

tain path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abairim not strange to his eyes the scattered clumps of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines: scenes such as those among which, with none as now, beside him but God, he had led his flocks so often; and which he had left, how long ago, taking upon him the appointed power, to make of the fenced city a wilderness, and to fill the desert with songs of dolourance. It was not to smother the last hours of his life that God restored to him, for a day, the beloved solitudes he had lost; and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around him, and cut the world in which he had laboured and suffered far beneath his feet, so that most of his life, though all wondering soon to be forgotten for ever; the death—the type of God's anger understood by him, of all men, west clearly, when on the earth upon her mouth, and the sea in deep, to overwhelm the companies of those who contended with his Maker—laid waves beneath him; and beyond it, the far hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of Jordan, purple in the evening light as with the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant folds into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unabated strength, his undimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to contend for the spoils of his spirit, he put off his earthly armour. We do deep reverence to his companion prophet, for whom the chariot of fire came down from heaven; but was his death less noble, whom his Lord himself buried in the vales of Moab, keeping, in the secrets of the eternal counsels, the knowledge of a sepulchre, from which he was to be called, in the fulness of time, to talk with that Lord, upon Hermon, of the death that He should accomplish at Jerusalem?—From "Mountain Beauty" by John Ruskin, M. A.

A MISSIONARY CONTEST.

The Rev. Mr. G. G. G., an English missionary, relates the following amusing rencontre with a Brahmin in reference to one of the "sacred bulls," which are regarded with religious veneration by the natives:

"I once had an opportunity of ascertaining what a nuisance these gentlemen bulls were. I was on one of my missionary journeys, for I used to go for a month or two through the villages, and strike my tent every thirty miles or so; or I would journey in my boat up the river fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred miles, visiting the various villages and towns on the way. On one occasion I went to a large place on a market day; I had got a large number of tracts with me and Bibles for distribution, and I sat down in the market-place to converse with the people upon the grace and truth of salvation; but before I went into the bazaar—this means market-place and no more—I heard a terrible noise of women, as I thought, quarrelling. Now, the women in India who belong to the humbler classes have tremendously long tongues, and I conceive that the Brahmin ladies have not got very short ones, as the pundit told me. Well, I heard them abusing somebody, and using language very improper to escape from ladies' lips; they were calling somebody all manner of names but that of a gentleman, and when I came into the place I saw what was the matter. They were not abusing a man, but a great fat bull, which was eating up the rice, and the sweetmeats, and vegetables, and other wares that these women had brought in from the country to sell. The bull, in his rounds, had found them out, and was poking his nose into this basket and that basket, and there were the women doubling their fists and cursing at his nose, but no one dared to touch him. He knew very well that hard words would never break bones, and he went on and enjoyed himself, to the great injury of the people. The women, when they saw my white face—for a white face is very uncommon in the interior villages—directly put their hands together, and called, "Have mercy, have mercy!" I saw what was the matter. They were looking at the bull eating up their goods. "Drive him away," said I. "We dare not," they said. "Why not?" "Because he is a god." "He's no more god than I am," I said, and I took up a stick and gave him a good thump, so that he soon ran away. They said, "Drive him away from us," and as that was an appeal to my humanity, and as I saw the women distressed, I gave the gentleman two or three good pokes in his ribs; and he soon hurried away. The women went down and thanked me, and I was about to give them a solemn address on the folly of calling such a thing a god, when I found that I had got into a terrible mess. It is very easy to get into a difficulty, but very hard to get out of it. There were hundreds

of thousands of men there; and a number of the men who were watching me, as soon as they saw me strike the bull, came down and looked like thunder, and they spoke almost like thunder too—"What are you doing?" "Oh! I thought I was in for it now, and I said, "I was only driving away that great thief of a bull." "You struck it, did you not?" I said I did. "Do you know that you struck God?" "What nonsense," said I, "to call that brute God?" "Stay," said they, "here comes a Brahmin." Now, the Brahmins are some of the most very sacred, and some of them not; but all of them are very proud. This man had great influence among his people, and they said, Here comes a Brahmin, answer him. He came down, surrounded by some hundreds of people, and he contrived to look as black as he possibly could, as he thought he would amaze me with his black locks. "What have you been doing?" I said, "My lord, I was wanting to drive away a great thief of a bull." "Did you strike it?" "I did." "Do you know that you struck a god?" I tried to make myself two or three inches taller than I was, and to look as black as possible, and I said, "Answer me. Are you a Brahmin?" To call his Brahminical character in question was dreadful, and he said, "Certainly," and showed me the emblem of his office. "Are you a Brahmin and call that creature God?" "Yes I am." "Have you read your own Shasters?" "Certainly I have," he said. "Well, will you be good enough, for the benefit of these people, who do not know the Shasters, to quote one passage about God's honesty?" "I will not," he said. "For the fact is," said I, "you cannot; but I can, and if you want, I will. I then quoted out one of their Shasters—"God is honest—God is just—God is true." "Is that true?" I said. "It is," he said. "Tell me, Brahmin, was it honest for the great bull to go to these poor women, and take their rice, and sweetmeats, and fruits, and vegetables, without paying for them?" The idea of the bull paying for anything never occurred to him: He had not a word to say. I said, "Now what are you going to do? You are the priest of the bull, and are you going to pay the women for what the bull has stolen?" "I am sure I will not." "Can you say, then, that this is honest?" and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I had then a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God.

