

early continuance of them, to which everyone will look forward. Still the number is very strong, opening with Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," powerfully told and fairly. The illustrations are many, and taken from the best sources possible. Bret Harte gives us a quaint poem from the old Cotswold hills, of "The Birds of Cirencester," or as all Gloucestershire people call it, "Cissiter." It dates back to the time when the Danes were invading Britain, and tells the story of the burning of the town by them. The opening chapters of Thomas Nelson Page's novel, "Red Rock," graphically describes the old South before the war. Everyone will await with impatience the succeeding chapters. "In the Chestnut Groves of Northern Italy," by Susan Nichols Carter, with illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson, gives an insight into a part of Italy little frequented by foreigners. "The Queen Versus Billy," by Lloyd Osborne, recounts the story of Capt. Casement, of H.M. Navy, and Billy, a native of the Solomon Islands. "Some Tendencies of Modern Opera" are discussed by Reginald de Koven, the well-known authority. Helen Waterson Moody discusses "Women and Reforms." A French Literary Circle," by Alene Gorren, and a powerful story by Walcott Le Clear Beard, entitled "Tizzard Castle," completes the number.

The first number of "The Arena" for the new year maintains its high standard as the magazine of reform. The paper that interests us most is one under the caption "Our Friends the Enemy," by Mr. John G. Spence, Barrister, of Toronto. It is an able discussion on the relations of the two great English-speaking peoples of North America.

#### THE INVITATION TO HOLY COMMUNION

You are invited—you have often been invited—to come to the Blessed Feast, in which your loving Saviour offers to you the Heavenly food of His own most precious Body and Blood. But perhaps you feel almost afraid to come. It seems to you something so very holy and awful that you shrink back, knowing how little worthy you are to draw near to your Lord. Well then, listen while I try to fashion such a conversation as I could suppose to take place between the Lord Jesus and some such timid disciple as yourself:

The Voice of Jesus.—"This do in remembrance of Me."

The voice of the disciple.—O, my Lord, if I were but fit I would come. But I am so unworthy, so full of sin and weakness and folly, that I am afraid lest Thou shouldst frown upon me, and cast me out, as one not having the wedding-garment.

The Voice of Jesus.—My child, I know thy sins and thy weakness, and thy unworthiness, better than thou knowest them thyself. Yet again I bid thee come. If thou hadst no sins, wherefore did I die for thee? If thou hadst no weakness, wherefore did I give this Sacrament for the strengthening of thy soul? My promise standeth fast—Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

The voice of the disciple.—Lord, I know that Thou art merciful; yet is it not said that he that cometh to Thy Holy Feast must come with a penitent heart, and with lively faith, and with charity towards all men? Yet my heart mourns but little for sin; and my faith is very weak and dim; and my love is sadly cold and dull. Surely, Lord, I am not fit to come.

The Voice of Jesus.—My child, thy repentance is poor: then come to Me, and I will make it deeper. Thy faith is dim: then come to Me, and I will make it brighter. Thy love is cold: then come to Me, and I will make it warmer.

The voice of the disciple.—O my Saviour, even if I should come to Thee now, I greatly dread lest I fall back afterwards, and return to my sins and my follies. It is a terrible thing, after having "tasted of the heavenly gift," and being made "partaker of the Holy Ghost," to fall away. Surely then, my last state would be worse than my first.

The Voice of Jesus.—My child, I know that thou wilt often fall; that many times thou wilt walk unworthily; that thou wilt have sins and shortcomings to repent of every day. Yet again I bid thee come. Believest thou not that "My grace" is sufficient for "thee," and that "My strength is made perfect" in "weakness?" Dost thou doubt My power or my love? Only persevere, and faint not. Though thou fallest often—yea many times a day, yet as many times arise again, and thou wilt find Me nigh. Thou shalt know that He that hath begun a good work in Thee will perform it unto the end. Though thou fallest, yet shall thou not be cast away, for I will uphold thee with Mine Hand.

The voice of the disciple.—O my merciful Saviour, Thy promises are very comforting, and fill me with hope; yet suffer me to open my heart to Thee. It is not only that I am so full of sin and uncleanness; it is not only that I have so small a portion of repentance and faith and charity; it is not only that I am so fearful of falling back; but, O my Saviour, with shame I confess it, I love Thee so little that I have no right to Thy love.

The Voice of Jesus.—No, My child, it is true; thou hast no right to My love. Yet I give it thee, freely—fully—without stint or measure. It is thine; wilt thou not have it? It is thine; wilt thou fling it away from thee as a thing that is nothing worth? It is thine. Oh! wilt thou not love Me a little—only a little—in return?

The voice of the disciple.—Lord, I love Thee; help Thou my want of love. Nay, rather let me say, Lord, Thou lovest me. I believe, and thank Thee. Alas! I can do no more. Yet, O my Saviour, I have one trouble still. Suffer me to speak but this once. I cannot take delight in holy things as I would. Prayer is not a joy to me, but a burden. I much fear that even in the solemn service of Thy blessed Sacrament my heart will be dull and unmoved. "My soul cleaveth to the dust;" and I seem not only unfit, but also unable to share in heavenly things.

