

The Religious Intelligencer.

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FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Rev. E. McLEOD, {

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

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Religious Selections.

Scotland's Mighty Women.

The story of John Brown's martyrdom has been often told but will bear repeating. It is one which covers with glory the Covenant cause, and the name of Claverhouse with indelible disgrace. They must blot out of Scotland's history, who would alter the verdict which the nation has pronounced on that bold bad man. John Brown was chargeable with no crime save that of non-attendance at the parish church, and occasionally meeting for prayer with some friends of kindred spirit. Early in the morning, after conducting their family devotions, he had gone to cut peat at a moss, a little distance off, and was there found by Claverhouse and his dragoons. They brought him down to his own door—he was walking before them. It is said, more like a conqueror than a captive. As they approached the house, his wife, Isabel Wier, leading one child by the hand, carrying another in her arms, and soon to give birth to a third, came out to take her part in the tragedy of the day. Refusing to take the oath and pray for the king, he was told to go to his knees and prepare for death. He was a stammerer, but he prayed with such fervor and fluency for his wife and children born and unborn, that the stout hearts of the dragoons were melted, and their eyes suffused with tears. Fearful of the consequences, it may be, Claverhouse three times interrupted him with blasphemous exclamations. Raising from his knees he reminded his wife how when he first proposed marriage, he had told her that this day would come, and asked if she were willing to part with him. "Heartily willing," said she. "This is all I desire," said he. "I have nothing more now to do, but to die." He kissed her and the children, and said, "May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you." "No more of that," shouted the ruffian, and he ordered his dragoons to fire. Their arms remained motionless by their side; when, fearing a mutiny, perhaps, he hastily snatched his pistol from his belt, placed it close to the good man's head, and, firing, shattered his skull. His wife gathered the fragments in her lap; and to the brutal taunt of the murderer, "What think you of your husband now, my woman?" meekly, nobly replied, "I say thou'lt neikie 'o him but never see meikle as I do this day." She composed his remains, wrapped his head in a napkin spread her plaid over him; and then—not lift then—sat down by his side, with her children around her, and gave vent to the mighty torrent of her grief. Do you wonder that curses rest on the man who could do a deed so foul, or that Scotland is proud of the sons and daughters who could act their part so well?

The case of David Steel of Leamnahog, was very much similar. I give it to you almost in the words of the historian; it needs no embellishment. Lieutenant Crichton, after promise of quarter had been given, ordered his dragoons to shoot him. Affected by the man's appearance, or, it may be, shocked with the breach of faith, they replied that they would neither shoot him nor see him shot; and mounting their horses immediately rode off. A second command was given to the foot soldiers, all Highlanders, who instantly obeyed. A number of balls passed through his head, which was literally shattered. His youthful wife, Mary Wier, who cherished an uncommon attachment for her husband, gazing in the amazement of her grief, on his manly and honest countenance now pale in death, said in a sweet and heavenly tone, as if whispering in the dull cold ear of death, "The archers have shot at thee, my husband, but they could not reach thy soul; it has escaped like a dove far away, and is at rest."

Bending over his mangled corpse, she gently pressed down the eyelids yet warm with life. Then folding her hands and looking up with eyes that pierced the heavens, exclaimed, "Lord give strength unto thine handmaid, that will prove a help waiting for thee in the way of thy judgment." When the neighbors came to the spot they found her gathering up his fair hair and the shattered fragments of his skull. Thus passed away another of those noble men. John Brown and he had often taken sweet fellowship together. They were intimate and lovely in their lives; strangely alike, too, in the tragic circumstances and heroic manner of their death. They lived quietly in the comparative solitude in which their lot was cast—far apart from the great world, little thinking that their names would ever become widely known. But their faithfulness has raised them to an honour of which they never dreamed. The persecution which sought to crush had no power to harm them. It only "dragged them into fame and chased them up to heaven."

