

fist came down upon her knee with a heavy thud, "I never heerd the likes o' that afore." Reader, have you? We read and hear of wise parents, and just parents, and loving, almost foolish ones. But have you ever heard of *such* love, *such* wisdom?

"While he was a great way off."

That watching father knew at once, in spite of the rags and the "hang-dog" step, that it was him. Aye! God knows you dear one, whether starting off with the gay, quick step of independence to the "far country," or returning, weary and wretched, having "spent all." Do you think the elder brother would have known him? I don't.

"And had compassion and ran."

He did not sit still to see if he was really penitent or not—to prove him. No. "He ran." Be sure no sin-burdened soul crying out for salvation, has ever run as swiftly to Him as He runs Himself. If you are going towards Him, even slowly, lingeringly, with the "Buts" and "Ifs" of doubt and fear within your heart, you will soon meet Him for He is ever "*Seeking to save.*"

"And fell on his neck."

He did not give him time to say his say. Love shuts his mouth. God knows our worst. He sees the heart with eyes that miss nothing, sees the soul black with the sin that cost the blood of His precious Son, and He knows what that sin will bring; "The wages of sin is death."

If the Father had waited for him to speak, he

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