

REV. DR. TRUMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Prodigal Son."

TEXT: "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—Luke xv, 20.

One of the deepest wells that inspiration ever opened is that well as a parable which we can never exhaust. The parable, I suppose, was founded on facts. I have described to you the going away of this prodigal son from his father's house, and I have shown you what a hard time he had down in the wilderness, and what a very great mistake it was for him to leave so beautiful a home for such a miserable desert. But he did not always stay in the wilderness; he came back after a while. We do not read that his mother came to greet him. I suppose she was dead. She would have been the first to come out. The father would have given the second kiss to the returning prodigal; the mother the first. It may have been for the lack of her example and prayers that he became a prodigal. Sometimes the father does not know how to manage the children of the household. The chief work comes upon the mother. Indeed, no one ever gets over the calamity of losing a mother in early life. Still this young man was not ungrateful when he came back.

However well appareled we may be in the morning when we start on a journey, before night, what with the dust and the jostling, we have lost all cleanliness of appearance. But the prodigal when he came home from the swine trough, was ragged and wretched, and his appearance after he had gone through days of journeying and exposure, was such that the father could not describe. As the people see this prodigal coming on homeward, they wonder who he is. They say: "I wonder what prison he has broken out of, and where he was taken. He has escaped from it. I wonder what plague he will smite the air." Although these people may have been well acquainted with the family, yet they do not know that this is the very young man who went off only a little while ago with quick step, and ruddy cheek, and beautiful apparel. The young man, that walked away in his father's raiment, as though he meant upon something very important. The people stop. They look at him. They wonder where he came from. They wonder where he is going to.

You have heard of a son who went off to sea and never returned. All the people in the neighborhood thought the son would never return, but the father came to such a conclusion. They would go by the hour and day and sit upon the beach, looking upon the water, expecting to see the sail that would bring home the long-absent boy. And so I think this father of my text sat upon the vine looking out toward the road on which his son had departed; but the father had changed very much before we saw him last. His hair had become white, his cheeks are furrowed, his heart is broken. What is all his beautiful table to him when his son may be lacking bread? What is all his splendid garments to him when that homestead when the son may not have a decent coat? What are all his sheep on that hillside to that father when his pet lamb is gone? Still the father stands looking out on the road, and on his day he beholds a foot traveler. He sees him rise above the hill; first the head and after awhile the entire body; and when he is in full view, the father knows it is his recreant son. He forgets the crutch, and the cane, and the stiffness of the joints, and bounds away. I think the people around him were dumb. They said: "It is only a footpad. It is only some old tramp of the road. Don't go out to meet him." The father knew better.

The change in the son's appearance could not hide the marks by which the father knew the boy. You know that persons of a great deal of independence of character are apt to indicate it in their walk. For that reason the sailor is always a peculiar one; not only because he stands much on shipboard amid the rocking of the sea, and he has to balance himself, but he has for the most part an independent gait, which weakens in his gait, even if he never went on the sea; and we know from what transpired afterward, and from what transpired before, that this prodigal son had in his own peculiar frank nature; and I suppose that the characteristics of his mind and heart were the characteristics of his walk. And so the father knew his son. When he got his arms toward him; he brings his withered face against the pale cheek of his son; he kisses the wan lips; he thanks God that the long agony is over. When he heard of the great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

Oh, do you not recognize that Father? Who was it? It is I. I have no sympathy with that cast-iron theology which represents God as hard, severe and vindictive. God is a Father—kind, loving, lenient, gentle, long-suffering, patient, and merciful to our immortal souls. Oh, that we might realize it. A wealthy lady in one of the eastern countries was going off for some time, and she said to her maid to bring her a memento to carry with her. One of the daughters brought a marble tablet, beautifully inscribed, and another daughter brought a watch, which was set with diamonds. The third daughter came and said: "Mother, I brought neither flowers nor tablet, but here is my heart. I have inscribed it all over with your name, and wherever you go, it will go with you." The mother recognized it as the best of all the mementos. Oh, that our souls might go out toward our Father; that our hearts might be as inscribed with the evidences of His loving kindness, and that we might never again forsake Him.

In the first place, I notice in this text the father's eyesight; in the second place, I notice the father's haste; and in the third place, I notice the father's kiss.

