

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY REV. C. CAMPBELL WALKER.

Theme: The Returned Wanderer.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Colin Campbell Walker, rector of St. Ann's Church on the Hudson, had for the subject of his sermon Sunday morning, "The Returned Wanderer." The text was from St. Luke 15:25: "The elder son was in the field." Mr. Walker said:

Nothing sets forth the promptness and completeness of Divine pardon to the sinner more fully than does this story told by our Blessed Lord so long ago. Few stories are more familiar to us than this, few which appeal to us more strongly. It is all so natural and true to life. It is all so dear, for countless souls have taken the language of the returned wanderer upon their lips and have made it all their own.

It was this aspect of our Lord's character, as shown in the picture: His divine energy for the fallen and the outcast, His willingness to bind up the broken-hearted, and fan with His own breath the flickering flame of human hope. His tender, hopeful spirit among the ruins caused by sin, which binds men's souls to Him and makes them willing to go even to the Cross because they love Him so.

Now, the object of the parable is to show the feelings of the great Father toward His children, and to mark the steps by which men alienate themselves from Him, and yet to point the way, through penitence and prayer by which they may return and join in the festive joy of the Father's house and live rejoicing in His love.

As we read the story, we could almost wish that it had finished and left us rejoicing in the gladness of the father and the penitent son. But we must remember that while our Lord had been approached by sinners of the lowest type, it is true, there were others also standing by who heard the story—religious and moral people, who were unacquainted with His mission, its character and the object aimed at in it, and who were shocked at the loving welcome given to the poorest and the most forlorn in life.

"The Elder Son was in the Field." Here is the companion picture to the other of "The Far Country." For even here there is a hint at distance from the Father's face and home, because in both it is the spirit in the son which Jesus sought to emphasize rather than the actual geography of the situation. If any one of our spirits is never realized your need not go into the far country, amid the waste and excess of riot, where the famine must inevitably come to find you. We may just as easily, and far more often, find you "in the field" of unloving service.

It matters not what road men travel in their alienation from the Father. It is the spirit which they lose which really separates from Him. Here, then, were two prodigals, not one. The only difference between them was that one manifested his lack of loving filial spirit to the Father by taking his life into his own hands and spending it as it pleased him in the "far country," and the other passed his time "in the field" as the cold and insolent critic of the Father, and narrow, intolerant censor of his brother. It is not gross and sensual sins alone which separate men from God—it is not poverty or pain—for neither of them has been able to break down happiness, hard as the struggle often is, if it is over to God there. It is the "unclean thing" of selfishness which spoils the fair beauty of our life from which the Father calls us saying, "Come ye out and be separate, and I will receive you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Look at the three main features of this man's character as manifested by his language: "In the field" and see if to any extent the same is true of us. "I to these many years do I serve thee," he said. Surely this was well. It was in this respect that the other son had signally failed. Far from being dependent on the Father's bounty he had claimed his own that he might do with it as he pleased, and his only hope of freedom was in escape from home. But what of the other any better? Where is dependence and disinterested service? True, there was no open resentment of the Father's discipline. But after all was said and done, the service was for hire alone and the wages now seemed altogether insufficient.

It is surely this spirit which Jesus seems to reprobate with. When the energy of the secular world inflicts us with an exterior debt, similar to its own, we kindle and often equal in degree. When general devotion or toward duties in this service of "many years" is regarded as a sufficient indication of spiritual vitality. To all such the call to practical duties has come, but their ears have been deaf to the appeal of grace to a more interior life. Such devotion to duty, such zeal in practical affairs, such service "in the field" is but, St. Paul has said, "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Here stands

THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA

CONCERTED ATTACK ON DRINK WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

Drink Did It. "I doubt very much whether the most original author that ever lived could present as unique a situation illustrative of human misery as one that came under my notice during a recent visit to the Pacific Coast," remarked D. R. Hughes, an attorney. "My brother is connected with a newspaper at Seattle, and one night while in his office the story came of the shooting of Judge Emory, of the Superior Court, by a young man named Chester Thompson. The dead man and the father of his murderer were bosom friends, perhaps each was the other's closest comrade and associate. That had been their condition for twenty years. The boy who killed the Judge was his friend. The way it came about was this:

"One evening the young man called to see some girls at the residence of the Judge. Because of his father's relationship with the family, the boy had been so suddenly called away from his home. He had been drinking a little and the Judge—very mildly and discreetly—rebuked him. The young man said something he should not have said, and the Judge indignantly ordered him from his house. Enraged at his humiliation the boy drew his pistol and fired, killing the friend of his father.

