MOTHERLY INFLUENCES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON IN BROOK-LYN TABERNACLE.

He Bases His Discourse on the Story of Sisera's Mother, and in Tender Words Tells of the Helpful Watchfulness of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 14.-"Where's

Mother?" This novel and unique subject was presented by Mr. Talmage this forenoon to the usual throngs crowding the largest Protestant church in America. The congregation led by organ and cornet, sang a Gospel hymn to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Text, Judges v., 28: "The mother of Sisera looked out at propriately into a good, easy, comfort-

the dead commander in-chief of the Canaanitish hest, General Sisera, not far from the River Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when in 1889, 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. General Sisera had gone out with 900 iron chariots, but he was defeated, and, his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to speak now especially of your character, the ground and ran till exhausted he the ground and ran, till exhausted he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk, which in the East is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent-pin long and round and sharp in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and, putting the sharp end of the tent-pin to the forchead of Sisera with her other hand, she lifted the hammer and brought as though Friday were an unlucky day, it down on the head of the pin with a and it were baleful to have 13 at the stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to the idiotic superstitions. You may give responsibility, and upon all children, of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

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 him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the furthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the all sides. bit of the horses' bridle she will catch. But alas, for the disappointed mother; she will not see the glittering head-gear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a dead," there is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

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. If she be not sitting at the window of earth she is sitting at the window of Heaven, and she is going to hear all about it. "Where's mother?" is the question

most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband as well as the child coming in at nightfall. "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain. "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight or heard some good news or received some beautiful sons and daughters, but have the first gift: "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces, and powders You see it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery and from the evening stand where the boys and girls are learning their school lessons, and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or overshoe is lost, until at night all out of until you can hear them from cellar to er of bone or ivory as in earliest time, or breath the youngsters come in and shout garret, and from the front door to the back fences of the back yard. "Where's in modern time; whether laboriously mother?" Indeed a child's life is so full fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her, is the absence of that question which she will never hear on life, for the health, for the adornment of earth again, except she hears it in a the human race. The eye of the needle dream which sometimes restores the has seen more domestic comfort and nursery just as it was, and then the more gladdened poverty, and more voice comes back so natural, and so Christain service than any other eye. sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring, The modern sewingmachine has in nothat the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most o us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the King's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's Book of Judges so much about embroideries and needle-work and ladies in waithave no minute and particular descrippencil or pen or tongue to present, and Sisera's mother heard from the struggle n the window of that palace the mother at Esdraelon. sits, watching for news from the battle. What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings. What a work to bring up a family, in the old time way, with but your face and her principles in your soul. little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing-day, or for the swine-slaughtering, commonly called "the kill-little and her principles in your sour. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That hard, grinding, dissipated ing day." There was then no reading look you never got from her. If you of elaborate treatises on the best modes had seen anyone strike her you would of rearing children, and then leaving it have struck him down without much all to hired help with one or two visits a care whether the blow was just sufficient day to the nursery to see if the princi-ples announced are being carried out. or fatal, but my boy you have struck her down-struck her innocence from sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the mantua-making, the house-keeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping-coughs and croups and run-round fingers and earnches, and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world.

Some window in Heaven and have no more part of the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window on earth or at some window in Heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patched the formulation of the scale of the skull of Sisera was not so cruel as the stab you have made more than three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at some window on earth or at some window in Heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more got rested in this world.

All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more got rested in this world.

But there are two persons who more particular to the down of our land three times through your mother's heart. But she is waiting yet, for mothers are slow to give up their boys—waiting at window on earth or at some window on the some window on earth or at some window on earth or at some window on earth or at some window on the s

