

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
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THE SPIRITUAL VOYAGE,
PERFORMED IN THE SHIP CONVERT,
Under the Command of Captain Godly-Fear

From the Port of Repentance unto Life, to the Haven of Felicity, on the Continent of Glory.

AN ALLEGORY—IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VI.

A sail discovered—supposed to be the ship *Caral-repentance*, discovered by Captain Philosophy—arrive at the island of Ordinance—baptism in the river Enon and admission to the prince's table—the island described—Editorial several old sailors—the *Convert* repaired and stored—a pilot appointed, Mr. Scripturist—his excellent character—character of the captain—sailed through the strait formed by the Doctrinal and Practical Islands—anchor at Secure-Hope.

Captain Promise was hardly out of sight, when we discovered a sail right ahead, which from the course, we judged to be an enemy; and therefore we prepared to meet her as such. By the time she was within gun shot, our decks were clear, and every man at his quarters, ready to pour in a broad side, if she gave us the least molestation. It would have afforded great pleasure to see our men behave so orderly, and to observe how determined they were to fight if necessary. When the ship came up we hailed her, and enquired from whence she came and whither she was bound. They informed us they had sailed from the port of Reason and had been on the sea a great while in quest of the haven of Felicity on the continent of Glory; that they had gone through a great many difficulties, and had been many hundred leagues farther than we were; but could find no such place, and believed it to be all a delusion. If there were such a place they said, they should surely find it as we, by sailing the course they now took.

This was strange language to us, and indeed we could not well understand them; they spoke our language very incorrectly. We endeavoured to convince them of their folly, and advised them to accompany us to the island of Ordinance; which so offended them that they sheered off, and would not so much as tell us the name of their ship, nor who commanded her. Our Captain suspected it was the ship *Caral-repentance*, commanded by Captain Philosophy, or Captain Think-light-of-revelation. There appeared to be a mixed multitude of them.

The next day we saw a small sail on our star-board bow, which proved to be a pilot boat, which boarded us, and plotted us into the harbour of Fellowship, in the island of Ordinance; and before night we were safe moored abreast of the town. Here we found the prince and a great part of the fleet, which was great joy to us all. We now, agreeable to the directions and example of the prince, all bathed in the river Enon, near to Salem; and afterwards were admitted to the prince's table, and fared sumptuously. What a happy meeting with our comrades of the fleet! This same island of Ordinance is a delightful place. It lies in the latitude of Obedience, and longitude of Diligence. The prince has a peculiar regard for this island, and has favoured the inhabitants with many privileges. He resides here for months together in the summer season; and his presence is always the delight of his inhabitants. There is no place on the whole voyage where the sailors met with better treatment. Love and harmony reign among the inhabitants; and when they meet to celebrate a certain festival, in honour of the prince, which they frequently do, there is no distinction; but rich and poor, the officers and the sailors all meet in one room and sit at the same table; and when the prince is on the island he favours them with his presence; which is to them life, and better than life. We continued here a considerable time, enjoying the fruits of our past labours; indeed, soon after our arrival at this island we almost forgot what we had suffered on the passage.

We were not a little edified by the narrative of several old sailors who resided here, and who had served the prince many years. There was old Captain Tried-much who sailed a long while in the ship *Adversity*. He had fought many a hard battle and received many wounds. His own crew once mutinied, and was near depriving him of the command of his ship; but having some good officers he was enabled to overcome the mutineers, and had them tried and executed. He said the worst villain was Bob Murthering, Will Discontent, and Tom Thankless. The old Captain spoke highly of the officers who commanded the mariners, who always stood faithfully by him in the greatest dangers; I think he said it was Lieutenant Confidence in the word, a long name, but he was a very proper officer to sail with such a captain. We also became acquainted with Captain Near-to-faint—a poor man; he suffered much before he reached this island. His ship

was sadly shattered by one of Lucifer's fleet, having his rudder, sails, and masts so much damaged that his ship was very unmanageable; hence he was near being cast away, as he passed the island of Discouragement. He saw the island of Deliverance, but could not make the port; so bore away for this place, but it was with great difficulty he got in the harbour; indeed I do not know that he could have got in, but that the prince sent him out assistance by Captain Bear-with-patience.

