

The Christian Visitor.

FAMILY NEW SPAPER, DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Revs. I. E. BILL & H. P. GUILFORD,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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LOVE.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, DECEMBER 19TH, 1858, BY THE REV. C. H. SPOONER, AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John iv. 19.

When we are on our knees in prayer, I fear that when we are praying for the church we do not mean all that we say. We are praying for our church, our section of it. Now, he that loves Christ, if he be a Baptist, he loves the doctrine of baptism, because he knows it to be Scriptural; but, at the same time, wherever he sees the grace of God to be in any man's heart, he loves him because he is a part of the living church, and he does not withhold his heart, his hand, or his house from him, because he happens to differ on some one point. I pray that the church in these days may have a more loving spirit towards herself. We ought to delight in the advance of every denomination. Is the Church of England rousing from its sleep? Is she springing like a phoenix, from her ashes? God be with her, and God bless her! Is another denomination leading the van, and seeking by its ministers to entice the wanderer into the house of God? God be with it! Is the Primitive Methodist labouring in the hedge and ditch, toiling for his Master? God help him! Is the Calvinist seeking to uphold Christ crucified in all his splendours? God be with him! And does another man with far less knowledge preach much error, but still hold that "by grace ye are saved through faith," then God bless him, and may success be with him evermore. If ye loved Christ better ye would love all Christ's church, and all Christ's people?

Do you not know that Christ hath now a mouth on earth, and hath left a hand on earth and a foot on earth still, and that if ye would prove your love to him, ye would not think that ye cannot feed him—ye need not imagine that ye cannot fill his hand, or that ye cannot wash his feet? Ye can do all this to-day. He has left his poor and afflicted people, and their mouths are hungry, for they need bread, and their tongues are parched for they need water. You meet them; they come to you; they are destitute and afflicted. Do ye refuse them? Do you know who it was ye denied at your door? "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me." In rejecting the petition of the poor, when you might have helped them, you rejected Christ. Christ was virtually the man to whom you parsimoniously refused the needed alms, and your Saviour was thus rejected at the door of one for whom he himself had died. Do you want to feed Christ? Open your eyes, then, and you shall see him everywhere; in our back streets, in our lanes, in our alleys, in all our churches, connected with every branch of Christ's people, ye shall find the poor, and the afflicted. If ye want to feed Christ, feed them. But ye say that ye are willing to wash Christ's feet. Ah! well, and ye may do it. Has he no fallen children? Are there no brethren who have sinned, and who are thus defiled? If Christ's feet were foul, ye say, ye would wash them; then if a Christian man has sinned, seek to restore him, and lead him once more in the way of righteousness. And do you want to fill Christ's hands with your liberality? His Church is the treasure-house of his alms, and the hand of his church is outstretched for help, for she always needs it. She has a work to do which must be accomplished. She is straitened because your help is withheld from her; pour your gifts into her treasury, for all that ye can give unto her is given to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Finally, to stimulate your love, let me remind you that Christ Jesus had two trials of his love, which he endured with firmness, but which are often too much for us. When Christ was high, and glorious, I marvel that he loved us. I have known many a man who loved his friend when he was in the same low estate; but he has risen, and he has disdained to know the man at whose table he had fed. A lofty elevation tries the love which we bear to those who are inferior to us in rank. Now, Christ Jesus, the Lord of heaven and the King of angels, condescended to notice us before he came on earth, and always called us brethren; and since he has ascended up to heaven, and has re-assumed the diadem, and once more sits down at the right hand of God, he never has forgotten us. His high estate has never made him slight a disciple. When he rode into Jerusalem in triumph, we do not read that he disdained to confess that the humble fisherman were his followers. And now, though he reigns exalted high, his love is still as great; still he calls us brethren, friends; still he recognizes the kinship of the one blood. And yet, strange to say, we have known many Christians who have forgotten much of their love to Christ when they have risen in the world. "Ah!" said a woman, who had been wont to do much for Christ in poverty, and who had had a great sum left her, "I cannot do as much as I used to do." "But how is that?" said one. "Said she, "When I had a shilling purse, I had a Guinea heart, and now I have a Guinea purse I have only a shilling heart." It is a sad temptation to some men to get rich. They were content to go to the meeting-house and mix with the ignoble congregation, while they had but little; they have grown rich, there is a Turkey carpet in the drawing-room, they have arrangements now too splendid to permit them to invite the poor of the flock, as once they did, and Christ Jesus

