

# The Religious Intelligence.

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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## The Intelligence.

### SPIRIT OF FREEDOM AMONG THE NATIONS.

#### DEMAND FOR LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

Paris has lately witnessed a spectacle as significant as it was imposing—in the reappearance of Mr. Thiers in the tribune of her Legislative Body. Thiers is a man of a former generation. His name is identified with the reign of Louis Philippe. Since the fall of that sovereign, he has lived in retirement, engaged in writing the history of his country. A few months ago he was chosen one of the representatives of Paris in the Corps Legislatif. The Government, dreading his talent and his eloquence, used every means to defeat him, but he was elected by an immense majority. A few weeks ago he took his seat, and on the 11th of January it was known that he was to speak—an announcement which drew together all that was most distinguished in Paris. The speech was one of the most remarkable ever spoken by that great man—remarkable for its tact and dignity—for its studied moderation of phrase, and for the irresistible force of its arguments. Our readers will be glad to see a few passages from a speech which has created a profound impression throughout Europe. The scene itself was very striking. A correspondent says: "It being known that Mr. Thiers was to address the Corps Legislatif on the 11th, every seat in the tribune was occupied, and every deputy as he entered the house was surrounded by friends beseeching him for tickets which he had not to give. Ladies filled up a very large proportion of the space allotted to the public. Prince Napoleon was among the senators who sat on the bench reserved for members of the Upper Chamber." The Duc de Morny took the chair, and as soon as the sitting was opened, Mr. Thiers rose, and amid profound silence spoke as follows:—

It is now thirty-four years since I first sat within these walls. I was a member of every Chamber from 1830 to 1848. I was also a member of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies of the Republic, and now you see me on the benches of the Corps Legislatif of the Empire. During this long period of time I have seen men and things, opinions, and even affections, passing away in rapid succession, and amidst the torrent which seemed as if it would carry everything away, principles alone have survived—those social and political principles upon which modern society is based. It is true that during certain singularly dark days there were moments when order seemed to be so shaken that people anxiously inquired whether it would ever again be established. Later it was liberty that seemed to disappear; and yet now order is restored and liberty is on the point of reviving.

When we reflect upon our history, it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that France can sometimes do without liberty, and that so completely as not to appear to think of it. But it is only to return to it again with singular pertinacity and almost irresistible force. I find the proof of this in many leading events. There was a period when France was naturally forgetful of her liberties—1800, immediately after the terrible ordeal of the Revolution. France had been before her a wonderful man, whose restoring hand touched everything. She was nursing him, and for a time seemed to have left off thinking. She was content to see him act, and certainly the spectacle was worth looking at. (Applause.) France once more began to think when she saw a portion of her armies precipitated into the burning flag of Spain, and the other part in the icy Gulf of Russia. Then France thought sadly and profoundly. She then regretted the liberties which she had too disastrously abandoned. On December 31, 1813, she demanded peace of the Emperor. Her voice was not listened to. A few months later the victorious enemy entered Paris, and bleeding France fell at the feet of the Bourbons. What did she ask of them? Peace; and with peace she found the value of which she had then learnt to feel.

The Bourbons stayed but for a fleeting moment. Napoleon returned, and from him France again asked for peace and liberty. Peace, which during a long period he was master of, he could now no longer give, but liberty he granted at once and completely. It had been alleged that he did not grant liberty in good faith. That is a singular homage rendered to his memory! But no. Napoleon acted in perfect good faith. He constantly repeated in private conversation that a dictatorship could only be a concession made for a few years to a man of genius like himself. The example of Napoleon the conqueror, elated by success, is often cited; let me take example from Napoleon aggrieved and humbled by misfortune. (Applause.) But liberty at this period was not to be a successful experiment. Waterloo put an end to all ideas of liberty. An immense reaction commenced in Europe against all the ideas of the Revolution. When we ventured some low murmurs in favor of liberty we were shown the scaffold of Louis XVI. for an answer. In 1825, 1826, and 1827 we were nearly attaining our end. We approached those obscure and perilous boundaries where powers are exposed to come into collision; where the prerogatives of the sovereign come face to face with those of the country. Twice under different forms this great question agitated the country, and twice it was settled.

