THE GRANDMOTHER.

Her Wonderful Influence for Good or Evil Upon Her Grandchildren.

How Her Words and Deeds May Affect Future Generations of Her Descendants.

Dr. Talmage Pays a Tribute to the White-Haired Women of America.

BROOKLYN, February 23. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day the eighth of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America with Important Hints to Men." His subject was: "The Grandmother and Her Grandchildren." A vast congregation was present. The opening hymn begins:—

Give to the wind thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head.

Dr. Talmage's text was from II. Timothy, I, 5: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois." The eloquent preacher said:—

In this love letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had. You ought to do better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir back of the active generations of today a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good women in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals who lived near a hundred years ago, and of how many hundreds of crimes, her descendants furnished for the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arraignment and prison support as well as in the property they burglarized or destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough and heart warm enough and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of money they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have to say that the grandmothers were not better than their grandchildren. I can tell you very old people to talk much about how things were when they were little girls. They have a reticence and a non-communicativeness which leads the think they feel themselves to be the executors of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are embalming the bodies of the past, if you put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them as to how things were so many years ago the evidence becomes oppressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of Volney visited this country in 1795, and he says of women's dress in the streets of Philadelphia: "Its premium was given to those who could contrive most effectually to hide their shape." Another traveler says that it was worse a hundred years ago, for such a plain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his book of American women, saying: "They are tall and well proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or thirty-five they are old." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of forty all their charms have disappeared." To gaze at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and upward is enough to make us wonder how they ever got their lovers. All of this makes me think that the expression from a no more an improvement on the old expression, or the telegraph so often an improvement on the old smoke signals, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women seventy or a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are aged-to-day, not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea they are of little account. Their head sometimes sets shaking from the relief of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on to them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old ladies are the result when grace and soothing power in the twilight of an aged home that is almost supernatural. They feel that they are almost through with the journey of life and read the Bible more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and look fearfully over the twenty years that lay between. We had them to-day, with their in the house of God or at the breakfast table. "Blessed is that house-hold that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is angel-ace hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian summer.

I never knew the joy of having a grandmother; that is the disadvantage of being the young st child of the family. The older members only have that consolation. But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, that brought all her children into the kingdom and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all her grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the rest and least worthy. Is it not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their high and lonely thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks and their pensions the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities.

Here we have an untried, unfathomed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children—I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long. The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after his arrival. Four thousand years the world swung on in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into right ousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century your descendants will be over six hundred, and by two centuries at least over a hundred thousand, perhaps two hundred thousand, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in two centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, with some angel from heaven to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance. Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the senates and parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the dungeons of this century. You have been talking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quarternion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all round the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice, I am talking of grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing upstream; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the influence. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished, multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi River way up at the top of the continent starting from the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red, and White, and Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the states and Territories between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains make contribution. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off of the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is after all one great river of power rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mother's better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea is dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept off planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel, with robe spun from zephyrs, is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when by that attrition the column is worn away they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give way.

If a mother tell a child he is not good some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promises a child a reward for good behavior, and after the good behavior forgets to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years further on. If a mother cultures a child's vanity, and energizes his curls, and extols the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes and calls out in its presence the admiration of sweethearts, she and strong-wills may be preparing after half a dozen really needless battles even to defy God. If a mother exposes her child to the pernicious influence of the bad

gates of this historical era have opened, the result may be seen in a million lost souls ever. But, on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and says: "My child, give that ten cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Muller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Savior's love and a Savior's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be something as a result of those trundle bed lessons, flaming evangels, world moving reformers, circulating Sunday-school libraries, weeping Tysons, tunneling Winterfields, emancipating Washingtons.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on as sure as you sit there and I stand here. Timothy's ministry was protected by his grandmother, Lois. There are men and women here, the sons and daughters of the Christian church, who are such as a result of the consecration of great-great grandmothers. Why, who do you think the Lord is? You talk as though his memory was weak. He can no easier remember a prayer five minutes than he can five centuries. This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for penuriousness, or you see some man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother come out gloriously for Christ and make the church sob and shout and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter and say: "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with me clear up in the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of Jemima or Betsy or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In our beautiful Greenwood may we all sleep! Here when our work is done, for when I get up in the resurrection morning I want my congregation all about me—in Greenwood there is the resting-place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for her sons salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed:—

NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

This day my son left me in bitter wringing of heart; he is again launched on the ocean, God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he has gone from my sight and my heart bursts with unutterable grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son, 'the only son of his mother.'

I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition, save his soul; give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me, it is not the hardship he must undergo, it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fruit, the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit, but every symptom of captivity to satan, the world and self will. This, this is what distresses me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name and break His Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me; Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy son and extend His kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll from him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which thou causest me to hope in the day when I said to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Only let this life be spiritual life and I put a blank in thy hands as to all temporal things.

