

BILLY SUNDAY REVIVAL SUPPLEMENT

TABERNACLE ON SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET

RICHMOND, INDIANA, APRIL 28, 1922.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING SERVICES

Mother Finds It Hard Work to Rear Sons Properly If Father Lacks Healthy Moral Backbone

When God Sends a Great Man Into the World He Sees to It
That He Gets a Good Mother, But Most Any Kind of a
Stick Will Do for Father, Evangelist Says in His Sermon
On "Mothers."

The text—"Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will pay thee thy wages." Exodus 2nd chapter, 9th verse.

"Mothers," was the subject of Rev. W. A. Sunday's sermon Friday afternoon. He said:

I think the story of Moses is one of the most attractive and fascinating ever written, and it takes hold upon us, and it never loses its interest. It is so graphically told that once it is learned, it is never forgotten.

I have tried to imagine the anxiety with which that child was born into this world, for it came with the sentence of death hovering over it; for the sword of Pharaoh had declared that every male child born of the Hebrews should be slain, and the battle of "right" against "might" started right at the cradle.

The mother of Moses was a slave, and she was compelled like the other Jews to work in the brick yards, but she was on her side and she won, as the mother always does when God is on her side.

Before going to work she had to secure a hiding place for this child, and put his little sister Miriam on guard, but her presence was seen by the soldiers of Pharaoh and they would hunt and slay this child.

For three months he had to be hid and each day a new hiding place had to be secured. I think it would be difficult to imagine anything more hard than to hide a good strong healthy, growing baby. Now that he has grown larger and more full of life, a more secure hiding place had to be found, and imagine her giving up the time she should have spent in sleep in order to prepare an ark for saving this child.

Believes Plan Originated in Heaven.

I believe the plans for that ark originated in Heaven. I repeat that I think the plans for God's ark as much interested in the salvation of that child as the mother could have possibly been, for God knew what he wanted him to do when he became a man.

An event so important and far reaching upon the human race never happened by luck or chance. Perhaps God whispered the plans to her when she went to him in despair over the fact that Pharaoh was going to slay all the male children born.

And how carefully the material out of which that ark was built had been selected.

I think if parents today were as careful of the company their children keep, the books they read, the pictures they see and the places to which they go, there would not be so many drunken sons, vomiting on their way to hell, and haunts of sin and vice would not be fed with girls that have not sprouted long skirts yet.

The average little sister could give her grandmother cards and spades and beat her, lands down. If you were only more careful of the company they keep and the things they see and the places they go!

Builds Little Ark Carefully.

Every twig of that ark had to be carefully scanned, that nothing faulty should go into it to jeopardize the life of that little baby. And in the way of that ark she put her prayers and tears, and she raised her voice in thanksgiving when it was ready to carry its cargo, which was more precious than if it were to hold the crown jewels of Egypt.

Imagine the last night that baby spent in that ark. Perhaps some of you can remember a similar night when the white casket was in your home and you knew that when the day dawned they would carry it out, and all the light seemed to vanish with it. No sleep for the mothers—others of the household might sleep—

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings. And shoes that no little feet ever wear. And there are bits of ribbons and broken wings. And toys and models of ships. All marked by finger-tips—of dimpled hands.

That have fallen to dust. And yet we strive to think that the Lord was just.

Yet a feeling of bitterness fills our souls sometimes when we try to pray. And remember that the reaper spared so many flowers. But take them away.

We sometimes doubt if the Lord did know how our broken hearts loved them so. And when we think of our dear ones dead. Of the children who will never grow old.

And how they are waiting for us in that city with streets of pure gold. And how they are safe through all the years. From sickness and want and war. We thank the great God with a failing tear.

For the trinkets in the cabinet drawer. And all the dark nights she prayed that God would bless the work she had done, and the step that she had taken, and shield her child.

