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CURRENT NOTES.

In view of England's readiness to enforce her ultimatum by a fleet of war ships in the Yang-tse-kiang, China has yielded to the demand for the degradation of the Viceroy of Szechuen, who is held responsible for the outrages committed last May at the mission stations in Cheng Fu. The hesitation of the Pekin Government was due to its reluctance to offend the literary or officeholding class, of which the incriminated Viceroy is a representative, and the same motive will prompt it to resist the additional demand said to be urged by the British and American Ministers, that all examinations for appointment to office and for promotion shall cease in the province of Szechuen for three years. The danger is that such a disciplinary measure may provoke the whole literary class, already disaffected, to insurrection, and that the revolt of Mohammedans of the western provinces may be followed by more serious uprisings in central and southern China against the dynasty.

So signal is the change which has of late come over the international relations of the Middle Kingdom that it has ceased to be the interest of England to sustain the Manchu dynasty, whereas the upholding of it, for a time at all events, deeply concerns both Russia and Japan. The Tokio Government has not yet received a dollar of the original indemnity promised by the treaty of Shimonoseki, or of the extra compensation due for the evacuation of Port Arthur and the Liau-tung peninsula. Their chance of obtaining the money depends on the ability of the Manchu river to retain control of China's fiscal resources. It is equally important to Russia that nothing should impair the authority of a sovereign who through the acceptance of weighty obligations is fast lapsing into the position of a protege of the Czar. Should the Manchu dynasty succumb to a revolt of its Chinese subjects, the loan of $37,500,000, guaranteed by Russia and now lodged at Pekin, would disappear, and the Japanese would retain Port Arthur on the ground that the price of that fortress had not been paid. They would also keep Wei-hai-wei for similar reasons, but the two fortresses, coupled with the likelihood of being embroiled with Russia, would be poor equivalents for an indemnity urgently needed to replenish the Japanese exchequer. In a word, the interests of the Czar and the Mikado, although originally opposed, are now conjoined as regards the maintenance of the Chinese Emperor in a position to fulfill his contract.

England, on the other hand, is threatened with a complete loss of influence at Pekin, so long as the Manchu dynasty is able to sustain itself. If the whole of the original and extra indemnities due from China to Japan are obtained through Russian guarantees, as now seems likely to be the case, the control of the Chinese customs will naturally pass from the present English Administrator to Russian hands. Moreover, recent advices from Pekin confirm the prediction that, should Russia become influential there, Frenchmen and Americans might be welcomed, but Englishmen would not be suffered to share in the development of China's great capabilities by public works. Under all the circumstances the British Foreign Office cannot be expected to treat the Manchu Government at Pekin with any excess of deference, or to go out of its way to check the rebellious tendencies of the Chinese population.

Pawned Her Baby.

A despatch from New York says: Policeman McGovern, of the Grand Street police station, appeared in the Grant Street police court, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, before Justice Steers, as complainant against Mary Diyver, who lives at 72 Underhill avenue, whom he accused of being intoxicated on Monday night. McGovern found Mrs. Diyver, insensibly drunk in a vacant lot near her home. She clasped in her arms a female baby, only five months old, naked and shivering with cold. Mrs. Diyver was sent to the penitentiary for four months by Justice Steers. She had spent all the money her husband gave her for drink, and when that ran short she stripped her child for the pawnshop, and then began pledging her own clothing. As soon as the child can be taken from the mother the Children's Society will take charge of it. The little thing laughed in court, and tried to pull Justice Steer's moustache and cried "goo goo" at the court officers, while her mother seemed wholly unmindful of her degradation.

A Man of Method.

The President of a large accident company told this story recently: "Some time ago a large policyholder in my company was run over by a trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just fifteen minutes to 12 o'clock. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly indemnity, without controversy or litigation."

LESSON OF A RESCUE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

"The Lamb of God Who Takes Away the Sins of the World"—A Remarkably Powerful and Clear Bible Story—Abraham and Isaac.

