DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WHAT IS TO EECOME OF OUR CHILDREN.

Text: "Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life."—Genesis xliv., 50.

These words were spoken by Judah, as descriptive of the tenderness and affection *criptive of the tenderness and affection which Jacob felt toward Benjamin, the youngest son of that patriarchal family; but they are words just as appropriate to many a parent in this house—since "his life is bound up in the kad's life." I have known parents who seemed to have but little interest in their children. A father says: "My son must look out for him-elf. If he comes up well, all right; if he turns out badly I cannot belp it. I am not responsible for his behavior. He must take the same risk in life that took." As well might the shepherd throw a took." As well might the shepherd throw a tamb into a den of lions and then say: "Little

lamb, look out for yourself!"

It is generally the case that even the beast looks after its young. I have gone through the woods on a summer's day, and I have neard a great outery in a bird's nest, and I heard a great outery in a bird's nest, and I have climbed up to see what was the matter. I found out that the birds were starving and that the mother bird had gone off not to some back again. But that is an exception. It is generally the case that the old bird will nick years are started. pick your eyes out rather than let you come nigh its brood. The lion will rend you in nin if you approach too rearly the elps; the fowl in the barnyard, clumsy-footed and heavy winged, flies fiercey at you if you came too man the little group, and God intended every father and mother to be the protection and the help of Jesus comes into every dwelling and says to the father or mother: "You been looking after this child's body mind: the time has come when you ought to be looking after its immortal soul." 1 stand before hundreds of people with whom the question morning, noon and night is: "What is to be ome of the child! What will be its s to become of the child? What will be its history? Will it choose paths of virtue or rice? Will it accept Christ or reject Him? Where will it spend eternity?"

I read of a vessel that foundered. The

oats were launched; many of the passengers were struggling in the water. A mother with one hand beat the waves, and with the ther hand lifted up her little child toward the life-boat, crying: "Save my child! Save my child!" The impassioned outry of that my child." The impassioned out by of this mother is the prayer of hundreds of Christian people who sit listening this morning while I speak. I propose to show some of the causes of parental anxiety, and then how that anxiety may be alleviated.

I find the first cause of parental anxiety in the inefficiency and inverfaction of parents.

If find the first cause of parental anxiety in the inefficiency and imperfection of parents themselves. We have a slight hope, all of us, that our children may escape our faults. We hide our imperfections, and think they will steer clear of them. Alas, there is a poor prospect of that! There is more probability that they will choose our virces than choose our virtues. There is something like sacredness in parental imperfections when the child looks upon them. The folly of the parents is not so repulsive when the child looks at it. He says: "Yather indulges in it; it can't be so bad." Your boy, ten years of age, goes up a back street smoking his cigar—an old stump that he found in the street—and a neighbor accosts him and says: "What are you doing the for? What would your father say if he knew it?" The boy tays: "O, father does that himself!" There is not one of us this morning that would in is not one of us this morning that would de-liberately choose that his children should in all things follow his example, and it is the parents that makes us most anxious for our

We are also distressed on account of the anwisdom of our discipline and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion aship; but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character, and launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for the work, there seem to seems qualified for the work, there seem to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says: "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall hear nothing but religion; he shallsee nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at 6 o' look in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. He is wakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster Catechism. It is religion morning, noon and night. Fassages of Scripture are plastered on the bed-room wa'l. he looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the take the boy aside, and talk to him, and tell him what a great sinner he is. After a while the boy comes to that period of life when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night-ten o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is half-past twelve, and they hear the night key ingle in the door. They say he is coming lingie in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very soitly through the hall, boying to get up stairs before he is accosted. The father says: "George, where have you been?" "Been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he is on the broad read to destruction, for this fe and the life to come. Father says: There is no use in the Ten Commandments; the Cate hism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stu Ted that child with ligion until he could not digest it; you de that which is a joy in many households an abhorrence in yours! A man in mid-life said to me: "I can't become a Christian. In my father's house I got such a prejudice egainst religion I don't want any of it. My father was one of the best men that eve lived, but he bad such severe notions about things, and he farimed religion down my threat, until I don't want any of it, There have been some who have erred in that

There are households where mother pulls one way and father | ulls the other. Father says: "My son, I told you the first time I caught you in a falsehood I would chastise you. and now I am g ing to do it." Mother says: "Don't; let him off this time." In some families it is all sool ling an I fretfulness with families it is all scolling an irretulness with the child; from Monday me ning to Satur-day night it is that style of culture. The boy is ricked at, and picked at, and picked ot. Now you might better give one sound chastisement and have done with it, than so indulge in the perpetual scalding and fretfulore health in one good thunness. There is more health in one good thun-derstorm than in three or four days of cold

on the side that parent has erred in being too strict with h's children. I will let mine do as they please. If they want to come in to as they please. If they want to come in to prayers, they can; if they want to play at cards, they can; they can do anything they please—there shall be no hindrance. Go it! Here are tickets for the opera and theatre, son. Take your friends with you. Do what-ever you desire." One day a gentleman comes in from the lank to his father's office, and

