

TALMAGE.

The Great Preacher Tells What He Thinks of Roller-Skating.

His Text.—"The Noise of the Wheels Over Against Them."

And Again—"The Noise of the Rattling of the Wheels."

Hollar Skating in Itself Is Innocent, but May Lead to Evil.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 12.—Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning on "The Roller Skating Craze."

After expounding appropriate passages of Scripture he gave out the opening hymn: "Mid sweet of consolation and restraining pains: How sweet to my soul is communion of saints: To find at the banquet of mercy there's room: And to feel in the presence of Jesus at home!"

The usual great throngs inside and outside the Tabernacle were present, including strangers from all parts of this land and from other lands.

Dr. Talmage chose two texts—Ezekiel III, 13: "The noise of the wheels over against them;" and Nahum III, 2: "The noise of the rattling of the wheels." The following is the sermon in full:

In the one verse are the wheels of help, and Ezekiel heard them. In the other verse are the wheels of destruction, and Nahum heard them. The good wheels and the bad wheels will decide the destiny of this planet. Archimedes employed the lever, and said, if he could find a fulcrum for it to rest on he could move the world. But he found no such fulcrum, and it is not the lever which is to lift or sink the world, but the wheel.

Whether a solid disc or composed of outer rim and spokes and hub; wheel of the rail train, that accelerates travel; wheel of printing press, that multiplies intelligence; wheel of ship, wound with tiller ropes; guiding navigation; wheel of sewing machine, that alleviates toil; wheel of chronometer, that measures the flight of the hours; balance wheel, fly wheels, belt wheels, spur wheels, ratchet wheels, driving wheels. The wheel, invented by whom I know not, but it is suggested to us by the fact that the planetary system is a wheel, and constellations and galaxies are wheels, and all of your smaller wheels working into the great wheel of the universe, the axis of which is the periphery on which rests the throne of God. Show me which way the majority of the world's wheels turn, and I will tell you whether it is rolling toward redemption or ruin.

And tell me how many revolutions they make in an hour and I will tell you how near the world is to its demeritment or dissolution. In our day the principle of the wheel has come to be applied to amusements and recreations, and the velocipede, and bicycle, and roller skating have become the consequence. And the thousand-fold question to be met is: Are roller skates wheels of help like those which Ezekiel heard, or wheels of destruction like those that rattle in the ears of Nahum.

Never within my memory or yours has there been in this country such wide, deep, high popular agitation on the subject of amusements, and all ministers of religion, and all parents, and all young people, and all old people must answer the question, and answer it right, and have a reason for the answer. Let me premise that I am not twenty-five years been waiting for some new style of amusement, healthful for body and mind, hoping it might come in time to rescue this generation. Such amusements have been aplenty scarce. Plenty of places to blast and blight and consume, body, mind, and soul. Never lack of roller skating saloons. Within one hour of every home and hotel in New York and Brooklyn there are places where a young man can get divorced from his money while the old spider of the gaming table octopuses at the mineral of innocent. Plenty of places where you can lose ten cents a house and lot or all you have in one night. Plenty of drinking saloons where the owner by outlay of twenty dollars' worth of alcohol can mix up stuff that he sells for \$20. They will let a young man have all he wants as his money lasts—one glass, two glasses, three glasses, four glasses—and then when, having felt in all his pockets for more money, it is demonstrated that he has not so much as a postage stamp left, they will help him into the street to look after himself or be taken home by some other young man not quite as intoxicated, for rum-sellers never help their victims home lest getting to the door they confront the mother or wife to whom God might lend one of His smaller thunderbolts, with which she could strike the liquorer into ashes. Plenty of gates of hell and all of them wide open, the temptresses crying: "Come in! Come in!" But of good places a great deficit.

