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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

For the first time in her life she had been solicitous to look her very best. Her limpid eyes had gazed with deep and anxious interest into the old mirror on the wall, for many a year passed ignobly by, as unworthy even a passing glance, for once without a murmur she had submitted the tangled masses of her locks, Samson-like, to any fate that awaited them; and for once—tell it not again, oh, gentle reader!—for once had the little brown, moist hands been not only passed in and out of the hot water in the basin, but had actually, laborious!, and thoroughly been cleansed to her finger-tips.

One of these was now offered to Bellenden with all the grace of a little hostess.

"I saw you coming up," she whispered. "I saw you sitting together in the dog-cart, so then I knew it was all right. Until I really saw you, you know, I hardly hoped—I mean I really did not think you could—I mean I did not know whether you had been in time or not."

"I was only just in time."

"Were you really? Should you have been too late in another minute?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Only fancy!" said Jerry, with large eyes. "And and supposing you had been, you would never have come?"

"No, indeed."

"Only fancy! What would you have done?"

"Stopped where I was."

"Only fancy! And never come up at all?"

"No, never," said Bellenden, as solemnly as she. Then there was a pause, on her part of satisfaction and relief, on his of wonder what was to come next. He was conspicious of being both flattered and amused by Jerry.

"Did you tell Cecil about me?" was her next. And he fancied that even there, in that vast saloon, with space on every side, her voice sank.

"I told him that we had met."

"Did you say—how?"

"No, Jerry. I did not say—how."

"Nor—nor where?"

"No—nor—nor where."

"You are laughing at me, but you do not know Cecil. If he had heard all about—about it, you know—to-day, you know—I mean your startling me and—"

"And you crying."

"And your mistaking me—"

"And your snubbing me."

"And—and all—"

"And—and all," assented Bellenden—"our making up the quarrel, and becoming the best of friends, and fishing together, and walking home together, and conspiring together to make this very Cecil do the thing we both wished—I he had known of all this, now tell me what would Cecil have said to it?"

"I don't know; but"—and there was a flash from a pair of unmistakably intelligent orbs—"I know this, I would rather not tell him."

Bellenden nodded, "We won't tell him."

"But I told granny, of course."

"Oh, of course. But how is it," continued the speaker, "how is it that Master Cecil commands such an amount of respect from his little cousin? Let me into the secret, Jerry, won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know that there is anything. Granny makes a fuss about Cecil. And he is very nice you know. And his sisters think such a great, big, immense deal of him. They think there never was such a Cecil before. He is their only brother. Perhaps that's it. Sisters always do think that of brothers, don't they?"

"I wish I had a sister to think that of me."

"Have you not one—not just a little one?" She was quite disappointed.

"Not even a little one. Not even a Jerry."

"Well, I have none either, and no brothers, nor anybody. However, I don't mind," recovering. "I don't care much about girls anyway, and if I could get have boys, I'd as soon only have granny."

"You do not care much for your Raymond cousins, then?"

"Oh, yes. But they always do give themselves such airs to me, and they talk French, and gabble about their governesses and music mistresses, and all that nonsense. They are well enough, but they can't ride," eagerly. "They think they can; but there is such a fuss about their horses and their saddles and their riding habits but once they are on, they go jogging up and down, not a bit close to the horse; and Ethel is in such a fright if her pony does but shy ever so little, that she is in misery half the time and they think they have done wonders if they canter for half a mile at a time. I don't care for such riding as that." Jerry wound up with superlative scorn.

"You like forty minutes on the grass with a check—eh?"

"I like just as much as ever I can get—that's what I like. And to go—to go like the wind. I am never tired. Ethel has to rest when she comes in, to lie down on a backboard, and not go out two days running."

"And what do they say to your style of performance?"

"Oh, I don't know. Jim—that's the groom—says he would like to come and be my groom here. And I shall have him, too—some day. He says he would like to take me to ride in the Row in London; and we'd show 'em how to do it. That was what Jim said, rather conscious of running a little too fast. "I am only repeating what he said, you know."

From which it will appear that Jerry was an artless little woman after all, with a very native and transparent vanity, easily satisfied.

"Capt. Bellenden," she began again presently.

"How do you know I am a captain?" he interrupted. "I only told you my name was Bellenden."

"Well, I saw it on your portmanteau," owned the little girl truthfully; but although she stuck to the truth, he saw her bite her lip, and was sorry he had asked the question.

