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→ SERMONS ←

CENTENNIAL MEMORIES: OUR NATIONAL HISTORY AND ITS LESSONS.

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The Lord make His people an hundred times as many more as they be.—I. CHRON. xxi., 3.

THE sunset of yesterday closed the first cycle of our national history. The sunrise of this morning marks the dawn of a new era. Already the American Republic has lived half as long as the republics of Greece and Rome. Time alone will reveal its future destiny. For a hundred years, however, it has lived, multiplying the stars on its banner, and extending its boundaries from the shores of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific!

Since the acquisition of Alaska, the boast of England is equally true of the United States, that "the sun never goes down on her possessions."

Everyway appropriate, therefore, it was that this first "Centennial" of our national history should be celebrated as it has been during the past week, not only by the original States, but by representatives from all the States now gathered under its flag; and that the President of these United States should honor such an eventful occasion with his presence and approval. A memorable event it was, and grandly commemorated. Such a scene we shall never witness again. When the morning light of another centennial dawns upon this beautiful land we shall all be numbered with the buried generations of the past. Standing, therefore, by this centennial mile-post, and before we

versity, in England, in 1729: (1) The more devout study of the Holy Scriptures; (2) The promotion of personal piety; (3) The awakening and direction of the intellectual and literary activities of the Church; (4) The development of greater activity in practical philanthropy.

Let all bring Bibles with them.

When the young people who have been thus invited have come to the place of meeting, whether it be parlor, classroom, lecture-room, or church, let the following order of exercises be observed:

PROGRAMME—FIRST MEETING.

1. Singing:* "Epworth Hymnal," No. 241 (Church Hymnal, No. 770).

2. Scripture reading by pastor or leader. Acts i.

3. Prayer by pastor or leader, closing with Lord's Prayer.

4. Singing: "Epworth Hymnal," No. 167 ("Church Hymnal," No. 743).

5. Remarks by pastor or leader on the importance of the subjects set forth in *Statement No. 1* above.

6. The reading of *Statement No. 2*.

7. Singing: "Epworth Hymnal," No.—

8. Conversation or Addresses suggested by *Statements Nos. 1 and 2*.

9. Scripture Text Quotation.†

10. Announcements, Prayer, and Benediction.

THE PULPIT TREASURY IN THE FAMILY.

A Woman's Inalienable Right.

By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. (PRESBYTERIAN).

There is one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is *to make home happy*. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is in her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips, tumbles. Defal-

cations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman! Thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man there this morning who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh,

*In reading and singing this and the following hymns give close attention to the thoughts in them, and try to make your own the desires and prayers expressed in them. Sing in worship, not for sound or artistic effect, but "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

†Spend a few minutes in quoting Scripture texts which bear upon personal religious life. Compel none to quote, but urge all to do so. Such quoting of texts will be a personal contribution to the religious value of the meeting, and will accustom young people to hear their own voices in a service of the Church.

if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul,

and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—*she was the queen*. Now can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested of the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation. O woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage.

God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth, father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. *Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor?* Ah! no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert

you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into mid-noon; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then

with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

HELPS IN PASTORAL WORK

Christ Disciplines the Ministry.

BY REV. WALTER HACKNEY (BAPTIST).

The discipline of the Ministry is conducted by Christ Himself.

1. It is all under His control. Every breath of air, every spark of fire, every act of life, every thought of man—everything, both small and great, is ruled by Christ. Some ways of discipline are very hard and strange. We have heard of a deacon being a thorn in a minister's side. And who can tell the pain of a constant presence which is antagonistic, especially in the circle of chosen ones? A Judas at the table of the Lord! Who has not felt the tooth of slander, or of ingratitude, more keen than winter's wind? How terrible the fight with grim-faced poverty! How lonely the heart from which has slipped away into the unseen the light of a prophet's eyes! How cruel the anguish of constant pain; the slow torture of leaden-footed decay! But, whatever it is, Christ sends it. He brings us to the furnace as well as to the banqueting-house, and His banner over us, everywhere, is love. Let us not lose grip of that certainty. Christ sends it. If we see only human agencies and earthly conditions, we shall grow discontented and despairing.

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

2. It is all according to His purpose. He loves us with an eternal love, and that love directs our lives. The end of

our discipline is partly to be reached in this world, but chiefly in the great hereafter. Christ has a place and a task for every one of us. The essence of nobility in every sphere is the perfection of obedience to the will of God; not wealth, nor fame, nor blood, nor great achievements. The cedars of Lebanon are glorious in their grandeur; but the moss clinging to the wall, and golden in the sunshine, is a glory too. Whether we are moss or cedar, Christ's will decides. For moss and cedar there is a perfect holiness of work and joy, there is loving discipline. Christ's design for us will always determine the discipline we receive.

3. It is all made possible by His grace. Not by the removal of the thorn, but by that heart-soothing promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," was the apostle's anguish allayed. It was in that power of Christ that we may say, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." A great soul once said, "I give my patient heart unto my patient God." During a time of great trial, my walk each morning led me by the river's side; its dark waters gliding beneath the over-shading trees, and past the quiet meadows. At last it spoke to me. "Sometimes,