is not so fashionable as to allow them to intrude any religious topic when they meet with their new friends. Besides this, they say they are now obliged to pay this visit and that visit, and they must spend so much time upon attire, and in maintaining their station, and respectability they cannot find time to pray as they did. The house of God has to be neglected for the party, and Christ has less of their heart than ever he had. "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?" And hast thou risen so high that thou art ashamed of Christ? and art thou grown so rich, that Christ in his poverty is despised? Alas! poor wealth! alas! base wealth! alas! vile wealth! There is well for thee if it should be all swept away; if a descent of poverty should be a restoration to the ardency of thine affection.

But once again: what a trial of love was that, when Christ began to suffer for us! There are many men, I doubt not, who are true believers, and love their Saviour, who would tremble to come to the test of suffering. Imagine yours: if my brother, taken to-day into some dark dungeon of the Inquisition; conceive that all the horrors of the dark ages are revived, you are taken down a long dark staircase, and hurried you know not whither, at last you come to a place, far deep in the bowels of the earth, and round about you see hanging on the walls the pincers, the instrument of torture of all kinds and shapes. There are two inquisitors there, who say to you, "Are you prepared to renounce your heretical faith, and to return to the bosom of the church?" I conceive my brethren and sisters, that you would have strength of mind and grace enough to say, "I am not prepared to deny my Saviour." But when the pincers began to tear the flesh, when the hot coals began to scorch, when the rack began to dislocate the bones: when all the instruments of torture were wreaking their hellish vengeance, unless the supernatural hand of God should be mightily upon you, I am sure that in your weakness you would deny your Master, and in the hour of your peril would forsake the Lord that bought you. True, the love of Christ in the heart, when sustained by his grace, is strong enough to bear us through; but I am afraid that with many of us here present, if we had no more love than we have now, we should come out from the inquisition miserable apostates from the faith. But now, remember Christ. He was exposed to tortures, which were really more tremendous, far. There is no engine of Romish cruelty that can equal that dreadful torture which forced a sweat of blood from every pore. Christ was scourged and he was crucified; but there were other woes unseen by us, which were the soul of his agonies. Now, if Christ in the hour of sore trial had said, "I disown my disciples, I will not die," he might have come down from the cross; and who could accuse him of evil? He owed us nothing; we could do nothing for him. Poor worms would be all that he would disown. But our Master, even when the blood-sweat covered him as with a mantle of gore, never thought of disowning us—REVEREND. "My father," said he once, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But there was always the "If it be possible." If it be possible to save without it, let the cup pass; but if not, they will be done. You never hear him say in Pilate's hall one word that would let you imagine that he was sorry he had undertaken so costly a sacrifice for us; and when his hands are pierced, and when he is parched with fever, and his tongue is dried up like a papyrus, and his whole body is dissolved into the dust of death, you never hear a groan or a shriek that looks like going back. It is the cry of one determined to go on, though he knows he must die on his onward march. It was love that could not be stayed by death, but overcame all the horrors of the grave.

Now, what say we to this? We who live in these gentler times, are we about to give up our Master, when we are tried and tempted for him? Young man in the workshop! it is your lot to be jeered at because you are a follower of the Saviour; and will you turn back from Christ, because of a jeer? Young woman! you are laughed at because you profess the religion of Christ, shall a laugh dissolve the link of love that knits your heart to him, when all the roar of hell could not divert his love from you. And you who are suffering because you maintain a religious principle, are you cast out from men; will you not bear that the house should be stripped, and that you shall eat the bread of poverty, rather than dishonour such a Lord? Will you not go forth from this place, by the help of God's Spirit, voting and declaring that in life, come poverty, come wealth—no death, come pain, or come what may, you are and ever must be the Lord's; for this is written on your heart, "We love him, because he first loved us."