"Oh, that was it. And what were you going to say? You were going to say something."

"I was going to say—oh, I dare say I ought not to say it."

"Oh yes, I'm sure you ought to say it."

"It was only—"

"Only what?"

"Only—"

"Well, what?"

"About sisters," said Jerry, as if she had said about ghosts, or some such contraband articles.

"Sisters—eh? Well, but what about sisters?" He could not imagine anything very terrible to be said about sisters.

"It was just—whether you would like to have any?"

"I should like it very much," said he promptly.

"Would you? Would you really?" with eagerness.

"Really and truly."

"And—and about how old?" demanded his little companion, with increased anxiety; "about how old?"

"Let me see," said he, pretending to reflect. "Let me see. Well, I think, perhaps about fifteen. Yes, I think about fifteen."

"Fifteen? That's my age! Did you know? No, of course you did not. But it is. I am just fifteen."

"Indeed?"

"And—and—well?"

"About fifteen, and able to ride, and fish, and clamber up and down rock banks, and make friends with castaway strangers, and have enchanted castles all ready to invite them up to, and long, yellow, curls for them to pull when they come," and he was in the act of pulling the yellow curls before him, when the door opened, and Cecil Raymond entered.

CHAPTER V.

"CAN YOU TELL THE MEANING OF FLOWERS?"

'He gave me a rose,
And he said, 'Can you read
The alphabet dewy and fleet and free
(So daintily tinted, and charmingly scented)
To write over valley and mead?'"

It was just as well that Cecil did not see.

He was a grave young man, with somewhat pompous notions on most sub ects, and in particular very exact views with regard to propriety and decorum.

Although he was found of his own sisters, he never romped with them, nor made fun with them, nor giggled with them behind backs. His sisters, when he made any, were solemn affairs, to be duly appreciated and recorded—but they were no freemasonry with him. And, in consequence however kind, and attentive, and considerate the elder brother and cousin might be, he was in their hearts, perhaps, more respected than beloved, and wild little Jerry drew away, as by instinct, from Bellenden's touch when the door opened.

For herself, she was not in the least offended it needed a good deal to put Jerry on her dignity as she had been put that afternoon; but she felt intuitively that Cecil would have looked askance upon the little byeplay.

According ly she now stepped up to him with the best imitation of her grandmother's reception manner which she could assume, and, moreover, with her small round face so demurely made up, that he must have been a rogue indeed who would have ventured to associate it with pulling of curls, or the like.

Bellenden's gay words were ringing in her ears nevertheless, and she was fain to have some more of them, and to get away from young Raymond as soon as she could; although, up to the present time, the annual visit of her cousin had been something to be looked forward to, and counted upon, and he himself had been quite the personage of the hour. Now, and all at once, he was cast from his pedestal. He was no longer the first and, from being the first he had not even descended to a secondary place, but was hurled to the depths, a nobody, an incubus, and that the little lady by his side wanted, being to cut short his opening sentences, and slip back to the seat in the window, wherein sat her new friend, quiet enough now, looking down upon the flower-beds below, and thinking of nothing less than of making an impression upon a susceptible, child sh heart.

Jerry thought he looked beautiful sitting there, his handsome profile distinctly cut against the sky outside, and his fine easy figure half in, half out of the open casement as his chin rested on his arm outside. She did not know how, but she felt—for she was a perceptive little creature—that there was a difference even between the suit of modest black worn alike by Cecil and by this stranger. Cecil was particular to a degree about his clothes; but, somehow, the tout ensemble of the other was just missed by him, and Jerry knew it. Poor little innocent thing! her heart gave its first throb of a new and unknown nature as she watched that shaply-outlined, strongly-made, graceful form sitting so quietly there in the twilight. All in a moment, as we have said, Cecil became a burden intolerable.

"Well, Jerry, and what have you been about lately?" began he, as unconscious as a babe, and in the usual comprehensive style wherewith relations and intimates are fond of accosting each other after absence. "Riding much—eh? How's the Flying Dutchman? Or have you got a new pony by this time?"

"Macalister is looking out for one. He says it will be best to wait for the Falkirk Tryst," replied Jerry, hoping that the sub ect was now disposed of.

"The Falkirk Tryst? Oh, I remember. A sort of market—eh?" and Cecil settled down upon it comfortably in spite of her concluding tone. "And so you are to get one, then?"

"Macalister says the best bred animals are to be had there."