People sometimes ask me how I imagine the angels employ their time. I think some of the angels were busy keeping the soldiers away lest they might accidentally find this little boy and slay him; for all Heaven was on his side, and old Pharaoh did not have soldiers enough to pull one hair out of that baby's head. God was on

the job, don't you forget. You need not fear when God is there.

And when the day dawned she kissed that child, placed him in the ark and put the ark among the reeds and with aching heart and streaming eyes she turns back again to the fields and the brick yards to bare her back and labor, and waits to see what God will do. She had done her prayerful best, and God never fails the man or woman who does his prayerful best.

Oh! how easy it was for God to give the needed help! What mountain movers we would all be if we only anchored to the fact that with God all things are possible, no matter how seemingly impossible.

And what surprises God Almighty would give to some, and unexpected answers to our prayers, if we only believe and trust in Him.

She knew that God would help her some way, but I do not believe she ever dreamed that God would ever touch the heart of old Pharaoh's daughters and send her her custom to the water to bathe, she expected to see the princess from the throne of Egypt to take care of that baby.

And the ark was discovered just as God wanted it to be and Pharaoh's daughter, when she went down with her maids as was her custom to the water to bathe, she spied this ark among the reeds and she sent one of the maids to fetch it.

I think some of the maids herded the crocodiles over on the other side of the Nile lest in swimming around they might scent the flesh and tear the child to shreds and eat it. And all this time she was waiting for him.

And the cover was removed and they saw a strong, healthy baby, perhaps sucking his thumb like you did when you were a baby. And the baby looked up into a strange face and began to cry, and those tears blotted out every wrinkle of him, as against it and gave it a chance for its life.

Angels Must Have Guarded Infant

I think the angels must have stood there and pinched the baby to make it cry at the right time. Nothing happens by accident. Orders of angels swing in their appointed orbit, they never cross the path of another, but the tears of that little boy in the ark were the jewels with which God Almighty ransomed his chosen people and led the Jews from Egyptian bondage by land and sea.

That fellow, when he grew to be a man—Moses.

This princess had a woman's heart and when a woman's heart and a baby's tears meet, something is going to happen that will give the Devil cold feet.

Perhaps she had had a baby of her own; her baby might have been dead and the sight of that little boy there tore open the wound in her heart and made it bleed afresh. But never mind about that; she was a woman and she had a woman's heart. She knew that her child had been ordered to kill all Hebrew male children and she was going to protect that boy and faithful little Miriam.

She stood there and never boomed or peeped that she knew about this frame-up and she saw the heart of the princess reflected in her face just as plainly as if it had been an open book.

I know what is pounding beneath your skin just by the look of your face. Why? A policeman can tell the minute he looks into the face of a crook. That is his business. You take your watch into a jewelry store and can tell whether it is any good when he looks at it.

So Miriam saw the heart of this princess reflected in her face and she said, "Shall I go and get one of the Hebrew women to nurse him for you?"

Baby Handed Back to Its Mother

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go and get her," and I can see the bare feet of little Miriam as she goes to her mother, and in a little while back she comes, leading her mother by the hand. And Pharaoh's daughter took the little fellow out of the ark and handed him over to his own mother, although she did not know it, and as she did it, she said in the words of my text, "You take this child and nurse it for me."

And she was being paid Egyptian money to do what her heart yearned above all things to do, nurse and hug and kiss her own baby.

How quickly the mother was paid for all the hours of anxiety and alarm and grief! I think God gave her special dispensation and grace to keep her from dying from joy; and if the angels were on earth how hilarious they must have been to see Moses in his mother's arms, hugging home, and so the mother would have to go out to work no more.

When she gets to her little shack she drops on her knees and pours out her heart to God, for he had heard her. She knew the Lord would hear her and take care of her baby when she put him in the ark; but, folks, I do not believe she ever dreamed that her baby would ever be put back into her arms to care for, and she be taken out of the fields where she would not have to slave, nor be half frightened to death for fear somebody had found

Billy's Hand, Beckons to "Hit the Trail," or Admonishes Sinner to Repent

Bruised, and calloused from years of pounding the pine box pulpit in hundreds of tabernacles, Billy Sunday's hands are a part of his sermon.