UPPER HOPEWELL CAPE, Feb. 7th, 1859.
Messrs EDITORS.—As I have been for some time past visiting quite a number of different localities, I thought a few lines for the "Visitor" might not be amiss, particularly at a time like this, when every class of character is to be found addressing the public through the medium of the press. The Priest, the Rector, the Bishop, have all alike been trying their hand at the work. We have great reason to bless God that we live in an age when even the Bishop of eighty thousand people is compelled to listen to an exposure of their own wicked practices, and that too

from a Judge of our land. If it had been some "common Reverend" that had said what the Judge did, we should never have known the intention of Thomas L. Conolly, as to the future. But now we see that eighty thousand people are being trained by one man, for the purpose of destroying every thing that is Protestant and British, and placing in its stead every thing Romish, even to our Judges, and Law-makers. When will Christians wake up and throw off the last remains of Popery from all their religious movements? and stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. If there is one thing more than another for which I desire to praise God, it is that his Spirit has led me to unite with the people that are the very antipodes of Rome.

The genuine democracy of Baptist Church Government, giving to the people and not to the Priest the power to manage their own church affairs, guided alone by the High authority of heaven's King. The doctrine of justification by faith alone, and believer's baptism, are the weapons that heaven has designed for the destruction of the Man of Sin; and the day must come when before these heaven-born principles every kind of political despotism, and ecclesiastical tyranny shall pass away; when it shall be said, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils."

I did not at first intend to have said so much by way of introduction, but when I remember that I too am a Bishop in connexion with the body of baptized believers, who here called into existence by the great Head of the Church long before a Romish Pope or Bishop had been recognized on earth, I felt inclined to notice some of the passing events, to which I believe the attention of every thinking mind should be directed.

I left home on Dec. 11th, 1858, and spent my first Sabbath with the little Church in Norton, spending the week with my friends in Upper Sussex, where I lectured and preached. Here I saw much of the evils of intemperance, mostly among the Railroad men; yet others who ought to be among the friends of Temperance are its enemies. While here, I felt it to be my duty to preach a sermon on this great subject, from the words, "We unto the man that giveth his neighbor drink." It was the first Sabbath in the new year; and that morning one engaged in that fearful business, had been suddenly called to meet his God, while suffering from an attack of "delirium tremens," leaving a dear companion and a family of little girls in this cold world of ours, without a father's care. Here too might be seen on the Railroad line going from section to section, a character, which I had never seen before, a walking Rum Shop; a fellow with a keg on his back, and a glass in his pack, selling to the men at the different cuttings.

When will the day come that the *Platform* and the *Platform* shall be unitedly engaged in excluding this monster demon from our land.

The Baptist Church in this place is quite small, yet they have secured the labours of Brother Marshall for half his time, and I hope the Great Head of the Church will revive his cause in this region. At the house of William Stone, Esq., I was treated with all the warm-hearted kindness which characterizes the home of a New Brunswick farmer. The following week was spent among my friends in Butternut Ridge, where I spent a Sabbath with my good Brother Wallace, who, I am sorry to say, felt it to be his duty to resign his pastoral charge of that church on account of his health. It was heart-cheering to see the strong ties of affection that existed between Pastor and people, and with what reluctance they accepted his resignation. At the house of Deacon Keith, every thing was done that could be to make me feel happy and at home, as well as at other places.

At Smith's Creek and Mill Stream I enjoyed myself very much among our Methodist friends. I tried to preach in their Meeting-house a number of times, and felt it good to be engaged in proclaiming my Lord and Master's boundless love to dying sinners. At Smith's Creek, Squire Nowlen kindly gave me the use of his new house for my lectures, and they were very well attended indeed. From the acquaintance I formed with the Squire, while receiving his hospitality, I am led to hope that the day is not far distant when he will stand among the law makers of our land. At Mill Stream I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Allen and family; and also with the Hon. John H. Ryan, at whose house I spent a week; and judging from the manner in which I was treated, I can say, that in being placed where he is in connexion with the Government of our Country, it is only rendering "Honour to whom honour is due." The last night of my lectures there the house could not hold the people.

