, and would not be parted. So the man returned his slave, and took back his money. Then the little boy was taken away, with his sister, to Diarbekir,—a city of Mesopotamia, surrounded by high walls of black hewn stone, with towers and strong iron gates; and we do not know what has become of them now.

“You have, perhaps, heard that some of the poor captives threw themselves into the river Zab, to escape from the Koords, and were drowned. There was one young woman that jumped into the Tigris, which runs by this city, and thus put an end to her life, because the cruel Koords tortured her with hot irons to compel her to renounce her religion, and embrace that of Mohammed. And some of these wicked Koords tried to frighten some children to receive the false prophet Mohammed, instead of that precious Saviour, who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” So they threatened to kill them, and dug their graves before their faces, to bury them up in the ground.

“Some other very small children were thrown up in the air that the Koords might cut them in two with their swords while they were falling. Others they held up by their heels and cut off their heads. And one very pretty little boy who attended our school, and used to come every day and kiss my hand, had his head cut off with a sword. His father was a priest, and taught our school at Asheta, and he was also killed by the Koords. Another priest who was killed, a man of superior learning, had also been in our employ as a teacher in another village, But I have said enough for the present.”

Let us all pray that God may turn even these cruelties to the promotion of his glory!