

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

(Editor and Proprietor.)

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1866.

Whole No. 626.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, - Fredericton,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IMPORTERS OF
BRITISH AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

HAVE much pleasure in informing their friends and the public, that they have now completed their stock of

NEW GOODS

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE,
Consisting of

DRESS GOODS,

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FURS,

In Sable, Stone Martin, Fitch, Astrakhan, Dogskin,
Ermine—all the newest shapes—in

TIPPETS, RIDING BOATS AND MUFFS.

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PRINTS—fast colors,
AT TWELVE CENTS A YARD.

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IN TAPESTRY (2 and 3 ply),

WOOL, HEMP AND STRAW.

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CLARK'S 6 Cord 200 Yd. REELS,

At 30 Cents a Dozen.

Goods charged to Wholesale Buyers at Saint John
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Our stock of COTTON GOODS have all been pur-
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Near Phoenix Square.

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FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

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Feels it a pleasing duty to present his grateful thanks to
his friends and the public generally, for the increased
support for the last three years, and trusts that accord-
ing personal attention in every department will insure a
continuance of that confidence it is his desire to merit and
maintain.

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FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

Is now Complete in every Department.

With a full variety, comprising several lots, bought at
LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

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In all the New Materials at present worn.

THIRTY PIECES PLAIN LUSTRES,
Good value, at 12 cents.

WOOL SHAWLS—A LARGE VARIETY,
In Shepherd Check, Twists, Cloth, and Blanket
Wrappers.

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In White, Grey, Red, Blue, Yellow, and
Fancy Orisome.

Of these we have received 15 pieces, bought at last year's
prices.

DOMESTIC GOODS—a large Stock.

PRINTS IN EVERY VARIETY,
Fast Colors—from 12 cents.

FURS,

WARRANTED NEW.

In Mock Ermine and Martin Blankets and Horse Rugs.

We purchase all Goods for Cash, in the best markets,
from first class Merchants, in such quantities as to get
them at the lowest prices, which enables us to offer

Superior Inducements to Customers!

Goods sold by the piece for Cash, at St.
John wholesale prices.

OUR MOTTO IS

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Nov. 16, 1865.

The Intelligencer.

(From the Christian World.)
WITNESSING FOR CHRIST AT ROME:
A TALE OF EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES.
BY EMMA RAYMOND.

And witnessing for Christ at Rome in A. D. 68
meant something more than it does in A. D. 1865.
Then, it meant something more than donning
Sunday manners and Sunday clothes, and joining
in the great congregation; something more than
looking devout at church, with richly-bound
Prayer-books; or demure at chapel, with Bibles
and Psalms-books. It meant something more than
the respectable, sleepy, formal, matter-of-course
sort of thing so many of us term "a profession." It
meant persecution, social oppression, deprivation
of all family and social rights, excommunication,
hardship, torture by wild beasts, burning and
imprisonment. All this, and much more, was
included in the lot of those who dared in that day
to witness for Christ at Rome.

Let us glance back in thought to this period,
just after the death of Paul. It is night in Rome
—"The Eternal City." As we stand by the cele-
brated Arch of Titus—even yet an ornament to
Rome—we notice two persons passing quickly by,
—passing along too, as if they feared molestation
of some kind, or discovery of their destination.
They possessed that careful, anxious look, indica-
tive of concealment of purpose, and yet there was
something on the brow, and a quiet gleam in the
eye that told of inward peace—peace through
tribulation. They are two Christians, bearing, as a
title of honour, that name which cast the greatest
reproach and bore the greatest danger of those
times. They are going to attend a secret meeting
of the Christians, secret, because imprisonment
and death await all who are suspected of attending
these meetings. Let us listen.

"They say, Claudia, that young Marcus is to
suffer in the arena when the Emperor returns."

"Is he? Oh, may, Jesus of Nazareth strengthen
the young man! But dying by wild beasts is a
terrible fate, Pudens." And the lady seemed to
shudder in her compassionate horror of the poor
youth's doom.

