

AGAIN IN BROOKLYN.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS LESSONS IN THE JOY OF COMING HOME.

Of All Words in the Language None Conveys So Many Sweet Suggestions as the Word Home—Joys of Christians and Angels Over the Convert.

BROOKLYN, 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," the text chosen being Luke xv., 23, "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

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 stunted supply, Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous, and all the comforts of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old home-land greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw for ever, 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 in the old home-land than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring in to 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! I once brother indeed stands panting at the back door and says: "This is a grand old day at home. This 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 merry-making 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 a father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great things in the parlor of my church professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "I cannot 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 profligacy, and I come 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 gleam of that rescued man! But it is a very tame thing that is compared with the running of 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 he pilgrim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying, "Life! Life! 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 a tempest, and that which is compared with the experience of one who has put in his hands the title deeds 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 graces are mine."

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of a fatted calf, it is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of a fatted calf, it is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of a fatted calf, it is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright.

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which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you, you have found out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet downed in his own battle, Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world. Voltaire cursing his own soul while the streets of Paris were applauding him, Henry II. contending with traitors against peace, Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the streets, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world apostrophizes, Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude!

But notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "how do you do?" He did not come out and say, "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in." We have had enough trouble with you.

Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God as sometimes heard, as though he were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of his subjects.

A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten the king's rice, and the king said, "The man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a Sultan, not a despot, but a father—kind, loving, forgiving—and he makes all heaven right again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity.

If it is a joy deeper than all joy, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity gave out valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks when a soul comes back God is so glad that he flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns and rolls among them the robes of heaven, and he 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 afterwards the night or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ came in. But the sound of that flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the rest. It is the joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach the gospel. I have seen a man who has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen a man who has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry.

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Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for 20 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: "Lord, 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 was less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now as they 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 clench the fingers of one hand against the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are! There was a man of Keeth who was buried into prison in time of persecution, and one day all the returned prisoners, 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 had incarcerated him, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I know you would meet your friends and families around the holy tankard of the Holy Communion. Oh, it will be a great communion day when you sit at your father's table at the returned prodigal. One on earth, one in heaven.

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. Let all the redeemed of the earth and all the glorified of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! Let the whole family sit around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOV. 25.

"Opposition to Christ." Mark 3, 23-35.—Golden Text, John 11.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Jesus is now at work in his second tour of preaching in Galilee. He has delivered to the twelve apostles and a throng of listeners the Sermon on the Mount; has healed the centurion's servant at Capernaum, and raised to life the widow's son at Nain. Everywhere the deepest interest has been awakened, and the crowds that follow Jesus as he teaches by the sea, in the synagogue, or on the hillside were never before so great as now. The secret dislike of the Pharisees and Scribes has at last broken out into open opposition; they have taken their position, and now openly assert that his mighty works are wrought by Satan's power and for an evil purpose. Jesus shows how absurd is their charge from the very character of the miracles, which show Satan's overthrow and the expulsion of his demons from their human dwelling places. Then with deep solemnity Jesus declares that the deepest of all sins is to impute to the Evil One the work of the Holy Spirit, and that for this crime there is no forgiveness, because it is to ascribe the best and noblest good influences to their channels, come to the immediate family of Mary, his mother. His half-brothers have not as yet believed in his divine nature, and the heart of his mother is breaking over the contradictory opinions. Thinking that perhaps her son's mind has been overwrought by his labors, she comes to the place of his teaching with her family, and sends a message of her desire to see him. The word came through the crowd to the home where Jesus sat surrounded by his disciples. He answers the summons by declaring that the ties of grace are closer than those of nature, and his nearest friends are those who listen to God's word and keep it with loving obedience.

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on account of the crowd. They said, "Perhaps the words were spoken by Satan, who, through the family, hoped to obtain control of Jesus."