WANTS!

RENTS! SITUATIONS! REAL ESTATE! AUCTION SALES! & OTHER CLASSIFIED ADS.

THE TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL guarantees, every day it is printed, to give a local circulation more than double that of any other Topeka paper, and by far More than all Other Dailies Combined. This makes this paper the cheapest, as well as the best daily advertising medium in Topeka, the classified advertisements below costing but

FIVE CENTS A LINE,

or 20 cents a line for a week; 50 cents by the month.

City circulation everyday exceeds 3,000—total circulation over 3,000.

Sworn detailed statements of circulation presented on application.

☞Call and see any afternoon between 4 and 6, the handsomest, lightest, most perfect piece of printing machinery in Kansas—a Web Perfecting press, which prints from two to three complete 8-page papers a second.

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. No worthy and needy man or woman need hesitate to take advantage of this offer. No one to business or having employment is expected to take advantage of it, but all others invited to avail themselves freely.

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—Situation by first class barber. Address stating wages or guarantee. Joe Cusworth, Carbondale, Kan.

WANTED—Work as clerk in dry goods or clothing or general stock. Reference given. Address 'P' Journal.

WANTED—Dining room girl at 118 east 7th.

WANTED—A position as stenographer by a young lady who has just finished her course in short hand and type writing. Will work for what she is worth to her employer. Is anxious for a position and will endeavor to give good satisfaction. Address 'Stenographer,' 1141 Pine st., city.

WANTED—Position as clerk or salesman in good grocery or wholesale house in Kansas, by a capable young married man and strictly temperate. Address H. A. Chase, North Topeka, Kan.

WANTED—By a girl 16 years old a place to do house work or to learn dress making. Inquire 120 north Jefferson.

WANTED—White girl to work in family of three. Call at 218 "The Drive" Auburndale.

WANTED—A salesman in each of the N. E. states, also N. Y., N. J., Penn., Md., Ohio, Ill., Wis., Mo., Col., Iowa, Kan., to sell to the retail trade a specialty in the shoe line. None but progressive and experienced shoe men need apply. Perfection Shoe Co., Lynn, Mass.

WANTED—A salesman who travels, to sell our goods for spring trade; dress goods, cottonades, jeans, ginghams, damasks, etc. The Purnell Dale Mills, box 158, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Active salesmen to handle our line, no peddling. Salary $75 per month, and expenses paid to all. Goods entirely new. Apply quickly. P. O. Box 5301, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Salesman; salary from start; permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—To buy 6 to 8-room modern house, good condition, price not to exceed $3,500. Give street and number and price of property for sale. Address "House," this office.

WANTED—Board and pleasant warm room by lady with young baby. State location, terms, etc. Address M. F. C., Journal office.

WANTED—100 or more to come to the Crescent and get a good meal. Home made bread and good butter always.

WANTED—Good six or seven room house with bar, near business portion of the city. Address 'Renter,' care Journal office.

WANTED—Every one to use Washburn's pure apple cider. It is the best. Send orders to 528 Kansas ave., or P. O. box 266.

WANTED—To order stove repairs for you. Sheiden & Sheiden, 702 Kansas ave.

WANTED—Gasoline, cook and heating stoves to repair. Stoves set up or stored. THE HULL STOVE REPAIR CO., 116 East Eighth st.

WANTED—Furnaces to repair at tin shop, 527½ Kansas ave. G. G. Lee.

WANTED—To move, STORE or ship household goods, freight, etc. SAIN & SKINNER, 134 E. 6th St. MERCHANTS' TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Middle or 20th of the month, good five room house on Harrison st. Inquire at 904 Monroe.

FOR RENT—8 room house within two blocks of high school. Apply 617 Kansas ave.

FOR RENT—Six room house with cistern and river water. Inquire at 920 Monroe.

FOR RENT—A good six room house. Inquire of Dr. Roby, 118 West 6th St.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, 718 Topeka ave.; electric light and bath.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Cheap, one fire proof safe 24x40. One hand elevator. Vinegar Works, North Topeka.

FOR SALE—Grocery and meat market. Call at 293 Jefferson st. H. Manker.

FOR SALE—A good gentle work horse, 1,200 hundredweight; or will trade for cow. Inquire after 5 o'clock at 400 Polk st.