I ought almost to apologise for occupying your attention with these details; and yet there is another case illustrative not only of the cruelty of the persecution, but of the heroic spirit of the women of the Covenant, which I must venture to relate. A young woman, only eighteen years of age, named Margaret Wilson, was taken with another, an aged woman, and tied to a stake, on the western coast. As the flowing tide surrounded and gradually rose upon them, the dragoons sat and watched them from the shore. It must have been a fearful trying position thus to look on death so long before it came. But Margaret was undaunted. When almost at the drowning point, she was brought out and offered her life, on con-

dition of renouncing her principles. Declining she was again led into the sea, and bound as before. She stood with death at her lips when a word might have saved her. No cry of terror or of weakness escaped her. Her songs of praise or of triumph were borne upon the flowing tide far across the waters. And she stood there till the rising waves drowned her voice, and waited her soul to where it could present its protest against man's tyranny at the footstool of God's throne. As the sexton who showed her grave in Wigton churchyard used to say—"She was but a lassie, and yet she died for the Covenant."

We must Confess Jesus Fully.

It must be done fully. Whenever Christ is dishonoured in his person, his "words," his people or his cause, we must stand up for him if we would fully confess him.

We must confess him by receiving and holding all his sacred Word, the precepts as well as the promises, and especially the doctrine of "the blood of his cross," as the only ground of hope and salvation for a guilty world. We must receive all "the words" of the Bible as the inspired and infallible testimony of Jesus. We must also confess Jesus by always presenting the truth about him, in opposition to all error, or corruption in practice. And at such a time as this, if we would fully confess Jesus we must stand up for the pure simple gospel of the grace of God, and withstand all attempts to legalise it and make it appear as if "the gift of God may be purchased with money." When Peter was unwarily entangling the disciples at Antioch with circumcision as a yoke of bondage, added to the "easy yoke" of Christ, Paul says: "I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." When so many are now awakened by the blessed Spirit, any person who would add the least iota to the simple gospel, "Believe, and live," must be withstood to the face by all who would fully confess Christ as the only Saviour.

Besides, in order to confess Christ fully, we must do it in all places and at all times. We must confess Christ in our family circles, and, as Christians, appear to the best advantage in the eyes of those who see us the oftener.

We must confess Christ also in business. We must act in all business transactions as if we felt ourselves to be merely stewards for Christ. We must act at all times as if we felt we were doing business only for Jesus and had his character to support.

As Angel James, of blessed memory, has said, true standing up for Jesus "must prevent all overreaching, undermining, and circumventing; all false depreciation of the article you wish to purchase, and over-praising that which you desire to sell; it must forbid all falsehood, fraud, or artifice; all selfishness or grinding extortion; in short, all that kind of conduct which would make others afraid to deal with you and give the stamp of a true character to your character of a deep one, 'a hard one,' or 'a slippery one.' It is a disgrace to professing Christians to have any of these epithets applied to them. They should be distinguished by all that is just, true, generous, and noble. They are commanded to let their 'light shine before men.' Let your religion, then, be seen in your business."

Christ must also be confessed in the Church. This must be done in many things and ways—but chiefly by being like him—"meek and lowly," and willing to sit down in "the lowest room."

We must avoid being like Diotrophes who loved to have the pre-eminence, or like Demas who for a while believed, but, having loved this present world better than Christ, by and by became weary of well-doing, and forsook the company of his people.

We must also guard against Achan's spirit, if we would not wish to have his epitaph. "What a terrible fate (says a recent writer) was that of Achan, when a chronicler, recording a genealogical table, stops to set down opposite his name, the irrepressible remembrance of his sin in this note, 'The troubler of Israel' (1 Chr. ii. 7). What a character for a man to bear. For a church member, what a character—the troubler of the congregation! Well for the future fame of some is it that histories and genealogies are not all recorded." As ministers and people, if we would truly confess Christ in his house, we must do it by wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and striving after the attainment of all kinds of practical holiness.

We must confess Christ also in our social, mercantile and daily walk. We ought to go spontaneously into no society where we cannot take Jesus with us; and when we are shut up in providence, to live in godless families, and are consequently brought into contact with much worldly company, we must seek the more grace to enable us to confess Jesus fully.