"It is," returned the man thoughtfully, as he
sustained the form of his timid and shrinking
companion. "It is! but if I know anything of
Marcus, I know that he fears death far less than
apostasy. I am told that he bore faithful witness
for his Master, when before the Emperor. He is
not the brave Christian heart I take him to be, if
he draw back."

"But it seems that persecution and suffering
must be the chosen lot of all who adopt the Chris-
tian faith," returned Claudia. "There seems no
alternative. May God strengthen us for what may
be awaiting us!"

"You would not deny Christ, would you,
Claudia, did persecution await you for attachment
to the doctrines of His holy religion?"

"No, Pudens!" returned the lady firmly.

"Has my Lord sought after me, poor lost sheep
that I was, wandering in the darkness of heathen-
ism, and done so much for me, and can I deny
Him after all? Yet," she added in a musing
tone, "the flesh seems to shrink."

"And shrink it will, dear Claudia," returned
Pudens. "We must expect it; but the spirit may
become strong in the face of suffering. And I
think it does. I shall never forget Paul,—your
teacher, and mine too, Claudia. When he stood
before Nero, he was quite alone. His friends had
all forsaken him, and I could not help pitying him
as I watched him. You know my duties com-
pelled me to be about the palace then. I could
not help thinking that, had I been a Christian, I
would have stood by him at such a terrible time
as that. But it seemed to me that he needed no
earthly interference on his behalf. I don't think
you know me then,—I was almost a stranger to
you; but that was the time of my first inquiry
into the grounds and reasons of this new religion.
I considered that it must be an extraordinary
power which would enable a little weak man like
Paul, somewhat in years too, to stand undauntedly
before such a tyrant; for if ever a man deserved to
be so called, surely he does."

"Was that the commencement of your attach-
ment to Christianity?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, Claudia, I do not mean to say that I be-
came a Christian from that very day, but it led me
to think and examine for myself. Then I
visited Paul in prison, secretly, which I could do,
as you know, without discovery, by bribing the
gaolers, and thus it was that I learnt more per-
fectly of this Jesus of Nazareth. Paul was my
father in the faith,—yes, he was; and I could
have died for him when he died."

"He was also my teacher, Pudens. When I
was in Cæsar's household, I learnt the new faith
from his lips. Then, but not till then, did I feel
thankful that I was brought to Rome. It seemed
so hard at first to leave my British home, that I
felt I rebelled against it too much, and too long.
But now I know that I came here to learn the way
to a better home."

"It is too often the case that we repine at
God's doings, and deem them hurtful to us, when
in truth He is leading us in the only right way.
But say, we are at Aristarchus' house?"

"They stopped and entered, little dreaming that
their steps were watched and their liberty threat-
ened by an emissary of the Government. But
while they enter, and join in the worship of their
beloved Lord, along with their fellow-Christians,
we will go a little into detail.

If our readers will turn to 2 Tim. iv. 21, they
will there find these words: "Eubolus greeteth
thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and
all the brethren." These words were sent to Timothy
by Paul, when the aged Apostle was brought be-
fore Nero the second time, and immediately
before his death. Eubolus, Pudens, and Linus,
were Roman nobles, and among the earliest con-
verts to the Christian faith in the household of the
Emperor. Claudia was a British lady, daughter
of Caractacus the British general, whom Paul had
taken prisoner and sent to Rome as a hostage.
In time the whole family of Caractacus removed to
Rome, and occupied positions partly of honour,
and partly of subjection, in the household of the
Emperor, Claudius Cæsar. It was while here
that Claudia, with her ardent, inquiring young
mind, learnt about Jesus and His Gospel. As she
listened, she believed, and speedily accepted the
truth. She endeavoured to send the Gospel to
Britain, her native home, Aristarchus, whom
Paul mentioned in Rom. xvi. 19, was one of the first

evangelists who visited Britain. Paul could not
himself go thither, being chiefly occupied with the
oversight of the Eastern churches; but Aristarchus
and his fellow-labourers were his disciples of Paul,
and thus it came to pass that our forefathers
first received the truth from the once persecuting
Jew of Tarsus.