FOR SALE—A good heating stove. Inquire at 228 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—On easy payments, a fine line of ladies' and gent's watches. E. W. Hughes, 218 East 5th st.

FOR SALE—Cheap for cash, a Jersey cow. 930 East 11th st.

FOR SALE—One blacksmith shop well equipped with all the tools needed for blacksmith and wagon work, in a town near Topeka in good farming district. Has a good trade year round. Only two shops in town. A splendid opening for one who can do horse shoeing and plow work. Address 'O. O.' Journal office.

FOR REAL estate or rental property see Benedict & Co., 801 Kansas ave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. R. HITE, ATTORNEY, Room 36, Columbia building. Practice limited to insurance law.

REMOVED—The furniture and repair shop from Fourth and Jackson to Sixth and Topeka avenue, where a continuance of patronage is solicited. All kinds of household goods bought and exchanged by James Long.

MISS JENNIE C. PRICE, manicure and hair dresser, 715 Kansas ave.

PIANO TUNING—A. J. King, 505 Kansas av. Has charge of pianos at Bethany college.

CARPENTER and repair work. Address, Wm. Reedy, box 832, North Topeka, Kans.

JUST found the place where you can get your furniture repaired and also packed for shipment. Cleaning and laying carpets a specialty. All kinds of general jobbing work done on short notice. Work guaranteed by a good mechanic. No. 905 West Tenth street.

HARNESS AND REPAIR WORK.—Harness and shoe shop; patent leather polish for buggy tops; repairs in all kinds of leather goods; shoes half soled forty cents. E. F. Henderson, 118½ West Sixth street.

LOST.

LOST—Part pug dog, name Jim; $10 reward. Address Anna Steinburg, Silver Lake, Ks.

LOST—Leather tool bag with pump wrench, etc., for bicycle. Finder will be repaid for trouble of leaving with Bauman & Townsend, East 4th st.

LOST OR STOLEN—Young liver colored bird dog, 4 months old, white feet and breast. Reward for its return to 1027 Kansas ave.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—Long or short time. March & Co., Rooms 2 and 3, 706 Kansas avenue.

MONEY LOANED on horses, pianos, household goods and all kinds of chattel securities. L. Biscoe, 525 Kansas avenue, room 4.

PARTIES wishing a safe and paying investment for their money, call at once on S. M. Wood & Co., 534 Kansas ave.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

H. DeFord Paige, Topeka, Kans. Office—Hotel Throop. } SPECIALIST.

M. E. WARD, A.M., M.D., 717 KANSAS AVENUE. Hours: 2 to 5 p. m. Private hospital for women 833 Greenwood avenue.

DR. MARY E. STEWART, 631 Harrison Street. Consulting hours 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

HENRY W. ROBY, M.D., TOPEKA, KANSAS. } SURGEON.

S. E. SHELDON, M.D., SURGERY AND DISEASES OF WOMEN, with private hospital. Office: No. 729 Kansas Ave.

IDA C. BARNES, M. D. Office 732 Kan. Ave. Residence, 13th and Clay. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 11 a. m., and 4 p. m. to 5 p. m. Phone 599.

DR. J. K. MULVANE—Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office open all hours. 600 Kas. Ave. Phone 32.

L. A. RYDER, M. D., OFFICE and residence cor. Gordon street and Central ave., North Topeka. Phone 214. Uses the Brinkerhoff system of Herbal treatment, a successful and painless treatment for piles, fistula, rupture, incontinence, etc.

NOTICE—R. B. Turner, convicted of the crime of forgery in the district court of Shawnee county, Kansas, will on the third day of November, 1894, make application to the governor of the state of Kansas for pardon. R. B. TURNER.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Be it known that my petition is on file in the probate court asking for a permit to sell intoxicating liquors at No. 534 Kansas avenue, in the second ward of the city of Topeka. Hearing for the same is set for November 22, 1894, at 9 a. m. F. B. WALLACE.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 12, 1894.

HIRAM HULSE, FLORIST. Cor. Elmwood and Willow Ave., Potwin Place, Topeka, Kansas. Grows and sells Plants. Makes a specialty of Cut Flowers. Does all kinds of floral work in first class manner. Telephone 458.

