Excerpt of "The Baby"

by author F.W. Boreham



Slavery was most strongly entrenched when Abraham Lincoln was born. Who that watched his baby antics on the one hand, and listened to the cry of the oppressed on the other, dreamed that the baby before them was the key to the whole situation? No; we never find room for the baby. He is always in the manger. It never occurs to us, as we confuse our minds with the world's worries and the world's woes, that the baby in its swaddling-clothes is really the way out. A century ago, for example, men were following, with bated breath, the march of Napoleon, and waiting with feverish impatience for the latest news of the wars. And all the while, in their own homes, babies were being born. But who could think about babies? Everybody was thinking about battles... let us look at some of those babies. Why, in one year, lying midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo, there stole into the world a host of heroes! During that one year, 1809, Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool; Alfred Tennyson was born at the Somersby rectory; and Oliver Wendell Holmes made his first appearance at Massachusetts. On the very self-same day of that self-same year Charles Darwin made his debut at Shrewsbury, and Abraham Lincoln drew his first breath at Old Kentucky. Music was enriched by the advent of Frederic Chopin at Warsaw, and of Felix Mendelssohn at Hamburg. Within the same year, too, Samuel Morley was born at Homerton, Edward FitzGerald at Woodbridge, Elizabeth Barrett Browning at Durham, and Frances Kemble in London. But nobody thought of babies. Everybody was thinking of battles. Yet, viewing that age in the truer perspective which the distance of a hundred years enables us to command, we may well ask ourselves which of the battles of 1809 mattered more than the babies of 1809?

During the next few years, whilst Wellington and Soult were still struggling in the Peninsular War, Thackeray, and Dickens, and Bright, and Browning and Livingstone, and a hundred other historic babies were born. But who cared? Who, for example, took any notice of that baby at Blantyre? Children, feeling the first faint hint of spring in the air, paused to play for awhile on the green, and then scampered home to tell their mothers that there was a new baby down at Neil Livingstone's store.

But the excitement ended there. It was no time for gossip about babies. Down at the comer, where the crazy fingerpost marked the spot where the village lane joined the long main road, knots of eager men waited impatiently for the lumbering old stagecoach to bring news from the war. Europe was getting ready for Waterloo. And in Neil Livingstone's odorous store, through those long evenings, half a dozen sturdy Scotsmen gathered to discuss the latest intelligence that had filtered through to Blantyre. What would Napoleon do next? Could he raise another army now that the stupendous proportions of the Moscow disaster had been realized? How fared the great Duke in the Peninsula? These were the questions that those brawny northerners discussed as they squatted on empty cases or leaned against the counter. For had not Neil Livingstone two brothers with Wellington at the front? And of what consequence, in comparison, was the puny baby whose shrill scream occasionally punctuated the conversation? How squalidly microscopic that baby seemed. And yet whilst they discussed countries that baby represented a continent, a continent as big as Europe and India and China and Australia put together! The key of a new world was locked up in his heart. The baby was David Livingstone. That is always the blunder we short-sighted people make. We fancy that God can only manage His world by big battalions abroad, when all the while He is doing it by beautiful babies at home. When a wrong wants righting, or a work wants doing, or a truth wants preaching, or a continent wants opening, God sends a baby into the world to do it. That is why,

long, long ago, a babe was born at Bethlehem. And that is why, just one short century since, a babe was born at Blantyre. The births column is the only really important one in each day's news.

Mr. Will Crooks told rather a good story the other day. He knew a man, he said, who was always talking about the Empire. He attended every Empire meeting, and joined every Empire league. Every proposal for the expansion or aggrandisement of the Empire he applauded with enthusiasm and vigour. He enlarged upon the glories of Empire at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, and on every available opportunity in between. The only drawback about him was that, compared with his imperial visions, his home appeared to him a rather poky place, and he treated his poor little wife with some impatience. One day he arrived before dinner was ready. The baby had been fretful; the stove had been troublesome; and everything had gone wrong. The imperial brow clouded, and there was thunder and lightning. The poor wife winced and wept beneath the storm; and then, smiling through her tears, she went towards her lord, laid the peevish baby in his arms, and said: 'There, now, you mind your little bit of Empire, whilst I dish the potatoes!' It is a fine thing to dream heroic dreams either of the future Empire or the future Church, but, in order to make those dreams come true, it is just possible that the first step towards it is to look well after the baby.

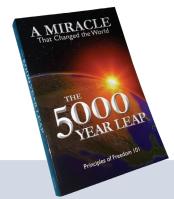
The 5000 Year Leap **Principle #8**

by W. Cleon Skousen



Read Principle 8 in the book *The 5000 Year Leap* and discuss the questions below.

This book resource is available in our store at: https://store-mfa.com/products/5000-year-leap?_pos=1&_psq=5000%20year&_ss=e&_v=1.0



Discussion Questions

- \star What stood out to you in the poem?
- \star Why do you think societies often forget the importance of the home and raising children?
- \star What does the 5000 Year Leap say is the difference between a natural right and a vested right?
- ★ What can cause a forfeiture of a person's natural rights that can otherwise never be justly taken?
- ★ One section of principle eight states that natural rights include: the right to make personal choices, the right to choose a mate, the right to beget one's kind and, additionally, in principle twenty six Dr. Skousen wrote, "The husband and wife each have their specific rights appropriate to their role in life, and otherwise share all rights in common." What are your thoughts about God giving women specific rights that can't be justly violated which protect our ability to perform our duties as mothers and wives unhindered by law?
- \star What are the three great natural rights and what is the importance of the right to property?