

REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Mothers in Israel."

TAXE. "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."—Judges v. 21.

Spiled to the ground of Jast's tent lay the dead, his hand still holding the sword he had used to get her second birth—and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the emerald stairs of the Eternal palace of life, where they will be seated for ever from the battle.

But anyone keeps on asking the question: "Where's another?" I am told, "the problem is that your physical features suggest her. There are seven children in a household at least six of them look like their mother, and she has got to be the mother of all the others too." But I speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of her life General Sisera, who was only a dry bed of problems when in 1889, in Palestine, we crossed it, but the possibility of great trouble did not enter into it.

The one at the time of the text, General Sisera had gone out with 900 iron chariots, but he was not strong enough to stand up to the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground in a ram till, exhausted, he lay down in Jaslyk's camp, and he had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in those days is considered a delicacy, and a drink. Mrs. Hora, and supposing he was safe, went to sleep upon the floor, but Jast, who had laid upon his death look at the long and round hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forehead of Sisera, with her other hand lifted her hair and struck the pin down on the head of the pin with a stiletto stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and when he again asked whether that boy will be a Shylock or a George Washington. Boys and girls are really echoes of their mothers. When we are so often struck from child injuries inflicted upon us, and as soon as the door was opened, we cried, "Where's mother?" and we have our weeping faces in her lap, so after awhile when we get through with our pleasures and pains, we are still the same. The mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides. The great English poet's last words, "I have heard that you can hear all through the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother when she in the war of 1812 put on her coat and went to the front, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, you will not be a poet," said the mother, "but you will be a man." And then we will tell her of all our many experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the love affairs, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and alike will say, "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each of you has a crown, who was a murderer." Give that child an overcoat, and make Sunday a bony, and he will be its antecedent of personality. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! it is not so. He will soon be here!" But leaves us to imagine, "He ought to be born by this time," says his mother. "That is all I can say."

Even the most expert experts are now at a loss to see him drive in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with supplies, and when he comes he will be exhausted and encumbered. I see her now sitting at the window in high expectation. She watches the farthest turn of the road. She looks at the horses' bridles, and her heart lifts when she sees a more "jumblin' frame" or fashion plate for Iris. The showing is one of which Americans may feel proud.—Boston Journal.

Wealthy American Colleges.

So far as the income and equipment go our American universities compare very favorably with some of the famous European ones. For instance Cornell and the University of Yale had each about the same number of students last year. Hale, however, had an income of only \$316,000, of which \$170,000 came from tuition fees, \$100,000 and \$75,000 from bequests, while Cornell had an income of \$521,000, \$30,000 of which came from the Government and \$33,000 from invested capital. The library of Hale cost \$12,000, and that of Cornell \$23,000. Harvard had an income last year of \$965,000, to \$70,000 for Paris, \$623,000 for Berlin and \$510,000 for Columbia. The showing is one of which Americans may feel proud.—Boston Journal.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE

A RAILROAD ENTHUSIAST'S EXPERIENCE

THE WONDERFUL STORY TOLD BY ERIC C. VOS AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO A REPORTER OF THE BOSTON HERALD.

AND THEY ARE RESTORED AFTER YEARS OF AGONY.

(From the Boston Herald.)

The very first news item distributed to the newspapers throughout the country and Canada to Dr. William "Pink" Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Eric C. Vos, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Hall, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herold reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vos said: "I am thirty-seven years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for fifteen years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with rheumatism, and his schoolmaster in the schoolroom overheard this conversation: "Byron, you will not be a poet," said the mother, "but you will be a man." And then we will tell her of all our many experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the love affairs, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and alike will say, "Never mind, it is all over now. I see each of you has a crown, who was a murderer." Give that child an overcoat, and make Sunday a bony, and he will be its antecedent of personality. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! it is not so. He will soon be here!" But leaves us to imagine, "He ought to be born by this time," says his mother. "That is all I can say."

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