

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 9th, 1858.

Subject.—THE SECOND COVENANT CONFIRMED AND RATIFIED BY BLOOD, AS WAS THE FIRST.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. ix. 11-12. | Heb. ix. 18-28.

MAY 16th, 1858.

Subject.—THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE SACRIFICE MADE UNDER THE LAW.

For Repeating. For Reading. Heb. ix. 24-26. | Heb. x. 1-10.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

Reader, you need but "search the scriptures," To comprehend our Mental Pictures.

[No. 60.]

A company of about one hundred men are assembled around a steaming, and abundant, but humble repast. The plentiful meal would seem, from their lean and hungry looks, to be a seasonable and welcome supply; but, strangely, as soon as it is tasted, they all stop their meal. The food is almost untouched, and those who were partaking, look on each other in terror and dismay. One only, a venerable man, in sacred garb, preserves a serene composure, and shortly, miraculously, removes the cause of their alarm.

Key to Bible questions in our last.

- 10.—The hypocrite's hope.—Job. viii. 13, 14. Because it shall perish. 11.—Zechariah, in chapter viii. verse 5.

A Thrilling Scene.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following story which should warn all to beware how they deal with careless druggists:

A prescription was prepared the other day, at a Main street apothecary's by an experienced clerk, for a young lady residing on Fourth street, and sent home. Some thirty minutes after, the regular prescription clerk called, and was putting up the bottles, when he observed a jar of strychnine in the place of some harmless preparation, and called attention to it. The young man who had put up the medicine turned pale as death when the discovery was made, and said, "Great God, I have just sent that to Mr. —, on Fourth street."

Not a moment was to be lost, and indeed a great probability was that the poison had been already taken; but the clerk, determined to make an effort, seized his hat and rushed frantically through the street, until he came to the house, and without waiting to ring the bell, ran up stairs and asked where Miss —'s room was, of a lady he met in the hall. She was alarmed at his manner; but as he told her life and death depended upon knowing immediately, she pointed to the door from which she had just issued. He entered unbidden, and just as the young lady's mother was about to administer one of the powders, which was prepared in a spoon, nearly at her daughter's lips. "Hold for God's sake, Madam! That is poison! Give it to your daughter, and you are her murderers!"

The wildness of the clerk's manner frightened both ladies; the spoon fell upon the bed, and the daughter's already pallid cheek bleached until it was colorless as her night robe.

The druggist was thought to be insane, but a few words of explanation revealed all, and the tragedy was extinguished in the light of joy at the providential escape.

The druggist returned, and relieved the poor clerk from his awful suspense, by telling him of the happy result of his errand, when the clerk swooned away. This little sketch, though it may seem dramatic, is a simple transcript of an occurrence that exposes a glimpse of the "inner life," of a drug store.

Another Puzzle.

The following is a sentence of six words. The fact it asserts is highly important and gratifying to both Readers, and Publishers, of newspapers. It may be read in thousands of different directions.

- 1.—What is the sentence? 2.—How many ways may it be read?

r e p a p y m r o f o r m y p a p e r
e p a p y m r o f d i d f o r m y p a p e r
p a p y m r o f d i d f o r m y p a p e r
a p y m r o f d i d f o r m y p a p e r
p y m r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
m r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
m r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
y m r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
p y m r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
a p y m r o f d i a p e p a i d f o r m y p a p e r
p a p y m r o f d i d f o r m y p a p e r
r e p a p y m r o f o r m y p a p e r

Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruits, plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.

Biographical.

Sketch of the Career of the late Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.

(Concluded.)

