

many stories connected with that month of fiery trial when men held their lives in their hands, when the city swarmed with Mussulmans from all quarters who had hasted like eagles to the anticipated banquet, and whose eyes plainly told that they held the days of subjection to be gone, and those of triumph to be very near; he will hear of the prayer meetings that were held every evening in the old Mission Church, till Government sent a request that they might be discontinued because they encouraged the natives in the belief that we were afraid; of the prompt obedience, because Christian men know how to obey, and of the arrangements that at a certain hour every night every Christian family should kneel before the throne and ask God to have mercy on our countrymen and countrywomen in their sore besetting at Lucknow, and Benares, and Allahabad, and in all the mutinous land; he will hear of the armings and drillings; of the congregating of families as night came on in the large houses, and of the patrolings by the gentlemen till morning; especially will he hear of that "panic Sunday" when the few who ventured to church went with their rifles in their hands, because that the mutinous regiments only 16 miles distant were hourly expected to sweep down upon the city, and then it could only remain for them to die as became British men to die; then perhaps, if the narrator be a Christian man, he will hear an expression of thanks to the good God who designed only to purge and not to destroy us, and who threw over the minds of the mutineers the shadow of a great fear of the English name, and held them from *daring* to do what they might easily have done, till the fighting men came from Madras on the South, and Persia on the West, and Burnmah on the East, to hold in check and even to begin the work of reconquest, whilst the night of the motherland was crossing the sea, and the long British arm was preparing to smite; he will be sure to hear of the arrival of Neill with his Madras Fusiliers—his "Lambs," as they were called—the advanced guard of that body of fighting and praying heroes who made the saying go forth from Calcutta to Umritsur that the white men could not be conquered.

The whole land is full of memorials of

these dreadful days. Yet they are days too full of greatness and honour for us to let them be forgotten, full of suffering and horror though they also be. Never since the days of Marathon and Thermopylae had manhood so conspicuously asserted its rights to be free and to rule. Nay, even those days of the olden time lose lustre in the comparison; for here was the full display of *Christian* manhood. Our heroes were not only men of the battle, but also men of prayer. Havelock smote lustily with the sword, but his prayers were no less mighty than his blows. Neill was a masterful soldier, a Cromwell in arms, but he was a Cromwell in Faith likewise—stern, sweeping as with a besom of destruction the foes of our race and name, yet ever looking upwards in a high old covenanting spirit, and faithful with an earnest unflinching faithfulness to the light that was within him—a soldier's sense of duty. Henry Carr Tucker, Commissioner of Benares, who held on to his post during weeks of prolonged suspense, surrounded by thousands and thousands of scowling and fanatical foes whom he restrained by his moral courage that held them bound more effectually than an army could have done, was one who, under any circumstances, would have been pointed to by his fellows as a marvel of childlike Faith,—a man whose implicit trust in God is still denounced as fanaticism by the godless, and is still a source of strength and rejoicing to the godly. Henry Tudor Tucker, his brother, so like him in Christian fame, yet so different—even grander, it seems to me, in the magnificent proportions of his character, in which the lamb-like and the lion-like united to form a great Christian Hercules—the Judge who had erected four pillars at the boundaries of his district, on two of which in various languages were engraved the ten Commandments, and on the other two of which were engraved the free Gospel calls and invitations; he was a man who lived the "friend of the poor," gentle and tender as a child, and he died like one of the grandest of these grand heroes after having, single-handed, done deeds of which the people of his district still speak in awe and wonderment. And what can be said more than has been said a hundred times of that Bayard of India,