

Child Culture.

(Continued from last week.)

Said the Catholic bishop of New York: "Give me the children until seven years old and you can have them then. I will make Catholics of them and you can make nothing else." Hence we see the Catholic parent and Catholic priest training the children from the breast in the Catholic faith. See this church for twelve centuries like a mighty avalanche sweeping down thrones, destroying nations like the thundering Jove, dictating laws, guiding armies, directing councils, denying the demonstrations of science, rejecting plain statements of the Bible, overthrowing institutions of learning, stabbing the public school system in the dark, attacking it in the face of our free institutions, permeating the body of our republic, making and changing our laws and swaying the scepter of absolute despotism over two hundred millions of devotees. On Lord's day morning, near seven o'clock, no sky so dark, no street so muddy, no air so frosty and chill but the Catholic mother wends her way to the shrine of her devotions. The child is taught to fast count beads, bow to the image, kiss the crucifix, and confess to the priest in its young and tender years. These habits grow with it into manhood and become the warp and woof of its nature. So, that under the shadow of Protestant colleges swarming from our public schools in a land teeming with exposures of Catholic errors they grow, remain and die Catholics; nineteen twentieths of the judicial officers of New York City are Catholics, and still this power grows and the hydra headed monster is winding its slimy folds around the body of our institutions, and with its poisonous fangs wounding the spirit of religious liberty; and why all this, the answer is, because the Catholic is true to their convictions, train their children in their faith.

In this same land we see Protestants indifferent to the religious education of their children, sending them to Catholic schools, and wounding the glory of our plea. Be we Americans and see our liberties destroyed? Be we Protestants and neglect the education of our children? While error is strong shall truth be weak? Be we Christians and stand supinely by and see our children and our neighbors' children grow up without religious training, while the Catholic is bold, vigilant and aggressive. Shall the Protestant be timid, negligent and yielding? Be we watchmen upon the walls of Zion and not warn the careless of the approach of danger? History tells that in revolution one morning word came to a company of American patriots, that the enemy in large numbers were in the immediate neighborhood, the brave Green called his men together and said: "My brave fellows shall we burn our meal and bacon that is so hard to get, or stand by both and fight like men." From beating hearts and burning eyes came the answer in thunder tones: "Stand by both and fight like men." They went into battle, naked victory perched on their banner, they gave us free America.

Shall we give up our religion and liberty, for which we have sacrificed so much, and let the children be lost, or stand by both and fight like men?

Napoleon said, The time is past for officers to walk out with hats in hands, with a polite bow and smile say "By permission the battle will begin." While others parleyed he charged, and amid the thunder of canon, the rattle of musketry, and clash of sabers, he hurled his impetuous ranks on the trembling foe. They went down in the shock of battle and were scattered like chaff before the wind; and before the crowned heads of Europe had time to pause and consider he unfurled his banner dipped in blood, a fell like a thunder-

bolt on another field, while again and again from his smoking chariot and blood-stained ranks went up the shout of victory.

So teachers, while others plan and wait let us enter and win the fight, and bring off the children to heaven's high fort. They belong to God by creation, to Christ by redemption, and shall be his; for in a fuller sense, yet shall he from the mouth of babes and sucklings have perfect praise.

Said Iraneus: "What we learn in youth grows with us into manhood."

Said Dr. Johnston: "My mother taught me heaven was a place where the good went, and hell was a place where the bad went; this has controlled me through life."

Said Edmund Burke: "Under my teacher's eye I read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever been a better man for the reading."

Said John Rondolf of Rhonook: "When I was in France I came near being carried away with the tide of infidelity that rose over the French court, but when my memory went back to my mother's knees, who taught me to clasp my little hands and say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' all doubt was swept away, and I was a firm believer in Christianity."

Said a man to me in this State: "Father was an infidel, but mother raised all seven of her children Christians."

It is equally true that parents and teachers have poisoned the fountain of youth and made the worst men of them. The mother of John A. Murrell taught him to steal, hence the great robber and murderer that he was.

The teacher of the Emperor Julian says: Neander was a hypocrite; hence the apostate Julian and his wicked life.

Said Napoleon to Madam De Seal: What does France most need? She answers, Mothers; when we have intelligent Christian mothers and teachers, then will the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth like the waters cover the face of the deep.

Parents, teachers and guardians can form this character for heaven. Let us here look into the constitution of the human mind.

Says Dr. Reed, in his profound enquiry into the constitution of the human mind, page 428. The principle of credulity is unlimited in children. Again, It is certain from experience that children keep to the truth unvariously before they are influenced by considerations. God, in his goodness, brings us into this world with our minds so constituted that we believe and speak the truth, and it is only after being deceived that we doubt or look for evidence, and only when actuated by hope of reward or fear of punishment that we speak falsehood.

Stoikie, on evidence, says, This disposition to believe may be termed instinctive.