It has been done in such circumstances, and it may be done again. Moses confessed him in Egypt; "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Daniel confessed him as prime minister of Babylon. Paul, the prisoner, confessed him at Caesar's judgment-seat; and he testified that He stood with him and strengthened him, that all the Gentiles might hear, and that he might be delivered out of the mouth of the lion. We may look for grace sufficient to enable us to confess Jesus in the most difficult circumstances; but to be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, we must avoid all temporising.

The Shoemaker in Spain.

A minister of the Gospel, who resided for a time at Gibraltar, made several excursions into the Spanish territory for the purpose of distributing a few Bibles and Testaments in that unhappy country, where the power of the apostate church of Rome is so great, that the poor priest-ridden people dare not read God's word. At one time, he visited the house of a shoemaker, with whom he held very pleasant conversation. He found this poor man of an inquiring mind, greatly dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and yet unable to see any door of hope, or any prospect of remedy for the wrongs and woes of his country. He stated that he and a number of his friends were in the habit of meeting together every week, and discussing public affairs, when politics were talked over, but they generally left off as they began, such discussions seldom proving very profitable.

"Why do you not get the Bible and read that?" said the minister.

"Ah!" replied the shoemaker, "I wish I could get it; but the priests take care we poor Spaniards shall not have the Bible."

"Well, now," said the minister, "I know the risk I am running, and that if the priests learn that I am here distributing copies of God's word, I shall be stifled before I get back to Gibraltar; but I think I can trust you. Would you really like a Bible to read?"

"There is nothing I should like so much," was the reply.

A copy was then given to him, which he received with evident delight, and with many expressions of gratitude. On being asked if his friends who met with him during the week would also like copies, he declared that they would be highly prized and diligently read, and he received several more books for their use. The minister gave him a few parting words of exhortation, told him where he might be found, and, after distributing the remainder of his little volumes, reached Gibraltar in safety.

Some weeks after this, the minister sat alone in his room, having told the servant that no one was to be admitted to see him, as he was engaged in study. During the day, however a Spanish peasant, dressed in his gay holiday attire, called at the house and asked to see the minister. He was told he could not be seen, as he had given orders that he was not to be disturbed.

"Oh, but," said the peasant, "I think if you tell him that a man to whom he gave a Bible has come a long distance to see him, he will not deny me."

Struck with the earnestness of the man, the servant at length consented to go with a message to his master, and said that a person was at the door who would not be denied. The peasant was therefore shown up into the minister's room.

"Don't you remember me, sir?" was the exclamation of the Spaniard, on perceiving he was not recognized. "Don't you remember, sir, calling at the house of a shoemaker a few weeks ago, and leaving him some Bibles?"

"Yes," replied the minister; "but I really did not recognise you again in your smart holiday dress."

The man then began to tell what joy the Bibles had caused to himself and his friends, and that now, instead of meeting to talk politics, they met to read the word of God together, and that in the volume of truth they saw the true remedy for all the ills that afflicted their country. After the heartfelt expression of many thanks, the shoemaker concluded by saying, "As a mark of my gratitude for your coming, at the risk of your own life, to bring me the precious Bible, I have brought you, sir, a pair of shoes, which I hope you will accept."

"Well," said the good minister, "it is very kind of you, but I fear your good intentions may not be of much service, for the shoes will probably not fit me."

"Oh, yes, sir, I think they will, if you will try them."

The trial was made, and the shoes were found an excellent fit; on the man's being asked how he had guessed the size so accurately, he replied, "I knew, sir, after you left my house you had to pass over some soft clay, so I followed you, and from your footprints I took the size of your foot, which enabled me to make you the shoes, which I hope you will wear as a mark of my gratitude for the book you gave me."

Surely there is hope for poor Spain, when it is thus that her sons appreciate the word of God, though for centuries deprived of its light and truth.—[From "The Book and its Mission."

Recipe for Making Tattlers.

Take a handful of the vine called Runabout, the same quantity of the root called Nimble Tongue, a sprig of the herb called Backbite, at either before or after dog days, a spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, few drops of Envy—which can be purchased in an quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Teatable. Stir them well together, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy; then strain it through a rag of Misconstruction, hang it upon a skein of Streetyarn, shake it occasionally for a few days, and it is ready for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil continually.

Theatre Preaching in London.

