

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Children's Rights."

Text: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do so me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consoled with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory then on his return he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering.

The casualties of the battle, in those old times, were not as they are now. Numbers of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood.

Jephthah wins the day. Twelve cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors.

Home-ward to your glittering treasures. Home-ward to have the applause of an admiring Nation. Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mispah.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a grand throne, and amid acclamating multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace.

His daughter, his child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield.

She bows to the knife and the blood which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek smokes in the fires of the burnt offering.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you had your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they were bound to perform them, whether they were wicked or good.

Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school, and then must spend three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of ordinary life?

No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill ventilated school-rooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country huge holocausts.

is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate for the simple reason that they say: "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution."

Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility, so connected with many such things, the elements of the great asylums for the wrecked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wrecked, and the health is gone.

Girls 10 years of age studying algebra! Boys 12 years of age racking their brains over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue raving of Latin, French and German lessons! All the vicinity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you tell them what is the matter with them; I will tell you what is the matter with them; they are finishing their education.

In my parish in Philadelphia a child was so punished at school that she was thrown into a fever, and in her dying delirium, all she could say was trying to recite the multiplication table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he exclaimed: "When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a prodigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot. He lived 10 years an idiot and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents said the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice, and you child if by the addition of its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from you a matured man with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old and dead, alas! for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swiftness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child a slave to his father's house, and he will be a great deal about black men's rights and Chinamen's rights and Indians' rights and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights! The Cartaginians used to sacrifice to Mars on a Sabbath and I see a group of children—unwashed, uncombed, un-Christianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word?

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When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian. The lad looked at him and said: "Ah, it is well that you talk, well clothed as you are and well fed, but we chaps ain't got no chance!" Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will come forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while you are in the churches with flocks, arms and indifferently crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers, and they carried a flag, and on the flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble! We are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of crime, the foes of death, the foes of God? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children will wander from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day encouraging you, "I will be a God to these, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say: "I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of My brethren, ye did it to Me?"

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the boundation of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey Divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are those young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward from his high chair in which the infant sits the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants.

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But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire; you can successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we must not be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodliness. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than 10 years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to civilization. The arithmetic cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groans of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek the direction of Father, O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not proud to have three such eminent sons and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful."

Again, there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret. When in the morning I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school, I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be folded in the Saviour's arms."

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.

The Hermit of the Bowery.

Four or five years ago the people of New York took for a day about the story of Hermit Coe of the Bowery and then forgot it. A dozen years before Leonard Coe, that being the name he was known by, had taken up his residence in a Bowery lodginghouse. He seemed very poor, but paid his rent promptly, and spent a few cents each day for food. He was morose and taciturn, could seldom be drawn into conversation, and rarely left his room. When he did he always carried with him a brown paper package. Finally he fell sick and was taken to a hospital. When told that he could not recover, he sent for John Haller, a former fellow lodger, and informed him that his real name was Baer, and that he had relatives living in Lancaster, Penn. He also made a will, naming Haller as his executor, and intrusted to his keeping the brown paper package he had so long guarded with jealous care. The day following his death Haller opened the package and found to his astonishment that it contained over \$24,000 in greenbacks. An examination of the hermit's papers showed that he was a graduate of Yale College and had studied both law and medicine. Later he had engaged in the publishing business with his brother, but had in time retired with a competence, and had finally drifted to New York. There, for some unknown reason, he had sunk his identity under the name of Coe and adopted the squalid life of a hermit of the slums.—New York Recorder.

Household Affairs.

Insects on vegetables.

Scotland's Precious Belt.

To ice your fruit.

How to wash dishes.

Loss of appetite, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia.

Pilgrim Spring Bed.

Mend your own harness.

The kind that cures.

Common Sense Trunk.

Worn night and day.

An ideal family medicine.

Goitre cured.

Frazier axle grease.

Best in the world.

Sold everywhere.

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