DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Fragrance of the Gospel.

"All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."-Psa.

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborated rose windows, and sculpturing of the last Judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battle-But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the

COSTLY VESTMENTS which lay in oaken presses-robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our about where these aloes grow, what is with a sweetness that was almost opcloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which out of the ivory palaces." In my text

THE KING STEPS FORTH. His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace-all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of earth, King of He had a fit blace neither to be born Heaven, King forever! His garments nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but A poor young man! Not so much as a radiant, and jewelled, and redolent. It taper to cheer his dying hours. Even seems as if they must have been press- the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, ed a hundred years amid the flowers of | was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorheaven. The wardrobes from which rows, bereavements, losses, and all the and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

the robes of Christ are

ODOROUS WITH MYRRH. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, and Jews bought fantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

I know that to many He is only like any historical person; another John Heward; another pllanthropic Oberlin; another Confucius: a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard His voice, and felt his pardon, and received His benediction. He is music, and light, and Warmth, and thrill, and

ETERNAL FRAGRANCE-

sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray; lifting you up while others try to push you down; not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetally aromatic-the same morning, noon, and night; yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear Him out. We put on Him all our burdens, and afflict Him with all our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles; and yet He is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon Him that addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like His for us. It is more imperial than Cæsar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more con-quering than Charlemagne's, more elo-quent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos, It groans with all pain. It stoops with all con-It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all ploughed with graves, to of cassial make a queen unto God out of the lost woman, to catch the

TEARS OF HUMAN SORROW our necessities? I struggle for some to see Him with our eyes, and to hear be in this house a man who is Him with our ears, and to touch Him with our hands. Oh that to-day He and as though the angels of God were as sometimes when I have been exposed might appear to some other one of our here to bury him at the point where the to the weather, and my shoes have been

five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover His presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from Heaven. Yea, His garments smell of lasting and allpervasive myrrh.

Oh that you all knew His sweetness! how soon you would turn from your novels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clap-ped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain ments of quatre-foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. ed clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory

palaces." Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are

ODOROUS WITH ALOES. There is some difference of opinion they had been preserved, filled the place | when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest pressive. Nothing that had been done to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufin stone more vividly impressed me ferings. Were there ever such nights than these things that had been done in as Jesus lived through-nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard of reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in over and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimagel Aloes! aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? DENIED BOTH CRADLE AND DEATH-

BED. they have been taken must have been agonies of earth and hell picked up as sweet with clusters of camphire, and in one cluster and squeezed into one frankincense, and all manner of preci- cup, and that pressed to His lips, until ous wood. Do you not inhale the the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught odors? Ay, ay. They "smell of myrrh, was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to Alaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why Aloes! aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the sor Castle of the English, the Spanish fame in the world of being a martyr? Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dun-All this in a spirit of stubbornness, be- geons compared with it! Not so many cause he did not like Cæsar? No! no! castles on either side the Rhine as on All this because He wanted to pluck both sides of the river of God-the me and you from hell. Because He ivory palaces! One of the angels, inand sold it as a high price. The first wanted to raise me and you to heaven. sufferably bright, winged, fire-eyed, present that was ever given to Christ Because we were lost, and He wanted tempest-charioted; one for the martyrs, was a sprig of myrrh thrown on His in- us found. Because we were blind, and with blood-red robes from under the mitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life tant: one for the singers, who lead the Him who in your stead, and to pur- Oh, the ivory palaces!

> Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are

chase your disenthrallment, took the

ODOROUS WITH CASSIA. This was a plant which grew in India I know them. There are father and and the adjoining islands. You do not mother, not eighty-two years and seven-care to hear what kind of a flower it ty-nine years, as when they left us, but had or what kind of a stalk. It is en- blithe and young as when on their marough for me to tell you that it was used | riage day. And there are brothers and medicinally. In that land and in that sisters, merrier than when we used to pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest cough gone. The cancer cured. The many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with over. Oh, how fair they are in the garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative CHILDREN THAT WENT OUT FROM YOU say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do you want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is pertect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these cool days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up, or mollified.