From that place I proceeded to Upper Salisbury; here the little Church has just passed through a season of revival, under the faithful labours of Brother Herrett. Here I had the use of the Temperance Hall for my lectures; and notwithstanding that our good friend Deacon Steves is crowded with Railroad business and people, yet there is a warm place in his heart and home for a Baptist Minister.

During the last week I have been helping Brother Hughes, at Hillsborough, where the Lord is graciously reviving his work. It gave me much pleasure to see the Church and Pastor

so much encouraged after such a season of darkness and declension.

Yesterday and the Sabbath before were indeed in truth "refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord." Yesterday week Brother H. baptized eleven; and nine more yesterday-making twenty-two since the work began. It appeared that every thing in nature was uniting, yesterday morning, to praise God for the salvation of sinners; the atmosphere was clear and calm, while the sun looked down upon us with the warmth of a Sabbath in May. Yet all the beauties in nature failed to inspire our souls with the feelings produced by seeing two husbands, followed by their wives, and a Mother with her eldest and youngest daughters, the latter a child a little over eleven years of age, with a number of others, following their Lord and Master in that way which he appointed for Christians, to declare their faith in Him who died for them and rose again. The prospects are still very good at Hillsborough. The Churches at Harvey and Hopewell Cape have been revived under the preaching of Brethren Coleman and Fitch, the latter, however, I am sorry to say, has been obliged to leave his post for the present from ill health; after labouring beyond his strength at Hopewell, he went to Hillsborough to assist their Pastor; and then broke down. For some time fears were entertained of his recovery, but at present he is doing well, but I believe it would be quite imprudent for him to return to his Ministerial duties for some time. Hoping this rambling epistle will not be too long for the Editor's patience, I remain, Yours, &c., EDWIN CLAY.

A MODEL MERCHANT.

"I dined yesterday," says a letter dated London, Oct. 10, 1853, "with ———, who may well be called a model merchant; not because business seems the business of his life, but precisely because it is not so. He makes business subservient to him; he is never the slave of business. I was asking him, after dinner, about the colonial trade, of which he is thoroughly conversant, but to my surprise he warmly replied, very politely, however, and said, 'Come to my counting room in business hours, between twelve and three, and I will give you all the information you want. I have made it a rule for many years never to talk business away from business.' This led to further remark, when he told me that he devoted as little time as was absolutely necessary to business purposes; and experience had shown him that as much could be effected, in a well-regulated counting-house, between ten and three, as longer. (That he let his clerks do for him all that they could do, and his partner doing only what the others could not do; he had his share of business, making business a pleasure, and yet as brief a pleasure as possible, confining such thoughts and action within a few hours as he could; and when he left his counting-house, he would no more let commercial matters intrude into his domestic and social life and conversation, than he would let a snake into his pleasure-grounds! If your countrymen would let business be an accessory and not an end of life, they would find a very different matter than many, to my knowledge, now do. When I visited the States, in 1849, one of the most agreeable men I met with in the counting-house was ———; but out of his 'money-mill,' as I might call him, he was the most uninteresting; he could talk only of business; as to books, he knew nothing of their contents, although his library shelves were as well filled as mine; pictures, and art, and literature, and music, were but as so many words whose rich significance were lost to him. What your countrymen want most is to shake off their fetters, and force themselves into a purer and more life-like atmosphere than they inhale among warehouses and shops. Some of them know this now and are coming over here for 'recreation'; but it will do them no good if they fall back into the old channels when they get home." ———'s conservatory is a very *bijou* of exotic dreamland; and you could hardly suppose it was the pet pleasure of a man who does so much in ——— molasses!"

NO SABBATH, NO RELIGION.

