

A SERVICE FOR MOTHERS BY EVANGELIST HONEYWELL

Men Are Not Great Unless They Have Great Mothers—Some Glowing Tributes Paid Many of the Fine Women of the Country.

Last night in Bridge St. a service was held in honor of mothers. Mothers, grandmothers and even great-grandmothers were present and at the request of Evangelist Honeywell sang. A request for those whose mothers had passed from this world to raise their hands covered with their handkerchiefs was responded to by a large number and a prayer in honor was offered for those left.

The fathers also were remembered and duly recognized by being requested to sing. The grandfathers and two great-grandfathers also honored the meeting with their presence and entertained the audience with the chorus of a song. Too high a tribute would be impossible to pay to these dear christian souls (and many who have preceded them to their everlasting reward) for the glorious prosperity and manhood and womanhood, they have given to our land of liberty and plenty.

Fitting Music
The music of the meeting was in accordance with the address—a tribute to womanhood. Prof. Tovey led the choir and congregational singing in happy inspiring songs and his own solo "My Mother" was rendered in his beautifully clear, sympathetic tenor while the answer came pealing forth from a concealed quartette somewhere in the rear of the gallery "Tell Mother I'll Be There." This unique feature of the service was most impressive and was thoroughly enjoyed by those fortunate in being in attendance at the service last night.

THE SERMON

1 Samuel 11-19 "Moreover His Mother Made Him a Little Coat and Brought it to Him From Year to Year."

A great writer has said "There is nothing worth seeing, nothing worth having, nothing worth touching, nothing worth handling, and nothing worth having which does not bear the stamp of a woman."

Woman is in many respects the conscience of the world.

Our religion, our civilization, and our business are all due, to no small extent to the mighty influence of woman.

Woman no where exhibits such graces of loveliness and beauty of character as she is seen to exhibit in the sacred scriptures (it is true very little space is given woman by the inspired writers, and very little is said of them by modern expounders).

Like diamonds they are seldom found, but when they are, they pay the finder for they glitter and dazzle with a heavenly splendor. So the rare mention of women in the Bible should not cause us to think the less of their importance.

The women of sacred scripture were mighty in real greatness.

They did not pastor churches, they did not preach sermons, they did not lecture on platforms, they did not give musical entertainments; they did not tour the country advocating suffrage—they did not practice law, they did not graduate in medicine. They did not play progressive euchre or whist. They won no prizes of cut glass dishes and dinky cream pitchers, they had no ball room costumes—no sleeveless or collarless gowns—no peek-a-boo waists—they had no hobble skirts. They had no switches. They wore no rats. They used no paint, they had no powder. They bleached no hair. They did no padding. They rode no bicycles. They ran no automobiles.

These things do not make a woman great. Her greatness consists in the perfection with which she tunes the heart strings of this world to make the music of heaven.

Of all women—mother occupies the highest place.

There are three words that are very closely associated with each other in our minds and perhaps mean more to us than all else besides—the words are mother, home, heaven.

Some one once said: "If I could mother this world I could save this world."

Another said: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." I have chosen this text because Hannah was an ordinary woman

with extraordinary talents, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come—the model christian mother.

Elkanah, her husband, was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain. He never sought

obscurity, still, she reaches forth her hand and blends the colors of virtue, truth and righteousness, which she herself possessed and then with the brush of her own magnificent charm she paints the bow of character, which encircles the life of her offspring.

What woman would desire to be greater than to have a great son? I confess to you that when I see the ambitions of women to ape men—to take their place—to do their work—to wear their honors—I hang my head in shame.

Some women think of only what they will wear and how they can shine in society. God pity the woman that will sacrifice everything that is highest and noblest for the sake of trying to outshine some one else.

Good women try to shine within themselves. Fool women try to outshine others.

Women sigh for fame. They would be sculptors, and chisel out of the cold marble forms of beauty to fill the world with admiration of their skill. Or they would be poets, to write songs to thrill a nation and to be sung around the world.

But is any work in marble so great as hers who has an immortal life laid in her hands to shape for its destiny? Is the writing of any poem in musical lines so noble a work as the training of the powers of a human soul into harmony? Yet there are women who regard the duties and cares of motherhood, as too obscure and common place tasks for their hands.

