

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.

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

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

CHAFFY PREACHING.

That there are ministers in every branch of the Church of Christ who have something like a correct conception of the true nature of the work to which they are called, and of the manner in which that work should be performed, there can be no question. They may not, they cannot, at all times, be satisfied with their own efforts. They are human; and they realize that whatever ability is given them of the Master, they have this excellency in earthly vessels. But while there are many who, notwithstanding their shortcomings, ever keep before them the end to which they are called, and aim to attain to it, there are multitudes of others who seem not to know, or who continually lose sight of, their duty and trust, as professed preachers of the gospel. To one who longs to be fed with spiritual food, and who attends the sanctuary to obtain such food, it is truly painful to be turned away with mere husks and chaff. And yet there is much chaffy preaching at the present day. Applied to some to whom we are, or may be, called upon to listen, is not the title of "servants of Christ," or "ambassadors of God," a strange misnomer? We enter the place of prayer. There may be nothing novel, unnatural, or unseemly in it, considered as a house of worship. But the man before us certainly attracts attention. His manner is exceedingly odd. He has a way of saying startling things—of putting things so as to make a sensation, awaken a smile, and make his audience "feel good." This seems to be his aim, or rather his primary aim, looking to the more remote end of securing a well-filled house, in which, of course, he succeeds. The crowd of expectant listeners is before him, and he is doing his best to please them. He is evidently a believer in the you-tickle-me-and-I-tickle-you plan of operating. His smart sayings are remembered, and may be heard repeated in jesting circles by one and another of his auditors after the day's performances are over. But who of them all has been made to feel the need of a Saviour? Who has been led to a holier walk? Who has been awakened to a life of self-denial, daring, and suffering for Christ and for those for whom Christ died? Who, in a word, has any idea that the real aim and heart's desire of the preacher was to save souls, or to establish them in Christian doctrine?

Another differs from this one in that he is, perhaps, more obviously attempting to preach self instead of Christ. He is seeking to make as favorable a display as possible of his person, or his dress, or both; or if not of these, of his intellectual powers. His sermon is a tissue of rhetorical flourishes from beginning to end. Vanity and self-conceit are apparent in every word and act. He is a young man, and we listen to him as such, while we prayerfully hope that as he advances in years, he

may grow in grace, wisdom, humility, and in the knowledge generally of Christ and his gospel.

Another has chosen the pulpit as the most eligible means of livelihood; and his aim is so to preach, if possible, that the church to which he ministers may, as an organization, be sustained, so that he may receive a comfortable support at their hands. The idea of his being an instrument for the salvation of souls, forms no part of his cherished hopes. If it should, in some chance moment, arise questioningly in his mind, it is speedily banished thence. If he can only induce others to join his church, so that he may appear not to be laboring in vain, he apparently cares little who or what they are, though he shows a marked preference for those who are well to do in the world, if not really rich. Their fitness or unfitness for church membership is decided not by ascertaining whether they give hopeful evidence of having been born again or not, but whether they are willing to join the church, and are likely to prove a social or pecuniary acquisition or not. The spiritual interests of these souls, or of the church to which they are to be united, and the future welfare of that church, are matters of secondary moment, unworthy of a thought. If the church can but be made to increase in members under his short administration—for he has no intention of outliving his usefulness—he cares nothing for the character of the field he may leave to his successor. The one moving spring of his efforts is self-aggrandizement and self-support. And the result is chaff in the pulpit and a worldly walk and conversation elsewhere.

Another, whose piety may not, perhaps, be a matter of question, somehow or other never preaches as though he were in earnest. No hallowed zeal fires his words. No loving, moving, sympathetic appeals ever fall from his lips. No fear of pity for the fallen and perishing ever moistens his eye. No rivers of water flow down his cheeks because they keep not God's law. When he preaches, his words may be well chosen; but they are cold, dull, lifeless. They may display much learning, but they fail to move and convince. They leave no impression. When the hearer retires from the sanctuary, he carries no new thought away. He hardly knows what he has been listening to, and, if questioned, finds it next to impossible to answer. Hungering for the bread of life, he departs still unsatisfied, for he has been feeling on husks. If not bound to the place by more than ordinary ties, after attending upon the services a few times, he is seen there no longer. He has sought another spiritual home, where the hungry soul may be fed and strengthened.

