

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

A LOWLY MARTYR.

BY MISS EMMA C. STREET.

(Continued.)

The native waited until his master's anger had cooled down, then he lifted him as gently as possible and carried him into the ruins to the most sheltered spot he could find and propped him up against the wall while he improvised a couch of grass and leaves. He was still engaged in the task when a distant sound reached his ears and caused him to start up and hasten to the outside of the building. His fears proved to be only too prophetic; the mutineers had followed close upon his track and a red-dish gleam among the trees warned him that they were armed with torches and were prosecuting the search vigorously. He at once plunged back into the ruins and began to tumble the improvised couch down into the underground chamber, explaining the danger rapidly to the colonel as he did so. When he had finished he took the helpless man and wrapped the turban securely around him again, but leaving his arms free. Then he lowered him gently down into the chamber below and threw after him a small parcel of provisions that he had had the foresight to bring with him. "Keep perfectly quiet, sahib," he said earnestly, as he prepared to replace the stone that concealed the hole. "If I escape I will come back for you. If not, God will succour you some other way."

"But why don't you come down here yourself?" asked the colonel, looking up at him. "If it's safe for me it's safe for you."

"There is no one to put the stone in place," was the quiet answer. "Never mind me, sahib; I'm all right. Pray that we may both be saved. Farewell now, and above all, keep very quiet, no matter what you hear. To let the sepoys know of your presence would mean instant death; they would not even wait to hear what you had to say, so it would be useless to attempt to face them. I shall leave the stone in such a way as to admit air, and will come back when the way is clear."

There was no time to say more. Already the voices of the searchers were audible, and Laltah drew the stone into its place, disposed the grass and weeds as as to conceal the iron ring and the small crevice he had left uncovered, extinguished his lantern, and silently stole away.

"Humph!" muttered the colonel, when he was left alone in the pitch darkness. I don't know but that a sudden death is preferable to one by starvation, and that's what it means if that lad falls into the hands of our enemies; for no one knows I am here. The only consolation about it will be that the rascals won't have the pleasure of killing me. What a trump that chap Laltah is though; after my injustice to him too. What was that he said about praying? I fancy swearing has been more in my line all my life, and I feel more like doing it now than praying, though I suppose I ought not. Well, well." The colonel fell into a musing fit whither we shall not follow him. A host of new and novel thoughts had been suggested to him by the native's remarks; but what their effect was is known only to himself.

Laltah crept cautiously away from the vicinity of the underground chamber; keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the ruins; a difficult task, for the moonlight was pouring brightly down through every rift in the roof and walls. He had gained the opposite side to where the searchers were prowling about and was about to glide into the jungle, when a yell announced to him that they had discovered the secret. Almost at that same moment a pair of hands had grasped him from behind and the voice of Dowla Dass rose high in a cry of triumph. Wrenching himself free, Laltah grasped his enemy by the throat to prevent another outcry, but the mischief had been done. Before he could fling him down and make good his escape, the sepoys came running up on every side, and in a moment he was bound hand and foot and thrown upon the ground; a helpless prisoner.

"Ah, ha, son of Shaitan. So we have caught you," cried one of the mutineers, bestowing a kick upon Laltah that hurt his own toes; he had forgotten that he had thrown aside his military boots.

"Yes, we have caught you," echoed Dowla Dass, exultingly. "You thought I was unconscious when you carried away

the accursed Feringhee colonel. But I wasn't. I watched which way you went and I guided the sepoys here. I thought you would come to the jungle. What have you done with the colonel sahib?" Laltah was silent.

"Speak, son of a pig," vociferated another mutineer, prodding the prisoner with his trelwar. "We will cut you in pieces if you don't," threatened still another, savagely.

"No, no," interposed a third, a treacherous looking scoundrel. "We desire not to hurt our countrymen; it is the Feringhees we make war upon. Let Laltah declare to us where the colonel sahib is in hiding and we will reward and not punish him. Is it not so?"

A significant look passed around, and all answered in the affirmative. Looking at the circle of faces in the moonlight, Laltah read them plainly and he almost smiled. "Listen," he said, quietly. "I am your countryman, but I am also a Christian and you know it and hate me for it. The colonel sahib is safe. By this time he is beyond your reach. I helped him to escape as you already know. Now do as you please."

Cries of rage answered him, and several of the sepoys would have rushed upon him with their knives and despatched him at once but for the intervention of Dowla Dass. That worthy interposed quickly and cried, "not yet, my brothers. This pig of a Christian knows where the accursed Feringhee is concealed. Let us torture him till he speaks."