To begin: The father's eyesight. "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him." You have noticed how old people sometimes put a book off on the other side of the light. They can see at a distance a great deal easier than they can close by. I do not know whether this father could see what was near by, but I do know he could see great way off. "His father saw him." Perhaps he had been looking for the return of that boy especially that day. I have been told that he had been in prayer, and that God had told him that that day the recreant boy would come home. "The father saw him as great way off."

I wonder if God's eyesight can descry us when we are coming back to Him? The text pictures our condition—we are a great way off. That young man was not farther off from his father's house, and he was farther off from holiness, than is not farther off from holiness, than is not farther off from holiness, than we have been by our sins away off from our God, eye, so far off that we could not hear His voice, which we have longed for. He has called us year after year. I do not know what bad habits you may have formed, or in what evil way you have been, or what false notions you may have entertained; but you are ready to acknowledge, if your heart has not been changed by the grace of God, that you are a great way off—eye, so far that you cannot get back of yourselves. You would like to come back. Aye, this moment you would start, if it were not for this sin, and that habit, and this evil usage.

I am to tell you of the Father's eyesight. "He saw him as great way off." He has seen all your frailties, all your struggles, all your disadvantages. He has been longing for your coming. He has not been looking at you with a critic's eye or a ballist's eye, but with a father's eye; and if a parent ever missed a child, God misses you. You say: "Oh, I had so many evil surroundings when I started life." Your Father sees it. You say: "I have so many bad surroundings now, and it is very difficult for me to break away from evil associations." Your Father sees it, and if you should start heavenward—as I pray you may—your Father would not sit idly down and allow you to struggle on up

GLORIOUS SUMMER.

Nature's Babes in the Wood.

On the trees, the bushes, and under the ground at this season are flowers and leaves asleep, and almost ready to awaken. Dame Nature is nurse to them all, and while they slept she has kept them dry and warm.

If you pick a short branch from a tree or shrub, you will see upon it, at regular distances apart, little knobs or bumps. These are the buds of leaves and blossoms which will soon awaken, and unfold, and fill the earth with perfume and beauty.

If Jack Frost had got at them, or if the cold rain had beaten on them, they would have been blighted. So the buds have been carefully protected all winter from the cold, the damp, and the fierce winds.

Each bud is wrapped up in a number of little stiff scales. Often these scales are coated with a sort of varnish which keeps out the wet.

The buds of the horse chestnut are "pinned without the pitch," like the floating cradle of the infant Moses. They are sticky to the touch, and shed water like the rubber coat.

Indeed, we may say that the baby horse chestnut leaves wear fur-lined waterproof coats, for the scales which are so sticky on the outside are thickly lined with soft white down.

Many other buds are protected from wet and cold in the same manner.

The tiny locust and sumach leaves are guarded during their winter sleep in yet another way. They are hid so cleverly that Jack Frost cannot find them, and it would puzzle us, also, to find them unless we knew just where to look.

Those of the sumach are sunk in the thick bark until they begin to grow, and those of the honey-locust are buried deep in those humps from which the thorns appear to spring. Crocuses, anemones, daffodils, and all the other spring flowers which grow straight up out of the ground have been protected under a covering of soil and dead foliage.

We have all read in the Arabian Nights how a gigantic giant came out of a small pickle jar. If we look about us this spring we will see this wonder outdone by any hedgerow.

These lilac buds are no longer than the tip of a woman's little finger, yet some of them contain a spray with several leaves, and from others there will come a great spruce of flowers.

The sticky horse chestnut buds will open to let out into the sun four or five great spreading leaves surrounding a pyramid of blossoms.

How cruelly they are foiled away in these little purple buds! No shopman could wrap parcels half so cleverly as mother Nature does. No French maid ever packed her mistress's finery with half the skill which nature has shown in the folding of baby blossoms or tender leaf.

Girls know that dresses which have been lying for a long time folded away in a drawer or trunk are creased when they are taken out.

So are the leaves when they come out of the buds where they lay in even tight folds for many months. After a while the breezes will shake out all these little wrinkles, but when the foliage is new and fresh we can see them plainly.

