

treasures, they presented their gifts: and the Church long after called to remembrance how that each gift had been symbolical of the nature of the office of Him to whom the Magi had offered adoration. Fitting was it that to a king they should have offered gold; and to Him who was very God, frankincense—as the fragrant substance which daily burned on the altar of incense, the materials of those precious odours which set forth the prayers of saints; while myrrh was fitly His, as very Man invested with a mortal body. The Royalty, the Divinity, the Humanity of Christ, then, were the three things which these Eastern Magi confessed without confession, even by their very gifts. The star (1) fulfilled the prophecy of Balaam, (2) satisfied the hopes of the Magi, (3) guided them from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, (4) exercises us. And this is a sample—only a common sample of how God acts. His name is wonderful with whom we have to do. He will entrap the wicked in the work of His own hands—as in the case of Herod. He will make the pathway of the just higher and brighter until they come to the perfect day, as in the case of the wise men.—J. W. Burgon, in the Anglican Pulpit Library.

AN ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

Would to God that all who call themselves Christians might exhibit one-half the zeal of those newly-converted heathen, who beheld the bright star on the first Epiphany! Some may be disposed to envy the Eastern sages, and to regard their privileges as far superior to our own. This would be quite uncalled for. The light of the glorious Gospel of Christ has shone upon us in its full-orbed splendour. "I am a foolish and a poor creature," says Archbishop Leighton, personating a desponding disciple, "and I have nothing to offer." "Nothing! Hast thou a heart?" "Yes, a heart I have; but alas, there can be nothing more unfit to offer to Christ." "Yet wilt thou give it to Him as it is, and be willing that He use and dispose of it as it pleases Him?" "Oh, that He would accept it, that He would take it upon any terms!" "Sayest thou so? Then it is done. Give it really and freely, and He will take it, and make it better at its worst than all the gold and frankincense and myrrh of all those rich countries where they abound. And it shall never repent thee to have made it a gift to Him. He shall frame it in His own likeness, and in return, will give thee Himself and be thine forever." He is to be accounted a poor Christian who is satisfied to be saved by the Lord Jesus, but who puts himself to no inconvenience to show Him honour. We can all render to our glorious King the homage of our minds, recognizing Him not only as a pure and spotless Being, but as One who is also Divine, "fairer than the children of men." "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person." (Heb. i. 3). We can offer to Him the homage of our hearts, by yielding to Him not merely our whole trust and confidence, but our undying love. We can give Him the homage of our lips, boldly vindicating the honour of His great Name, and sustaining the interests of His Kingdom.

A FEW NOTES OF MRS. TYTLER'S LECTURE.

(Continued from last issue.)

At the gates they met a cart piled up with the stripped dead bodies of the 54th officers. Why this was brought them they never knew, unless to intimidate them. When they returned to this place some months after, the cart was still standing as they left it, piled with skeletons, which were taken

from it and buried near there, and a monument marks the spot. One terrible incident of this terrible day was the murder of an officer's wife. Her husband, Mr. Chambers, left her all right in the morning, and was ordered off on duty. When he returned at noon, the first thing that met his horrified gaze was the dead body of the poor girl (she was not yet eighteen), the mutilations showing only too plainly how horribly she had died. She was lying in the garden, her only covering being her magnificent hair. Her murderer was caught next day and brought to justice, being sentenced to be immediately hanged. The unfortunate husband had to be held down by his brother officers, as he struggled fiercely to try and attack the wretch, crying, "Let me get at him; let me get at him!" Mrs. Tytler said that though she was a Christian woman, she thought the man should have been given up to Mr. Chambers for vengeance. Afterwards he used often to wander into their quarters, stand as if dazed, and, pressing his hands to his eyes, go out without speaking. As long as he was fighting he was all right, but the mutiny ended, he went insane. Had he been allowed to kill that man, she believed his intellect would have been preserved. Capt. Tytler had ordered his carriage, and told his wife to follow the guns and keep with them, and away went the gunners at full speed, while Capt. Tytler followed behind with his men. After a while the coachman said they were going the wrong way, but thinking it was to entrap them, she said she was told to keep with the guns, and so she would. It turned out to be true, the gunners had mistaken the turning. Capt. Tytler could not find his wife anywhere with the rest, and he took his own men to follow after the guns in search of her, but as they passed the magazine they saw the dead bodies of the native soldiers who were blown up in it, and cried: "We serve the company, and this is how the company serves us!" and they refused to go on. In despair he took a horse and rode after Mrs. Tytler. In her carriage was a Mrs. Gardiner, who had been kind to her early in the day. When she saw Capt. Tytler she cried out for her husband, and implored Capt. Tytler to go and look for him, which he at once did. As he left them, Mrs. Tytler put her hands over her face, and thought, "My God! I shall never see him again." He found Capt. Gardiner on a bridge, surrounded by natives and thieves. In a few minutes he would have been too late to save him. He made him get up behind him on his horse, having leaped the animal into the middle of this throng to his aid, and they rode off in safety and rejoined their wives. Capt. Gardiner was put in the dentry and on they went for 15 miles. Presently they met a lady driving into Delhi, and when Capt. Tytler told her how matters stood there, she refused to believe them and drove on. After a while Capt. Tytler's horse was exhausted, so he took one from the post-station, and the syc came with it, as was their custom. Then they went 30 miles further, and the carriage came utterly to pieces, and they had to walk. At last they saw a carriage in the distance, and found it was the lady they had met before, coming back. Capt. Tytler stopped and asked her to take in the party. She refused, saying they would break her carriage, but things were urgent, so Capt. Tytler just put in the ladies and children, and maid, and they drove on for some distance, when the wheels came off with the rough roads. They patched them up with rope somehow, and went on. The natives knew that if the mail did not go off as usual that the English in the other stations round would suspect something was the matter, so they sent off the mail cart at the proper hour, and the wife of the post-master, whose husband had been murdered, managed to escape in it, and they met the poor woman, who went on to send them help from the nearest town. After five or six miles further the spring broke, and they were thrown out. Fortunately they found a tumbril, which was going into Delhi with old iron for the magazine, so they took possession of it and emptied it of the iron in spite of the protestations of the drivers, who refused to drive them. So Capt. Tytler and Capt. Gardiner, who had never driven bullocks before, attempted it. Bullocks in India are driven by their tails, and a twist in certain directions indicates the