The Voice of Jesus.—My child, this dullness of spirit is the greatest sorrow of all My truest servants. My chief saints have oftentimes been sorely grieved at this their hardness of heart. Yet again I bid thee to come. If thou touchest but the hem of My garment, thou shalt be whole. Thy prayers and thy sacraments will not be accepted for thy warmth and fervour, but for My Merits and Sacrifice. Trust to these. Do thy best, and leave the rest to God. If thou givest little, I give much. And poor though thy offering be, I will present it with much incense on the golden altar before the Throne. Thou mayest perhaps receive but little joy and delight in My service now, yet faint not, and the joy and delight shall be hereafter.

The voice of the disciple.—O loving Saviour, who can withstand Thy great love? Who can resist Thy tender pleadings? Lo! a sinner, and the greatest of sinners, yet I come. Let me touch but the hem of Thy garment. I believe, for Thou hast said it, that Thou wilt not cast me out. Amen.

#### A FEW NOTES OF MRS. TYTLER'S LECTURE.

St. James' School-house, Dec. 10th, 1897.

A number of ladies of the W.A. and others interested in the stirring scenes of which Mrs. Tytler gave so vivid a description, assembled in St. James' school-house on the afternoon of December 10th. The chair was taken by Bishop Sullivan, who briefly introduced the lecturer. As one gazed at the small, slight figure of the sweet-faced, gentle, old lady, it was hard to picture her amid such horrors, displaying so noble a patience and courage, but as she spoke one realized in the clear, decisive tones the spirit which animated this true soldier's wife and daughter. The causes, she told us, of the Indian Mutiny, were various, but the chief was the annexation of the Kingdom of Oude. The sovereign who reigned over it at that time was a Mahomedan, licentious to a degree unsurpassed in any age, and he oppressed his people terribly in order to obtain from them, through his officials, the money to squander on his pleasures and excesses. The officials extorted from the people for them-

selves in their turn, till the country groaned in misery and poverty, and nothing was done to give employment or improve the land. Time and again the British Government threatened the King that if this course was pursued they would take his kingdom from him, and each time he promised, and did nothing. At last the Government annexed the kingdom, and ruled it well and wisely, but the Mahomedans lost no opportunity of stirring up the Hindus against the British rule, in the hope of inducing them to rise and overthrow it, to which end they told them that the English were conspiring in every way to make them Christians and degrade their caste. Outside Cawnpore a large flour mill was erected, which gave the natives better and cheaper flour than they could grind for themselves, and they were delighted, until it was told them that dead men's bones were ground into it to degrade them, and that all the good flour was kept for the English. Another story was that the cartridges of the new Enfield rifles were greased with cow's fat. Now, the cow being a sacred animal, this was a terrible thing. In vain the British officers gave the men money and papers to buy their own grease; the papers were defiled, so the Mahomedans told them. In every regiment there were two-thirds Hindus and one-third Mahomedans, and all mainly from the Kingdom of Oude, because it produced splendid men, physically and in every way, much superior to the majority of India. The officers were all English. When Delhi was taken under British rule, the Emperor was not banished, which was a great mistake, but he was allowed to live, with his wives and retinue, in the palace or inner city of Delhi, which place thus became a hotbed of mutiny and trouble. When the new rifles came into use, the men were sent in sections to the various headquarters to learn their use, and the mutterings of rebellion were heard on all sides. But the English never thought for one moment that it was anything but a passing trouble, and that it would soon subside. The first signs of mutiny broke out in the third Bengal Cavalry, and one man was hanged for sedition. This so enraged the others that they rose, instead of waiting for the preconcerted signal which was to set India aflame from one end to the other on a certain date, and all the English were to be surprised and murdered without warning. To this sudden ebullition of wrath, therefore, is due that one-half of India rose before the other was ready, and so the British there escaped annihilation. Directly they rose, the mutineers marched straight to Delhi, by the riverside road, where they were not easily seen, right to the King's palace, where they received orders to kill every infidel. Capt. Tytler's men had gone, like others, to headquarters to learn to use the new rifle, and as he drove to church on Sunday morning he met another officer, who reported that the men were coming back all right. He had to read out to them on parade about the man being hanged for mutiny, and he noticed that they hissed and shuffled with their feet, but took no notice, resolving to drill them well to punish them for it—a hard punishment in May, heavily accoutred as they were. By nightfall he had not one mutineer left to punish; they had deserted, all except 40 old soldiers, who had served with him since his boyhood in many campaigns.

A written warning was handed to an officer named Fraser, and he, thinking it was some ordinary petition, put it in his pocket and never read it till too late. Then the brigadier ordered out the 54th to guard the gates. Capt. Tytler's regiment should have gone, being senior, but the colonel, one of the old school, was not sober, so could not be sent in command, a fact which saved them, for no sooner did Colonel Ripley, of the 54th, see the cavalry charging down on them, than he called to his men: "Fire!" and every man turned his rifle against his own officers, till they were all shot. Dr. Stewart, of the 74th, passing by, saw the heap of dead officers, and only poor Col. Ripley alive, who had nine bayonet wounds, beside being shot in several places. He picked him up, dressed his wounds as well as he could, and carried him into cantonments to his own hospital, a dying man. Meanwhile Capt. Tytler had been sent to guard the ferry. He noticed one young Mahomedan

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