Seven o'clock p. m. finds tens of thousands of young people home at hotel or boarding-house. "What shall I do with myself this evening?" he asks. You answer, "Go to prayer-meeting." We, I, that is good advice for two nights of the week, but there are seven nights in most weeks. Subtract Sunday night and two other church nights and you have four nights left. "Go to a lecture on astronomy," you say. Well, the young man's brain is tired from running up the figures of the account book or from trying to sell goods to people that don't want to buy, and he has no appetite for a lecture on astronomy. He does not want to hear about other worlds; he has more than he can do to get along with this. Now, take up the newspapers and pick out for him a place of healthful recreation. The most of the places advertised are unventilated audience rooms where the companionship is depraving and much of the spectacle is indecent. Two hours and a half in a cold place and the man goes home, body asphyxiated, mind weakened, soul scarred. Consecutive amusement of that sort makes

THRIVING BUSINESS FOR UNDERTAKERS, affords tragedies of illustration for discourses on the text, "The End thereof is Death." What our young people want in their amusement is recreation for body and soul; something that will allow them to be asleep on their pillow at 11 o'clock every night and awake, fully rested, at 7:30 in the morning; something that will put our boys and girls at the goal of manhood and womanhood ready for useful and practical life, not in a state of nervous prostration, not in a state of nervous prostration, not in a state of nervous prostration.

Another remark: It is very important that people who have passed forty years of

grip on the patent for his skate until 1833, when his patent ran out, and now there are factories all over the country and seven weekly papers devoted to this one sport, and every night in the rinks, north, south, east and west, hundreds of thousands of people on wheels, good or bad. I answer: Yes, under restrictions, and no if it is unguarded. In other words, it is the best thing of the worst, as you make it. Some of these rinks have already been the means of helping invalids, and invigoration of the feeble, and innocent pleasure to thousands of young, middle-aged, and old. Some have broken up families, set surgeons to work at perilous operations, created life long ailments, and are responsible for eternal misfortunes. I will not be misunderstood. Whoever represents me as giving unrestricted approval or condemnation falsifies my position, and will be found to be defamers by those who read the stenographic report of this sermon. For years, as many of you know, I have carried a loaded gun ready to aim at every style of vile amusement that came out of the thicket to put its paw and tooth upon the young, but I must always discriminate.

The game-keeper, Macdonald, of Glenarry, came home and found that his home had been ransacked by a regiment of English troops, and his family infamously treated, and that the chief offender was an officer who rode on a white horse. The next day the troops passing Macdonald emptied the saddle of the man riding on the white horse and found out afterward that the horse was that day by another officer who had borrowed it. Great was Macdonald's chagrin. The next day the troops passed again and again Macdonald fired and again killed the wrong man. Now my soul is full of wrath against the amusements which have ravaged so many of the homes of America, but I must not aim at the wrong ones, but I must know which are the offenders and which ought to be unhorred and slain.

To me, rightly precautioned roller skating is the most beautiful and healthful exercise ever witnessed. It scours in graceful and healthy movement all the croquet and coasting and lawn tennis and football and moonlight gliding over frozen ponds and all the other hilarities of house and playground. It is good for the lungs, good for the limbs, good for the circulation, good for the spirits. I see in it possibilities for the best exercise ever invented. It has all the advantages of the gymnasium with more exhilaration of the spirits. It has all the exuberance of the skating pond on which our fathers and mothers used to dart out, sipped and fared with, none of the dangers of breathing through the ice. It has all the vivacity of outdoor games without being dependent on condition of the weather. It would be a grand thing if all our young men could for one hour almost every evening take a round trip to the mountains and the women who decline the stout brisk walk, called the constitutional, which keeps English women rosy and strong, would do well if almost every day or night they would leave darning and mending and bread making and paring and setting and table setting and housekeeping for one hour and

JOIN THE WHEEL of the skating rink. Some of these hollow cheeks would fill up and some of these lack-luster eyes would get back their lost light, and stooped shoulders would become erect, and incipient consumption and marcescent and nervous prostrations would take everlasting departure. It would be well that the streets of our hotels, after the day in purchasing goods for his western horse, would in the evening go to some respectable rink and hire a pair of skates, and independent of everybody and interfering with no one, take an hour of flight in the clear air and under the stars and the moon, and then go back to his hotel and say his prayers and go to dream of home.