The year 1843 was one of repose after the fatigues and dangers of the Afghan campaigns, and Havelock resumed with no ordinary delight the religious instruction of his men during the few months he continued with his regiment. In the course of the year he was promoted to a regimental majority, at the age of forty-eight, and was soon after appointed Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh—now Viscount Gough, and was thus placed in a position to take an active share in the stirring events of the next three years. Scarcely had he joined his appointment than he was again called into the field. Emboldened by our reverses in Afghanistan, the Gwalior durbar had begun to manifest a spirit of resistance, which Lord Ellenborough found it necessary to crush. An army was assembled under the immediate command of Sir Hugh Gough, and crossed the Chumbul; a severe and decisive action was fought at Mubarrapore, in which Havelock bore a conspicuous part by the side of the Commander-in-Chief. In that engagement he manifested his characteristic coolness under fire, as narrated to the writer of this notice by the late Capt. Fletcher Hayes, who, happening to arrive in the camp on the eve of the engagement, obtained permission to act as aide-de-camp. He wrote that he had never witnessed such intrepidity as that displayed by Major Havelock, who, as the cannon balls ploughed up the ground to the right and left, coolly took off his hat, and successively saluted them. Lord Ellenborough was soon after recalled, and Sir Henry Hardinge was appointed to succeed him. A Sikh war now became daily more inevitable. Havelock was promoted to a Lieut-colonel by brevet. The dark clouds which had collected in the Punjab became more threatening. The Governor-General hastened to the north-west from Calcutta; Sir Hugh Gough descended from the hills. The rulers at Lahore, no longer able to control their turbulent battalions, let them loose on the British dominions, and 80,000 men crossed the Sutlej to pour a stream of desolation on our provinces. Our troops advanced to repel the invasion, and the first clash of arms occurred at the battle of Moodkee, where our native Sepoys for the first time encountered and recoiled from the shock of the Sikhs. Havelock was directed by Sir Hugh Gough to stem the flight; some of the fugitives were brought up, and they both placed themselves at the head of the rallied troops, advanced to the charge, and turned the scale. In this arduous engagement Havelock had two horses shot under him. After the battle, exhausted with fatigue, he rode up to a well and slaked his thirst copiously, while his horse refused to taste the water. It had been poisoned by the Sikhs, and it was long before his constitution recovered from the effect of that deleterious draft.

On the 21st and 22nd of December was fought the great and perilous battle of Ferozeshahur, when the fortunes of our empire trembled in the balance. In that terrific engagement, in which the gallant Broadfoot fell, Havelock fought side by side with Sir Hugh Gough and the Governor-General, the latter of whom had soon discovered his great military qualifications, and eagerly sought his advice. The action commenced in the afternoon of the shortest and the coldest day of the year, and by nightfall every one of our brigades but one had been baffled in the attempt to penetrate the hostile camp. It was then that a regiment of European cavalry, by an act of splendid but rash gallantry, dashed through the enemy's camp, losing a hundred and fifty men in the useless charge. On emerging on the opposite direction, Major Charles Havelock, who was on the staff of the cavalry brigade, and had been severely wounded, met Sir Henry Hardinge, who asked his name. Havelock, was the reply. It was too dark to distinguish features, and Sir Henry, mistaking the major for his brother, said, "Another such day, and the empire of India totters." The major explained that he belonged to the cavalry brigade, and the Governor-General retired to his tent. During the night, the enemy, discovering Sir Henry's tent, brought a heavy fire to bear on it, and it became necessary to silence their artillery. He sent out in search of Havelock, and he was found sleeping on the ground with a bag of gunpowder for his pillow, utterly unconscious of his danger from the enemy's bullets, which were flying about in every direction, and the explosion of expense magazines. When gently reproved for this temerity, he replied to Sir Henry "I was so tired." The Governor-General and his staff and Havelock placed themselves at the head of the few troops who could be collected together in the darkness of the night, and drove back the enemy. From the field of battle, he wrote to Serampore, "Under the good providence of God, India has been again saved by a miracle." The next of the Sutlej battles, that of Aliwal, was gained by his old commander in the rifle brigade, Sir Harry Smith. On the 10th of February, came the last and crowning victory of Scobraon. Havelock was again in the thickest of the engagement, and his horse was struck down by a cannon shot, which passed through his saddle cloth. At the close of the campaign, he returned with the Commander-in-Chief to Simlah, and was soon after appointed Deputy Quarter-master-general of Queen's troops at Bombay, and proceeded to the presidency by way of Calcutta. He spent some days at Serampore, where he found his mother-in-law, the widow of Dr. Marshman, gently descending to the grave at the advanced age of eighty, forty-

five of which had been passed in active and disinterested exertions for the support of the Mission. He took leave of her for the last time, and embarked for his new post. But he had not been long at Bombay before his health began to fail, which he attributed in a great measure to the poison introduced into his system at the well at Moodkee. He was constrained therefore to visit Mubabulesbur, and his health was partially restored, but the debility returned in the succeeding year, and he went a second time to the Hills, determined, if possible, to continue another year at his post. In the spring of 1848, the second Sikh war broke out, on the murder of two of our officers at Mooltan, and in November of that year, Havelock lost his elder brother, Colonel William Havelock, who fell gallantly at the head of his regiment, the 14th Dragoons, in the fatal skirmish at Ramnugur. Soon after Havelock's own regiment, the 53rd, was ordered into the field, and in accordance with military usage, and not less under the impulse of his own ardour for military enterprise, he hastened to join the army, where his military rank would, he hoped, entitle him to the command of a brigade. He had reached Indore on his way to the Punjab, when he was sternly and peremptorily ordered to return to Bombay. During his residence at that presidency, he identified himself with every exertion made by the Christian community to promote the interests of piety and benevolence. He laid himself out to do good, and the cordial assistance of one who occupied so influential a position, and whose religious character was respected even by the infidel, was warmly appreciated by his evangelical associates, who still delight to dwell on the recollections of their intercourse with him at that period.

