THE WANTS

AND MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FREE.

Are you in need of work? If so, you are at liberty to use these columns for assistance in that direction. While this notice appears the STATE JOURNAL will publish free on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, for Topeka or Kansas people, all notices of "Situations Wanted," not exceeding five lines, or thirty-five words, in length. Provided, that all advertisements of this nature are handed in previous to ten o'clock Saturday morning; also on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, all advertising of this class handed in by ten o'clock Wednesday morning.

No advertisements of this nature to be started except on Saturdays and Wednesdays. No obligation is incurred on the part of the advertiser, so worthy and needy man or woman need hesitate to take advantage of this offer. No one in business of having employment is expected to take advantage of it, but all others invited to avail themselves freely.

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

WANTED—Situation by experienced girl for general housework. Can give good references. Apply 247 East Fourth street.

WANTED—Position by elderly lady as housekeeper or nurse, immediately. Apply at 617 Western avenue.

WANTED—Situation by young man, age 20, in printing office or work or as apprentice. One year's experience. Good reference. Address Box 100, Overbrook, Kans.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—At once, four young ladies at 611 Kansas ave. Opportunity from 8.

WANTED—Good gentle saddle and driving horse. 228 West 6th st.

WANTED—To trade two good lots in North Topeka for a good team. J. Beal, 1205 North Jackson st.

WANTED—Ladies desiring the services of a dress-maker should call at 414 Van Buren. Miss Folsom guarantees best class work and until February 1st will make dresses for $4 or $5.

WANTED—A competent girl for general housework, in No. 228 Woodlawn avenue, Potwin Place.

WANTED—A second hand 4-horse power, electric motor in good condition. Dr. Lindsay, Veale block.

WANTED—You to list your property with us. Office open every Thursday evening from 7 to 9. Payne & Thompson, 828 Kansas avenue, upstairs, North Topeka, Kansas.

WANTED—Salesmen; good pay for honest workers. Permanent length; 300 new articles just ready; cost 4 years time and thousands of dollars, but worth all they cost—the finest ever issued. We sell direct through our own salesmen. No middlemen. No free lookers. STARK NURSERIES AND ORCHARDS CO., Louisiana, Mo.

WANTED—Horses to winter; best of stabling and good care. H. W. McAfee, 916 Kansas ave.

WANTED—Furnace and tin work at cost price. 519 Kansas ave. G. G. Leis.

WANTED—To move, STORE or ship household goods, freight, etc. SAIN & SELONEE, 120 E. 6th St., MERCHANTS TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.

WANTED—Sponge all kinds; your carpets to clean, 5 cents per yard; only machine cleaner in city; your stoves to store for the summer. 622 Jackson street.

WANTED—Did you never hear of the wave antiseptic, Eucalyptus storm, 722 Kansas ave.

WANTED—You to go to the Hygienic store and save your money. 722 Kansas ave.

ROOMS TO RENT.

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms. 612 Monroe st.

FOR RENT—Dr. Morton having removed from 112 East 6th street, this firm suites of rooms is now for rent. These rooms are desirable either for office or living rooms. W. M. Forbes, agent.

FOR RENT—Store space, 704 Kansas avenue. Inquire at store.

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with fire. 113 West Eighth.

FOR RENT—Second and third floors, 5 rooms, water and sewer connections in each tenement; 2 rooms, $7.50 Harrison st. Inquire of G. S. Evarts, 840 Harrison st.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Seven room house, barn, etc., 120 Polk St., $15 per month. James A. Troutman, room 3, Commercial building.

FOR RENT—A first-class house, in good condition, $12.50 per month. Dr. Lindsay, Veale block.

FOR RENT—Good houses, every convenience, great corner lot, barn, etc. Also furniture for sale. No 10 Quincy street.

FOR RENT—Brick house, 8 rooms, No. 1403 West Sixth street, now occupied by Dr. Miller, will be vacated February 1. City water, cistern, bath pantry, kitchen, gas, two mantels and grates, good barn, blue grass yard, shade trees, 6 closets, etc. C. H. Morrison, 116 West Sixth street.

FOR RENT—A good six room house. Inquire of Dr. Kelly, 18 West 10th.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—A grocery and meat market, doing a cash trade, $20 per day. Inquire at store, 611 West 6th.

FOR SALE—One plush parlor suite, one oak bedroom suite, one hard coal heat burner and one special refrigerator at house of E. H. Littlefield, Auburn place.

FOR SALE—Fresh milch cow, Jersey. Bull for service at same place. 1314 West street.

FOR SALE—Clean, a fresh cow. Apply at Lowe & Owen's bakery home on West Sixth.

FOR SALE—A 4-horse power electric motor in good condition and at a price. Inquire Dr. Lindsay, Veale block.

