

This moment word was brought from the rear-guard that the enemy had appeared in great force at the end of the pass. It was plain to the colonel and his officers that they were caught in a trap, from which it would be impossible to extricate themselves by fighting, without heavy loss. A hurried consultation was held. Lieutenant R—proposed to scale the side of the ravine with a small party, and surprise the enemy by an attack in the rear. The guide was sent for, and interrogated respecting the feasibility of the movement, but he declared his utter ignorance and perplexity. He was a Vaisya, but from a different part of the province, and had only travelled his road on one occasion many years before. While they were still engaged in the discussion, Sahaduk, the kitmutgar, made his appearance, begging to be heard. His wife, he said, was well acquainted with the country, and might be of service if they would be pleased to listen to her.

'By all means, bring her here, Sahaduk,' said the colonel, 'why did we not think of this before? Let me hear what she has to say.'

Lonee now came forward, no longer in the garb of a nauchnee, but apparelled as a Vaisya damsel, in a frock of gray camlet with a black mantle of woolen cloth over her head. She was perfectly familiar, she said, with the place in which they were, having frequently visited it in search of bilberries and other wild fruit. She knew of a path by which not only a small party, but if they chose, the whole force might ascend the side of the ravine, and regain the main road to Almora without difficulty.

'Show us that my good girl,' said the Colonel, 'and you will do us a service for which you will be well rewarded.'

'No Sahib,' said Lonee eagerly; 'not that. It is not to free my country from these robbers. And did you not save me from the rajah, and bring me to Kemaon?'

'Well my daughter,' said the Colonel, 'show us the path, and we will dispute about the recompense hereafter.'

Lonee was as good as her word. The track up which she led was steep and rugged, but practicable only for infantry not burdened with heavy arms or baggage. A dozen men could have defened with ease, but the Ghoorkas were probably ignorant of its existence. By midnight the whole detachment had made its way out of the defile in which it had been blockaded, and was encamped in a valley of some extent, offering a good field for action in case of an attack. Many houses were scattered through the valley, but they were tenanted and appeared to have been lately shattered and spoiled by ruthless hands. 'The Ghoorkas have been at work here,' said Lieutenant R—. 'Do you know this place, Lonee?'

'Do I know it, Sahib?' she said. 'Ah! wo is me! It is Deenah! It is the valley where I was born. They are all gone. There is not one left. It is as the Colonel Sahib said. Oh my father,—my mother! I shall see you no more!'

'Perhaps they have only fled, and will return as soon as the Ghoorkas are driven away,' observed Lieutenant R—. The remark seemed to inspire Lonee with new hope. She darted up the side of the hill which overhung the valley, and reached at length a lofty crag which jutted out from the declivity. Standing there, she uttered a shrill piercing cry, in the tone in which natives of mountainous countries are wont to call to each other. Three times she repeated this call, listening anxiously in the intervals. At length a response of the same kind was heard, but evidently at a great distance, and Lonee slowly descended the hill. There were she said, some of her people in the neighborhood, but they were afraid to approach. It would be necessary to wait to the morning, when she would be able to learn more.

When the morning dawned, the British officers perceived, that their escape from the ravine had been discovered by the Ghoorkas who had shifted their ground, and were now drawn up in great force on the road to Almora. Immediate preparations were made for an attack. The struggle which ensued was desperate, the British troops being superior in arms and discipline, and their opponents in numbers, with the advantage of the ground. The battle however, was suddenly decided by an unexpected event. A furious attack was made by some fresh assailants upon the rear of the Ghoorkas, who, surprised and panic-stricken, broke and fled in every direction.

The English officers, unwilling that their men should be scattered, soon recalled them from the pursuit. The auxiliaries who had so unexpectedly come to their aid were less for bearing. They were no other than the Vaisyas of the neighborhood, who, warned by the cries of Lonee, had suddenly collected and assailed their enemies when they found them engaged with the English. They now pursued, and cut them down without mercy, thus avenging the many outrages which they had received at their hands.

When the pursuit was over, the Vaisyas assembled in a body, and came forward to greet their allies. They were headed by a noble looking old man whose stalwart form betokened great strength, and who bore in his hand a heavy wooden mace shod with iron, which had evidently been welded with unsparring vigour. His looks however, betrayed no exultation, but were composed and even melancholy. He was heartily welcomed by Colonel G—, and his officers, who acknowledged the assistance they had received from his well-timed attack. The old man received their compliments and congratulations very calmly.

He said that he and his people should always be grateful to the English for taking so much trouble to deliver them from the tyrannical Ghoorkas. For his own part he had not much cause for rejoicing: the Ghoorkas had spoiled his homestead, slain his two sons, and carried his daughter into captivity. His house could be repaired, and his fields stocked anew; but of what avail would it be to one who had no children to share in his good fortune, or to succeed him when he died?