"The best bred animals? That smacks of the stable. Miss Jerry—does it, eh?"

"He said so," said Jerry, coloring more deeply than was her wont, and so disposed to poohpooh the correction, but rather to offer an excuse. "Macalister said so. I only repeat what he said, that you might know."

"I see," replied her cousin kindly, or he had not meant to vex. "And this Falkirk Tryst—let me see where does it come off?"

"In October," said Jerry shortly. What could the Falkirk Tryst or anything about it matter to Cecil, that he should worry her about it just then? She made a restive movement to escape, but in vain.

"Well, the Dutchman has carried you gallantly for many a day," pursued her tormentor, heavily conversational, "so you will have to be compassionate towards him now. What are you going to do with him? Is he to be the woo pony, or for the moor? Or will you sell him?"

Here Mrs. Campbell entered, and made her way to Captain Bellenden's side.

"What is to become of him?" pursued Cecil.

"How tiresome! Now he will begin talking to grandmamma, and I shan't have another word from him. What a shame!" muttered the child to herself, little accustomed to be thwarted, even in trifle. "How Cecil does prose! How provoking and stupid he is!"

"What is to be one of him?" demanded Cecil, for the third time.

But he never knew, for dinner was announced at the moment, and Jerry was storming inwardly with balled indignant and righteous wrath.

"There, now, I knew how it would be. I knew that if grandmamma was standing away there with him when dinner was announced, she would tell him to take her in, though I know she ought to have had Cecil. She ought to have had Cecil, of course. She should have left Capt. Bellenden for me, and then he would have come up to me, and offered me his arm—oh, delightful!"

She had never taken anybody's arm in her life. Truth to tell, she had been casting about in her mind, ever since she had seen Bellenden's portman easy in the hall, the chances of this great event happening to her now. Hitherto she had been glad enough to avoid the formal late dinner when her grandmother had had guests at Inchmarew. She had either made her appearance with the dessert, or had more commonly chosen to run about till bed time, and then have some supper brought up to her old nursery, by these means escaping both the company and the evening frock. She had, however, on the present occasion carefully intimated her intention of joining late in future, and Mrs. Campbell, in consequence, had been to gladly to see in the change the dawn of advancing womanhood to make any sort of demur.

So much arranged, one soul-absorbing anxiety had occupied the little girl's mind, and that was in reference to her being bande to the dining-room by Bellenden.

The more she had thought about it, the more eager and anxious she had become, as was Jerry's wont, whenever any desire once took possession of her little excitable breast.

To take his arm. To step grandly along before everybody like a real grown-up young lady—how enchanting.

She did not stop to remember that it had never struck her as enchanting, but rather in a reverse light hitherto. It would, at any rate, be simply heavenly now.

And of course it was her right to lead the way, and do honor to the stranger guest in her own castle. Granny had often told her that she ought to prepare to take her place, as mistress and head of all, ere long; so perhaps, indeed most certainly, granny would think this a good opportunity for her to begin. It would a so instruct Capt. Bellenden in her position and her rights, and make his blunder of the afternoon all the more astonishing and ridiculous to his recollection.

He might perform his part of the ceremony with a twinkle in his eye, and Jerry would not have freed him from a sly reminiscence as he and she marched through the long gallery together, but, carry it off as he might, he could not fail to feel a little fool sh and might be trusted to be as discreet as herself before spectators.

All of this had been carefully thought out during the putting on of the white frock and rosebud sash, and there had been just enough uncertainty about the fledged prog am being carried out to make Cecil's detention wearily irksome and fidgeted since time at her being beside him and away from the other was, she could not help wondering, sure to tell against her. It might, or it might not, have done so. The probability is that Mrs. Campbell gave the subject no thought at all, and as a matter of course, went in, as she had always done before, with her principal guest; but it was Cecil's doing in Jerry's eyes; and, as the naughty little girl had never yet learned to control or conceal her feelings, a very sulky and unrestrained companion this poor fellow had, and one who would have gladly given the arm she held a good hard pinch, instead of delicately touching it with the tips of her fingers as she knew she had ought to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sarcasm.

Louis Haussman was a fellow-pupil with Hector Berlioz at the Paris Conservatory, then under the direction of Cherubini. Berlioz was an unruly genius, and wrote music when he should have been studying counterpoint. Consequently he was not in favor with his teachers, and especially with the precise and 'classical' Cherubini.