TOPEKA Transfer Company, 509 KANSAS AVE. Tele. 320. P. P. BACON, Prop.

ARTHUR MASSAY, Practical - Horse-Shoer.

213 WEST FIFTH STREET. Telephone 488, - - - Topeka. Horses with diseased feet skillfully treated. Track and road-shoeing a specialty.

NATIONAL STABLES,

First-class Livery. Boarding a speciality. Telephone 46. GILCHRIST BROS, 706 Jackson street. Proprietors.

SCHOOL OF DANCING. CLASS for ladies and gentlemen MONDAY evenings, 8 p. m. Social parties FRIDAY evenings. ☞ Invitations required. Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wetherell, Masonic Building, 623 Jackson Street.

Read the "Wants." Many of them are as interesting as news items. See if it is not so.

112 and 114 West 8th, Peerless Steam Laundry.

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Pills as the fastest and most perfect cathartic compounded.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

TRAINS TO RIDE ON.

In Effect on and after Nov. 4, 1894.

WESTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Leave Kansas City.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Wichita & Tex. Express	113	8:15 am	10:35 am	10:40 am
Den. & Tex. Lim	5	9:00 am	11:00 am	11:05 am
California Lim.	3	1:50 pm	3:45 pm	3:50 pm
*Kansas City plug	109	4:30 pm	6:40 pm	.....
Night Express	7	9:20 pm	11:35 pm	11:48 pm
Man. & B. Acc.				
Ex. Sunday	153	.....	.....	7:50 am

*Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

EASTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.
K. C. Local	114	1:50 pm	2:00 pm	4:20 pm
Columbian Lim.	4	2:15 pm	2:40 pm	5:00 pm
Chicago Lim	6	5:45 pm	6:05 pm	8:00 pm
Night Ex.	8	3:25 am	3:35 am	5:45 am
Atlantic Exp.	2	4:00 am	4:10 am	6:10 am
*Kansas City plug	110	.....	7:30 am	9:40 am
Man. & B. Acc.				
Ex. Sunday	154	9:00 pm	.....	.....

*Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

ATCHISON AND ST. JOSEPH.

Trains.	No.	Leave St. Joe.	Leave Atchis'n	Arrive Topeka.
Day Express	105	8:00 am	9:00 am	10:55 am
Night Exp.	107	8:00 pm	9:10 pm	11:15 pm
		Leave Topeka.	Arrive Atchis'n	Arrive St. Joe.
Morning Exp.	108	4:15 am	6:15 am	7:15 am
Evening Exp.	106	4:30 pm	6:35 pm	7:35 pm

Buy railroad, Pullman or steamship tickets of ROWLEY BROS., Agents Santa Fe route, southeast corner Sixth and Kansas avenue, Topeka. Or W. C. GARVEY, Agent at Depot. Or A. ARNOLD & SON, Agents, North Topeka.

ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

In effect on and after Oct 7, 1894.

WESTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Leave Kansas City.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Through Fast Express	3	9:00 pm	11:10 pm	11:20 pm
Chicago, Texas Express	1	10:50 am	12:55 pm	1:05 pm
Southwestern Express	13	Lv S. J. 9:35 am	12:50 pm	.....
Southwest Night Express	25	Lv S. J. 7:40 pm	11:05 pm	11:20 pm

EASTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.
Solid Limited Vestibule Express	2	3:55 pm	4:00 pm	6:15 pm
St. Joseph and Eastern Express	14	.....	3:55 pm	Ar S. J. 7:20 pm
Express and Mail via St. Joseph	4	5:35 am	5:40 am	Ar S. J. 9:25 am
Express and Mail via Kansas City	26	5:35 am	5:40 am	7:45 am

A—Daily. B—Daily, except Saturday. C—Daily, except Monday.

For tickets, sleeping-car berths and general information, call at City Ticket office, 601 Kansas avenue, corner Sixth street, (telephone 435); at Passenger Station, corner First street and Kansas avenue, (telephone 564); or at Postoffice, North Topeka, (telephone 364).

H. O. GARVEY, City Passenger Agent.

UNION PACIFIC.

Change of Time. In Effect October 7, 1894.

