

person on the compound who had a hat of any kind. I had only a wretched pair of slippers for my foot-gear; was without a collar. Miss Wilson and Miss Morgan had been hindered from dressing by Miriam's visit or they might have been unable to escape from their bungalow quickly enough to save their lives. As it was, they found themselves in dressing gowns and slippers, with no house to go into—that is, no house they could possibly get into, for the whole compound, so far as a brick residence was concerned, was in ruins; was flat; so that however courageous one might have been they could get nothing out of the bungalows. I have not yet—ten days after the earthquake—been able to get my shoes.

THE RIVER'S TURMOIL.

While our bungalows were falling, the Brahmaputra river was a wonderful sight. I was not in sight of it at the time, being on the opposite side of my bungalow, and saw only the turmoil that continued after the worst of the earthquake had passed. It boiled like a cauldron in the middle. A lady who happened to be on the ferry steamer at the time, said that water fell away from under the steamer till they could see the bottom of the river through the turbid waters. Then a great wave rolled back under them again. A large wave washed high up the banks and returning, swept steamboats and cargo flats from their moorings, when they hastily raised their anchors and steamed off down stream. Great numbers of dugouts and layer boats were swept away empty, capsized and broken. The current of the river seemed to be much increased immediately after the earthquake.

THE LAND SUBSIDES.

After we had congratulated each other on our escape I ran over to the house of one of our Christian families, the great-grandmother of which is a saintly old woman who remembers seeing the first Carey. We feared she could not be got out of the house in time to escape injury. I found the house in ruins, but she had escaped. On the way I saw some cracks in the road, a few inches wide, and we all went to see them, as wonderful phenomena. Afterward we learned there were great terraces, two and three feet high, formed by the subsidience of land in a compound near our own, while in the jail yard springs and spouting geysers eight and ten feet high were seen.

As we were talking about these things, one of the government officers came galloping on to the compound to see if we were all well; then galloped on, and again returned, telling us of the effects of the earthquake. I think every brick building in the station but one either fell or was so injured that they must be torn down. In some cases—in many cases, indeed—the entire building became a mass of ruins. But buildings built of brick and mortar did not crumble so utterly as those where the bricks were laid in mud, as was the case on the mission compound.

IN SHILLONG.

In Shillong, which suffered more, three Europeans died, two being killed by the earthquake. The other, a lady of great age and many ailments, wonderfully enough, survived the earthquake a day or two before dying. The inspector-general of police was killed while asleep, by falling bricks. One old man, who had an eccentric habit of keeping every door and window of his bungalow tightly closed all the time, found himself unable to get out after the quake began. In the government printing office, one hundred and fifty or more operatives were killed,

and a Christian village not far from Shillong, was utterly lost—I don't know just how—and 1,000 people perished.

A RAGING STREAM.

A tributary of the Brahmaputra in the northern part of our district burst its banks and did much damage, drowning people and destroying houses and crops. The deputy commissioner was on tour in that region at the time, and had to march long distances up to his neck in water, before he reached Gauhati. Many fields, some nearly ready to harvest, were covered with sand, brought up by boiling springs. A company of Garos reported that they had run away from their homes because the mountains were on fire, and the chief commissioner at once sent an expedition to see if a volcano had formed anywhere. Word from one of our Christian villages reports one church and one school-house wrecked, and in another place, one life lost by a falling tree. Great rocks were dislodged from the mountains. The most of our villages have not yet been heard from.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

All Europeans in the stations spent the first night on the mail steamer, which left at five o'clock next morning. There were nineteen of us. The dining saloon could not accommodate so large a party, so the ladies ate first, and the gentlemen afterward. After dinner we had a little religious service on deck. Very few slept much, but all had some rest. At 4.30 a.m. we had a bite to eat and went ashore. The officers and families went aboard the chief commissioners' barge, which was anchored at Gauhati. It rained during the night, and was raining when we disembarked, and rained most of that day—Sunday. We found the driveway of our bungalow clear enough to sit in. We found two chairs in the school-house, a reed building—standing, but unsafe. We ate in our cook-house, the roof of which was whole, though much of the walls were torn away. I crawled on my hands and knees through a depression in the ruins of the bungalow wall, and in the wreck of Miriam's dressing-table found her gold watch, fountain pen, and three international postal-cards. I have since learned that a message which I sent by post-card, the evening of the disaster, to our agents in Calcutta, was sent by cable to the mission rooms in Boston.

