

bloody worship. He is the ruler of evil spirits, ghouls, and vampires, and at nightfall he prowls about in their company, in places of execution and where there are buried dead. He is the god of mad frantic folly, who, clothed in the bloody skin of an elephant, leads the wild dance of the Tandava. He is the god of the ascetics; this fearful sect go naked, smutty with ashes, their long, matted hair twisted round their heads; others follow hideous secret rites of blood, lust, gluttony, drunkenness, and incantations; others pose themselves in immovable attitudes, till the sinews shrink, and the posture becomes rigid; others tear their bodies with knives, or devour carrion and excrements. These wretched beings lead wandering lives, and swarm at Benares, and all other holy places.

The sacred spot of the followers of Vishnu is the famous "well of healing." The water is about three feet deep, horribly foul with continual washings of the worshippers, and the stench fills the entire enclosure. After bathing, the devotees drink deep draughts of this filthy stuff, ladled out to them by priests in exchange for coppers. No matter how criminal or violent the life of the pilgrim has been, the stinking muddy water of Manikarnika cleans up the record of a lifetime, and sends him away absolutely pure and holy.

BEST.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

ALL that thy Father does is best for thee:
 Like the soft chime of bells in perfect tune,
 Heard o'er and o'er again, but never falling
 Upon the ear too soon; nor e'er too long
 Continued,—so these oft-repeated words
 Chime through our lives. And as the sweet-toned bells
 Through falling rain and over mist-wreathed river
 Sound more near,—so doth this blest assurance
 Stronger grow in times of pain and sadness.
 Himself hath told us that not willingly
 He sends us sorrow; and He, too, is grieved
 In all our grievings. So when joys of earth
 Each after each withdraw themselves, and hopes
 Grow faint and die, let us be but more sure
 Our Father loves us. Nor by questionings,
 And frettings that so oft our days lack brightness,
 Make it less easy for His tender heart
 To choose our highest good. Oh, patient wait!
 And we shall see, ere long, His best bright end
 To all our cloudy days.

TORONTO.