A great will case, *Sharpe and another v. Macaulay*, has occupied some days on the civil side at the Winchester Assizes. The testator was Mr. George Macaulay, late of Christ Church, who by will dated November, 1854, left the bulk of his property (worth about £4000) to his housekeeper, and legacies to two of her daughters, the only share his relations had being a small legacy to his sister, Miss Beata Macaulay. This sister had twice got a commission of lunacy against the testator in his lifetime, but on both occasions the commissions sent down by the Court of Chancery had decided there was no reason for their interference.—Reports circulated by her had, it appears, prevented him selling his property in the Isle of Wight on one occasion, and the view the testator held of his sister's conduct is shown by the following paragraph of his will:—

"I give and bequeath to my sister the sum of £20, and no more, because she has been my enemy from early days, treated me with unkindness, reporting that I was of unsound mind, and endeavouring to consign me to a lunatic asylum."

After the testator's death Miss Beata Macaulay applied to the Court of Chancery to set aside the will and the present was an issue directed by that court to try whether the testator had been "of sound disposing mind." Mr. Serjeant Kinglake conducted the plaintiff's case, and Sir E. Thesiger was specially retained for the defence. It appeared from the evidence that the testator was a paralytic, very infirm and eccentric, but remarkably shrewd in matters of business; insanity was hereditary in the family. One of his half-sisters and one of his brothers are at present in lunatic asylums. The testator was at school at Hemel Hempstead, but at a very early period he showed a most extraordinary aversion to clean linen or new things. He would resist in the most violent way any attempt made to put a clean shirt upon him. He became reluctant to quit his bed, he would hold up his hand and converse with it, and with his own shadow. When he was twenty-two years of age, in consequence of his aversion to clean linen, one Fetter, the keeper of the Bedford Lunatic Asylum, was in the habit of coming to the house of his mother, and stripping this grown-up man, scrubbing him, putting on clean linen, and what

was taken off him was burnt. At the conclusion of the case, the jury, after a consultation of an hour and a half, returned a verdict for the defendant, thus deciding that the testator was insane, and giving the property to the heirs at law.

A Touching Incident.—One of the saddest stories that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, when his mother one bright morning, dressed in a beautiful jacket, all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the Swiss cottage, when an enormous eagle snatched him from the earth, and bore him high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eye being at the point which was inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In destroying the child, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest, that it became a fixture there, and, whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!

WAITING AND NO MORE.—"I will wait" says the Psalmist, "for thy loving kindness." The difficulty with us is that we expect the Lord's loving kindness but we are unwilling to wait. We want to hurry it, forgetful of the majesty of Him with whom there is neither time nor space. It is well enough that we should serve actively where we have the means of active service. But when God, by striking down this or that agency, calls upon us to serve Him by silence and inaction, it is our duty to make silence and inaction on the altar on which our sacrifice to Him shall be placed. And in this is the truest dignity as well as the sweetest peace. We may look for among the scenes of active heroism before we meet with a picture more sublime than that of the aged Christian who in answer to the coarse inquiry of one of the nurses at the almshouse as to what he was doing, said—"Only waiting!"—Only waiting, and yet truly worshipping and nobly acting!

Milton admirably expresses this in those incomparable lines on his own blindness which no smitten and desolate Christian ought ever to forget:

God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best  
Hear his mild voice, they serve him best; his state  
Is kinde. Thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.

The Cologne Gazette is responsible for the following story:—"When Palmer was condemned, the Sardinian Ambassador telegraphed to Turin:—Palmer condemned to death, will be hanged at Rugeley. The official at Turin wrote for 'Palmer' (abridged for Palmer,) 'Palmerston,' and sent it as an official despatch to the Minister Carour. The latter, having smiled on reading it, left it open on his desk, and in a few minutes the report went like wildfire through Turin that the English had hanged their Prime Minister."

SLEEPING IN MERTINA.—This custom is of remote antiquity. We read in history that when Bishop South was preaching before Charles II. and court, many of the monarch's suite went to sleep, and some of them snored, whereupon, South addressed himself to Lord Lauderdale, one of the offenders, and said: "My Lord, I ask pardon for disturbing you, but I must tell you that you snore so loud that you are in danger of waking up his majesty." This warning woke up every one, and banished all desire to sleep.

The interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria is no longer a subject of doubt in the diplomatic world, says the Paris correspondent of *Le Nord*. "The Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, the Prince Regent of Baden, will also be present. It is evident that it is to be a kind of congress, and it is also said that questions of the highest importance will then and there be discussed."

CHURCH.—In politics, as in religion, it so happens that we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed, than for those who deny the whole of it, since if Socrates had been a Mahomedan, he would not have been burnt by Calvin.—*Cotton*.

Receive blessings with thankfulness and afflictions with resignation.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

SELF-CONTROL.—I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearer to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato*.