Others again, whose preaching is generally good, impressive, and saving, sometimes feel it necessary to lecture their church in regard to some supposed duty, or neglect of duty, respecting which there is no scriptural injunction. It may be a mere "tradition of the elders." In itself it is a non-essential. It may, in fact, be a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. But its importance is magnified. The usually faithful gospel preacher becomes an advocate of bigotry. He deals in denunciations. His words are sarcastic, harsh, and bitter, evincing a want of charity and forbearance. Forgetting that the pulpit is no place for scolding, or railing, or stone-throwing, he feels that his duty is not discharged till he has freed his mind by an indulgence in satirical thrusts. While seeming to be bold and faithful, he betrays the coward, and shows himself recreant to his high calling.

Another still, aiming to please all sorts of hearers, seems to have no fixed theology. Yesterday he was Calvinist; to-day he is Arminian, unconsciously overturning his teaching of yesterday. One week he is strongly Athenian; the very next, it may be, he is plainly Arian. With no established views, and not making the Scriptures his doctrinal guide, he appears in his sermons a very chameleon, his thoughts taking their hue from the last volume he happened to dip into, whether by Chalmers or Channing, by Edwards or Emerson, by Robertson or Ruskin, by Spurgeon or Swedenborg. The consequence is, his preaching is exceedingly contradictory and ineffective—very chaffy. You never know where to find him, or what to expect from him. He may possibly set before you a dish of honey; but he is more likely to give you hash; and you may consider yourself fortunate if not treated to husks.

Now there is no call for all this chaffy preaching. The world does not need it. Society does not demand it. The nature of the gospel does not justify it, or even make it necessary. It proceeds simply from the unfitness of him who has assumed the work of preaching; he has mistaken his calling. The world needs now, as ever, to have the searching, sin-condemning, life-giving truths of inspiration uttered with all the fire and fervency, and love of apostolic preaching. The condition of society to-day, if ever, demands the saving power of the gospel of God's grace. And that gospel is to-day, as it ever has been, a thing of which no man need be ashamed. It has nothing puerile, nothing effeminate, nothing unmanly about it. To the worldling it may have the appearance of foolishness and weakness; but its foolishness is the wisdom of God, and its weakness is the power of God, before which the wisdom of the wisest, and the power of the greatest of the learned and mighty of the world, as mere men of the world, dwindle in comparison into utter nothingness. The duties of a Christian minister as an ambassador of God are of the highest and most solemn character, fitted to call forth his noblest powers, and make him an object of true respect (not to say reverence) and love in the eyes of those who know him. He may not be inspired with the sentiment of the apostle, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel;" but he cannot be dead to the sentiment. "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," Christ and his cross minister to him, his only theme. They constitute the central idea of his preaching, around which all other ideas are made to revolve, from which they derive their light, and warmth, and power, and to which they invariably and necessarily point.

O that the ministry of our day were more fully endowed with the spirit and the power of Elijah! Then would the church arise and shine, and her light go forth to enlighten and bless, and save the benighted, the miserable, the lost, everywhere.—*Baptist Union.*

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The clock of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois sounded over silent Paris. Its ominous peal awoke an awful clamor, such as the earth had never witnessed before. A clang of bells responded from every tower and belfry, the adherents of the Pope seized their arms, rushed to the houses of the Huguenots, and murdered every inmate, from the sleeping infant to the grey-haired grandsire and the helpless maid. The city had been suddenly illuminated, and from every Catholic house the blaze of torches lighted up the labor of death. Beneath their rays were seen women unsexed, and children endowed with an unnatural malice, torturing and treating with strange malignity the dying and the dead. It is impossible, indeed, to narrate the details of this awful event, over which Catholic kings and priests rejoiced, and for which the infallible Pope at Rome gave public thanks to God.