I will say nothing of our agitations in 1848. We went through the Republic to come to the Empire. The idea of liberty once more disappeared. An immense military reaction ruled in Europe. Nevertheless the spirit of the age acted upon peoples, and even upon sovereigns. The representatives of the Republic in the persons of the glorious peace of the Crimea, and for the first time liberty had a congress for a tribune, and a diplomatist for an orator. The illustrious Count Cavour was authorized to demand the Italian princes—some because they had not given liberty, and others because they were the sons of princes who had refused it. The emotion caused by this event was immense. The Italians armed, the Austrians armed also; they were soon in conflict; we rushed to the rescue, and Italy was freed. The impulsion was so rapid that in spite of our stipulations at Villafranca all the princes were overthrown, and, but for the universal faith of the peoples in a prudent policy, the Pope would have fallen like the others. This is not all. The agitation extended to all Europe. Austria has sought in liberty a compensation for her defeats. The name of liberty comes back to us in every echo, and France cannot be deaf to the world. I well know that liberty excites in France very various sentiments. Some are inspired by the name with unlimited desires, others with chimerical fears. But that there is a measure of liberty which is necessary cannot be doubtful. Ask at Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and Turin, and you will find that fact admitted beyond discussion.

Five things are indispensable to constitute what I call the necessary measure of liberty. Which of them do we possess? Which remain to be acquired? Which ought we to have? *Individual liberty* we have with one exception—the law of general safety. That law, it is true, only bears on one class of citizens, but when one citizen is affected all are threatened. That law, moreover, applies to circumstances which happily no longer exist. That law no one can think of removing, and the Government itself has no such idea. The only question is whether it should be allowed to die a natural death in 1865, or cease to exist before that time. That must be left to the Government to decide.

I pass on to the second of these liberties which I have called necessary: I mean the *liberty of the press*. Gentlemen, if any man in France has suffered the inconvenience of that liberty it is I. An illustrious statesman with whom I for a long time discussed and transacted the affairs of the country, M. Guizot, felt them as much as myself; but I am sure he would confirm me when I say that the liberty of the press is necessary.

A few days ago we were informed that two only out of fifteen or eighteen Parisian journals supported the Government. But what is the condition of the whole of them? They are subject to receiving warnings, and if warnings do not suffice they may be suspended or suppressed. The press having the charge of criticizing the Government, it is right that the Government should have the charge of declaring what amount of criticism it will tolerate. Is that the way to commence the education of the country? I am told also of the license of the press. But have you yourselves suppressed that license? Have you not rather made a deposit of it in the hands of the Government to be used against any citizen that might displease it? (Interruption.) It is not my wish to remind the Chamber of anything personal to myself; I do not foster any recollection of what took place a few months back. People in general have short memories concerning the affairs of others; I am content that my memory should be short also, but I wish you not entirely to forget what occurred. (Laughter and signs of assent.)

I pass on to the *liberty of elections*; and without at present treating the question of official candidature, I will merely say that the Government acts in this matter as it does in the case of the press. It gives universal suffrage to the nation; but on the condition of dictating a little the choice to be made. Great homage is paid to universal suffrage in these our times. It has been made the divine right of the epoch. An appeal is made to it whenever sovereigns are wanted—as in Italy, Greece, and Mexico. You go on your knees before this authority; but when it is a question of electing deputies, you tell universal suffrage that it can neither read nor write; that it is credulous and timid, and must be told what man to choose.

Mr. Thiers next considers the *liberty of the representatives* in originating bills in the Legislative body, or in voting upon them. He thus sums up:

Let us rapidly recapitulate the liberties which we require. To give them to the country it will not be necessary to overthrow any institution, but only to develop those which exist. Thus, to have individual liberty, the law of public safety should be repealed; to have the liberty of the press, two or three articles of the decree on the public journals should be altered; to have electoral liberty, certain objectionable practices should be modified; and, to have the liberty of the national representation, the practice of interpellations should be resumed. But what is above all things necessary is the responsibility of the sovereign.

By this last expression he means the responsibility of the Ministers directly to the Legislature; that they should be liable to be called to account for their acts, as are the Ministers of Great Britain in Parliament. He then demands, in a tone of the loftiest eloquence, liberty for France, which has given liberty to so many of the nations of Europe:—

If liberty is an evil, why have we expended millions, and shed the blood of our soldiers to give it to Italy? Why were those eulogiums bestowed upon Austria by the official journals when she entered on the path of constitutional government? We cannot shed the blood of our soldiers to assert that liberty is an evil. If it is, if it were so, we should declare that our country labors under political incapacity, and for my part I do not accept such a declaration. Europe craves it, and acknowledges in its genius, prudence, and good sense, and I cannot think that the nation which has produced Descartes and Bossuet, is unworthy of liberty.

