

for the whole country needs the rain which I am making.

M. D.—So you really believe that you can command the clouds! I think that can be done by God alone.

R. D.—We both believed the very same thing. It is God that makes the rain, but I pray to Him by means of these medicines, and, the rain coming, of course it is, then mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains for many years, when they were at Shuk-uano; through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

M. D.—But we are distinctly told in the parting words of our Saviour that we can pray to God acceptably in His name alone, and not by means of medicines.

R. D.—Truly! but God told us differently. He made black men first, and did not love us, as He did the white man. He made yaks beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But toward us He had no heart. He gave us nothing, except the assagai, and cattle, and rainmaking; and He did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and augment their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing, which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We don't understand your book, yet we don't despise it. You ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

M. D.—I don't despise what I am ignorant of; I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicines which can influence the rain at all.

R. D.—That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we follow in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuraman for corn, and irrigate your garden, may do without rain: we cannot manage in that way. If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture, the cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives run away to other tribes who do make rain and have corn, and the whole tribe become dispersed and lost; our fire would go out.

M. D.—I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but you cannot charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belongs to God only.

R. D.—I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are both doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine; sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When He does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicines, neither do I when rain falls. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?

M. D.—I give medicine to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects, though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently; God will give us rain without your medicines.

R. D.—Mahsa-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation? Is death pleasant then?

M. D.—Could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

R. D.—I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lullulooing for joy.

M. D.—I think you deceive both them and yourself.

R. D.—Well, then, there is a pair of us (meaning both are rogues).

The above is only a specimen of their way of reasoning, in which, when the language is well understood, they are perceived to be remarkably acute.

A NEW LITURGY.

The German Reformed Church has issued a Liturgy, which is introduced by the following prospectus:—

The work herewith offered to the Christian public is designed as a directory and help to public and private worship, and is the result of several years' earnest and prayerful labor. This labor, however, was not devoted to the composition of original forms, so much as to the digesting and reproduction of evangelical forms and services already at hand, both ancient and modern, with such modifications in the mode of expression and other minor details, as a change of time and of circumstances seemed, to a conservative judgment, to demand. Whilst the book, therefore, is believed, will be found redolent of the sweetest liturgical devotions of early times, it will also be found avowedly of the freshness of an original production. The spirit which predominated in its preparation, was that of filial regard for everything good and true in past ages, joined to the spirit of genuine Christian liberty. But in all cases in which older forms are used, the original Greek or Latin sources were consulted and followed.

As stated in the advertisement, this Liturgy has been prepared with primary reference to the Reformed Church in this country. At the same time a mere glance at its contents will show that the book is quite free from anything strictly denominational. Even the name of the Church under whose auspices it is published, occurs only on the title-page and in the advertisement; no other denominational allusions are found except in the few forms in which the doctrinal standard of the Reformed Church, the Heidelberg Catechism had to be named. In this view, therefore, the new Liturgy commends itself to general favor and use. Any Christian clergyman, not hostile to all such forms, will find it offering to his hand helps of which he may profitably avail himself. And in Christian families it is calculated to serve as a book of social and private devotions, suited to all the ordinary seasons and services of the Christian year.

In its main feature this Liturgy is founded on our own. It not only gives the Apostles and Nicene Creeds, but the Athanasian.

So far as concerns baptism, the form here adopted is such as to prevent those using it from taking any further exceptions to the Episcopal ritual. The prayer after baptism reads as follows:—

"We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it has pleased thee, through the mystery of Thy Holy Baptism, to deliver this child from the power of darkness, and to translate him into the kingdom of Thy Dear Son."

Now about this there can be no dispute. The term "Regeneration" may mean a change either of spiritual or of merely ecclesiastical condition, and has been interpreted each way by men of learning and authority. In the version we now give there is no room left for doubt, but the highest Sacramentarian standard is promulgated.

So far as concerns the Calendar, the Liturgy before us conforms with but slight variations to our own. One or two emendations, we cannot but think, would be received with no small outcry if introduced by ourselves. Thus some of the Sundays make their appearance as follows:—

"Quinquages, Estomibi."

"Sec'd S. in L. Reminiscero."

"Fifth S. in Lent. Judice," &c.

These titles, we are told in a note, are attempted in conformity with the usage of the "Latin Church." The Epistles and Gospels are materially changed from our own. The Collects have been in many cases varied, but we think in no instance improved.

The confirmation service in one respect is in advance of ours, for it unreservedly asserts, in the preamble—

"Following the example of the holy Apostles, and those who succeeded them, the Church bestows upon those who have been baptized, either as adults or in their infancy, after they have been properly instructed, the blessing of Confirmation, by prayer and the laying on of hands."