Poor Lonee could endure no longer. Casting off the black mantle which concealed her face, she threw her arms round her father's neck, laughing and weeping at the same time in the excitement of her joy. The astonishment and delight of the old man at thus unexpectedly recovering his lost child may be readily conceived. It appeared that Lonee's mother was still alive, and there were others of her kindred among the neighbours who were now coming in from all directions. The officers, as may be supposed, were much pleased at witnessing the happiness of their pretty protegee, to whom they themselves had been not a little indebted for their extrication from the embarrassment of the preceding night. As it was impossible to delay their march, Sahaduk was directed to remain at Deenah with his wife until the war was over—an order which, without disparagement to his courage, he was very willing to obey.

In a few weeks the Ghoorkas was compelled to evacuate the country, and a permanent military station was formed at Almora. Sahaduk resided there with his master, until the latter was ordered to another part of India. He then rewarded the faithful services of his attendant, and discharged also his debt of obligation to Lonee, by fitting up a handsome shop in Almora, which he made over in free simple to his ex-kitmutgar. Should any of our friends hereafter chance to visit the capital of Kemaon, we recommend them to make their purchases in the linen drapery line of the worthy Sahaduk Bhae, now one of the principal Mahajans or merchants of Almora. Lonee is his faithful helpmate, the careful mother of half-a-dozen fine young mountaineers; and from all that we can learn we have no doubt that he honourably fulfilled his promise—never to beat her unless she deserved it.

## SONG.

"It is not winter yet."

BY GEORGINA BENNET.

The withered leaves are falling round,  
Less bright the noontide radiance glows;  
Few flowers are in the garden found,  
And chill the night-wind blows.  
But wherefore wear a brow of gloom,  
Or speak of summer with regret,  
Still many beds are left to bloom—  
It is not winter yet.

'Tis ever thus in human life,  
Too oft the glance is backward cast;  
We turn from scenes with pleasures rife,  
To muse upon the past.  
We may not see another spring,  
We cannot bygone hours forget;  
But Hope fresh flowers may round us fling—  
It is not winter yet.

As even in the saddest hour,  
Beneath a dark and stormy sky,  
We often see some lovely flower  
Spring up to glad the eye.  
So, faithful friends, in life's worst gloom,  
Can cheer by kindness our regret;  
Shake off the fear of darker doom—  
It is not winter yet.

From the Christian Treasury.

## THE TEAMSTER.

OR, NOTHING LOST BY KEEPING THE SABBATH.

In the winter of 18—, I removed with my family from —, in Vermont, to —, in Maine. The long journey was to be performed by land, and household furniture to be transported in the same manner. There still lingers among the hills a class of men who will soon be swept away by the canal and the railroad. The wealth of the teamster, for so he is called, consists in his horses, and the rude vehicle constructed for transporting heavy loads over the wild mountain passes, and through the deep valleys. His life is a weary and toilsome one. If diligent in his calling, he must be, for the better part of his life, an exile from his home, with little prospect of ease and rest in old age. The profits are small, the accidents to which both he and his horses are exposed are numerous. Yet are they a hardy and cheerful race; day after day, in storm and in sunshine, they trudge patiently along by the side of their wagons or sleds, alternately whistling, singing, or if, as is frequently the case, three or four are in company, bragging their slow progress by the joke or tale, coarse and dull perhaps, but yet sufficient to call the merry laugh from hearts willing to be happy. The greatest hardship of their lot, however, is, that they are in a great measure removed from social and religious influences. The Sabbath often overtakes them far from the house of prayer, and their scanty earnings, and the heavy expense attending the rest of a whole day, with a team of six or eight horses, are often made a pretext for disregarding the rest of the holy Sabbath.

The man whom I engaged to transport my

household furniture followed this occupation. The journey was too long to be performed in a single week. Saturday night came and with his weary horses he sought the shelter of an inn. Several brother teamsters were there, who were on the same route. The next morning he rose early to attend to the wants of his faithful animals, and found, to his surprise that the others were harnessing their horses, and preparing to go on their way. "How now! do you travel to-day?" "To be sure," said one, "we can't afford to lie still all day, and pay for the keeping of our horses while they do nothing; and look ye, there's a heavy snow bank in the south; 'twill be heavy doings to-morrow, and if you are wise you will go too." "I think not," said he drily. "Why not, pray? I think, for my part, the Sabbath was made for man, and poor hard-working folks like us are not required to lose one day in seven." "True; I am of your mind, but I can't afford to do otherwise than the rest too; losing the day, I never found out yet that I lost anything by giving the Lord his due, any more than by paying my neighbor what I owe him." A contemptuous laugh, and the cracking of whips, followed; and they drove off, leaving our teamster alone.

The short winter day was soon over; but long before night, the snow fell in one continued sheet; and the traveller drew closer to the fire, with the book he was reading, and thanked God in his heart that the storm had come on a day when it was right for him to rest. The next morning the storm had passed over; when, thinking the roads passable, he harnessed his horses and started off at a slow pace. Just before night-fall, he espied a long line of loaded sleighs in advance of him, toiling heavily onward, and a quiet smile passed over his weather-beaten face, as he thought it might be his companions of the previous day. In a short time he overtook them, and it was indeed the same. Weary and jaded, man and horses, they had been all day breaking paths for him. "He soon passed them, with a kind 'How fare ye?' Some looked up at his cheerful face and sleek horses, and scarcely deigned an answer; but the speaker of the previous morning replied, "Well, parson, I believe after all, yours was the best policy: for you and your horses look as bright as if you had only just been to a merry making, instead of dragging all that 'house-stuff' through the snow."