So when a baby comes a nurse is hired, who for a weekly compensation agrees to take charge of the little one, that the mother may be free of such drudgery to devote herself to the nobler and worthier things that she finds to do.

But the greatest ambition that ever throbbed in a woman's heart is to give the world a great man.

Then up with your heads, mothers. Your lot may be humble and often you may have been discouraged by its hardships. I know the work of the mother often seems a monotonous, meaningless, lonely grind. It is the same thing over and over most of the time and so little good seems to come out of it. A mother said to me the other day, "I get so tired looking at the same dish-pan three times every day."

A friend of mine came to a place in a large city where a fire stone church was being erected. He stood for some time and with much interest watched the stones being hoisted up and put in their proper place in the wall, and then he thought he would like to see the power that was doing the hoisting.

So he passed inside the walls and there, away back in a dark corner he saw an old blind woman, going round and round, with his head down, and looking doleful beyond imagination.

The poor old horse was attached to a simple system of machinery that was doing the hoisting.

My friend said: "Oh how I wish I could have gone to that old horse and told him what he was doing."

Had he been able to do so, how quick it would have taken all the drudgery out of his work. Instead of going around with his head down, he would have held it high in the air, and would have been prancing around the ring like a colt, and part of the time on his hind legs. Perhaps, as he said to himself—"Why I am in the biggest business in this town, I'm building a great temple, in which multitudes will gather, where even the best men of the nation will assemble for the worship of God."

And how much this is like the work of the mother. Just one thing over and over again, in some dark corner, a continual going around and around, but by her faithfulness there she is helping to hoist the living stones to their places in God's eternal temple.

Think of the power of a mother's love. If the devil ever turned pale I believe it was on the day when a mother's love first flamed up into the heart of a woman. The mother has to love her babe before it is born, and like God Himself, she must go down into the valley of the shadow of death to give it being.

Her love for the child is so great that she will gladly suffer all things for its sake.

The child may grow up to become all that is vile, but that mother will keep on loving it. Nothing can make her hate it. It lasts when everything else fails. "A man cannot wander so far from God as to forget a mother's love."

One of the most awful things about hell is that there will be no mother's love there. Nothing but black, bottomless, endless hate.

Her love always stimulates love. "In the middle western part of our country a boy was arrested for the crime of murder. His old mother followed him to the cell, and sitting down by his side, said "Jim, tell me now, did you do it?" And the boy

looked up into his mother's face, his lips trembling, his own face growing white as he said, "Mother, I did not do it."

When the time of the trial came on the judge said to the mother, "If you will persuade your boy to plead guilty, we will be easy with him."

"But your honor," she said, "he did not do it." The neighbors came in to sympathize with her, and she would smile and say "But he did not do it."

The prosecuting attorney said to her, "If you will tell Jim to change his plea, the judge will be easy with him," and the mother said "thank you, sir, but he didn't do it."

The boy was convicted and the day of the execution came. The chaplain made his way into the cell, and the shadow of the gallows was already upon the boy. The chaplain said to him, "Jim, you are facing eternity, tell me, did you do it?"

The boy was perfectly still for a moment, then raising his face he said: "Chaplain, I did do it. You go and tell my mother."

And one of my friends who knew him, said that the chaplain came over to her home, and the old mother knew what day it was. The shadow of the gallows was touching her foot. When the chaplain entered the room she had her head down in her arms, and when he spoke to her and she made no sign that she heard him. Then he said: "Mother, listen, Jim did it. He says he did it."

And the mother did what my mother would have done, or yours. She gave one shudder, and dropped her head a little lower in her hands.

Then raising up her face, down which the tears were streaming, she said "Chaplain go back as quickly as you can, and tell him that I love him."

One, calm, bright, sweet sun-shiny day, an angel stole out of heaven, and came to this old world, and roamed field and forest, city and hamlet, and just as the sun went down he plumed his wings and said "Now my visit is out, and I must go to the world of light, but before I go I must gather some moments of your visit."

And he looked over into a beautiful flower garden and said "How lovely and fragrant those flowers are," and he plucked the rarest roses, and made a bouquet and said, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these; I will take them with me."

But he looked a little farther and they saw a little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked babe, smiling up into its mother's face, and he said "Oh that babe's smile is prettier than this bouquet I will take that too."