"They want to se? you over at the bank a

minute." Father goes into the bank. The cashier says: 'Is that your check!" Father looks at it and says: "No, I never gave that looks at it and says: "No, I never gave that check; I never (ross a 't' in that way; I never make the curl to a 'y' in that way. It is not my check; that's a forgery. Send for the police!" "Ab," says the cashier, "don't be so quick; your son did that!" The fact was that the boy ha! been cut in discipation. be so quick; your son did that: The fact was that the boy hal been out in dissipating circles, and ten and fifty dollars went in that direction, and he had been treated and he had to treat others, and the boy felt he must have \$500 to keep himself in that circl That night the father sits up for the son to come home. It is 1 o'clock be-fore he comes into the hall. He comes in very much flushed, his eyes glaring and his breath offensive. Father says: "My son, how can you do so? Thave given you everything you wanted and everything to make you comfortable and heavy and now I find in comfortable and happy, and now I find. my old age, that you are hibertine and a drunkard. are a spendthrift, a kard. The son says: "Now, father, what's the use of your talking in that way! You told me I might have a good time and to go it. I have been acting on your suggestion, that's all." And so one parent errs on one side, and another parent errs on the other, and how to strike a happy medium between severity and too great leniency, and train our sons and daughters for usefulness on earth and bliss in heaven, is a question which agitates every household in my congregation. Where so many good men and women have failed, is it strange that we should sometimes doubt the propriety of our theory and the accuracy

Again, parental anxiety often arises from an early exhibition of sinfulness in the child. The morning-glories bloom for a little while under the sun, and then they shut up as the theat comes on; but there are flowers along the Amazon that blaze their beauty for weeks at a time: but the short-lived morning-glory fulfills its mission as well as the Vic-

r kind of government?

toria Regia. There are some people who take toria Regia. There are some people who take forty, fifty or sixty years to develop. Then there are little children who fling their beauty on the vision and vanish. They are morning-gories that cannot stand the glare of the hot noon sun of trial. You have all known such little children. They were pale: they were ethereal; there was something very wonderfully deep in the eye: they had a gentle foot and soft hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior-ready to be wafted away. hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior—ready to be wafted away. You had such a one in your yousehold. Gone now! It was too delicate a plant for this rough world. The heavenly gardener saw it and took it in. We make splend'd Sunand took it in. We make splend'd Sunday-school books out of such children, but they almost always die. I have noticed that for the most part, the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, and quarrel with brother and sister, and prove unmistakably that they are wicked—as the Bible says, going astray from the womb, speaking lies. See the little ones in the Sabbath class, so sunshiny and beautiful, you would think they were always so, but mother, seated a little way off, looks over at these children and thinks of the awful time she had to get them ready.

them ready.

After the boy and girl come a little further on in life, the mark of sin upon them is still more e ident. The son comes in from a pugilistic encounter in the streets, bearing the marks of a defeat. The daughter practhe marks of a detent. The daugster practices positive deception, and the parent says:
"What shall I do? I can't always be correcting and scolding, and yet these things must be stopped." It is espethings must be stoppel." It is especially sad if the parent sees his own faults copied by the child. It is very hard work to pull up a nettle that we ourselves planted. We remember that the greatest fraud that ever shook the banking houses of the country, started from a boy's deception a good many years ago; and the gleaming blade of the murderer is only another blade of the knife with which the boy struck at his comrade. The cedar of boy struck at his comrade. The cedar of Lebanon, that wrestles with the blast, started from seed lodged in the side of the mountain, and the most tremendous dishonesties of the world once toddled out from the cradle. All

world once toddled out from the cradle. All these things make parents anxious.

Anxiety on the part of parents also arises from the consciousness that there are so many temptations thrown all around out young people. It may be almost impossible to take a castle by siege-straightforward siege—but suppose in the night there is a traitor within, and he goes down and draws the held; and swings open the great door, and traitor within, and he goes down and the bolt and swin's open the great door, and then the castle falls immediatly. That is the trouble with the hearts of the young: they have fees without and fees within. There have foes without and foes within. There are a great many who try to make our young people believe that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. The man will toss his head and take dramatic attitudes, and tell of h's own indiscretions, and ask the young man if he would not l'ke to do the same. And they call him verdant, and they say he is green and unsophisticated, and won-der how he can bear the Puritanical straitjacket. Thy tell him he ought to break from his mother's apron strings, and they say: "I will show you all about town. Come with me. You ought to see the world. Come with me. You ought to see the world. It won't hurt you. Do as you please; it will be the making of you." After awhile the young man says: "I don't want to be odd. nor can I afford to sacrifice these friends, and I'll go and see for myself." From the gates of hell there goes a shout of victory. Farewell to all innocence—farewell to all early restraints favorable to that innocence which once gone, never comes back. I heard one of the best men I ever knew, seventy-five years of age, say: "Sir, God has forgiven me for all the sins of my lifetime, I know that; but there is one sin I committed at twenty but there is one sin I committed at twenty years of age that I never will forgive myself for. It sometimes comes over me over whelmingly, and it absolutely blots out my hope of heaves."