Instead of the self-rocking cradles of do not give you up-God and mother. our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night-rock-rock-rock-rock. Instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica, and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary short of four miles' ride was the garret, with its bunches of peppermint and penny-royal and catnip and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything. Just think of it! Fiftyyears of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning-wheel and rockingchair. Fagged out, headachey and with unkles swollen. Those old-fashioned

mothers-if any person ever fitted apable Heaven, they were the folks, and they got there and they are rested. They Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay wear no spectacles; for they have their third sight-as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight-and they do not have to pant for breath after going up the emerald stairs of the Eternal Palace, at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle. But if anyone keeps on asking the she is in your present character. The suggest her. If there be 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. But I

explained. During the first 10 years o your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impression as the first 10. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or scepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first 10 years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him table, or see the moon over the left

struggled to rise, and the third time she that girl before she is 10 years old a whether still in the nursery or out on struggied to rise, and the commander-in-chief fondness for dress that will make her the tremendous Esdraelon of midlife or decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a blessing filled with the exhaled tears of George Peabody. Boys and girls are anxious mothers shall barst in showers generally echoes of fathers and mothers. of mercy on this audience. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to he has found him with an old stump of so arranged as to repeat her form from

one should turn his back on an enemy. Go and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to all brave men, it is always shut against cowards." overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, Land he ianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion and he will be its advocate and given you at the gate as you came exemplar for all time and eternity. A through. Now cast it at the feet of Christ, few days ago right before our express | who saved you and saved me and saved

train on the Louisville and Nashville us all. Thank God we are never to part, Railroad the preceding train had gone through a broken bridge, 12 cars failing 100 feet and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your span of 10 years defective and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing.

Oh! man. Oh! women. If you have preserved your integrity and are really Christian you have first of all to thank God, and I think next you have to thank your mother. The most impressive thing at the inauguration of James A. Garfield, as President of the United white so many maternal foreheads. States, was that after he had taken the oath of office he turned round, and in the presence of the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States kissed

his old mother. Now, neither Sisera's mother nor anyone else can say too much in euolgy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end, with an eye at the other, whethof bronze in Pliny's time or of steel, as in modern time; whether laboriously now, when a 100 workmen in a factory are employed to make the different parts of one needle. It is an instrument divinely ordered for the comfort, for the wise abolished the needle, but rather enthroned it. Thank God for the needlework, 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 blue and purple and scarlet and fine-twined linen, wrought with needlework," down to the womanly hands which this winter in this tabernacle are presenting for bemother, but there is in that scene in the nevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and worldliness and social splash in what ing, that we know her residence must Sisera's mother said about the needlehave been princely and palatial. So we work she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not tion of the palace at whose window our surprised to find that Sisera fought on glorified mother sits, but there is so the wrong side, when his mother at the much in the closing chapters of the good | window of my text, in that awful exigenold Book about crowns, and pearls big cy had her chief thought on dry goods enough to make a gate out of one of them, achievement and social display. Ged new songs, and marriage suppers, and only knows how many homes have made harps, and white horses with kings in shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that the stirrups, and golden candle-sticks, mother who sits at the window watching that we know the Heavenly residence of for vain-glorious triumph of milinery our mother is superb, is unique, is colon- and fine colors, and domestic pageantry, naded, is domed, is embowered, is foun- will after a while hear as bad news from tained, is glorified, beyond the power of her children out in the battle of life as

But if you still press the question, "Where's mother?" I will tell you where she is not, though once she was there. Some of you started with her likeness in The most of those old folks did the your face and struck her principles

How many disappointed mothers are waiting at the window. Perhaps the panes of the windows are not great glass plate, bevel-edged, and hovered over by exquisite lambrequin, but the win-dow is made of small panes, I would say about six or eight of them, in summer wreathed with trailing vine, and in winter pictured by the Raphaels of the frost, a real country window. The mother sits there knitting, or busy with her needle of homely repairs, when she looks up and sees coming across the bridge of the meadow brook a stranger,

who dismounts in front of the window. He lifts and drops the heavy knocker of the farm-house door. "Come in!" is the response. He gives his name, and says, "I come on a sad criand." "There is nothing the matter of my son in the city, is there?" she ask. "Yes!" he says, "Your son got into an unfortunate encounter with a young man in a liquor saloon last night and is badly hurt. The fact is he cannot get well. I hate to tell you all. I am sorry to say he is dead. 'Dead!" she cries as she totters back. "Oh! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" That is the ending of all her cares and anxieties and good counsels for that boy. That is her pay question, "Where's mother?" I answer for her self-sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. probability is that your physical features | So the tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the window of earth, or the windows of Heaven at which mothers