Then he looked just beyond the cradle, and there was a mother's love pouring out like a gush of a river, toward the cradle and the babe, and he said "Oh that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth I will carry that too."

With his three treasures he winged his way to the pearly gates, and it on the outside and said "before I go in I will examine my moments," and he looked at the flowers they had withered, he looked at the baby's smile and it had faded away; he looked at the mother's love and there it was in all its pristine beauty and fragrance.

He threw aside the withered flowers and faded smile, and winged his way through the gates and led all the hosts of heaven together and said "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance all the way to heaven—a mother's love."

Over the forests and treeless plains And over the heights above; it is never the same.

The heart of the home is the throb of the mother's love. It kneels by the bed of the drowsy head And whispers a lullaby. That softly streams through the baby's dreams, "Fear not for mother is nigh." It flows from her lips to her finger tips Carressing the baby's curls; It shines in the eyes that sympathize With the tears of her little girls. The sorrows and joys of her little boys; It only can understand, And it hallows the touch we love so much. The pressure of mother's hand. It mends the ball and the broken doll; It finds the missing knife. And all day long it weaves a song Round the wearisome tasks of life. When the tear drops start and she lays her hand.

Hannah Was an Industrious Mother There was no need for her to

work. Elkanah her husband was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family.

Hannah might have seated herself with her family and with folded arms and dishevelled hair, read novels from year to year, but when I see her making that garment, and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as pleasure.

One great curse of our day is idle mothers and idle daughters. There are women who never turn their hands to anything useful.

They never stitch, they never hem a handkerchief, never darn a pair of socks, never mend a shirt, never sew on a button, never patch a pair of pants, and never make a coat for Samuel.

All they do is to manage to get around to their meals, and if they do go out it is to the card club, the moving picture show, the theater, the millinery shop or some entertainment.

They never visit the sick. They never try to help the poor. They never comfort the sorrowing. They never go to the down-trodden and those in distress.

Nobody in this world can be of any account and do nothing.

Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Not that God would have mother become 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 in their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble mark on their finger attest that they are faithful. The bloom, the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place for the grandeur, dignity, and usefulness, and industry of motherhood.

The stalwart men and influential women of our day, 99 out of every hundred of them come from such illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun.

The mothers of Samuel Johnstone, and Alfred the Great, Isaac Newton, and St. Augustine, and Richard Cecil, for the most part were industrious and hard-working mothers.

Against Hannah Stands Before us as a Christian Mother

From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know that she was good.

A mother may have the finest culture and the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother.

"Mother," ought to be the synonym of all that's pure, and holy and good. But in many a home today, the mother shows no more interest and care for the souls of her children than if they had no soul to save. There are mothers here tonight and you have spent more time preparing your daughters for the ball-room than you have spent on your knees praying God to save them from hell.

A daughter came to her worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins and that she had been praying all night.

The mother said "Oh stop your praying. Get over all these religious notions and I will give you a dress that will cost \$500 and you may wear it next week to the ball."

The daughter took the dress and moved in the gay circle, she gazed 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 dying moments said "Mother I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500. The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying girl. Looking at it the dying girl said: "That dress is the price of my soul."

Oh what a momentous thing it is to be a mother. Just as truly as Samuel was given to Hannah to raise for the service of God in the temple, so is every child put into the mother's arms as a trust from God, and for the way in which she deals with the child she will have to answer at the judgment.

No mother has a God-given right to let her child grow up without the thought of God concerning it, from the cashier of the bank has to embezzle its funds.

I believe that a mother's unfaithfulness of her trust is about as great a sin, as it is possible to commit, because her trust is so great.

Those children in your home are jewels which belong to God and He wants you to polish them for Him.

Who knows but that Judas became the miserable traitor that he was by having a miserable mother.

Who is more to blame for the crowded state of our prisons today than mothers who failed to bring up

their children as God expected them to?

I have known men in prisons who have cursed their mothers for being there.

Mothers you are to raise those children not for pleasure, not for society, not for the world, not for politics or business, not to be a butterfly on the ball-room floor, not to be a mere ornament in society—not to be a painted doll, not to marry a man with a lot of money and no morals, not to be the wife of some foreign count with a character so vile that when the devil meets him he takes the other side of the street, not for these things—but your first duty is to bring up your children for God and heaven. I would to God that you mothers this evening might get a vision of this responsibility, the glory, the splendor of your work.