Whether they are being shook, clenched and menacing, in the face of his audience, while he defies some force of evil; or whether they are held like a megaphone to his lips, while he shouts into the sounding board over his head, they are always in action, illustrating the sermon.

With a mighty whack that would almost wreck a table, Sunday bangs his hand down palm open, on the pulpit. The hollow box-like stand resounds with a boom like a bass drum, with the emphasis of his point.

Again he raps with his knuckles, attention compelling rolls, like those of a snare drum. But the climax of his efforts comes when, with clenched fist, he hammers the top of that pulpit, as though to smash it to kindling wood, in one instant.

The huge callouses can be seen even from the front rows of the audience, for they must be large to withstand the force of his blows, that would otherwise break the bones. But callouses as they are, they cannot save the flesh from a cruel hammering, and under the punishment the callous spots crack and break open, leaving his knuckles at times, chapped with deep cracks.

Scared and rugged, they are the hands that beckon men and women to the "sawdust trail," and then when they have marched down, they are

the hands that have killed it, and the stony-hearted Pharaoh would pay her, I am going to Heaven some day. Hallelujah to God, and when I rush up and shake hands with Jesus I am going to say, "Jesus, I want to see where the mother of Moses is. Where does she live?"

I think the Lord will page an angel and say, "Show Bill where Moses' mother lives."

The Bible does not tell you, but I am going to find out when I get to Heaven.

Now, I have learned some lessons, and here is one of them: First, a mother is remarkably plucky. Every thing may be against her, but she would not give up; her heart never fails.

The bravest battle that ever was fought! Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not. 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle not, With sword or noble pen; Nay, not with eloquent words or thought, From mouths of wonderful men! But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—

Of a woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part.

So, there is that battle field. No marshalling troops, no bl-vuac song, No banner to gleam and wave, But oh! those battles they last so long—

From babyhood to the grave. The mother is always brave when the safety of her children is concerned, and I would stand up more than some of you mothers do when some little tango lizard, bull-headed, weasel-eyed sort of a lobster comes around to take your daughter away.

Tell him to go to the Devil. I would down him. Give him some "Rough-on-Rats" and butter.

Mothers are always brave. Here in Indiana last summer a mother was canning fruit in the kitchen and the little baby was out in the grass laughing and playing. The mother heard it scream and she dropped everything and she ran out and found a huge snake wrapping its coils around the baby and she tore it off the child and pounded its head to a pulp on a rock in the yard.

Fathers Too Often Get The Blues.

Fathers too often give up. Get the blues, go to hitting the booze, commit suicide, take a header from the pier; but mother stands by the little brood, and manures her finger nails over a washboard to keep them out of the poorhouse.

It is the greatest work in the world. It is so far reaching that it is above everything else. It is her task to mold and shape the greatest human beings on earth.

If you want to find real true greatness do not go to the throne, toward the White House, toward the halls of learning, do not go to some great factory, my friends; go toward the cradle.

When Jesus Christ was on earth and he wanted to give his disciples a great object lesson, he called all the little children and placing them in the middle of them, he said, "Unless you become converted and become as a little child, you can in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Jesus said, "Unless you have Faith in me, such as the little child has faith in his parents, and become converted as little children, you can never enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

So there is something for you to learn. Oh! you want your boy to be sober and to pray and to love God and hate Evil. Oh! that is better than to



A close-up view of Billy Sunday's hand. Thousands upon thousands have clasped it when they "hit the trail" to salvation.

TODAY'S BEST STORY IN BILLY'S SERMON

I read a story the other day of an angel that came from Heaven down to this world. Roamed through the fields and cities and when his roaming was over he said, "Now that I am through this visit on this earth, I must gather some mementoes of my trip."

And he looked at the beautiful flowers in the garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant."