A numerous and respectable audience says a late London paper, assembled by invitation at the residence of Mr. George Moore, Esq., Palace Gardens, Kensington, to hear addresses on the subject of Preaching in Theatres, &c., and to discuss the merits of the system. The proceedings were opened by the owner of the mansion. Mr. Moore said: "The moment Theatre preaching was suggested I threw myself energetically into the movement. I took charge of the Victoria Theatre. I shall never forget the sight of the first night—they scrambled like fiends, making the most awful confusion. They were all supplied with a copy of the hymn to be sung; and the moment the Rev. Mr. Minton commenced prayer you might have heard a pin drop. I attended nearly every Sunday afterwards, and I say from my own knowledge that seventy-five per cent. of the people had never been in a place of worship before. I have the testimony of many City missionaries that many were induced to go to church or chapel that never went before. One remarkable case I knew of; the wife of a manager of a theatre positively refused to perform for a week, she was so much impressed by a sermon she heard there; whether she has performed since I do not know." "I believe," he goes on to say, "in my inmost soul that God Almighty has blessed this instrumentality." Here the testimony of a layman, a warm-hearted man, thoroughly in earnest, who has watched the movement, presided over its proceedings, has taken pains to cull and verify facts.

The Earl of Shaftesbury observed, "two per cent. of the working men of London do not attend public worship." This is the country which has been cultivating foreign fields of missionary labour and has allowed the weeds and grass to grow before our own doors. Speaking of the effects exhibited, he adds, with honest y of some and the multitudes, "upon thousands the impressions might be but transient; but there were hundreds on whom the influence was such that it would extend to the third and fourth generation. Grace does not always, though it sometimes does flow in that manner. Quoting the testimony of various ministers of different denominations in favor of the movement by ascertained favorable results, His Lordship stated that the poor people in the different districts implored that these Theatre services may be continued. The following striking instance of good, through the Divine mercy brought on an infidel was narrated in the following touching and simple terms: "He was particularly affected by the statement of one man, who for twenty years had been a scoffing atheist, but had been brought to a knowledge of the truth by one of those Theatre sermons, and was now a firm believer himself, and doing what he could to make others so; that poor fellow declared that he was one of hundreds who would have to thank God for these services." The following piquant and striking sketch would suffer from being presented in any other language than that of the philanthropic narrator: "One night a rough-looking customer in a fustian jacket, somewhat dirty perhaps, but who had made himself as clean as he could, came up to him and shook hands heartily with him, holding his hand for five minutes, while he thanked him for the part he had taken in promoting those services. Another man who saw this observed, 'Don't mind him, he's only a dustman, but he's got a great hidear of a heart.' He was a fine fellow that dustman, and his Lordship observed, that 'if he had held his hand for twenty minutes, he would not have withdrawn.'"

London by Daylight.

OR SIGHTS SEEN BY A CITY MISSIONARY. At a meeting recently holden in London, a City Missionary of persevering and undaunted energy gave a gloomy account of some of his visits among the poorest of London's poor. From that address we call the following, which will give our readers some idea of how thousands exist in this mighty Metropolis. The Missionary said:

"I went one night to the room of a chimney-sweep to read the Scriptures to him, as I had done many times. I found several men in the room, and one very tall fellow, whom they called 'the infant.' When I entered, the sweep said, 'Now, my infant, here's the gemmen; just take a seat, and listen to this here gemmen.' This missionary inquired if he should read the Word of God. 'Yes,' said the sweep. 'Well, what shall I read to you?' 'Oh!' said he, 'read about that young cove who bolted from his gu'nner.' He need hardly say that the man alluded to the Prodigal Son. Numbers of females were employed in making matchboxes of a superior character at 2 1-2d. per gross! Numbers were also employed in making superfine trousers for gentlemen at 10d. a pair. Boots were bound at 1 1-2d. per pair. In some small rooms there were as many as six persons ill of fever or small-pox, and perhaps, in one corner a poor wretch dying on a heap of rags. A great deal had lately been said about midnight meetings, but he held midday meetings, when the temples throbbed, and the heart ached, the conscience spoke. He could only pray with them, and many of them sobbed aloud. What was most painful was that he found many of them had been Sunday-school scholars, and not a few Sunday-school teachers. There were streets in London through which it