"Now, comes the terrible part of it. When the Superior Court met there was a new Judge on the bench, and resolutions were offered in respect to the memory of the one who had been so suddenly called away. Lawyer after lawyer spoke touchingly of the dead jurist, and now and then the audience glanced at Mr. Thompson, the father of the young man who was so soon to be tried for the killing of the Judge. He was very prominent and were the situation different that he would speak would be a matter of course. But here, what could he say? The man he loved was dead; the son he loved had killed him. At last all those who cared to speak, it seemed, had finished, and the exercises were about to be concluded. Then, Thompson arose and delivered the address which has become a classic on the coast. I was fortunate in obtaining a copy of it. Here it is:

"I think I can fully realize the situation of one who, lost in the desert, in a land of sand and dust and drought, perishing of thirst, comes upon a path made by the wild herds in passing to and from some desert spring and knows not which end of the path leads away from or towards the water, and who must choose or perish.

"Some of my brother attorneys in great kindness have begged me to speak in this hour, some have urged me that silence is best. If I speak I shall regret it. If I refrain, I know the strange word make desultory. The greatest wizard of words in our day but a few days ago told us of the magician who put forth some words and they became live things, and ran about. Some of them made their way into the hearts of men and stirred them to the doing of mighty things. But there are times when words seem to lose their power. They do not become alive, and will not go into the hearts of men.

"No august Power looks out upon age-long darkness now and says, 'Let there be light,' and light comes out of darkness. No pale, sad man goes down to the door of a tomb now and says, ' Lazarus, come forth,' and sees the cold door open, the curtains fall away and the sleeper waken and come forth.

"I knew Judge Emory well. For sixteen years we were friends. I knew he was my friend, and he knew I was his friend. Sixteen years ago in beautiful grounds out by the shore of Lake Washington I watched the old heroic play of knighthood where mounted men tilted with lances and mocked the tournaments of the old chivalric days. It was a game I knew well, having witnessed it in the old summer land of the South. Emory was one of the successful knights who bore away the trophies of that field, and I was chosen to present to the successful knights the memorials of their triumph. That evening, in a beautifully decorated hall, hung with heraldic banners, Meade Emory knelt before me, and there in the presence of the smiling girl, who afterwards became his wife, I placed upon his young and curly head the laurel wreath that marked his victory.

"We were friends and ever after, and if words would do their duty now, there is so much I would like to say of him who sleeps. But words have lost their power; they will not take life for me, and run about, and go into the hearts of men, and move them as I would wish. I cannot speak, but I can feel, and He who watches while we mourn, knows that if there were one, and but one, feeble lingering ray of light left in my darkened and silenced home, I would give it to illuminate the hearts of the widowed wife and orphaned children of this man who has passed from us, though I and mine should sit in darkness while ever life shall last.

"The father spoke with as much emotion as if he had been pleading for a human life, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the court room when he had finished. I never heard anything that affected me as much. I could hardly imagine a situation more pathetic."—Edgar White.

Temperance Notes. The new Mayor of Sandusky, Ohio, has issued an order prohibiting drink from going into saloons. This order applies to newsboys and others, as well as to boys and girls who have been sent by their parents to purchase beer. The Nashville Tennessean remarks that the people of Nashville are on trial before the bar of the world for winking at the lawlessness of the liquor dealers. There are a number of other cases in the same court awaiting trial for the same offense. Mrs. Carrie Nation has been arrested many times for wrecking illegal saloons. Did you ever hear of a saloonkeeper being arrested for wrecking legal homes?—California Voice. The president of the City National Bank, of Knoxville, Tenn., conservatively estimates that over \$300,000 a year is now being directed to the general trade which formerly went to the saloons. The city of Fresno, Cal., has closed all saloons on Sundays and at mid-night during the week. Which is good as far as it goes, but it stops short soon. Drive them out is the best policy.

Out in the Open.

Boys and men owe it to themselves to go to the fields and woods and there to get as close to nature as possible. Nature is the great mother, and the boy who plays in her yards is filled with good clean thoughts, and you can generally rely on him. He breathes in the exhilarating air of freedom and drinks from the streams that are unpolluted by civilization and takes home with him a supply of health and spirits that money can not purchase in a city.

This not only applies to the boy, but to the man. A tired brain is rejuvenated and refreshed by a few hours in the open, and the man who communes with nature and becomes intimate with her has a friend who will never lead him astray. Take to the woods and fields whenever the opportunity presents itself, and if you have boys and girls take them with you. Teach them to shoot and to become familiar with firearms, boats, water and woods, birds and animals, and give them a chance to learn and love nature. If you cannot take them, let them go with some one in whom you have confidence. You will be surprised how quickly they will become proficient in woodcraft and how soon they will feel the charm of outdoor life. The open plants the seeds of independence and teaches the young to take care of themselves. Encourage them in this direction and then try it yourselves just as often as you can.