But, while these are the possibilities of health and recuperation in this exercise on wheels, many have used it to the damaging of body, mind, and soul, and hence the restrictions. First, let us have no more of this vulgar and immodest seen every night in our city of young women, alone and unattended, skating in rinks, and forming indiscriminate acquaintanceships. Let no young person be accompanied by father, or mother, or brother, or sister. When a man, however well dressed, on the floor without proper introduction, tips his hat to a lady, let the officers of the rink, always on guard, bring him to make rapid exit. Let us ward the door, and help him down the front steps with any such means of increasing his momentum as may be suggested. Let those well-dressed devils who sometimes haunt such places get quick justice, and our skating rink prayer meetings for the best exercise wish properly to employ this entertainment not allow the blaze of light and the enchantments of drums and cornet-piston tempt them to senseless and ruinous prostration of the amusement. Let it not be a matter of content who can skate the longest or circle up the most fabulous number of circuits. Stop when you have got out of the recreation all there is in it. Remember the laws of health are the laws of God. Keep the ten commandments written on your lungs and heart. Remember that a group of punishment on every cold night and the loss of every amusement, however honest, and would like to escort you to the sepulchre. Cool off before you face the north wind. Accept no unwarrantable gallantries. Know that the same law that dominates the parlor should not be less potent in the skating rink. Let the evil I reprehend is not confined to skating rinks. There are parents in all our cities who need to look more carefully after their children. In other words, flirtation is demerit. When I see at the evening hour on Broadway, New York, or at Fulton street, Brooklyn, as I often do, a group of young women with a conspicuous manner and gigue that is intended to attract attention of the masculine passers-by, a horror strikes through my soul and I say, "I wonder if the parents of those young people are aware of this." The most of those who make everlasting shipwreck carry that same kind of a sail. The pirates of death attack that style of craft. I wish I had a voice loud enough to be heard from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and I would repeat—flirtation is demerit.

It is remarkable that a craze on anything is so desirable. Ball playing, from which many of us get the strength and the exuberance with which we have fought the battle of life, has with many become a dementia and the gamblers have put their clutches upon the sport and at the same time many have gone home dejected of purse and despoiled of morals. But that is not anything against ball playing. Boating, from which many of us who lived along rivers got development of chest that has afforded us free respiration for twenty or thirty years, and would have given about the same prospect, when a boy appeared through pulmonary complaint, has been misused by college students who have sacrificed book for oar and brain for muscle—victorious at boat-racing and dead failures for the duties of life. But that is nothing against boating. Strip the roller skate of the craze, and substitute common sense. A con- sisting thought is that a public craze on any style of amusement is transitory, and you can not depend on the continuance of a city's insanity. One-half of those who are now building skating rinks will go into bankruptcy.

Another remark: It is very important that people who have passed forty years of

age do not forget that once they were boys and girls. That memory seems from a multitude to have been obliterated. Put yourself back twenty or forty years ago and see what you needed then. Rhetoric is incompetent to make laws for sound ankles. Do not demand that people have the tastes of old age before they get into the thirties. Don't expect golden-rod and China astors to bloom on a May morning. The people who start life aged in preference are the people who after a while bore the life out of prayer meetings and make religion a snuffling can and disgust the world with that which ought to be attractive. You can't improve upon the Divine plan, and when God made boys and girls He intended them to be boys and girls until led to other conditions. Prayers will come to the hard tug of life soon enough. Let them now prepare the broad shoulder, and the robust frame which after you are under the ground will be taxed to the utmost. Let the skating rink directors and managers join with the parents in

A GRAND CONSPIRACY TO OVERTHROW THE PUBLIC HEALTH

and physical stagnation of our cities, and the grog shops and the places of bad amusement will be emptied and the coming generation will have a vigor rebounding and athletic. In some way the longevity of the human race is increased from thirty years to 150. As it is now we hardly get an education and start in our profession or occupation before we are ameritua. We die at the opening of the conflicts of life, at Bull Run in the days of Gettysburg.