whelmingly, and it absolutely blots out my hope of heaven."
Young man, hear it. How many traps there are set for our young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man, when he first goes into dissipation, is very particular where he goes. It must be a fashionable hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances, with red-stained glass hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances, with red-stained glass and a mug of beer painted on the sign-board. You ask the young man to go into that place and he would say: "Do you mean to insult me?" No; it must be a marble-floorel barroom. There must be no lustful pictures behind the counter: there must be no drunkard hiccoughing while he takes he glass. It must be a place where eletakes his glass. It must be a place where elegant gentlemen come in and click their cut glass and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiment. But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place; yet he has a thirst and it must The down-grade is steep now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar around a card table, wheezing, bloated and bloodshot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind; they are only playing for drink. Shu?eaway! shufonly playing for drink. Shuffe away! shuf-fle away! The laudlord stands in his shirt-sleeves with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses. It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of the flery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes 12; it is the tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. hours pass on, and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says: asleep in their chairs. Landlord say "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shutup "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shutup "It's time to shutup and say: "What?" "It's time to the a They look up and say: "What?" "it's time to shut up." Push them out into the air. They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. They are going home! What is the history of that young man? He bera-his dissipation at the Fifth Avenue Vo-lud completed his damnation in the worst

grog-shop in Navy street.

But sin even does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing-room. There are men of leprous hearts that go into the very leading the state of section. men of leprous hearts that go into the very best classes of society. They are so fascinat-ing—they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under the tongue, and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after nrst their suful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly—al-though you could not have expected it. they were so charming in their man-ner, and so fascinating in their address—sud-denly a cloud, blacker than was ever woven of midnight or hurricane drops were now now of midnight or hurricane, drops upon domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul. What is the matter with that household! They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hellow checked and heat over prematurely. hollow-cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family—no loss of property.

No! no! A Has madness seized upon the n? No! no! A villain, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high in the air until the sanlight struck it, and all the rainbows dinced about the brim, and then dashed it down in desolation and woe, until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands with glee, and all the clapped their hands with glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud ba! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blastel, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart. Do you wonder that fathers and mothers are anxious about their children, and that they ask themselves the questions day and night: What is to become of them?

What will be their destiny?

I shall devote the rest of my remarks to alleviation of parental anxiety. Let me say to you, as parents, that a great deal of that auxiety will be lifted if you will begin early with your children. Tom Paine said: "The first five years of my life I became an infidel." A vessel goes out to sea; it has been five days out. A storm comes on it; its prings a leak; the helm will not work; everything is out of order. What is the matter? The ship is not seaventhy and payer was lit is a room. not seaworthy and never was. It is a poor time to find it out now. Under the fury of the storm the vessel goes down, with two hundred and fifty pas engers, to a water grave. The time to make the ship seaworthy was in the dry dock, before it started. Alas for us, if we wait until our children get ou into the world before we try to bring upon them the influence of Christ's re-lizion! I tell you the dry dock of the Christian home is the place where we are to fit them for usefulness and for heaven. In this world, under the storm of vice and temptation, it will be too late. In the domestic circle you decide whether of vice and temptation, it will be too late. In the domestic circle you decide whether your child shall be truthful or false—whether it shall be generous or penurious. You can tell by the way a child divides an apple just e history will be. You ough You ought to oversee the process. tenths of the apple, giving the other tenth to his sister, if he should live to be one hundred he will be grasping and want the biggest piece

of everything. I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, and I saw a beau-tiful tree, and I said to the owner: "That is a very fine tree, but what a curious crook there is in it:" "Yes," said he, "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old. I went to New York and worked as a mewent to New York and worked as a me-chanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found that they had allowed some-thing to stand against the tree: so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pres-sure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she sure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound frot: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?

Two young men come to the door of sin.

