

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Mothers in Israel."

Text: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."—Judges v. 28.

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander in chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1880, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see her son's chariot.

The ladies of her court stand round, and about them of waiting maids shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carnelians of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the Bible only hints at, but leaves us to imagine.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text. "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life. It is raging now, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had a host of chariots and a host of many thousands of soldiers.

Where's mother? It is the question most asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall.

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There was then no reading of elaborate treatises on the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out.

But if anyone keeps on asking the questions "Where's mother?" I answer, "She's in your present character." The probability is that your physical features suggest to you that there are seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window? Perhaps the pangs of the widow may be shared by the mother who is bereaved and hovered over by exquisite lambs, and I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vines and flowers, and in winter with the snow of the forest, a real country window.

There is one thought that is almost too heavy for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it.

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from the time when the Lord Almighty from the heavens ordered in regard to the embroidered door of the ancient tabernacle, "Thou shalt make a hanging for the door of the tent of meeting, and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen wrought with needlework."

But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I answer, "She's in your present character." The probability is that your physical features suggest to you that there are seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her.

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There is one thought that is almost too heavy for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotion to conclude it. As when we were children we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some fright, when the door was opened upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried, "Where's mother?"

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It Offer, Happens So

"So that's Josiah's plecter that ye had tuk in the city," said Mrs. Corn-tassel's visitor.

"Yes," "Wal, I can't say that it looks much like 'Siar. It hez a skeery expression 'round the eyes, an' a drawn look 'round the mouth that ain't natchural. An' I never saw his hair like that in all my born days."

"Which Won the Prize?" Three students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Marseilles, were talking in a cafe. "My dear fellow," said one; "I painted the other day a little piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly that it sank to the bottom of the water."

To Measure Ocean's Depths. An instrument has been invented for sounding the depths of the sea without using a lead line. A sinker is dropped containing a cartridge, which explodes on touching the bottom; the report is registered in a microphone apparatus and the depth reckoned by the time at which the explosion occurred.

Electric. There ought to be an electric machine to jog the memory; we forget too much and learn too little. We know what's best but forget it at the wrong time. Brain action should be like a flash. There are thousands now suffering intensely with neuralgia. Let them remember the cure, St. Jacobs Oil. Its effects are electrical.

Rapid Molecular Movement. The average speed of the transmission of earthquake shocks is nearly 16,000 feet per second.

"Sweet Sixteen." Hood's calendar, always a welcome guest, has made its appearance for 1894, and is more beautiful than ever. The heads that of a lovely girl just "sweet sixteen," in delicate and natural colors. Besides being a thing of beauty, it is especially valuable for the general information presented.

These calendars are issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the well-known medicine which has gained such renown by its wonderful cures in cases where the blood was poisoned or impure. The great laboratory in which it is made has a capacity for fifty thousand bottles a day, and is the largest building in the world devoted to the manufacture of a medicine.

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IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

Utilizing the Moths. Few persons suspect that the common moth may be utilized as a decorative artist, but he may be, if one only be watchful, patient and acquainted with the creature's habits. The larva of the moth has a habit of spinning about itself a sort of sac from the material upon which it feeds. As the worm grows it enlarges this sac by the process of slitting it and inserting new material.

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