After a residence of a little more than two years at Bombay he found his health so seriously impaired that he yielded to the orders of his medical advisers, and embarked for England on the 3rd of October, 1849. On his arrival there he immediately placed himself in the hands of Mr. Martin, then an eminent practitioner in London, but twenty-five years before his associate in the expedition to Burmah. He derived great benefit from his advice, and was permitted to indulge the hope of being able to return to his duties in India on the expiration of his medical furlough. After a short sojourn in London he proceeded with Mrs. Havelock and the children to Plymouth, and spent several months in the enjoyment of the society of his sister. But Havelock could not be idle; while residing at Plymouth he entered on a course of active benevolence, visiting the cottage of the poor, imparting religious instruction to them, and endeavouring, in this new and quiet sphere, to render himself as useful as he had done amidst the excitement of military operations. After long and painful deliberation, it was mutually resolved that Mrs. Havelock should remain in Europe, for the education of the daughters, while Havelock proceeded alone to Bombay, in the hope of being able to return at the termination of his five years' tenure of office. The separation was exquisitely painful; but it is one of the stern conditions of Indian existence. Havelock submitted to it with resignation, strengthened by the conviction that he was in the path of duty. After taking leave of his family, he travelled through Germany, visiting the most celebrated galleries of paintings, and embarked at Trieste. He reached Bombay in November, renovated in health and strength by his residence of two years in Europe, and continued at his post till, in 1854, Lord Hardinge, who had succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Commander-in-Chief appointed him Quarter-master-general of Queen's troops in India. He then proceeded to Calcutta on his way to head quarters, and visited Serampore; but the old familiar faces were no longer to be seen. On this occasion he writes to his family,—"At Serampore I rose early in the morning, and visited the printing office, the manufactory, the college, all consecrated scenes. In the chapel I saw the monumental slab to Mrs. Marshman's memory on the same wall with those of Carey, Marshman, Ward, and Mack. I read two chapters in the Bible at the table before the pulpit and prayed alone."

On the 8th of December of the same year he was gazetted as Adjutant-general of her Majesty's forces, a post of the greatest labour and the highest responsibility, but for which, as Lord Hardinge justly remarked, no man in India was better qualified. He remained at the head of the staff for two years, during which time he continued with the Commander-in-Chief, both in Calcutta and on the tour of periodical inspection. His plans and prospects were at once changed by the expedition which the English Ministry determined to send to Persia. Sir James Outram, who had made the Capul campaign with Havelock sixteen years before, and knew his value, was nominated from home to the chief command of the expedition, and immediately on his arrival at Bombay from England, advised Lord Elphinstone to request that he should be appointed to the charge of a division. "I never," writes Havelock, "should have solicited such a command, and would, in truth, rather have been employed in the north-west provinces, where it is not unlikely that a force may be hereafter required. But when the post of honour and danger was offered me by telegraph, old as I am, I did not hesitate a moment. The wires carried back my unconditional and immediate acceptance."

On the 27th of January, he embarked in the steamer, and a salute was fired in compliment to his rank, "the first expense of the kind to which I have ever put the Indian Government." He arrived at Bushire too late to participate in the battle of Koosha, but was soon after despatched with his division to the Euphrates, where the enemy was encamped in great strength at Mohamra. But here again there were no laurels for the land service. This grand position on the Euphrates was carried by the navy. Havelock