Within the palace of the Louvre itself, where a few days before every saloon had rung with festivity, and where mask and dance and throngs of gallant knights and maidens had greeted the nuptials of Henry and Marguerite, now echoed the groans of the dying Huguenots, and the shrieks of the terrified queen. In the evening Marguerite had been driven by her enraged mother from her presence, and from the arms of her sister Claude, who would have detained her, and was forced to go trembling to the apartment of her husband, lest her absence might excite suspicion. She lay awake all night, filled with a sense of impending danger; she pretends that she knew nothing of the approaching event. Henry's rooms were filled with his companions-in-arms, who passed the night in uttering vain threats against the Guises, and planning projects of revenge. Toward morning they all went out in company with the king; and Marguerite, weary with watching, sank into a brief slumber. She was aroused by a loud cry without of "Navarre! Navarre!" and a knocking at the door. It was thrown open, a man wounded and bleeding, pursued by four soldiers, rushed into the room, and threw his arms around the queen. He clung to her, begging for life. She screamed in her terror; the captain of the guard came in and drove off the soldiers, and the wounded Huguenot was allowed to hide himself in her closet. Marguerite fled hastily across the halls of the Louvre to her sister's room, and, as she passed amidst the scene that had so lately rung with the masks and revels of her wedding night, she saw another Huguenot pierced by the spear of his pursuer, and heard the clamor of the general massacre. Faint and trembling, she went to her mother and the king, threw herself at their feet, and begged the lives of two of her husband's retainers.

Meantime, when Henry of Navarre had left his room in the morning, he had been arrested, and carried to the king's chamber; but of the throng of Huguenots who had attended him in the night only a few escaped. Each man, as he passed out into the court, between two lines of Swiss guards, was stabbed without mercy. Two hundred of the noblest and purest reformers of France lay piled in a huge heap before the windows of the Louvre; Charles IX., Catherine, and her infamous train of mailed men, inspected and derided them as "heretics." All through that fearful Sabbath day, the feast of St. Bartholomew, and for two succeeding days, the murders went on; the whole city was in arms; every hat or cap was marked with a white cross, and every Catholic was converted into an assassin. Charles, a raging lunatic, rode through the streets laughing and jesting over the fallen; the streets were filled with corpses; the Seine was turned to blood; many Catholics grew rich by the plunder of the Huguenots; and it was believed that the king and his brother, Anjou, shared the spoils of opulent merchants and skillful goldsmiths. The Parisian Catholics, overjoyed at the spectacle, wrote to the Pope that nothing was to be seen in the streets but white crosses, producing a fine effect; he did not see the heaps of dead, nor the scenes of inexplicable crime. Charles IX., shot at the flying Huguenots from his bedroom window. The rage of the murderers was chiefly turned against women and infants. One man threw two little children into the Seine from a basket; another infant was dragged through the streets by a cord tied around its neck by a throng of Catholic children; a babe smiled in the face of the man who had seized it, and played with his hand, but the monster stabbed the child, and, with an oath, threw it into the Seine.

For three days the massacre continued with excessive atrocities; a month later Huguenots were still being murdered in Paris. It is computed that several thousand persons perished in that city alone. In every part of the kingdom, by orders of the king, an effort was made to exterminate the Huguenots; and Lyons, Orleans, Bordeaux, and all the provincial towns ran with blood. Four thousand reformers are said to have been killed in Lyons. At Bordeaux Anger, the most eloquent of the Jesuit preachers, employed all his powers in urging on the work of slaughter. "Who," he cried, "executed the divine judgments of Paris? The angel of the Lord. And who will execute them in Bordeaux? The angel of the Lord, however man may try to resist him!" The number of the slain throughout France has been variously estimated at from ten to one hundred thousand. History has no parallel to offer to this religious massacre even in its most barbarous periods.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Matthew Henry says "it is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, seeming to do anything that is paltry and sneaking." We should add that it is a very suspicious sort of religion that makes a man otherwise.