THE MARASMUS OF SIN one would think in eternal affront He is on us—the palsy and dropsy, the lep-would quit our soul; and yet to-day He rosy. The man that is expiring toand homeopathic doctors having given him up, and his friends now standing is well. around to take his last words-is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's Apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, hallelujahs. Send up word that the not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to English. so that a "man, though a nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantel-piece with medicine he knew would cure him, and in a lachrymatory that shall never be he refused to take it, what would you broken? Who has such an eye to see say of him? He is a suicide. And what our need, such a lip to kiss away our do you say of that man who, sick in sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of sin, has the healing medicine of God's the fire, such a foot to trample our grace offered him, and refuses to take enemies, such a heart to embrace all it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led metaphor with which to express Him; him out to darkness and death, as He is not like the bursting forth of a though He brought him up to the cliffs full orchestra; that is too loud. He is and then pushed him off. Oh, not not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous; He God pushed him off; it is because he is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed his grave. So it seems to me there may

DESTROYING HIS SOUL,

roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound, and learn what a suicide it is when an importal what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died puts itself

out of the way. When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after Him-people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here see a mother holding up her little child saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: Cure this ophthalmia!

GIVE EASE AND REST to this spinal distress! Straighten this club | salvation! foot!" Christ made every house where He stopped a dispensary. I do not behave gone by since, His heart has got hard, I feel that we can come now His benediction. O Jesus! here we are. of myrrh"-that means fragrance; "and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories; "and cassia"—that means medicine and cure.

According to my text, He comes "out

THE IVORY PALACES." palaces of olden times were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and windows of lvory, and fountains that smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling tremulous pouring out of drops from an on the beach of the arches. The mere and you say:

"Oh if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those foun-tains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ in-troduce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of

the ivory palaces." WHAT A PLACE HEAVEN MUST BE! The Tulleries of the French, the Wind-He wanted us to see. Because we altar; one for the King, the steps of His were serfs, and He wanted us manu- palace the crowns of the church milithe saccharine has predominated; oh, one hundred and forty and four thouye who have had bright and sparkling sand; one for your ransomed from sin; beverages, how do you feel toward one for me, plucked from the burning.

To-day it seems to me as if the winaloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter dows of those palaces were illumined aloes? see, climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors or ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, age, where they knew but little about romp across the meadows together. The erysipelas healed. The heart-break ivory palaces! And your dear little power of the Son of God, "Oh," you Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust, and the gravel, and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to access to the upper stories was by some the wheel's hub as you drove out to the very narow winding staircase, hardly cemetery, it made no difference to them, admitting one man at a time. The for they stepped from the home here to English oldiers shrank for a moment for they stepped from the home here to night in Fulton street—the allopathic the home there, right into the ivory

makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of procession is coming. Ring the bells.
Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory
palaces!" And so

YOUR LOVED ONES ARE THERE. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor, You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the Ivory palaces!

When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkard; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed.

bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my

and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed-we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the waves and comes up at a far-distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for lieve that in the nineteen centuries that | thirty years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have with all our wounds of soul and get given me to satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, We want healing. We want sight. We but got no solution to the question, and want health. We want life. "The to-day I came and ask you for an exbut got no solution to the question, and guide opened the oaken presses, and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the cungent aromatics in which
the lad the parameter of the flower, what is the parameter of the herb. Suffice the world over, and lad the plant of the description to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explantation. By what logic was Christ of the very palaces of the cungent aromatics in which mean bitterness the world over, and lad the plantation to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explantation to the question, and the color of the flower, what is the parameter of the color of the flower of the color of the flower of the color of the flower of the color of the co semblage now, His "garments smelling earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; mean while and now, taking it as the tenderest,

MIGITIEST OF ALL FACTS that Chris did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in Eis brow, came with spears You know, or if you do not know, I in His heart, to save you and to save will tell you now, that some of the me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever beleveth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ, whilm this audience with Thy compassion Mow them down like summer gain with the harvesting sickle of Thy grace! Ride through tofloors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and day the conqueror. Thy garments

cassia, outof the ivory palaces!" Osinner fling everything else away and take Christl Take Him now—not to-morrow During the night following this vey day, there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a unsteady and affrighted hand, and bethought of it almost stuns my brain, fore to-merow morning your chance may be gote.

