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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 God 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, lest her presence be 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 that ark originated in Heaven, for God was 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 sots, 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 hands 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 weaving 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 home. 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 taketh ours 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 falling 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 stay 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

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 calloused hands can be seen even in 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 couchions 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.

Seared 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 baby and had killed it, and the story-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. Everything 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

You will find it not. 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,

With sword or noble pen;

Nay, not with eloquent words or thoughts.

From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a wall-eyed 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 blarney 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 drown him. Give him some "Rough-on-Rats" and buttermilk.

Mothers are always brave.

Here in Indiana last summer a mother was canning fruit in the kitchen and the size of that little tot there opened 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 dad had issued orders to kill all Hebrew male children and she was going to protect that boy and faithful little Miriam.

She stood there and never boded 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 jeweler—he 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 Handled 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."

**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 manicures her fingernails 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 fortune, my friends; but 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 know.

**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 moments of my trip."

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

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

mothers."

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 mother's names that sit in God's Hall of Fame!

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

mothers."

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?

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

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 flight 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 one of the reeds 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 train or a twin 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 yours. 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 a boy to pray when he will come home and curse and swear and dance 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?

I know your work is one monotonous grind. I heard a wearied mother say, "I get so tired looking at the same old dish pan three times a day."

Some of you who live out of the delicatessen shops don't.

**Mothers Doing
Wonderful Thing.**

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

Then I learned another lesson, too, of mother's great power.

There is power in mother's hand, and by leading her boy right, she headed God's great army.

By faith Moses was come to years.

When 21 he refused to become the son of Pharaoh's daughter and to enjoy the pleasure of an for a season.

There is something for you, some of you old card-playing, beer-guzzling, champagne-tizzling crowd!

That is something for you to think about. By faith Moses, when he was 21, he refused to become the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and the daughter nagged and begged him and said, "Let me call you my son."

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