He utters a solemn warning to the Government which shall disregard this demand of the nation for liberty, telling the Emperor and his Ministers that "the ground is covered with the wrecks of the Governments which have been overthrown." At the same time he declares that he is willing to be a loyal subject of the Emperor, if he but answers to the universal wish of France for a Government which shall unite order and liberty. He says, "I am convinced that the country has such a desire for true and wholesome liberty, that the Government which shall give it will be frankly and sincerely accepted by all." He then refers to the family of Louis Philippe in a tone of mingled sadness and dignity:—

I have served an august family, now in misfortune, to whom I owe all the respect due to nobly supported trials, and the affection due to those with whom I have passed the most brilliant part

of my life. There is something which I do not owe them, and which they would not ask of me—but which the pride of my heart gives them willingly—that of living in retirement, and not showing them the spectacle of one of their servants seeking the *clat* of power when they are in exile. There is a last thing which I call Heaven to witness they never have required, and I never will ask of them, and that is to sacrifice to them the interests of my country. (Applause.) I therefore declare that if those liberties of which I believe the country to be seriously in need are given to us, I shall accept them, and I may then be reckoned among the number of the submissive and grateful citizens of the empire. But, gentlemen, if our duty is to accept, it is that of the Government to give what is necessary to satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people. It is with respect that I ask it, not for myself, but for my country. Let it not be forgotten that France, scarcely awakened, and with whom the exaggeration of desire is so prompt, if she now allows it to be asked for in a deferential and respectful manner, may perhaps one day exact it.

These few passages give an idea of the tone of this wonderful speech. France has heard few things more eloquent since the days of Mirabeau. Such speeches make revolutions, unless their warning voice is heard and obeyed.—*Evangelist.*

### A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

DR. ALEXANDER AND THE LAY PREACHER.

Dr. Alexander, in his early ministerial life, while on a missionary tour in some of the southern counties of Virginia, fell in with a lay preacher, of his interview with whom, he left an interesting account in his autobiography, (which is published with his late life by his son) as follows:

"Mr. Yurborough (his host) took occasion to inform us that there was a Baptist preacher in his employment as millwright, who would be at the house as soon as his work was finished. Accordingly, about the dusk of the evening, an old man in coarse garb, with leathern apron, and laden with tools, entered the house, and took his seat on the stairs. Neither Mr. Gribbsy (his missionary companion) nor I, had ever been acquainted with uneducated preachers, and we were struck with astonishment that this carpenter should pretend to preach. When we retired, Mr. Shelburne, such was his name, was put into the same room with us. I felt an aversion to question him respecting his call to the ministry, taking it for granted that the old man was ignorant. I therefore began by asking him what he considered a call to the ministry. Mr. Shelburne perceived the drift of my question, and instead of giving a general answer, proceeded to a narrative of his own experience, and to state the circumstances which led him to suppose that God had called him to be a preacher. The substance of his story was as follows:

"I was born in one of the lower counties of Virginia, and when young was put to learn the carpenter's trade. Until I was a man grown, and had a family, I never heard any preaching but from ministers of the Established Church, and did not even know that there were any others. About this time came into the neighborhood a Presbyterian minister by the name of Martin, whom I went to hear; and before he was done I was convinced that I was in a lost and unhappy condition. He made no stay, and I heard no more of him. But a wound had been left in my conscience which I know not how to get healed, and no one about me could give any valuable advice as to a cure. I went from day to day under a heavy burden, bemoaning my miserable state, till at length my distress became so great that I could neither eat nor sleep with any ease or comfort. My neighbors said that I was falling into melancholy, or going mad, but not one of them had any knowledge from experience of the nature of my distress. Thus I continued mourning over my miserable case for weeks and months. I was led however, to read constantly in the Bible; but this rather increased than lessened my distress; until one Sunday evening I saw as clearly as I ever saw anything how I could be saved through the death of Christ. I was filled with comfort, and yet sorrow for my sins followed more copiously than ever. I praised God aloud, and immediately told my wife that I had found salvation; and when any of my neighbors came to see me, I told them of the goodness of God, and what he had done for my soul, and how he had pardoned all my sins. As I spoke freely of the wonderful change I had experienced, it was soon noised abroad, and many came to see me, and hear an account of the matter from my own mouth.

