

subject of their discourses; but none ever thought or dreamed of purifying their souls from their sins. The multitude were plunged in ignorance and superstition; hatred, persecution, chains, and prison, were the reward of all efforts made to enlighten them; and whoever rendered himself so culpable was denounced as an enemy of God and religion, a corrupter of the people, and seditious; "for men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

"It was then that Christ appeared; he revealed God and the truth; and he caused the light to penetrate the gloom that prevailed. Thanks to his sublime instructions, the knowledge of the rights and duties of man, and of his hopes and destiny, were no longer the privilege of a few learned scholars; but they soon spread amidst all classes of people, and amongst all nations. The most poor and needy received this doctrine, and the most ignorant soon conceived and comprehended it.

Royal and high-born sinners began to shake upon their thrones, and they saw the approach of their destruction. Tyrants became terrified for they were afraid that with truth, liberty would also return into the world. Hypocritical priests turned pale with rage, for now the light of day was to expose their unworthiness and they were about to learn that it is not the sacerdotal robes, but the sanctity of the soul and wisdom, which make the true priest. The wicked of all grades, and of every sort, became exasperated and furious, when they saw that arbitrary will and violence were no longer to be substituted for justice, and that pardon for sin was not to be obtained from Heaven at the price of sacrifices and fasts, of pilgrimages, and attendance in the temple, nor of long prayers, or rich gifts and endowments. Thence arose their persecution of Jesus, whose doctrine had become the light of the world, and thence their resolution to crucify him on the cross: "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."

But in vain; such is the power of truth, that it can hurl from his throne the most powerful and tyrannical ruler; it can disband the most mighty armies, burst the chains borne for centuries, and render children capable of confounding the doctrines of philosophers. The walls of the temple of Jerusalem were converted into ruins; the altars of false gods reduced to dust; the sceptre of Rome, the mistress of the world, was demolished; old empires fell to pieces, and upon their ashes new empires sprang into existence. Amidst all these revolutions and dreadful changes, the doctrine of Jesus remained triumphant. The heavens and the earth may pass away, saith he, but the word of God, truth, and the salvation of the world, shall continue eternally.

If Jesus re-appeared on earth in his divine glory—the type of virtue without a stain, the example of humility, and the image of self denial in all that excites the desires and inflames the passions of men, would many Christians be found attentive to his coming? Should we see many followers of Christ renounce their pride, their luxurious habits, and their cupidities, in order to lead a charitable and holy life, according to the example of their Master? Should we find libertines and usurers make an end of their vicious proceedings, in order to imitate that divine Master? And should we, finally, behold many of those who are in the enjoyment of opulence and riches, make a better use of their possessions, in order to merit the name of disciples? If, when appearing among us in all the majesty and purity of innocence, Jesus elevated his indignant and condemning voice against artful intrigues, corrupting luxury, malicious slander, and hypocritical and mechanical devotion, by which the temple of the Lord is dishonoured; and if he censured that race of vipers who have the name of virtue on their lips, but whose hearts are devoted to vice, would he not be made an object of universal obloquy? If again, he addressed those who show a vindictive and revengeful spirit, and said to them, "Love your enemies;" and if he turned towards the blind multitude and said, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," Matt. xv. 8, 9; would he not be designated and treated in turn as an enthusiast, a revolutionist, a sectarian, a propagator of doctrines inimical to the established worship, and as an audacious enemy of the throne and altar? Would there not still be found accusers and a Caiaphas? and, if even new Pilates was to wash his hand before the people, and say, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man," would not the angry and enraged people still, as before, cry out, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

Alas! even in our days, the light of truth will have to struggle with the darkness of error and the interest of egotism; and thence it is that, "every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved," seeing that every one feels his unworthiness. But "the Word of God remaineth for ever, and truth will triumph." Your thrones and kingdoms will crumble into dust by the hand of time; your titles and orders of distinction will all pass away; your worldly wisdom will be forgotten; and the fruits of complaisance and flattery be for ever destroyed. But eternal truth will continue to exist and will be your judge; will condemn you, not only in the conscience of your accomplices; and not only by the mouth of posterity, but also by the mouth of Him who judges the living and the dead, amidst the terrors of the eternal future. Continue, therefore, to persecute the propagators of truth; but as to the truth itself, know that you can neither bury it in the tomb, connect it with chains, nor pronounce the sentence of its banishment from the empire of the

soul. Destory, if you dare to do so, the confessors of truth; you cannot, however, put to death the soul, the immortal fountain of thought, and the seat of everlasting truth.