New York, Oct. 13.—In his sermon for to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage, chose for his subject "Abraham's Supreme Trial of Faith and the Angelic Rescue of Isaac from Being Offered by his Father as a Sacrifice." The text was Genesis xxii. 7, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"

Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is 20 or 25, or, as some suppose, 33 years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son is never anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion and say, "where are the boys?" although the men were 25 and 30 and 35 years of age. This Isaac is only a boy to his father.

[illegible] Isaac, here and Isaac the son. It is there is many festivity around the father's tent. Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk and Isaac's apparel and Isaac's manner and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heart-strings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son. Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father gets dim of eyesight Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stun the patriarch back into instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!" The old man answered, "Here I am." God said to him, "Take thy son, thy only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering." In other words, slay him, cut his body into fragments, put the fragments on the wood, set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended. Oh! How I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now I must surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then, it is always safer to do as God asks me to. I have been in dark places before, and God has got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret. At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass one—there are four of them—Abraham the father, Isaac the son, and two servants. Going along the road, I see Isaac looking up into his father's face and saying, "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning far ind to the servants the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him!"

The third morning has come, and it is the third day of the tragedy. The two servants are left the beast of burden while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp, keen knife. "Here are all the appliances for sacrifice," you say. "No, there is one thing wanting—there is no victim—no pigeon, or heifer, or lamb." Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone—"My father!" The father said, "My son! Isaac, here I am." The son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks [illegible] crushing [illegible] God will [illegible] the twain [illegible] the hill, their race which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gather stones out of the field and build an altar 3 or 4 feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal to be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief, in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he must be the victim.

Ah, Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair, he said to himself, "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving and yet to die under my own hand. O God, is there not some other sacrifice that will do? Take my life and spare his! Pour out my blood and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac must it tell you all? His—said, "Yes, father." I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son Isaac, thou art the lamb." "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was 20 or 30 years of age, make into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the sacrifice was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness. The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry, "My son! My son!" The answer, "My father! My father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifices were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said, to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten these chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms are fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the [illegible] of God on the other, takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, takes a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry, "Abraham! Abraham! Lay not thy hand upon the lad nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram, that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood and could not get loose. And Abraham seizes it glasly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise the blood rolls down the sides of the altar and drops hissing into the fire and I hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world."

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it." Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech or somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said, "Abraham!" Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance, and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. "Jehovah-jireh," the Lord will provide. A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Out yonder in his house is an aged woman. The light of heaven in her face, she is half way through the door; she has her hand on the pearl of the gate. "Mother, what would you get out of this subject?" "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of 70 years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes to 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said, 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away.' Why, there are neighbors who have three and four sons. This is my Isaac. 'Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse, all the time, and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises when I looked and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed or disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless your souls, that's been so for 70 years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this: Whenever you get into a tough place, and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods you will see caught in the branches a substitute and a deliverance. My son, God will provide himself a lamb."

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two on it, as they do yonder, if I wish I had half the grace of hope of heaven in as young a heart as yours. I was lifting up a long flight of stairs, and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit, and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her, "Why, mother, that is no way to go up stairs," and I threw my arms around her, and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said, "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." "Oh, mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go up stairs and rest in the good place, that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up—you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you and you will be hoisted with a glorious glee beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltops."

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion and this aged woman has made a suggestion. I will make a suggestion—Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice, Isaac, the only son of Abraham, Jesus, the only son of God. On those two "only" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac, O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary there was no voice that cried, "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. It was sharp, keen and tremendous. It cut down through nerve and artery until the blood prayed the faces of the executioners, and the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac! O Mount Moriah! O Jesus! O Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrificed his only Son. It was not one of ten sons—it was his only Son. If he had not given up him you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that he gave his only—I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think—'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice, Isaac, the only, typical of Jesus, the only. You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O Abraham, why not take the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah Isaac was to be a symbol of Christ carrying his own cross up Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was—whether it was made of oak or acacia or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed 100 or 200 or 300 pounds. That was the heaviest part of [illegible] of two worlds [illegible] his shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah! O Jesus, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary! [illegible] agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross. I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me. For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the lacerated back and of the Son of God.