To a Cougher.

You do not need to cough near as much as pu do. You encourage your cough to ough. You make no effort whateverin your mind to put it down. You give way like a five-year-old boy, to the last bit of irritation in your throat and the result is, more cough. If you would resist it for only two seconds, you would in a little time be able to keep t off for four, and then for eight, an get rid of the whole thing

much somer. Coughing, kind sir, is just like drinking. The more you let yourself cough, the morethat part of you that coughs will wan to cough. You want to keep a tight rin over your coughing department. ay to yourself some morning on first cough somuch to-day. I'm going to stop this nonsense. I'm going to see if I rulethis coughing department of mine or s it to rule me and make me work at coughing like a cart-horse," and you will be surprised before the day is over to see how little coughing you will to.

But you don't fight off your cough at all. Onthe contrary, you nurse it. It is a tranp, and when it comes to the door of jour throat, knocking with its vexation irritation, you give way to it, open the door and let it have its own And then those dreadful noises way. you male way down your throat. Does It ever cour to you that they are not harmonous with those about you? You convey in impression that you are trying to turn yourself inside out, but with por success. Now, you are not really empelled to create all that disturbane in your larnyx. If a man stood by you with a six-shooter, threatening to blow your brains out if you didn't top, and you felt certain he would to so, you would postpone a good del of your internal and external concert. It is only a blind habit and a total diregard for the comfort of those near you that make you keep up such a row when you have a cold.

Diferent Kinds of Courage. Illustrative of the different kinds of courage observable in different races, Lord Wolseley tells us that at the stormint of Lucknow our troops found themseles in presence of a gate house, from the upper stories of which a severe fire was kept up on them. The only from what seemed certain death. But palaces. All is well with them. All the Sikk rushed in, went up the staircases without a moment's hesitation, It is not a dead-weight that you lift | and in fre minutes had thrown every when you carry a Christian out, Jesus rebel ou of the windows. Yet the makes the bed up soft with velvet Sikhs would not have stood up man to man agenst English infantry. There is also the courage peculiar to certain individuals and certain races which arises from contempt for death and the belief that it only leads to a better and happier life. This was Gordon's cour-The was the courage of the Iron-And this is the courage of the

"Is All body waiting on you," said a polite salesman to a girl from the country

"Yes, ir," said the blushing damsel, "that's hy feller outside. He wouldn't come in?

was buying a coat. "It will last a long time, almost until you pay for it. It is very durable

The bist way to ventilate the stables is to leafe the doors and windows open during the day.

Hay sed and the rakings of the barn loft make excellent scratching litter for fowls.

Do not turn cattle on fields that are

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY DECEMBER 23, 1888.

Ruth's Choice. LESSON TEXT. (Judg. 1: 16-22. Memory verses, 16, 18.)

LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: God's Promises Fulfilled.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass .- Josh. 21:45.

LESSON TOPIC: Preferring God's Prople.

Lesson 2. Huth's Preference, vs. 14, 17. 2. Naomi's Ass-nt, vs. 18, 22. 3. Bethlehem's Sympath y, vs. 19, 21. GOLDEN TEXT: Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God .- Ruth

DAILY HOME READINGS: M.-Ruth 1: 16-22. Preferring God's people. T .- Ruth 1 : 1-15. Ruth's early

history. W .- Ruth 2: 1-23. Ruth glean-T.—Ruth 3: 1-18. The kindness of Boaz.

F .- Ruth 4:1-17. Ruth married to Boaz, S .- John 15: 1-17. The duty of brotherly love. 8.—1 John 3: 1-24. Love among

LESSON ANALYSIS. I. RUTH'S PREFERENCE.

God's children.

L Diversion Deprecated: Intreat me not to leave thee (16). God forbid that we should forsake the Lord (Josh. 24:16). Nay; but we will serve the Lord (Josh.