On examination day, as Haussmar relates in his "Memoires," Cherubini was running over a piece which Berlioz had submitted, when he came upon a complete rest of two measures.

"What is that?" he asked, in his usual ill-natured tone.

"Mr. Director," said the pupil, "I wished to produce an effect which I thought could best be produced by silence."

"Ah, you thought it would produce a good effect upon the audience if you suppressed two measures."

"Yes sir."

"Very good. Suppress the rest; the effect will be better still."

Mrs Figg—Tommy, have you been at the sugar bowl again? Tommy—Maw, the sugar question is entirely too delicate to be approached in such a sudden manner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The truly generous is the truly wise; and he who loves not others live unblest

A craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness of heart.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child, and the last aspiration of manhood.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than does the gift itself.

Language cannot express to any one much beyond what he has lived or experienced.

The sins that pay their rent promptly are the best ones we want to give up.

Man learns by tuition, woman by intuition.

The man who would have done so and so if he had been there never gets there.

No two men are exactly alike. They generally agree to disagree.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The City of Blood."

TEXT: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cuttetb and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto Thee, O, God, the Lord!"—Psalms cxli., 7.

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by chisel into the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred at Cawnpur, India. To show you what Hindooism and Mohammedanism really are, where they have full swing, and not as they represent themselves in a "parliament of religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abomination human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity may utter its triumph over death and the grave, I preach this my second sermon in the round the world series, and I shall speak of "The City of Blood," or Cawnpur, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after its occurrence Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire Regiment of foot, rode in upon the Cawnpur massacre. He was the first man I met at Cawnpur. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been here in 1857 and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Moloch and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpur, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America and familiar to us all are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to them: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with murder. The attorney came and so skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After awhile the mutiny in India broke out, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him and to interview some one on Indian affairs who had recently been in India.

Among others the journalists called upon his lawyer, lately returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client when charged with the fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved amid human records. I said to our escort, "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was: "Nothing very peculiar. He was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing and wanted to continue on the same scale to do nothing.

From what Mr. Lee told me and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicated the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of $400,000. When the father died, the English Government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him $80,000 in gold ornaments, $550,000 in jewels, $800,000 in bonds and other resources, amounting to at least $1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpur massacre was his revenge. General Wheeler, the Englishman who had command of this city, although often warned, could not see that the sepoys were planning for his destruction, and that night the regiments and all the Europeans in Cawnpur.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had seen the light of day. I give only an extract:

"As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy destroying fortune of the emperor, the yellow faced and narrow minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpur has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners and government servants should be as obedient to the present government as they have been to the former one; that it is the incumbent duty of all the peasants and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the government and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach to the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted by an embankment. "Here," he said, "is the intrenchment where the Christians of Cawnpur took refuge." It is the remains of a wall which at the time of the mutiny was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 130 degrees, 443 men, 560 women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and spilt peas was the daily ration, and only two wells near by, the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in the earth, and the other well the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played, so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand yelling Hindoos outside this frail wall and 1000 suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems, and invisible army of sickness swooped down upon them. Some went raving mad under exposure. Others dropped under apoplexy. A starving, maddened, feverish, sunstruck, ghastly group waiting to die! Why did not the heathen dash down those mud walls and let the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1000? It was because they seemed supernaturally defended.

Nana Sahib resolved to celebrate an anniversary. The 23d of June, 1857, would be 100 years since the battle of Plassy, when, under Lord Clive, India surrendered to England. That day the last European in Cawnpur was to be slaughtered. Other anniversaries have been celebrated with wine. This was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been adorned with garlands. This with drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs. This with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay. This with the dance of death. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib made on that day one grand assault, but the few guns of the English and Scotch put to flight these Hindoo tigers. The courage of the fiends broke against that mud walls as the waves of the sea against a lighthouse. The cavalry horses returned full run without their riders. The Lord looked out from the heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to His people.

Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the intrenchment of the English was a native Christian woman, Jacobes by name, holding high up in her hand a letter. It was evidently a communication from the enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the woman from the ditch. She had with him a proposed treaty. If General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety. They could march out unmolested, the men, women and children. They could go down to-morrow to the Ganges, where they would find boats to take them in peace to Allahabad.