You say, "If this young man was 20 or 30 years of age why did not he resist?" Why was it not Isaac binding Abraham, instead of Abraham binding Isaac? The muscle in Isaac's arm was stronger than the muscle in Abraham's withered arm. No young man 25 years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of burning. Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and so a type of Christ, who willingly came to save the world. If all the armies of heaven had resolved to force Christ out from the gate they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves and resolved to put Christ forth and make him come out and save this world they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke he would have toppled over angelic and archangelic dominion.

But there was one thing that the omnipotent Christ could not stand. Your sorrows mastered him. He could not bear to see the world die without an offer of pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double barred, Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges and would have sprung forth, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as he cried, "Lo, I come to suffer. Lo, I come to die!" Christ—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take [illegible] outrage and wrapping [illegible] ment and Golgotha's butchering to be bound. Willing! Willing to die. Willing to save you. I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the centre of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman passing one noonday across the square saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day at the same hour she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year, until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be the better it is. It is noon and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in flocks. Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime. Come! Come! Come!

COREA'S REBELLION.

Details of the Massacre of the Queen—Japanese Troops Countenanced the Riot.

A special despatch from Seoul, Corea, which was delayed in transmission by the authorities at Tokio, gives the details of the attack on the palace as follows: The palace was broken into on Tuesday morning, the 8th inst., at 5 o'clock, by a body of Corean [illegible] ops and a band of Japanese Soshi (ruffians) [illegible] civilian dress. The Colonel in command [illegible] the troops, on refusing to enter the [illegible] was killed, and a number of the [illegible] the Household and [illegible] bodies were taken [illegible] The Japanese troops [illegible] took no part in the [illegible] Kun, the King's [illegible] soon after the [illegible] of authority [illegible] known to have [illegible] Japanese party [illegible] Queen's party [illegible] more have [illegible] Queen dowager [illegible] United States [illegible] warship Yorktown an[illegible] Russian cruiser at Chemulpo have been [illegible] up. Great excitement prevails [illegible] is thought that the butchery will hin[illegible] tion on the part of Russia.

Mad King Otto.

A despatch from [illegible] says that a few days ago Baron [illegible] rallisheim, president of the Bavarian [illegible] of Ministers, made his periodical visit [illegible] the insane King Otto. He found the [illegible] of the King worse than ever. He [illegible] goes naked, and jumps about like an [illegible] on all-fours. He eats incessantly, ta[illegible] food off the ground. The windows [illegible] place where he is confined are bull[illegible] prevent the entrance of light, w[illegible] the mad King hates.

Ways at Hand.

—Husb[illegible] (rummaging through a drawer) Well, [illegible] strange! I can never find anything [illegible]

Wife—[illegible] ways find fault, it seems [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, Oct. 20.

Ruth's Choice. Ruth i. 1-22. Golden Text, Ruth i. 16.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

The Book of Ruth opens a picture of peace in the midst of centuries of war. While Gideon's triumphs are in progress in the north, quiet reigns in the south of Israel. In the peaceful relations between Moab and Israel a family of Bethlehem removes from their ancestral home to the land on the east of the Dead Sea. Here the sons marry the daughters of the land, but after a few brief years of happiness death enters, and the widowed and childless Naomi, left alone of her family, prepares to return to her own home. Her two daughters-in-law, the widows of her sons, go forth to see her on her way. At the borders of Moab are tears and embraces—one daughter giving her the kiss of farewell, the other, clasping her hand, resolves to become her companion. Together they journey to Israel, and Ruth the Moabitess becomes Ruth the Israelite, having chosen Jehovah for her God and Israel for her people. At Bethlehem she enters upon a life of poverty and toil, gleaning in the fields for her daily supply of food. But her faith is rewarded by the care of God, by the fellowship of God's people, and by her honor in after years as the ancestress of David the king, and of David's greater Son, the King of Kings.

EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 14. And they. The three women on the borders of Moab; Naomi and her daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth. Wept again. In the unwillingness to part after ten years of life together. Orpah kissed. She kissed in token of farewell, as is customary in the East. Her kiss showed that her affection for Moab was stronger than her love for Naomi and for Israel. She went back to her country and her gods. (1) How many love God's cause, yet not enough to forsake all for it! Ruth clave. Showing her resolve to accompany Naomi into her own land—a choice of Naomi's God as well as of her people. One sister showed a kind heart, the other a self-sacrificing purpose.

15. And she said. Naomi's words show a clear conception of the religious choice involved in the decision. Unto her people. The Moabites, descended from Lot, and living east of the Dead Sea and south of the brook Arnon. At this period their relations with Israel were friendly, but afterward they became enemies, and Moab was made subject. Unto her gods. Religion was generally regarded as national rather than individual. Jehovah was the God of Israel, and Chemosh (to whom afterwards the Moabite stone was inscribed) was the divinity of Moab. Return thou. This was spoken, not from lack of love or of desire to have Ruth among her people, but to make her choice free and voluntary. We are to remember also that the age for making conversions among the Gentile nations had not yet come.

16. Ruth said. Showing in her answer a mingling of love, decision, wholeheartedness, and self sacrifice. For the very reason that Orpah had left, because Naomi was old, poor and childless, Ruth clung to her. (2) We should choose for the good we can do, not the gain we can get. Entreat me not. This was in reply to the entreaties of the verses preceding the lesson. I will go. To a land which she had never seen, and against which there was a prejudice among her people. Where thou lodgest. Naomi was poor and could promise no worthy home to her adopted daughter, yet for her sake Ruth would dwell in the lowliest cottage. Thy people shall be my people. She would [illegible] Moab and become [illegible] Israelite. (3) Such should be the resolution of every young disciple, to possess full fellowship with the people of God. Thy God, my God. Probably this did not mean the same fullness of experience with Ruth as with us; yet it was a renunciation of the idolatries of Moab and a putting on of Jehovah, of whom she had undoubtedly received much knowledge during the ten years of married life in an Israelite family. (4) We should seek God above every earthly possession. (5) How many are won to the service of God by the character of God's people!

17. Will I be buried. Most people desired a burial place in their own land, as did Jacob and Joseph; but Ruth renounces all ties that bound her to her native country. (6) Let us break every band that attaches us to Moab, and fasten every link uniting us to Israel. The Lord do so to me. An ancient form of imprecation frequently found in the Books of Samuel and Kings, invoking the severest penalties upon the nonfulfillment of a vow. It may have been spoken with some expressive gesture.

18. When she saw. Naomi's advice was in a measure sincere, for she knew the hardships awaiting Ruth in her land from poverty, toil, and the scorn of narrow-minded Israelites. Yet she was, no doubt, more glad at her refusal than at Orpah's obedience. She left speaking. (7) A firm resolution puts temptation to silence.

19. Bethlehem. At that time, and all through Bible history, a village of a few hundred inhabitants. It is six miles south east of Jerusalem, among the hills of Judah and famous as the birthplace of David and of Jesus Christ. It is still a prosperous town, of much better appearance than most in Palestine. When they were come. Their journey was around the north of the Dead Sea, crossing the Jordan at the ford opposite Jericho, and up the mountains to Bethlehem. The city. This term is applied in the Bible to all places, large and small, having walls. Moved about them. Their coming attracted attention, as the family had once been prosperous and of noble position. They said. In the Hebrew, the women said. "Is this Naomi?" in surprise at her altered appearance and lonely state.

20. Call me not Naomi. A name meaning pleasant, beautiful. Call me Mara. [illegible] meaning bitter, in allusion to her troubles, widowhood, bereavement, and poverty. The Almighty. She had a measure of faith to see that God ruled in her afflictions, but a small measure, since she could not trust him, though she called him the Almighty. Dealt very bitterly. The word is from Mara, bitterness. (8) How fleeting are earthly blessings, when ten years—from Naomi to Mara! (9) How great our need of faith to trust God at all times!

21. I went out full. With husband and children, in happiness. The Lord hath brought me. The course was by her own will, the returning by God's restraint. (10) Often sorrow brings home those who in enjoyment have wandered from God. Testified against me. God had borne witness against her, by his dispensations, and in appearance was turned to be her enemy.

22. Ruth the Moabitess. This is the name by which she was generally known among the people of Bethlehem, and a name of honor, as it represents the first fruits of the Gentile world brought into God's true Israel, the Church of Christ. Barley harvest. Named to introduce the events of the next chapter. The barley harvest is in the middle of April in southern Palestine.

The Tables Turned.

Shall you keep a latchkey, my dear? asked Mr. Newlywed of his up-to-date wife.

Certainly not. You men are so fond of late hours I shall expect you to sit up and let me in.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

Loss of Life and Great Damage to Property in the Vicinity of Winnipeg.

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—While fighting a prairie fire, near St. Vital, several miles south of the city, on Friday night, Arthur St. Germain, aged twelve, son of Pierre St. Germain, was burned to death, and an elder brother was probably fatally burned. The two boys were trying to save several hay stacks from the flames, when their clothing ignited. John, the elder brother, ran towards the house with his clothing ablaze, being frightfully burned before the flames were put out by his parents. On searching later for the younger boy, his body was found on the prairie almost burned to a crisp. At Elm Creek, two fatalities occurred from the same cause. Edward Lukyn, a resident of Winnipeg, was engaged with a gang of C. P. R. section men in keeping prairie fires from destroying the company's property. The foreman, name unknown, and Lukyn were suddenly surrounded and could not escape from the fire. The foreman was burned to death on the prairie; Lukyn was rescued by some fellow workmen, but succumbed to his injuries at an early hour this morning. Deceased came here from England about four years ago, and was well known in the city. It is feared that other fatalities have occurred as fires were raging on all sides of the city last night.

Later reports received show that the losses have been widespread. At St. Charles, David Tait, a young farmer, was hunting with his sister. The flames overtook them and Tait was badly burned. At Oakville hundreds of tons of hay on the big meadows southeast were burned. Fortunately very little damage was done to grain stacks. The fire started from burning straw in stubble fields. The fire around Baldur did $10,000 dama[illegible] and build[illegible] ings burned in [illegible] south and east in [illegible] Those burned out are:—Messrs. Hutton, Geo. Sexsmith, McKnight, Craig, Gerolamy, Monkman and Preston.

Street Car Business.

Here are some figures relative to the street car milage of the United States: Nine hundred and seventy-six roads, 1,914 miles of track for horse traction, 10,363 for electric, 632 for cable, and 679 for miscellaneous, making a total of 13,588 miles; 44,745 cars, averaging 3.29 per mile of track; $748,014,206 total capital stock, averaging $55,000 per mile of track; $552,129,950 total funded debt, or $40,600 per mile of track; $1,300,711,000 total capital liabilities, or $95,600 per mile of track.

Grave Dilemma.

Old Lady (during the hard times)—We'll have to trust to Province for something to eat, but I don't know what in the world we are going to do for something to wear.

Caught.

Dora—Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me.

Cora—Then you've hooked him, have you?

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Certain in its effects and never blisters. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Box 28, Carman, Henderson Co., Ill., Feb. 26, '94. Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.: Dear Sirs: Please send me one of your Horse Books and oblige. I have used a great deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success; it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had an Occult Spavin and five bottles cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time. Any one wanting a bottle can have it by writing me. Chas. Powell.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Canton, Mo., Apr. 5, '93. Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.: Gentlemen: I have used several bottles of your "Kendall's Spavin Cure," with much success. I think it the best Liniment I ever used. Have cured one Curb, one fitted Bone Spavin and two Bone Spavins. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are much pleased with it and keep it. Yours truly, S. B. Hay, P. O. Box 34.