was dangerous to pass on certain occasions. He rejoiced to know that he could go through them at all times. He had found that there was a door to every man's heart, if you only knew how to reach it. He would take his audience to one of his lodging-houses on a Sunday night: they would see a number of people sitting on rude benches, women smoking pipes, many of them without a bonnet or shawl, or boots; men, with their elbows out, without coats or hats, all making the most hideous noise, and using the most shocking language. He went into such a rendezvous one day, and addressed them as follows: "Well, my lads, you seem to be a very smart sort of people, I really feel quite prepossessed in your favour. I am sure some of you have an intelligence which, if rightly employed, would have gained you a position equal to any gentleman in the House of Commons." "Bravo, guv'nor," said they. He then informed them that he was a minister, and they allowed him to read and preach God's Word, and he was pleased to see several cheeks suffused with tears, and more than one sending up the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Last year he issued cards of invitation to about 400 of these poor people to a tea-meeting at the Spitalfields Chapel. He obtained the assistance of fifty ladies; and a beautiful sight it was to see these ladies waiting upon these poor outcasts. Then to hear them as they were leaving the place: "It was good fun." "This is better than the 'Frying-pan'—a public-house." "Isn't this jolly!" Another said, "Shouldn't I like to stop here all night!"

The Fatal Surrender.

"I have given up religion. As a proof of it I was at the theatre last night."

Thus spoke a young man to his astonished pastor one day. Well might the pastor be surprised at his speech, for the life of that youth, up to that time, had borne rich blossoms of better things. He had been pious, active and popular in the Church. He had talents, education, and friends. He had been looking forward to the ministry of Jesus. But these blossoms were suddenly blighted. Pride, the love of the world, the pride of life had withered all his spiritual beauty. Glorifying in his shame, he pronounced an epitaph on his religious life in these bold words:

"I have given up religion. I was at the theatre last night."

What did the young man gain by his surrender of his piety? He lost his peace with God, his joy, his purity, his hope of immortality—what did he gain? Well, he gained the pleasures of sin, but they alas! brought with them their inevitable wages of guilt, infamy, and shame.

What did he gain? Let the sequel of his life answer. Having given up the idea of preaching Christ, he began his preparations for preaching the devil—he studied for the stage! What a falling off was there! But he never trod the boards. "That God who disappointeth the devices of the crafty so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise," stood between him and his purposes. A fever smote him. His reason reeled from its throne, and while his tongue blurted blasphemies against the God he had abandoned, his soul departed to the realm of everlasting death. What did he gain?

What is the moral of this fact? It has several tongues. It proclaims the folly of backsliding and the danger of trifling with God or religion. It warns the young Christian against heeding to the whisperings of pride and vanity. It says to all: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"—[Good News.

Grumbling Disciples.

The grumbling disciple is never satisfied with anything. He is always looking on the dark side. He always thinks everything is going backwards and tending to ruin.

When he gets up to speak in meeting there is a general shiver all over the house. He always has the same confession of coldness to make in his prayers. It makes me think—how can I help it?—"brother you ought to have repented of that long ago." Why don't you go to the fire and warm yourself, and not come here with the frost on your beard to freeze us to death? Have you no warm corner in your closet where you can go and thaw out before you come to the prayer-meeting? And don't think everybody is cold because you are. And if they are cold and you are really warm, give them some pungent, warm hearted exhortation, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," that they may be kindled into a flame."

The grumbling disciple is never satisfied with anything. The preaching is bad. It don't warm up his feelings. The prayers are cold; he can't join in them. His brethren are cold; he can't bless such a church. He is always afraid to belong to it, lest he should be responsible for its sins, and be dragged down to perdition along with it. He sees a much inconsistency all around him that he is discouraged. "Brother A. dresses a hard bargain; Brother B. is crooked in his dealings; Sister C. is not careful how she handles the 'unruly member';" and so on to X. Y. Z. Poor man! how I pity thee! But, "I have been young, and now am old, yet I never have seen" any good come of grumbling, fretting or scolding.—[N. Y. Observer.

An Incident in Belfast.