GREATER THAN KNOWLEDGE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One of the noblest impulses of the soul is that which impels it to seek the truth. Knowledge, of things material or spiritual, is the great prize for which the highest strive. Christ is called "the light of the world," and light is that which leads men into knowledge. One of the noblest spectacles that all human history shows, is the struggle of men for true knowledge. The spectacle is often a tragical one, where a man or a generation, leaving a low belief and unable to reach a higher one, falls into the gulph of blank skepticism. At other times the scene ends in the lustre of victory, as when we see Socrates meeting death in calm confidence, or Luther rising from agonized conflict to lead a vast host into the light. The attainment of defeat and victory, of progress and loss, lends the most thrilling interest to the story of the human mind.

There never was a time when the universal effort and struggle for knowledge was more intense than now. The mind of all Christendom is in a ferment about the greatest problems of the universe. The most opposite tendencies exist, each led by earnest champions, to a great extent in pronounced and violent opposition to one another. And among these different tendencies stand a vast multitude uncertain and perplexed, inclining this way or that, longing for peace, but longing more for truth. This is the great drama of our time, this is the sublime contest that makes the age heroic, and to every earnest soul that in any degree shares in this agitation, there must come times of deep depression at the seeming unattainableness of truth. The mind falls back discouraged and almost hopeless from beating against its bars. Why, it asks, does the best guides differ? Why do the Bible and human feeling and natural science seem sometimes to contradict one another? What basis is there on which we can rest with utter security? Knowledge of the truth seems forever to baffle us.

To this mood then address themselves certain words of the Apostle Paul. He if any man, rejoiced in the assurance of having found the truth. The surest confidence of belief pervades all his writings. He expresses his belief sometimes in highly intellectual forms with an earnestness born of profound conviction. And we feel that he had somehow attained a height where his vision was clear. But—"We know in part." "If there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." He likens his own present knowledge, to that of a child, one day to be put aside for a higher wisdom. Even he, the inspired Apostle, sees but through a glass. "And in direct contrast with this imperfection of all knowledge, he tells us that Love never faileth! Love which a child can understand—Love, which a fool can practice—Love, whose opportunities lie all about us, may force themselves on our path—Love is greater than knowledge! This opens itself to the weary, heart sick thinker, and gives him a better than he has sought. This envelops man, upholds him, feeds him, as the earth and air maintain his mortal frame.

Knowledge is less than Love, says the Apostle, for human knowledge at its highest is but ignorance; but Heaven's teaching will displace it; but Love's essence is the same on earth and in Heaven. Faith is less than Love, for Faith is but the means through which we lay hold on God, and Love is God's own nature. Hope is less than Love, for Hope looks forward to what is not yet, and Love takes hold of the infinite present.

This, the highest grace, is not here distinguished as whether toward God or man. It acts toward both, and only with greater intensity toward God as He is the worthier of it. But this supreme virtue, whose characteristics are to "suffer long and be kind," to "covet not," to "seek not her own," this finds its objects on earth as well as in Heaven. The soul that loves its neighbor, as does God, and grows toward love of Him.

Here is the common principle where all may meet. Here is the resource of the soul, which the wings of thought fail. And here is that which more surely reveals truth than thought does. He who holds fast to love shall not be lost, nor miss the truth at last.

WHAT A WOMAN SAYS ABOUT WOMAN'S LOVE.

Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be loved by him, and loving to be caressed by him, loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be when a woman has no power of loving at all—they may all be simple because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner. But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love; it generally does. But it may also exist where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is a life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort of the case, the wishes of another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting-paper or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself; it is an outspringing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of great price by the loveless, the faithless, the purest, the sternest of lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved and love where there is one who knows how to love. That O my dear ladies, is a nobler attainment than all your French and music and dancing. You may lose the very power of it by smothering it under a load of early self-indulgence. By living just as you are all wanting to live—living to be petted, to be flattered, to be admired, to be praised, to have your own way, and to do only that which is easy and agreeable—you may lose the power of self-denial and self-sacrifice; you may lose the power of loving nobly and worthily, and become a mere sheet of blotting-paper all your life.—*Mrs. J. B. Stowe.*

JUNKERISM.

