

THE HAPPY HOME.

Dr. Talmage Tells How It Is Founded and Conducted.

Some of the Cardinal Principles of Domestic Bliss—Importance of Forbearance and Sympathy of Occupation—Love should Always Precede.

Dr. Talmage in this discourse sets forth radical theories, which, if adopted, would brighten many domestic circles. Text, John 30:10: "The disciples went away again unto their own homes."

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! Home! Home! Home!

Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling house is the foundation of church and state.

A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life over-arches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne.

George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysoptom's mother made his pen for him.

If a man should start out and run 70 years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism.

One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again; brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperament and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and, midair, iron beaks plunge, till with eldritch wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-loveliness, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equaled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. O, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with a gigantic joy or sorrow, with Heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the night-shade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after awhile have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburg meagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in

Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause. There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and then there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after awhile, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with Heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic disaster or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on their rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at night-fall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once, having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse.

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household into the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. It is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers for because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of social dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said, "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin, neighbors came in and at the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul, but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied,

forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. O, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those that grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars: "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way to either bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after all the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures; it is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down into the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger" or the lantern of God's word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction; first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation, when the career you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. O, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Saving His Breath. The handsome young Englishman who has been the rage at Burlington, and whose engagement has been announced seriatim to three different girls within the year, has gained an unenviable reputation for wooing and then riding away. It is now stated, and without denial, that he is engaged to a fourth, who has caused the total eclipse of her three predecessors. When Hugh Tervis was invited to extend his congratulations to the blushing groom-elect he complied in a manner as original as effective.

"Well, old man," he remarked, "everything I said last time goes now!"—San Francisco News Letter.

The Worm Turned. "There is one way I can surely tell if you are the long lost heir," said the dignified matron to the applicant for restitution to the family circle. "Have you a strawberry-mark on your left arm, just below the shoulder?" "I have," calmly and fearlessly replied the man.

"Ah, then you are not my son,"—Judge.

The Savage Bachelor. "They say," said the scientific boarder, "that microbes are the cause of badness." "I've said a good many mean things about wives," said the savage bachelor, "but I never called them microbes."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE EYE OF A GOD.

By W. A. FRASER.

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When the strong arm of the law reached out for Mounq Ouray and gathered in Hpo Thit instead, it was this way:

The night after the boat race, at the water festival at Thayetmoo Hpo Thit came to Valentyne, the superintendent of police, and said that there were many balls of opium hid away in Mounq Ouray's house. When he spoke of Mounq Ouray, Valentyne started a little.

Mounq Ouray was Mi Mrs's brother, and Mi Mrs—she had the daintiest way of doing her hair, all looped up with circlets of jasmine flowers, and the nattiest little supari pellets she used to chew. Valentyne was always putting the little Burmese worked silver supari box away out of sight. Fellows were always dropping in on him, and those things looked so odd lying about.

Hpo Thit knew all about that, only Valentyne was not aware that he knew. "How do you know of this thing, O Opium Walls—of the balls of opium in Mounq Ouray's house?" queried the superintendent, with a hard, impatient ring in his voice. "Did you put the beastly stuff there yourself, and then come to cackle about the eggs of your own laying?"

"No, thakine. Abdul, who is a pariah of a Mussulman, saw Mounq Ouray take it off the fireboat which goes up the river."

"And did Abdul, who is a pariah, see where Mounq Ouray put the black stuff?"

"No, thakine, but where would Mounq Ouray put it? Would he put his rupees in a rice pot and bury it in the ground like a Bengali? No, thakine, that which is good and of much value will Mounq Ouray have in the box where is kept the hand loomed putsoe, which he bought at the time of the races, which were one year ago, for 200 rupees, from the seller, who came from Mandalay."

There was a little soft rustle just beyond the plaited bamboo wall which rose on the inner side of the veranda, close behind the thakine's head. It might have been the mosquito curtain falling from the top of the bed frame over which it was thrown, so gentle was the noise.

Then there was a little metallic click. Surely that was the closing of the lid of the silver supari dish.

Valentyne gave a toss in his chair and coughed long and lustily. That was diplomatic, for jungle wallahs like Hpo Thit had sharp ears.

Another little rustle as Mi Mrs wrapped the lemon colored silk scarf about her throat and slipped like a gentle shadow down the back steps of the bungalow.