In writing to the Philippians, we find Paul say-
ing, "All the saints salute you, chiefly those that
are of Cæsar's household." The number of these
saints so mentioned included Claudia, the young
British princess.

When Nero succeeded to the throne, persecu-
tion burst forth against the Christians. Rome
had been set on fire by some malicious hand—now
generally supposed to have been the Emperor him-
self,—and it suited his purpose to cast the blame
on this new sect that had arisen. The Christians
were consequently subjected to the cruellest tor-
tures, and vast numbers entered the ranks of mar-
tyrdom. One favourite method of putting them
to death was by burning. The poor sufferers were
enveloped in a canvas covering, smeared with
pitch, tar, and sulphur, and then, being fastened
by the chin to sharp-pointed stakes driven into the
ground, were set fire to, after dusk, to illuminate
the city. These spectacles drove terror into peo-
ple's minds, and prevented many, doubtless, from
espousing the new faith, but many more embraced
it, and adhered to it through evil and good report.

Paul—at that time, "Paul the aged," as he so
affectionately styles himself—was drawing nigh his
end. Soon after writing his last epistle to Timothee,
he was beheaded, and the great Apostle of the
Gentiles entered into the eternal rest so long and
ardently anticipated.

Shortly after his death, Pudens and Claudia
married, making at the same time a more public
profession of their faith. This, of course, drew on
them marked attention as dangerous persons. Al-
most their very uprisings and downfalls were
watched by minions in the employ of the Govern-
ment, and a sword hung daily over their heads.

Two or three years, however, passed by, and noth-
ing of any note occurred to bring grief to their
happy Christian home. They were discreet,
though firm, and conciliated all who knew them
by their noble-heartedness and upright bearing.

Possibly also, their high birth and distinguished
position secured them somewhat from the annoy-
ances of common informers. At any rate, they
were still at large, and still at liberty to prosecute
the worship of God. But at the time at which
our story opens, a small cloud was gathering over
the peaceful household of Pudens and Claudia.

Though only as big as a man's hand, it was daily
growing blacker and bigger, and threatened soon
to burst over their heads. Emissaries of Nero's
were dogging their every footstep, and watching
them every time they left their home. Wicked
and heartless courtiers were also plotting their
destruction, and although unknown to, or unsus-
pected by them, that destruction was come nigh
them,—nigh, at their very doors. The conversation
to which we have listened was also overheard by
other ears, and their steps traced to the place
of assembly. It was in the house of Aristarchus,
an aged disciple, who had long known and loved
Jesus. The spy who had watched them enter
Aristarchus' house, suspecting for what purpose
they had gone there, remained just long enough to
see other suspected persons enter, and then sped
away to his employers with the information.

Very quickly, and in silence, a band of soldiers
surrounded the house, and summoned all within
to surrender themselves prisoners. Pudens stepped
out among the foremost and demanded what the
soldiers wanted.

"We are come for you," was the answer.

"We have the command of the Emperor to arrest
and imprison all those who follow the new religion.
You are one of the suspected ones, and have been
so for some time; so also is your wife. In the
Emperor's name then, we command all assembled
at this secret meeting to give themselves up."

So saying, the officers seized hold of Pudens,
Claudia saw the action, and flew towards her hus-
band, while the other Christians stood with pale
faces and palpitating hearts, awaiting their arrest.

Not one of them but what had anticipated this,
and tried to fortify his mind for the time; but
what is anticipation compared with the stunning
reality!

"Take heart, Claudia," said Pudens. "If it is
our turn to suffer also for the faith, we can do it;
can we not?"

"Yes, yes, we can suffer, but, oh! it seems
hard."

