

THE TRUE TREATMENT OF CHASTISEMENT.

The twelfth chapter of Hebrews is very specific in direction here.

We are not to *despise* chastisement: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord." That is to say, we are not to cherish any hardened defiance of suffering, springing from a stiff self-will or a proud reluctance to confess that we need chastisement. We are not to have, under chastisement, any contumacious spirit. We are not to kick against God's will. We are not, in a hard way, to stand out against it. Christianity is never stoicism, it is loving submission. One said to me once, in effect, "It was wrong and cruel for God to take away my son. I will not be reconciled to it. It was very ugly, unnecessary harshness." That was meeting chastisement with a stony heart; refusing to learn its lessons; despising it. We may not carry ourselves thus under our chastisement. Matthew Henry says, "We must take heed of being made cross by cross providences."

We are not to *faint* under Divine chastisement. "Nor faint when thou art rebuked of Me." Some people, when trouble comes, just despond and give up. They become like tangles of helpless sea-weed, dashed by the waves against the shore. There was an old Israelitish king, Jehoram by name, who, surrounded by all sorts of difficulty, cried out "Behold this evil is of the Lord; why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" That was fainting under chastisement, thinking that God did not care, that prayer was useless. There was a great prophet once who had been immensely brave and had done for the Lord most valiant service; but obstacles hindered him, and, all of a sudden, he ran away and tired himself utterly out by a long flight into the wilderness, and sank down under a juniper tree and wailed weakly forth, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." That was fainting under Divine chastisement. How good God is not to answer our fainting, despairing prayers! Elijah did not die. God swept him upward at the last in a chariot of fire, he not tasting death.

We are to be sure that every chastisement is right and wise. God makes no mistake in the measure or the kind of pain He sends us. For our earthly parents "verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; that is, as seemed good to them—but He for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness."

Some one lays down these five admirable rules for reproofing children—"First, reprove without anger; passion destroys the moral power of rebuke. Second, reprove with consideration; take the best view of the case, not the worst. Third, let your reproof be directed to the reason and the conscience; thereby you educate the child. Fourth, reprove gently; thy gentleness hath made me great. Fifth, do not always reprove; molasses catches more flies than vinegar. Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Admirable rules certainly—but then, who keeps them? In this difficult work of rearing children what bunglers we are! We chasten them as it seems good to us, and how constantly do we fall into sad mistakes! But God, in His chastisement of us, we are to be sure makes no mistake. "Should we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of Spirits, and live?" Infinite wisdom, infinite love, infinite tenderness, appoint the pain. It is best, wisest, most right.

We are to be sure that some *grand design of beatitude* is coming out of our chastisement. "Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

"Wherefore, lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees."—*N. Y. Christian Union.*

EXPIRING CALVINISM.

While Alexander was ravaging the East rumor after rumor reached Athens that the great conqueror was dead. And the arrival of each rumor was followed by an enthusiastic outburst of popular joy. And now and

then rumors go abroad that Calvinism is dead, and the exultation of certain people is hardly less enthusiastic than was that of the Athenians of old. The latter, however, had good reason to wish the wild Macedonian marauder under the sod, but what Christian of whatever name can give a good reason for the wish that Calvinism sink into the grave?

Calvinism does not lack eulogists even among indifferentists, even among opponents. Mr. Froude asks, as with a puzzled air, "How it came to pass, that if Calvinism is, in deed, the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions for some of the greatest men that ever lived; and how, being as we are told, fatal to morality, the first symptom of its operation has been to make the moral law the rules of life for States as well as persons? If it be a creed of intellectual servitude, how was it able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority? When all else has failed; when patriotism has covered its face, and human courage has broken down; when intellect has yielded with a smile or a sigh, content to philosophize in the closet, and abroad worship with the vulgar; when emotion, and sentiment, and tender, imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there was any difference between lies and truth, the slavish form of belief, called Calvinism, has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder, like flint, than to bend before violence, or melt under enervating temptation."

Mr. Bancroft writes:—"We boast of our common schools? Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of free schools. We are proud of the free States that fringe the Atlantic. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the ships from Holland that brought the first colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists. He that will not honor the memory, and respect the influence of Calvin, knows little of the origin of American liberty."