It beats sitting around a club. An hour, a day, a week spent in pursuit of fish, nature or fur, never forgetting to visit nature all the while, will prove an inestimable blessing to the nerve-fagged man or woman. Let me impress upon you that the act of killing is only incidental. Never take advantage of game. Always give it, at least, an even chance, and stop before you have had enough. Remember that there are other days and others coming after you to enjoy the same pleasures. Obey the game laws, but if you have the proper conception of this form of sport and you are a true sportsman at heart, the last admonition is superfluous, as the laws always allow a reasonable length of time for its indulgence, and a liberal limit to the daily and season's bag.—The National Monthly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our doubts are traitors.—Shakespeare. Many hands make light work.—German. Who comes first grinds first.—German. A clean fast is better than a dirty breakfast.—Irish. A true friend is forever a friend.—George MacDonald. A drop of fortune is worth a cask of wisdom.—Latin. He who follows the crowd has many companions.—Dutch. The bald-headed man is the original star-gazer.—Dallas News. Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.—Bible. Great men are never sufficiently shown but in struggles.—Burke. He whose goodness is part of himself is what is called a real man.—Mencius. Truth may have a thousand tongues but only one face.—Florida Times-Union. The problem of life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger.—David Starr Jordan. Somewhat a girl never feels that she's really well dressed unless her shoes hurt her.—Puck. A little cheerful chatter is better than medicine to the average sick man.—Florida Times-Union. The feet of Fate are tender, for she sets her steps not on the ground, but on the heads of men.—Homer. That which is past is gone and irrevocable. Wise men have enough to do with things present and to come.—Francis Bacon. Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage thee. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we are wrong.—Carlyle. Short-Weight Prices. The New Yorker who knows that he is gouged to the limit one way or the other in the matter of prices imposed upon him by small retailers will not suppose that giving him sixteen ounces of something to eat for a pound instead of twelve ounces of the commodity, three ounces of board and an ounce of paper, string, etc., will necessarily cheapen the price of that article by increasing the quantity. Some small retailers lower the price by snipping the quantity. Honest dealers, of course, will increase the price rather than give short weight or short measure. But all our experience shows us that if we get twelve ounces of something, supposing it is sixteen, for twelve cents, say, why when we really get the sixteen they will cost us sixteen cents, the same price for the actual ounce.—Tip, in the New York Press. Captured the Prize Wolf. A big gray wolf which had been doing much damage by killing sheep, calves and young pigs, was persisted to-day after two years of persistent effort. It was of unusual size, measuring from tip to tip eleven feet and weighing over 150 pounds. The animal was captured by a company of twenty-five farmers, who succeeded in getting the animal in a circle they had formed. The animal is thought to have been at least ten years of age. No other wild beasts of the kind have been in the neighborhood for years.—Mason City Correspondence, Minneapolis Journal. In New York. Up-to-date Glady's.—"Is it really such an improper play?" Up-to-date Doris.—"Oh, it isn't just the play I'd want my father or brother to see, but it's all right for us girls."—Puck.



New York City.—Such a blouse as this one is sure to meet with approval. It is pretty and dainty and suits all the fashionable thin materials. Fine linen makes this one and the trimming is banding of Valenciennes lace, but everything that can be laid in fine tucks is appropriate. Silk and cotton mousseline would be charming, foulard is made in lingerie style and muslins include a variety of exceedingly attractive fabrics, while for the banding any lace or embroidery or trimming of the sort is appropriate. The sleeves are pretty College Blouse.



