

# The Yearly Sacrifice.

A SERMON BY THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Washington, July 10.—This radical discourse will no doubt have its practical results in many households throughout Christendom. The text was I Samuel ii, 19. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

The 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 ideal 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 no 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 offerings 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 hands 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 idolized 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 annual 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 settled herself in her family, and, with folded arms and disheveled 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 fingers, attest that they are faithful in their motherly duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity of 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 eat, and what their children read. They intrust 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, untidied, 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-downedness 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 merchant-

dise 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? 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, 99 out of 100 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 wink and filthy chuckle and brass breastplate and rotten associations? For the most part they come from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own, bespeering in witches and ghosts and horsehoes to keep the devil out of their chums, and by a goddess 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 companionship. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, to make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

Agah, 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. Oh, 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 their ears boxed. Oh, how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the 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 into 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 us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.

The eaglets in the circle have no advantage over the eaglets of a thousand years ago. The kids have no superiority 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.

Agah, Hannah stands before you today as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings, but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artist adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woefully lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. There are mothers who are seen

many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help and a divine voice to comfort and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers to-day who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prayers of their children. Many a mother

Oh, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend you to Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and innocent hearts crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow and quenching the lustre of the eye and shriveling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous 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, go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge—is he decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parents! One hundred and twenty clergymen were 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 hundred and twenty. Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. 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 had 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 all 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 \$500." 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 the 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!

Agah, 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 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 was 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 him, mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians.

But, oh, the pang of that mother who, after a life of great gadding and gossiping, finding on her child

ren the liberties and follow a world, sees those children, those on the sea of life like foam on the waves, or momentaries 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

That is the mother's recompense—to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the 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. There she sits—the old Christian mother—ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindled up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home to-day, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago trooped around her armchair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows, those children are all gone now—some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, attesting the excellence of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace and calm and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let the worn out pilgrim into eternal springtime and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrims shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

## A SOURCE OF MONKEYS.

Shotguns and Bulldozers Unable to Drive Out the Enemy of Hindoo Farmers.

When a sacred institution becomes a nuisance it is several times as big a nuisance as an institution that isn't sacred, because nobody has the courage to abate it.

The Hindoo natives of Kishoreganj, in lower Bengal, have a religious belief that the souls of their departed ancestors inhabit the bodies of a very hungry and bothersome tribe of monkeys which are playing particular hob with the crops of the entire district.

But the superstition that the pests are really their revered granddaddies come back to earth again, keeps them from undertaking to exterminate them. It is many years since some of the faithful imported these simians to Kishoreganj, and since then they have multiplied until they number thousands. They are more prolific even than the rabbits which have overrun parts of Australia, and will eat anything they can get at.

Some of the natives who were not as religious as they might be and who foresaw famine if the monkey tribe's devastations were not put a stop to, complained to the English magistrates that their crops were being ruined. They wanted warrants issued for these active and hungry ancestors of theirs, and proposed to have them arrested and fined or imprisoned, like human offenders.

Her Majesty's officials said that there was no law in the English books providing for the procedure, and advised the natives to shoot monkeys until the depredations ceased. There was a great cry of protest at such a profane suggestion, but the Hindoos secured English bulldozers and bull-terriers and mastiffs to watch the farms. That did very well for a time, but the monkeys continued to increase so rapidly that it required to keep them in check more bulldozers than they could afford to support.

Then some irreverent farmers took the law into their own hands, and got out their shotguns, and for a time the work of destruction went on merrily. Five or six hundred of the monkeys were killed, and then the fanatics went about the market places foretelling all sorts of dire disaster to the wicked men who had slaughtered their forefathers. A long legal edict was issued and the work of extermination stopped. The offenders were set at the performance of penance, and the nuisance began to grow again. That was in 1867.

From time to time since then there have been outbreaks among the farmers, but the sacred character of the monkeys has proven a safeguard, and to-day there are several times more monkeys than Hindoos in the district.

Kept the Bottle Nearly Fifty Years. A lady, long a resident in the vicinity of Norwich, Conn., approached the prescription clerk in Lee & Osgood's drug store the other day, and, handing him an old-fashioned, glass-blown, one-ounce bottle, requested him to hunt up the prescription as per number on the bottle and refill it. After considerable search, the original prescription was found to have been put up on the 30th day of April, 1847, and, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, it was filled again. Boston Herald.

Of the Florida Keys the flying abounds. He is seen dipping in the smoother, topping the waves, and skimming along water like a flying squirrel from top to tree top. The sailors

putting a bright light back on ship's deck, where the fish can see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the 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.

Whether the fish fly at the light about birds that fly into light glass has been replied to satisfactorily. Frequently the flying fish leaps above a ship in the daytime, becoming a victim of the ship's cat or the flying fish is probably the best known of the sea boarders of boats. The story told the other day of a sturgeon thirteen feet long that leapt down in the Narrows, and in the cabin side with its tail, ready to fall down below Fulton street, of a whale which had been killed with an ill-thrusted harpoon of Greenland coast years ago. The whale, once, then came to the surface with a salmon-like rush and shooting through the air. It lay on the water and the big fish landed admiringly with a crash on the ship's planks. There was a rying aboard the ship then, and old salt just mentioned hadn't he said stowed away snug, and he grabbed a killing lance and thrust into the beast's vitals, its tail had gone to Davy Jones' locker.

Black bass, when hooked by aerman, make wild leaps and are hoping to shake the hook loose from their jaws. Many a bass fisher has told of the bass coming in on rail with the line trailing out like a kite string, and landing on the far side of the boat. A wuss once, probably more times, played same trick on a man in a narrow, upset canoe. The man lost the fish to land itself.

Brook trout seldom leap from water when hooked, but E. Chambers told recently in the Magazine how the Oubiananiche times leaped over the boat.

Once in a while an Adriatic fisherman sees a school of m pursued by a big trout. The rushes of the little fish sometimes take them out into the dry where they die miserably.—New Sun.

Formed the "Snake Bite Habit." The results of the long series of penitential observations upon bite which Professor Fraser, the Indian authority, has been engaged, go to show that we are measurable distance of a time from the thanatopoidian will not cease to justify its name, but will bite will become one of the last life.

Probably no man has used up watch glasses and brown paper these experiments than Professor Fraser, so that there is not likely any mistake about it. Any one death dealers have had the watch glass presented in their Every one of these receptacles is full of "cloudy, watery fluid, what viscid," which scientific porated, has produced its mod "brittle, yellowish deposit." It with a little water or glycerine required for use, this deposit is able in character," has been into the system of the lower from the frog to the horse, and horse has been made as im snake poison, as Rous's horse diphtheria.

The immunity of the human from the effects of snake bite seems assured. But this is not lady has been discovered herself, who, having made herself without the horse, simply came to beat morphia injections out and to be attended, in the human soul with directly beneficial influences to general health, best "snake habit" seems destined the other altogether.—Fall Bette.

Dear Mute Fond of the Piano. A remarkable fact exists in the little daughter of Mr. Fieldwards, of Elberton, Ga. She always has been a deaf mute, and will sit for hours while some of the piano. When visiting a plays on that instrument she the lady by the hand and the piano, when the child sent, perhaps at some remote the room, and appear to be enjoying the music. When the playing she appears to be content, and yet she has never heard. What is it? Is it vibration.

Mrs. Mary Abair, a woman who never had a headache, died

## McLeod's

Just think of this day. My birthday. Last time. Are come. And you're

## Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get only Hood's. A Telephone in His Orchard. An incident of commercial importance happened yesterday, showing Texas is making rapid strides up with the pace. Mr. Lang, of Galveston Fruit Company, was called to the telephone yesterday morning.

Is that Lang? came in a voice over the wire. Hello! Falkner! I didn't know you in town. (Where are you now?) I am in my orchard. I have had a distance telephone put in. Is it rather expensive? Yes, but I had to do it to keep up the progress of the world. Any you want anything just call me.

Some business talk they rung the orchard man is Mr. C. Falkner who owns quite an orchard, about miles out of Waco, 230 miles by from Galveston. He is an exceptionally intelligent fruit-grower, who is Texas from the East, and is his place on business principles.—Galveston News.

Gas Trees. Damnable gas that will readily ignite by the application of a match, is found in the hollowed trunks of trees. Some remarkable stories of gas trees' have recently appeared in the papers, and explanations of the gas that is the ooze of natural gas in the reservoirs in the earth, penetrating these old tree trunks up through the ground. A recent author says that this is fallacious. Infamously really does exist in many old trees, but it is of the trees' own manufacture from its own carbon and hydrogen.

## WOMEN DISCOURAGED.

AND SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR THE BLUES.

Women Fall to Understand Symptoms That Are Danger Signals. A marked trait in woman's character is to place implicit confidence in her man.

Every young woman must work entirely from the knowledge, belonging to the female sex alone. Many women who periodically suffer with attacks of faintness, dizziness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and a first-leave-alone feeling, do not realize that these are infallible symptoms of womb disease and the forerunners of great suffering.

Every young woman who grows to feel that she does not understand their case, remember that "a woman understands a woman's ills," and to Mrs. Pinkham.

My daughter, who was prostrated by a long illness, and all her pains accompany weakness. I doctor after doctor, had no success. The operation which I had was a total failure. I was of the age of 20. A friend, one day, recommended to my husband your Compound. He bought me a bottle. The compound, after taking it, I experienced after taking it, I continued its use, and I was glad to say my recovery is a surprise to everybody that I am playing the piano as well as ever. Mrs. B. BLUM, 4940 San Jose Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Africa has, than any other bird is one. It which makes it long a hanging bird, and a swiftness and a swiftness and a swiftness.