

der-cloud, and they spoke almost like thunder too: 'What are you doing?' I thought I was in for it now; and I said, 'I was only driving away that thief of a bull.' 'You struck it, did you not?' I said I did. 'Do you know that you struck a god?' 'What nonsense,' said I, to call that brute god! 'Stay,' said they, 'here comes a Brahmin.' Now, the Brahmins are some of them very learned, and some of them are not; but all of them are very proud. This man had great influence among the people, and they said, 'Here comes the Brahmin; answer him.' He came down, surrounded by some hundreds of people; and he contrived to look as black as he possibly could, as if he thought he would annihilate me with his black looks. 'What have you been doing?' 'My lord, I was wanting to drive away a thief of a bull,' I said. 'Did you strike it?' 'I did.' Do you know that you struck a god? I tried now 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. 'The fact is,' said I, 'you cannot; but if you cannot, I can; and if you won't, I will. I then quoted out of 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 that 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; are you going to pay the women for what the bull has stolen?' 'I am sure I will not.' 'Can you say, then, that that is honest?' and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I then had a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God."

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RICHARD BAXTER, the author of the "Saint's Rest," when reminded of his labours on his deathbed, replied "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"