Such is the power of truth, that it fills its worshippers with sublime courage and teaches them infirmity may venture to face the presence of the most mighty and powerful masters of the earth. By it the most humble individual acquires a dignity which is respected even by the trembling tyrant whose conscience accuses him of the crimes he has committed. By it, the most ignorant are gifted with the power of mortifying and bringing to shame with artifices of insidious eloquence and declamation. The luminous rays of truth electrify the soul with marvellous rapidity; and we try in vain to shut our eyes against their brilliancy. The wicked man may deny openly the power of truth; but he is not the less forced to pay homage to it in secret; neither is his heart the less pierced with its arrows.

A more noble and glorious conquest is obtained by enriching the human race with a new truth, than is acquired even by the subjection of a whole kingdom by force of arms. Kingdoms pass away, for they are of this earth; but truth endures for ever. Why, pusillanimous Christian, do you tremble at the idea, that by performing your duties, you will create yourself enemies? Duty is from God; but what do you learn from man? Why should you blush at being, in the eyes of mortals, as just, loyal and pious as you really are and feel in your heart? Come, therefore, to the light, that thy deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.

Do not then despair, O ye that suffer under the yoke of oppression! It is vain that your innocence is condemned to pine away in obscurity; the day of truth must penetrate, sooner or later, even the tomb itself. If the living preserve an unworthy silence, God will give voice to the dead, so that you may be justified. Hope on, therefore, for God will not suffer virtue is truth. It will always find a defender even in him who may have sworn its destruction. Despair not, therefore, all ye whom the world despises and calumniates, because you have acted according to truth. One day your right will be acknowledged; and one day truth will bring before its tribunal the whole host of your adversaries.

Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official. By Lieut. Col. W. H. Sleeman. THE PROFESSIONAL POISONERS OF INDIA.

"I reside in my hut by the side of the road, a mile and a half from the town, and live upon the bounty of travellers, and people of the surrounding villages. About six weeks ago, I was sitting by the side of my shrine after saying prayers, with my only son, about twelve years of age, when a man came up with his wife, his son, and his daughter, the one a little older, and the other a little younger, than my boy. They baked and ate their bread near my shrine, and gave me flour enough to make two cakes. This I prepared and baked. My boy was hungry, and ate one cake and a half. I ate only half a one, for I was not hungry. I had a few days before purchased a new blanket for my boy; and it was hanging in a branch of the tree that shaded the shrine when these people came. My son and I soon became stupefied. I saw him fall asleep, and I soon followed. I awoke again in the evening, and found myself in a pool of water. I had sense enough to crawl towards my boy. I found him still breathing; and I sat by him with his head in my lap, where he soon died. It was now evening, and I got up and wandered about all night, picking up straws—I know not why. I was not yet quite sensible. During the night the wolves ate my poor boy. I heard this from travellers, and went and gathered up his bones, and buried them in the shrine. I did not quite recover till the third day, when I found that some washerwomen had put me into the pool, and left me there with my head out, in hopes that this would revive me, but they had no hopes of my son. I was then taken to the police of the town; but the landholders had begged me to say nothing about the poisoners, lest it might get them and their village community into trouble. The man was tall and fair, and about thirty five; the woman, short, stout, and fair, and about thirty; two of her teeth projected a good deal: the boy's eyelids were much diseased." All this he told me without the slightest appearance of emotion; for he had not seen any appearance of it in me or my Persian writer; and a casual European observer would perhaps have exclaimed, "What brutes these natives are! This fellow feels no more for the loss of his only son than he would for that of a goat!" But I knew the feeling was there. The Persian writer put up his paper, and closed his inkstand: and the following dialogue, word for word, took place between me and the old man:—