They consult whether they will go in. The one young man goes in and the other retreats. O, you say, the last had better resolution. No, that was no: it. The first young man had no early good influence; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter, he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder, saying: "Don't go in; don't go
in." Whose hand was it? A mother's
hand, fifteen years ago gone to dust. A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of the Park Theatre, in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted in the Park Theater. One man went in; the other stayed out. The young man who went in, went on The young man who went in, went on from sin to sin, and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital, of delirium tremens. The other young man who retreated, chose Christ, went into the Gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country. And the man who retreated gave as his reason for turning back from the Theahis reason for turning back from the Theatre that night, that there was an early voice within him, saying: "Don't go in!" And for that reason, my friends, I believe so much in Bible classes. But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the sunday-school class. I like it because it takes children at an earlier point; and the infant class I like still better because it takes children before still better because it takes children before they begin to walk or to talk straight, and puts them on the road to heaven. You cannot begin too early. You stand on the bank of a river flowing by. You cannot stop that river, but you travel days and days toward the source of it, and you find after awhile where it comes down dropping from the rock, and with your knife you make a course in this or that direction for the dropping to take, and that direction for the dropping to take, and you decide the course of the river. You stand and see your children's characters rolling on with great impetuosity and passion, and you cannot affect them. Go up toward the source where the character first starts, and decide that it shall take the right direction, and it will follow the path you give it. But I want you to remember, oh father!
oh mother! that it is what you do that is going to affect your children, and not what you say. You tell your chilren to become Christians while you are not, and they will Christians while you are not, and they will not. Do you think Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had not gone in? They would say: "No, there is something about that boat that is not right; father has not gone in. You cannot push children into the kingdom of God; you have got to pull them in. There has been many a general in a tower or castle looking at his army fighting, but that is not the kind of a man to arouse enthusiasm the kind of a man to arouse enthusiasm among his troops. It is a Garibaldi or Napoleon I. who leaps into the stirrups, and dashes into the conflict, and has his troops following him with wild huzza. So you following him with whit https://documents.stand.off in your impenitent state, and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life, and have them go. You must yourself dash into the Christian conflict; you must lead them and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instructions you give to your chilall the instructions you give to your chil-dren in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life! The teacher at the school takes a copy-book, writes a specimen of good writing across the writes a specimen of good writing across the top of the page, but he makes a mistake in one letter of the copy. The boy comes along on the next line, copies the top line, and makes the mistake, and if there be fifteen lines on that page they will have the mistake there was in the copy on the top. The father has an error in his life—a very great error. The son comes along and copies it now, to-morson comes along and copies it now, to-mor-row, next year, copies it to the day of his death. It is what you are, not so much what

Have a family altar. Let it be a che place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's Prayers your own take Matthew Henry's Frayers or the Episcopal Prayer Book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend then to God. Do you think they will ever get over it? Never! After you are under the sod a good many years, there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of the thereof we have been devening and avening. father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him bring him back from the path of sin and death.

But I want you to make a strict mark, a sharp, plain line between innogent hilarity on the part of your children and a vicious proclivity. Do not think your boys will go to ruin because they make a racket. A glum, unresponsive child makes the worst form of a villain. Children, when they are healthy, always make a racket. I want you, at the year ways make a racket. I want you, at the very first sign of depravity in the child, to correct it. Do not laugh because it is smart. If you do, you will live to cry because it is malido, you will live to cry because it is mali-cious. Do not talk of your children's frail-ties lightly in their presence, thinking they do not understand you; they do understand. Do not talk disparagingly of your child, making him feel that he is a reprobate. Do not say to your little one: "You're the worst child I ever knew." If you do, he will be the

worst man you ever knew.

Are your children safe for heaven? You can tell better than any one else. I put to you the question: "Are your children safe for heaven?" I heard of a mother who, when the house was a-fire, in the excitement of the occasion, got out a great many of the valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—butdid not think to ask until too late:
"Is my (hild safe?" It was too late then.
The flames had encircled all; the child was gone! O, my dear friend, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration, will

your children be safe!
I wonder if what I have said this morning has not struck a chord in some one in the au-dience who has a good fa her and mother, but who is not yet a Christian? Is that your

Do you know why you came here this morning? God sent you to have that memory revived. Your dear Christ an mother, how she loved you! You remember, when you were sick, how kindly she attended you; the night was not to long, and you never You were sick, how sharly she attended you, the night was not to long, and you never asked her to turn the pillow but she did it! You remember her prayers also; you remember how some of you—I do not know where the man is in the audience—how some one here broke his mother's heart. You remember her sorrow over your wayward-ness; you remember the old place where she did you so many kindnesses; the chairs, the table, the door-sill where you played; the tones of her voice. Why, you can think them back now. Though they were borne long ago on the air, they come ringing through your soul to-day, calling you by the first name. You are not "Mr." to her; it is just your plain, first name. Is not this the time when her prayers will be answered! Do you not think that Golsent you in to-day to have that memory of her revived! If you should come to Christ this morning, anid all the throngs of heaven the gladdest of them would be your Christian parents who are in close witting for your redemption. Angels glory waiting for your redemption. Angels of God, shout the tidings, the lost has come back again; the deal is alive! Ring all the bells of heaven at the jubiles! Rinz! Ring!

Liquor is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted there would not need to be a man, woman or child without bread. There cannot be a more pitiful and contemptible sight than a man quarreling over and bemoaning his taxes while tickling his palate and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whisky. -J. G. Holland.