While we staid at this place our ship was repaired, and we were well supplied with stores of every kind, and the best of provisions. Our men were all in health, and in fine spirits. The prince ordered us a pilot, one Mr. Scripturist, who was perfectly acquainted with those parts to which we were going; this was matter of great satisfaction to us all; we now took leave of our friends, in order to pursue our voyage. After we received orders for sailing, we embraced the opportunity of the first fair wind. We soon cleared the land, and steered for the group of islands which lie in the latitude of Hold on. Nothing material happened till we discovered them. These islands formed many straits; one which we were to pass through is called the narrow, or the narrow way, and is the only one which leads to the great ocean we had to sail over.

In this part of our voyage from the island of Ordinance, till we made these islands, we were favoured with fine weather and a fair wind, with gentle breezes the whole run. What rendered this part of the voyage the more agreeable, was the entertainment Mr. Scripturist, the pilot afforded us, with the relations of many of the voyages he had made, and the characters of several of the captains he had piloted to the haven of Felicity; for he had long been in the service of our prince, had frequently sailed in the same ship, and had been highly honoured by him. He always spoke of the prince in the highest terms, as the best of men and the most noble officer that ever commanded a fleet.

Mr. Scripturist in his youth, was eye-witness to that grand and important naval victory which the prince gained over Lucifer, in the bay of Sufficiency, when he captured the whole squadron of the enemy, and brought them in triumph into the port of Ascension, where he led captivity captive, and spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly. Soon after this victory the pilot received his commission, and has been in the service ever since; a more faithful and skilful mariner never entered the service, or showed a greater respect for our prince. He informed us the prince refused no one who made a proper application to enter his service; he received all who came, even the maimed, the lame and the blind; the prince took compassion on such, and had them cured of such disorders; some of whom became in his service men of renown; indeed the pilot said he had conducted several of them to the continent of Glory. This same Mr. Scripturist was a wonderful man in his profession; he never was at a loss in the management of the ship in storms, engagements, or in any kind of danger. He also was acquainted with all the rocks, quicksands, shoals, currents, islands, capes, headlands, gulphs, bays, straits, creeks, and harbours, between the port of Repentance unto life and the haven of Felicity; in short, there is not a dangerous spot in the whole passage with which he was not acquainted and which he knew not how to avoid.

Our chaplain, Mr. Watchful, also was an excellent man. He had sailed with the pilot several voyages; they were very intimate and had a singular regard for each other. Mr. Watchful was educated at the university of Christianity; and studied the latter part of his time in Liberal Hall, under Dr. Godliness, a worthy pious man, and a profound scholar. The chaplain always spoke of him with great respect, as one who paid the greatest attention to his pupils, who all loved and honoured him as a parent. Never was a chaplain more attentive to his duties than Mr. Watchful. It evidently appeared by his whole conduct he was well qualified for the important station in which he served. He was not of a stern, sour, rigid turn of mind, neither was he a light vain man; but grave, yet cheerful and lively; not formal in the performance of his duties, but earnest and sincere in them all. He would take every opportunity of instructing the ignorant among us, of comforting the sick and distressed; and of admonishing and reproving the refractory. He also had a peculiar talent for encouraging our men in times of danger. In short, his whole conduct was such as procured him the good will and affection of the captain, the other officers, all the men, and every good man at every place they touched at, who had any communication with him.

