

prevail upon him to show me the pictures, and tell me, with his trembling voice of their sufferings.

The library itself was not large, but contained a choice collection of the old authors, arranged to suit his taste, and please his fancy. On the first shelf were the classics—long, barbarous titles and names were they—Iliad, and Odessey, Herodotus, Tacitus, and Plato; from these he kept the dust carefully brushed, that his school-boy memories might not become obscured.

Then next stood the works on legislation—Sir Matthew Hale, and Blackstone, in ponderous volumes; no prohibition was needed to keep childish fingers from their pages, the books wore a look of legal dignity. Then came the choicest collection of all the old divines.

A religious awe stole over me as, at a distance, I spelled out the names of Barrow, Sherlocke, Baxter, Bunyan, and Jeremy Taylor. My grandfather would often point to them with a sigh, that he did not live when such men proclaimed the unadorned truth.

A few works on history, some of a later date, had been allowed, on account of especial merit, to take place in this time-honoured library: Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

Next stood his favourite poets arranged in plain binding, little indicating the glowing genius within, were the quaint Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, Spencer's enchanting Fairy Queen, and the lovely Una, and the English classics of a later date, Shakspeare and Milton.

The top shelves were miscellaneous, mostly solid and useful reading, —while on the top shelf were piled old Congressional Documents, useful only to himself, where he had placed them for future reference.

My grandfather would often bid me notice the plain binding, and unpretending appearance of his library, and from it draw many a useful lesson. Never shall I forget the last lesson my grandfather gave me in that hallowed library, and the earnestness of his look and tone, as pointing to those plain and unadorned volumes, he said, "True merit needs no adorning; ever beware of that which wears an unusually showy exterior; always suspect a blank within, or something which requires an external aid.

SARAH S. JEWETT.

July 16, 1852.

INCIDENTS IN MISSIONARY LIFE.

No. II.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE AND THE CONJUROR.

It was in the sultry clime of India that a Missionary and his wife were journeying, and reposed during the heat of the day in a choultry by the road-side. These choultries are buildings erected for the convenience of travellers. As there are no inns in the country, any traveller may stay in them; but they must take their food and bedding with them, for they find nothing but the bare walls of the choultry.

While the Missionary's wife was resting, a fine young man came up to the choultry. He was on his way from a distant part, on a pilgrimage to Juggarnath.

He was a *pandaram*, or "sacred mendicant," and was dressed in his yellow robes, which are sacred to his profession. Before I proceed, I ought to tell you, that the value of the yellow robes principally consists in the cotton being plucked off the tree, spun, dyed, and woven, ready to be worn, in one day. The Missionary was in the verandah of the