"It does to the flesh, but Claudia, do you forget
the crown of glory laid up for us? and if so be
that we ascend to it in a chariot of fire, our spirits
will be untouched by the flames."

"Yes, Pudens, I remember now! I was weak;
but now I am strong. I can do all things, even
die, through Christ which strengthened me," and
as she repeated the words of her first Christian
teacher, the soldiers bound her hands, and led the
little group away, "prisoners for Jesus Christ."

Nero was away, seeking that voluptuous plea-
sure which constituted his chief earthly good. It
was supposed that his absence would extend over
some weeks, and meanwhile the poor Christian
captives lay immured in dungeons beneath the
palace.

Time, however, sped on, and, in due course, the
Emperor returned. One of his first acts was to
order the sentence of death to be carried out upon
Marcus, who, our readers will remember, was then
lying in prison, awaiting his fate. Nobly he met
that fate, and the spectacle served to convince
some unbelievers that there was a reality in reli-
gion, commending itself even to their consciences.

Then came the turn of Pudens, Claudia, and
their companions. Their case excited no common
interest, belonging, as they both did, to nobility.
Many wished and desired their destruction, but
many others pitied them, and would have averted
their cruel fate, had it been possible. Others, too,
visited them while in prison, and vainly tried to
shake their faith,—to prevail upon them to forsake
and deny it. It was all in vain, however, they
knew in whom they had believed; and, if His
Providence did not see fit to deliver them, could
die for their faith. How many, I wonder, of our
nineteenth-century professors would see their way
to the stake? How many of us would deem it our
duty and privilege to seal our faith with our blood?

I have sometimes thought that at the present day
religion walks too much in silver slippers,—it on-
dows as with too much comfortable, easy-going
respectability. In consequence, we never need
fear that there will be many, who, Nicodemus-like,
are disciples in secret. On the contrary, too many
get into the church, who, if a winnowing-time of
persecution were to come, would quickly be out of

it again, like chaff before the wind. Such peace-
ful, easy-going times are not favourable to the de-
velopment of Christian character. We are too
apt—all of us—to float lazily down the stream of
public opinion, thinking more of what the world
cares and says about us, than of our personal
duties and responsibilities; whereas, if our times
were times of persecution, the earnest, single-
minded, fearless spirit of old would live again in
our midst. When a Christian knows that he
must either resign religion or life, it makes him
wonderfully in earnest; and thus it came to pass
that the Christians in the primitive churches were
so renowned for faith and good works.

"Well, at last they stood before Nero, 'The
Lion,' before whom Paul and so many other co-
workers had stood. The aged and infirm Aristar-
chus said but little. He could not argue,—that
he left to Pudens; but he could die. Pudens
spoke for the rest:

"We cannot recant, most noble Emperor, be-
cause we believe that the faith of Jesus Christ is
the only true faith. Therefore, we embrace it,
and therefore we die for it, if as it must be."

"Vile wretch!" said Nero, "art thou, too, one
of these fanatics? I tell thee, that in six months
my dominions shall not know a single Christian."

"As far as thou knowest, Nero; but even then
the Lord Jesus will be able to reckon many as His
own, even in Rome."

"Dost thou dare me!" shouted Nero. "Dost
thou know that one word of mine can send thee
into the arena, there to be torn to pieces by wild
beasts?"

"I know," replied Pudens, calmly and solemnly,
"that you can order me to a cruel death, but only
so as my body is concerned. My soul you can
never injure, and the captive's face shone with
anticipation of eternity, as did that of one who
wore the crown of martyrdom before him.

"What was it in the looks and bearing of these
martyrs which so roused Nero's indignation? I
cannot tell; but he invariably got angry with them.
Perhaps it was the inherent violence of his own
bad evil nature; perhaps it was the triumph of a
base mind at the thought he had poor defenceless
Christian captives at his own mercy; perhaps, too,
it was because he felt how great the contrast
was between his Christian prisoners and himself,
Emperor though he was,—for the more he reviled
them, the more this nobleness abashed him. I say
I cannot tell, but certain it is that that cruel
tyrant never condemned any to death without first
showing violent invective upon the heads of those
unfortunate enough to stand before him. The
present occasion was no exception to the rule.

