

is honest?' and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I then had a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God."

The Slogan of the Highlanders.

A SOUND OF JOY AT LUCKNOW.

THE following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Bannerol, a French physician in the service of Mussur Rajah, and published in *Le Pays* (Paris paper), under the date of Calcutta, Oct. 8:—I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party:—"On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to the earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved to die rather than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The Engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father should return from the ploughing." She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and, apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear, my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. . . . For a

moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, or this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk to the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—'Will ye no believe it no? the slogan has ceased, indeed, but the "Campbell's are comin'!" D'ye hear—d'ye hear!' At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need. Never surely was there ever such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remembered what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Langsyne.'"

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State of India.

WITH the terrible historical facts of the late insurrection in India, we are all now more or less acquainted. We cannot open the pages of a British or Colonial Journal without meeting with long and afflicting details of the progress of the mutiny in Bengal, the cruel and barbarous murders committed by the blood-thirsty Sepoys, the heroic courage and indomitable perseverance of our brave warriors and countrymen; the bloody battles which have been already fought, and the astonishing victories which have been gained by small bodies of British troops, over countless thousands of disaffected but cowardly Asiatics.

An awful, but we believe, not a hopeless struggle, is now going on between Indian barbarism and European civilization, the fate of a mighty British possession is at stake,—the conflict to decide the question whether heathenism or Christianity shall for the future predominate, and give laws to the teeming millions of India, is now raging.

To understand the subject in its full extent, it is necessary for us to look beneath the surface of passing events, into the origin of the conflict, and the motives by which the mutineers are influenced. It is impossible to apply the effectual remedy till we learn the extent and nature of the disease.

Now whilst the facts are certain and undeniable, the causes of the outbreak, from the conflicting statements of persons of different shades of political and religious opinion, are not so easily ascertained. We do not expect to find any sane person expatiating, as in former years, on the mild and tolerant spirit of Hindooism, and extolling it as a religion as well fitted to instruct the Indian, as Christianity is to enlighten the European mind. Such absurd notions bordering on Infidelity, are now completely refuted by dreadful arguments. We no longer hear of the religious scruple pretended by the mutineers for revolt, which was at first so eagerly and boldly advanced for throwing the blame of the insurrection on the christian missionaries and societies in India:

"Lord Ellenborough" with a hardness which would have done credit to Sydney Smith himself, "backed by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, pronounced it incredible that Lord Canning should have given his subscriptions to a Mission Society (whose sphere, it turns out, was confined to the European Christians of Calcutta), and implied that it was enough to account for the mutiny had he done so; and that he would certainly merit to be recalled. It was said that we had offended the natives by forcing Christian education upon them, and had brought the authority of Government to bear upon native conversion. The law lately passed by which a convert from Hindooism was saved from the entire loss of his property, to which he was subject under the old Hindoo law, was alleged by Mr. Disraeli as a pernicious and tyrannous innovation. But the course of events soon cleared off this line of argument. Though the missionaries at Delhi and Cawnpore, and elsewhere, fell in the indiscriminate slaughter of Europeans, there was no special animosity