Some leaves have been rolled like music in a portable case, or like a window shade around its roller. Some have been folded like fans, and some have been doubled lengthwise down the middle as a school girl folds her composition. May apple leaves come up looking like closed umbrellas, and then open just as umbrellas do. The crinkled spring foliage is very pretty, and interesting, too; for the cresces show how mother Nature contrived to get so many leaves into so small a parcel.

And where is the food which has been prepared for these awakening buds? Growing leaves and flowers, like growing children, need plenty of nourishment, and Dame Nature has provided whole storehouses full of food just such as young foliage and baby blossoms need.

The crocus and the daffodil get their food from little storehouses under the ground. If we dig up a root early in the spring, before the flowers have opened, we shall find it white, firm, round and fat. The flower stem is able to shoot up so fast because it is nourished by this abundant good fare, just as a boy who is outgrowing all his clothes, is doing it by means of unnumbered breakfasts, dinners and suppers. The blossom owes much of its beauty to this stored food; and if the supply were to give out the colors of the flower would grow dim and faded.

By the time the blossom dies the little storehouses will be emptied, but then the crocus will have formed long leaves and will be able to gather enough nourishment from the soil and the air to satisfy all its wants.

The lilac leaves grow so fast because they are well fed on food which has been saved on purpose for them all winter long. It has been stored away just under the bark, so that the lilac's storehouse is in its branches.

All the boughs which have put forth leaves and flowers are full of gum and sap. These juices have been "saved up" all winter in the wood and bark, and now they feed the awakening buds, the unfolding leaves and the opening flowers.

There is plenty for all, and each is getting just the sort of food it needs, for Nature, like a wise and loving mother, guards the storehouses and provides for the wants of all her children.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1890.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.*—John 4: 42.

I. CHRIST'S LAW OF LOVE.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6: 31.

II. THE WIDOW OF NAJAZ.

They glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us.—Luke 7: 16.

III. FORGIVENESS AND LOVE.

We love him, because he first loved us.—1 John 4: 19.

IV. THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Take heed therefore how ye hear.—Luke 8: 18.

V. THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.—Luke 8: 50.

VI. FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6: 35.

VII. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9: 35.

VIII. THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.—Luke 10: 11.

IX. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Lev. 19: 18.

X. TEACHING TO PRAY.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11: 9.

XI. THE RICH MAN'S FOLLY.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke 12: 15.

XII. TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.—Luke 12: 30.

REVIEW BIBLE LIGHTS.

Superintendent: Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto these in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed (Luke 1: 1-4).

Scholar: Superintendent: But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you (Luke 6: 27, 28).

Scholar: As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise (Luke 6: 31).

Teachers: Christ also pleased not himself (Rom. 15: 3).

All: Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying (Rom. 15: 2).

Lesson 2.—Superintendent: And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came nigh and touched the bier, and the bearers stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he began to speak, and he arose. And he sat up, and he gave him to his mother (Luke 7: 13-15).

Scholar: They glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us (Luke 7: 16).

Teachers: Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and the life (John 11: 25).

All: Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ (1 Cor. 15: 57).

Lesson 3.—Superintendent: Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven (Luke 7: 47, 48).

Scholar: We love him, because he first loved us (1 John 4: 19).

Teachers: Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins (1 John 4: 10).

All: This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments (1 John 5: 3).

Lesson 4.—Superintendent: The seed is the word of God. And those by the way side are they that have heard; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word from their heart, that they may not believe and be saved. And those on the rock are they which, when they have heard, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away. And that which fell among the thorns, these are they that have heard, and as they go on their way they are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection. And that in the good ground, these are such as in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, hold it fast, and bring forth fruit with patience (Luke 8: 11-15).

Scholar: Take heed therefore how ye hear (Luke 8: 18).

Teachers: Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves (Jas. 1: 22).

All: Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God (Psalm 143: 10).

Lesson 5.—Superintendent: While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But Jesus hearing it, answered him (Luke 8: 49, 50).

Scholar: Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole (Luke 8: 50).

Teachers: All things are possible to him that believeth (Mark 9: 23).

All: I believe; help thou mine unbelief (Mark 9: 24).

Lesson 6.—Superintendent: And he took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake; and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude. And

Women in Business.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

To-day the business woman takes her place; a fact that even a generation ago could hardly have had existence, since the business woman in the growth of the present generation, and the last ten years have enlarged her place and possibilities in a fashion undreamed of by our grandmothers.

