REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Rubles Surpassed."

TEXT: "Wisdom is better than rubies." Proverbs vili., 11.

You have all seen the precious stone com monly called the ruby. It is of deep red color. The Bible makes much of it. It glowed in the first row of the high priest's Under another name it stood in the wall of heaven. Jeremiah compares the ruddy cheek of the Nazarites to the ruby. Ezekiel points it out in the robes of the king of Tyre. Four times does Solomon use it as a symbol by which to extol wisdom or relign. always setting its value as better than mbles

rubies. The world does not agree as to how the precious stones were formed. The ancients thought that amber was made of drops of perspiration of the goddess Ge. The thun-derstone was supposed to have dropped from a stormcloud. The emerald was said to have been made of the firefly. The lapis lazuli was thought to have been born of the ere of an Indian giant. And modern mincry of an Indian giant. And modern min-eralogists say that the precious stones were made of gases and liquids. To me the ruby seems like a spark from the anvil of the set-

ting sun. The home of the genuine ruby is Burmah, and sixty miles from its capital, where lives and reigns the ruler, called "Lord of the Rubies." Under a careful Governmental guard are these valuable mines of ruby kept. Rarely has any foreigner visited them. When a ruby of large value was discovered, it was brought forth with elaborate ceremony, a procession was formed, and, with all bannered pomp, military guard and princely at-tendants, the gem was brought to the king's

Of great value is the ruby, much more so Of great value is the ruby, much more so than diamond, as lapidaries and jewelers will tell you. An expert on this subject writes, "A ruby of perfect color weighing five carats is worth at the present day ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight." It was a disaster when Charles the Bold lost the ruby he was wearing at the battle of Grandson. It was a great affluence when Rudolph II of Austria inherited a ruby from Grandson. his sister, the queen dowager. It was thought to have had much to do with the victory of Henry V. as he wore it into the battle of

It is the pride of the Russian court to own the largest ruby of the world, presented by Gustavus III to the Russian Empress. Won-drous ruby: It has electric characteristics, and there are lightnings compressed in its double six sided prisms. What shall I call it? It is frozen fire! It is petrified blood! In all the world there is only one thing more valuable, and my text makes the comparison, "Wisdom is better than rubies."

But it is impossible to compare two things ogether unless there are some points of similarity as well as of difference. I am glad there is nothing lacking here. The ruby is more beautiful in the night and under the lamplight than by day. It is preferred for evening adornment. How the rubies glow and burn and flash as the lights lift the darkness! Catherine of Aragon had on her finger a ruby that fairly lanterned the night.

Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated trav-eler of 400 years ago, said that the Emperor of China had a ruby that made the night as bright as day. The probability is that Solo-mon, under some of the lamps that illumined big cedar palace by night noticed the his cedar palace by night, noticed the pecu-liar glow of the ruby as it looked in the hilt of a sword, or hung in some fold of the upholstery, or beautified the lip of some chalice, while he was thinking at the same time of the excellency of our holy religion as chiefly seen in the night of trouble, and he cries out. Wisdom is better than rubies.

Oh, yes. it is a good thing to have religion while the sun of prosperity rides high and everything is brilliant in fortune, in health, in worldly favor. Yet you can at such time

If in this journey of life we have learned anything, we have learned that this world, neither with its emoluments nor gains, can neither with its emoluments nor gains, can satisfy the soul. Why, here come as many witnesses as I wish to call to the stand to testify that before high heaven and the world, in companionship with Jesus Christ and a good hope of heaven, they feel a joy that all the resources of their vocabulary fall to express. Sometimes it evidences itself in ejaculations of hosanna; sometimes in doxol-ogy; sometimes in tears. A converted na-tive of India in a letter said : "How I long for my bed, not that I may sleep—I lie awake often and long—but to hold sweet commu-nion with my God." If so mighty is worldly joy that Julius II,

If so mighty is worldly joy that Julius II, hearing his armles were triumphant, ex-pired, and if Talva, hearing that the Roman senate had decreed him an honor, expired, and if Dionysius and Sophocles, overcome of joy, expired, and if a shipwrecked purser, waiting on the coast of Guinea in want and starvation at the sight of a vessel bringing relief, fell dead from shock of de-light, is it any surprise to you that the joys of pardon and heaven rolling over the soul should sometimes be almost too much for the Christian to endure and live? An aged aunt said to me: "De' Witt, three times I have fainted dead away under too great Christian joy. It was in all three cases at the how communion."