Another remark: A style of recreation among those under consideration are only intended to fit us for usefulness. Have any of you fallen under the delusion that your chief aim ought to be to enjoy yourself? Hand me a list of those people whom you find all hours of the day and evening in places of entertainment and I will give you a list of people who are being sacrificed for both worlds.

Pepper, salt, sugar, cinnamon, are good and important in their places, but that would be an unhealthy repast in which there was nothing else on the table. Amusements are the spices and condiments of the solid feast of this life, but some of you over-peppering people are trying to feed your body, mind and soul on condiments. Only those who have useful work to do, and do it well, are entitled to recreations. The Bible was not sarcastic, as is generally supposed, when it says: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment." It means to say: "Have a good time, have a real good time, but don't go into anything that the judgment throne will frighten. Don't forget your duties; don't forget your immortality."

Solon made a law that every man should once a year show by what trade he got a living. If he could not show that he had any business, he was arrested and punished as a thief. If a man in olden time wanted to be a Roman citizen, the officer of the law would take the man's hand and feel it to see whether it was hard or soft, and concluded if hard he was industrious, and if soft he he would make in a time any man with soft hands is diligent because he does his work with his brain, and consequently the palm does not get callous. We must all have something earnest and useful to do, and our recreations are only to reinforce our capacity. Any game or exercise from which we cannot return at night and in good spirits is no recreation. "I have engaged this evening to my better qualification for the duties of this life," was an entertainment in which you had no right to indulge.

LIVING IS A TREMENDOUS AFFAIR.

and alas for the man who makes sport and game a ception instead of an argumentation. One time when Rome was besieged by Hannibal's army a great shout of laughter inside the city strangely alarmed the surrounding camp. The mother exclaimed: "What is that?" But guffaw of merry-making will never scatter our foes or lift our besiegement or gain our victory. It will be face to face, foot to foot, sword to sword, battle-axe against battle-axe, if ever we achieve anything worthy. Can you imagine a worse predicament than that of a man who is brought to give an account of what we have been doing. And the judgment angel says: "You lived for many years in a world where there were millions of people in poverty, in sickness, in sin, in crime, and in sorrow, and there were hundreds of men and women who were forth every exertion to help them, some of those philanthropists and Christians toiling themselves into the grave, sacrificing all for others." "Those women out yonder," says the Angel of Judgment, "consecrated their minds to God and sewed garments for the destitute. Those heroes consecrated their swords to patriotism and fought for their country. Those were the friends of orphan asylums and took the motherless to the bosom of divine charity. Those were the angels of mercy and peace, and the angels of those who were blind and deaf and dumb and brought to the light and to the land of the living. They were" cry thousands of the rescued. "They were" reply all the ransomed earth. "They were" shout the congregation of heaven. "They were," says the Christ who for many years has been with us. Then the Angel of Judgment will turn toward those who

GAVE THEIR LIFE TO PLEASURE.

and say, "What did you do?" "Well, I enjoyed myself, says one. "Well," says another, "I spent my leisure time in looking at it." "Well," says another, "I could beat anyone in the city playing lawn tennis." "Well," says another, "I was the champion of ball players." "Well," says another, "I could skate for hours and hours, and in my billiard game of gratification won the lowest applause." "Is that all?" says the Judgment Angel. "That was all," says the pleasureist. "That was all," responded the keeper of the record. "That was all," cried the wounded who "have been" healed and the lost who "have been" found and the sinful who have been rescued. "That was all," echo the caverns of this world as they get hot in the last conflagration. "That was all," reverberate the hills of heaven. "That was all," says the judge of the quick and the dead, the seals of destinies. May Almighty God forbid that any of us should make the disastrous mistake of substituting merit for duty! May we all at last be found among those who used the world without abusing it!

Hound to Have An Office.

Two Newman Democrats were standing on the corner, sunning themselves and talking about the ten per cent law of the household, who were distributing patent medicine advertisements thrust one of the bills into the hands of one of the old fellows. Putting on his spectacles, he managed to spell out the following words of the advertisement: "My office is that of liver searcher and regulator."