If you want to find true greatness go to the side of the cradle instead of the side of the throne.

The grandest work in the world is to be done by a true mother.

The training of Martin Luther or a Lincoln, is greater than being King or President. It is a great responsibility God puts on you mothers.

The man who builds a railroad does a great thing. The man who builds a battleship does a great thing—but the mother who brings up a boy of noble character to love God and serve his country well does a greater thing—the greatest thing in the world.

It is a great thing to launch a battleship or a cruiser, but it is a greater thing to launch a boy or a girl for Jesus Christ.

One day a father and his little son were out walking, when they came to a crooked tree. The father said "I wonder what did that?" and the boy said "I guess somebody stepped on it when it was little."

The burden you put on a child when it is small will stick to it all its days. You put a burden on that child by the atmosphere you live in.

The nation has no better friend than a mother who teaches her child to pray. And the world has no worse enemy than a frivolous prayerless mother.

When I think of the sacredness and the responsibility of mothers, I do not see how any mother can look upon the little child that has been given to her and consider her duty to it, and not be driven to God by the very weight of the burden that rests upon her, to cry to Him for help and wisdom.

When an impotent woman bends over the cradle of her first born, when she begins to realize that here is a soul which she must train, teach, fashion and guide through this world to God's bar, how can she longer stay away from God?

Let her, as she bends over the child's crib to kiss its sweet lips, ask herself "am I true to my child when I shut God out of my own life? Am I able to meet this solemn responsibility of otherhood all alone, in my unaided human weakness, without divine help?"

I know not how any mother can honestly meet these questions as she looks upon her innocent, helpless child, given to her to shelter, to keep, to guide and not fall instantly upon her knees and give herself to God.

Better be out on a boundless sea without knowledge of the stars above or the currents beneath; better be in the untrodden forest without the pathway or compass, better be in trackless desert without a land mark in all the horizon, nothing but the burning sand under-foot and brazen sky overhead—than to be on this sea, in this wilderness, in this desert of life, with a human destiny committed to your care, and no guiding God to pilot you to Him and the desired heaven.

But with God's presence, help and guidance even this great and responsible work shall not crush you nor make you afraid.

There is an old picture which

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CHILD WELFARE

Dr. Alex. W. Ed Address Growth of Plored by Appointed

"We meet tonight in a noble and worthy cause, and we trust that God's hearts and minds of meet at the Peace terms and conditions of in the agreement for all war will be against vice and hearts of man that tion be more God-like shall be enable to be up in the pure air kindness shelled will harm or mar life that it may be indeed physically, mentally. During the year the increase both in the and also in the inter by the people, and as we feel a justifiable that the progress of of the work has go ward," declared In Huston in presenting the Children's Aid annual meeting last Y.M.C.A.

"The children of to-morrow who are filling our grounds will soon be ces, court rooms, I ings, and our positio influence. Therefore to build up a strong, ous nation, a people we must see to the childhood that is n to it that childhood given rights—that is proper clothing, pro cient education, and during years of help Society's part in N

"If we are doing w in this regard we a builders and me the Society is doing this serves the fullest as given it. And we success that has at city's operations in is in a large manner that we have always the fulfillment of w pressed steadily for

"To be sure the great way off and the burden of the e that beset us in this vision for a moment see it brightly shined new vigor go for constantly to put ou into the great effort will eventually resul happy surroundings in the community fo Better Belleville and ings: where every l loved, cared for an should be and so g tunity for the deve that is good in its possible the alimna ever tendencies may

Wards in Year 198 wards who are throughout the coun ranging in age from twenty years of age, has been most gratify the exception of two. The children have exc homes and are being well educated, and have bright futures be a result of my visits the conclusion that a that a man, or a body nity, or a governm into that would give to future generations ent welfare of oom that of rescuing fro ment and evil associ ing in good home ren who of necessity in ignorance and vic

No Vision of "The most prevale ignorance, and nearly I have had to deal w ignorant. Even if I write they have no or responsibility, no pose.

"Truancy is anothe disease which is very truant child, is pecul fluence of other bad G Growth of Cigan "The cigarette has among boys and ever ing havoc. The cigar or later becomes a little white ant eats robs him of taste fo him restless, injure impairs his memora

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