the holy communion." An eminent Christian man while in prayer said: "Stop, Lord; I cannot bear any more of this gladness. It is too much for mortal. Withhold! withhold!" We have heard of poor workmen or workwomen getting a letter suddenly telling them that a fortune had been left them, and how they were almost beside themselves with glee, taking the first ship to claim the estate. But, oh, what it is to wake up out of the stupor of a sinful life, and therough partoning grace find that all and through pardoning grace find that all our earthly existence will be divinely man-aged for our best welfare, and that then all

heaven will roll in upon the soul! Compared with that a spring morning is compared with that a spring morning is stupid, and an August sunset is inane, and aurora has no pillared splendor, and a dia-mond has no flash, and a pearl no light, and a bery no aquamarine, and a ruby no ruddi-ness. My gracious Lord! My glorious God! My precious Christ! Roll over on us for billows of that ranging. a few billows of that rapture. And now I ask you, as fair minded men and women. accustomed to make comparisons, is not such a joy as that worth more than anything one can have in a jeweled casket? Was not Solomon right when he said, "Wisdom is bet-

ter than rubies?" There is also something in the deep carnine of the ruby that suggests the sacrifice on which our whole system of religion de-pends. While the emerald suggests the meadows, and the sapphire the skies, and the opai the sea, the ruby suggests the blood of sacrifice. The most emphatic and start-ling of all colors has the ruby. Solomon, the author of my text, knew all about the sacrifice of lamb and dove on the altars of the temple, and he knew the meaning of sacri-ficial blood, and what other precious stone could he so well use to symbolize it as the ruby? Red, intensely red, red as the blood of the greatest martyr of all time-Jesus-of the centuries! Drive the story of the crud-fixion out of the Bible and the doctrine of the atonement out of our religion, and there would be nothing of Christianity left for our worship or our admiration.

Why should it be hard to adopt the Bible Why should it be hard to adopt the Bible theory that our redemption was purchased by blood? What great bridge ever sprung its arches, what temple ever reared its towers, what Nation ever achieved its independence, what might good was ever done without sacrifice of life? The great wonder of the world, the bridge that unites these two cities, the bills of the first archives the the cost the life of the first architect. Ask the shipyards of Glasgow and New York how many carpenters went down under accidents before the steamer was launched; ask the three great transcontinental railroads how many in their construction were buried under crumbling embankments or crushed un-der timbers or destroyed by the powder blast. Tabulate the statistics of how many mothers have been martyrs to the cradle of sick chilwhile the sun of prosperity rides high and everything is brilliant in fortune, in health, in worldly favor. Yet you can at such time hardiy teil how much of it is natural exuber-ance and how much of it is the grace of God. But let the sun set, and the shadows aver, in Italy, in the United States, have died for their country. Vicarious suffering is as old as the world, but the most thrilling, is as old as the world, but the most thrilling, the most startling, the most stupendous sacrifice of all time and eternity was on a bluff back of Jerusalem when one Being took upon Himself the sins, the agonies, the per-dition of a great multitude that no man can number between 12 o'clock of a darkened noon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, purchas-ing the ransom of a ruined world. Dive in all the seas, explore all the mines, crowbar all the mountains, view all the crowned jewels of all the emperors, and find me any gem that can so overwhelmingly symbolize that martyrdom as the ruby. Mark you, there are many gens that are somewhat like the ruby. So is the cornelian, so is the garnet, so is the spinel, so is the balas, so the gens brought from among the gravels of Ceylon and New South Wales, but there is only one gravity and the there is only one genuine ruby, and that comes from the mine of Burmah. And there is only one Christ, and He comes from heaven. One Redeemer, one Ransom, one Son ef God, only "one name given under heaven among men by which we can be saved. Ten thousand times 10,000 beautiful imita-Ten thousand times 10,000 beautiful imita-tions of that ruby, but only one ruby. Christ had no descendant. Christ had no counter-part. In the lifted up grandeur and glory and love and sympathy of His character He is the Incomparable, the Infinite One! "The only wise God, our Saviour." Let all hearts, all homes, all times, all eternities, bow low before Him! Let His banner be lifted in all our souls! our souls! In olden times Scotland was disturbed by freebooters and pirates. To rid the seas and ports of these desperadoes the hero William Wallace fitted out a merchant ves-sels, but filled it with armed men and put sets, but filed if with armed men and put out to sea. The pirates, with their flag in-scribed of a death's head, thinking they would get an easy prize, bore down upon the Scottish merchantman, when the armed men of Wallace boarded the craft of the pirates and put them in chains and then sailed for port under the Scotth Gag Gring sailed for port under the Scotch flag flying And to our souls, assailed of sin and death And to our souls, assalled of sin and death and hell, through Christ are rescued, and the black flag of sin is torn down, and the striped flag of the cross is hoisted. Blessed be God for any sign, for any signal, for any precious stone that brings to mind the price paid for such a rescue. I like the coral, for it seems the solidified foam of breakers, and I like the jasper, for it gathers seventeen colors into its bosom, and I like the jet, for it compresses the shadows of many midnights, and I like the chrysoprase because its purple is illu-mired with a small heaven of stars, and I like the chrysolite for its waves of color which seem on fire. But this morning noth-ing so impresses me as the ruby, for it de-picts, it typifies, it suggests "The blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin." Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Yea, Solomon was right when in my text he said, "Wisdom is better than rubles." I like the coral, for it scems the solidified