FOR EXCHANGE—Close lots east of Santa Fe shops, for good improved property, will assume or pay cash difference. Payne & Thompson, North Topeka.

FOR SALE—Good cow, corner of Lincoln and Lincoln sts. S. Lapelin.

FOR SALE—Good houses for sale and rent. Brumdett & Co., 508 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—Stoves for storage, all kinds; your stove to store for the summer; your carpets to clean, 5 cents per yard; only machine cleaner in city. We want your trade. 622 Jackson street.

FOR SALE—No. 1 washboiler, worth $1.50, now 49c. Hygienic store, 722 Kansas ave.

FOUND.

FOUND—The place to have plumbing done; A. Allen, 516 Kans. ave. Tel. 288.

FOUND—The place to get your clock or watch repaired at half price, 51 kansas ave., up stairs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOST—Somewhere between 6th and Filmore streets and the High school, a chatelaine bag containing a dest purse and two handkerchiefs. The finder will please leave at the Central Insurance Exchange or High school and oblige. K. G.

FOR RENT—10 acres and orchard and three story brick residence, barn and water, west of Washburn college; finest suburban home in the country.

Also set of rooms and hall on second floor in Masonic block, Jackson street, steam heat, electric and gas light.

Also 50 acre market garden and farm, close in north of city; cash rent.

PAYNE & THOMPSON,
828 Kansas avenue, up stairs,
North Topeka.

JONES & WHITNEY'S Milk Depot is at 121 West Sixth street. They deliver milk daily at 5 cts. per quart.

Your Family

should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Prompt to act,

Sure to Cure

BAKED BEANS AND BOSTON BROWN BREAD—Baked fresh every Tuesday and Saturday morning. Delivered on order at your home. N. Millinen & Son, 237 West Fifth.

FOR EXCHANGE—Acre tract, adjoining walk from postoffice in North Topeka, two blocks from public school. Want good improved property must be clear. Payne & Thompson, North Topeka.

REPAIR your leaky roofs and tin ware. New work guaranteed. Tel. 788, or address P. O. box 662. R. S. Hermann.

PATENTS—Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fees until patent obtained. Write for inventors' Guides.

IF there are any men in this city who want to make money, come and see me. C. Havens, Fifth Avenue hotel.

JONES & WHITNEY sell cream at 20 cents per quart.

MRS. E. S. LILLY, corset can be found at 1124 West 6th street.

DR. M. E. MITCHELL, M. D.

OFFICE 511 N. Kansas Ave. Tel. 340.
Residence 501 N. Van Buren street. Tel. 188.

FIVE CENTS buys two quarts of skim milk at Jones & Whitney's, 121 West Sixth st.

WE WANT Goods to store.
TOPEKA TRANSFER CO.,
509 Kansas avenue. Tel. 224.

TOPEKA TRANSFER COMPANY,
529 Kansas ave. Tel. 320.

SPECIAL Attention to lost orders.
TOPEKA TRANSFER CO.,
509 Kansas avenue. Tel. 224.

MONEY TO LOAN.

REAL ESTATE LOANS made in amounts of $100 upwards. A few more loans wanted. Choice Emporia mortgages for school investors. C. A. Dexter, 510 Kansas ave. Dudley's block.

INVESTMENTS for sale, bearing 8 and 10 per cent, in sums of $500 and upwards, by Lincoln Greenspan, 22 Commercial block.

SAVE 10 per cent for your money. You keep your own securities. Better than savings bank. Investigate. Stone and upwards. STONE MORTGAGE CO.

MONEY TO LOAN—On improved city real estate at lowest rates. Good notes or Mortgages bought. Simon Greenspan, Commercial building.

PARTIES wishing to sell our system of investment for their money, call at once on S. M. Wood & Co., 534 Kansas ave.

[First published on the 10th day of January, 1894, in the Topeka Daily State Journal.]

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

OFFICE OF
COMMISSIONER OF ELECTIONS,
TOPEKA, KAS., January 10, 1894.

I, Frank Herald, Commissioner of Elections of the city of Topeka, Shawnee county, Kansas, do hereby in conformity to sections three of an act of the legislature of Kansas, entitled, "An act to provide for and to regulate the registration of voters; to regulate elections, and to provide for the appointment of a Commissioner of Elections in cities of the first class," approved March 2nd, 1891, do proclaim and declare that the boundaries of all the wards as made by the council thereof, and the districts of said wards, into precincts as made by the Board of Supervisors of Elections, are as follows, to wit:

First Ward.

All north of the Kansas river.

FIRST PRECINCT.

All east of Kansas avenue.

SECOND PRECINCT.

All west of Kansas avenue and south of Gordon street.

THIRD PRECINCT.

All west of Kansas avenue and north of Gordon street.

Second Ward.