The following condensed view of the inseparable connection between the sacred observance of the Lord's day and the propriety of evangelical religion, is from a recent document of the New York Sabbath Committee—"the Sabbath in Europe"—containing the report of the Secretary's investigations in Great Britain and on the continent on the subject:

A holiday Sabbath is fatal to the growth and prevalence of evangelical religion. Sabbath-keeping and vital piety are so indissolubly associated as to make the former a certain index of the religious condition of any community. The gospel accomplishes its object as the Sabbath day is regarded according to the purpose of its appointment. Germany reads us a terrible lesson on this point. It was the home of the Reformation and would have been to this day, but for the false leaven which vitiated the sanctity of the Lord's day. Recoiling from everything positive and ritual in the Papal system, the reaction of the reformers in the direction of the absolute freedom of the gospel was a virtual abandonment of the Sabbath, excepting the claims of expediency for its observance. Such a barrier against selfishness and worldliness proved inad-

quate; and three centuries of the fluctuating—perhaps waning—power of a reformed faith on the continent, compared with the centuries of increasing vigor and expansion of evangelical religion in Great Britain and America, attest on a grand scale the vital connection between Sabbath sanctification and the ascendancy of the gospel.

It will be found throughout Europe that attendance on the means of grace, the diffusion and study of the Scripture, works of Christian benevolence, all the signs and fruits of a living faith are graduated and may be determined by the measure in which the Lord's day is held in sacred esteem. As a general fact, the pulpit has little power; the masses being alienated from its influence, or dispelling its impressions by the misuses of the closing hours of holy time. The Bible is, for the most part, a sealed book, because the season specially designed for its study is devoted to worldly pleasure. All schemes for popular evangelization are feebly conducted, and fail in popular efficiency. The conviction will deepen with every month of observation, that till the Sabbath in Europe is re-established upon its divine sanctions, error and irreligion will abound, and a general reformation and revival of a spiritual faith must be hopeless. All efforts from within or without to this end must be fruitless till the grand mistake of the sixteenth century be corrected. Such is coming to be the conviction of some reflecting men in Germany and Switzerland.—It may be strengthened by the careful guarding and the increased efficiency of the British and American Sabbath; and by the reflex influence on the old world of the emigration to the new, when that emigration shall have been instructed into the claims and benefits of the sacred day, and brought under the power of a living gospel!

PREACHING AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

The National Theatre was last Sabbath evening for the first time opened for religious worship. A larger or more curious crowd probably never before besieged the doors of this ancient temple of the drama. Pit and boxes were alike crowded to overflowing.

The discourse was by Rev. D. C. Eddy, of the Harvard Street Baptist Church.

My friends, said Mr. Eddy, in commencing, we meet here to-night under peculiar circumstances. We come not to gaze upon some astounding tragedy, not to make these walls ring with our laughter, and our mirth, not to behold the exhibitions which are wont to greet the eyes of those who assemble here. We come to sing of Christ, to worship God, to hold up before you the crucified Redeemer, and to implore you by every noble and generous motive to give your hearts to him who asks them.

"Am I," said the speaker, addressing any man who has broken away from virtue, who spends his money in riotous living, who has no care for God or life, but who haunts the gay saloon, and the places of low and disgusting revelry, who can swear and curse and blaspheme God and who is on the road to hell? If there is such a person here, let me say to him stop! You are committing soul suicide; stop, ere all is lost; God invites thee; angels invite thee; Christians invite thee; the road that thou art travelling is the road to death—stop!

"Am I," addressing any woman, once the joy of her parents, now an outcast; who once had a home and friends, and now none but false friends; who once was loved and respected, but now loathed and scorned; any one who like that poor girl the other day, burnt in a house of ill repute in another city, and who left a touching declaration of her sin, sorrow and shame, one who can say:—

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
Fell like snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled on as the filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading, cursing, desiring to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

A CHURCH WITH TWO HUNDRED MISSIONARIES.

