

shown before dispensation of medicine. They represent, crudely enough, certain stirring scenes related in the Bible. The sahib, who knows the secrets of the bottles, tells the wondering yokel that here, wearing a purple or green robe, is God on earth, here are His chosen friends, here, in sickly yellow, a man new-raised from the dead. He tells them that God on earth gave rules for living, the same in general terms which they have heard from Buddha; some particulars, and many European interpretations, constitute the bill of differences. Chiefly this is told: If you believe that the God on earth, of whom the sahibs now speak, is the true and only such manifestation; then, living as padre sahibs live, you may inherit with them a glorious life eternal. If you do not, the alternative is not pleasant. I do not know how much it is emphasised.

As result of all this,—the medicine, the chromo, the good sahib, son of a powerful people,—some humble soul does now and then declare that he believes the God of the sahib and of the bottles to be a good spirit for worship, and he is declared a Christian. No quibbling here about higher criticism, no paltry inquiries into the authenticity of the Gospels, no question of *homoosian* and *homoiosian*; no tearing to pieces of the miracles, no fright as to the concordance between Jew-made prophecies and Jew-rejected fulfilments. The sahib's medicine is good, the sahib's chromo is brilliant, the sahib's words are kind—then the sahib's God may safely be acknowledged. Poor, dull brain, poor tired heart! Rome and the Bishop of Westminster are as far away from him as is the seventh pleiad, but