All south of the Kansas river, east of Kansas avenue and north of Eighth street, except Meitzker's third addition.

FIRST PRECINCT.

East of Kansas avenue, west of alley between Monroe and Madison and north of Fourth street.

SECOND PRECINCT.

East of alley between Monroe and Madison streets, west of Washington street, and north of Fourth street.

THIRD PRECINCT.

East of Washington street and north of Fourth street.

FOURTH PRECINCT.

South of Fourth street, east of Washington street and north of Eighth avenue, except Meitzker's third addition.

FIFTH PRECINCT.

South of Fourth street, west of Washington street, north of Eighth street, and east of Kansas avenue.

Third Ward.

All south of Eighth avenue, except Metzker's third addition; north of Fifteenth street to Washington avenue, thence north of Tenth street and the north line of the northeast quarter section 5 town 11 range 16, north line of Douthitt tract and Euclid avenue.

FIRST PRECINCT.

All east of Van Buren street, except Metzker's third addition and including stale house grounds.

SECOND PRECINCT.

West of Van Buren street and east of Western avenue.

THIRD PRECINCT.

All west of Western avenue.

Fourth Ward.

All west of Kansas avenue, north of Eighth avenue and south of Kansas river.

FIRST PRECINCT.

West of Kansas avenue, north of Eighth avenue, east of Tyler street, and south of Fifth street.

SECOND PRECINCT.

West of Kansas avenue, north of Fifth street and east of Tyler street.

THIRD PRECINCT.

West of Tyler street and east of Western avenue.

FOURTH PRECINCT.

All west of Western avenue.

Fifth Ward.

All south of the south line of the Third ward, including Metzker's third addition.

FIRST PRECINCT.

All west of Quincy street and north of Fifteenth street; all south of Fifteenth street and west of the A. T. & S. F. R. R.

SECOND PRECINCT.

All east of Quincy street to Fifteenth street, all east of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. and south of Fifteenth street.

FRANK HERALD,
Commissioner of Elections.

WHERE IS MOTHER?

TABERNACLE PULPIT RINGS WITH A GREAT SERMON.

"The Mother of Sisera Looked Out at a Window"—Judges 5:xxviii—From This Text Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches a Sermon to Be Remembered.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 14.—This novel and unique subject was presented by Dr. Talmage this afternoon 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 5:xxviii: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host, Gen. 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. Gen. 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 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 forehead of Sisera with her other hand, she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander-in-chief 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 bit of the horses' bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round and she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor as the bible only hints at, but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother. "that battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. 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! no! he is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." 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 solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries: "Your armies are defeated and your son is dead," there is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had nine hundred iron chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side and the angry freshets of Kishon and the hail, the lightning and the unmanageable war-horses and the capsized chariots and the stellar panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus in his history describes the scene in the following words: "When they were come to a close fight there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of rain and hail, and the wind blew the rain in the faces of the Canaanites, and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords; while this storm did not so much incommode the Israelites because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehension that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them; so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat. Not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according as to whether God is for or against us.

"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 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 white so many maternal foreheads. 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 lesson, 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 breath the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret, and from front door to the back fence of the back yard, "Where's mother?" Indeed a child's life is so full 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, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice comes back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring, that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of 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 mother, but there is in that scene in the "Book of Judges" so much about embroideries and needle work and ladies in waiting, that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs, and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candle-sticks, that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified, beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace the mother 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 little or no hired help, except perhaps for the washing-day, or for the swine-slaughtering, commonly called the "killing-day." 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. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the patching, the millinery, the darning, the mantua-making, the housekeeping, 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 earaches, and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self-rocking cradles of 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! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper. The chief music they heard was that of spinning-wheel and rocking-chair. Purged out, headachey, and with ankles swollen. Those old-fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into a good, easy, comfortable heaven, they were the folks and they got there and they are rested. They 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 any one keeps on asking the question "Where's mother?" I answer, she is in your present character. The probability is that your physical features 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 speak now especially of your character and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of 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 ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or skepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first ten years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies. Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is 10 years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy brame," or fashion plate for forty years. Ezekiel 16:xliv, "As is the mother so is her daughter." Before one decade has passed you can decide whether that boy shall be a Shylock or a George Peabody. Boys and girls are generally echoes of fathers and mothers. What an incoherent thing for a mother out of temper to punish a child for getting mad, or for a father who smokes to shut his boy up in a dark closet because he has found him with an old stump of a cigar in his mouth; or for that mother to rebuke her daughter for staring at herself too much in the looking glass, when the mother has her own mirrors so arranged as to repeat her form from all sides. The great English poet's loose moral character was decided before he left the nursery, and his schoolmaster in the school room overheard this conversation: "Byron, your mother is a fool," and he answered, "I know it." You can hear through all the heroic life of Senator Sam Houston the words of his mother, when she in the war of 1812 put a musket in his hand and said: "There, my son, take this and never disgrace it, for remember I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave than that one of them 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." Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a murderess, you are not surprised that her son was a murderer. Give that child an overdose of catechism, and make him recite verses of the bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonist of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the loveliness of religion and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity. A few days ago right before our express train on the Louisville & Nashville railroad the preceding train had gone down through a broken bridge, twelve cars falling a hundred feet and then consumed. I saw that only one span of the bridge was down and all the other spans were standing. Plan a good bridge of morals for your sons and daughters, but have the first span of ten years defective and through that they will crash down, though all the rest keep standing. Oh man! Oh woman! 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 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. If I had time to take statistics out of this audience, and I could ask what proportion of you who are Christians owe your salvation under God to maternal fidelity, I think about three-fourths of you would spring to your feet. "Ha! ha!" said the soldiers of the regiment to Charlie, one of their comrades, "What has made the change in you? you used to like sin as well as any of us." Pulling from his pocket his mother's letter in which, after telling of some comforts she had sent him, she concluded: "We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian," he said, "Boys, that's the sentence."