"On Sabbath evenings my house would be crowded, and when I had finished my narrative, I was accustomed to give them a word of exhortation. And as I could be better heard when standing, I stood and addressed my neighbors, without the thought of preaching. After proceeding for some time in this way, I found that several others began to be awakened by what they heard from me, and appeared to be brought through the new birth much as I had been. This greatly encouraged me to proceed in my work, and God was pleased to bless my humble labors to the conversion of many. All this time I did no more than relate my own experience, and then exhort my neighbors to seek unto the Lord for mercy. Thus I was led on from step to step until at length I actually became a preacher, without intending it. Exercised persons would frequently come to me for counsel, as I had been the first among them to experience the grace of God; and that I might be able to answer their questions, I was induced to study the Bible continually; and often while at work, particular passages would be opened to my mind; which encouraged me to hope that the Lord had called me to instruct those who were more ignorant than myself; and when the people would collect at my house, I explained to them those passages which had opened to my mind.

"All this time I had no instruction in spiritual matters from any man, except the sermons I heard from Mr. Martin. But after a few years there came a Baptist preacher into our neighborhood, and I found that his doctrine agreed substantially with my own experience, and with what I had learned out of the Bible. I traveled about with him, and was encouraged by him to go on in the exercise of my gift of public speaking, but was told by him that there was one duty which I was required to perform, which was that I should be baptized according to the command of Christ, and as we rode along we came to a certain water, and I said

to him, see here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized? Upon which he both went down into the water, and he baptized me by immersion in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. From that time I have continued until this day, testifying to small and great, to white and black, repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and not without the pleasure of seeing many sinners forsaking their sins, and turning to God.

"Now," said he, "you have heard the reasons which induce me to believe that God has called me to preach the Gospel to the poor and ignorant. I never considered myself qualified to instruct men of education and learning. I have always felt badly when such have come to hear me. But as to people of my own class, I believed I could teach them many things which they need to know."

"When the old millwright had finished his narrative, I felt much more inclined to doubt my own call to the ministry than that of James Shelburne. Much of the night was spent in this conversation, while my companion was enjoying his usual repose. We talked freely about the doctrines of religion, and were mutually gratified at finding how exactly our views tallied. From this night James Shelburne became an object of my high regard, and he gave abundant testimony of his esteem for me. . . . I had the opportunity of hearing him preach several times, and was pleased not only with the soundness of his doctrine, but the unaffected simplicity of his manner. . . . As he followed his trade from day to day, I once asked him how he found time to study his sermons; he replied that he could study better at his work, with his hammer in his hand, than if shut up and surrounded with books. When he had passed the seventeenth year of his age, he gave up work, and devoted himself entirely to preaching. (Tempora mutantur.) "Being a man of firm health, he traveled to a considerable distance, and preached nearly every day. On one of these tours, after he was settled in Charlotte county, I saw him for the last time. The old man appeared to be full of zeal and love, and brought the spirit of the Gospel into every family which he visited. He was evidently ripe for heaven, and accordingly, not long after, he finished his course with joy."

### AND THEN?

Filippo Neri was living at one of the Italian universities, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had been long wishing above all things in the world, was at length fulfilled; his parents having given him leave to study the law, and that he had come to the law school at this university on account of his fine, and meant to spare no pains nor labour in getting through his studies as quickly as possible. In this way he ran on a long time, and when at last he stopped, his friend who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness said, "Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" continued Filippo Neri again.

"And then?" continued the youth. "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage; I shall catch people's notice by my eloquence and zeal, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the other.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer; "then I shall live comfortably and honourably, in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quickly to a happy old age."

"And then?" said the attentive auditor.

"And then," said the youth, "and then—and then—I shall die."

Here Filippo lifted his voice, and again asked, "And then?" To which the young man made no answer, but looked embarrassed, and went away. This said, "And then?" had pierced like a lightning into his soul, and he could not get rid of it. Soon afterwards he gave himself to the service of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in making him know to others.