Question. What made you conceal the real cause of your boy's death, and tell the police he had been killed, as well as eaten, by wolves?—Answer. The landholders told me that they could never bring back my boy to life, and the whole village would be worried to death by them, if I made any mention of the poison.—Question. And if they were to be punished for this, they would annoy you?—Answer. Certainly. But I believe they advised me for my own good, as well as their own.—Question. And if they should turn you away from that place, could you not make another?—Answer. Are not the bones of my poor boy there, and the trees that he and I planted and watched together for ten years.—Question. Have you no other relations?—Answer. What became of your boy's mother?—Answer. She died at that place when my boy was only three months old. I have brought him up myself from that age; he was

my only child, and he has been poisoned for the sake of the blanket! (Here the old man sobbed as if his heart strings would break; and I was obliged to make him sit down on the floor, while I walked up and down the room.) Question. Had you any children before?—Answer. Yes, sir, we had several; but they all died before their mother. We had been reduced to beggary by misfortunes, and I had become too weak and ill to work. I buried my poor wife's bones by the side of the road where she died; raised a little shrine over them, planted the trees, and there have I sat ever since by her side, with our poor boy in my bosom. It is a sad place for wolves, and we used often to hear them howling outside; but my poor boy was never afraid of them when he knew I was near him. God preserved him to me, till the sight of the new blanket—for I had nothing else in the world—made these people poison us. I bought it for him only a few days before, when the rains were coming on, out of my savings—it was all I had. (The poor old man sobbed again and sat down, while I paced the room, lest I should sob also; my heart was becoming a little too large for its apartment.)

"I will never," continued he, "quit the bones of my wife and child, and the tree that he and I watered for so many years. I have not many years to live; there I will spend them, whatever the landholders may do: they advised me for my own good, and will never turn me out." I found all the poor man stated to be true: the man and his wife had mixed poison with the flour, to destroy the poor old man and his son for the sake of the new blanket which they saw hanging in the branch of the tree, and carried away with them. The poison used on such occasions is commonly called the datura; and it is sometimes given in the hookah to be smoked, and at others in food. When they require to poison children as well as grown up people, or women who do not smoke, they mix up the poison in food. The intention is most always to destroy life, but the poisoned people sometimes recover, as in the present case, and lead to the detection of the poisoners.

THE SUTTEE.

"I rode out ten miles to the spot, and found the poor old widow sitting with the dhuja round her head, a brass plate before her with undressed rice and flowers, and a cocoa-nut in each hand. She talked very collectedly, telling me that she had determined to mix her ashes with those of her departed husband, and should patiently wait my permission to do so, assured that God would enable her to sustain life till that was given though she dared not eat or drink." Looking at the sun, then rising before her, over a long and beautiful reach of the Nerbudda river, she said calmly, "My soul has been for five days with my husband's near that sun—nothing but my earthly frame is left; and this I know you will in time suffer to be mixed with the ashes of his in yonder pit, because it is not in your nature, or your usage to prolong the miseries of a poor old woman." Indeed it is not my object, and my duty is to save and preserve them: and I am come to dissuade you from this idle purpose, to urge you to live, and to keep your family from the disgrace of being thought your murderers. I am not afraid of their ever being so thought—they have all, like good children, done every thing in their power to induce me to live among them; and if I had done so, I know they would have loved and honoured me: but my duties to them have now ended, I commit them all to your care, and I go to attend my husband, Omed Sing Obudda, with whose ashes, on the funeral pile, mine have been already three times mixed? This was the first time in her long life that she had ever pronounced the name of her husband; for in India no woman, high or low, ever pronounces the name of her husband—she would consider it disrespectful towards him to do so: and it is often amusing to see their embarrassment when asked the question by any European gentleman.

They look right and left for some one to relieve them from the dilemma of appearing disrespectful either to the querist or to their absent husbands—they perceive that he is unacquainted with their duties on this point, and are afraid he will attribute their silence to disrespect. They know that few European gentlemen are acquainted with them; and when women go into our courts of justice, or other places where they are liable to be asked the names of their husbands, they commonly take one of their children, or some other relation, with them, to pronounce the words in their stead. When the old lady named her husband as she did with strong emphasis, and in a very deliberate manner, every one present was satisfied that she had resolved to die. "I have," she continued, "tasted largely of the bounty of the bounty of government, having been maintained by it, with all my large family, in ease and comfort upon our rent free lands; and I feel assured that my children will not be suffered to want; but with them I have nothing more to do, our intercourse and communion end here. My soul (prau) is with Omed Sing Obudda: and my ashes must here mix with his." Again looking to the sun—"I see them together," said she, with a tone and countenance that affected me a good deal, "under the bridal canopy!"—alluding to the ceremonies of marriage; and I am satisfied that she, at that moment really believed that she saw her own spirit and that of her husband under the bridal canopy in paradise. Satisfied myself that it would be unavailing to attempt to save her life, I sent for all the principal members of the family, and consented that she should be suffered to burn herself if they would enter into engagements that no other member of the family should ever do the same. This they all agreed to; and the papers having been drawn out in due form about mid day, I sent down notice to