Seventeen out of the thirty-four candidates for Aldermen in New York were liquor dealers.

RELIGIOUS READING.

The One Sweet Name. Through the yesterday of ages,

Je us, thou hast been the Same; Through our own life's checkered pages, Still the one dear changeless Name; We'l may we in thee confide, Faithful Saviour, proved and "Tried."

Gazing down the far forever, Brighter glows the one sweet Name, Steadfast radience paling never, Jesus, Jesus! still the same, Evermore "Thou shalt endure," Our own Savicur, strong and "Sure." -Frances Ridley Haveraal.

Lessons from a Statue. Many lessons will doubtless be driwn, by press and pulpit, from the completion of the Bartholdi statute. There can be no more ant or profitable suggestion than that which is derived from its use as a lighthouse, and its device of a human form holding a lantern in its hand and shedding light and safety over the approaches to our city. However noble a work of art it may be, and however fine a memorial of international friendship and heroic struggle for freedom won in the past, it exists not simply to be admired nor to aid remembrance, but to do a present and future work of steady helpfulness and enlightenment.

It will stand pre-eminently as a magnificent object lesson, known and read of all men, of the divine ideal for one and all of the disciples of Christ in their places among men, "As lights in the world, holding forth the word of life," The true Christian is one who illustrates the Bible as well as experiences its power, who holds it forth to illuminate others as well as to light up his own soul.

We cannot merge our individual responsibility in the aggregation of a church. "Ye are," not a light, but "lights in the world." Standing in the pulpit or sitting in the pews; the child among his playmates and schoolmates, the parent or teacher under the watchful gaze of little eyes; the man of business and bargains, and the man of leisure whom God has released from drudgery that he may enrich others; Christian wives and mothers, sons and daughters, shopmates and associates of ungodly men, whose daily life and talk and prayers can do more for them than a hundred churches which they never enter, or a hundred preachers whom they never hear; office-bearers in the church, like uplifted lamps in the Lord's house, burnished by a long experience and full of the consecrating oil of the Spirit-all can and must let our own particular light shine, that the world may be the brighter for us, and that men may be the better believe in God and in his grace, which has wrought all our works in us.

What an illustrious name the divine love has bestowed upon us, that we should be called "children of light!" It means that we are born and nourished on the word of life. Things born and raised without sunlight are sickly, monstrous and unclean. I sowed some norning-glory seeds one summer, intending to train the vines on my piazza. Some of them fell inside underneath the stoop where there was scarcely any light, and never any direct sun rays. But they took root and sprang up. Seeing them peep through the lattice-work, I pulled them out and found that they had This example strengthened me in my regrown several feet in length. But they were miserable specimens of vines, pale, yellow, nearly lifeness, and destitute of the robust and healthy blood of plants. Unless one has seen the like, he can hardly realize the contrast between these and the outside vines. They were the pallid and unlovely children of the darkness, the others were the green and climbing children of the

Like torches kindled at a larger and central flame, we are the children of that which kindled us. And torches are thus lighted, that in turn they may kindle and enlighten others. What says St. Paul? "For ye were sometime darkness, but now are light in the Lord. * * * the children of light. For the fruits of the Spirit (he might have said, the sunbeams which the renewed soul sheds forth are in all goodness and righteousness and truth." And he speaks of the light as "armor," or weapons, which we are to put on in order to remind us that from its very nature light is aggressive, expulsive of darkness, every ray an arrow shot into the kingdom of night.

The stars are children of the light, peeping out with clustering and cherubic faces from the firmament. And Christians are the stars of this lower sky, and are lit in vain unless, like the serene light of stars, they cast a holy and heavenly radiance upon the world. Then shall they verify, both here and hereafter, that great saying: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that bring many to righteousness as the stars forever and

ever." What does it mean to let our "ligh shine"? Just this, "holding forth the word of life." We are luminaries, not of the solar, but of the lunar sort. We are "light in the Lord," as our minds have been illuminated and our characters irradiated by his word. All we can do is to reflect and to communicate his gospel, holding it forth by word of mouth or act of life, by telling men what it can do for them, or showing what it has done for us, and either of these without the other will be as incomplete is a lamp unfed, or a light in a dark lantern.

The lesson of that great beacon grows almost oppressive, when I think of the narrow waterway with its shoals and intricacies winding down through the night, and realize how essential are such warning and guiding signal fires to the clustering vessels that pass up and down with their costly freight and priceless ance Advocate.

human cargoes. For I think of another stream on which we all are launched and moving restlessly forward to the broad eternity, and how God has hewn Out therein a narrow channel where alone the souls of men are safe. And I remember sadly the rocks and shallows, and all the dangers seen and unseen which environ the strait way, and how few there be who find it. -Dr. Zabriskie in New York Observer.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

Francis Murphy's Movements.

Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle, returned recently to Pittsburg from Ohio, where he said he had met with wonderful success. At Bellefontaine he secured 1,300 signers to the totalabstinence pledge; at Tiffin 4,500, and at other places as many more. His son Edward obtained 2,000 signers at Niles, Michigan, one week. He was assisted by a Catholic priest. Mr. Murphy has returned to Ohio. He expects to obtain 10,000 more signers before the end of the year.

Will Cider Intoxicate?

The writer knew a Sunday-school Superintendent who would not join a Temperance society because cider was prohibited in the pledge.

Also, a lady had her name taken off when she found out that cider was prohibited. She said it was harmles; and she would drink all she wanted of it and allow her family to use it. The following incident shows that cider can be the cause of habitual and confirmed

Visiting a friend of mine last summer, who owned a large farm with a fine apple orchard, she said suddenly: "Did you know that cider would make drunkards?" I answered: "Yes I have often heard

that it will." "Well," said my friend, "I have, as you know, never identified myself with the Temperance work; have never given the subject much thought, as I have never had an intemperate relative in my family, and so cannot by any means be called a "fanatic" on the Temperance have been on this farm, that men can be-

come drunkards on cider. We had a great many fine apples, and in my ignorance I allowed the hired men to make cider, as the neighboring farmers did. How bitterly I regret this now, for the consequence was the men, and my son also, drank and drank for days and weeks, until one man, more intelligent and more frank than the rest, came and told me that they would all become drunkards if there was not a stop put to it. In alarm for my son, as well as for the others, I banished the temptation from the place, and becoming a strong total abstinence woman from that moment, vowed that not another drop of cider shou d be made on my place again, though the apples rotted on the ground, doo family of good caste, says a writer in a contemporary, that it should con-tain no unmarried daughter of mature for it is known that a few hours after the juice is pressed from apples it will years. The existence of such a daugh ferment, and fermentation will produce alcohol, and who shall say at what moment it is safe to drink it or not. The only safety lies in letting it alone altogether. About that time," continued my friend, "it was told to me that a neighbor on an adjoining farm, with h's four sons, had become habitual drunkards from their annual crop of cider. made regularly and kept in the cellar.

solve never to have one drop of the article in my house again .- Union Signal. Effects of Incbriety.

We see many instances of the remarkable brevity of a man's respectability when he is once fairly launched on the sea of inebriety. His course to the lowest depths of degradation is by swift and sure degrees. He commences imbibing a little when engaged in a position of trust and profit. His superiors notice it, and he is reprimanded for it. So he lays off from duty, not being in a fit state to attend, and this occurs so often that at last he is discharged. He then gives away entirely to the appetite and spends every cent in liquor. He becomes ashamed to look for employment, and pawns his watch, ring and whatever other articles he may possess, the proceeds of these joining the rest. He next visits a second hand shop and exchanges his good clothes for poor ones and a little money. This money gone he visits another second hand establishment and again trades for worse clothes and some "boot." He keeps on this until finally he is clothed in such rags that he can trade no more. He is then a total wreck, and would never be recognized as the gay, refined and highly respected young man of the few months before. I have known several cases similar to that, and almost all of them have commenced merely through a desire to be sociable.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Remarkable. It is not, on the whole, remarkable

that among the masses of laboring people in Germany there is distressing poverty and want. Consul Tanner, of Chemnitz, reports to the Secretary of St te that the beer production of Germany in 1885 was 1,100,000,000 gallons, enough to "form a lake more than one mile square and six and a half feet deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers." Such an enormous drink waste would suffice to impoverish any people who indulge in it. Mr. Tanner finds less drunkards relatively than in the United States, and he advances the theory that it is becau e the Germans drink slowly, "sip by sip," a half or three-quarters of an hour being consumed for a glass of beer, giving the "animal economy a chance to say: 'Hold, enough,' which only slow drinking will do." At the rate of half or three-quarters of an hour per glass, the annual consumption of 1,100,000,000 gallons would seem to be rather a serious matter in the economy of time! Mr. Tanner says that since his arrival in Germany he has his "first drink of water to see drank."-Temper-

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

The Girl in Front. She sat before me down the aisle, She looked so sweet, so free from guile, I sat and watched her for awhile, Thoughtless of pray'r. She bad a fashionable hat In shape the opposite of flat, And all that I could see was that And her back hair.

Such shoulders, such a perfect waist A Grecian Venus might have graced, Her toilet was in perfect taste And fashion new.
"I know that she is fair," I said,
"As fair as dainty, and well bred,"
Then, when she turned her pretty head,

Tailor-Made Jackets. There is only one place in which a man

She turned mine, too.

genuine and the bogus tailor-made jacket. That place is the theatre. Your real swell, who backs her style with a plethoric portemonnaie, walks to her orchestra chair, shrugs her shoulders with a compressive wriggle that drops the collar of the jacket down her back, pulls one sleeve of and then the other, and finally folds the garment outside in with much ostentatious indifference and tosses it over the back of the chair so as label exposed exactly under the nose of the lady in the seat behind her. The spurious and economical swell does nothing of that sort. Reaching her seat she turns her back to the stage and her face to the folks in the next row back, squirms out of her jacket, folds it outside out, and hangs it so skilfully over the back of her chair that no one but a mindreader can ever discover whether it has the right stamp within or no stamp at all. But everyone knows by the way the garment is folded whether it is the genuine article or not--New York Letter.