Now, dear young reader, I want you to put Filippo Neri's question to yourself. "And then?" For you have, no doubt, many bright dreams about the future. You draw many a pleasure picture of your success in life; of your home joys; of your fame amongst your fellow-men. Nor is it wrong to look forward; indeed it is sometimes necessary to do so, but the error into which we are prone to run, is that of not looking far enough.

Surely, to plan and purpose for time, while we make no provision for eternity, is to lay the least of it, both thoughtless and unwise. Yet how many stop short in this way; they live in practical forgetfulness of the real future, and turn a deaf ear to the important inquiry, "And then?"

Is such conduct right? Is it rational? Is it worthy of an immortal being?

But it depresses your feelings, you say, and throws a damp over your spirits to be asked, as you point, one after the other, to the gay prospects looming in the distance. And yet, "And then?"

When Emily Jackson, the celebrated missionary's wife, was a little girl of twelve or thirteen, she tells us, that when she had finished reading an interesting story, she used to carry out the tale, and imagine her favourite character going on, or, but it always would end in death. Of what avail, then, was the beauty of what she read and heard? At other times, while sitting at work, she used to make a heroine of herself. Her uncle (who was lost twenty years before on a voyage to India) would come home and make her a princess; or her father, which people used sometimes to praise, would become so beautiful as to bewitch the whole world; or she would be a brilliant poetess (her verses were greatly admired by her neighbors and sisters), and her name would be famous while the world stood! But nothing satisfied her.

Then common sense told her that these great things were unattainable; and she would try to moderate her plans, and confine her wishes within narrower limits. But all this in the end came to nothing—death would come at the end; and then, what good?

Shall I tell you how the romantic Emily got rid of this thought which troubled her? She gave her heart to God, and consecrated herself joyfully to his service. As years passed, and in working for Him, she spent her life on earth, and at length departed in peace to her rest above. During her last illness she said, with sparkling eye, to a friend who expressed the hope that God might yet restore her, "It is bright before me."

Will you not follow her example? When God says to you, "Seek ye my face," will you not at once reply, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek?" Think what claims He has upon your love and your devotion. He made, and He preserves you. All that you are and have is His gift—rather than lent to you by Him, to be used for the accomplishment of his will. And He has redeemed you. He sent his only Son to make an atonement for your sins, and to win you back to Himself. Will you not come when He calls? His service is perfect freedom, blayoko is easy, his ways are ways of pleasantness, and his paths of peace. Oh, you cannot tell what joy you have tried, the happiness which results from a heart at peace with Him! Nor will you find that religion casts any shadow over your sunny views of the future. It

only brightens and fixes them. You will not work the less earnestly and diligently in the service of your fellow creatures, after you have learned to work for God at the same time. You will not "look forward with less hopefulness, when accustomed to "look above."

No; calmly and cheerfully the Christian goes on his way. The hope laid up for him in heaven throws a softened radiance over this world's path. He looks onward with confidence and joy, knowing that he has the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come; and assured that God will be his friend and his guide, even unto death.

Assured then? Ah, I cannot give you the answer to this thrilling question, I cannot unfold to you the bliss of heaven, nor describe to you the glory which will burst upon the spirit when it enters there. All I can tell you is, that in God's presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore!

### 'AWAKE! AWAKE!

"Have we not lived half in earnest long enough? Is it not time to consecrate our whole natures to Christ, and be Christians indeed. We are not satisfied with this miserable way of living; our souls are barren, the heart is divided; the world is a snare to us, and we are a stumbling block to sinners, and a dishonor to the Christian name. Shall we, can we, endure to live at this poor dying rate any longer? Come, dear brethren, let us with one heart and soul begin now to live religion in earnest, be whole-hearted, and entirely consecrated." Thus spoke a burdened, anxious, careworn pastor to his flock, and tears burst from many eyes, and soon voices responded all around: "We will now seek pardon for our coldness, and undertake the service of Jesus our paramount business."

Not a few pastors are crushed under the load of lukewarmness which prevails in the churches; the name of Jesus is dishonored, the life and power of godliness is unknown, sinners are going to ruin, all because Christians have lost their first love. How terrible the consequences of such a state of things!—Well may the pastor wish that his head were waters and his eyes a fountain of tears, while he reviews such desolation and ruin. And there are so many in this sad state! How few Christians are really living whole-hearted and earnest in the cause of Christ! They are cold, they are worldly, indifferent, proud, destitute of spirituality. Even among those who keep up the forms of worship, what a lack of life, warmth, and love exists. How formal their prayers, lifeless their exhortations, dead their feelings!

