

SUNDAY'S SERMONS

SERMONS OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Five Pictures."

Text: "Behold, I see the heavens opened." Acts vii., 55-56. Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. He resolved to do as men sometimes would do to-day. He said, "I see the heavens opened." The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they stoned Stephen out of the gates of the city, and he fell on his knees and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. Forthwith he fell asleep. Stephen was stoned, and Stephen was stoned, and Stephen was stoned. Stephen was stoned, and Stephen was stoned, and Stephen was stoned.

As the wren sits on her nest, she is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy. She is as busy as the bird that is busy.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. TOMMY'S ALPHABET. "Now this is A," mama would say; "And this is Q, and this is T, And this is I." Now say them—try. Oh! Tommy was a youngster yet To learn to say his alphabet; But, bless his heart! though he was small, He knew his letters—nearly all. He mother pointed, and her son Began to name them, one by one. "This one—'It's B.' "And this?" "It's C." "And this?" "It's L; I know it well." "Nay; try again!" "It must be N." "And this one?"—pointing to an I—"That's YOU!" was Tommy's quick reply. Mama, the error-to-undo. Now pointed to the letter U. Small Tommy pestered, then quoth he: His face aglow with smiles, "That's ME." —[Agnes Lee, in St. Nicholas.] COLOR PROTECTS THEM. More than twenty-five years ago Alfred Russel Wallace predicted that it would be found that brilliantly colored and conspicuous caterpillars were not among the favorite food of birds, although dull-looking caterpillars are devoured by them with great avidity. Various observations and experiments since then have tended to confirm Mr. Wallace's conclusion.

THE WREN AND HIS HOME. Quaint little birds the wrens, dressed in their brown feather jackets and flitting hither and thither in their brisk, busy way from twig to twig of the bushes, or searching beneath them for the worms and insects on which they delight to feed. They are small birds, with long, slender legs, and their plumage is of a red brown color, somewhat streaked or mottled with dark brown. The under part of the body is a light color, nearly approaching white, and on the tips of the wings there are small head-like spots of white. Their wings are not long, and instead of flying continuously they fit and jump from place to place. The song of the male bird is sweet and clear, but he is very pugnacious, and will defend his rights wherever occasion requires, even though he may be obliged to fight larger birds than himself. The nests are made of hay or moss, lined with feathers and covered with a roof, the opening is at the side. To prevent being discovered the birds select for the outside of the nest material resembling in color the object against which it is to be built, and always choose some spot where it will be sheltered from storms, such as under the eaves of a house, or beneath the projecting edge of a wall or bank. They will also gladly take possession of the little bird houses which may be prepared for them or others of the feathered tribe, and consider the quarters very luxurious. One species, called the Winter Wren, is quite numerous, and may be found in the cold climate of Labrador, and thence to the far south. Another is called the House Wren, and loves to make its home near dwelling houses, and renders itself a truly welcome neighbor because of its sweet and cheery song. When the winter is very severe, a number of wrens will form themselves into a company and take possession of a bird house, or some old nests, and there make themselves as comfortable as possible until the intense cold is gone. There are several varieties of these little birds, besides those already mentioned, such as the common wren and marsh wren, and they are all very interesting little creatures, and as they sing their sweet songs in coldest winter weather as well as through the summer, they have unlimited power of giving pleasure.

Valuable Dog Collars. "I can assure you that you have not been misinformed as to gold and precious gems being used to decorate dogs' collars," said one of the best known dealers in such articles, "but the craze is far more prevalent in France, Russia and England than it is here. Not many weeks ago I supplied to the special order of an English lady a dog collar that cost fifty guineas. It was a chain collar of silver and gold links alternately, and with a gold bell to hang in front. French ladies are very fond of watch dog collars, a small gold watch being let into the front of the collar, and I have made several of these. But in scores of cases I supply beautifully made collars with name plates of solid gold, and often enough with gold 'bosses' as well. Nearly all the collars of this class are intended for carriage dogs and drawing-room poodles alone. A fashion has lately had great vogue in France of putting tiny bracelets round the fore legs of poodles, and I have even seen diamonds let into these bracelets. At the same time, in my own stock, I have lots of dog collars ranging in price from \$15 to \$100. The most remarkable collar I have ever made was to the order of a gentleman from South Africa. It consisted of nuggets of gold and an uncut diamond, which he supplied, and it was given to a well-known lady as a present."

How to Breathe. An old gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn how to breathe and darken your room completely, and you won't need any doctoring." "Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into a world so terribly full of other things to be learned," the insomniac said ruefully. "On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this. I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your sleeping room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."