We have only to ask what the business woman of to-day represents; how she does her work; what are her limitations and her possibilities in methods, and how we are to sum up her status as a whole.

How does she do her work? Very

About Slate Pencils.

In the northwest part of the town of Castleton, Rutland County, Vermont, is the only manufactory of slate pencils in the United States. The slate rock as it comes from the quarry is first sawed into blocks as wide as a slate pencil is long. These blocks are easily split into slabs a little thicker than the finished pencil, which is about five-sixteenths of an inch. These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt, which makes them even and smooth. Next they are pushed into the jaws of a machine called a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which are six rows of curved knives, each being set so as to cut a little deeper than the preceding one. These plow out parallel grooves half way through the slab, which is then turned and laid on a steel plate having ridges which just fit these grooves. This slides back under the six rows of teeth of another "crocodile," which cuts the grooves on the other side and leaves the pencils side by side. They are then rounded and pointed by holding them on an emery wheel, and one man can thus sharpen about 8,000 a day.

This factory makes 30,000 pencils daily, and gives employment to twenty-five hands. We might wonder where so many pencils go, but when we consider that there are one or two million school children, and many of them rather careless, and that slate pencils are easily broken, there is no doubt that the factory has its "hands full" to supply the demand.

The old way of making pencils was to saw them out square from the slab, one by one. They were then boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand for about half a dollar a thousand.

Pencils are made from slate much softer than the slates upon which they are to be used, and very nice pencils are made from soapstone.—*Sheltering Arms.*

Her First Glass.

A lady who was passing the summer in the country at a farm some miles from town one day took the little daughter of a farmer in her phaeton when she had occasion to drive to a village half a dozen miles away, says the Boston Courier. The child, who had never before been there, was at once amazed and delighted with all the novel sights which presented themselves to her eyes, and the lady found not a little amusement in the naive comments which the farmer's daughter made.

Before starting for home the lady took the child into a shop and ordered a glass of soda water for her. The child, who had no idea at all what this strange liquid might be, watched with the closest attention while the attendant made the syrup foam in the glass, and when it was given to her she bravely set her small brown nose into the shining froth, although she did not seem to find much satisfaction in the drink until she came to the sweet syrup at the bottom.

"Well, Araminta," the lady asked as the child set down the glass with a sigh of satisfaction, "how did you like your soda water?"

"Oh, thank you, marm," was the answer of the novice, "I liked the soda water first rate after I got through the suds."

Mrs. ANNA SNEED CALKINS, principal of the Kirkwood seminary for girls, near St. Louis, Mo., has a novel method of keeping her young ladies posted concerning the progress of the temperance reform. Whenever from their own watching of the papers they are able to report a state victory for prohibition, they are allowed to celebrate the happy event by a festival of "prohibition ice cream and cake." At their recent jubilee in honor of the double triumph in Dakota, Mrs. S. M. L. Henry, of Illinois, and Mrs. Belle P. Roberts were present to address them and share the cream.

The little girl who wrote on her examination paper, "The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of exploration," was wiser than she thought.

When the Younger Dumas's Play "La Dame aux Camelias" was to be produced...

When the younger Dumas's play "La Dame aux Camelias" was to be produced, he invited his imperious father to sit in a box with some friends. The old man pook-pooked at the idea, but he went. After the first act he remarked: "So-so; so-so; in a good-natured, egotistical way; and at the end of the second, 'Well, well!' At the end of the third act, 'I helped him write it!' At the final curtain, 'By St. Louis! I wrote it myself!'"

Dumas was invited to see a friend's tragedy. At the end of the second act he pulled at the author's sleeve and pointed at a man asleep in the third row from the stage. The tragedy died that night. On the following Monday night one of Dumas's tried and true comedies was put on. He invited the author of the tragedy to see it. The author of the tragedy got a man to pretend to fall asleep in the same seat that the other fellow had really slept in. In a little while he said, pityingly: "My dear Alexandre, look! pointing to the man. 'Same man,' quietly returned Dumas."

Teacher: "Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown one hundred years ago." Tommy: "Us."

Be careful. A heedless word or act may cost you a year's work or a lifetime of pain.