"But," says someone, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evil doings since she went away.' Says someone else: "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of myself-sacrifice and moral bravery and struggle to do right?" No! Heaven and earth are in constant communication. There are trains running every five minutes-trains of immortals ascending and descending-spirits going from earth to heaven to live there. Spirits descending from Heaven to earth to minister and help. They hear from us many times every day. Do they hear good news or bad news from this battle, this Sedan, this Thermopyle, this Austeritz, in which every one of us is fighting on the right side or the wrong side. Oh God! whose I am, and whom I am trying to serve, as a result of this sermon, rol shoulder, and he will never recover from over on all mothers a new sense of their a mere "dummy brame," or fashion plate old age, the fact that their victories or for 40 years. Ezekiel 16-41, "As is the defeats sound clear out, clear up to the mother so is her daughter." Before one windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of shut his boy up in a dark closet because my emotion to conclude it. As when we were children we so often came in from a cigar in his mouth; or for that mother play or from a hurt or from some childto rebuke her daughter for staring at ish injustice practiced upon us, and as herself too much in the looking glass, soon as the door was opened we cried when the mother has her own mirrors "Where's mother?" and she answered: "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap; so after a while when The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the hurts of this life, we will, by the pardonnursery, and his schoolmaster in the ing mercy of Christ, enter the Heavenly school-room overhead this conversation: home, and among the first questions, not "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he the first, but among the first, will be the answered, "I know it," You can hear old question that we used to ask, the solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the armies are defeated and you son is son, take this and never disgrace it, for her to find us, for she will have been remember, I had rather all my sons watching at the window for our coming should fill one honorable grave than that and with the other children of our house hold on earth, we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well! how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about you Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a mur- but now I want to hear it from your deress, you are not suprised that her son own souls. Tell me all about it, my was a murderer. Give that child! an children!' And then we will hear of our earthly experience, the holidays, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heart-breaks, the losses, the gains, the will become a stout antagonist of Christ- | victories, the defeats, and she will say: 'Never mind, it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown which was

> An Incident in Real Life. When I was a young man, I well recollect a boy just in the happy years of life-twelve years old. They would call him a "kid" now, we called him a

iittle boy then. The boy was a quiet little fellow. He wore a little blue necktie and attended Sunday-school regularly. He was an especially good boy, and was the idol of a loving mother and an indulgent father who had tasted the bitter cup of death to its draws in the death of the strength of the st to its dregs in the death of three other

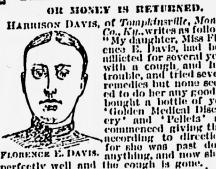
This boy grew to manhood after I was married. He married a lovely girl a few vears ago. Only a few months ago I read of the birth of a babe in that family. The next week I read that the young mother was Last week I learned that the young

husband, crushed and heart-broken, had joined the young bride in the land of the Leal, and only yesterday 1 picked up a paper announcing the death of the babe. Marriage, birth and death following so fast upon each other, is a little out of the usual, but still it is only fulfilling the ironical fate of time. Three fresh mounds in a graveyard in

the wild woods, filled by father, mother and babe. Oh, how many hopes are buried there! Yet we see them almost When one looks back to the youth o vesterday, sees the graves of to day and strives to peer into the eternity of the tomorrow, he can't help but think; "ah how soon I may be called too!"

The Scorpions of Durango. Possibly some of the readers of THE Times have heard persons who were not as good-tempered as them selves complain about so small a matter as mosquitoes. What would these faultfinders do if they lived in the teity of Durango, in Mexico, where scorpions abound to such an extent that the authorities have offcred a prize to the person capturing the largest number in a month? In the hospital of this town 2000 of these pests were killed in a day, and as the bite of a scorpion is usually, deadly the number of recoveries in that institution must have been increased materially by the slaughter. It is only fair to Eay, however, that the scorpions were not caught in the hosoital. They were taken there to be killed. Durango pays sixty cents a hundred for the bodies of scorpions, and t is said that 80,000 of these venomous creatures were destroyed there last year.