For Sale by all Druggists, or address

Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY, ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT.

A $50,000,000 Claim.

Mr. W. M. Hill of Dutton, was in St. Thomas the other day en route to Buffalo to take legal proceedings to secure possession of fifty-one acres of the business centre of New York City, of which he and a number of others claim to be the legal heirs. His grandfather, it is claimed, owned fifty-one acres on Manhattan Island, which he leased to Ja[illegible] company. Business [illegible] erected on this land, [illegible] and the estate is now [illegible] $21,000,000.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

The crew of the E. R. Williams, foundered at Green Bay, Wis., during the great storm, owe their lives to the resourcefulness of Capt. Huntoon, who smoothed a path for the lifeboat through the mighty waves by the liberal use of oil. Without this precaution no boat could have lived out the storm and reached land. The men had given up hope, but the captain ordered them into the boat and then took on a big tank of oil. By dripping this on the windward side the surface of the water was smoothed, and while the waves tossed the lifeboat about as a cork the sea did not break, and to this the men attribute their escape from what must otherwise have been certain and speedy death. In the forenoon of the day after the schooner sank the men drifted on an island and succeeded in getting ashore without injury.

Hard to Please.

Discouraged Lover—It's going to be a hard winter and I'm afraid your father will object to my coming up every evening.

Oh, no, dear; I forgot to tell you. There's a new electric light right across the street and it makes the parlor as light as day.

Discouraged Lover—That has its disadvantages, too.

FULL OF ENCOURAGEMENT

FOR ALL WOMEN.

In Bed 5 Months—Had Given Up All Hope of Getting Well—A Remedy Found at Last to which "I Owe My Life."

Science has fully established the fact that all the nervous energy of our bodies is generated by nerve centres located near the base of the brain. When the supply of nerve force has been diminished either by excessive physical or mental labours, or owing to a derangement of the nerve centres, we are first conscious of a languor or tired and worn-out feeling, then of a mild form of nervousness, headache, or stomach troub[illegible] ceeded by nervous prostration, chronic indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a general sinking of the whole system. In this day of hurry, fret and worry, there are very few who enjoy perfect health; nearly everyone has some trouble, an ache, or pain, a weakness, a nerve trouble, something wrong with the stomach and bowels, poor blood, heart disease, or sick headache; all of which are brought on by a lack of nervous energy to enable the different organs of the body to perform their respective work.

South American Nervine Tonic, the marvellous nerve food and health giver, is a satisfying success, a wondrous boon to tired, sick, and overworked men and women, who have suffered years of discouragement and tried all manner of remedies without benefit. It is a modern, a scientific remedy, and in its wake follows abounding health.

It is unlike all other remedies in that it is not designed to act on the different organs affected, but by its direct action on the nerve centres, which are nature's little batteries, it causes an increased supply of nervous energy to be generated, which in its turn thoroughly oils, as it were, the machinery of the body, thereby enabling it to perform perfectly its different functions, and without the slightest friction.

If you have been reading of the remarkable cures wrought by South American Nervine, accounts of which we publish from week to week, and are still sceptical, we ask you to investigate them by co[illegible] become convinced [illegible] to the letter. Such a course may save you months, perhaps years, of suffering and anxiety.

The words that follow are strong, but they emanate from the heart, and speak the sentiments of thousands of women in the United States and Canada who know, through experience, of the healing virtues of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, a prominent and much respected lady, writes as follows:

"I owe my life to the great South American Nervine Tonic. I have been in bed for five months with a scrofulous tumour in my right side, and suffered with indigestion and nervous prostration. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Tired women, can you do better than become acquainted with this truly great remedy!

John L. McKenzie,
The Old Reliable Druggist