

Girls ten years of age studying algebra! Boys twelve years of age raking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French, and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them. They are finishing their education.

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

You may flatter your pride by forcing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas! for them, if, through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful

how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black men's rights, and Chinamen's rights, and Indian's rights, and women's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights. The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them in the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to be the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the sceptre, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants.

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God, and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood never learned