In and out among the mango trees her slight figure fitted as she sped swiftly through the tops toward Mounq Ouray's bamboo bungalow.

"The thakine, who makes Mi Mai laugh, asked Hpo Thit if he had laid the eggs in brother's box. Perhaps he did. We shall see—ha, ha, ha!" and her teeth, which were pink from the juice of the supari, gleamed in the flickering moonlight like coral beads.

Valentyne pondered for a few moments over what Hpo Thit had told him. His duty was straight enough, but, but—"It's a put up job!" he muttered to himself. "It's the same old bazaar trick of ruining a man."

And also not Mounq Ouray's brother? Eventually, however, Valentyne summoned the sergeant of police over at the thaana, and together they proceeded to Mounq Ouray's bungalow.

At the sergeant's request he unlocked the box for them and the former proceeded to go through it.

First the handsome putsoe, and then, one after another, the jaunty little jackets and divers other things were laid on the floor.

feet of the great image, raving and lamenting and abricking in despair.

"What's the matter?" asked Valentyne.

"A thief has stolen the Beda, the Eye of God, the ruby."

And they pointed to a great hole in the forehead of the Buddha, where the sacred "Beda ruby" had been for 12 centuries.

How calm and dignified the alabaster god seemed, sitting there with the hand resting in his lap! Through 12 centuries of strife and passion and blood and carnage had it looked with calm serenity upon the struggles of the little men who had come and gone.

Twelve centuries before had King Uzana given it to the Talopins of Panja—Uzana, the son of Mienzaim, and Poana, the Chinese princess.

The seven great Kyoungs of Talopins which Uzana founded gained him great merit, so that when he died the "Beda Buddha" worked miracles.

And now for 1,200 years had the sacred eye, the "Beda ruby," done even so.

The mad frenzy of the priests seemed like the petulant temper of children. Their thin brown bodies, draped with the sacred yellow robe, swayed and rocked in the weird light of their flick-

ering earth oil chirags, as they called the curse of their offended godhead upon the sacrilegious thief who had stolen the ruby—taken the sacred Beda.

Valentyne was horror struck at the audacity of the thief, for the Beda Buddha was the most sacred image in all Burma. Pilgrims came from all over the Burmese empire to strike with the stag's horn the crescent shaped gong hanging there at its side and then plead, with forehead prone on the cemented floor in front of the god, for the intercession of the Beda with Buddha Gaudama.

The Phoongyes watched it night and day, and how any one had managed to steal the ruby Valentyne could not understand.

In the meantime Hpo Thit had glided silently back through the croctous and into the bungalow once more.

The very air was full of demoniac noises as Hpo Thit slipped into the bungalow, for the crows, aroused by the Phoongyes' uproar, were screaming and shrieking in a big tamarind that towered high above the champaign.

Within all was quiet, and Hpo Thit lost no time in making his way to the box they had so lately searched for the opium.

"The little chirage was still burning, so he could see just where to put the little round packet he took from the roll in his putsoe, just at his waist there.

He put it down in a corner of a teak-wood box; then, actuated by a sudden resolve, he picked it up, unrolled the little piece of yellow cloth in which it was wrapped and took a long, loving look at it. As he rolled it in his hand near the flickering cotton dip the little room seemed bathed in a flood of warm blood red light. Great ruby tinted rays shot hither and thither until the dazzling brightness lighted up the unceremonious gloom, and it was as though red wine had been thrown high in the bright noonday sunshine.

It was the stolen ruby over which night was being made hideous with the din over across the road in the Phoongye-Kyong.

There was so much of terror, so much of menace, in the hoarse roar of the Phoongyes and the crowd of Buddhists who had been attracted by their cries that his heart failed him—he dropped it again in the box and passed silently, swiftly out into the Burmese night.

As he disappeared a small figure glided out from behind a penang mat which served as pariah to a doorway and kneeling over the box searched for that which Hpo Thit had put there.

It was Mi Mrs. "Ho, ho, Hpo Thit, because Mounq Ouray told Mi Mrs that you are always smoking at the opium, and because of that Mi Mrs would have nothing to do with you, you would have Valentyne Thankyne make a thief of Mounq Ouray."

sergeant, "but we might as well finish our search here while we are at it. Where shall we look first?"