So he plucked some roses and he looked further and he said, "Ah, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child. That baby is prettier than the flower and I will have to take that."

And then he looked and saw a mother sitting beside a cradle. "Ah, that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth, I will take that too."

And with these three treasures he went back and he said as he stopped in front of the gate, "Before I go in I must examine my mementoes."

He looked at the flower, and it had withered. At the baby's smile and it had faded. He looked at the mother love and it glistened in all its beauty. He threw away the withered flower and cast away the faded smile and with the mother's love pressed to his heart, he pressed through the gates into the city, crying to the angels in glory, "The only thing I could find that would keep fragrant, from earth to Heaven, is a mother's love."

"Take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay thee thy wages,"

launch a battleship and wreck a kingdom.

To launch a girl that will live for Jesus and trust and that will hold firm for God Almighty and his virtue; what is more noble in the universe than that.

Moses was a chosen vessel of the Lord so he wanted him to get a right start in the world.

There was a time when there was not a man in the United States could beat me running. If our speed was equal I could get away ahead of him. I was the first man to circle a base in fourteen seconds from a standing start. I do not believe anyone has ever beaten that yet.

And so God wanted Moses to get a right start. I can tell what you are going to be in the world by the way you start. There was not a college professor in Egypt that God would trust with the job so he just put that child back in his mother's arms and I will tell you, a mother's arms is a safe anchorage for any boy or girl, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that there is not a devil strong enough to pull a boy or girl out of the arms of a Christian mother.

When God sends a great man into the world he sees to it that he gets the right kind of a mother. Most any kind of a stick will do for a father, but God Almighty is mighty particular. And the greatest need of this or any country is good mothers. I believe we have more good mothers in America than any land on earth, although all of them are not good.

We have a lot of them that are good for nothing. If George Washington had mothered like Happy Hogan he would be running around with an oyster can on his head and saying, "It gets on me noives."

There may be poetry in it but it is true that "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world." And if every cradle was rocked by a good Christian mother the world would be filled with noble and good men and women.

A young man joined a church one time and the preacher said, "What was it I said that led you to do this?" He said, "Nothing. It was my old mother's religion."

Example Greater Than Theory.

I want to tell you one ounce of example will outweigh an ounce of theory and all that and if you mothers live as you should live, we preachers and the police would not have so much to do as we have.

I think it is mighty small business being a king or a priest compared with being a mother or the teacher of children. These fill places so great that I will bet there is not an angel up in Heaven who could change places with you.

To teach a child to love the Truth and hate a lie, to love virtue and hate

vice, and to love the Truth and hate falsehood! Oh, that is greater than to be able to make a flying machine that can go to the moon and back again!

In so doing, you start powers in motion that will never, never end. You help to bring the world of harmony out of chaos.

A friend of mine received some crystals the other day from a friend, a scientific American, and a letter accompanied it, saying: "There is power enough to give green hue to a hoghead." Think of it!

Mothers Will Receive Reward

Power enough in the boy to grow up to become a man that would damn the town he lives in. In the girl to be a curse to the world, or a benefactor, or a blessing to the world, according to the influences that surround her when she is young.

You talk about greatness. You wait until the mountains of Eternity are reached and you will read the mothers' names that sit in God's Hall of Fame! There will be many a scrub-woman on earth whose name will be in God's Hall of Fame.

Chasing the phantoms of pleasure which might be molding the character of an individual that would be a benefactor to the world. To plant a thought in the minds of a girl or boy and have it stay there and grow—

That is better than putting in a big crop, my friend; or it is greater than to build a railroad or a great factory. God had a big place for Moses, but do not forget that he had a bigger place for his mother, and by the saving of that baby she helped to save the nation. I think the angels must have held their breath when they saw that little baby taken out of the ark and put into its mother's arms.

How do you know but the angels watch you with as much interest? How do you know but that God Almighty has elected that your boy or your girl shall become his mouthpiece to the generation that is yet to be born? How do you know but that God will send him up and down the land preaching the truth?

