

# MONTHLY RECORD



OF THE

## Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—PSALM 137, v. 5.

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### The English Soldiers at the Capture of Delhi.

Who says they cried for quarter?  
I did not hear the cry,  
But I heard the sounds of slaughter,  
And shrieks of agony;  
They came from bodies moaning,  
From outraged maids they came,  
From tortured soldiers groaning  
At their wives' and daughters' shame.  
No other sounds my ear could reach,  
No signs of lesser woe,  
These bore me through the smoking breach,  
These hurled me on the foe.

Who says they knelt before me?  
I did not see them kneel,  
There were dark visions o'er me,  
That turned my heart to steel.  
Visions of white limbs seething  
Above the hissing brands,—  
Of tender women writhing  
In the violator's hands,—  
Of scenes of blood and lust  
Done in the face of day:  
These told me that the cause was just,  
These nerv'd my hand to slay.

Who says 'twas time for pity?  
I thought of other times,  
I saw the accursed City  
In the triumph of her crimes,  
I saw the children smitten down,  
Or hacked from joint to joint,  
Or through the howling, hooting Town,  
Toosed on the bayonet's point.  
Defiled mothers, murdered men,  
Rose in my path to show  
What Delhi in her pride was then—  
Thank God it is changed now.

Who says that I am merciless?  
Or that my heart is hard?  
I heard the voices of distress  
From the bloody barrack yard,  
Heard how the miscreants looked on  
When innocence was shamed,  
Saw the dark room where deeds were done,  
Which never can be named,  
I looked upon the ghastly well,  
Where treachery's victims lay,  
And the tears that from my eyelids fell  
Were women's tears that day.

Those tears have long departed,  
The horror lingers yet,  
The tales for which they started,  
No life-time can forget,

They crowd like spectres round me,  
Sad sounds and horrid sights,  
And like a spell they hound me,  
Through the sieges and the fights,  
'Midst the shouts of men assailing  
Like visions in a dream,  
Came the sob of infant wailing,  
And the young girl's stifled scream.

They say upon my forehead,  
Was a frown which none could melt,  
That I smote as they implored,  
And stabbed them as they knelt,  
That my steps in blood were tinted,  
From the carnage that I'd spilt,  
That my sword was hacked and dented,  
And crimsoned to the hilt,  
I heard no prayers—I heard no cries,  
From the devoted town,  
But I kept the dead before my eyes,  
And struck their murderers down.

But oh! it is a fearful part  
For sinful man to bear,  
To feel within a human heart,  
But have no power to spare.  
I dare not test it now—it burns  
So wildly in the strife—  
But if its quiet pulses returns,  
In the evening of my life,  
When I recall the horrors then,  
Of Delhi's closing day,  
I'll get me from the eyes of men,  
And bow my knee, and pray.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### From a Correspondent in Pictou,

#### ON THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH IN THIS COLONY.

WE, the adherents of the Church of Scotland in these Provinces, have deep reason of thankfulness for the advantages we now possess and the privileges we now enjoy. By the blessing of God on the efforts of the parent establishment we have now the gospel abundantly preached to us by ministers of our own body. For many years subsequent to the last secession, and in consequence of our desertion by our minister clergymen on that occasion, we were left in circumstances of extreme destitution,

almost wholly deprived alike of pastoral care and gospel ordinances. Indeed, our very existence is a marvel to ourselves, and can only be accounted for by our strong and abiding attachment towards our parent country, and our national church. We were well aware that there were those around us who felt disposed to occupy the entire land, and who, to this intent and in this season of our distress, would gladly have opened their arms to receive us, but we held fast to our principles, resisting in silence all temptations, praying for the good time and sanguine of its coming. We have now arrived, thanks be to the Great Disposer of events, not, indeed, to that position of vigor and equipment to which we aspire, but to so close a vicinity that we would reckon ourselves in its immediate neighborhood, and believe it to be within our reach. Perhaps, in these circumstances, it might not be deemed either tedious or inopportune to repeat the story of what we are and to indicate what we expect to be.

We are a section of an Established Church—we represent the Church of Scotland in these Colonies—therefore, in our ecclesiastical politics we stand apart and aloof from those who profess the Voluntary system. Our practice, we admit, is Voluntary, but the principle we maintain and uphold, our motto and our watchword as a Colonial Church, is, that in every country and in all circumstances, a separate and inalienable estate for the maintenance of the clergy, is necessary and indispensable to the proper and independent cure of souls. Other Presbyterian bodies may glory in their Voluntarism if they will—we know not, but we may surmise, what would be the burden of their song if they happened, like us, to be connected intimately and practically with an Established Church. They cannot help themselves—they have no other resource but the Voluntary system, and if they will persist in elevating necessity to the rank of a virtue we will give them to understand that we, at least, can appreciate their vaunt-