the old lady, who seemed extremely pleased and thankful. The ceremonies of bathing were gone through before three, while the wood and other combustible materials for a strong fire were collected, and put into the pit. After bathing, she called for a pawn and ate it, then rose up, and with one arm on the shoulder of her eldest son, and the other on that of her nephew, approached the fire. I had sentries placed all round, and no other person was allowed to approach within five paces.

As she rose, fire was set to the pile, and she was instantly in a blaze. The distance was about one hundred and fifty yards; she came on with a cheerful countenance, stopped once, and casting her eyes upwards, said "Why have they kept me five days from thee, my husband?" On coming to the sentries, her supporters stopped—she walked once round the pit, paused a moment, and, while muttering a prayer, threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked up steadily and deliberately to the brink, stepped into the centre of the flame, sat down, and leaning up back in the midst, as if leaning upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek, or betraying one sign of agony! A few instruments of music had been provided; and they played as usual as she approached the fire—not, as is commonly supposed, in order to drown screams, but to prevent the last words of the victim from being heard, as these are supposed to be prophetic, and might become sources of pain or strife to the living. It was not expected that I should yield, and but few people had assembled to witness the sacrifice, so that there was little or nothing in the circumstances immediately around to stimulate her to any extraordinary exertions; and I am persuaded that it was the desire of again being united to her husband in the next world, and the entire confidence that she would be so if she now burned herself, that alone sustained her. From the morning of the day he died (Tuesday) till Wednesday evening, she ate pawns, or betel-leaves, but nothing else, and from Wednesday evening she ceased eating them. She drank no water from Tuesday. She went into the fire with the same cloth about her that she had worn in the bed of the river; but it was made wet from a persuasion that even the shadow of any impure thing falling upon her, when going to the pile, contaminates the woman, unless counteracted by the sheet moistened in the holy stream.

Scraps.

"Remove the limb," as the judge said when he struck the attorney off the rolls.

Why is a lamplighter light a cowardly soldier?—Because he runs away from his post.

"What is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the beoby of a class. "A sovereign that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

It is an error to fancy that because a woman looks at you she is in love with you, or because she sighs when you are by that she is dying for you; sighing is a well bred modification of yawning, and as often betrays weariness as anxiety or solicitude.

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the lawyers and attorneys having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe a shilling. "Only a shilling," said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea, go and bury one and twenty of them."

How cheering is the domestic hearth! How comfortless when you owe for coals, have burnt all you had, and can get no credit! Opium gives a nap to the worn out man. Would it could do the same to the worn out hat.

A man expounding on his own authority, in a country village, remarked that "commentators did not agree with him." Next day he received a basket of kidney potatoes from one of his rustic disciples who remarked that "since common taters don't agree with him, he had taken the liberty to present him with some best kidney taters."

As sportsmen are now engaged with the Moors, and as France and Morocco occupy a great deal of attention, it may be well to chronicle a strange anomaly, founded on fact. It appears that when a native of Morocco is alive, he is a Moor; but when he is dead, he is no more.

Why is flannel like mahogany? Because it is made into drawers. Quarrel's merely patched up for the time are apt to break out again more fiercely. So the seams of the long used coat, when the temporary gloss of the Paris reviver is past, come forth the seedier.

A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite negro servant, sighed out, "Ah, Sambo, I'm going a long—long journey." "Nebber mind, Massa," said the negro consolingly, "him all down hill!"

The following is a literal copy of a note brought the other day by a little boy to a druggists shop—"Ples to give this littill boy a apath of stuff to die yelous!"

An American says, that he has a nigger servant so black, that a piece of charcoal makes a white mark on him. An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but its not the way I make my bread."

When Mr. Michael Scates was last at the Lakes, a young Oxonian, thinking to raise a laugh at his expense, accosted him thus—"I believe, sir, you once killed a donkey?" "Yes," said Scates, "and I may take it into my head to kill another!"