The islands which form the strait, we had to go through, are called the Doctrinal and Practical islands. This strait is many leagues in length, and in most parts of it is a difficult navigation. When we made the islands, we perceived a number of vessels hovering about the several straits, as if underdetermined which to enter; and what seemed to me surprising was, that most of the vessels, although they pretended they were bound to the same port with us, yet preferred any of the straits to the right one; true, some of the straits a good deal resembled the right one; but our pilot informed us that most of them grew wider within, and some, he said, were too shallow for a ship like ours to sail through. Several of the vessels spoke to us, and perceived us not to

venture into the narrows; indeed had it not been for the pilot, our Captain might have been deceived. However, he acted wisely in abiding by the judgment of the pilot, who as he justly concluded, knew what he was about.

Our pilot advised all the Captains who spoke us to pass through the narrows, as the only strait that would lead to the ocean. But he could persuade few, if any, to follow his advice. So leaving them to their own choice, the wind being fair, and the tide in our favour, we entered the strait. Our pilot informed us that this was a difficult piece of navigation, as the true channel was very narrow; and that there were many dangerous places on both sides of the channel, so that it required great care and circumspection to avoid the many rocks and shoal places, where a ship like ours might be ruined; as also several currents which ran between the islands, and across the channel. He said there were some good harbours, but difficult to enter, and it was probable we should be under the necessity of often coming to an anchor; it would be therefore necessary that a very strict discipline should be kept up, and that the men should be excited to be very watchful and diligent. We had scarcely entered the straits when we saw the remains of a ship long since cast away on the rock of Covetousness, and two others on a spit of sand, called Falsity; which runs out from the island Sell-all. These missed the channel and so were lost. Although several vessels were lost in these straits, yet our pilot informed us that all who paid an implicit obedience to the directions of our prince, finally got safe through.

After much labour, and escaping many dangers, we came to anchor in a snug cove called Secure-hope, from whence we had an opportunity of visiting on both sides of the straits. We found the inhabitants very agreeable and very intelligent. When we landed on one of the doctrinal islands, we were sure to meet with some of the practical islanders; and when we visited one of the doctrinal islanders, it was truly pleasing to see the intercourse between them. I did not know before, there was such an agreement between Doctrine and Practice, till I learned it at these islands.

The Bible in Italy.

A series of letters have recently appeared in the London *Christian Times* on the state and progress of religion in Italy. In a late number of *The Book and its Missions* we find the subjoined extracts from these letters which we think will be interesting to the lovers of truth who read the *Intelligencer*; we therefore transfer them to our columns:—

"The Italian Church may be said to comprehend all those Christians (not Vandals) who, during the last ten years, have in various parts of Italy embraced the Protestant faith, and formed themselves into communities for mutual instruction and worship.

"The movement out of which these communities have sprung is generally supposed to have commenced about 1848.

"Amid the commotions of that eventful year the sacred Scriptures first found their way into the hands of the Italian people. They were received with eagerness, and read with interest and delight. As a forbidden book they passed from hand to hand, and from house to house, rapidly and secretly. In Sardinia (in both the island and the kingdom), in Lombardy, in the Papal States, and Naples, in spite of all the custom houses and the priests, they made their way, and were everywhere welcomed. Individuals who are supposed to know more about the facts of the case than others, estimate that at the present time upwards of 30,000 Italians more or less are reading the Scriptures, with interest."

"It is not of course pretended that any very large proportion of these persons are spiritual inquirers. To many, perhaps to most, the charm of the book consists in its being forbidden, and in its being regarded as antagonistic to the priesthood and favourable to freedom of thought and action.

"But it is not so with all. In Genoa, in Turin, in Alexandria, and in Florence, communities exist of true believers who discern—and with unquestionable sincerity—all political objects; and who have, in fact, little or no faith in political change, and no sympathy whatever with violence or wrong of any kind; men who trust simply in God, believing that in his own time, and in his own way, He will bring about such changes as shall be most conducive to the welfare of the true Church, and to the gathering in of his elect in all parts of the world.

"Nor are such persons confined to the larger towns and cities. In villages, and in hamlets, in all parts of Sardinia, throughout Tuscany, in Lombardy, in the Papal States, and in Naples, a people are to be found preparing for higher and nobler duties than any that come within the range of the democrat or more worldly politician.

