

burden that attendeth him? Set him aside. Never think that man's robes will set well upon him. He is a fit man to make a magistrate of, that will put on righteousness as a garment, and clothe himself with judgment as with a robe and a diadem.' He could scarcely conceive any higher union of qualities than that which was necessary to make a good and efficient chief magistrate. 'He that ruleth over men must be just.' That was the first mark by which he was to be known. How hard it was to be really just! He must judge without respect of persons, neither regarding the wealth of the rich man nor the penury of the poor man. A weak-minded man who was a sycophant would be tempted to lean to the rich, while a man of great strength of mind might be tempted to lean to the poor. Either error was dangerous. The first seemed the meaner fault, but the other was not less disastrous. It was sometimes said that a magistrate had only to administer the law as he found it—a very plausible saying, and yet one which had but little truth in it, if it implied, as it was meant to imply, that the administration of law was therefore very simple and easy. Great caution, acute discrimination, thorough discretion, were necessary for him who would rule well. A large range was permitted to the magistrate. He had to decide at the moment whether a lighter or a heavier punishment should be inflicted, and to determine, as in the sight of God, so far as in him lay, whether the lighter sentence might not tend to encourage sin, or whether the heavier sentence might not inflict a penalty excessive in proportion to the crime. He bore not the sword in vain, and when he struck he must strike with judgment, lest the blow should be too heavy or too light. He that was just must not have the fear of man's opinion before his eyes. In these days, almost more than in any other, the thought of public opinion pressed upon men's minds; for no public act escaped scrutiny. None was so exalted but that his words and deeds were liable to general praise or censure. Many a man who was inaccessible to intimidation was open to flattery. The walls of Jericho would have resisted a long siege, but they fell at the blowing of the trumpets. So many that would but stand the more firmly to their duty amid the uproar of a hostile mob, might easily be made to swerve from it by the blast of popular applause. He who had the true fear of God would not have the fear of man. He must prefer the public to his private interest. Power tried a man, of what kind he was. In some it developed rapidly high qualities, which they were not suspected to possess, while in others it brought to light weaknesses that had long lain unsuspected. No man would wield lightly the sword of justice who had not trained himself by thought and by devotion for the high function to which he was called. It was no light thing to be in-

trusted with the sword of justice—to be the chief citizen of no mean city. To exercise a hospitality illustrious for its generosity, to uphold the ancient privileges and immunities of the citizens, to be the representative of the municipality of the metropolis of the world, to administer true justice between man and man, to be the host of the wealthiest and the defender of the poor, to entertain the nobles and to feed the fatherless and widow, to direct the munificent charity of the opulent into fresh channels, as occasion might suggest,—these constituted a task of no light labor, of no small responsibility. The man who was to perform these varied duties and a multitude of others would have before him a year of high honor, but of much care and labor. Justice and wisdom, courage and devotion, patience and humility, charity to the poor, love of man, fear of God—these were among the qualities which should characterize their chief magistrate."

### India.

When we read of the horrors and degradations of Hindoo idolatry, we are apt to think that we are reading of things of the past, of things that no longer dare venture into the light of British rule and civilization. The following statement is taken from the *Bombay Times*, and is enough to open our eyes to the true state of the case. Self-inflicted tortures are still not unusual, but evidently they are dying out; the vital spring whence they flowed is being dried up; for it is no longer the sense of sin that impels the poor devotee, but a silly selfish pride:

Thirty miles north-east of Sholapoor, at Toolazapoor, is the great temple of the goddess Snowani, and twice in the year the place is thronged by men and women of every grade, who come to pay their vows and sacrifice to the idol. Besides this, at every full moon long trains of pilgrims may be seen flocking thither, and such is the faith of the people in the healing power of the goddess that the sick are resorting there constantly in the vain hope of some relief. The temple of Pander-poor is still more renowned. Not to speak of the myriads who go there at the great festivals, persons make a pilgrimage thither every month from a distance of 50 or 100 miles, and the practice is kept up for many years. One man, who had apparently come from a distance, the writer saw near Barer, making the journey by prostrations, measuring his length upon the ground. It was under the burning sun of noon-day; and hardly able to proceed, he seemed the very picture of despair. But a case still more remarkable was that of a man performing the journey by rolling himself upon the ground. We came up with him two miles east of Wairag, and asked him where he was going, and why he