The Savior affirms the purity of little children, when he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me; and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Truth is the natural food of the soul, falsehood is poison. From these premises it follows that if children are separated from evil influences, and trained in truth, they will be good. I need not affirm that parents, teachers and guardians have absolute control of children in their young and tender years. In the university at Philadelphia there is a statue, and on its pedestal is this inscription: "Principles, principles, principles." Teach the children principles and let these be the land marks by which they may survey all their actions. In certain parts of this State on the coast, the wind blows but one way, and the trees are bent and dwarfed. If you should desire to grow a beautiful tree in that locality, and should ask the inhabitants the best way, one would say build a wind-break, another drive straight stakes around the tree, and a

third if you would be sure drive straight stakes and build a wind-break, and you are sure of a beautiful tree. So the influences of this world from the gentle zephyr to the bellowing storm, all blow one way, and that is away from and not toward heaven, and unfit the soul it may be for heaven. To cultivate your child that its character may be symmetrical separate it from evil influences, build a wind-break, neither lie to it yourself nor permit others too; teach it great truths that will be like straight stakes to its character. You may have stood some morning when the foggy veil of ocean was spread over mountain, hill and plain, until all was shut from view. Then as the gentle breeze came like a maiden's smile, and slowly lifted the veil, you can see the plain, then the foothills, and as it rolled away peak after peak lifted its tall form, to view, until they stood like giants of old. God was unavailing his works of nature; so should we unvail truths to the mind of youths, until all the soul is aglow with the knowledge of the Most High.

In 1756, after one light-house had been swept away with its builder in it, and one burned from the Eddystone rocks, in the English Channel, Sineaton gave to the world a light-house, the type of all that has since been built. He began by cutting a groove into the solid rock, then dovetailing the stones together he laid them in the groove in the rock. After three years of toil it rose from the bosom of the deep seventy feet and threw a flood of light over the tempest tossed mariner's path. The storms come bellowing from their ocean coves, sometimes the angry billows would dash against it and rise seventy feet above its top, and swallow it up amid the hoarse roar of waves, and then as the billows rolled back into the deep its guardian beams pointed the sailor to a port of peace. So let us form the character of the child by grooving down into its nature the truth of Christ, until a character symmetrical in all its parts rises above the troubled waters of passion and withstands the storms of temptation, and throws a flood of light on the track of life that will warn the wicked and point the weary to a home of rest.

Thesis and Valedictory.

DELIVERED BY MR. GEO. L. CULTER, AT THE LATE COMMENCEMENT OF CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

THE PROVINCE OF THOUGHT.

Antiquity reveals itself to us in every varying story, in which the rise and dissolution of empire, the progress of kingly power, and the wondrous achievements of thought are all blended into strange and pleasing harmony. The recital of the legends of its heroes, the poet's impassioned song, the sublime struggles, the sad defeats, and the glorious conquest of freedom, all conspire to lead back the mind to worship at the shrine of ages gone. Prolific fancy loves to chant the story imbellished with glowing imagery and the mystic arts of poesy. Awed into reverence even yet, the imagination loves to linger about the ruined and shrines crumbling temples, where the priest of the oracle, robed in holy mysteries, once paid homage to the Olympian deities. The past is the realm of enchantment, and her legend hallowed by the touch of time, calls forth our praise and emulation. But the sublimest scene that the annals of time present is in the contemplation of the progress and magnificent achievements of thought, the triumphs of mind over matter. When we revert to the period when the orient first began to glow with the dawn-light of the infinite, and philosophy began to assert her sway o'er what had been the realm of superstitions dark, like the prophet on Horeb's mountain we feel that we stand in a holy presence and upon holy ground. As the ages stand forth rejoicing in

the multiplied blessings of civilization and freedom, and contemplates the mighty miracle that has been wrought, as it surveys the treasured scrolls of time as they unroll and sees there order and system evolved from chaotic darkness, it feels the potent spell of a power supreme. Seared indeed to every holy impulse, is the man who can contemplate all this, who can look out upon the mysterious workings of companion mind, and say in his heart that his benighted soul has never been illumined by a holy faith in an omniscient creative power. Blind, thrice blind is he, his erring senses o'erwhelmed in plutonian darkness, who does not see portrayed in the regular sequence of the mind's advancement, the omnipotent hand that directs and regulates the destinies of nations.

