

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN OLD FASHIONED MOTHER, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Moreover His Mother Made Him a Little Coat and Brought It to Him From Year to Year"—First Book of Samuel 2:10.



HE stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although 30 star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart; but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on; and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, today, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms, and dishevelled hair, read novels from year to year. If there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in the maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They entrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part, they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own doormats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of

hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, store-infesting, the men of low wit, and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpin, and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own; believing in witches and ghosts, and horse-shoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships; However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother! Again: Hannah stands before you today as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers. O, this work of culturing children for this world and the next. This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back, and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. O, how much care and intelligence is necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around as voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert, but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Every child is a bundle of tremen-

ous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth, to go to a life of joy in heaven; or, whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer, and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. O, how many children in glory! crowding all the battlements and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose assigned, as the means of their conversion, the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch title of the chimney fire-place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child; but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of empires—rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions, and I'll give you a dress that will cost five hundred dollars and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress; and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of the gay that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after, she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars." The mother thought it was a very strange request; but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed;" and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress, and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again, and lastly: Hannah stands before you today, the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel; for all the prayers she offered for him; for the discipline she exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in the profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is someone always ready to carry good tidings—and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the fall in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eaglets shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But O, the pang of that mother who, after a life of street gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on her children the tripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only brawny and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense: to see children coming up useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it; and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

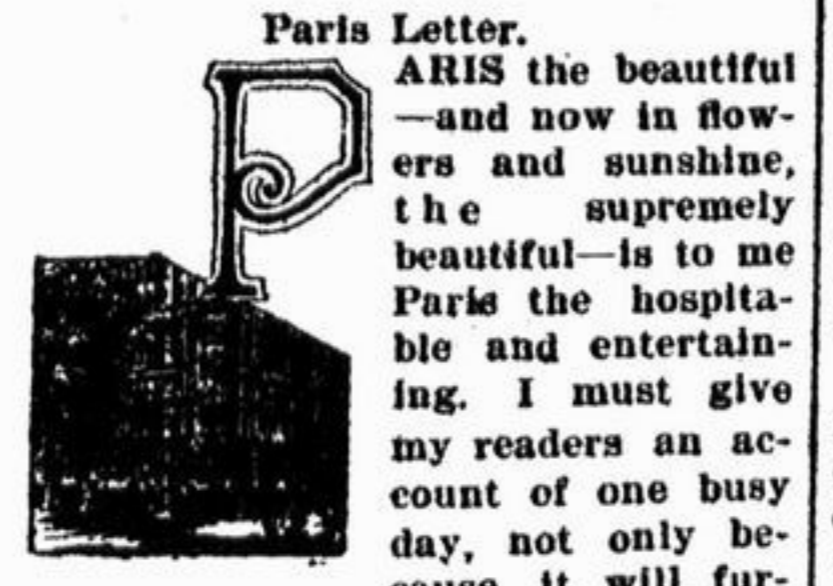
He Calls It God. Man is placed into a universe, in the immensity of which he is but an infinitesimal speck. Creation, power, force, law, will, harmony, intelligence surround him, which are not of human make, or under human control, or even within human grasp. They point to a power outside of man, one which is infinitely greater than he. With eyes to see, with ears to hear, with a mind to reason, with a conscience to feel, he cannot shut out these facts from his consciousness nor help drawing the conclusion that somewhere, somehow, there is some creative and governing force, supremely powerful and wise, which he designates by various names. In our tongue he calls it God.—Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Learn to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

SEEN IN FAIR PARIS.

DR. BARROWS' JOURNEYING IN THE WORLD'S CAPITAL.

Diary of One Kaleidoscopic Day in the French City—Paris Letter—The Beautiful Hotel de Ville and the Grand Opera House.



Paris Letter. ARIS the beautiful—and now in flowers and sunshine, the supremely beautiful—is to me Paris the hospitable and entertaining. I must give my readers an account of one busy day, not only because it will furnish an idea of my constant activity, but chiefly because it was a day crowded with interesting experiences. Over our cafe au lait, my host, the son and grandson of French generals and brother of a French officer who died in the recent war, made out with military exactness, on almost every morning, the order for the ensuing day. At the close of this memorable Saturday I could say with the psalmist "My cup runneth over."