career is ended, and nothing opens beyond. Where he will land stepping off from this life is a mystery, or whether he will land at all, for it may be annihilation. He has no prayer to offer, and he does not know how to pray. No hope of meeting again in another state of existence. He is through with this life and is sure of no other. The ruby on the mantel and the ruby on the wasted fin-ger of the departing one say nothing of the ransoming blood which they so mightily typify. So far as giving solace or illumina-tion to a departing spirit, they are a dead failure. Midnight of utter hopelessness drops on all the scene.

drops on all the scene. Another room of mortal exit. Religion and no rubles. Sile never had money enough to buy one of these exquisites. Sometimes she stopped at a jeweler's show window and saw a row of them incarnadining the velvet. She had keen that to appreciate those come saw s row of them incarnadining the velvet. She had keen taste to appreciate those gems, but she never owned one of them. She was not jealous or unhappy because others had rubles while she had none. But she had a richer treasurer, and that was the grace of God that had comforted her along the way amid bereavements and temptations and per-secutions and sickness and privations and trials of all sorts. Now she is going out of

The reom is bright, not with pictures or statues, not with upholstery, not with any of the gems of mountain or of sea, but there is a strange and vivid glow in the room. Not the light of the chandelier or star or noon-day sun, but something that outshines all of them. It must be the presence of super-naturals. From her illumined face I think she must hear sweet voices. Yea, she does hear sweet voices—voices of departed kindred, voices apostolic and prophetic and evangelic, but all of them overpowered by the voice of Christ, saying, "Come, yeblessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom."

From her illumined face, I think she must hear rapturous music. Yea, she does hear rapturous music, now soft as solos, now thunderous as orchestras; now a saintly voice alone, now the hundred and forty and four thousand in concert. From her illumined face, I think she must breathe redol-ence. Yea, she does inhale aroma from off the gardens whose flowers never wither and from the blossoms of orchards, every tree of which bears twelve manner of fruit. From her illumined face, I think she must see a glorious sight. Yea, she sees the wall that has jusper at the base and amethyst at the top and blood red rubies between. Goodby, sweet soul! Why should you longer stay? sweet soul! Why should you longer stay? Your work all done, your burdens all carried, your tears all wept! Forward into the light! Up into the joy! Out into the grandeurs! And after you have saluted Christ and your kindred, search out him of the palaces of Lebanon cedar and tell him that you have found to be gloriously true what thousands of years ago be asserted in this morning's text, "Wisdom is better than rubies." rubies

In those burnished palaces of our God may we all meet. For I confess to you that my chief desire for heaven is not the radiance, or, to take the suggestion of the text, not the rubescence of the scene. My one idea of heaven is the place to meet old friends, God. our best friend, and our earthly friends, dod, our best friend, and our earthly friends al-ready transported. Aye, to meet the millions whom I have never seen, but to whom I have administered in the gospel week by week by journalism on both sides of the sea, and thermathent Christendom and thermath ighout Christendom, and through and thro many lands yet semibarbaric.