"Well, I'll be darned!" he exclaimed, "here I've been foolin' arter the Postoffice, but failed to get it, and I've been searchin' around for liver all my life and never knowed before that them blamed Republicans had an office outen it. I'm gwine to hev that office or I'll never vote another dime's worth ticket!"

ENGLISH HOME LIFE.

In Every Respect the Family is Governed by Law.

Husband and Wife—Parents and Children—They Have Boyish Boys and Girlish Girls—Educational Methods—Household Religion.

(Minneapolis Tribune.) Law reigns in the typical English household. And there law is enforced with military uniformity. The family is an institution in fact as well as in name. Parents, children, servants, guests are all under law. And the family is a law-abiding community. The coming in and going out, the up-rising and the down-sitting, are regulated by law. In the houses of the wealthy and noble, not infrequently the statutes are printed and posted in conspicuous places so that the casual guest may govern himself accordingly. Perhaps in all the bed-rooms as well as in the great hall there will be framed cards hung up on which are printed the hours for prayers and the daily meals. This reign of law begets a strict and valuable economy in every direction. First of all it saves time. Dinner is ready to the minute, the family—all the family—are as punctual as the cook. The carriage is on time or otherwise the coachman is discharged for unpromptness and he forfeits a certificate of good character. The children go to school on time, and what is infinitely more important they go to bed on time. There are no sleeping, lolling children yawning, or no sleeping, mooring children irritating the nerves of guests when they should be in their beds.

Servants have their time and seasons; their days out and their holidays, and the household crisis is great enough to cause the housewife to venture upon diplomatic measures to abridge these privileges. The servants rise on time and retire at an appointed hour, and these regulations are as inviolable as the order of law. Children obey and behave by law. It is the law of the family that the children shall be dutiful and affectionate. No child answers back. I was never in but one English family where I noticed undutiful or sulking children. Obedience is rendered with alacrity and delight. English children are wholly possessed of the belief that to obey means power; that only weak and willless people disobey when duty commands. And English children have level heads upon this vital subject.

RULER AND PRIME MINISTER.

The mother is the head of the house, and the father is the head of the mother. He is the source of all order and the mother is the behest of the husband. He determines the expenditures of the household. She makes them. Diaries for the engagements of the family are kept. Household expenditure books are as necessary to a well ordered family as the diary of a statesman. By this it is not meant it is ornamental; by no means. It is a part of the fitting of the house as an essential to complete toilet. It is like a mariner's log book. The expense-books are in every family, and are posted weekly or monthly, and are examined with business care and exactness by the mother. This is no mean advantage taken by the wife on the score of "good fellowship." No more would a wife excuse inaccuracies and carelessness in her accounts than in those of the grocer or baker. All the family bills of every description and the wages to servants—even those to coachman and gardeners, are paid by the wife. The household has but one expense-book.

The elder children have their own allowances. And these are never extravagant. Extravagance among the well-to-do is deemed vulgar. A young lady in a middle class family, say where the family expenditures would be from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, would probably have an allowance of from \$150 to \$200 per year for all her personal expenses. This allowance would include clothing, traveling, charities, and in short all personal expenses whatever. Usually children yet at school have annual allowances to meet their extra expenses, and all children are allowed a given sum weekly for spending money.