The college, or middie, blouse is a pronounced favorite. This one is designed for misses and small women and will be found peculiarly well adapted to outdoor sports and to all occasions of the sort. It is loose, allowing perfect freedom of movement, yet it is smart in effect. It can be worn over any skirt. White linen makes this one and it is banded with blue, but there are various materials that are appropriate, although linen is always a favorite. Cotton poplin, and twilled muslin are favorites, and trimming preferably consists of material in contrasting color. The blouse is made with front and back and is drawn on over the head, there being only a short opening below the collar. The collar can be made as illustrated, or of one material throughout, as liked. The full sleeves are without gathers at the shoulders and finished with straight cuffs, but there are also plain two-piece sleeves included in the pattern and these are gathered at the shoulders. The quantity of material required for the medium size (sixteen yards) is three and one-half yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and five-eighths yards thirty-two or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with seven yards of banding. The quantity of material required for the medium size (sixteen yards) is three and one-half yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and five-eighths yards thirty-two or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with seven yards of banding. The waist is made with front and back, the sleeves, the cuffs and the trimming portion. The lining consists of front and back portions and is fitted by means of darts. Banding is arranged over the shoulders and to this banding is attached a fold of the material, which gives somewhat the effect of pleats. When high neck is desired the chemise is added. When the lining is used, the cuffs are arranged over it, when it is omitted they are joined to the sleeves at the upper edge of the trimming. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-fourth yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, two and one-fourth yards thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide, with seven yards of banding. Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.—Bible. Great men are never sufficiently shown but in struggles.—Burke. He whose goodness is part of himself is what is called a real man.—Mencius. Truth may have a thousand tongues but only one face.—Florida Times-Union. The problem of life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger.—David Starr Jordan. Somewhat a girl never feels that she's really well dressed unless her shoes hurt her.—Puck. A little cheerful chatter is better than medicine to the average sick man.—Florida Times-Union. The feet of Fate are tender, for she sets her steps not on the ground, but on the heads of men.—Homer. That which is past is gone and irrevocable. Wise men have enough to do with things present and to come.—Francis Bacon. Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage thee. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we are wrong.—Carlyle. Short-Weight Prices. The New Yorker who knows that he is gouged to the limit one way or the other in the matter of prices imposed upon him by small retailers will not suppose that giving him sixteen ounces of something to eat for a pound instead of twelve ounces of the commodity, three ounces of board and an ounce of paper, string, etc., will necessarily cheapen the price of that article by increasing the quantity. Some small retailers lower the price by snipping the quantity. Honest dealers, of course, will increase the price rather than give short weight or short measure. But all our experience shows us that if we get twelve ounces of something, supposing it is sixteen, for twelve cents, say, why when we really get the sixteen they will cost us sixteen cents, the same price for the actual ounce.—Tip, in the New York Press. Captured the Prize Wolf. A big gray wolf which had been doing much damage by killing sheep, calves and young pigs, was persisted to-day after two years of persistent effort. It was of unusual size, measuring from tip to tip eleven feet and weighing over 150 pounds. The animal was captured by a company of twenty-five farmers, who succeeded in getting the animal in a circle they had formed. The animal is thought to have been at least ten years of age. No other wild beasts of the kind have been in the neighborhood for years.—Mason City Correspondence, Minneapolis Journal. In New York. Up-to-date Glady's.—"Is it really such an improper play?" Up-to-date Doris.—"Oh, it isn't just the play I'd want my father or brother to see, but it's all right for us girls."—Puck.

Loosely Woven Fabrics. It looks as though we were about to see a season of sheer, loosely-woven fabrics, which call for the use of some under material, either in the form of lining or as a slip for separate wear under these transparent garments. Satin Ceintures. It is said that, with the advent of the gowns to come, satin ceintures will return. These will not be so high, but the point in front will be very decided and the fastening will be ornamented with tassels or fringe. In fact, the general idea seems to be to adhere as closely as possible to pendent accessories, even though the cut of the gown will accentuate more the curves than the straight lines of the figure.

The New Veil. The new veil is of a very coarse silk filet mesh of gossamer-like texture. But the main point about the veil is its arrangement. It is divided in front, falling from the hat in straight lines at each side and the back. Child's Dress. With Square or High Neck, Short or Long Sleeves, With or Without Empire Effect. Child's Coat. In Full or Three-Quarter Length, to Be Worn With or Without a Belt.



Many Kinds of Cuffs. The choice of a cuff is as broad as the choice of a collar. The cheaper variety of stiffened cuff, cut like the one on a man's shirt, and held together with link buttons. It is far prettier, however, to avoid this sign of a cheap waist and put on narrow turnover cuffs, or wrinkle the sleeves over the wrist and finish with a tiny edge of lace; then fasten with lace buttons. Closing at the Waist. The coat closing at the waist line is preferred for light suits, as it provides the deep opening which is pretty, with the lingerie waist and the fashionable frill. Colored Wooden Beads. Fantastically colored wooden beads have a distinct place in present fashions. Tunics edged with wooden beads dyed to match the color of the gown are decidedly effective. Scrap Mules. The scraps are the choicest of off-cades. They are made into the luxurious "mules." Mules are bed-room slippers with only vamps and soles. Perfume is introduced between the outside and lining of these mules. The Blazer Suit. One of the newest fancies is to trim the blazer suit with foulard or with silk serge, and to line the garment with the same soft material. Loose Weave Suitings. The new suitings are mainly of a loose weave, and show pretty combinations of colorings and dainty designs of small checks, narrow stripes and snowflake effects.