For the last twenty-three years every blast of injustice against me has multipl lied my readers all the world over, and the present malignancy printed and uttered becaue our church is in financial struggle after having two great structures destroyed by fire and we compelled to build three large churches -I say the present outrageous injustice in some quarters will multiply my audience in all lands if I can keep in good humor and not fight back.

A gentleman tapped me on the shoulder summer before last on a street of Edinburgh, Scotland, and said, "I live in the Shetland Islands, North Scotland, and I read your sermons every Sabbath to an audience of neighbors, and my brother lives in Cape Town, South Africa, and he reads them every Sab-bath to an audience of his neighbors." And I hear and now say to the forty millions of the earth to whose eyes these words will come, that one of my dearest anticipations is to meet them in heaven. Ah, that will be better than rubies. Coming up from different continents, from different hemispheres, from opposite sides of the earth, to greet each other in holy love in the presence of the glorious Christ who made it possible for us to get there. Our sins all pardoned, our sorrows all banished, never to weep, never to part, never to die! I tell you that will be better than rubies. Others may have the crowns, and the thrones, and the scepters; give us our old friends back again, Christ, "the friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and all the kindred who have got up from our bereft households, and all our friends whom we have never yet seen, and you may have all the rubies, for that will be better than rubies. Instead of the dying kiss when they looked so pale and wan and sick, it would be the kiss of welcome on lips jubilant with song, while standing on floors paved with what exquisiteness, under ceilings hung with what glory, bounded by walls facing us with what spiendor, amid giadness rolling over us with what doxology—far better, infinitely better, everlastingly better than rubies !

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 25.

Subject: "Trial of Abraham's Faith," Gen. xxil., 1-13-Golden Text: Heb. xi, 17 -Commentary.

1. "And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham and said unto him, Abraham. And he said. Behold, here I am !" In due time the promised son was given and was named Isaac as God had com-manded (xvii., 19). Abraham was now living at Beersheba in the extreme south, and Isaac had grown to boyhood when this proving (R. V.) or trying came upon him. Con-sider how God proved Israel (Deut. viii., 2, if is not solved is that are precious and in which we are by pracetorejoice (Jas. i., 2, 12: I Pet. i., 7). Abraham's "Behold me!" (margin) is the same word used by Samuel and Islah (I Sam, iii., 4 if sa. vi., (8).
2. "And He said, Take now thy son, thing only son, lange when they lowest, and get only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." If mountains which I will tell thee of." If Abraham's heart centered in Isaac, then this would crush him, but if in God, who gave Isaac, then he would see God and still live. Heb, xi., 17-19, tells the story. The ability of God is the resting place. Compare Rom. iv., 21. On this mountain the Lord after-ward appeared to David, and there Solomon built the templa (II Chron. iii., 1). 3. "And Abraham rose up early in the

3. "And Abraham rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass and took two of his young men with him and Isaac, his son, and went unto the place of which God had told him." Here is the prompt obedience of faith. Trials are God's vote of confidence in us and are our opportunities for manifesting Christ. Abraham's life was from one trial to another, lesser ones preparing for greater, and from one separation to another until he was separated from earth to heaven, there to rest and wait for the complete fulfilment of

every promise in God's good time. 4. "Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off." It was on this same day that he received him from the dead in a figure, and from the third day of the creation story when the land rose day of the creation story when the land rose up out of the waters and became covered with grass, herbs and trees—the third day seems to speak of resurrection. Think of Jonah and the Lord Jesus. The third day marriage in Cana (John ii., 1), suggesting another when all cups of water service shall be changed to the wine of the kingdom at the marriage of the Lamb. See also Hos. vi 9.