And then to go among those who seldom enter a prayer room, have no family altar, scarcely ever open their mouths to speak of salvation, how deplorable the view and prospect! Must this state of things continue? Is there any way that their dry bones can be made to live? There is only a small place in the body of Christ where heat, good, healthy warmth is found; most of the members are as cold as if death had struck them with its chill, and covered them with its clammy sweat. Can we not by some means revive the circulation? Must it remain the case that so small a portion of the church have real life? What will become of those lukewarm brethren? Must they be left to final rejection? Would to God, that the pastor's appeal might be responded to all over the land, "We will renew our vows; consecrate ourselves anew to Christ; return to our first love; seek pardon for our grievous sins."

Do it brethren. Do it for your own sake, do it for the honor of Christ whom you promised to serve so faithfully when he first forgave your sins. Do it for the sake of the church which is the light of the world. Do it, that sinners may see that Christianity is not a mockery, that there is real, vital love and goodness in this life.—*Morning Star.*

### 'BY HIS STRIPES HEALED.'

We have been told of a distinguished gentleman in England, who, cherished toward the youth around him, the benevolent spirit that glowed in the heart of Robert Kalkes, gave much time and money to the support of several Sunday schools in his native county and his immediate neighborhood. In these schools many neglected children and vagrant boys, accustomed to debase the Sabbath, had been gathered. Good superintendents had been appointed over them, and they were generally in a thriving condition.

One of these schools, however, had more than ordinary share of large and fractious boys; and among these was one ringleader, who was particularly unmanageable. Again and again he had broken the rules of the school; the influence of his example was poisoning the minds of the rest, and the superintendent came to the conclusion that the expulsion of this boy from the school was an unavoidable necessity.

Just at the moment when he was about to act upon that decision, this gentleman, the founder of the school, a kind-hearted and noble-looking man, entered unexpectedly.

The superintendent told him at once of the sad duty he was about to perform, and of the mortifying failure of every method employed to reclaim him. Forbearance had reached its utmost limit, and the transgressor must, at last, be expelled.

The founder was grieved. His countenance showed the workings of pity. He was sure that if the boy were turned away from the school he would become worse and worse, and that his course would end, probably, in prison or on the gallows.

After a few minutes' conversation he said to the superintendent, "I know that your sentence is just; you cannot allow the law to be broken down, and the order of the school to be destroyed by indulging the wild disobedience of any one. I dare not ask you to withhold any longer deserved punishment from the incorrigible transgressor. But one favor, sir, I will ask; let me receive punishment as the boy's substitute. Change the form of the penalty, and let me bear what he deserves. I will take off my coat and will submit myself to you to receive 'forty stripes save one,' and then will plead for him that he be permitted to remain in the school and have time and space for reflection. Perhaps he will try again, and may God help him to do better."

At this saying the superintendent was astonished; so were all the scholars. The scene was wonderful. There was perfect stillness. Every eye was fixed on the strange spectacle. The objections of the superintendent were overruled by the kind persistence of the man who presented himself to the smiter for another's sake.

The refractory boy also, like the rest, was greatly surprised. He forgot himself. He seemed to notice no one in the room except the man who

was about to suffer for his sake. He remained in his seat motionless, almost breathless, until the lash descended upon the good man's back, then bounding from his place, as by a mighty impulse, he arrested the hand of the superintendent, saying, "It is enough! I promise to do better. Spare him, and just try me once more!"

He was not ashamed to weep. For the first time many tears flowed from the deepest springs of feeling in his nature, and they were tears of repentance. The boy was gained over to the right side, and kept his word faithfully.

Who does not see that this noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of this benefactor was truly Christlike? It was an appeal of love that rent the rocky heart like a lightning stroke. Such is the appeal that comes to the awakened soul from the cross of Jesus. When the eyes of the mind are opened to discern the sufferer, then when his voice is heard, "It is enough." Then we know the meaning of the response of Paul, "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the *atonement*." "By his stripes we are healed."—*W. & R.*

### FAMILY GOVERNMENT—BABY-HOOD.

The man who dares write pointedly on this subject, must be conscious, that either he is very bold, and don't care how many he may offend, or that he is so humble that a desire to do good will render him fearless. In either case, it is courage coming out bareheaded.

