

A BRAHMIN SILENCED.

A missionary in Hindostan must expect to have many contests with the Brahmins. It is necessary, therefore, that he should be very familiar with their sacred writings; and he should have his knowledge always at command. On one occasion, a missionary in India went to a large place on a market-day. He says, "I had a large number of tracts 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 reached it, 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. Well, I heard them abusing somebody, and using language very improper to escape from ladies' lips; they were calling some one all manner of names but that of gentleman; and when I came to 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 sweetmeats, and vegetables, and other things, 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 is no more a god than I am," I said. 'Drive him away for us,' they said; and as this was an appeal to my humanity, and I saw the women distressed, I gave him two or three good pokes in the 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 as that god, when I found that I had got into a terrible mess. It was very easy to get into a difficulty, but very hard to get out of it. There were hundreds and thousands of men there; and a number of them, who were watching me, as soon as they saw me strike the bull, came down looking like a thun-