5. "And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship and come again to you." See this faith—he and the lad will come again. That is true worship which carries with it an obedience that cost some-David said he would not offer unto the Lord that which cost him nothing (II Sam. xxiv., 24), but David's was nothing as compared with this, and what is this when compared with God giving His only begot-

ten. 6. "And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac, his son, and he took the fire in his hand and a knife, and they went, both of them together." This father and son were perfectly agreed (verse 8 and Amos iii., 3). Gaze upon this picture until it becomes real to you, and you can enter somewhat is to their feelings.

you can enter somewhat it to their feelings. Then look forever on that other Son bearing His eross, whom it pleased His Father to bruise for our sakes (isa. Iii., 10). 7. "And Issac spake unto Abraham, his father, and said, My father. And he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" What a sword to the a burnt offering?" What a sword to the father's heart! What grace to enable him to answer as he does in the next verse! Was ever a father brought so near to the heart of God as this father?

PROPHETIC GROUNDHOGS.

A CROSS BETWEEN A MOUSE AND A MONKEY.

Their Habits, Home and Food and How They Live Through the Winter-Queerest of Mammals.

THEN the legendary and prophetical groundhog comes out of its hole and looks around for its shadow, if he sees it, which will naturally be the case if the sun shines, he returns to his underground habitation tor another long rest, being convinced that winter is destined to linger in the

lap of the forthcoming spring.

This interesting animal is equally well known as the "woodchuck." But it has a great many other names besides. In fact, people would seem to have exhausted ingenuity in devising varied designations for the beast. Linuaeus, the famous founder of the modern school of natural history, entitled it "mus monax," which, being interpreted, means a cross between a mouse and a monkey. The Canadian French speak of it as the "siffleur," or "whistler." This is on account of the whistling noise which it sometimes utters when startled. In the great fur-bearing region about Hudson's Bay it answers to the name of the "thickwood badger," while to the westward the hardy inhabitants of Alaska mean woodchuck when they exclaim "tarbagan," and the wild Chippewas likewise when they grunt "kath-hilloe-kooay."

The animal's habits do not vary with the multitude of his titles. He lives in a burrow remarkable for its extent.

It is dug in the slope of a hill or by the side of a big stone, making an excavation twenty or thirty feet long, which descends obliquely four or five feet, then gradually rising to a large round chamber, where the groundhog family sleeps and brings up its young. The little ones are born three to eight at a time. When the farmer, with his horses and mowing machine, chances to slumy into one of these holes, disappearing from view until excavated by charitable neighbors, he is apt to feel annoyed and to revile the whole woodchuck tribe with discrimination. It is largely on this account that bounties for killing the creatures have been offered in New Hampshire and other States, as much as ten cents for each tail being paid. Hunters will not kill them, for the fur is worthless and the flesh by no means palatable. It is not true that in certain parts of the country farmers have found it necessary to shovel paths through groundhogs in over to reach their barns.

Save in the way just mentioned, the woodchuck does little or no harm to anybody. He is strictly a vegetarian, feeding mostly on clover and grass. Rarely does he enter the garden, preferring the open meadows and rocky hillsides. The first rains that fall copiously after having is over cause the fresh green grass to spring up anew. This second crop in many places consists largely of red clover. which the groundhog regards as a most delightful delicacy. It eats so much during the latter part of August and the first half of the following month that it becomes exceedingly fat and inert. About September 30 or a little later it goes into winter quarters, and it does not come out again to stay until the middle of March. This creature is the most remarkable existing example of a hibernating mammal. It lays up no store of provisions as the squirrel does. Its food is of such a nature that it does not keep, and so the groundhog must sleep to save itself from starving. It disappears with astonishing precision within a few days of the autumnal equinox and remains underground until about the time when the sun cuts the plane of the equator at the vernal equinox. Often the weather is very warm when it retires, and it will come out in March when snow is on the ground making long journeys to find places where patches of the coveted green grass has been laid bare by thaw. At the end of the winter the animal is thin and doubtless feels rather seedy. having lived on its own tissues and without subsistence for so long a time. During the term of hibernation physical waste is reduced to a very low point, the heart's action slackening and the breathing becoming so slight that it can only be detected by delicate instruments. Even when kept in a warm house through the cold season a tame groundhog becomes torpid at the usual date and remains so until the hereditary habit has been carried to the customary term. In this latitude the hibernation of the animal is not so complete as farther north, and a few hundred miles farther south it is interrupted by periods of wakefulness, during which the woodchuck goes abroad and gets its meals. The practice of hibernating is merely a device of nature for enabling the animal to get along without food at times when there is no food to he had. Otherwise it would perish and the species would become extinct. No use for the groundhog worth mentioning has ever been discovered. It is otherwise with another queer msmmal-the porcupine. Porcupines have been used as fuel, for which purpose they are said to be superior to wood. Some time ago at the Wilmot mine in Minnesota the porcupines came to be regarded as such a nuisance, being very numerous, that one day the foreman threw a couple of dead ones into the fireplace of the steam drill. To his surprise the sceam and up to eighty pounds in a short From that time on the miners time. were instructed to kill and bring in every porcupine they could catch for use in the furnace. Such, at all events, is the story. -- Washington Star.