My first hint is, that a moral character is developed very early, and discipline must commence as early.

A few words about Baby-hood. Who does not know there is a great difference in babies? I don't mean as to weight and looks, whether handsome or plain, wholesome-looking or otherwise, but as to crying and fretfulness. Some never cry, and some seem never to do anything else. There are three prominent causes why children cry; first, pain. They are tender and frail, and their powers very weak. What the mother eats, affects the child. And if she will eat pickles, fruit, fish, and other indigestibles, her babe must bear the pain, and must cry. In multitudes of cases, I have no doubt the poor child gets the name of being "a crying child," when the whole difficulty lies back of the child. I have a great love for these helpless little folks, and I verily believe that in a majority of cases in which the child cries, it would be found that his mother had eaten chicken-salad, ice-cream, drank strong coffee or lemonade, or been equally thoughtless in some other respect. A child not in pain seldom cries any length of time; unless, secondly, it is nervous. A vast amount of nervous excitability is inherited from one parent, or both. Crying is the natural, and not the unnatural, outlet which nature has provided for the nervous child. It is the safety-valve. It is the little volcano that saves from the earthquake. Sometimes people will be heard to say, "O let him cry, it is healthy." And so it is, when nervousness is the cause. You sometimes hear them say, "He cried himself to sleep." So he did; i.e., he cried till his nerves were relieved and quieted, and then he went to sleep, of course. When the child cries for this cause—and you soon learn whether you have a child who is, or is not, nervous, don't worry about it.

The third cause of the crying of the little child is his will. He can't do as he wants, or have what he wants. He is to forbear too light for it, too helpless to obtain it, and hence he is mad, and knows of no way to show that he is mad but to cry. And now he takes no pains to conceal his anger—he will twist, and strike, kick, and nag. Here his will comes in contact with yours; his wisdom with yours, his knowledge with yours. This is the battle-field where there must, and will be, a contest. Here the question is to be decided, whether the parent or the child is to be master from this time onward. I need not specify the precise age, but it will be very early.

The sagacious Dr. Witherspoon says that the child that does not yield his will to the will of his parent before he is nine months old, never will. This is the first great outbreak of the depraved heart, and if you do not see it, and meet it, kindly, gently, but firmly, you have made a terrible mistake. The time taken to let him know that his will must submit to yours, may be fifteen minutes—it may be half an hour; it may be two hours; but if once thoroughly and faithfully done, it need never be repeated, and it will save you and the child untold hours and days of misery. While I earnestly beseech the parent not to fail to subdue the child, when he cries because of will, and anger, and passion, I also caution him not to correct it for crying for any other cause. There is nothing—not even a pig with his head hung between the pickets of the fence, that tries your nerves so much as the crying of a child, and hence to relieve yourself, you are often unjust, if not cruel to the child. If he cries, your nerves are equally tortured, whether he cry from pain, or from nervousness, or from anger; and you are very liable to blame him, or to fly to meanness, or to punishment, without discriminating between the causes.

Don't make the grand, fatal mistake, and begin your discipline under the idea that your child is not a depraved being. If you mistake here, all your philosophy of discipline, and education, and training, will be wrong. I once asked a mother, who lived in a community in which the depravity of the heart was ridiculed—"Madam, do you believe in the depravity of human nature?" "Sir," she replied, "I have raised eleven children! And the mother who has done that, must be a strange woman not to believe it." I am not here to argue the question; I only say, I cannot allow any one to be a wise or a safe educator, who does not commence with a full belief in this great fact.—*Rev. John Todd in Congregationalist.*

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.—We may glory in the cross of Christ, for this among other reasons, that even a child may aid in its great mission of mercy to the world. A company of men were pushing a boat into the water; but it stuck so fast they could not move it.

"Another pound," said one, "and it will go." "I can push a pound," answered a little boy. Upon the addition of his strength, the boat again moved, and soon floated on the water. But all these men could not of themselves move the big vessel.

A man may be known by three things; by his conduct in money matters; by his behaviour at tables; by his demeanor when angry.

Sturdy well; speak little; do much; receive all men with a cheerful countenance.