

LESSONS FROM RUTH.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Value of Misfortune.

Trouble as a Developer of Man's Nature— Blessings of Friendship During Adversity—The Hero's Experience— Pleasing For the Harvest.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, during his western tour, recently preached at Glenwood Springs, Col., to an immense audience. His text was from Ruth 1: 3: "She went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her husband was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz who was of the kindred of Elimelech." The preacher said:

Within a few weeks I have been in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and they are one great harvest field, and no season can be more enchanting in any country than the season of harvest.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrived at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might come that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raising it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor, coming along that way, might glean it and get their bread.

But, you say: "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and till in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?" Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning; a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day! It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment for of a young girl, who, in the church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel, of barley goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. "That Ruth, who left her native land, and Moab in darkness, and journeyed through an unkindly and unloving father-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in the lifetime of the ancestor of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning!"

I learn, in the first place, from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and revealed the nobility of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man that has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Kitto the better economist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

Once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man. "Why is it that your pastor is so very brilliant, seems to have so little tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different from that of a man who has an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prosperous. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you will cover the path in the trials of the keys. Misfortune and trials are great educators.

A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very cold in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but the years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; an now he comes into the sick room, and with a tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says: "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator! Sorrow—I see its touch in the sweetest song; feet its step in the mightiest argument; grief its power in the fountain of tears; and the fountain of tears struck out by the winged horse, Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the bright and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoofs of disaster and calamity.

I see Daniel's courage best by flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; see Paul's prowess best when I see him on the thundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the break of Melita. God crowns his child amid the howling of wild beasts; the chopping of blood splashed gut; and the crackling fires of martyrdom.

It took the persecutions of Marcellus to develop Polycarp and Jun Martyr. It took the pope's bull and the cardinal's curse and the woman's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against Scotch Covenanters to develop John Knox. It took the fury of the Lord of Claverhouse to develop Andrew Melville. It took the storm of the Scotch history. It took the martyr and the December blast and the death of the New England and the ships of savages to show forth the prowess of the pilgrim fathers.

When amid the storms they sang, "The stars shall fade, and the sea; And the sounding of the trumpet shall be the anthem of the freemen."

It took all our past national distress and it takes all our present national sorrows to lift up our nation on the high career which will march along after the foreign despots that have mocked, and the tyrannies that have jeered shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who has oppression, and who, by the strength of His own right arm will make men free. And so it is in the church, and in the family, and in the church in the world that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women and nations are destroyed.

callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

O, these beautiful sun flowers that open out their color in the morning hour but they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz, the Temanite, and Bildad, the Shuhite, and Zophar, the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a boxer in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had reputation to defend itself. There are reputations that have been built up in a building which has come down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such a friend in Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I should be parted from thee, and I should not be buried with thee."

Again, I learn from this subject that pain which often in hardship and darkness often come in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi, and she held her hand in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly. When you started out for Heaven, O, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life poured upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins.

After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the saying of God is: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon, and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying: "You must go; and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and failed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have to be slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a ark of the covenant."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scolding of the people in his day. While he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use, but when the deluge came, and the top of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a ark of the covenant.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaming. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over. O, you gleaner, in the field! And if there be one who holds an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toll in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaming. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

THE "FRIENDLY" BLACK SNAKE.

Some of the Depredations of That Enemy of Mankind.

Some weeks ago a general tirade against snakes appeared in the "Out of the Column," answered by a plea for the black snake. This variety was claimed as the friend of man, since it feeds upon moles and such enemies of the farmer. In view of these facts, the most prejudicial were fair to admit the contention.

But a man reared in Putnam county, where snakes abound, gives the black snake a particularly black character. He vouches for a fact that certainly proves him right. Near his house was a wood-yard, and one day, very early in the morning, his little eleven-year-old daughter took his dinner out to the clearing where he was at work. One day she did not come, and growing hungry and anxious, the father started home. When half there, he saw the little girl lying dead in the foot-path. Half stunned with horror and grief, he raised her gently and carried her to her mother. When her little loose calico frock was removed, a black snake was found coiled about the child's body. It had squandered her to death. That was too friendly to two halves.