England has women engineers. Russia has 700 lady physicians. Berlin has a housewife's union. Stylish women in Mexico never wear bonnets.

Uncle Sam's Treasury employs 1000 women.

Black-and-white effects are to prevail again in '94.

A woman's hair is said to weigh on the average fourteen ounces.

Corsets have not been worn by Queen Victoria in over twenty years.

About one-ninth of the professional writers in Great Britain are women.

The wise woman is never the first to follow nor the last to abandon a fashion.

Mrs. Mary B. Day has just been elected State Librarian in Kentucky. The Czar is much interested in the

work of women physicians in Russia.

Chinese women are said to regard the hairpin much as American women do the ring.

Only six children have ever been born in the White House and they were all girls.

Boston has so many women's clubs that their notices fill three columns of short paragraphs.

Mrs. Ju, wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington, paints her cheeks a bright magenta.

Kansas State Univesity has one woman in the law department. She is called a sister-in-law.

Christina Rosetti, the poet, is sixty years old, and because of her health goes very little in society.

The wife of President Dole, of Hawaii, is a native of Maine, and formerly taught school in that State.

A fee of \$350 a day is given the physician to the Empress of Russia when in attendance upon his august patient.

Boston statistics show that fiftyseven girls under seventeen years of age were married in that city last year.

The Queen of Afghanistan has decided to adopt European dress. Her husband's pocketbook won't find this Ameer trifle.

Mrs. F. C. Johnson, of Nebraska, has made a fortune in apples. She is one of the best authorities on pomology in the West.

Ellen Terry, the actress, told a reporter that the progressive woman "is more in danger of wearing out than rusting out."

Lady Griselda Ogilvie, youngest sister of the Earl of Airlie, has, like the Duke of Sutherland's sister, become a professional sick nurse

Actresses are compelled to paint their faces before they go on the stage, or the lights would give them the appearance of ghosts. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet, does not hesitate to acknowledge that she has consulted scores of people "gifted with occult powers." A number of Salem (Oregon) women have formed a "rainy-day club." They advocate short skirts and other dress reforms for muddy weather. Never roll a glove. Pull it off wrong side out, instead of by the fingers. Smooth out the fingers carefully and lay the gloves straight in a box. Mrs. Kenneth McLeod, of Crosswell, Mich., has celebrated her centennial. She was twenty years a maid. forty years a wife and forty years a widow. Women do not know it, but it is a fact men hate the "petticoats" on dinner candles, which often burn and give a scorched paper flavor to the viands. A figure that lacks breadth at the shoulders is greatly improved by a short, round waist, bib sleeves that do not fall below the elbows and wide revers of lace or silk ruffles. Cotele, a heavy corded bengaline, is used for capes and coats and for the sleeves of velvet and plush coats. Sometimes it is used for the sleeves of seal coats, but it seems out of place there.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

But let the sun set, and the shadows ava-lanche the plain, and the thick darkness of lanche the plain, and the thick darkness of sickness or poverty or persecution or mental exhaustion fill the soul and fill the house and fill the world; then you sit down by the lamp of God's word, and under its light the consolations of the gospel come out; the peace of God which passeth all understand-ing appears. You never fully appreciated their power until in the deep night of trouble the Divine Lamp revealed their exquisite-ness. Pearls and amethysts for the day, but rubles for the night. All of the books of the Bible attempt in some way the assuagement of misfortune.

