

beating and dragging me, but offering immediate release if I would turn Moslem. Seeing this, Ensign Cheek cried out to me, 'Padre, be firm!—do not give way.' My poor wife, not liking to be separated from me, was dragged away by her hair, and received a severe wound on her forehead.

"The day appointed now came, and we expected every moment to be sent for. The moulvie's people came to us frequently, to ask if we were prepared to turn Mohamedans, and threatening us with the having our noses cut off; but outside the prison our safety was being wrought. That day the European and Sikh soldiers came out of the fort, and, after a desperate fight, the rebels were completely beaten. Some of them, wounded, were brought into the prison. This encouraged us, and after a while our gaolers ran away, and we liberated ourselves, and came out to our friends, who rejoiced to find us still alive. Ensign Cheek, however, died that same day, after reaching the fort. His wounds were so severe that it was a wonder that he lived so long, nearly without food, or water to quench his thirst. I could not have much conversation with him; but the few words he uttered lead me to believe that he died a Christian death, and is now in the enjoyment of everlasting life."