"In the box, thakine," eagerly interposed Hpo Thit. "If the opium is not there and he has the ruby, there shall we find it."

So once more the sergeant continued his interrupted search for the box. There was nothing beyond a pair of Chinese patent leather shoes, a palm leaf, Buddhist bible and Mounq Ouray's silken headdress, many of them packed away there in the bottom.

"There is nothing here, Hpo Thit," said the superintendent brusquely. "What I really ought to do is to arrest you, Hpo Thit, for a dangerous lunatic; but I'll see to that tomorrow. In the meantime, sergeant, just beat up the surrounding country for the budmah that has taken the ruby."

That the ruby was gone was a fact to Hpo Thit. First, the balls of opium had disappeared, but that he had attributed to Mounq Ouray; now the ruby had vanished, and Mounq Ouray had been with the police all the time.

Then he saw something which gave him a clew. It was an innocent looking circlet of jasmine flowers lying in front of the box. It was such a circlet as the girls wore on their hair, and it hadn't been lying there when they searched the box before.

"Of a certainty Mi Mrs as taken the ruby," murmured Hpo Thit, "and has gone to the house of San Shwe, who is her father. If San Shwe will keep it, there will it rest; but if his heart fail him then will he tell her to take it to the police thakine." There was no time to be lost, for it would be discovered that he had stolen it, and he would also lose the ruby.

His opportunity to steal the ruby had come to him just as he was leaving Mounq Ouray's house, after having put the opium in the box. For some unknown reason, probably owing to the poay, he had found the temple deserted for a few minutes and had knocked the ruby out of the alabaster with his dah. Then the sudden fear and the chance to implicate Mounq Ouray as the thief, his other scheme having failed, had led him to put it in the box. Now he knew that Mi Mrs must have seen him put it there, and as he would be accused of stealing it anyway he meant to get the ruby back.

Slipping away from the others as they came out of Mounq Ouray's house, he quickly sped away to San Shwe's bungalow.

As he approached cautiously he could see Mi Mrs and her mother and father sitting on the bamboo floor earnestly discussing something. "They will decide, I will wait," he muttered, squatting on his heels at the side of the road.

Then Mi Mrs came out and started off across the dried maiden toward the superintendent's bungalow.

That was Hpo Thit's chance. "If you tell about it," he said, as he left her, "I will swear that you and Mounq Ouray stole it and gave it to me. Then the judge thakine will ask how you should know that I had it if you had not given it to me."

Mi Mrs went back to her father's house. She wanted to think, wanted to do that which was the least trouble.

In the morning she told Valentyne Thankyne about it, and in an hour he and the sergeant and a file of police were chasing after Hpo Thit. But Hpo Thit had gone. One more dacoit had been created. His brother the thuggie's gun had gone with him. The thuggie didn't know that, for Hpo Thit had stolen it. It was an old fashioned muzzle loading musket.

It is difficult to run down a Burman in the jungle, and it was the next day before they came up with their quarry.

He had a couple of shots at them in a blundering sort of way with the old musket without hitting anybody, but just as Valentyne charged in on him at the head of his police Hpo Thit fired again at close quarters, and the superintendent went down, shot in the shoulder.

Only for the sergeant Hpo Thit would have been carved up into regulation slices—only for the sergeant and Valentyne, too—for he bellowed out: "Don't kill him. Take the beast alive."

"Bring him here and search him at once," said Valentyne, who was sitting up now, though feeling dazed, groggy, and while the sergeant bound up his wound they stripped Hpo Thit clean as a whistle. But there was no ruby—nothing but much tattooing discovered.

"What have you done with the ruby?" asked the superintendent, but Hpo Thit wouldn't answer.

Then they got back to Thayetmoo as quickly as they could, carrying Valentyne on an improvised dhooly in the shape of a charpoy, which they got from the woon of a neighboring village by the gentle art of zabar-dast.



REV. TALMAGE.



"A thief has stolen the Beda."

To Be continued.

Another "War Scare" About Over. London, Oct. 22.—Government circles here are apparently satisfied that the Fashoda question will not lead to war. It is said that the government has determined not to brook unreasonable delay, and that, in the event of France declining to evacuate Fashoda, the Marchand party will be removed from that place, although it is not expected that it will be necessary to resort to such extremes.