A special service follows for the "Consecration of a burying ground." This service concludes with a passage which, unless it be treated like Mr. Wadsworth's Collect to the American Eagle, as a mere rhetorical flourish, would certainly have surprised the Calvinistic founders of the German Reformed Church:—

"Reign, thou Spirit of Peace, over this consecrated spot. Rest here in hope, ye who fall asleep in Jesus. Rest till the welcome voice of invitation shall break your slumber, and sound aloud through your silent mansions—'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust.'"

We have only room to add that in many other respects this volume presents points well worthy of study, and that on the whole it is an important addition to our liturgical literature.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

A lady, who wrote the first stirring account of the massacre at Meerut, now writes from the same place, gently pleading for the more innocent of the mutineers. She says—

"We hear that the mutineers have fled from Delhi in immense numbers. Where can they eventually hope to conceal themselves from vengeance? But it may be that in time men, freed from crime beyond the miserable desertion of their standards, may be forgiven; or, at least, not slain for their sins. There has certainly been a deep, horrible conspiracy; but all were not bad. Many were deceived, overruled, led astray. I wonder if I made

quite clear, in my first narrative, how none of —'s troop left him till they found themselves facing the advancing guns. Then their hearts failed them. They believed all of them must die if they stood there for that night's outbreak. They could not feel confident that the avenging Europeans would distinguish the innocent from the guilty, and they first broke their ranks when they crowded round the man who had fired at —, trying to force him back. Then, the infantry mutineers sweeping round them, they were carried away from —, and reached his standard no more, saving those of them who managed to lead off to the European lines; and those who mustered afterwards round us at our house. Our poor 3rd Cavalry! I know that many of our men sorely repented the panic that tore them from us, and were it not for avenging Government and . . . they would only ask to come and weep their hearts out at —'s feet. Unhappy men! It is fifty-four years to-day since the English at captured Delhi from the tyrant Maharras, restoring to his father's throne the ancestor (uncle, I think) of the wretched King who has now dared to defy us, his protectors. For that victory our gallant 3rd Cavalry won an extra standard, called the "Delhi Standard." It was always carried in our troop, and — and his men bore it in unstained glory to the Carabineer lines on the night of the 10th of May, and now by the graves of the 3rd men, who fifty-four years ago fell fighting for us, are our lost men perishing against us. Since our unhappy fugitives have been in Delhi, again and again have the Hindoos among them sent to my husband to save them: but alas! this was after the expiration of a week of mercy, during which they were offered their lives if they would return. So — pleaded for them in vain.

Only a week since a man of my husband's new levy visited Delhi, by his directions, to obtain information. He was not known to be now in the Company's service, or could never have left Delhi alive. He described a scene of great misery—so many wounded men and such inefficient hospitals. This man had formerly dwelt in Meerut, and was recognised by some men of the 8rd in Delhi as having been at times employed by my husband. They crowded round him: ask if he knew anything of —. Young Komau Singh (nephew to our grand old havildar of the same name), lately our orderly, and with us at Bunbussa, among the tigers—you remember?—he met —'s envoy, and with bitter tears begged for news of us, and said, if — could only promise him his life he would come to us now. Our messenger dare not confess — had sent him, but he bade him come, saying he knew — would do all in his power for him. Poor boy! Why did he leave us? Shall we ever see him again? Oh, we would take him and many others back if we were allowed. You ask, "Where is our noted old Komau Singh?" Still at Mozuffernugger, doing good service. Tough, spirited old man! Never can I forget him on that fearful night of mutiny, when (as I before expressed it) he placed himself at my feet with his few deep words of fidelity, and seated himself at the door of our refuge like a grey old rock on which the waves of mutiny had broken in vain. Some four or five of his nearest relations were among the rescued prisoners in flight to Delhi, but he held to his allegiance and to his friend. Often had he said that he was willing to die for us, and he would have done it had his life that night been demanded. It was he that carried the recovered fourth standard of the regiment before us into the Carabineer lines. The rest of our remaining faithful 3rd men are with him at Mozuffernugger, maintaining open our communications thence towards the Punjab.

Continuing her letter after Delhi had fallen, she says—

From the deep retribution being now demanded on these unhappy traitors and murderers (ah! and many a poor panic-stricken and deceived but once faithful man) I, shuddering, turn away, and find some comfort in the proclamation of General Wilson before the assault with regard to its saving clause for the women and children. I greatly rejoice to hear that that Christian order has been carried out, and God grant Christianity may thus become known by one of its fruits to the heathen hearts of the saved alive. It shows in glorious contrast to the awful massacre of our women and children at Cawnpore.

MONOMANIAC.—Why this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more when he drinks from a large glass? From whence comes that universal dread of mediocrity, the fruitful mother of peace and liberty? Ah! there is the evil which, above every other, it should be the aim of both public and private education to anticipate! If that were got rid of, what treasures would be spared,