But we need not stain our page with the recital
of this bad man's passion. Suffice it to say that
Nero could—and did—set fire to Rome, and
played the violin as it was burning; he could—
and did—order his own mother to be killed, and
then brutally ill-treated her lifeless body. You
can imagine then what such a monster would do
and say.

The little group was driven back to prison, con-
demned to die; some in one way, and some in
another. Claudia and Aristarchus were to be be-
headed; the others were to be burnt; but Pudens
was to be torn to pieces by lions.

The news spread through Rome, and before the
day arrived, there were not many, noble or simple,
but had heard of the coming spectacle, and the
vast majority of those who heard, would aim to be
there. And the assembly would not be entirely
composed of the sterner sex. Roman matrons and
Roman maidens would be there also, to gloat over
the scene, and to testify their bitter hatred to the
doctrines and disciples of the Nazarene. But little
recked he who had to suffer. He knew he was
only following in the track of His Master.

The morning came, clear and bright, on which
Pudens had to suffer. The spectators crowded
the amphitheatre, and waited impatiently for the
prisoners to be brought forth. He was calmly
waiting the call. At last it came.

He went forth and entered the arena. Then,
for the first time, as he lifted his eyes to the thou-
sands who bent their eager gaze upon him, his
spirit seemed to quail, and his step to falter. But
it was only for a moment; breathing a prayer for
strength, he quickly recovered himself, and calmly
waited.

In another minute a loud roar resounded
through the place. The door of a den opening
into the amphitheatre was drawn up, and with a
leap and a bound, the savage animal was on Pu-
dens. A very few minutes sufficed for the unequal
contest, and then the mangled remains of Pudens
lay strewn the ground, while his spirit returned to
Him who gave it, there to rejoice the others of
that brave martyr-band who had gone before him.

That great Roman multitude returned to their
homes, some to scorn, some to pity, some to ad-
mire, and some to wonder at the fearless young
Christian who had so nobly dared and met death.
Such scenes only served to strengthen the cause,
and, though persecution continued almost unces-
singly through the next three centuries, God
gathered a church for Himself, of faithful mar-
tyrs, who are "now before the throne, and
serve Him day and night in His temple."

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

There is coming a time when the family rela-
tion will be entirely broken up. In a little while
our days of home comfort will end. Ungrateful
of the tender ties that now bind us to our kin-
dred, the last enemy will come, and one by one
the objects of our love will be taken away, and
we shall be left to finish our course alone.

Perhaps the eyes now resting on these lines is
dimmed with tears, which start instantly at the
recollection of many sad bereavements. Pausing
just here, you are made to think of a father, of
a mother, of a brother, of a sister, of a husband,
of a wife, or it may be, of a dear child—one or
all of whom have been torn from you by the re-
sistless hand of death, and who have been laid
away to sleep in the grave. Ah, yes, with an
aching heart you lament, at times, the loss of
your loved ones; and in glad, festive seasons,
when you especially miss them, then, in the bit-
terness of your grief, you are forced to say:

"We are not all here!
Some are away—the dear ones dear,
Who thronged with us the ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Torn from our midst, and thinned our little band:
Some like a night-dish passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day;
The quiet grayest—some lie there,
And cruel Death has laid his share!
We are not all here."

And in the same way, even those who remain
will soon be taken, so that, in a little while, all

our earthly ties will be sundered, and we shall no
longer have a common home.

But if we can only hope to be reunited in
heaven, we may comfort ourselves under bereave-
ment, and we shall be able, though sorrowing
still, to rejoice in prospect of joining the dear
company of kindred that have gone to the spirit
land before us. And so, belonging to one family,
and having one Father, we shall, by and by, have
one eternal home.