The black snake and all snakes eat toads, that are so valuable as insect-eaters. They also join the ruthless farmer, who will eat the short-legged, fat, and the feather-wearing woman, an in exterminating birds. Snakes crawl up trees, and eat the eggs out of nests, besides devouring the young birds. As birds nest in numbers, insect life increases. The more fruit and leaf along with their nests. The repellent snake is let loose to multiply, even defended. The homeless cat, marauding and discordant, is provided with an asylum instead of chloroform by tender-hearted. It is to be hoped not "doomed-bird" decked-women. But all pleas for the birds on the score of utility or sentiment seem in vain. What a pity a St. Patrick could not be sent to perform in reality the old Irish myth of the serpent, and an Argentine to convert our nineteenth century barbarians!—N. Y. Examiner.

PETER C. LENFANT.

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His Wonderful Career Wrecked by an Unlucky Exhibition of the Plan He Planned the Greater Capital City of the World.

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Nearly one hundred years ago a stranger in a strange land impressed his individuality upon the greatest man of his age, and left behind him a monument which will endure forever. Never was permitted to see the building, much less the fruition of his work; and this, solely on account of his nervous and imperious disposition.

George Washington, first president of the new republic, which had been carved out of an immense colony in the new world by reason of his military ability, supplemented by the sturdy patriotism of a people of potent energy and traditional integrity of purpose, recognized in Marj. Lenfant the ablest civil engineer in the world, and committed to him the work of preparing the plans upon which the capital of the new nation should be built. The city, as it is to-day, in all its wealth of beauty and constantly developing grandeur, owes its existence to the plan of that peculiar man of whom so little is known at the present time. His plans were the anticipation of all the wonders which were bound to emerge from the latent energies and wisdom of a great people. The broad streets, the parks, the public buildings, the parks, circles, public reservations by the acre, lawns, rapid transit lines—all these, and more, were present in the mind of Lenfant, and he, in the inauguration of his plans by reason of an exhibition of temper, he disagreed with the commissioners, to whom he should have been subordinate, and, as ordinary men would have been, subservient. Being angry, he refused to complete his original plans. Lenfant withdrew from official connection with the work, and took his plans with him when he departed after a stormy scene with his colleagues. They disagreed with him, wanted him to make changes in his maps, and, considering himself insulted by a coterie of inferior beings who misunderstood him, and wanted to narrow and contract his work, he indignantly withdrew and left the commissioners to make plans to suit themselves. For many years, the grand plan of Lenfant had been submitted to congress during the preceding year, and hence they were not lost. But Lenfant himself died broken-hearted; and his plans, which were to be the grand plan of the city, were neglected and almost unmarked spot. Poor fellow! Who can imagine the thoughts which embittered his last days? He knew that he had planned wisely, with ingenious forethought; knew that the

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never been explained. A great portion of it was marshy, low ground, a sluggish creek, then called the Tiber, flowed, or it might almost be said so, through the center of the ten miles square. Indeed, there were men in those days so irreverent as to intimate that Washington was influenced in his choice by personal considerations because his own home, Mount Vernon, was near the spot selected. Others, probably with equal approximation to truth, have said that better sites farther down the river were rejected by Washington because he feared that some criticism might attach to him for locating the capital too near his own home. Whatever motives prompted him, however, it is certain that far better sites were available along the banks of the Potomac. Nevertheless, by virtue of the difficulties surrounding him, the genius of L'Enfant shines the brighter.

The St. Louis Exposition. The Eighth Annual St. Louis Exposition was opened Wednesday, September 2, and closed October 1.

The past history of this great industrial Exposition is one of unexampled pride, and its marked success for the past seven years is the guarantee that this year will equal in every respect and exceed in many ways the varied exhibits of the Arts, Mechanics and Sciences. The departments will have the place of honor, and the Art Department will have the best examples, to which will be added a fine collection of oriental oriental costumes, lacquers, ivories, and other works of merit from China and Japan.

Each week a different 3 inch display is published in the paper. There are no two words in common, except the word "World." This word will be found in the ad for the World's Fair, Little Liver Pills and the World's Fair.

A TREE is green when in foliage and a leaf is green in its fully age.—Binghamton Republican.

The complexion becomes clear, the skin free from eruptions, the appetite improved, the bowels regular, the system as a whole grows stronger, sound sleep at night a habit, and the general health improved. In fact, when Dr. John Bull's Nerve Pills is made use of.

FRAGILE COMPLEXION may not average larger than other people, yet they are often distinguished by their signs.—Lowell Courier.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her. Her blood will be fair about it and buy her a box?—Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

"Rough shoulder shift," exclaimed the old army surgeon as he pulled a dislocated arm into place.—Binghamton Republican.

How cruel to force children to take nasty worm medicines. Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers are always sure and taste like dairy little candies.

JASON says he has found more grass than in clover fields in weeds.—Eimora Gazette.

RELIEFNESS, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

If tastes didn't differ restaurants would have an easy time.—Lowell Mail.

THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, AUG. 18. CATTLE—Shipping Steers, \$4.25 to \$4.60. Butcher's steers, \$3.75 to \$4.00. HOGS—Good to choice heavy, \$4.50 to \$4.75. PORK—No. 2 red, \$10.00 to \$10.25. CORN—No. 2, \$1.00 to \$1.10. WHEAT—No. 2, \$1.25 to \$1.35. RYE—No. 2, \$1.00 to \$1.10. POTATOES—\$1.00 to \$1.10.

PETER C. LENFANT.

The Frenchman Who Laid Out the City of Washington.

His Wonderful Career Wrecked by an Unlucky Exhibition of the Plan He Planned the Greater Capital City of the World.

[Special Washington Correspondent.] Between genius and lunacy or madness there is a fragile line of demarcation. In fact, so eminent a scientist as Brown Sequard said that "genius is a nervous disease." Certain it is that all men who attain distinction as soldiers, orators and writers upon specialties, are exceedingly, yet excessively nervous people, who mar their achievements with nervous exhibitions of temper, sudden ebullitions of unreasoning anger, and fits of morose gloom, when in power, react violently, and human life without seemingly a quail of conscience. The greatest tactician developed by the late civil war in America—great as a tactician, because as a warrior while they are united, the leader execute great military movements—was Gen. Sherman. Yet, in the early days of the struggle he was denounced as an incompetent, a crazy man, a visionary lunatic; all this, forsooth, because he was afflicted with "that nervous disease called genius."

Nearly one hundred years ago a stranger in a strange land impressed his individuality upon the greatest man of his age, and left behind him a monument which will endure forever. Never was permitted to see the building, much less the fruition of his work; and this, solely on account of his nervous and imperious disposition.

George Washington, first president of the new republic, which had been carved out of an immense colony in the new world by reason of his military ability, supplemented by the sturdy patriotism of a people of potent energy and traditional integrity of purpose, recognized in Marj. Lenfant the ablest civil engineer in the world, and committed to him the work of preparing the plans upon which the capital of the new nation should be built. The city, as it is to-day, in all its wealth of beauty and constantly developing grandeur, owes its existence to the plan of that peculiar man of whom so little is known at the present time. His plans were the anticipation of all the wonders which were bound to emerge from the latent energies and wisdom of a great people. The broad streets, the parks, the public buildings, the parks, circles, public reservations by the acre, lawns, rapid transit lines—all these, and more, were present in the mind of Lenfant, and he, in the inauguration of his plans by reason of an exhibition of temper, he disagreed with the commissioners, to whom he should have been subordinate, and, as ordinary men would have been, subservient. Being angry, he refused to complete his original plans. Lenfant withdrew from official connection with the work, and took his plans with him when he departed after a stormy scene with his colleagues. They disagreed with him, wanted him to make changes in his maps, and, considering himself insulted by a coterie of inferior beings who misunderstood him, and wanted to narrow and contract his work, he indignantly withdrew and left the commissioners to make plans to suit themselves. For many years, the grand plan of Lenfant had been submitted to congress during the preceding year, and hence they were not lost. But Lenfant himself died broken-hearted; and his plans, which were to be the grand plan of the city, were neglected and almost unmarked spot. Poor fellow! Who can imagine the thoughts which emb