Whether the external aggrandizement of Germany by the war will not be prejudicial for a time to the political development of the nation, is a question that thoughtful men have asked. The London *Spectator* expresses the belief that the war has greatly strengthened "the power of the armed caste which, under the name of Junkers, has for two centuries governed Prussia," and of which the following spirited description is given:

This caste is absolutely peculiar to North Germany, and has no equivalent in any European country, or in any phrase ever employed in English politics. Nominally the Junkers are the landholders, practically they are that caste to which time-honored prescription and the policy of the Hohenzollerns have limited military command. This caste comprises all persons of "noble," or, as we should say, gentle birth; all descendants of persons made gentle by the Kings; and in practice, all persons whose fathers have owned land or done high service two or three generations ago. This caste, now very numerous, has, by custom, though not by law, an absolute monopoly of officers' commissions, that is, under the Prussian system of recruiting, a monopoly of command over the entire people, for all purposes in war time and for many purposes in peace. Theoretically the King can grant commissions to whom he pleases, but practically no man can become an officer without the consent of the officers of his regiment, which is never given unless the applicant is noble, or is specially protected by the Royal family. The caste thus invested with the greatest of privileges takes the fullest advantage of its position. Every man in Prussia who is technically a gentleman is also an officer, and an entire body of the ruling class has come at last to substitute for what we call politics the military spirit. A gentleman in Prussia does not think as an aristocrat thinks, or as a Conservative thinks, in the English sense of those words, but as an old officer, who is only an officer, is sure, sooner or later, to think. His notion of a State is that it is an army, in which the King deserves obedience, not because he is King, but because he is Commander-in-Chief. A King in a black coat, a King who could make a small State great, but who could not put a regiment through its evolutions, would seem in Prussia an absurdity, an anomaly to which true loyalty was impossible. Of course in an army grades are all-important, discipline is vital, and disobedience is a mortal offence. There are civilians, no doubt, and they, like foreigners, or cripples, or women, are to be tolerated; but they are in no true sense members of the State Corporation, are to be well treated, if well treated, as matter of kindness and condescension. Good men are kind to their horses, but they do not leave off spurs, and are almost as sure as bad men to kick resistance mutiny. Orders are to be well weighed, but weighed without demur, executed by all under them without demur under penalty of death. The "rights" of a Parliament are not rights at all. The Commander-in-Chief finds it convenient to discuss supplies with a Committee of those who furnish them, but if he does not take their advice—well, he is Commander-in-Chief, and has a right to his supplies nevertheless. Politically no one has rights except the Commander-in-Chief and his officers. Socially it is almost wrong for his officers to associate with civilians, for it weakens discipline. The officers who quit a room because the daughters of professors enter it as equals, are maintaining rules, harsh no doubt, and even offensive, but needful to the system of the great army. The officers who shun civilians in the streets because they have pushed against them, are only obeying the cruel necessity of "protecting the honor of the uniform," and are never punished. As for free discussion, or opposition, or above all, independence, such things lead inevitably to utter disorganization. No officer can allow insubordination, and no officer ever likes a "lawyer"—a soldier who, though obedient, proves him in the wrong. In rebuking or punishing such a man, a really good officer does not feel that he is a tyrant; but that he is doing his duty in a far-sighted way, benefiting the "service," and saving the rebuked one from certain future punishment. This spirit, excellent in an army, becomes of course more tyrannical in a State; and the war has intensified it in Prussia beyond all precedent. The caste has done its business so well that its own theory of its own position is justified in its own eyes, and of course being justified, it grows bolder. A man like Dr. Jacoby, who objects to certain objects of the war, seems to a high officer and a Junker, like Vogel von Falkenstein, a chattering kind of corporal, who wants a few days of the guard-room, so Dr. Jacoby is arrested. A paper like the *Vossische Zeitung*, which seems tired of the war, is suppressed, for soldiers, if tired, ought still to await the word of command. Members of Parliament, who censure the Hohenzollerns, are imprisoned, for, after all, the use of that Committee is to help the Commander-in-Chief, not to impair his authority. Respectable persons, if dissatisfied, should hold their tongues, lest they comfort the enemy, so a strong official pressure is exerted in Berlin to secure apparent unanimity in the Press, in Parliament, and in society—a pressure so strong that even the extreme dislike felt by perhaps a third of the electorate to the new Constitution of Germany cannot find a voice. Above all, let the real private, the tiller of the ground, shut his mouth and await orders. He, at all events, can have no other duty. "Lately," writes the well-informed Berlin correspondent of the *Scotsman*, "on the market-place two peasants were exchanging opinions on the war, from which I doubt not they had suffered and were suffering vastly—saying the King—the great man—should stop it now! A constable prowling about overheard them, and the consequence was, the one gets six months, and the other nine, for being unpatriotic." The official who passed, the higher officials who endorse that horrible sentence, do not mean oppression so much as the maintenance of discipline, of the Prussian system, which, as the House of Squires, in its