Fifteen years ago last December, a Council of brethren met in the Oliver street Baptist meeting-house, and resolved to receive into their fellowship the First Baptist Mariners' church, consisting of fourteen members. The church was mostly sustained by the fostering care of the New York Baptist Female Bethel Union; efforts formerly made by other associations had been unsuccessful. Soon after the organization of the church, the present pastor accepted a call to come and labor with them; and like a true apostle and minister of Christ, has given his life to the mariners' cause. About this time, the Baptist churches of New-York and vicinity resolved to build a meeting-house for this little church; and for this purpose, a committee of seventy brethren were appointed to carry this resolution into effect. This committee labored together more than a year, and dissolved, giving up the work to another organization, called "The Mariner's Church Society." This Society was formed for the special purpose "of building a house, or houses, for seamen's churches." It continued about two years, when, on the recommendation of a large committee of ministers, it was dissolved, and the work given over to the hands of

the Trustees of the church. Then, in the language of the pastor, all was given up into the hands of the ship's company, and they left to sink or swim, as the providence of God might decide.

During the last year, the blessed Saviour has placed his seal of approbation on this cause, in a wonderful manner. The church has had one hundred and ninety six added by baptism, making the present number three hundred and fifty. These embrace about twenty different nations and languages. Over two hundred of these are men of the sea, one hundred and six of whom were baptized this last year, and have been sent out from this church with special instructions to labor as missionaries among their shipmates, on board of vessels and in distant ports, distributing the Word of God and holding religious meetings, and in visiting and aiding our missionaries in foreign lands. Religious meetings have been held, both day and evening, the past year, and are still continued, with great success. The prayer-meetings commenced by our brethren on the ships of our Navy, and on board of our merchantmen, are increasing in interest, and the most cheering reports reach us from many of our brethren in distant parts of the world, of great good accomplished by their labor. We have, in the men of the sea, the representatives of the nations; the languages of the nations; and among these are literally some of the "princes of the nations; and having become inured to the trials and toils of sea life, they are prepared to face any peril, and endure any privations. And their familiarity with different languages, some being able to speak, with fluency, three or four, eminently fits them for missionary work.

With five or six thousand dollars spent in this cause, we have reason to believe that tenfold more might be accomplished, in converting the nations to Christ, than twice the amount expended in any other way. This is truly a missionary church, occupying an important place at home—but whose field is the world. Will you not, brethren and friends, aid us in this work by your prayers and your contributions? Bear in mind the fact that about 200,000 seamen visit New-York in a single year, from other lands. Many of these, if converted, would carry back to their own countries the glad tidings of salvation, without charge. All of these, by the providence of God, are brought to our own doors to receive the gospel at our hands. W.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

A gentleman in the neighborhood of London was once induced to visit a poor woman who was sick. When he entered the room, he perceived a little girl kneeling at her bedside, who immediately withdrew. On inquiring who the child was the sick woman replied,

"Oh! sir, it is a little angel who frequently comes to read the Scriptures to me to my great comfort, and has just now given me sixpence."

On further inquiry, he found she was one of the girls belonging to a neighboring Sunday-school. He took an opportunity afterwards of questioning this child as to the reason of her conduct, when she answered,

"Because, sir, I find it is said in the Bible that 'pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.'"

"Well, and did you give her any money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where did you get it?"

"Sir, it was the reward given me in the school."

That was truly charity of the highest kind, and might afford a fair opportunity for expatiating on the manifold benefits which the children of the poor and of the rich too, derive from Sabbath-school instruction.

THE DAILY CROSS.

The difficulty in religion is the taking up of this cross daily, rather than the taking it up on some set occasion, and under extraordinary circumstances. The serving God in little things, the carrying of religious principles into all the minutiae of life, the discipline of our tempers, the regulation of our speech, the domestic Christianity, the momentary sacrifices, the secret and unobserved self-denials;—who that knows anything of the difficulty of piety, does not know that there is greater danger of his falling in these, than in trials of far greater cost and sterner endurance? It is not, comparatively, hard to put the armour on, when the trumpet sounds out it is to keep the armour on when there is no alarm of battle. And the warfare with our spiritual enemies is not warfare in a series of pitched battles, with intervals for resting and recruiting; it is rather daily, hourly, momentary fighting; it is the driving out "by little and little," to which the Almighty promises "the reward of the inheritance."—Rev. H. Melville.

A SOFT ANSWER.

The horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happened to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse, put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do just so again." Neighbor, replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window at night, and saw your cattle in my mowing ground, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard, and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charge himself.