UNION PACIFIC—EASTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Leaves Denver.	Leaves Topeka.	Arrives Kansas City.
Eastern Vestibuled Express, Limited	8	8:20 pm	2:50 pm	5:00 pm
	2	12:50 am	7:00 am	9:20 am

UNION PACIFIC—WESTBOUND.

Trains.	No.	Leaves Kansas City.	Leaves Topeka.	Arrives Denver.
Denver & Pacific Vestibuled Express	7	6:45 pm	8:55 pm	1:40 pm
	1	9:00 am	11:00 am	3:45 am

*Daily, except Sunday. All others daily.

Train No. 8, solid vestibule to Chicago, dining car, free chair cars, etc., running over the Chicago & Alton from Kansas City, has through sleeper for St. Louis via Missouri Pacific.

Train No. 7, solid vestibule for Denver, making direct connection for Pacific coast, through Pullman car for Salt Lake; through colonist car to Portland, etc., etc.

City ticket office, 525 Kansas avenue.

MISSOURI PACIFIC.

Train.	No	L'v's Topeka
Topeka and Fort Scott accommodation	285	10:00 a. m.
		A'r's Topeka
Topeka and Fort Scott accommodation	286	5:30 p. m.

L. T. & S. W.

EAST.

*Leave Topeka... via Meriden and Oskaloosa } 7:30 a.m

Arrive Leavenworth 11:00 a.m

WEST.

*Leave Leavenworth, via Oskaloosa.. 4:35 p.m

Arrive Topeka 8:20 p.m

*Accommodation, daily ex. Sunday.

VINEWOOD & HIGHLAND PARK R. R.

Trains will leave Quincy Street station week days for Vinewood as follows: 6:45, 11:51, 2:07, 5:41.

Trains will leave Vinewood for Quincy street at 7:57, 1:02, 4:19, 6:50.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Quincy street 9:19, 10:36, 11:51, 1:50, 3:07, 4:24, 5:41, 7:30, 8:45, 9:50.

Leave Vinewood 9:56, 11:16, 12:33, 2:30, 3:47, 5:04, 6:24.

Extra Sunday trains will be run according to company orders.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

C. M. WELCH. E. G. WILSON. WELCH & WILSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 623 Kansas Avenue. Commercial Law and Land Litigation. Defaulted Mortgages attended to. Practice in all State and Federal Courts.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

MONDAY, NOV. 12

Neil Burgess' County Fair Co.

The Greatest Racing Drama Ever Produced.

Horse blankets and robes. A large stock just received. COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE'S RETURN FOR A SERMON TEXT.

The Text Being Chosen from Luke 15, xxiii.: "Bring Hither the Fatted Calf and Kill It"—A Touching Discourse on the Vicissitudes of Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, having concluded his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject for to-day's discourse through the press: "Home Again."

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and let the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him; how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door, and says: "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is too good; nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who, in the parlors of my church, professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I can not contain myself with the joy I feel; I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty, and the officers of the law after him; and you saw him escape or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers to his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver, after having had to struggle to support his family for years, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!"

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water; to the morning—roseate, fireworked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace, and life and comfort, and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He rose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said: "Now, this is my experience: 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things.'" If all the people who read this sermon knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, 'Stop, Lord; it is enough! Stop, Lord—enough!'" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world can not satisfy you; you have found out—Alexander, longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron, whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire, cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II., consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a-Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world can not make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode, shouted in the street, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier, lying there a dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight,
And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:
Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow stream divides,
That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it—you know it.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle, and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest; and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin, and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say: "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house. Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness. Come home, come home!

You remember reading the story of a king, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, he cries: "This, my son, was dead and is alive again!"

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans, I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra, was greater than all the combined joy of the universe, when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years, a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances; but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted; and three times a day the father went. In the early morning, he watched the train—its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again, watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again, watcing the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will! you will!

We are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame in comparison with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen twenty of them. Thank God, thank God!

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks and you saw people get ashore in the life boats and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock of Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. It is not a dull tune you hear at such times. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but, passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation—he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your family around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven.

Once more I remark, that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father." "That's my mother." "That's my son." "That's my daughter." "That's my friend." "That's the one I used to pray for." "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears;" and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, sing
And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across the seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorifies of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness a droop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowels of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorifies of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"