These allowances are supplemented by considerable gifts from the parents. The birthday and Christmas presents are often in the form of money or clothing, and party dresses of an expensive sort are usually a little pleasant surprise, just before the night of the party. The mother and father are much higher usefulness than that of an economist of time. This latter is certainly an important element and one to be wisely conceived and used. But only fancy what peace and bliss; what absence of care and friction are in the gift of this reign of law. What a relief to the mind and in short all personal expenses whatever. Usually children yet at school have annual allowances to meet their extra expenses, and all children are allowed a given sum weekly for spending money.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The English in their homes are a charming and engaging people, and no mistake. The father is supreme in authority and the law is one of love. It is never venacious. The wife and mother finds herein her own security and her utmost happiness. The rank is as lucidly defined and as firmly fixed as the husband's and father's. What a condition of temperamental and practical repose this is! No time and no strength wasted and mispent over disputable rights and pretensions! The mother is the ostensible and obvious authority in the house. She executes the father's will. Children and servants come to her for orders and lay before her their grievances. The husband is never fretted with such details. Nor is the wife, on the other hand, treated to all the details of the politics of the town or the losses and gains of the day's business. Their functions are distinct and they keep to them. All social civilities are observed, and domestic proprieties are never violated. Scolding, fretting and fuming in the family are labeled "vulgar" by genteel people and so this banishes them from its precincts. All advances are made on the part of the children to their parents, and children meet breakfast, lunch and dinner alike make overtures of affection. The mother and the father are kissed by the children, who seem to consider it a favor to be accorded such a privilege. All sons and daughters, so long as they abide under the parental roof are subject to the law of the household. They seem to feel that the least return to make the parents is dutifulness and affection.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The husband and wife are uniformly addressed in terms of endearment and by the first name. The American habit of speaking to each other as Mr. Johnson or Mrs. Wilson is unknown. Familiarly the word "dear" or "love" is used, or else formally "John" or "William." Children never use "sir" or "mam" in speaking to parents, but always say "yes, papa," or "no, mamma," as the case may be. The use of these phrases has a rather touching sound. We use these words to everybody and on all

occasions. I mean the most of all people do. When a youth addresses a magistrate or a minister, or a schoolmaster as "Sir," he does it with such accentuation as to convey a special and meant mark of respect. There is much more affectionateness expressed by words and deeds in an English family than among ourselves, and the general civilities of manner and speech are more scrupulously observed. The rights of each member of the family to privacy; to his own room and books; to his own time and arrangements, are uniformly respected.

The hours have their duties and their pleasures, and are kept with a regularity and obligation that we have not learned to understand. The social correspondences of the family, including that of the father, is addressed to the house and the first post delivery is made all over Great Britain by 8 o'clock in the morning. As the breakfast is an informal meal, letters and papers are opened and read. Business begins at a much later hour every where in Great Britain than in most parts of America. Gentlemen leave home more leisurely in the morning, and work more conscientiously when at business than is the rule with us. In consequence the work of the day is finished at an early hour in the afternoon, and gentlemen return home in time to dress for dinner. In the warm months it is customary for husband and wife guests, and perhaps the "animals"—the horses and dogs—before beginning the day's routine.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys are sent off to school at a very early age, sometimes as early as from ten to twelve. They are put into the houses of the master of one of the great public schools, and are fitted to enter one of the lower "forms" at an age when boys with us would be still wrestling with "geography, grammar, history and arithmetic." They are early drilled in Latin and Greek. Thoroughness in the education of an English child seems to be the first consideration. Tidiness, regularity, habits of order and punctuality are insisted on from the moment a child is supposed to be responsible for his actions. His books are kept in good condition, and his copy book is clean and tidy. The rule would be that an English child of ten would write a neater and more regular hand than an American child of fifteen. English people quite universally write well. They are careful as to the quality of the stationery, the pen and ink which they use. I never received a social or friendly letter written on business paper. Nor did I ever receive a letter from an English gentleman inclosed in a business envelope. These, perhaps, are small matters, but they are noted only to illustrate the care and the result of early training. Boys are taught how to write, and how to do small matters, and attention is given their observance all through life.

In all families spending from \$3,000 to \$5,000 annually, and where there are children, a governess would be employed, and the younger children, and perhaps the girls of all ages, would be taught at home. When this is the case, the governess has pretty much the entire responsibility of the children. The school hours are as scrupulously observed as though in a school away from home. Many girls never leave home to go to school, but when they have learned all the governess can teach, masters for special branches and for music are engaged to give lessons at home.