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

Walking from my home on the Rue de Lille by the gilded gates of the palace of the Legion of Honor and by the splendid ruins of the Cours des Comtes, now inhabited by 10,000 birds, I came to the Solférino bridge by which I crossed over the river into the garden of the Tuilleries. A short walk through the Place de Carrousel brought me into the Louvre, where in the halls of renaissance sculptures I sought and soon found the new treasure which has recently been added to these almost endless collections. It is a Madonna with the child, in wood, painted and gilded, and is deemed the most important acquisition made by the department since the celebrated bas-relief of the Virgin, painted and gilded terra-cotta, brought from Florence in 1881. These two monuments face each other. The new sculpture belongs to the period which preceded and prepared for the coming of Michael Angelo, probably to the first half of the fifteenth century. It is large, noble, dignified, but interested me far less than did the "Fettered Slaves" standing near by, the famous work of Michael Angelo himself, and designed as a part of the great monument to Pope Julius II.



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

After looking again at some of the greater works in the hall of the Seven Chimneys, where I saw several of the best-known pictures of David ("The Sabine Women" and "Mme. Recamier"), Gros, Gerard and other French masters of the nineteenth century, I called on Mr. Clarence Eddy at the Hotel de Calais. Mr. Eddy, having just returned from musical triumphs in Rome—where he played at the St. Cecilia academy, the oldest musical institution in the world, and where he met a cordial reception from a large and appreciative audience—was preparing for a grand concert at the Trocadero in which he was to be assisted by his friend Alexandre Guilmant, by Miss Rose Ettinger, Mr. George Holmes and

The academy which I saw is one of five that together make up the famous Institute of France, concerning which Prof. Max Muller said at its centenary last October: "Other nations have tried but in vain to equal it." The total membership of these five academies is 226. To me the most interesting feature of the journey was not the almost interminable walls of human skulls decorating miles of thighbones and other osteological fragments of humanity, nor the chapels here and there; it was the great assortment of sepulchral inscriptions toward which we pressed our candles while eager eyes read what seemed to be the messages of the dead to the living. The words written on these mortuary walls during the 18th century were of a philosophical cast and might have come from Diderot or Franklin. There were solemn exhortations to respect the tomb and thereby respect the dead. But what seemed to be the later inscriptions were very largely sentences from the Psalms and from the new testament. A walk through these catacombs makes death seem a greater fact than would be suggested by a ride over the field of Waterloo or Sedan. Most of my companions were in a merry mood and a company of French students kept up their loud singing of very lively airs through much of our journey. Leaving, without reluctance, the quarries, the sepulchers and the darkness made visible, I drove to that monument of municipal splendor, the new Hotel de Ville, the town hall of the French capital, passing en route the portals and towers of Notre Dame. This church grows to be more beautiful with repeated observations. It has not the massiveness of many other cathedrals, but there are points of view from which the sculptures of the facade appear as rich, delicate and noble as any other work of the Gothic chisel.



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

But while Notre Dame carries one back to the twelfth century, the Hotel de Ville belongs to the close of the nineteenth. It is one of the most copiously adorned structures of the French renaissance style to be found in the world. The history of France may be read in its innumerable statues. All about it is so fresh and bright that it is difficult to summon before the imagination the terrible scenes enacted on this spot during three revolutions. Here in the spring of 1871 the communist committee of public safety had the seat of its infernal government. What bloody tragedies turned the Hotel de Ville into pandemonium when the national troops stamped out in fire and blood the miscreant apostles of anarchy! The apartments of the new building, not yet quite finished, are among the most gorgeous triumphs of recent French painters and decorators have hung upon these walls and ceilings their most gorgeous and enchanting colors. The town halls of Europe possess a deep interest for the student of art and liberty and I should have enjoyed the Paris Hotel de Ville still more had I not continually thought of its contrast with the "Hotel de Ville" of Chicago! Still the old common council was not quite as wicked as were the leaders of the commune, though far more mercenary, and I understand



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

others. I had the pleasure of hearing Guilmant at the Trocadero a few days ago, when he delighted 6,000 people. After breakfast at 11:30 o'clock, my host, Prof. Bonet-Maury, escorted me to the Institute of France on the Quai Voltaire, where I had the pleasure of being presented to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. In the absence of Jules Simon I was introduced by the distinguished philosopher and archaeologist, M. Ravaisson-Mollien, now in his 83d year. About thirty of the forty members sat around the elliptical table, which represents the highest honor to which men of science and literature in France can aspire. that my fellow-townsmen have replaced many of the "boodlers" with better men. There was but a small party viewing the Hotel de Ville on Saturday afternoon. The guide inquired of me if any person were present who could speak English. I modestly claimed that ability and was asked to translate the words of our conductor for the benefit of an Englishman who had just come from Australia. Accordingly I soon found myself taking the Chicago man's proper place—at the head of the procession. J. H. BARROW.