24:21). As the Lord liveth.... I will not leave thee (2 Kings 2:2). Lord, to whom shall we go? (John 6:68).II. Decision Announced:

Whither thou goest, I will go (16). As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord (Josh, 24:15). O king, ... we will not serve thy gods (Dan. 3:18). will follow thee whithersoever thou goest (Luke 9:57).

(Phil. 1:16). III. Continuance Vowed: The Lord do so to me....if aught but the "judges." death part thee and me (17). I will give thee thanks for ever (Psa. will sing unto the Lord as long as I live (Psa. 104: 33).

So that I may accomplish my course (Acts 20: 24). I press on toward the goal unto the prize (Phil. 3:14).

"Intreat me not to leave thee," (1) Noami's acquiescene. (1) The unknown destination; (2) The chosen companionship; (3) The complete dedication.

3. "If aught but death part thee and (1) Loving fellowship; (2) fellowship.

II. NAOMI'S ASSENT. L The Steadfast Mind: She was steadfastly minded to go with

No man...looking back, is fit for the kingdom (Luke 9:62). He would not be persuaded (Acts 21:14% Be ye steadfast, unmoveable (1 Cor.

15:58). A doubleminded man, unstable in all his ways (Jas. 1:8). IL The Gracious Assent:

unto her (18). Ye are witnesses....that ye have chosen you the Lord (Josh. 24:22). Bid me come unto thee ... And he said, Come (Matt. 14: 28, 29). He saith unto them, Come and ye shall see (John 1:39). We ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done (Acts 21:14).

III. The Loying Companionship: Moabitess (22). How good and how pleasant...to dwell together in unity! (Psa. 133:1). Was not our heart burning within usin the way? (Luke 24: 32).

They brought him on his way unto the

ship (Acts 20: 38). The Lord stood by me, and strengthened me (2 Tim. 4:17). 1. "She saw that she was steadfastly minded." The stedfast mind: (1)

Its characteristics; (2) Its manifestations; (Its fruits.) 2. "She left speaking unto her." (1) A time to speak; (2) A time to be silent.—(1) Testing by words; (2)

Approving by silence, "They came to Bethlehem." (1) Who? (2) Whence? (3) Whither? (4) Why? III. BETHLEHEM'S SYMPATHY. Bethlebem:

They came to Beth-lehem (19). And Samuel..., came to Beth-lehem (1 Sam. 16:4). Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea (Matt. 2:1). Let us now go even unto Bethlehem

(Luke 2 : 10). The scripture said that the Christ cometh ... from Bethlehem (John 7:42).

H. Sympathy: All the city was moved about them IT WOLD LAST.—"Is the material All the city was stirred, saying, Who good," asked a German student, who is this? (Matt. 21:10).

She was a widow: and much people of the city was with her (Luke 7: 12). Weep with them that weep (Rom. 12:15). Bear ye one another's burdens (Gal. 6:2). III. Sorrow:

The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me (20). She was in bitterness of soul, and prayed (1Sam. 1:10).

The Lord hath taken away (Job 1:21). wet, as they injure the grass by tramp- He . . . filleth me with bitterness (Job

Another dieth in bitterness of soul (Job

21:25) 1. "All the city was moved about them." (1) In surprise; (2) In sym-pathy.—(1) Naomi's sorrewful condition; (2) Bethlehem's kindly con-

Mara." (1) The name "Pleasant" renounced; (2) The name "Bitter" preferred.—(1) Naomi's changed condition; (2) Naomi's changed designation. signation.

3. "The Almighty hath afflicted me." (1) The source of affliction; (2) The forms of affliction; (3) The reci-pients of affliction; (4) The fruits of affliction.

LESSON BIBLE READING. MAKING CHOICE OF GOD.

Demanded: Under Moses at Sinai (Exod. 32:26). Under Moses at Horeb (Deut. 30:19). Under Joshua at Shechem (Josh, 24:

By Naomi of Ruth (Ruth 1:14, 15). Under Elijah at Carmel (1 Kings 18:21). By Isaiah of Israel (Isa. 1:16-20).