The trouble with Sisera's mother was that while sitting at the window of my text watching for news of her son from the battlefield, she had the two bad qualities of being dissolute and being too fond of personal adornment. The bible account says: "Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides?" She makes no anxious utterance about the wounded in battle, about the bloodshed, about the dying, about the dead, about the principles involved in the battle going on; a battle so important that the stars and the freshets took part, and the clash of swords was answered by the thunder of the skies. What she thinks most of is the bright colors of the wardrobes to be captured, and the needlework. "To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides."

Now neither Sisera's mother nor any one else can say too much in eulogy of the needle. It has made more useful conquests than the sword. Pointed at one end, and with an eye at the other, whether of bone or ivory as in earliest time, or of bronze, as in Pliny's time, or of steel, as in modern time; whether laboriously fashioned as formerly by one hand, or as now, when a hundred 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 life, for the health, for the adornment of the human race. The eye of the needle hath seen more domestic comfort and more gladdened poverty, and more Christian service than any other eye. The modern sewing machine has in no 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 benevolent purposes their needlework. But there was nothing except vanity and worldliness and social splash in what Sisera's mother said about the needlework she expected her son would bring home from the battle. And I am not surprised to find that Sisera fought on the wrong side, when his mother at the window of my text, in that awful exigency had her chief thought on dry goods achievement and social display. God only knows how many homes have made shipwreck on the wardrobe. And that mother who sits at the window watching for vain-glorious triumph of millinery and fine colors, and domestic pageantry, will after a while hear as bad news from her children out in the battle of life, as Sisera's mother heard from the struggle at Esdraelon.

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 your face and her principles in your soul. But you have cast her out. That was an awful thing for you to do, but you have done it. That hard, grinding, dissipated look you never got from her. If you had seen any one strike her you would have struck him down without much care whether the blow was just sufficient or fatal, but, my boy, you have struck her down—struck her innocence from your face and struck her principles from your soul. You struck her down! The tent-pin that Jael drove three times into 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 it may be a window on earth or at some window in heaven. All others may cast you off. Your wife may seek divorce and have no more patience with you. Your father may disinherit you and say, "Let him never again darken the door of our house." But there are two persons who do not give you up—God and mother.

How many disappointed mothers waiting at the window. Perhaps the panes of the window are not great glass plate, beveledged, and hovered over by exquisite lambrequin, but the window 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 have come on a sad errand." "There is nothing the matter of my son in the city, is there?" she asks. "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! 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 for her self-sacrifices in his behalf. That is the bad news from the battle. So the tidings of derelict or Christian sons travel to the window of earth, or the windows of heaven at which mothers sit.

"But," says some one, "are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my evil doings since she went away?" Says some one else "Are you not mistaken about my glorified mother hearing of my self-sacrifices 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 Thermopylae, this Austerlitz, 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, roll over on all mothers a new sense of their responsibility, and upon all children, whether still in the nursery or out on the tremendous Esdraelon of mid-life or old age, the fact that their victories or defeats sound clear out, clear up to the windows of sympathetic maternity. Oh, is not this the minute when the cloud of blessing filled with the exhaled tears of anxious mothers shall burst in showers of mercy on this audience!

There is one thought that is almost too tender 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 childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried: "Where's mother?" and she said: "Here I am," and we buried our weeping faces in her lap; so after a while, when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home, and among the first questions, not the first, but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question: "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of 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, but now I want to hear it from your own souls. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the holidays, the marriages, the birth-hours, the burials, the heart-breaks, the losses, the gains, the 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 given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask, 'Where's mother?'"