Save your wheel and some day your wheel may save you.

PACKING ONE'S CLOTHES.

Done Properly, It Means Little Loss and No Writings.

The marvel of packing clothes is that it is so simple. When you see for the first time a professional French packer you will come to your journey's end without a rag to wear. He puts three times as many things in the same space as you would. Some goods wrinkle so badly that no care can avert catastrophe; they come to grief even in the hands of a French maid at home. Test everything you buy from this point of view. With material not given over to evil you can learn to pack so that your clothes won't tell the tale of their prison house. The cardinal point is to wrap up every delicate garment separately; of course, it should be folded smoothly, and to teach how to fold clothes in print is not easy. Any good dressmaker, however, can give you points on that, and the wrapping is the more important thing. Pin towels or sheets of tissue paper about your garment, but remember that newspapers are what you should fold between each layer of pretty things in the trunk. Nothing else is so good; it is so unyielding that wrinkles and protuberances cannot make themselves felt through it to mark the fabrics beneath them any more than if you used sheet-iron.

In packing breakable articles it is astonishing how many people will jam them down in corners and sides where they get the full force of every concussion against the unyielding walls. Tie on your corks well. Put your bottle near the middle of a compartment, and you may carry ink and shoe dressing in safety around the world. In packing such things as delicate hats, bonnets and fancy waists of such a frou-frou nature that no pressure can be allowed on them it is still better to fill up the empty space of the boxes allotted them with lightly twisted sheets of tissue paper than to give them a chance to move, and with all due respect to the best packing in the world it is still well to unpack as soon as you can.

TOUGHEST SCALP IN NEW YORK.

Surgeons Use a Mallet When Sewing Wounds in "Skinner" Meehan's Head. "Skinner" Meehan, at one time the leader of the famous "Cat Alley" gang, has what is perhaps the toughest scalp in New York, if not in the world, says the New York World. The surgeons at Gouverneur hospital have had much experience in sewing up wounds and they are entitled to speak with authority. They unhesitatingly declare that Mr. Meehan's scalp has never been equalled for thickness and tenacity. A few nights ago "Skinner" engaged in an altercation with Policeman Turner of the Madison street station. Skinner hit the officer on the nose with his fist and the blue coat retaliated by breaking his nightstick over Meehan's head. "Skinner" resisted, even after discretion was advisable, and before he was subdued his scalp was lacerated. When the surgeons at Gouverneur hospital, to which the injured man was taken, attempted to sew up the wounds they found that they could not thrust the sharp, three-cornered needles through the scalp by ordinary means. The skin was as thick and tough as alligator hide. A blacking brush was secured, and using the back of it as a mallet, the needles were driven through the skin and seventeen stitches were placed in position. During the operation "Skinner" swore volubly, and after it was concluded he started out looking for his assailant. His parents are respectable people, but "Skinner" has been bad for a long time.

Sports May Be Varied.

The awarding of the prizes concludes the entertainment, and is always a time of great interest. Some woman—generally the hostess—presents them, with a few mock heroic words, and a little quick wit enhances the fun and laughter. There is generally enough food for discussion over the incidents of the afternoon to last as an amusement till the carriages are ordered. Those who have taken part in sports not infrequently ride off on their cycles, and garden-party attire nowadays has its fair sprinkling of narrow skirts and tweed suits. The sports may be endlessly varied as ingenuity suggests. A clever and inventive host and hostess may devise most fascinating novelties in the events. It is only an imagination devoid of much play which will be content to run endless cycle sports on the precise lines which have just been indicated.

Bath for the Baby.

Have the water warm, not hot, then throw in baby's bath satchel. This is a small flannel affair, containing a mixture of bran, crushed Castile soap, orris powder and almond meal. It renders the water soft and fragrant and imparts delicacy to the skin. Now put baby in. After a few minutes' abluitions deposit him in a large square of Turkish toweling, which is laid over your lap. Wrap him closely in it, thus shutting out all air. In this you can rub and cuddle him to your heart's content till he is nearly dry. After unfolding, rub him briskly with a dry towel, powder, and dress him immediately. There will be no danger of his taking cold when bathed in this fashion.

The Baby Microphone.

A recent invention consists of an apparatus by means of which a microphone suspended over a child's crib automatically rings an electric bell situated at any convenient point on the least noise made by the child. The microphone, as is well known, is a very sensitive form of telephone transmitter capable of detecting the faintest sounds.