The Rev. Dr. Curry, an able and fair-minded leader in the Methodist Church, has written of the Westminster Confession that it "is the clearest and most comprehensive system of doctrine ever formed. It is not only a wonderful monument of the intellectual greatness of its framers, but also a comprehensive embodiment of nearly all the precious truths of the Gospel." "We concede to the Calvinistic churches the honor of having all along directed the best religious thinking of the country." "Some of the best fruits of the Christian life, and the noblest specimens of the Christian character, have been exhibited among those who have been, at least in theory, Calvinists."

Time was when more than one-half of France was Protestant, and those Protestants were Calvinistic in doctrine. And these were the men that constituted the life-blood of French virtue. They were those who fought the great fight with Catharine de Medici and the Guises. Time was when the Netherlands were overrun by hordes of Spanish invaders, who, in the name of the Pope of Rome, were bent upon setting up the Inquisition, and binding hand and foot every champion of true religion and free thought. And the Dutch heroes who made sacrifices, and displayed a heroism rarely equalled and never surpassed, even breaking down the dykes, and calling in the inundating ocean to their aid, were, to a man, Calvinistic in doctrine. Time was when Charles, Wentworth, and Laud had Ireland under the heel of despotism, and England bound hand and foot, Church and State, and lying helpless before the throne, and were directing all the energies of the realm to the subjugation of Scotland. And they who, not only successfully breast-ed this invasion, but rolled back the tide, and raised a spirit that took off the heads of all three of those tyrants, and saved constitutional liberty for the world, were, to a man, Calvinistic in doctrine. Why in the world, then, should any man, who loves his kind, wish the death of Calvinism?

"I HAVE," says Dr. Guthrie, "four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

HAD WE BUT KNOWN.

What an educator knowledge is! There is a sheriff's power in it to put an arrest upon tongue, and eye, and lip. Knowledge is judgment. Knowledge is punishment. Knowledge, when quickened by recollection, is heaven or hell.

If we had known how the sharp words we spoke this morning at the door had stung the sensitive heart, leaving a pain that throbbed and ached all the day long; ah, if we had known we would not have said what we said. If we had known how the remembered sneer would have cut into the dear one's happiness, as a knife cuts the fine-fibered and sensitive flesh, with a pain not felt at the gash so much as in the sore and the healing; ah, if we had only known how the sneer would hurt, the lip would not have taken that wicked curve. Had we but known how the absence of the customary kiss would have made home dreary all the day through—have cast the sun into an eclipse; have taken the pleasure from the social day and made the children's laughter sound like a painful intrusion; ah! had we but known, we would not have left the door without leaving within the door, as it closed, the benediction of the looked-for kiss.

Had we known the pain the harshly-spoken judgment would cause—judgment right in itself, perhaps, but which spoken harshly seemed like censure, when if spoken gently, would have made the needed and meekly received correction—ah, had we but known, we would have put it different. Had we but known that it was written on the invisible scroll that it was to be the last parting, and not the brief and insignificant one that we deemed it, how would the soul have gone out in prayer, that the tribute to the loved we were about to lose might be seen by God and man. Had we but known; ah, had we but known.—*Golden Rule.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S COURSE.

I saw him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own kind meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent pleasure.

I saw him yet once more. He was pale, cold, and motionless, and was carried to his last resting-place.

I thought of his future state. The Bible teaches, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

A LATE despatch from Winnipeg informs us that "Louis Riel is reported to be in Pembina, where he has been about a week, though his presence there is known to very few. . . . His intentions have not yet been ascertained." His intentions! We really do not feel in the slightest degree anxious about what "his intentions" may be. Louis Riel was an accidental notoriety—the hero of a fizzle—and we hope we shall hear no more of him.

LAST week we expressed our opinion that the officials of the British Government would either have to deal with the Afghan tribes singly, or to appoint a ruler and sustain his government. The latter alternative would have been the most expeditious way of dealing with the matter; but perhaps it would not have been the way most conducive to British aggrandisement. We find by later despatches that the British officials on the field of action have condescended to treat not only with tribes but with individuals, and have been distributing British gold among them at the rate of six dollars to each male and female. This, taken in connection with the proclamation of the Commander-in-chief of the British forces to the effect that "now the Ameer had run away, the inhabitants of Afghanistan had no one to look to but the Empress of India," indicates that Afghanistan is henceforward to be regarded as a British province. Perhaps this will be "all for the best." Anyway, it will be in keeping with Britain's traditional policy in her dealings with Asiatic territory. The Emperor of Russia will not interfere; he has "other fish to fry."