The proposal harmonized too well with their inclinations to be refused, and a scene began that would have done credit to the Roman amphitheatre during the reign of Diocletian or Julian. They cut and hacked the form of the unfortunate Laltah until there was not an inch of sound flesh left on his form. They applied torches to the soles of his feet, and they cut off his nose and his ears, pausing to ask, after every fresh agony, if he would betray his master's hiding place. A shake of the head was the only answer they could evoke, and they returned to their savage work again and again, until exhausted nature could stand no more and their victim became unconscious.

Never was a victory more gloriously won. Baffled, enraged, and yet half-frightened by the constancy of their victim, the Sepoys left him as dead, and scattered themselves through the ruins, seeking in vain for Colonel Chisholm. A score of times they passed over his hiding place; but it was too well concealed, and at last, as the sun began to light up the jungle, they went away, leaving the unfortunate Laltah weltering in blood; a hideous spectacle, deprived of nearly all semblance to humanity, but a glorious testimony to the power of faith.

Two or three hours later, a couple of officers of the Irregulars, fugitives from the murdering Sepoys, making their way from a distant part of the jungle where they had been concealed during the night, came upon the mutilated form of the poor native and halted beside it in horror. "Great God!" exclaimed one, "did you ever see such a spectacle, Hammond?"

"Some more of the miscreants' work, I suppose," answered the other bitterly. "There will be a heavy reckoning some day for those things. Come on, it's no use standing here; the poor wretch is dead."

As if to contradict his words, a shudder ran through the mutilated form at their feet and its hands were joined supplicatingly for a moment before they again fell heavily down.

"He is not dead," cried Hammond, kneeling down and lifting the broad stained head of Laltah. "We would be barbarians to leave him in this state. I wish we had a cupful of water."

"There is a drop of sherry in my flask since we went shooting yesterday," cried the other, who was named Greer. "Here, see if you can get him to swallow it."

With much difficulty a little of the liquor was forced down Laltah's throat and he revived slightly and made an effort to speak but it was the mere whisper, and Hammond had to put his ear down close to his lips to catch it. "The colonel sahib—under the floor—near door—of mosque—don't—go with—out—him."

"He says something about the colonel and the floor of the mosque," said Hammond in a puzzled tone. "What can he mean?"

"He must be raving," suggested Greer.

"Can you explain what you mean?"

asked Hammond pitifully bending down again.

Once more Laltah's blood stained lips moved in an effort to save his master. "Colonel—Chisholm—under mosque—look—for—him—Lord—have—mercy." Scarcely were the words breathed rather than spoken, when a shudder shook him from head to foot. Then he stretched himself out and lay quite still. "He is dead this time," said Greer, in an awestricken voice. "Y-s, poor fellow," answered the other with a little catch in his breath. "And unless I'm very much mistaken he has saved the chief's life at the expense of his own. He said twice that Colonel Chisholm was under the mosque and we were to look there for him. He must have meant that he is hiding there. Come on, old fellow, we'll have a hunt."

Before beginning the search they broke a lot of branches off the trees and covered the dead body of the faithful servant from the rays of the sun; sadly recognising their inability to give it any more honorable sepulture.

With Laltah's last words to guide them, the search did not prove a very long one. They found the Colonel summing and fretting over his prolonged imprisonment; but when they took him and showed him the body of his faithful servant he broke down and cried like a child.

"If I get out of this fix alive," he said solemnly, "I'll build that poor fellow a monument that will perpetuate his name for ages to come."

That same day the three men were rescued by a company of European foot on its way to the relief of the surviving English residents of Panigunge, who welcomed their deliverers with extravagant joy.

Many months passed before Colonel Chisholm was able to put into execution his resolution of erecting a memorial to the faithful Laltah. When he did so, it took the form of a stained glass window in the little native chapel of Panigunge, where the brave young native had been baptised; but perhaps the most honorable monument to his memory was the complete and radical change that his noble death wrought in the Colonel himself. From that time till the day of his death, there was no more exemplary Christian than Colonel Chisholm, and no more zealous supporter of every scheme for the conversion of the natives of India.

EMMA C. STREET.

DOMESTIC READING.

The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

It is the laziness of mind which takes away the taste for good books.

The praise of the world without the fear of God has no foundation.

The blue heaven is larger than all the clouds in it, and much more lasting.

A man is born for great things when he has the strength to conquer himself.

The entire universe is the temple of God, filled with His glory and His presence.

One seldom repents of having said too little, often of having said too much.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving at the right moment.

Perhaps to suffer is nothing else than to live more deeply. Love and sorrow are the two conditions of a profound life.

Nothing is so pleasant as a good and beautiful soul; it shows itself in every action.