I know the work is often discouraging and you have your trials and make your sacrifices and shed your tears and all is hidden from the world. No one knows or seems to care that you are making your fight all alone.

Some Husbands Downright Lazy

There is nothing to show that Moses' mother had any help from his daddy, nothing to show that he cut too the weeds out of which she made that ark.

Maybe because he was too darned lazy to go out and get his own kindling, for all I know. I tell you right now, a mother finds it mighty hard to work to make a man of her boy if he has a man for a father with no more moral backbone than a meat rind or a twine or string.

She has got a hard job, and the Devil gets in many a boy by getting into his dad first. Look out, that may be the route he will take to land you. And when a mother is doing all she can to train her children for the Lord, the old man is doing all he can to lead them to the Devil.

And many a time they say to me, "What is the use of teaching children to go to church when he will go to a saloon? What is the use of teaching him to pray when he will come home and curse and swear and damn and undo in five minutes all I have done in 24 hours? What is the use of telling my boy not to become a cigarette fiend when his Dad goes around the house smoking them?"

Some of you who live out of the delicatessen shops don't. Mothers Doing Wonderful Things

In the office which is given to you as mothers you are doing a wonderful thing.

Then I learned another lesson, too, of a mother's great power. There is power in mother's hand, and by leading her boy right she heads God's great army.

By faith Moses came to years. When 21 he refused to become the son of Pharaoh's daughter and to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. There is something for you, some of you old card-playing, beer-guzzling, champagne-fizzing crowd!

That is something for you to think about. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and the daughter nagged and begged him and said, "Let me call you my son."

If he had let himself be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter

SNAPPY SAYINGS IN SUNDAY'S SERMONS

Mothers are remarkably plucky. Everything may be against a mother but she will not give up, her heart never fails.

I believe we have more good mothers in America than any land on earth, although all of them are not good.

If you want to find really true greatness, go to the cradle.

To teach a child to love the truth and hate a lie, to love virtue and hate vice, and to the truth and hate the falsehood, Oh, that is greater than to be able to make a flying machine that can go to the moon and back again.

I tell you right now, a mother finds it mighty hard work to make a man of her boy if he has a man for a father with no more moral backbone than a meat rind or a twine or string.

You get the boys and girls to live right and the devil will hang crepe on his door, bank his fires, and hell will be for rent before the Fourth of July.

Emerson said, "Men are what their mothers make them."

If you put the home second, the kids will play the second fiddle all the time.

What do you care about an angel's harp and song if there is no mother's song? There is more in their song than in a minstrel's or poet's song.

Thank God for what mother love has done for this old world and for putting into a mother's heart that love.

What if the mothers of our land fail? God pity us.

It isn't reforming. Oh, no, not at all. The devil lets you reform every morning and noon if you want to.

You let a hog fall into the mud and he will lie there. He is content. That is his nature. You let a sheep fall into the mud and he will get out as quick as he can. He hates mud. So the world can tell whether you are a hog or a sheep and do it quick.

So there are lots of people whose correctness of manners is all right, but their hearts are wrong. No man or woman will ever walk the streets of heaven unless they have been again by repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. Accept Him as your Savior, then God will blot out your sins, no matter what they are.

In love, home influence, marriage, labor or anything of that kind, you are all tied with somebody else in the world. You hurt somebody else when you sin.

I know men, sir, that are afraid to come to this tabernacle, for fear if they put themselves under the influence here that they would yield to Jesus Christ and do one decent thing before they die. They are afraid. They are convicted. They know what I preach is right. They know the way they live is wrong, and they know if they come they would yield to the spirit of God and live the way I preach and they don't want to live the way I preach and they are afraid.

So they are trying to make themselves believe it is the way I preach, rather than the way he lives.

When you sin you hurt your wife and children, and somebody suffers. We are all tied together like cars to a train. When one moves up, the others pull along with it.