The boys begin outdoor sports almost when they begin to walk. The governess is expected to make the children and the girls of all walks daily. The boys have cricket, bare and hounds, lawn-tennis, riding, swimming and boating, and keep up these outdoor exercises and recreations pretty much all through life. Gentlemen of all ages engage in these sports, and when too old to play the more vigorous games take a hand in bowls. Every Englishman knows how to play and to the last enjoys the play. The Englishman is a Spartan. He is hard and hardy. He suppresses his feelings. He has feelings, but they are so deep down that it is hard to get at them. They never come to the surface. It is deemed unmanly to show feeling. He plays, as a boy, football. It is a cruel, almost brutal game. He runs his risk. I have seen a boy taken off the field unconscious when he came to himself he said: "Oh, it's nothing." These boys are manly fellows; honest, truthful, trusting, generous and stout hearted. I never had an English boy tell me a lie. In the upper classes few would in any way act dishonorably. Only through servility would the boys of the lower classes be induced to break. English boys look upon German boys as dandies, upon French boys as "babies," and upon American boys as "elderly gentlemen." The American boy is the mystery. An English boy stops in his short breeches just as long as he can. He has no clothes for parties and balls and evening in drawing rooms. He calls such things "bores." He prefers football and cricket; he chooses rather to roam the fields with gun and dog; he counts it gain when he has been in the saddle for the day. He is taciturn. He uses "cad." It is the vernacular. A green grocer's son who puts on airs, he calls a "cad." An awkward boy who is inapt and a bit cowardly, he says is a "duffer," a hiding and deceitful boy is known as a "mud." When the schoolmaster is angry, he is a "wag." He always uses negatives. A fellow is pushing when he says a thing is good; a Ruddy or an Eton boy never ventures beyond saying, "It's not bad," or "It's not half bad." He never would dream of saying, "that's immense!" when he meant the same thing he would say, "it's rather jolly." A "tanner" is a "tanner," and a shilling is a "bob." His father is the "guy'nor," and his mother is the "mater." His companion is his "pal," and his dog is his "brute." He never has a "spencer" or a "vicar," but only a "hawk." So universal is the use of slang among English boys, that they have no notion that their vernacular is slang. To talk in any other tongue, would be not only affectation, but "cheeky." Girls as well as boys are "navy" for disagreeable, and "beast" for offensive.

English boys are never effeminate, and they are very "raking" because they are such splendid boys. They dress like boys till they are eighteen years old. They play like boys; they study and play; they feel and think; they sleep and sleep; they disport themselves in all ways like boys till they become men, and then they put away children's things. All foreigners in America asks where the children are. The absence of boys and girls is altogether the most striking feature of American society. It is a deliciously refreshing note in America, a boy's cap or a girl's girdle. Manly boys and womanly girls are the rule in American life—foreigners think and say.

ENGLISH GIRLS.

English girls are suppressed. But they do not know it. I see they are not heard; and they are not seen. They are never put on exhibition. Their manners are quiet and their dress is very simple. The girls of a higher rank the plainest they are dressed as a rule. Children never wear jewelry at all, and if so very modest pieces, such as a pin or a ring. Children are never put in finery. They are kept in the nursery till they have acquired a quiet and unobtrusive manner. They do not dine with the family till such age as guarantees good table manners. The brilliant complexion of the children—some- what due to the soft and humid climate—is a result of careful diet and regular hours of work, recreation and sleep. The girls are with their mothers making their friends' friends, and are with nurses and governesses

much more. They are very shy and modest. Their reading is religiously looked after, and few read sensational or flashy fiction. Solid reading is the rule. Indeed they read but little and know but little outside their textbooks. The girls, and for that matter the women, have no genius for conversation. They seldom prattle interestingly, as the French ladies do, and take no great delight in whispering scandal as the German ladies do. They embroider and sew, and all have "fancy work" on hand. They never sit idly. Even in the drawing-room, in the evening they will converse while doing some sort of needlework. The girls ride, take long walks, play tennis, and trim the gardens and fields. Among the wealthy classes they have their horses and dogs, and spend considerable time with them.

The date for a girl's entrance in society is not left to be decided by a whim, an accident or not. She is shown in society while she is a school girl. She does not go to parties or have beaux, or put on the dress and manners of a young lady till her girlhood days are past and she has quit the school-room. When the time comes she is "brought out." A party is given at the opening of the season, and she is introduced into society. This would be not earlier than her seventeenth year and perhaps as late as her nineteenth.

THEY GO A TRAVELING.

