

BY FAR EUPHRATES

“Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire ; . . . and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.”

BY FAR EUPHRATES

A TALE

BY

D. ALCOCK

Author of "The Spanish Brothers" "Crushed, yet Conquering"
"Dr. Adrian" etc

SECOND EDITION

London

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

27 PATERNOSTER ROW

MCM1

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London

P R E F A C E

MANY a tale of blood and tears has come to us of late from far Euphrates, and from the regions round about. It is not so much the aim of the following pages to tell these over again as to show the light that, even there, shines through the darkness. "I do set My bow in the cloud" is true of the densest, most awful cloud of human misery. As in the early ages of Christianity, "what little child, what tender woman" was there

"Who did not clasp the cross with a light laugh,
Or wrap the burning robe round, thanking God"?

As in later times, of no less fervent faith, "men took each other's hands and walked into the fire, and women sang a song of triumph while the gravedigger was shovelling the earth over their living faces," so now, in our own days, there still walks in