recent address, informs the King, ought to be extended through Germany. That system is, as they truly imply, one in which the King and the Germanic Princes are all in all, and the people nothing.

CASTELAR, THE SPANISH ORATOR.

BY JOHN HAY.

On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chatterbox's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes, until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of dislodging the tribune of Spain, has retired discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was well nigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful convincing momentum of greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damasked with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering in naked bluntness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in his delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in every truth, astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, "It was not the torrent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully." This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, and deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is come beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under perfect discipline. He has the world's history at his tongue's end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to be service.

Finally, Castelar's greatest highest claim to our admiration and regard, is that his enormous talents have been consistently devoted from boyhood to this hour to the cause of political and spiritual freedom. He is now only thirty-two years of age, but he was an orator at sixteen. He harangued the mobs of 1834 with a dignity and power that contrasted grotesquely with his boyish figure and rosy face. During all these eventful years he has not for one moment faltered in his devotion to liberal ideas. In poverty, exile, and persecution, as well as amid the intoxicating fumes of flattery and favor, he has kept his faith unswerving. With his great gifts he might command anything from the government, as the price of his support. But he preserves his austere independence, living solely upon his literary labor and his modest salary as Professor of History in the University.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

COUNT MOLKE, AGED 70.

The most potential name in the world just now, says the London *Lancet*, is General Molke, and the days of his years are three score and ten. We will leave military critics to do justice to the military genius of Molke, and to say where he is to be placed in comparison with Grant, and Wellington, and Napoleon, and Marlborough, and the other heroes of the world. What we design is now more simple, but equally interesting. The "still strong man," about whom one hears so little, who can be "interviewed" only by Bismarck and by the royal family of Prussia, and without whom all Bismarck's grand designs might have been unavailing, the man who is renewing the art of war, and concentrating with such terrible efficiency the whole force and manhood and discipline of Germany, is seventy years old. The King of Prussia, himself seventy-three, has made him a count in his sixteenth birthday; but to us it is far more interesting to know that he has reached that age that to hear that he has become Count Molke. Grant is not yet fifty years old. Marlborough was all done with war by the time he was about sixty. Napoleon died at the age of fifty-two. Wellington's military career was over before the age at which Molke began to distinguish himself. Indeed, before the war with Austria, Molke had kept his power and his genius very much to himself.

How, then, is a point for physiologists, that a man of seventy may alter the complexion of the world, and the relations of nations, and the history of civilization; that he may at this age have physical power for going through arduous bodily exertion and mental power for solving the most tremendous military problems. Meantime, let the example of Molke cheer old men, and make young men more modest.

Little faults become great, and even monstrous in our eyes, in proportion as the light of God increases in us; just as the sun, in rising, reveals the true dimensions of objects which were dimly and confusedly discerned during the night.