English children see a good deal of the world. Boys are very much under the tutelage and frequently spend their holidays under their charge traveling on the continent and in the islands. As the breaking of the French and German languages. Well-born children are early taught to speak both these tongues. To perfect their pronunciation and increase their facility of speech they are taken to reside a time, or to travel, in France and Germany. It is very common for a young man to be in the care of a tutor, or a half year cruise, making excursions on foot through the Rhine country or in Switzerland.

RELIGION AT HOME.

There is a religious life in most English families. It is a matter taken for granted. Family worship is observed in the vast majority of families. Among the upper classes domestic religious observance is looked upon as a part of the well ordering of the household. It is not a subject of which children fight shy in any way. The children are asked to say grace at table—boys and girls alike—except when guests are present. Children are taken to church at a very early age, and grow up accustomed to church attendance. The institutions and ordinances of religion are held in profound respect. The clergy are honored and hold a distinct place in the regard and even affections of the family.

The family life is the safety and bulwark of England. The religion and reverence which are ever present and ever active in the family life of England are its strength and glory. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER.

Love Hiding.

Love was playing hide and seek. And we wondered that he was gone. Tears were on his cheek. For the setting of the sun! Dark it was, around, about; But he came again, my love! Chill and drear! Was November. We were all happy. While bewildered we remember When the words began to wring; Loveless lay the soldier's sword! But he came again, my love!

And our melancholy love! Woke to radiance in his rays Who wore the look of one we lost In the far away, dim days; No more we needed that mad mare! Yet he came again, my love! Love went to sleep, but not forever, And we deemed that he was dead; Nay, shall I aught avail to sever Hearts who once, indeed, were wed! Gardens for his grave we wove, Yet he came again, my love! —Roden Noel in the Academy.

LITTLE FOLKS.

"And, what must you do, before anything else, to have your sins forgiven?" "Commit the sins." "The boy at the head of the class will state what work was done at the world." "Joy hesitates." "Next—Master Smith." "If they were the ages just before the invention of spectacles." "Go to your seat." A little boy in Saratoga, not long since came running in from out doors, crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as lieve the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down." An Austin Sunday school teacher asked her class, "For what reason did God make man his different senses? Why are we given eyes?" "To shut 'em up when we go to sleep," said the dull boy at the foot of the class.—Texas Siftings.

A clergyman not a thousand miles from this city told a story in his sermon the other morning which was the cause of some of his auditors required considerable faith to follow. This opinion was fully shared by the clergyman's little daughter, who at the dinner table looked very earnestly at her father and asked him if the story was quite true. "Why, certainly, my child," answered the minister in amazement, "but why do you ask me?" "Oh!" she responded very quickly, "I didn't know—I thought that maybe you were only preaching!"

Bad for Anybody.

"Sweet things are very bad for you, dear," said a fond mother to her little six-year-old boy, who had had the end of a fast waiting stick of candy in his mouth. "Ad it sweet things bad for papa, too?" asked the innocent child, releasing the stick from his mouth for only an instant. "Yes," said the mother. "I thought so," replied the child, as the end of the stick once more entered his mouth. "Why did you think so, my boy?" "Because he always goes out when you begin to sing Sweet Violets."

Juvenile Dictionary.

Bed-time—Shut-eye time. Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush worms off with. Fins—A fish's wings. Ice—Water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep. The egg that the old bee measures to make new ones. Fig—A hog's little boy. Salt—What makes your potato taste bad when you don't put any on. Spring—Letting off a pop. Stars—The moon's eyes. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming round stoned.

Another Father Wanted.

One of our wholesale merchants has a bright little daughter who is about six years of age. She is one of those little children who wants to know everything and can't conceive how many things they say. She asked her mother the other day as follows: "Mamma, were people always on this earth?" "No, my child." "Our forefathers did they get here?" "Our forefathers were made of dust." "Did I have four fathers, Ma?" "Yes," replied the mother, not noticing what the little girl meant. "Well, then, I'd like to get acquainted with the other three, and then maybe I'd get more spending money. The pa's got now is awful close."