There was some opposition to signing his treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him he could trust the natives, and so he signed the treaty. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the intrenchment would escape the wild beasts in human form. On the morrow, true to the promise, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." In our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was opened for General Wheeler's intrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden and one at the centre, from which inscription to-day read by text. Riding on we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those slain in Cawnpur. The walls are covered with tablets and cenotaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions. "These are they who come out of great tribulations;" also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible;" also, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world;" also, "The Lord gave. The Lord hath taken away;" also, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges and got out at a Hindoo temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to gaze. General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and his men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were getting into the boats Nana Sahib objected that only the good looking Indian women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were forced away. Forty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were so low that they retained. At this moment a boy of twelve years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple on the banks two flags, a Hindoo and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boatmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam for the shore, and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats, and masked batteries above and below poured with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. Those who struggled out on shore were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their sabers slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boats. These were marched away under the guard of the sepoys.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the climax of desperation and diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer house, called the assembly rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms, each twenty-nine by ten, and some window glasses, and there were imprisoned 206 helpless people. It was to possess the person of these women and children. Some of these sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own places on the promise they should be present back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed and the sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children awaited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness and flies and stench and starvation.

The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed, but when they were again opened three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or European was left in Cawnpur. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into well the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter house. An eyewitness says that as he walked in the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a cardcase containing a curl, with the inscription, "Nell's hair, with love;" a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer book; also a book entitled "Preparation for Death;" a Bible on the fly leaf on which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter Isabella Mary," both the one and the present it and the one to whom it was presented departed forever.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the summer house, or assembly rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hindoo to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. Five of them, with hatchets and swords and knives, began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled up dead—only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know.

I said: "Mr. Lee, I have heard that indelicate things were found written on the walls." He answered: "No, but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they had suffered."

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood.

When Havelock came upon the scene, he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled entire out to the top. The soldiers were for many hours [illegible] covering the dead.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpur. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down, and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the tomb. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some twenty mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the odors and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I scarcely a soldier but might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me—the red typical of the carnage there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended.

But of course the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble incloses this well. The wall is about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it and found it fifty-seven paces around. In the center of this enclosure and immediately above the well of the dead is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the sepoys. They shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and buried, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." In the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words, "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that place of sepulcher, and I bethought myself: "No emperor, unless it was Napoleon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust, and no queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander cenotaph than crowns the resting places of the martyrs of Cawnpur. But where rest the bones of the Hero of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness, and they were told that for awhile after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little camp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohammedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, while they lived in the rain and mud. Nana Sahib, with one servant carrying an umbrella, would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason, after awhile he forsook even that small attention, and disappeared among the ravines of the Himalayan Mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life preserver. He wore it as its lessen. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of swords, and rubies in the lip of the tankards, and rubies in his crown, declared that which Nana Sahib did not find out in time, "Wisdom is better than rubies." When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization, the lost ruby of this Cawnpur monster may be picked up and be brought back again to blaze among the world's jewels. But who shall reclaim for decent sepulture the remains of Nana Sahib? Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask the jackals! Ask the midnight Himalayas!

Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell because of the exterminating work they did with these sepoys. Indeed it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee, has told me that he saw the sepoys fastened to the mouths of cannon, and then the guns would fire, and for a few seconds there would be nothing but smoke, and as the smoke began to lift fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. You may do your own criticism. I here express no opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the sepoys broke the back of the mutiny. The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans and Americans in India. Under its knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The work of slaughter had been begun it all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way.

The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement twenty feet by twenty indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows, and was intended for two or three prisoners. These natives of India crowded into that one room of twenty feet by twenty feet 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the groaning and shrieking and begging and praying of all, are matters of history. The sepoys that night held high revel in the barracks and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and 123 corpses were taken out. Only twenty-three people of the 146 were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the Indian nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner six years. Lucknow in 1857 was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking native who had been in the service of Europeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offense, would, at the call of the mutineers, and without any compunction, stab to death the fathers and mothers of the household and dash out the brains of the children. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance, and they will renact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British Government was too lenient and put in places of trust and in command of forts too many of the natives.

I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist, but the only way these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and I say beware, or the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms, over which the hemispheres have wept, will be eclipsed by the Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi martyrdoms yet to be enacted. I speak of what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman and Scotchman and Irishman and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule in India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself, but I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelties for the time suppressed, which, if let loose, would submerge with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay and from the Himalayas to Coromandel.