"In many places these have sprung up, none can say how. Sometimes by the simple reading of the Scriptures; sometimes by the conversation of other Christians; sometimes through the agency of pious women, whose labours among this people have been singularly blessed of God; in all cases by means, to the eye of man so utterly inadequate to the result, that it would be impious to doubt the presence and personal agency of the Holy Spirit of God.

"These Christians meet for mutual prayer and for the reading of the Scriptures, when and how they can—in Sardinia openly; in other parts with more or less secrecy. Sometimes in the woods, sometimes in solitary caves, sometimes in private houses; always in fear and trembling; everywhere worried by the police; often in prison; and still more frequently exposed to the innumerable losses and annoyances which constitute what are commonly called *petty persecutions*, and are in reality far harder to bear than fines or imprisonments, or those heavier trials which occasionally fall upon those who dare much for Christ.

"Further, these brethren are nearly all poor—peasants, day labourers, mechanics, small shopkeepers, or servants. With very few exceptions indeed, the middle and upper classes, however alienated from the Church of Rome—and they are largely so—have not yet been so far awakened to the love of the truth, as to be prepared for the sacrifices which their poorer fellow-countrymen have been called upon to make. Artistic tastes, the commercial spirit, learning, and wealth, occasion men to shrink from taking any step which involves, even for a time, the loss of money or of status.

"During the few months that we remained in Tuscany three cases of imprisonment occurred, each involving a good deal of personal suffering, and calling both for sympathy and assistance. When we passed through Alessandria (Piedmont), in April, 1858, Mazzarello, Lagomarsino, and Minetti were all in prison there, in execution of a sentence passed upon them for having, it was alleged, in a public discourse, controverted the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. So partial is religious liberty even in Sardinia.

"We found that the term *Elder* among these people was used to designate one who, being regarded as a man of approved piety and consistent character, with a little more intelligence than his brethren, had been appointed by his fellows, under the guidance, as they hoped and believed, of the Holy Spirit—for it is one of their fundamental principles that the duty of a Church is not to choose, but to discern those whom God himself has chosen for office—to exercise moral authority over, and more or less to instruct, the little body over whom he has been requested to rule. To him they look as the one best fitted to preside at their meetings for worship, and to maintain order and discipline. He breaks bread to them. He expounds the Scriptures so far as God gives him the ability. He unites with them in prayer, and, as a good shepherd, watches in love over the moral character, and endeavours to develop the spiritual gifts of those who are entrusted to his charge.

"Of course he is the unpaid servant of the Church maintaining himself, like the rest, by his own industry, and desiring to be an example to the flock, as far as possible.

"Such pastors constitute at present the ruling eldership, so far as there is one, of Churches which exist in those parts of Italy where secrecy is essential to safety.

"In Tuscany, no man of education (with the exception of Count Guicciardini, and five or six others who have been driven from the country by persecution, and who are now labouring in Sardinia) have yet been called out of the world. In this emergency God has sent to them two or three Christian Ladies, who, under a sufficient notice accorded to the other sex, and in the absence of liberty to meet in numbers, instruct those who come to them, and, like Priscilla and Aquila of old, build up the believers in faith and charity. Thankful for this aid, the Church in Tuscany wait, in prayer for the advent of men who, in happier times, and free from persecution, may openly proclaim the Gospel, and both among the learned and the unlearned devote themselves to its diffusion. They probably judge wisely when they say at the right time God will provide himself with such witnesses, but not before.

"At Alessandria, in Piedmont, we found that the brethren, besides assembling three times on the Lord's-day, meet every evening for worship or instruction. We happened to be there on a Thursday, and expressing a wish to be present at one of their ordinary week day services, were told that on Sundays the room was crowded, sometimes the townspeople attending in such numbers that it was impossible to obtain standing room; but that on week nights comparatively few came, the members of the church being almost exclusively labourers (chiefly masons and gardeners), working from five in the morning till seven in the evening, and consequently too weary to attend regularly.

