| REV. DR. TALMAGE <br> THE BRODKLYN DIVINE'S SUN- DAY SERMON. <br> Subject: "Mothers in Israel." <br> Texr. "The mofher of $E$ at $a$ trindok,"-Judges $v$, , 24 <br> Epiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay th dend commander in chiof of the Canamaitis <br> hoitionmisime not <br> dity <br> 䢒 <br>  <br>  $\square$ <br>  <br> comma lay dea M Hean <br> at the window, in high expectation. watches the farthest turn of the ronit. <br> shind natit her vurt tand romed an <br>  <br> not see the glitturing headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorions battle. As a solitary mesienger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of sisern sits, he cries, "Your nrmifes are defeated, and your son f dead." There is a scene of horror and <br> anguish from which weturn away, my ahor Now you see the full meaning of my text, "The mother of Staera looked out at Findow." Well, my friends, we are allout in the battle of lifes it is raging now, and the <br>  <br> heave By <br>  <br>  <br>  <br>  <br> elites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehen sfon that God was nasistiug them that the fell upon the very midst of their ennmles na slew a great number of them, so thent <br>  <br>  <br> texuaris motior motho guation <br> cominge is ask co and <br> and come in crying with the pain, "Where mother $7^{\prime \prime}$ It is asked by those wh have seen some grand sight or heard som Food news or recolved some beautiful gift, "Where's mother?" She sometimes feel <br> wearied by the question, for thes all asic an keep asking it all the time. She is not onl the first to hear every easo of perplexity, bu she is the judgo in every court of domesti appeal. That is what puts the prematur Wrinkles on so many maternal faces and pow Cers white mo many maternal foreheads. Yo soe, it is a question that keeps on for ail th gears of shildhood. It eomes from the'nurs sry, and from the evening stani where th boys and girls sro learning their school les sons, and from the starting out in the morn <br> sons, ing. <br> or bo ot ni sters $\qquad$ <br> Bo full <br> away misges her is <br> Sod tha simos. toit <br> she th store the <br> sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ " If that queation wero put to most of us this morning, We would have to say, if we <br>  <br>  <br>  |  |  |  |  | KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS. |
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