passed the fort with his men on the steamer, and landed; but the enemy took to flight. On this occasion he writes:—"The whiz of his cannon in passing over my crowded steamer, and the sense of the same protecting Providence, was all that I had to remind me of former days." Here he omits all mention of his own conduct, which has been supplied by one of his officers. The vessel was filled with troops, who were exposed to a perfect shower of balls as it passed the forts. Havelock ordered them to lie down on the deck that the balls might pass over them, and took his own station on the paddle-box to act as the occasion might require. Though exposed to the most imminent danger from the brisk fire of the enemy, he escaped unhurt. The Persian expedition was nipped in the bud by the result of negotiations in Europe. Havelock, as he wrote to his family, awoke on the 5th of April, and found himself sixty-two; but as his men were drawn up for church parade, Sir James Outram rode down to inform him that their occupation was gone, peace having been signed at Paris on the 4th of March. He now prepared to return to India. "The intelligence," he writes, "which elevates some and depresses others, finds me calm in my reliance on that dear Redeemer who has watched over and cared for me, even when I knew him not, these threescore and two years." He embarked in the Erin steamer for Galle, intending to take the first vessel for Calcutta. The voyage was short and agreeable, and betwixt had, as usual, been made on board as to the time of their arrival at Galle. The vessel was going eleven knots an hour, the moonlight was bright, and the weather fine. Havelock had turned in for the night; at one in the morning the vessel struck, and his son came down calmly and said, "Sir, get up, the ship has struck." Then ensued a scene of fearful confusion. The commanders prang from his bed, overcame by the misfortune, and the crew lost their self-possession. Havelock came on deck, and seeing the state of things, said to the men, that if they would only obey orders and keep from the spirit cask they would all be saved. They had to wait four hours for daylight, and the vessel experienced repeated shocks; but the passengers, crew, and the specie, were all saved. When they reached the shore, as narrated by one of the passengers, he called on those around him to return thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance, and himself offered the sacrifice of thanksgiving. On the 17th of June they reached Calcutta, and learned that the whole of the north-west provinces was in a blaze of revolt; that Sir Hugh Wheeler, at Cawnpore, and Sir Henry Lawrence, at Lucknow, were closely besieged by the insurgents, and that it was necessary to send instant relief to them. Havelock was selected for this arduous enterprise three days after his arrival. "May God," he writes, "give me wisdom and strength to fulfil the expectations of Government and restore tranquility to the disturbed provinces." His preparations were soon completed, though he had lost all his baggage in the steamer; and on the 23rd of June, the centenary of the day on which, in 1757, the daring genius of Clive had won the battle of Plassey and laid the foundation of our magnificent empire in India, Havelock started from Calcutta to assist in re-establishing it.

Havelock had now reached the summit of his wishes. In his sixty-third year, after having served in the army forty-two years, he was placed in a position of independent command, and was enabled to direct operations according to his own professional judgment. Had Havelock perished by one of the bullets which whizzed over his head on the paddle-box at Mohamra, or fallen a victim to that deadly climate, his name, after an honourable record in General Orders, would rapidly have passed into oblivion; but he was spared to enjoy an opportunity of exhibiting his pre-eminent military genius on a scene of surpassing interest, and to achieve victories which have become part of our national history. Havelock marched out of Allahabad at four in the afternoon, on the 7th of July, with a force of 1,185 men, of whom 1,005 were Europeans, and 180 Sikhs and native irregular cavalry. Of the Europeans, about 700 consisted of the 78th Highlanders, and her Majesty's 64th regiment, whom a hundred days before Havelock had commanded on the banks of the Euphrates. The rain was falling heavily as the column passed through the streets of Allahabad, but "like Cromwell's Ironsides, there was a stern determination in the aspect of the men, even in their very tread, which showed the earnestness of the purpose within." They found the country as they advanced entirely under water. For the first three days they took the ordinary marshes; on the fourth, the force reached a village within twenty-four miles of Futtehpore, when Major Renaud, who was five miles a-head with his detachment, sent word that the enemy was advancing from Cawnpore on Futtehpore, with the evident intention of making a stand there. Havelock could scarcely credit such good tidings. He could not have supposed that the insurgents would move out of Cawnpore and give him the opportunity of beating them in detail. Havelock sent orders to Renaud to fall back with his detachment, and himself commenced his march at midnight, and halted his troops at Belinda to light their pipes and make a brew of tea. Colonel Tytler, who had been sent on to reconnoitre, soon galloped back to announce the approach of the enemy. That instant the assembly sounded, and the troops fell in as cheery and hearty as possible. The artillery opened fire on the enemy, and the skirmishers with the Enfield rifles struck terror into them, and the victory was gained without the loss of a man on our side, with the exception of twelve Europeans who were struck down by the sun. It was nearly one o'clock before the wearied troops, who had marched twenty-four miles and fought a pitched battle on an empty stomach, reached their encamping ground. "One of the prayers," Havelock