"Determined to ascertain what we could from personal observation, we found our way to the place of meeting by half past eight, the time appointed, when a scene presented itself which we shall never forget. Forty-two men and thirty women were there, all in the prime of life—so aged persons, and no children—all in the dress which they had worn through the day—worn, torn, rough, labourers. There they were seated on benches; all who could read—and they were many—with an Italian New Testament in hand, which they were regarding with deep and fixed interest. The Evangelist or elder, sitting in front, was reading a chapter in St. Matthew's Gospel, explaining as he went on, and at intervals interrupting, but at the same time, enlivening the exercise by putting questions first to one and then to another, in order to ascertain whether he was understood. The an-

swers were given simply, but clearly. This lasted about half an hour.

"A brief extempore prayer was then offered up by one of the poor men present, an utterance marked by deep emotion; and then a hymn was sung, a simple version of those beautiful and well-known lines—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come to Thee."

"After this an expository sermon on the parable of the treasure hid in a field, was delivered with great force, fluency, and animation. The auditors listened with the deepest interest, not a single person appeared inattentive or sleepy. Another of the members now prayed, and a second hymn was sung, after which they broke up. On this occasion the whole congregation knelt in prayer.

"I have no wish to draw an exaggerated picture of a scene like this; but, as I sat there watching the countenances of these poor Italians, calling to mind what they were only a year and a half ago—beaten in ignorance and superstition, or else coarse and profane scoffers at all goodness; when I reflected that no secondary or inferior motives could have influenced them in becoming Protestants—that nobody there had money to give, or influence to exercise on their behalf—that their only gain had been, and would be, suffering and scorn; when, I say, I thought of all these things, and observed the seriousness and thoughtfulness of their aspect, the growing intelligence that was obviously in some, struggling with, and as obviously mastering the dullness and stupidity of past years—the mingled expression of meekness and decision, or self-respect and humility which marked the countenance of others, and above all, the tranquil happiness, at once cheerful and serene, which characterized the entire assembly—I could not but feel that a sight like this was worth a volume of evidences to the truth of Christianity. It not only convinced the intellect, it put to shame the scepticism of the heart.

Our Relation to God.

Do you suppose a man to know himself; that he comes into this world on no other errand but to rise out of the vanity of time into the riches of eternity; do you suppose him to govern his inward thoughts and outward actions by this view of himself, and then to him every day has lost all its evil, prosperity and adversity have no difference, because he receives and uses them both in the same spirit; life and death are equally welcome, because equally parts of his way to eternity. For poor and miserable as this life is, we have free access to all that is good and great and happy; and carry within ourselves a key to all the treasures that heaven has to bestow upon us. We starve in the midst of plenty; groan under infirmities with the remedy in our own hand; live and die without knowing and feeling anything of the One, only good, whilst we have it in our power to know and enjoy it in as great a reality as we know and feel the power of this world over us: for heaven is as near to our souls as this world is to our bodies; and we are created, we are redeemed, to have our conversation in it. God, the only good of all intelligent matters, is not an absent or distant God, but is more present in and to our souls than our own bodies, and we are strangers to heaven, and without God in the world, for this only reason, because we are void of that spirit of prayer which alone can, and never fails to unite us with the One, only good, and to open heaven and the kingdom of God within us.

A root set in the finest soil, in the best climate, and blessed with all that sun, and air, and rain can do for it, is not in so sure a way of its growth to perfection, as every man may be whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches toward him with half that certainty as God, the source of all good, communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him. We are all of us by birth the offspring of God, more nearly related to him than we are to one another; for him we love, and move, and have our being.—WILLIAM LAW.

The Art of taking Breath.

