The accompanying picture shows a man leading a small herd of goats, a sight which may be seen at any time in the streets of Shanghai and almost every other place in China. "Billy" is much appreciated in this country. It will be perceived that the man has a string made fast to the horns of one of his charges, whilst the others are all loosely tethered together, with a second man walking behind with a bamboo in his hand, with which he keeps the herd in order. Late in the evening or early in the morning dozens of such groups may be met with in our streets, the droves being sometimes made up of as many as from fifty to a hundred animals. They are landed from boats which bring them down the creeks into the Settlement, or led in, in the way shown in the picture, from the country. Goat mutton is a favourite article of diet among the poor Chinese and the more indigent of the Indian residents of Shanghai. The latter are also extremely fond of goats' milk, which the Chinese reject. As a rule each Sikh watchman or policeman in the Settlement is the proud possessor of one or two of these valuable animals. Goats, as a rule, can be purchased for from seventy-five cents to one or two dollars each, according to size and weight. I once heard an amusing tale of the theft of a goat from a countryman in the Rue du Consulat, French Concession. Hodge came shambling down the street one morning, leading a fine goat behind him with a string.
Two expert thieves perceived him and marked him down at once as easy prey. After a hurried conversation they sided up to the goat, and whilst the countryman was gaping at the wonders of the city, one of the rascals took hold of the string and pulled it gently, while the other cut it with a sharp knife close to the horns of the goat and rushed off into an alleyway with the animal a prisoner. As soon as thief and goat were out of sight the first man let go the string and made off, and the countryman, no longer feeling the pulling, as he thought of the goat, turned round and perceived that his property was missing. He could get no satisfactory reply to his anxious enquiries from the spectators, who only laughed at his misfortune and walked on; and concluding that the devil, and the devil alone, knew anything about the matter, he sorrowfully wended his way back to his native village to explain the business to his wife as best he could.

The Buddhist God of Ourga.

A Divinity of flesh and blood is not often met with in these days. M. Marie Valli, however, who has recently travelled in Mongolia, gives in the Nuovo Antologia, Rome, the subjoined brief account of his meeting with one.

"The incident happened at Ourga," says M. Valli, "a town where the pagodas and convents have multiplied to a remarkable degree since nearly 10,000 of the 30,000 inhabitants belong to the regular clergy of Mongolian Buddhism. The cathedral of the pagodas of Ourga is the temple of Maidari, the god which the Mongolians venerate the most, although he has not yet been born. The coming Maidari will be the fifth Buddha, the world being governed at present by the fourth, who is no other than the Sakyamuni of the Hindoos. While awaiting the coming of Maidari the fourth Buddha perpetually reincarnates himself in a succession of persons who are the Grand Lamas of Ourga—rivals of the Grand Lamas of Thibet. The present Grand Lama calls himself Koutouktou. He is a young man, a descendant of one of the most ancient princely families of the country; he possesses immense forests and fields, numbers of villages, and innumerable flocks.

"Koutouktou from time to time goes and sits on the altar of his great pagoda in the sacramental posture of the Buddhas and with a true papal mitre as a hat. The crowd comes and prostrates itself, cries out its supplications and makes the prayer wheels hum like wind mills, but during the time that he is adored the god must not move a finger not even an eyelid, and above all he must not sneeze."