UNFEIGNED FAITH.

TALMAGE'S SERMON TO WOMEN.

The Eighth of His Series of "Sermons to Women of America, With Important Hints to Men."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.—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 winds 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 sends 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 owe more to her than most folks, because not only was your mother good but your grandmother. Two precious 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 not well adapted to the 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 by the recital of grandmotherly excellence. Paul hinting to him as well as to us that if we, like you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir away back of the active generation of today a specific influence, and in response to prayer it is down the power upon children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. The world is well filled with a catalogue of statistics in regard to what is the productiveness and immensity of influence of good women in the children of the world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals, who lived one hundred years ago, and of how many thousands of her descendants turbished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how much it cost the thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arrests, prosecutions and imprisonments, as in the property they burglarized or destroyed. Will not some one come out with such an inside comprehensive enough and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to good women for a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian women there have been in ages and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many have been colleges and churches they built, and how many hundreds of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose footsteps were planted in the nightlighted and dewlight alive for good in the nineteenth century than there were before, as the great cities of the nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than they are now. Mark you, I have no one that the grandmothers were any better than their grandfathers. You can not get your old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-communication which makes me think they feel themselves to be the exceptions to the reputation of their early centuries. While our dear old folks are coming to the end of the present, if you put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them about the things were seventy years ago the silence becomes expressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of Volney visited this country in 1796, and he says of women's dress in those days: "A premium was offered for a regiment most distinctive in health, none could be dressed more efficacious for these ends than that in use among the Quakers." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Scientific talk about the idiosyncrasies of modern society and how unusual health prevailed in those days. It was worse a hundred years ago, for the elegant of a French regiment in our first revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his book of Americans, saying: "The women are tall and well proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are gen-ral and and without color. At the age of 25 years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty they have lost the decrepit." 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 25 years the women have disappeared. One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and the style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All the makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old-time stagecoach, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But pity, while distinguishing that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious rest of good women in those times and a hundred years ago, who held the world up from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and saving influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth, and dead all over this land there are seated today—and so also in other lands—thousands 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 air that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the noise of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They hold 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 their children punished even when they deserve it, and have to retire from the room for fear of stipline that they would spoil all the youngsters if she hoosedid by her good nature. These old folks are the resort when great troubles and perplexities are to be calmed and soothing power in the touch of a wrinkled hand is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old book more than they used to, hardly knowing how much they stay in the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half war between. We hall them to come another to the house of God or at the home stead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is angels are honoured in her and God pouts 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 youngest child of the family. Those elder members only have that benediction. But though not met up out of my life, I have begun it. I have heard of her faith in God, that it built all her children up in the kingdom and two of them into the ministry, and that she died at a good old age in the kingdom, myself the last and least of her family, giving upon a salary of the world, the faces and stooped shoulders of the pag, and call down from their home heavenly home the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks, and then remind 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 there are the Scriptures.

Here we have an untried, and undiscussed and unexplored subject. You can measure your influence upon your own children—I am not talking about that. What a sense your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand? It the world lasts so long. The world good four thousand years hence, which cause? It is not strong enough to suppose that it may stand four thousand years. After the lapse of four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years more it is swinging back into righteousness. 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, and, by three hundred years, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will be responsible for good or evil. And if in two centuries you have a million and half with their names filed a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven to whom is given the capacity to calculate the sands of the seashore, step down and tell the many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance. Do not let the grandmothers are longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, as if they had no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the seaside, the cradles that reach all round the world and across all time. I am not talking to the doctors, who think of the ring of grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with the current we can not appreciate the force. Observing maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on eternity. Let us see the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished multiply in a geometrical ratio, falling 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, in the difference between the feeble purpose of a way up at the top of the continent starting a little rill, and the Niagara, the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Ganges, the Danube, the Rhine, the Thames, the Seine, the Tiber, the Tagus, the Rhone, the Rhine, the Tiber, the Tagus, the Rhone, the Rhine, the Tiber, the Tagus, the Rhone, the Rh