The trouble isn't with outward life, it is with the heart. I picked up an apple the other day. It was a beauty. I took a bite into it and it was wormy. The trouble wasn't in the outward appearance, it was in the inside. It was rotten at the heart.

he never would have been Moses; he would have been an Egyptian mummy. He could not be Moses and Pharaoh's daughter's son, too. So he made his choice.

You cannot serve the devil and the Lord, too; you cannot be a drunkard and go to Heaven, too. Make up your mind what you are going to do.

Now, where did Moses get his Faith? He got it from his Ma. Why? His mother taught him at her knee, and she said, "Honey, I am your Ma."

And so when Pharaoh's daughter said, "Be my son," he said, "Nothin' doin'."

Where did he get his nerve, girls, to say, "Excuse me, please" to the pleasures and sins of Egypt? You bet your life, he got it from his mother! That is the reason he stood pat.

Moses was learned in all the wisdom of Egyptians. He read it, but it did not hurt him, for he was not concerned with it.

"Train up a child in the way it should go and when it is old it will not go far from it."

Start Children Early in Religion.

I think the Roman Catholic church is right when it says "Give us the child until he is ten years old and we do not care who has it after that."

The Catholics are not losing any sleep over fear of losing grown up men and women from their membership. They have shown us the only sensible way to reach the masses, and that is by reaching the children and getting them started right.

You get the boys and girls to live right and the devil will hang crepe on their door, bank his fires, and hell will be for rent before the Fourth of July.

Moses was able to choose with the people of God because his mother was taken out of the brick yard to guide him. Egyptian knowledge could not run him because his mother's hand was on his head and before he found out anything about the White Way.

BILLY RESENTS ATTACK MADE ON CHARACTER

Denounces Author of Letter Stating that He Failed to Support His Mother and Sister.

BIG CROWD IS PRESENT

"If I had been there, I would have shot them, so help me God I would. I would have shot them as sure as they stand in shoe leather if I had been there."

"And you couldn't have found a jury on earth that would have convicted me either. It would have been premeditated. Don't worry about that."

So thundered Billy Sunday in defiance of the men, who, he alleged, had desecrated the grave of his mother and the final resting places of other relatives, in his sermon at the tabernacle Thursday evening.

The vitriolic outburst came in conjunction with his reply to an anonymous letter, which had been sent to Rev. J. J. Rae of the First Presbyterian church, in which it was charged that the evangelist had neglected his mother and sister.

Mr. Sunday called the author of the letter a "dirty, rat-eyed liar."

"My mother died five years ago in Winona Lake, and I buried her out on the old farm in Iowa, and my only sister, a half-sister, was burned to death years ago, and was buried on the same farm."

"I seldom take the time to answer the lies that are being circulated about me."

"You low down dirty dog, if you are here tonight—and hope you are—you are a dirty, sneaking low down, God-forsaken, blackhearted, lying, degenerate hypocrite. You let my folks alone you dirty, low, blackhearted, scoundrel and skunk, the off-scouring of God's dirt."

Words Filled Him.

Words failed Sunday when he tried to describe what he thought of the man who had written the anonymous letter. Stringing out a series of epithets, that would seem to include every sort of scoundrel on the face of the earth, Sunday paused for breath, his eyes set with a fierceness, but without a word with which to continue.

"People have lied and vilified about me ever since I first began preaching. Why the whiskey ring went out to the old farm in Iowa where I had buried my mother, with the other members of the family, where I had put a fence around the grave lot, and they asked the farmer who owned the place if they could take picture of the grave."

"And they tore down the fence, and they broke down the tomb stone over my uncle's grave, and piled it all up over the graves, and then they took a picture of it, and that picture was printed all over the country."

"And if that pimp that wrote that letter is in the audience, I'd like to have him come up and tell me about it."

Later in the sermon, poised on his chair with one foot on the desk, his head almost touching the sounding board above, he shouted, "If there is anything I despise, it is the man who says things about your past, things that you have put behind you years ago."

Again that fierce stare shone in