There is no other consideration that has power
like this to assuage our grief, and to reconcile the
anguished spirit to the trial of bereavement. It
is this, doubtless, that contributes very much to
heaven's attractions—the prospect of again join-
ing the dear objects of our love in the world of
light. This would sometimes seem to be God's
gracious design in bereaving us, and just as the
Alpine flocks are attracted upward, so the great
Shepherd makes the instincts of nature subser-
vient to the triumphs of faith:

They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them elude
To airy shelves of pasture green,
Though sweep the shepherd calls and sings
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams glide.

But ought can tempt the timid flocks
That sleep and rugged path to tread,
And search the bleak world that holds us
Till in his arms their hands he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go—
Then, heedless of the rift and break,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

Nor is this an unusual experience. There are
very few who have not had their warmest and
best affections thus drawn heavenward, and who
do not feel more or less quickened, as well as
comforted, by the assurance that heaven holds
their best treasures, and that

"—death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more."

Yes, we rejoice to believe it, they are "not
lost, but gone before." They live immortal in
the kingdom of God; and bound to them, as we
are, by the cords of deathless love, we feel that
we have a sure pledge that they are waiting for
us on the opposite shore, and that it will be our
joy there to greet them, and their happiness to
welcome us to our eternal home:

"But O, how dark, how drear, how lone,
That bleak world that holds us now,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!"

"It cannot be! Each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears
When heaven weighs life's a galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers, 'Lift thy tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again.'"

If, then, after all the trials and sorrows of life
are over, we meet at last in the world of bliss,
what rapturous delight shall we experience!
What glad songs shall we sing! And what united
and hearty thanks shall we render to God
for his loving conduct through a hard and toilsome
and to the world of holiness and rest!

But how sad is the thought that some may
never again behold the faces of those whom death
has taken from them. Clothed in white robes,
they are now before the throne, rejoicing in the
presence of God, and basking in his smiles. To
such a state of honour, only the holy can ever
hope to be advanced; for none shall be admitted
to that blessed society but such as have "washed
their robes and made them white in the blood of
the Lamb."

Reader, have you this preparation for a reunion
with loved ones removed by death? If not, be
alarmed lest the separation over which you now
mourn, prove to be a source of eternal sorrow.

SHREWD RETORTS.

A preacher of the Gospel, on being introduced
to a skeptic, with the explanation that the man
was a skeptic, in the midst of an extended circle
of friends, said to him, "I suppose, then, you do
not believe anything." "O yes," replied the
skeptic, "I do believe many things." "Will you
tell me," said the preacher, "be so good as to tell
us what you believe?" The skeptic replied, "I do
not believe that old story of the Bible about
Cain obtaining a wife in the land of Nod, where
there was nobody living." "Never mind what
you don't believe," said the preacher, "no doubt
there is much of that; but tell us what you do
believe." The skeptic rallied and said, "Well, I
will tell you, I don't believe the account given by
Moses, that God commanded the Midianites to be
destroyed." "I am not inquiring for what you
don't believe, but what you do believe. Tell us
what you do believe." Recovering himself a little,
and clearing up his voice, he made a desperate
effort, saying, "I don't believe that old fable
of the Bible, that God commanded the Canaanites
to be destroyed." His belief was all *disbelief*.
It commenced all the time with "I don't believe."

A Romanist once said to a Christian, "You
Protestants could not prove your Bible, if it were
not for the Holy Catholic Church, and her great
men." "True," said the Christian, "for the Bible
predicted that there would be just such an apostate
church and priesthood, and here you are, just as
the Bible said."

After hearing a discourse, in which much was
said by the preacher about God, a skeptic said to
him, "What is this God about whom you have
been saying so much?" The preacher replied,
"God is a spirit." The skeptic fiercely followed
up: "What is a spirit?" The preacher quickly
turned on him, and inquired, "What is a corn-
stalk?" "Why—why—why it is a cornstalk."

"Yes, sir," replied the preacher, "a spirit, and if
you cannot tell what