

BRIEFS ON INFANT BAPTISM.

If infants cannot be members of the Church of God, then Christ when he was an infant was out of his own Church.

There was need of an express command to make Baptism a Sacrament of the new dispensation ; there was no need of a command about the *subjects* of Baptism. Those who were capable of being admitted into the Old Covenant were surely capable of being admitted into the New Covenant.

“Teach (*i. e.*, make ‘disciples of) all nations.” Do not infants form part of nations just as much as kings, who are not particularly named ?

Do you suppose that Christ came to take away the covenant right from the little ones ? Would St. Peter say to the Jews, “You and your children have been hitherto in covenant ; now, believe in Christ, and *you* shall have privileges of the covenant in a higher degree : but your *children* shall be out of any Church Covenant.”

If Christ were on earth, and we brought an infant to Him, would He not embrace him and receive him ? Does he not receive infants who die to the place where he now is ? If, then, infants are admitted to His kingdom in heaven, will He reject them when we bring them to be admitted into His kingdom on earth ?

We read that the angels of little children behold the face of their Father in heaven. Are they not worthy, then, to have guardians in the Church on earth ?

Were there no children in those

families mentioned as baptized in Scripture ?

Are only a few individuals right, and nearly all Christendom wrong ?

THE CLAM-SHELL PREACHER.

THERE was a mission-school in Hartford, in a garret room of a rickety building, in the earlier days of such schools in this country. It was what the English would call a “ragged school,” made up of boys and girls of the very lowest class in the community, out of homes of squalor and of vice along the river-banks in one of the poorer quarters of that city. It was not an easy matter to catch and hold the attention of that motley assemblage. There was rarely a visitor who was equal to the emergency. But Dr. Beadle won the eyes and ears of all who were there when first he came to that school. Standing in front of the superintendent’s desk, before the school closed for the day, he held up a common fresh-water clam-shell and called out : “Boys, what is that ?”

“A clam-shell,” cried a hundred voices.

“Yes, it’s a clam-shell,—a rough, coarse, clam-shell ; just such a shell as you could pick up any day by the bank of the river or back in the country by a brook in the woods.”

Then, turning the shell quickly in his hand, he showed the other valve, beautifully polished, its iridescent colors reflecting the light attractively.

“And what is *that*, boys ?” he said.

“That is a clam-shell, too,” was the answer.

“Yes ; but see how much prettier