Chances of Matrimony.

I do not undertake to tell each of my fair readers how old she will be when led a blushing bride to the altar, if that should prove to be her destiny, but she can be told what the chances are in the present state of our knowledge of statistical facts. If we take the weddings that actually occur, we shall find that in every thousand there will be 179 wives under twenty years, while there will be only nine husbands of that tender age. quest'on. Eut I have found out, since I But perhaps these facts will be better stated as follows, thus: In every thousand marriages there will be: Husbands, Wives,

 Husbands.
 Wives.
 Ages.

 9
 179
 Under 20.

 292
 464
 Between 20 and 25.

 348
 226
 Between 25 and 30.

 172
 81
 Between 30 and 35.

 83
 43
 Between 35 and 40.

 44
 20
 Between 40 and 45.

 25
 8
 Between 45 and 45.
 25.....8...Between 45 and 50. 12.....8...Between 50 and 55. 1..... Between 55 and 60.

The remainder, nine men and five women, will be scattered along between sixty and eighty years—an age at which almost any one would be expected to know better. It will be seen, however, that the desire as well as the opportunity for marriage falls off rapidly in both sexes after thirty; up to that age both seem to increase .- Brooklyn Eagle.

Hindoo Child Marriages. It is essential for the honor of a Hin-

ter is not only a social disgrace, but a religious crime. When, therefore, a female infant is born, the first idea of her father's mind is not one of pleasure, nor perhaps of very active regret, but simply how to find a husband for her. . It is not necessary that she should become a wife in our sense of the word. It suffices that she should be given in marriage, and go through the ceremony of the seven steps, which completes the religious rite. Aged Brahmins of good family still go about the country marrying, for a peruniary consideration, fe-male infants whom they sometimes never see again. Within the memory of men still living this abominable practice was a flourishing trade. A Kulin Brahmin. perhaps white-haired, and half blind and decrepid, went the round of his bent each spring, going through the ceremony of marriage with such female infants as were offered, and pocketing his fee, and perhaps never re-turned to the child's house. So long as he lived she could marry no other man: when he died she became a widow for life. The Hindoo child-widow is looked upon as a thing apart and accursed bearing the penalty in this world for sins which she has committed in a past existence. Her hair is cut short, or her head is shaved altogether; she exchanges her pretty childish clothes for the widow's coarse and often squalid garment: she is forbidden to take part in any village festival or family gathering; the very sight of her is regarded as an ill omen. Her natural woman's instincts are starved into inanition by constant fasts, sometimes prolonged to seventytwo hours. Amid the genial and brightcolored life of the Hindoo family she flits about disarrayed, silent, shunned, disfigured-in some parts of India a hideously bald object—forbidden all joy and all hope. There are hundreds of thousands of widows in India who have acquiesced in their cruel lot, They accept with a pathetic faith and resignation the priestly explanation which is giveff to them. They penitently believe that they are expiating sins committed in a past life, and they humbly trust that their purifying sorrows here will win a reward in the life to come.—London Standard.

Marriage Customs in Turkey. All weddings in Turkey among Turks, whether in provinces or cities, are arranged by old women, and are complicated, tedious affairs. The bridegroom holds fete several days at his home for his men friends, and the prospective bride at her home with her young friendsgirls, of course. The night before the wedding the married women of her acquaintance come and eat the married women's dinner with her, which consists principally, as Sam Weller would ay, of a "swarry" of leg of mutton and trim-The next day the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house in a sedan chair, with a retinue of slaves carrying her wedding presents on trays on their heads, covered with colored tarlatan. The procession is sometimes quite imposing. The bride's female relatives are also there in the new harem until nightfall and they retire to the r homes, leaving the bride on a sort of throne, veiled. The bridegroom is then admitted, and he is to throw himself at the bride's feet and offer her his wedding present of some handsome jewelry, and beg her to raise beauty. Sometimes he is struck dumb get it afterward, and it is, perhaps, not her veil and strike him blind by her by her ugliness, for he never looks on her face until after the wedding.

When a babe is born in any house, there is great rejoicing if it be a boy, awhile; but Turkish women are not good | to a neighbor.

mothers. They are too child-like them Wh n a girl is born to a Sultan they fire seven guns; when a boy, twenty-one. The boys die early, the girls are more apt to live. This is supposed to be a divine interposition of Providence to prevent too many claimants to t e throne. Babies are dressed like mumm'es in swaddling clothes for six months; then the boys are put in trousers, somet mes in generals' or colonels' uniforms, regularly made.

