

but the limits of this letter confine us to one or two, to which the conditions of our times demand more urgent attention.

Our legislation for the protection of child-life in this country in contrast with that of ancient classical Greece or Rome, affords a striking illustration of the difference between Christian and Pagan civilization. We protect the life of the child as any other human life; for, according to Christian doctrine, that life is a soul that came from the hands of the eternal God, and will return to Him to live forever. Though the body be deformed, coming from parents perhaps deformed, the spirit that animates it is the handiwork of the Most High, and therefore to kill the child is a capital offence, the crime of murder in the sight of God, whether the crime be committed before, or after, the child's birth; for, there, was present a soul of priceless value. The unbeliever may deny this, and will try to make good his denial. Should he succeed, his success would be a tremendous stride back to pagan civilization. Now, let us see what value the pagans put on the life of a child.

From their very best men and authorities, we learn facts that make us shudder at their worse than the brute's treatment of its young. They were confreres in our humanity, human hearts just like ours beat in their bosoms; yet so refined and tender have ours become, through the principle of faith, that we shudder at the mere narration of their horrible treatment of children. From no less an authority than Aristotle, we learn that it was a common practice of his day, it was a public, legalized act, for parents to expose their children to death. Lycurgus claimed the children as the property of the state; and one of his laws commanded that all children born with any deformity, should immediately be put to death. The result of such laws and customs was, that parents treated their children just as men do their new-born whelps: they kept as many as they pleased, and sold or killed the others. In this state of the world, a voice is heard in an insignificant village of a newly-conquered province in the far distant East. The sound is faint, it is the plaintive cry of the Babe of Bethlehem; but it is not to be stilled until, penetrating the highest heaven, it has uttered