some way the assuagement of misfortune. Of the 150 psalms of David at least ninety allude to trouble. There are sighings in every wind, and tears in every brook, and pangs in every heart. It was originally propangs in every heart. It was originally pro-posed to call the President's residence at Washington "The Palace" or "the Execu-tive Mansion," but after it was destroyed in the war of 1814 and rebuilt in was painted white to cover up the marks of the smoke and fire that had blackened the stone walls. Hence it was called "The White House." Most of things now white with attractiveness

were once black with disaster. What the world most needs is the consola-tory, and here it comes, our holy religion, with both hands full of anodynes and seda-tives and balsams, as in Daniel's time to stop mouths leonine as in Shadrach's time to cool blast furnaces; as in Ezekiel's time to console captivity; as in St. John's time to Hear its soothing voice as it declares: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "The montains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My loving kindness shall not depart from you." "Whom the Lord loveth He chasyou." " teneth." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their

eyes." The most wholesome thing on earth is trouble, if met in Christian spirit. To make Paul what he was it took ship wreck, and whipping on the bare back, and penitentiary, whipping on the bare back, and the sword of and pursuit of wild mobs, and the sword of decapitation. To make David what he was it took all that Abithophel and Saul and Ab-salom and Goliath and all the Philistine hosts could do against him. It took Bobert Chambers's malformation of feet to make

him the literary conqueror. It was bereavement that brought William Haworth, of Wesley's time, from wickedness to an evangelism that won many thousands for heaven. The world would never have known what heroic stuff Ridley was made of had not the fires been kindled around his feet, and not liking this slow work he cried : "I cannot burn. Let the fire come to me. I cannot burn." Thank God that there are gems that unfold their best glories under the lamplight! Thank God for the ruby.

lamplight! Thank God for the ruby. Moreover, I am sure Solomon was right in saying that religion or wisdom is better than rubies, from the fact that a thing is worth what it will fetch. Religion will fetch solid happiness, and the ruby will not. In all your observation did you ever find a person thoroughly felicitated by an incrustment of jewels? As you know more of yourself than any one else, are you happier now with worldly adornments and successes than be-fore you won them? Does the picture that fore you won them? Does the picture that cost you hundreds or thousands of dollars on

fore you won them? Does the picture that of your wall bring you as much satisfaction as the engraving that at the expense of \$5 was. There is a ruby in the headdress of the queenly wite. On the finger of the dying man there is a the queenly wite. On the finger of the end there is a the queenly wite. The presence of these rubles implies opulance of ail kinds. The pictures on the walls are heirfooms or the trophies of European travel. The curt ins are from foreign forms. The rugs are true from Damascus or Cairo. The sofas are stuffed with ease and quietude. The rocking chairs roll backward and forward on uliables. The pilows are exquisitely embroidered. All the appointments of the room are a peroration to a successful commercial or professional life, successful commercial or professional life, but the man he ruby that is now enthroned on the third finger of your right hand?

To bring out a contrast that will illustrate

my text, I put before you two last earthly scenes. The one is in a room with rubies, but no religion, and the other in a room with religion, but no rubles. You enter the first room, where an affuent and worldly man is about to quit this life. There is a ruby on the mantel, possibly among the vases. There is a ruby in the headdress of the granuly with

All About the Eyes.

Don't allow a cold wind to strike the Don't have colored shades on the

lamps; use white or ground glass. Don't go directly from a warm room

into a cold, raw atmosphere. Don't open the eyes under water in

bathing, especially in salt water. Don't let any strong light, like that from electricity, shine directly into

the eves. Don't strain the eyes by reading, sewing or any like occupation, with an imperfect light.

Don't bathe the eyes with cold water ; that which is as warm as can be borne is better.

Don't sleep opposite a window in such manner that a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening.

Don't, above all, have the children sleep so that the morning sun shall shine in their faces to arouse them.

Don't expect to get another pair of eyes when these have been destroyed by neglect or ill use, but give them fair treatment and they will serve faithfully to the end.-New York Adventiser.

Cooking by Steam.