"Well, neighbour, I feel more light hearted I can tell you; and let me tell you, the Sabbath was made for man, and there is never anything lost in the world by keeping it." Good night; and with a cheerful "chirrup" to his horses, he drove forward, and left his weary companions to adjust with themselves the policy of robbing their Maker.

## THE STEAMER.

OR, NOTHING GAINED BY BREAKING THE SABBATH.

God is jealous of the honour of his name, and most striking are the providences by which he sometimes teaches his erring children, that there is a God in heaven. A remarkable instance of this is given us in the word of God, in the history of the disobedient Jonah; and not unfrequently even now does the Lord thwart the purposes and disappoint the plans of those who would disregard his ordinances, and go counter to his commands. How often, for instance do we see the infraction of the Fourth Commandment, and particularly when by those who profess to love and revere the institutions of the Gospel, followed by some signal manifestation of the divine displeasure? An illustration of this, and which exhibits to my mind most forcibly the overwatching care of God, occurred not long since. Late in the afternoon of Saturday a steamer stopped at our wharf on her way to —.

The day was well nigh spent, and the opportunity a favorable one, for such as choose to come on shore and tarry with us over the Sabbath. Among the passengers were several ministers of the Gospel, and some of them were but now on their way from the sittings of the General Assembly. It was near nine o'clock when the steamer got under weigh, and the sail to — would require some eight hours or more—it was therefore evident that the Sabbath morning must be deeply intrenched upon ere they reached their destination. During the evening the passengers were gathered together, and a minister of the Gospel spoke to them of the Providence of God as manifested in disasters at sea. All seemed well. But the Lord stood in the way. A portion of the machinery of the boat broke; when morning came—the Sabbath morning—they were yet upon the broad lakes, and at the mercy of the elements. During the day ineffectual efforts were made to repair the injury. The cabin was again the scene of religious exercises; and only on Sabbath evening did they reach, not their destination but the point from which they started. The Lord had brought them back to their starting point—not a mile had all their efforts of the last twenty-four hours gained them; on only Monday morning, at the same hour at which they could have left had they kept the Sabbath, were they permitted to go on their journey.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

If none but dogs were the inhabitants of Constantinople you would find it sufficiently difficult to make your way through a city where heaps of dirt, rubbish, and refuse of every credible and incredible composition obstruct you at every step, and especially barricade the corners of the streets. But dogs are not the only dwellers. Take care of yourself—here comes a train of horses laden on each

side with skins of oil—all oil without as well as within. And oh! take care again for behind are a whole troop of asses, carrying tiles and planks, and all kinds of building materials. Now give way to the right for those men with baskets of coal upon their heads, and give way too, to the left for those other men—four, six, eight at a time, staggering along with such a load of merchandize, that the pole, thick as your arm, to which it is suspended, bends beneath the weight. Meanwhile don't loose your head with the braying of the asses, and yelling of the dogs, the cries of the porters, or the calls of the sweetmeat and chestnut vendors, but follow your dragoman, who, accustomed to all this turmoil, flies before you with winged steps, and either disappears in the crowd, or vanishes round a corner. At length you reach a cemetery. We all know how deeply the Turks respect the graves of the dead—how they visit them and never permit them to be disturbed, as we do in Europe after any number of years. In the abstract this is very grand, and when we imagine to ourselves a beautiful cypress grove with tall white monumental stones, and green grass beneath, it presents a stately and solemn picture. Now contemplate it in the reality. The monuments are overthrown, dilapidated or awry,—several roughly paved streets intersect the space—here sheep are feeding—there donkeys are waiting—here geese are cackling—there cocks are crowing—in one part of the ground linen is drying—in another carpenters are planning—from one corner a troop of camels defile—from another a funeral procession approaches—children playing—dogs rolling—every kind of the most unconcerned business going on. And what can be a greater profanation of the dead? But true enough, where they were buried four hundred years ago, there they still lie.—*The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn.*

## THE HOLY LAND.

The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wilderness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of very hue, and beyond stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits; there, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper 'to his lords and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;' here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, 'danced before him, and the proud king promised with an oath to give her whatever she should ask; even to the half of his kingdom;' and, while the feast and dance went on, the head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger and given to the damsel. And Herod was gone; and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone; and the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted, are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and—oh! what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness!—a Fellow was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital, under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins they saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turned aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman about the king who built it, leaning against a column which, perhaps, had often supported the haughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land.—*J. E. Stephens.*

## THE GOOD CHILDREN.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to make others happy, found her young twin-daughters silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. 'I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother—only, one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother.' The other spoke still more timidly: 'A little girl who sat by me, on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck. But I do not know why she said that I had done her good.' 'Come to my arms, beloved ones,' said the mother, 'to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer.'—*Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*