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A VETERAN'S VERDICT.

The War is Over. A Well-known Sol dier, Correspondent and Journalist Makes a Disclosure.

Indiana contributed her thousands of brave soldiers to the war, and no state bears a 14t-ter record in that respect than it does. In literature it is rapidly acquiring an enviable place. In war and literature Solomon Yewell, well known as a writer as "Sol," has won an honorable position. During the late war he was a member of Co. M. 2d. N. Y. Cavalry and of the 13th Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Regarding an important circumstance he writes as follows:

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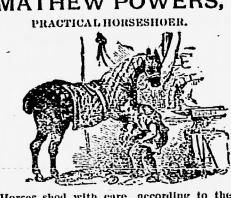
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Baltimore and Ohio Time Table. IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Baltimore to Mt. Airy, Frederick and

Hagerstown.		
Baltimore. Baltimore. Baltimore. Baltimore. Baltimore. Baltimore. Avalon Orange Grows. Grows. Holofield's. Alberton Holofield's. Alberton Holofield's. Alberton Gorsuck. Mar'naville. Hood's Mill Morgan. Voodbine. Waters'le Waters'le Waters'le Waters'le Waters'le	and and	
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Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Sunday only a Stop to let off passengers. The Theatre Train leaves Baltimore at 11 10 p. m., daily and arrives at Ellicott City at midnight.

Hagerstown, Frederick and Mt. Airy to Baltimore.

Daily. †Daily except Snuday.

WESTERN MARY LAND RAILROAD. SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1893. eave Hillen Station as follows: DAILY.

ern R. R. the South and Southwest; also Glyndon, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Mechanicstown, Blue Ridge, High-field, Edgemont, Hagerstown, and, except Sunday, Williamsport, Clear Spring and Cherry Run, Chambersburg, Waynesboro', B. and C. V. R. R., Martinsburg and Winchester, Va.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7.22 A. M.—Accommodation for York, Hanover, Gettysburg, Pa., and all B. and H. Div. points; also Eastern Extension and Main Line east of Emory Grove; also Carlisle and G. and H. Raiiroad.

8.00 A. M.—Mail for Cherry Run, W. Va., Clear Spring, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Shippensburg and point on Main Line & B. & C. V. R. R.; also Frederick and Emmittsburg, also N. & W. R. R. to Shenandoah, Va. 10.05 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge, York and Gettysburg, Carlisle and points on G. & H. R. R.

2.25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove 3.20 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Howardville, Mt. Wilson, Owise's Mill. Glyndon, York, Hanover, Gettysburg, B. & H. Division, Carlisle, Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railroad.

4.02 P. M.—Express for Arlington, Mt. Hope, Sudbrook Park, Pikesville, Green Spring Junction, Owings' Mills, Glyndon, Glen Falls, Finksburg, Patapseo, Carrollton, Tannery, Westminster, Avondale, Medford, New Windsor and Stations West to Cherry Run; also Frederick, Emmitsburg, B. and C. V. R. R., Norfolk and Western R. R. and points South.

points south.

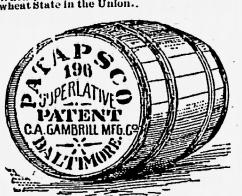
1. 15 p. M—Accon modation for Emory Grove. 11.25 P. M.-Accommodation for Emory Grove. SUNDAYS. 9.30 A. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover. 2.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge. 1.00 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove. 10.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory TRAINS ARRIVE AT HILLEN STATION,

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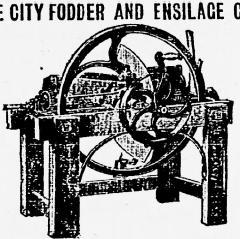
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