Cooking dishes are now made in England in which, in the boiling process, the meat does not come in contact with the water or steam. The edible is contained in a jacket, which in turn is immersed in the outside kettle containing the boiling water. It is claimed that by this the nutritious qualities of meat are preserved. nothing passing off in vapor. There is moisture enough in the meat to prevent it burning and all the flavor is retained, while, again, the fiber retains a tenderness not found in any other method, -Hardware.

One Maine teacher says: "I can teach my pupils more physiology in half an hour with a cat and a jackknife than with all the textbooks that we have in the schools.'

8. "And Abraham said, My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering. So they went both of them together." And He has provided the costilest in the uni-verse, even His own Son, of whom John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God." (John i., 29), and whom the beloved John saw in glory "a Lamb as it had been slain" (Rev. v., 6). When God provides, He does so abundantly. Are you satisfied with His provision?

"And they came to the place which God had told him of, and Abraham built an altar there and laid the wood in order and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood." Isaac now under-stands about the lamb, but he murmurs not stands about the lamb, but he murmurs not —he is a willing sacrifice. Wondrous son of a wonderful father! But turn to Him whose name is Wonderful and hear Him, "I de-light to do Thy will, O My God." "I lay light to do Thy will, O My God." "I down My life that I might take it again.

Myself' (Ps. xl., 8; John x., 17, 18). 10, "And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son." The promise centered in Isaac (xvii., 19), and through him was the nation to come, and it was God's part to see it through. It was Abraham's part to obey and let God arrange the difficulties. It was for Abraham to see God and not Isaac-the giver rather than the gift. Until our Isaac is on the altar

than the gift. Until our Isaac is on the altar we cannot know God as fully as we might. 11. "And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven and said, Abraham, Abra-ham. And he said, Here am I." Every movemont had been watched in heaven, every heart pang and sigh had been noted there. The limit had been reached; it is enough. Why do we not believe that every step and act and word and thought is seen

by Him who understandeth even the im-aginations of the thoughts? 12. "And he said, lay not thy hand upon 12. "And he said, lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou learest God, see-ing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." The Bible has much to say about the fear of the Lord. Is this, thes, the meaning of it? Such unbounded confi-dence in Him that we fear not to do any-thing flat table we are the He will know Him thing He tells us, sure that He will keep His promises though everything may seem against it. Such an entire surrender to Him of all His gifts to us that we enjoy the Giver in the gift and not the gift apart from Him. 13. "And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, behind him, a ram caught in a thicket by his horns. And Abra-ham went and took the ram and offered him

ham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." Isaac was spared, but God spareth not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all (Rom. viii., 32). Just as truly as the ram died in the stead of Isaac so Jesus died in my stead. He was delivered for my offenses and mined acquir for my instituent offenses and raised again for my justifica-tion (Rom. iv., 25). And the gift of Hirzself to us must include all else. Therefore my soul should ever sing Jehovah-jireh. See margin of verse 14.

All accounts agree that the present winter season has been the roughest at sea for many years. Stories of shipwreck and disaste have been related with almost daily fre quency at Lloyd's since last November, and the number of wreeks reported has been constantly augmented. From the frag-

<text>

Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson is one of the leading authorities in Egyptian archeology in this country. She was one of the judges at the World's Fair and is now lecturing in the East on Greek art.

Moorish women have one custom that commends itself to womankind in enlightened lands. It is a point of honor among them never to know their own ages. They have no birthday celebrations.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the sharp Wall street financier, goes about habitually in an attire that could be matched anywhere for twenty dollars. She is shy and looks queer, but is described by her landlady as a star boarder.

Women are proverbially slouchy about their shoes, a bit of the toilet that men notice first. Heels should be kept straight, buttons on, and soles even, to the very last. Untidy shoes will spoil an elegant toilet. Rusty shoes are a disgrace.

Mrs. J. Pierrepoint Morgan is credited with the intention of erecting a monument over the unmarked grave of brave Molly Pitcher, of revolutionary celebrity, which lies near West Point, adjacent to the Morgan country. seat at Highland Falls on the Hudson.

The awful craze for originality seize 1 a young Englishwamana week or so ago, and she had a "novel" wedding. As bride she wore a riding habit and "bowler" hat, and carried a hunting crop instead of a bouquet. Her attendants wore covert coats, spais, red. waistcoats, and white polo ties.

A Season of Disaster at Sea.