On Monday we went to work getting things out of the wreck, and are working at it still. We have been surprised at the number of frail things that escaped destruction, though, of course, the larger number of things have been destroyed. If Miriam had really been sleeping, and had not waked or moved, she would have been safe in her bed. The mosquito net was just a little bit torn in two places, near one corner, and the whole thing covered with brick dust. The large mirror and stand, on her wrecked dressing-table, slid down to the floor without the slightest injury. Indeed, looking-glasses seemed to have been charmed articles. My own dressing table was thrown over on its face and buried in bricks. As the glass was attached to it, I supposed it was shattered. I made no attempt to extricate it for several days, when, after digging off the great pile of bricks that covered it, I found that, though the very frame which held it was ruined, the glass itself, about 18x22, was absolutely unscathed. My bedstead, mattress, and springs escaped, though the mosquito frame was wrecked. Strange to say, though the net on Miriam's bed escaped, the frame was demolished. A large writing table in my study came out

with but little damage; though the top was frail and covered with brick dust and debris. Our dining table presented a sorry appearance, one end seeming hopelessly broken, but it now looks as though it could be made quite serviceable. An opal of Niagara Falls, about 5x8, in the drawing-room, where everything else seemed demolished, came out of a pile of bricks yesterday without any harm. The baby organ seemed broken to pieces, but the connection between the bellows and the reeds seems to be unbroken, so, if we find time, we may also put this in order again. The top of the cabinet organ was crushed somewhat, but we hope it is not badly hurt. Books fared badly for the rain steamed badly, and the mud plaster made a dreadful mess of mud as soon as it became wet. One of my book-cases, six feet high, still stands, stiff as a drum-major, apparently without the slightest injury, but three were split in a kindling wood, and one came out sans top and bottom, and with broken glasses. Clothing in trunks and bureaus came out all right. I have not yet been able to get at my shoes because they were under my dressing-table. Yesterday we finished uncovering the main part of the bungalow—that is, getting the roof off, and hope that we will soon have everything out that is extricable.

We are living in a house which I built for a dormitory in 1889. It has an iron roof, and the floor is six feet from the ground. It has one room 20x30, and an open veranda under the gable, 20x10. It is still full of boxes and debris, thrown every way by the earthquake, for we have had to give all our attention to our wrecked bungalow. But a few days we trust will make it a comfortable shelter, and we hope a layer of thatch over the iron roof will make it cool enough to live in. At present we sleep on the veranda.

We have had some pouring rains, such as we have only in Assam, but the season has been much drier than usual. This is a dubious blessing, for, though it favors us, it is bad for crops.

All our Christian villages have not been heard from but we hope they have not suffered much. Some of their stone store-houses have been broken down, and the loose rice running into the fissures has destroyed the house. Some of the fields have been covered with sand which destroys growing crops. Only one life reported lost thus far.

I find myself very tired. Miriam has had a fever and though better, does not get strong again. I myself had fever on Saturday and Sunday, but was not hindered from work or Sunday service. I can write no more though I would like to. The railway doctor is trying to get photographs of the ruined buildings for publication in a London sketch which is on sale in America and available in reading rooms. My school has been badly interrupted. I hope I can begin it next week, but will have very poor facilities at the best, even then.

Gauhati, Assam, June 22, 1897.

One of the most fatal habits which anyone can contract is that of looking at all things in a ludicrous point of view. He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion. But beware of him who jests at everything; such men disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon the moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.—Southey.