There were scenes of thrilling interest constantly occurring in connection with our "Revival" in Ireland. At one time two young men, who were companions, met each other in Belfast; one said to the other, "Will you go to the theatre with me to-night?" "No," was the reply, "I am going to a revival meeting this evening with my parents." He went to the meeting; a word spoken by the servant of God went like an arrow through his heart. He came away under deep conviction. The next morning, on leaving his bed-room, he said to his mother: "Mother, I have neglected my Bible; I am determined this shall not be the case in future. Will you go with me to purchase a Bible with references?" Gladly did she reply, "I will." Oh! how many neglect this precious Word of life, which is able to make wise unto salvation! He went to another meeting that night. There he knelt as a poor lost sinner, crying for mercy through the blood of Jesus, and, blessed be God, he found the Saviour, ready and willing to say unto him: "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee!" He went home rejoicing in the pardoning love of Jesus. Oh! how willing is God to pardon, and fill the heart of the poor sinner with "joy unspeakable and full of glory!" Being made happy himself, he thought he should like his young companion to feel the same. The next morning, full of yearning pity for the soul of his friend, he hastened to communicate to him the tidings of his own conversion, and to urge him to flee from the wrath to come. He went to the house, rang the bell, the door opened, and he was bounding up the passage to the room of his young friend, as he was wont to do. A female stopped him, and said with a very solemn, serious countenance, "Where are you going?" His reply was, "To see John." "Stop, stop," she said, "he is dead!" He had been taken ill during the night, and died before the morning. Poor soul! he was beyond to reach of help. What a scene is here! A young man going to a revival meeting and obtaining "redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins"—the other going to the theatre, coming home and dying suddenly; summoned from the theatre into the presence of God! Oh! that the young men were wise! Who does not wish that when death comes, he may be taken from a prayer meeting, rather than these dens of iniquity!

Strayed.

Strayed—a family of pleasure-seekers from the narrow way. They were last seen gallily tripping over the pleasant sod, with faces wreathed in smiles, and limbs gracefully bending before the passing breezes of flattery. It is supposed they were decoyed away by the charmer's voice, into paths of destruction, or allured by the sight of pleasant fruits, which were, after all, only apples of Sodom.

Strayed—a young man from the ranks of King Jesus. He was formerly dressed in the Christian uniform, and wore its colours proudly, but has lately volunteered into another service, and enlisted among the enemies' ranks, to whose ruler, he conforms, and in whose cause he fights.

Strayed from the path of usefulness—a young lady. It is feared that she has wandered into the by-ways of luxury and self-love, and rooked in "the cradle of ease," has been lulled into a sound and dangerous sleep.

Strayed from the good old ways of Bible truth, into the valley of free-thinking—a clever, intelligent man. Frightened by the sneers of companions, and invited by what seemed a blaze of light, but was only an *ignis fatuus*. He has fallen into the bogs of unbelief, and when will he escape?

Strayed from his father's house, an ambitious son, who is supposed to have gone off a long dark journey following the chink of golden coin which he heard in the distance.

If this should meet the eyes of any of the above they are requested to return immediately to their anxious friends, who wish to remind them that it is written, "Return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon thee, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon."

Anecdote of Spurgeon.

Mr. Spurgeon being invited to dine out, repaired to the house of his guest, accompanied by several ministers of his own order. The conversation at table was on the sin of needless, self-indulgence, and the Christian obligation of self-denial. One of his clerical conferees, pulling out his pipe after dinner, seemed anxious to light it. He looked at his pipe, then at the fire, and then at Mr. Spurgeon. At length he said, Bro. Spurgeon do you think it would be wrong for me to smoke? Have you any Scripture to justify the practice, asked the preacher. Well, I think I have, added the venerable father in Israel. I shall be glad to hear what it is, rejoined Mr. Spurgeon.—Well, brother David was certainly a smoker. Ah; how do you make that out? Well, he speaks you know in one of the Psalms of going through the valley of Baca, (Baca) and I have no doubt that it was a private plantation for his own particular use. Spurgeon cast a funny-side glance toward the old man, and replied gravely, you can smoke Father Spikenard.