I wait for thy salvation. Amen.

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? and all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God in the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in heaven will be: Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once and then so straight, so dim of eye through the filming of earthly tears and now her eye as clear as heaven, so full of scars and pains once and so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat timorous, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotch woman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early nineteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare to-day. Call across all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands. What a happy thing Pomponius Atticus had to say when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hymn book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone. I would give the house from over my head to see mother. I have so many things I would like to tell her, things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the twenty four years since she went away. Morning, noon, and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this parentage of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers of America, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the tower of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say: It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, was called "City of Victory." Athens, capital of Greece, was called "City of the Violet Crown." Babylon was called "City of the Sun." London was called "The City of Masts." Lucian's imaginary metropolis beyond the Zodiac was called "The City of Lanterns." But the city to which your journey hath all these in one, the victory, the crowns, the masts of those who have been harbored after the storm. Aye, all but the lanterns and the sun, because there will be no need of any other light, since the Lamb is the light thereof.

Origin of Scarlatina.

The Paris correspondent of a London paper says:

"We are finding out that scarlatina has its origin in that poisoner-in-chief of the human race, the cow. The udder is its favorite seat, and thence it finds its way into milk. It often meets with a hotbed in those butcher's shops in which worn-out cows are turned into beef. I dare say that you have more scarlatina in England than we have, because here milk is nearly always taken in some cooked form, and in combination with something else. An English child is given porridge and milk. A French child is given a *potage au lait* or a *tourine* or a vegetable soup, flavored with milk. Some years ago it was the fashion to drink milk, warm and frothy, from the teat at the race course. The cows there, being always locked up and too often diseased, became consumptive, and gave their malady to many of the patrons of the Swiss Dairy, where they were kept. One should never drink unboiled milk unless one knows the cow that give it, and especially which it lies before it is boiled should be thrown into scalding water. Water that is merely warm enough to clean is not enough. A high degree of heat is needed to kill the pestilential microbe."

The Ideal Ham.

"Why is it we cannot now buy the sweet, old-fashioned ham?" wails a poetic gourmand in the Atlanta *Constitution*. Judge Samuel Lumpkin lately sent to the writer a half-dozen from his private smoke house, of the vintage of 1884, that are simply poems in ashes. Any self-respecting pig would have died gladly to have been so idealized. In these hams you catch the flavor of the smoke of the hickory-smothered oak chips above with it they still tell with the seasons into perfection. And the red gravy (excuse the drooling lips), clear, consistent, flavorous—it is such gravy as you used to find on your mother's table when you came home from a long day's hunt in the December wind. I had rather have a smoke house with its loamy floor, its darkened rafters, its red pepper pods, its festoons of sausage odorous of sage, and a hundred such hams suspended between earth and roof like small Mahomets, than a cellar of dust-begrimed bottles of Madeira of '23. Has the art of curing hams in the Georgia smoke-house become a lost one? Shall red gravy go with Tyrian purple, into the realms of the impossible?"

Robes of Birds' Plumage.

During the occupation of Peru by the heartless Spaniards several exquisite robes, consisting entirely of the plumage of the white egret and humming birds, were taken from the Peruvian princesses and sent to Spain, where they brought very high prices. The greedy Spaniards, learning the value of the skins when sent to Spain to be made up into court robes, forced the natives, under penalty of death, to collect and cure immense quantities of the egret and humming birds to be shipped to Spain, which, when they reached their destination after a long and tedious voyage, were found to be worthless their beauty having been entirely destroyed by insects, undoubtedly the dermestes. Who knows but the Peruvian bird skin collectors purposely failed to poison the skins, and cunningly introduced the larvæ of this destructive insect.

A Natural Inference.

Bagley—Come, sir, I wish you would quit puffing that smoke in my face.

Penstock—Doesn't hurt the smoke, my dear sir.

"It hurts me, sir, I detest the smell of tobacco."

"My dear sir, this is not tobacco; it is a five cent cigar."—*Trinidad Libra Call.*

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TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the aboved named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

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Everybody Should Adopt the Following:

RESOLVED—That whenever I am sick I will go to the new drug store for my medicine.

RESOLVED—That when I want to buy good cigars and tobacco, I will go to the new drug store and get them.

RESOLVED—That I will buy my tea, spices, ginger, baking powders, currants, citrons, essences, &c., from the new drug store.

RESOLVED—That when I want any school books or stationary I will go to the new drug store and buy them.

RESOLVED—That when I need anything nice and cheap in the way of oils, lamps, lamp burners, shades, wicks, &c., I will go to the new drug store and get them.

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