When the Sultan takes a wife no ceremony is considered necessary more than to present his bride. The new Sultan inherits all the widows and slaves of his predecessor, and every year of his reign, at the feast of the Ramazan, he receives a new one from h's mother and takes any other girl or woman to his harem who happens to strike his fancy. Slaves who become mothers are instantly promoted to the rank of Sultana. months before the feast of Ramazan, the Valide Sultana orders that all the young candidates be brought to her, and she chooses fifteen and sometimes more of can detect the difference between the the lot. There are immediately put under diet and training, and at the ginning of the great feast she again chooses, and this time the choice is final.

Girls arrive at legal majority at nine years of age and are frequently married at ten. Children of twelve and thirteen are often seen with babics of their own. They are cld at twenty-five. The old Turkish women have a hard lot of it. to have the collar with the Fifth avenue | Beyond a respect for age which they contrive to inspire by tooth and nail among younger wives than they, their lives are not happy. Still, they are provided for, and as long as a man lives he feeds his family, one and all alike .- Brooklyn

Fashion Notes.

Velvet is the material for winter bon-Black velvet bonnets with white

strings are very stylish. The most stylish bonnets of the season

have soft crush crowns. Point d' esprit is a lace which will be

much worn this season. Plaid neckties make a bit of brightness in little boys' costumes.

The Dutch peasant costume is a favorite dress for girls from six to ten years. The plumage of the osprey is very popular for millinery purposes this sea-

Square and diamond-shaped buttons are considered more stylish than round ones. Double revers, extending to the shoul-

ders, appear on some of the new dresses Plain skirts should be of richer mate-

rial than that used for the rest of the costume. Canvas, tweed and cheviot are the

eading dress materials this season for general wear. Brocades in which are woven gold threads are very elegant and stylish for

evening dresses. Gray watered silk with black cashmere is a favorite combination for gowns for

elderly ladies. A handsome fichu of tulle and old point lace is sprinkled with tiny shells of mother-of-pearl.

Silver gilt braclets are very narrow and are set with turquoises after the manner of garnets. "Sackcloth" is a loosely-woven serge

of light weight which bids fair to become popular, as it drapes nicely. Black and yellow in combination has not been seen in a long time in elegant

costumes, but this winter it reappears. Dark red shades are much used for velvet tollets. passementeries that have red stones in

them. Many elegant imported suits are black throughout, or else in combination with white, Suede, green or the brighter or

dull red shades. There is a marked contrast in gowns of French and English make, the former being much gathered and puffed, the lat-

ter plaited and plain. Plaid velvet for petticoats to walking suits are more and more popular as their natty effect is appreciated. The same plaid appears on the bonnet or toque.

Chestput bells of enameled silver, so like the ripe nut that it is hardly possible to distinguish them, are worn upon bangles and keep up a tintinabulation with every movement of the wearer.

Popular combinations for elegant gowns of satin and velvet are green and bown, or heliotrope and Suede, or two shades of heliotrope, green or brown, the difference in shades often depending merely on the difference of the two ma-

The World's Greatest Railroad.

Did you ever stop to think what a great corporation this Pennsylvania Railway Of the 125,000 miles of railway in the United States it operates 7.000. 25,000 locomotives in the country it owns 2,000. Of 750,000 cars of all kinds 100,-000 run on its lines. Its share of the gross earnings of all American railways -\$750,000,000 a year-is ten per cent., or \$1,500,000 a week. Every year it carries 30,000,000 passengers and 60,000,000 sixth of the estimated total for all railways in the country. To carry on its vast operations an army of 80,000 men is employed. Hitherto our Chicago railways have

been the most ambitious in America. The vigorous manner in which they have reached their iron fingers out into the West has been simply marvelous. Already at the base of the Rocky Mountains. it is predicted for the Northwestern, the St. Paul and Burlington-the great trio -that another decade will see their locomotives taking drink from the Pacific. So rapid are their strides, indeed, that the Pennsylvania must go out into the West and conquer new territory, or be soon compelled to yie'd to another the title of greatest railway in the world .-Chicago Herald.

An Old Fashion Revived.

The old healthful and happy fashion of having one or two wide log fire-places in either hall or library has been revived, says an exchange. An increase in the number of these is noted by architects and designers, all of whom approve the revival and predict the happiest possible results from the fashion. home delight quite equal on long winter nights to that of watching the great logs as they slowly burn, sending their countless sparks up the chimney. Where the winter is mild this dreamy pastime is more or less circumscribed, of course, but in the regions where winter means semething more than rain and mist, those who once sit by such a fireside never fortoo much to say that they never are happy without one.

A New Jersey man has been fined \$50 less if a girl. The wife is proud for for keeping a cow. The cow belonged