way they are to go, and as the officers did not understand how to do this, the bullocks rushed wildly about, almost upsetting the tumbril, and the drivers, exclaiming that their bullocks would be killed, offered to drive them. At dawn they saw a speck in the distance, and this proved to be the husband of the lady whose carriage they had made use of, and who thanked them most fervently for saving his wife, little knowing how she had persisted in going into danger after their warnings, or how very disagreeable and unkind she had been to these poor things flying for their lives. By this time they had been without food for 25 hours, and the only water they could get was some from the filthy pools by the roadside, for the children, who never complained or cried for food. Presently they came to a rest-house or travellers inn, and managed to get some lentils and chupatties (a kind of cake of flour and water). They also got them to bring all the old arms they had in the house, and the men armed themselves, and the women took the carving-knives, determined to sell their lives as dearly as they could. All this time they had been travelling off the highway on the way to the cantonments at Howput, but now they found it impossible to reach there, and the natives suggested that they go on to Cawnore, which was not very far. They seemed to be lost, but some feeling made them resolve not to go there, a fortunate thing—as they would have fallen into the mutineers' hands—so they decided to go to Umballa. After many excuses, invented to delay them purposely, they succeeded in getting carriages late in the afternoon, and some Eurasians came with them. Half way to Umballa they met the cavalry, so they pulled the cart they were in over their heads, one heard them say: "Let the poor devils go, they have only two days to live." During this journey Mrs. Tytler suffered so much from the jolting that at last they had to take her out and lay her on the ground, while she implored them to go on and leave her to die. She would rather die, she said. But her husband, of course, refused to leave her, and just then the disagreeable lady drove by in a nice carriage, and it was stopped and Mrs. Tytler put in it. After 140 miles journey, which the men walked, they reached Umballa, where all was quiet, but the mutiny broke out there next day, and all the people went to Delhi. A General came down from Simla, to take command, and after three days he died, of cholera, they said, and was buried under the floor of his tent. Another took his command, and shortly afterwards died also, and a third likewise. Now the natives blamed these Generals for the affair of the new rifles with their obnoxious cartridges, and, being exceedingly skillful poisoners, they deliberately poisoned them, the symptoms being just the same as those of cholera. They stopped eight miles out of the city, where the enemy had thrown up some earthworks which they expected would delay the English for some time, but they took them in two hours. Having taken these, they could have marched into Delhi, but as it would only have been to be shut up there in a siege, without provision, with spies and mutineers all round them, and the king's palace in their midst a hot-bed of treachery, the General in command wisely decided to take Delhi from the outside instead of from within. So there they remained, constantly fighting for three months and a half. "People talk," said Mrs. Tytler, "of their fighting for their country, their Queen, or their colours, but I tell you those men fought for their lives every day and night. They used to stay in the fort by day and sleep in the old tumbril at night, and in that tumbril her third child was born. The age of miracles is supposed to be past, but it was nothing but a miracle over and over again that saved them," Mrs. Tytler declared. This little handful of Englishmen in India, with 50,000 armed soldiers against them, trained by us, armed by us, we had everything against us, and yet that little handful conquered. Delhi was taken, the 20,000 of the enemy that were pitted against them were vanquished, and they marched into a properly conquered city. It would have taken hours, she said, to have told the incidents of that siege, and she thought their lives must have been spared for some great purpose.

As for herself, her attention was drawn a few years afterwards to the need of orphanages for