

Holy Land, they found themselves victims of an infamous treachery. The kind merchants proved to be cruel slave dealers, who sold their hapless victims into bitter bondage—the most of them to the Moslems of Tunis. The rest were carried along the African coast to Alexandria, and were there sold to slave-dealers. Some of these were again re-sold and sent one thousand miles over land to Bagdad.

tives and looked upon Olivet in chains.

But the cup of their bitterness was not full, they must continue their march through the land once trodden by the feet of Jesus, over Mount Hermon, through ancient Damascus, across the desert sands to Bagdad on the Tigris. Here they were commanded to renounce their faith and adopt the creed of the False Prophet. This they re-



CRUSADERS' CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AT SAL-ASTIYEH (SAMARIA).

Their route lay across the weary desert to Palestine, that Holy Land of their longings, through which they had hoped to march as conquerors, but were brought as captives. With what emotions did they behold the walls of the sacred city! Sadly were fulfilled the hopes they had often expressed in song, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." They walked through its streets as cap-

tives to do, and eighteen of those brave boys were put to death—as knightly souls as any who perished at Acre or Esdraelon. The old priest averred that of seven hundred Christian slaves in Cairo not one proved false to the faith of his childhood.

Is there a scene in history more touching than the martyrdom of these children, whom all the power of the caliph could neither tempt