

a position partially sheltered by sugar-canes and strengthened by villages. The Sepoys fought well, actually crossing bayonets with the Madras Fusiliers. Driven from the sugar-canes, the Sepoys formed again behind a breastwork built in rear of their first position. Here the fight was fiercer, the mutineers holding their own gallantly. Their guns were much heavier than those of the British. Seeing that his artillery was not able to cope with that of the enemy, Havelock ordered a charge. Cheerily the men responded to the call. The breastwork, obstinately defended, was gallantly carried, and the flying Sepoys were chased across a stream in their rear. All their guns were captured. As Havelock rode past the regiments, the soldiers cheered. "Don't cheer me, my men; you did it all yourselves!" That was Havelock's answer to the cheering. The cheering was redoubled. Halting that night at Bithoor, in the morning Havelock ordered whatever remained of the Nana's buildings to be blown up. Then, fearing the mutineers might sack Cawnpore, he hastened thither with his army.

This was Havelock's ninth victory in India, and with it he ended his first campaign. And what was his reward? At Cawnpore he heard that Sir James Outram was to command the Lucknow Relieving Force, and not Havelock! Keen was his disappointment.

THE ATONEMENT.

ON the sharp-splintered shore the sea would make atonement,
and then find peace;
But no concession is offered or found.
Daily I hear the wild pulsations of pain,
And the night is vexed by the hoarse monologue.
In my life, from Calvary's brow no calmness descends.
The old-time agony, the importunate pain, are daily repeated;
I feel the sharp nails in my hands and feet; on my brow,
The crown of thorns is daily renewed.

Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

ALONZO L. RICE.

WHEN SMILES ARE GONE.

SHALL joy from me have vanished,
And sorrow take its place,
Because your smiles are banishee,
When we meet face to face?
Ah, no! I'll joy discover,
And these sweet strains shall swell;
Oh, love me not, my lover,
And I shall love thee well.

Toronto.

M. E. L. H. E.