It has been said that "we live in a world of consistent oppositions and harmonious antagonisms." As the soul of man looks out in the full radiance of its enraptured vision, it beholds these huge elemental forces in wondrous harmony, directed by the one great law and Law-giver, and working out for all phenomenal existence a common destiny in the vast eternity. The universe is divided into reality and phenomena; into spirit immaterial, immortal, and matter objective, inert, and subject to decay. The one the likeness of God, the express image of his person. The other, the reflection of his power, the creature of his omnipotent word, the evidence of his handiwork. The keystone in nature's grand arch, the connecting link between creature and creation, the grand climax of God's creative power is man, combining within himself, in mysterious concord and union, the sensual and the super-sensual. The soul of man, though enumbered with the onerous burden of mortality, enthralled by the machinations of evil, is ever striving with irrepressible yearnings for some happiness, yet unattained; some

realm ever distant where truth enthroned invites the homage and allegiance of her votaries. The good, the beautiful, and the true, enshrined with holy reverence in the soul's grandest conceptions, are worshiped divinities, the holy oracles that lend their magic spell and inspiration to all that is grand, noble and God-like in thought and action. It is the untaught impulse of man's nature to cling to this altar of worship as the last heritage of his lost estate, and its incense a it ascends sheds a benign influence abroad to soothe the fevered imaginations of the soul, and, as with the mystic spell of the enchanters censer, it leads out the thought and aspirations to revel in rapturous beauties in the realm of eternal joys. This is the holy trinity whose worship has been chanted by the muses song and heralded through the ages in all the lofty creations of oratory. This homage which we pay to the infinite and unattainable, "this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this strange longing after immortality" betokens an intuition, an instinct of the soul, that shames the fallacies and sophistries of misdirected logic.

Wherever we discover the exhibition of generous impulses, the manifestation of true greatness of soul, scattered o'er the battle-fields of human action, we see but the demonstration of this inherent consciousness of the sight, the radiant beams of this inner lamp of the soul. Neither is this a sensation, by which we take cognizance of facts, nor is it the exercise of reason, by which we deduct the laws of matter. The realm of the moral and aesthetic is not to be invaded or encroached upon by the self-constituted autocrat of misapplied logic.

The Infinite and Omniscient is not to be circumscribed or made the subject of legislation by the finite and fallible. To determine the limits of the sovereignty of logic, "The Province

of Thought," is particularly my theme to-day. Logic or the law of reason is deduced from observations of phenomena and the order of sequence. Since it can only determine the attributes of matter, the existence of phenomena. When we come to consider these higher attributes of spiritual being, those grand exhibitions of man's divine nature, we must seek their source and cause in some higher law. As an eloquent orator has said, they must be sought for in the domain of the soul's sensations and the soul's laws, that lofty region of faith, that pure clime where faith not only buds and blossoms in the sunlight of the soul, but ripens its golden fruits of hope and charity, hope which is the assurance of our own immortality, charity which binds us in one common brotherhood of love to the souls of all the living, thus giving us individual immortality, affinity with the infinite, fraternity with the blest.

These faculties with which man is endowed, though so distinct in all their attributes, though as widely separated as spirit and matter, still mutually act and react upon one another. Hope, joy, love and reverence for the infinite cast their God-given radiance o'er dull mortality, while cool calculating logic restrains and directs the too aspiring flights of the spiritual and ideal. In their legitimate cooperation they symbolize eternal concord, and are the earthly manifestation of God's eternal verities. It is by the exercise of thought, that the soul communes with the visible material world. It is the manifestation of the soul's action and the soul's laws. The soul is the existing fact, the reality, and thought the phenomenon. It is an instructive attribute of man's inner and higher nature to investigate the constantly securing succession of cause and effect; to seek for those truths of richest ray serene that lie within the dark unfathomed ocean caves of mind and matter. The sweet low music of nature, as it floats, like the "music of the spheres," in majestic harmony through the universe, works upon man's innermost aspirations the spell of enchantment and leads him away from the discordant tones of animal passion and mere sensation, to revel in the harmonies of nature's vast anthem.

"Lured by its charm he sits and learns to trace,
The midnight wandering of the orbs of space;
Boldly he kneels at wisdom's inmost gate
With nature counsels and communes with fate."

With jealous care he hoards the treasured store of wisdom the regal heritage of ages gone, and heralds with glad acclamations each triumph gained in the onward march of civilization and enlightenment.

Whatever may have been the delusions of the past, however prone it may have been to welcome with fond embrace the deluding phantom of superstition, or to follow the mad behests of passion, thought as with the enchanters wand, has dispelled the fevered dream, and the present is pre-eminently an age of investigation. It is an age when man is no longer willing to prostitute his energies in the blind infatuation of an idolatrous devotion at the shrine of mystry; but with a torch kindled at the altar flame of thought, he dares to invade her inmost and once inviolable sanctuary.

The teaching of a learned few is no longer revered as an holy oracle, but each man assumes for himself the prerogative to read the book of fate, and as far as regards this present existence to work out his own destiny. The pomp and circumstance of war is but a fossil relic of the ages of barbarism in which they had their origin. Deeds of valor upon the tented field is no longer the insignia of true greatness or nobility of soul. Humanity has heard the agonizing cry that has gone up from the field of carnage and peace, enthroned an adored divinity.