

soon after, he told him what he had done—"and if I catch him into the road again," said he, "*I'll do it again.*" "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since, I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in the meadow, 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 charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of Nature; and the no less celebrated Robertson wrote on the necessity of Revelation, and the insufficiency of the light of Nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent in conversing on this subject. The friends of both were present; and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccus-

ed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasonings, or not, we cannot tell; but at any rate he did not acknowledge his convictions. Hume was very much of a gentleman; and as he was about to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door: "O, sir," said he to Robertson, "I find the light of Nature always sufficient;" and he continued, "Pray don't trouble yourself, sir," and so he bowed on. The street door was open; and presently, as he bowed along in the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a light; and as he held it over him, whispered softly and cunningly, "You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume." And raising him up, he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

TEMPERANCE.

THE CHILD OF A DRUNKARD.

The Rev. Mr. Burton, in a recent report of his labours as minister at large in the city of Worcester, relates the following incident which was under his observation:—

"I have seen in this city, at the drunkard's door, his daughter of seven years, struggling to wield her father's large saw, to cut a stick for the even-

ning fire. He went to his haunts in the morning, and left the fuel uncut. This little girl cannot repeat the Lord's prayer, cannot read a word, knows not the letters. She is growing up in the midst of dirt, rags, and desolation. She sees terrible sights, she hears horrible sounds, and what shocking remembrances! Her infantile life has been nested as in the midst of serpents."—*K. aper.*