Nothing offends God like pride. True piety is in accord with all reasonable pleasures.

Moderesty is to merit what shaking is to the figures in a picture; it gives it force and expression.

What is more glorious than to be conquered, or rather to be willing to be conquered by truth?

As women advance in their grasp of all that is noble and good will they not leave shame far behind?

Sinners will not look on God as a Father, they will some day be obliged to look on Him as a Judge.

"Satisfactory Results."

So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ont., who writes: "In wasting diseases and scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

THANKSGIVING DAY

At St. Laurent College.

On the evening of the 29th of November the members of St. Patrick Literary Association of St. Laurent College convened a respectable assembly in their dramatic hall to celebrate the anniversary of Thanksgiving Day, which ever makes the hearts of Americans beat with overflowing sentiments of patriotism. The audience seemed to imbibe a spirit of nationality, and throughout the evening showered upon the participants in the entertainment volley upon volley of merited praise and applause. The spectators were untiring in their admiration of the brilliant effort of the talented amateur actors of this college in presenting a melodrama entitled "The Recognition." The college band and orchestra also received encomiums for their delightful music. The many Americans present were overjoyed at hearing their beloved national airs played in a strange, but happily, sister country. The entire performance of the evening was well rendered. However, it is regretted, as the president of the Society remarked, that among the audience were missed the pleasant faces of some of our fair admirers whom a disagreeable storm forced to remain at home. The following is the programme:

Selection..... College Band
English Oration, Isabella the Catholic.....
.....Mr. Francis Kenney
French Oration, De la Liberte.....
.....Mr. J. A. Gauthier
Selection..... Orchestra

THE RECOGNITION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Spoleto..... James H. Goggin
Ricardo, his squire..... Joseph Brennan
Prince of Macerata..... Ambrose McGinn
Barolo..... Henry Quinn
Antonio, his son, a boy..... John McGarry
Balthazar, friend of Antonio..... Patrick O'Mara
Stephano, teacher of Antonio..... John Hannon
Leonard, a soldier..... William Hazel
Andrea, a squire of the Duke..... William Tighe
Paolino, a companion of Barolo.....
.....Joseph Williams
Lorenzo, page, friend of Antonio.....
.....Edmund Carron
Giammo, Squire of Barolo..... John McQuillan
Fabiano, Governor of Montefalco.....
.....Francis Doyle
Paolo, a jailer..... John O'Sullivan
Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

A ROARING FARCE.

THE TROUBLESOME SERVANTS.

Dr. Ziz eschneider..... Moses Malone
Dr. Finklespellenheimer..... Matthew O'Brien
Joe Fash..... James Moran
Jim, Snowball Molasses..... Joseph McGinty
Handy Andy..... Jeremiah Casey
Carl Skinsky..... Edward Houlahan
Grand Finale..... College Band

Mr. Kenney's oration was a masterpiece of eloquence. Fully acquainted with the field of his subject, he glowingly pictured how to Isabella, a model of Christian virtue, the Catholic Church owes the inestimable number of converts gained by the discovery of America. Mr. Gauthier's speech on liberty was well rendered and deserves praise. The vocal music of the extracts was excellent and received encores. The actors did exceedingly well, and each, by striving to the best of his ability to personate his assumed character, served to make the evening a success. Mr. James H. Goggin, the president of the Society, in the role of the villain enclosed his former reputation as an actor. Mr. Brennan, as the Duke's squire, agreeably surprised the audience. Master John McGarry, as the young hero, is to be complimented on his first appearance on the stage. Messrs. Quinn, O'Mara, Hannon, and Hazel did honor to themselves, while Messrs. Tighe and Williams are deserving of an honorable mention. All the other participants may feel proud of their success.

The farce kept the spectators continually laughing. The ability of Messrs. Doran and McGinty shows them to be comedians of no inferior rank.

When the entertainment was ended, Rev. Father Meehan, C. S. C., arose and briefly congratulated St. Patrick's Association on the happy issue of its entertainment, and in behalf of those present the Society for the delightful evening it had afforded them.

After the assembled guests had retired, the students wended their joyful way to their respective dormitories and were soon lost in dreams of a sumptuous dinner on the morrow the culmination of their Thanksgiving celebration.

The thanks of the Society are due to Rev. Father McGarry, C. S. C., Mr. Michael J. O'Connor and Mr. John J. McGee, to whose great and unceasing efforts the evening's programme owes its felicitous termination. Credit is also owing to Messrs. Urgel Vian and Lecours for the instrumental music enjoyed and to the director of the Glee Club, Rev. Brother Oswald for the vocal music furnished.

B. L.