A man who takes breath properly, will fatigue himself less in speaking three or four hours, as certain political orators do, especially in England than another in half an hour; and the orators who are able to speak so long, are either men who have studied the management of their breath, or men who speak much, but who speak well; for in this case, the respiration regulates itself, without separate thought, just as in conversation. But it is by no means the same when one recites a discourse from memory; especially if it is the discourse of another; for in writing we take care, without being aware of it, to adjust the length of the periods to the habitudes of our lungs. But the exercises in which it is most difficult to breathe aright, as being that which is furthest removed from the natural tone, is the exercise of reading; and it is remarked that one is wearied much sooner by reading than by speaking. There are very few persons who can bear half an hour of reading without a slight inconvenience of the organs; but there are many who can speak an hour without trouble. The point of the difficulty is this, to time the respiration so as always to take breath before it is exhausted. For this purpose, it is necessary to breathe often, and to take advantage of little rests

in the delivery. It might be feared lest this necessity should injure the utterance and make it frigid; but on the contrary, the rests which are thus employed by one who is exercised so as to use them properly, are as expressive as the voice itself; the slowness which they communicate to the discourse is only that slowness which gives more weight and vigor to the thought; so this helps infirmity becomes an additional power.

It is, lastly, by breathing seasonably, that the speaker will avoid a fault which is very common and very great; that of letting the voice fall at the end of sentences, which renders the recitation at the same time indistinct and monotonous. This is the abuse of the rule which is pointed out by nature. It is natural to lower the voice slightly at the moment of finishing a sentence, at least in most cases; for there are certain thoughts which, on the contrary, demand an elevation of the voice at the close. But the fall is made too perceptible, and is taken from too great a height, so that there are often three or four words which the hearer catches with difficulty, or does not catch at all. This would be bad enough, even without the additional evil, that the expression is weakened at the same time with the voice. As a general rule, the voice should be kept up to the end of the sentence, excepting only that slight depression and as it were, reflection which denote that the sense is terminated. But to do this, you must breathe in time; as it is because the lungs are exhausted that you must lower the voice; for, where there is no breath, there is no sound.

Friends in Prosperity

One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many to whom they confided was a pretense, a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these fickle followers of the world desert those upon whom they have lavished; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity these superficial earthlings are mere specks on the horizon!

But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and ingratitude prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our sides real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we could not expect even in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels.—North American Review.

Modern Infidelity.

A writer in the *Congregational Journal* thus facetiously exposes the disguise of the evil one: "The infidelity, to be sure, of the present day has become pliant, and goes to meeting, but its teeth are as sharp, and malice just as deep as when imported from France. Formerly the infidel wolf was wont to growl and snarl in open daylight, but now it puts on sheep's clothing, and appears religious, uses homely words, smiles blandly, and even prays with some apparent fervor, finding this to be the Orthodox. Mr. Thomas Paine was a green hand at the work. He was too out-spoken. He showed his hoofs, horns and tail, and supposed he could accomplish his end. Poor, mistaken man; if he had become a Doctor of Divinity he would have shown more tact, and had more prospect of ultimate success. Whatever may be the other attributes of the devil, he certainly is not omniscient, for he has learnt something during the last six hundred years. He is not the same creature, uncouth, homely creature he used to be. He has sawed off his horns, he wears as nice boots as anybody, covering his cloven feet, and his tail is rolled up under a neat sheepskin, and he bows and scrapes, and smiles, and prays just like other folks. Formerly he was frightful, hideous—now he is quite attractive, winning by his smiles the young and unsuspecting."—M. Star.

The Worth of Courage.

A little self-possession and courage is often of great service. Timid people who are trighted by appearances, without looking into the cause, suffer the extremes of agony without any real occasion for it. We suspect if the tenants of haunted houses had always manifested the same spirit of investigation displayed in the following incident, many formidable ghost stories would have lost their charm.

Speaking of ghosts, I have heard that some years ago, there was a lone house standing by itself, near a plantation, not far from Gullford. The house nobody would take because it was haunted, and strange noises heard in it every