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindooism which many think it will be well to have introduced into America, and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years, and to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake, and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries, and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idolatries of Nations is such a stupendous work that nothing but an omnipotent God through an omnipotent Jesus Christ can ever achieve. Amen?

Keep thy friend.

Many a man never reaches the turning point of his life till he gets his nose down to the grindstone.

A lie is often told without saying a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.

The crank is great when it comes to winding people up.

Be not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.

Everybody wants to boss somebody, and there is many a somebody who wants to boss everybody.

Let the motive be in the deed, and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.

The more we study human nature, the more we shall be pleased and disgusted with it.

It is the man with a narrow mind who is generally most anxious to give away a piece of it.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

Every time a bad man throws mud at a good man he hits himself in the face.

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

Poetry's Highest Function the Handmaid of Religion—Convincing Logic of the New Testament—Back Pews at the Lecture and at Church.

What Is It Doing for You?

A FEW striking incidents have recently come to our knowledge from over the sea of how simple reading of the New Testament without a word of comment has been blessed to the conversion of individuals of God's ancient people, the Jews. A young Israelite in the Crimea, a highly cultivated man thoroughly instructed in his own faith, became acquainted with several Christian families, and conceived the idea of writing a novel, in which the families of the Jews and Christian should be contrasted. The better to understand the latter, he bought a New Testament, and had not long studied it before he became convinced that Jesus was the promised Messiah of his people.

In Berlin a Hebrew artist, desiring to find new subjects for pictures, began to search for them in the New Testament. As he read, the moral beauty of the Saviour made a deep impression upon him. The more he read the deeper was the impression, until he came to the profound conviction that Jesus was the Son of God.

Such, when once they begin to study it, is the influence of the New Testament upon those who have never known it. And yet how many of us Christians, who fancy we know it well, fail to find any decided evidence in our lives that we are gaining anything from it. We read it, but we do not grow by it. Is the reason that we are looking in it rather for doctrines—for truth, perhaps we may call it—than for Jesus Christ, who is the Truth? To know Him, this is life eternal.—American Messenger

Poetry and Religion.

Poetry fulfills its highest function when it becomes the handmaid of religion, awakening noble emotions in our hearts, stirring holy impulses in us, setting in motion divine echoes that roll from soul to soul, that touch the cord of nature's lyre which makes the whole world akin, and reveal our common brotherhood before God. It is plain that the spiritual side of our nature is improved by whatever refines and exalts, and that the grosser appetites of man are held in check by those gentler and subtler influences which spring from a mind that spurns the earth and lifts its gaze beyond the mountain tops. It is no less true of the poet than of the prophet that his lips have been touched by coals of living fire, that his glance shoots from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, and that the mighty thoughts of Homer descended from the same source only through the channels of the natural order as did the gorgeous conceptions of Isaiah. The sublime utterances of the great bards of the ages have sanctified the world, and turned men's passions from the roads to ruin and revolt against order, into pathways that led to the building of great cities, to the growth of civilization and the rearing of those mighty monuments that have immortalized the past. Rome lives today a portion of its life instinct with the spirit which Virgil breathed into it, and its Christianity is no less holy and pure because 1,900 years ago it glowed with the light of the Muses. But it is in the individual especially that we should look for the healthful influences of poetry and learn its general rivalry with religion in dissipating doubt and shedding on the soul the radiance of a new birth. To turn from the beautiful page of Kempis to the harmonious line of Dante is like passing from the valley where the lily blooms into the garden where the rose blushes, for in both the fragrance is equally delightful and the color and life of a grand epoch are revealed to us. The ages of faith are reflected alike from the sententious utterances of the pious recluse as from the passionate verses of the Florentine. Light shines in upon the one equally from both, and doubt and dishonor fly alike from the unctuous touch of the ascetic as from the impassioned lines of the mystic bard. And so in every age of the world religion and poetry stand linked together and good men have found it easy to pass from the portals of the sanctuary to the the temple of the muses.

Trials and Temptations.

Our trials seem hard, our temptations chafe and fret, and the daily routine of duties look tiresome and like a burden, because our selfish inclinations are pulling us in another way, and we are not inclined to stop and consider the use and helpfulness of these experiences. But if we could accustom ourselves to finding some element of usefulness in every day's experience, the trials would be more easily borne, the temptations would fret us less, and the duties of life would never appear heavy and wearisome.

The Lost Heart.

I knew a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got himself. "That is odd," say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He had scarcely enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were around him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart.