

WORKERS ARE TOLD TO HUSTLE HARDER

Sunday Calls for a Meeting at the Close of His Sermon and Tells Them to Bring Them In.

INSURANCE SECTION SINGS

When only thirty souls, mostly children, hit the trail last night, "Billy" Sunday called his staff of workers and Christians generally to the front for a conference after the meeting and there, with his overcoat on to keep from taking cold, he told them they must do better.

"How are we to tell who are Christians and who are not?" asked one perplexed usher.

"I can't tell them from here," replied "Billy." "That's your business to find out. Get anybody. I never asked for Christians to stand up and sinners to remain seated in my life and I never shall.

"There ought to be more church people coming forward. There ought to be more of them coming here and renewing their pledges and covenants."

A woman worker arose and shot her finger skyward in a parliamentary way.

Woman Wants to Know. "When I am working on a subject," she asked, her voice quivering with a little wrath she had worked up at someone, "is it a good plan for another to butt in and start talking to my subject?"

"No, I should say not, unless he is very well acquainted. He's apt to start on a line opposite to the one you are working on and spoil the game." "Billy" replied.

Another woman rose on her feet. "Where are we most needed?" she asked.

"Wherever there are sinners, madam, and they are everywhere. Yes, and Lord God, think of it, there are 18,000 boys and girls in Omaha not in Sunday school. Think of it, people; think of it!"

The evangelist spoke of the sins of David and declared that David was not a man after God's heart while he was a sinner, but became a man after God's heart as soon as he faced God and confessed his sins.

"And you, too, will be a man after God's heart," he said, "when you become

Sunday Preaches Famous Sermon to the Mothers at the Omaha Tab

"Billy" Sunday Friday afternoon took the babyhood of Moses as the basis of a discourse upon the powers and responsibilities of mothers. This is known as his famous "Mothers' Day Sermon." He calls it his "mother sermon." The text is Exodus 1:13, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

The story of Moses is one of the most interesting and fascinating in all the world. It takes hold on us and never does it lose its interest, for it is so graphically told that once heard it is never forgotten.

I have imagined the anxiety with which that child was born, for he came into the world with the sentence of death hanging over him, for Pharaoh had decreed that the male children 2 years of age and under should die, and the mother defied even the command of the king and determined that her child should live, and right from the beginning the battle of right against might was fought at the cradle. A mother always wins her fight for the cradle if God is with her.

Moses' mother was a slave. She had to work in the brick yards or labor in the fields, but God was on her side and she won, as the mother always wins with God on her side. Before going to work she had to choose a hiding place for her child, and she put his little sister Miriam on guard while she kept herself from being seen. For three months she kept him hidden, possibly finding a new hiding place every few days. It is hard to imagine anything more difficult than to hide a healthy, growing baby, and he was hidden for three months. Now he has grown larger and more full of life, a more secure hiding place had to be found, and I can imagine her giving up her rest and sleep to prepare an ark for the saving of her child.

A Hint to Mothers. If you mothers were as careful about the books your children read, or the company they keep, there wouldn't be as many girls in the red light district or so many boys in the penitentiary. If you were as careful what went into the composition of their character there wouldn't be so many down-and-outers. If you mothers would be more careful about that young buck who comes shying around your girl, she wouldn't be going down the line tonight.

I think every twig was carefully scrutinized in order that nothing poor might get into its composition, and in the weaving of that ark the mother's heart, her soul, her prayers, her tears, were interwoven. And with what thanksgiving she must have poured out her heart when at last the work was done and the ark was ready to carry its precious cargo, more precious than if it was to hold the crown jewels of Egypt. And I can imagine the last night that baby was in the home.

Others in the house might have slept, but not a moment could she spare of the precious time allotted her with her little one, and all through the night she must have prayed that God would shield and protect her baby and bless the work she had done and the step she was about to take.

Did Her Prayerful Heart. At dawn the mother must have kissed him goodby, placed him in the ark and hid him among the reeds and rushes, and with an aching heart and tear-dimmed eyes she turned back again to the field and back to the brick yards to labor, and wait to see what God will do. She has done her prayerful best. Do you best and it does not matter a picayune if all hell is against you.

Pharaoh's daughter came down to the water and the ark was discovered, just as God wanted it to be, and one of her maids was sent to fetch it. You often wonder what the angels are doing? I think some of the angels herded the crocodiles on the other side of the Nile to keep them from finding Moses and leaving him up. You can bank on it all heaven was interested to see that not one hair of that baby's head was injured. You may be sure the angels were not out to some bridge waist party or Dutch lunch. They were right on the job, where the preachers of Omaha ought to be now. Not at a ball with women who haven't enough clothes on to get a scratch with. God had something for them to do. The ark was brought,

man enough to say, 'Lord, I have sinned.'

Speaking of persons of temper, he declared he had not overcome his own temper entirely. "I wouldn't give a cent for a man of your pick without temper," he said. "I've got the same old peppering and sauce that I had when I served the devil, only now I am serving God with it and giving the devil hell with it." Reaching again the subject of drink and debauchery, he declared that a man should be excused who commits a crime when drunk.

"I wouldn't put the rope around any man's neck who murders when he is drunk, no, sir."

Think of the Women. Re-viewing the broken hearts of mothers and wives caused by drink, he said, "I should think if a man didn't give three whoops in hell for his own soul he would be decent for his wife and children's sake. I know men so confounded mean, low and rotten that they are afraid to come here to this tabernacle for fear they would come under the influence of this devil, and accidentally do one decent deed in their lives."

"Many a man yields to temptation when in a gang and under the spell, and the next day is ashamed of himself because he hadn't man enough in him to look the Godless bunch in the face and say, 'Not on your life!'"

"And as man is so low, rotten as the dirty, Godforsaken, black-hearted, weasel-eyed, white-livered pup that constantly reminds a man of his past sins that he is not committing now."

Section after section was reserved at the tabernacle last night for special bodies and organizations. The Women's Circle had 100. The Omaha Builders' exchange came in a body, talking over 30 seats. The Washah shop people had forty. The Live Stock exchange had 400 present. The insurance people had 700. The business women had 110. The Methodist conference had 400.

One of the interesting phases of the opening part was the singing of favorite songs by these various organizations.

Nor did all of them depend upon the hymn book for their songs. The insurance men have a song of their own to the tune of "Anybody Here Seen Kelly."

Insurance Men Sing. Here is the way it flooded from the throats of 700 insurance men:

"Everybody here loves 'Billy.' He's not afraid of threats or bombs. He'll stand for anything that comes. Everybody here loves 'Billy.' You can bet they do."

See Want Ads produce Results.

and with feminine curiosity the daughter of Pharaoh had to look into it to see what was there, and when they removed the cover there was lying a strong, healthy baby boy, kicking up his heels and sucking his thumbs, as probably most of us did when we were boys, and probably as you did when you were a girl. The baby looks up and winks, and those tears blotted out all that was against it and gave it a chance for its life.

Baby's Tears Israel's Ransom. The tears of that baby were the jewels with which Israel was ransomed from Egyptian bondage. The princess had a woman's heart, and when a woman's heart and a baby's tears get tangled up together, something happens that gives the devil cold feet. Perhaps the princess had a baby that had died, and the sight of Moses may have torn the wound open and made it bleed afresh. But she had a woman's heart, and that made her forget she was the daughter of Pharaoh, and she was determined to give protection to that baby. Faithful Miriam (bless her heart) saw the heart of the princess reflected in her face. Miriam had studied faces so much that she could read princess' heart as plainly as if written in an open book, and she said to her: "Shall I go and get one of the Hebrew women to nurse the child for you?" and the princess said, "Go."

I see her little feet and legs fly as she runs down the hot, dusty road, and her mother must have been her coming a mile away, and she ran to meet her, and in a little while she had her own baby put back into her arms and was being paid Egyptian gold to nurse her own baby. So Pharaoh's daughter said to her: "Now you take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay you your wages."

How quickly the mother was paid for the hours of anxiety and alarm and grief and if the angels know what is going on, and I guess they do, what a hilarious time there must have been in heaven when they saw Moses and Miriam back at home under the protection of the daughter of Pharaoh. I imagine she dropped on her knees and poured out her heart to God, Who had helped her so gloriously.

What dumfounded me is that a lot of you people for whom God has done all He can, do not and your knees to Him. If God would kill everybody here who had not prayed today, there wouldn't be very many of you left in the Tabernacle. Yes, thousands would slip right out of their seats. Bet your life on that.

A Great Joke on Pharaoh. I'm going to heaven some day, and after I thank God for saving my miserable old soul, and giving me the great privilege of preaching, I'm going to hunt up the mother of Moses and ask her how much gold Pharaoh gave her for nursing her own baby. I think that's a great joke.

Mothers are always brave when the safety of their children is concerned. Fathers often get the blues, hit the booze and commit suicide; but the mother will stand by the home and keep the little hand together if she has to manure her fingernails over a washboard to do it. She keeps the old brute daddy from the porchhouse. If men had half as much grit as the women there would be different stories written about a good many homes.

God Trusts Mothers' Mothers. Moses was a chosen vessel of the Lord and God wanted him to get the right kind of a start, so he gave him a good mother.

Somebody has said, "God could not be everywhere, so he gave us mothers." Now, there may be poetry in it, but it's true that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and if every cradle was rocked by a good mother, the world would be full of good men, as sure as you breathe. If every boy and every girl today had a good mother, the saloons and brothels would go out of business tomorrow and if every mother rocked her own cradle, there would be something doing, too.

The biggest place in the world is that which is being filled by the people who are closely in touch with youth. Being a king, an emperor or a president is mighty small business compared to being a mother, or the teacher of children.

Children, whether in a public school or in a Sunday school, and they fill places so great that there isn't an angel in heaven that wouldn't be glad to give a bushel of diamonds to boot to come down here and take their place.

The Power of a Word. There is power enough in a word or act to blight a boy, and through him, curse a community. There is power enough in a word or act to tincture the life of that child so it will become a power to lift the world to Jesus Christ.

I want to tell you, women, looking away your time hugging and kissing a puddle dog, carousing a Spita, drinker a society man and a cocktail, and playing cards, is mighty small business compared to molding the life of a child.

To plant a thought in a mind that will stay there and grow is greater than putting in a big crop. Building character beats building a skyscraper or a battleship, or a railroad.

I know, often your work is discouraging, it's trying, it's humble, and it seems to you to be insignificant. Your sacrifices, tears and trials are all hidden from the world. I know that. There is nothing to show but Moses' mother got any help from his daddy. Many a boy would have turned out better if his daddy had died before his birth. Many a daddy has no more backbone than a meat rind or a piece of twine string. There is nothing to show that he ever out a willow that was woven in that ark. He may have taken some of the willows and set the fire, but when he couldn't find chips. That's about all the dads of some children ever do to help. I tell you, the devil gets in many a boy by getting in his daddy first. The mother is doing all she can to train the children for the Lord, and the father is doing all he can to counteract her influences and train them for the devil.

don't know the sentiments of the kind of music mother sings. The kind she sings gets tangled up in your heart strings. There would be a disappointment in the music of heaven to me if there were no mothers there to sing. The song of an angel or a seraph would not have much charm for me. What would you care for an angel's song if there is no mother's song? The song of a mother is sweeter than that ever sung by minstrel or written by poet. Talk about sonnets! You ought to hear the mother sing when her babe is on her breast, when her heart is filled with emotion. When she didn't know whether her baby was going to live or die and she was living every moment in doubt. Until you have heard a mother sing when you haven't heard music, Her voice may not please an artist, but it will please any one who has a heart in him. The songs that have moved the world are not the songs written by the great masters. The best music, in my judgment, is not the faultless rendition of these high-priced opera singers that scrape the kaleidoscope off the ceiling and run up the scale like a squirrel up a tree. There is nothing in art that can put into melody the happiness which as when we reach heaven it will be found that some of the best songs we will sing there will be those we learned at mother's knee.

There is power in a mother's love. A mother's love must be like God's love. How God could ever tell the world that he loved it without a mother's help has often puzzled me. If the devil in hell ever turned pale, it was the day when mother's love flamed up for the first time in a woman's heart.

You know a mother has to love her babe before it is born. Like God, she has to go into the shadow to bring it into the world, and she will love her child, suffer for it, and it can grow up and become vile, and yet she still love it. Nothing will make her hate get the nerve to say, "Excuse me, please," to the pleasures of Egypt? He got it from his mother. You can bank on it he didn't inhale it from his dad. He got it from his ma. Moses was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, but that didn't give him the big head. When God throws a world out into space he is not concerned about it. The first mile that world takes settles its course for eternity. When God throws a child out into the world he is mighty anxious that it gets a right start. The Roman Catholics are right when they say: "Give us the children until they are ten years old, and we don't care who has them after that."

Only Way to Reach the Masses. The Catholics are not losing any sleep about losing men and women from their church membership. It is the only church that has ever shown us the only sensible way to reach the masses—that is, by getting hold of the children. That's the only way on God's earth you will ever solve the problem of reaching the masses. You get the boys and girls started right and the devil will hang crepe on his door, bank his fires, and hell will be "for rent" inside of a year.

Moses was able to choose affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of Egypt because God took his mother out of the brickyard and the field and gave her the privilege of being his guide.

Before Moses found out anything about Egypt, he found that his mother's relation was about the best thing in the world, and when a boy finds that out he is safe.

Power in a Mother's Kiss. And there is a mighty power in a mother's kiss—inspiration, courage, hope, ambition, in a mother's kiss. One kiss made Benjamin West a painter, and the memory of it clung to him through life. One kiss will drive away the fear in the dark and make the little one brave. It will give strength where there is weakness.

I was in a town one day and saw a mother out with her little boy, and he had great steel braces on both legs, to his hips, and when I got near enough to them I learned by their conversation that wasn't the first time the mother had had him out for a walk. She had him out exercising him so he would get the use of his limbs. He was struggling and she smiled and said, "You are doing fine today; better than you did yesterday," and she stooped and kissed him, and the kiss of encouragement made him work all the harder, and she said: "You are doing great, son," and he said: "Mamma, I'm going to run; look at me." And he started, and one of his toes caught on the steel brace on the other leg and he stumbled, but she caught him and kissed him, and said: "That was fine, son; how well you did it!" Now, he did it because his mother had encouraged him with a kiss. He didn't do it to show off. Oh, there's power in a kiss. Just go up and kiss your wife, even if it does frighten her.

Power in Mother's Song. There is charm in a mother's song, too. It's the best music the world ever heard. The best music in the world is like biscuits—it's the kind mother makes. There is no brass band or pipe organ that can hold a candle to mother's song. Calve, Melba, Nordica, Eames, Schumann-Heink, they are not in it compared to mother. They can't sing at all. They

When Mothers Are to Blame. I thank God for what mother's love has done for the world.

Oh, there is power in a mother's trust. Surely, as Moses was put in his mother's arms by the princess, so God put the child in your arms as a charge by Him to raise and care for. Every child is put in a mother's arms as a trust from God, and she has to answer to

God for the way she deals with that child. No mother on God's earth has any right to raise her children for pleasure. No mother has any more right to raise her children for pleasure than I have to pick your pockets or throw red pepper in your eyes. She has no more right to do that than a bank cashier has to rifle the vaults and take the savings of the people. One of the worst sins you can commit is to be unfaithful to your trust.

"Take this child and nurse it for me." That is all the business you have with it. That is a jewel that belongs to God and He gives it to you to polish for Him so He can set it in a crown. Who knows but that Judas became the godless, good-for-nothing wretch he was because he had a godless, good-for-nothing mother? Do you know? I don't. Who is more blame for the crowded prisons than mothers? Who is more to blame for the crowded houses of ill-fame than you are, to let your children and the streets with every Tom, Dick and Harry, or keep company with some little Jackrabbit whose character would make a black mark on a piece of tar paper. I have talked with men in prisons who have damned their mothers to my face. Why? They blame their mothers for their being where they are.

"Take this child and raise it for me." Not for pleasure. "For me." Not for the world. "For me." Not for society. "For me." Not for business. "For me." Not for politics. "Take this child and raise it for me." Not for the saloon. "For me." Not for the brothel. "For me." Not for infidelity. "For me." Not to marry some man who has money and no morals. "For me." Not to live in respectable prostitution as the wife of some foreign count (or no account), or some fellow whose character is so vile the devil would cross the street and duck up an alley to avoid meeting him. "For me." That's what He says. Are you doing that? If not, then promise you will begin now. Raise it for Him.

God's Pay is Sure. "Take the child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages." God pays in joy that is fireproof, famine-proof and devil-proof. He will pay you, don't you worry. So get your name on God's payroll. "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Get your name on God's payroll. You have been drawing wages from the devil.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Then your responsibility! It is so great that I don't see how any woman can fail to be a Christian and serve God. What do you think God will say if the mother fails? I stagger under it. The greatest monstrosity is a mother unfaithful. What, if through your unfaithfulness, your boy

becomes a curse and your daughter a blight? What, if through your neglect, that boy becomes a Judas, when he might have been a John or a Paul?

Down in Cincinnati some years ago a mother went to the zoological garden and stood leaning over the bear pit calling, watching the bears and dropping crumbs and peanuts to them. In her arms she held her babe, a year and three months old. She was so interested in the bears that the baby wriggled itself out of her arms and fell into the bear pit and she watched those huge monsters rip it to shreds. What a veritable hell it will be through all her life to know that her little one was lost through her own carelessness and neglect!

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Will you promise and covenant with God, and with me, and with one another, that from now on you will try, with God's help, to do better than you ever have done to raise your children for God?

An Angel's Mementos. I once read the story of an angel who stole out of heaven and came to this world one bright, sunny day; roamed through field, forest, city and hamlet, and as the sun went down, plumed his wings for the return flight. The angel said: "Now that my visit is over, before I return I must gather some mementos of my trip." He looked at the beautiful

flowers in the garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant," and plucked the rarest roses, made a bouquet, and said, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these flowers." The angel looked further and saw a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child, and said, "That baby is prettier than the flowers! I will take that, too," and looking beyond to the cradle, he saw a mother's love, pouring out over the babe like a gushing spring; and the angel said, "The mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen; I will take that, too."

And with these three treasures the heavenly messenger winged his flight to the pearly gates, saying: "Before I go in I must examine the mementos of my trip to the earth." He looked at the flowers; they had withered. He looked at the baby's smile, and it had faded. He looked at the mother's love, and it shone in all its pristine beauty. Then he threw away the withered flowers, cast aside the faded smile, and with the mother's love pressed to his heart, swept through the gates into the city, shouting that the only thing he had found that would retain its fragrance from earth to heaven is a mother's love. When God gave you the office of mother it was almost the same as if He had given you His right hand.

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flowers in the garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant," and plucked the rarest roses, made a bouquet, and said, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these flowers." The angel looked further and saw a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child, and said, "That baby is prettier than the flowers! I will take that, too," and looking beyond to the cradle, he saw a mother's love, pouring out over the babe like a gushing spring; and the angel said, "The mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen; I will take that, too."

And with these three treasures the heavenly messenger winged his flight to the pearly gates, saying: "Before I go in I must examine the mementos of my trip to the earth." He looked at the flowers; they had withered. He looked at the baby's smile, and it had faded. He looked at the mother's love, and it shone in all its pristine beauty. Then he threw away the withered flowers, cast aside the faded smile, and with the mother's love pressed to his heart, swept through the gates into the city, shouting that the only thing he had found that would retain its fragrance from earth to heaven is a mother's love. When God gave you the office of mother it was almost the same as if He had given you His right hand.

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