By Ezekiel of Israel (Ezek. 20:39) By Jesus of his followers (John 6:67). 2. Illustrated: By the Levites at Sinai (Exod. 32:

27, 28). By Israel at Shechem (Josh, 24:16-18, 21, 24). By Ruth (Ruth 1 : 16-18).

By the people at Carmel (1 Kings 18: By Christ's hearers (Luke 9: 57-62). By Mary (Luke 10: 38-42). By Paul (Acts 20: 22-24; 21:13). By Moses (Heb. 11:24-26).

3. Enforced: (Prov. 1:24-29).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS. The position of the Book of Ruth in our Bibles differs from that given it in the Hebrew Bible. But our versions agree with the Septuagint in placing it next to the Book of Judges. The events occurred during the time of the "judges" (Ruth 1:1), probably at least a century before Saul became king; but no definite date can be assigned to them. The story seems to belong to some interval of repose in the history would point to a time before the oppression under the Philistines. The closam set for the defence of the gospel ing chapters of the Book of Judges (17-21) relate incidents that belong to an early part of Israel's history under

This book opens with the simple nar rative of Elimelech's sojourn in the land of Moab in consequence of a famine, of his death, then of the death of his two sons, then of the return of Naomi to the land of Israel with her two daughters-in-law. On the way, at some unknown place, probably on the east side of the Jordan, on the borders of the land of Moab, the touching scene Ruth's preference; (2) Naomi's depicted in verses 6-18 occurred. One suggestion; (3) Ruth's decision; (4) daughter-in-law turned back at Naomi's suggestion. The lesson tells what the other one said and did.

Visit to a Repairing Factory

The place looked like a ghastly caricature of a butcher shop in the land of Profitable fellowship; (3) Permanent | the cannibals, but it was only the inner sanctum of a manufacturer of artificial limbs. Arms, legs, hands, feet-what you will-hung on the walls, screened in glass cases or laid about in heaps, greeted the eye wherever it rested. There were audacious pictures of gentlemen in various active employments, who, having "tried your valuable leg would have no other." One of these graceful men was pictured in the act of riding a bicycle. Another bore his whole weight on an artificial leg while plying a miner's pick at a mass of rock over his head. Still another stood on his sound leg and with the artificial When she saw,....she left speaking leg drove a spade deep into the soil of a garden plot. Three were farmers following the plow, blacksmiths sheering horses and a pedestrian without a nose-all with at least one artificial

"Do they really do all that?" inquired. the reporter.

"Pereaps not quite as well as you'd suppose from the cut, but it is true that there are a good many thousand So Noami returned, and Ruth the men with artificial legs doing work that one would think likely to require the aid of sound limbs." 'Then you come pretty nearly sup-

plying any natural loss?" 'Pretty nearly. The war gave a great impetus to the manufacture of artificial limbs, and we are still making limbs for the veterans," "How long does an artificial limb

last?" "That depends upon whether it is an arm or a leg and upon various other considerations. I've known an artificial leg to be in use twenty-five years. The more elaborate attempts to counierfeit nature, the more liable the member to get out of order and require renewal. We make arms and hands with which the wearer writes, uses knife and fork at table and performs many operations that one might think impossible."

Ma Did Not Triumph.

"You look very much excited, dear," he said, when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her, "Well, I should think I ought to look excited," she answered. "I've just had the most awful argument with ma," And she began to weep hysterically. "Why, what is the matter, my darling?" he inquired, as he slid an arm around her waist and endeavored to soothe her; 'what was the argument?" "O, how can I tell you? She said you were only trifling with me, and that you would never pop the question; and I told her she did you a great injustice, for I be-lieved you would pop the question tonight; she said you wouldn't and I said you would, and we had it hot and heavy. Dear George, you will not let ma triumph over me, will you?"
"Wh-hy certainly not," answered
George. "I knew it, my darling," the dear girl exclaimed; "come, let us go to ma and tell her how much mistaken she was," And they did, and ma didn't seem to be very much broken down over the affair after all.