

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches About
the Conquest of Ruth in
the Harvest Field.

How Misfortune and Trials Develop
Character—Sorrow A'ways
an Educator.

Ruth's Undying Friendship for Na-
om—The Importance of In-
significant Events.

BROOKLYN, May 20.—The opening
hymn at the Tabernacle service to-day
begins with the words—

"More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee."

After making a running commentary
on some passages of Scripture the Rev.
T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took the text:
"And she went, and came, and gleaned
in the field after the reapers; and her
hap was to light on a part of the field
belonging unto Boaz, who was of the
kindred of Elimelech."—Ruth ii. 3. He
preached from these words the following
sermon—

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive
at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was
the custom when a sheaf fell from a load
in the harvest-field for the reapers to re-
fuse to gather it up; that was to be left
for the poor who might happen to come
along that way. If there were handfuls
of grain scattered across the field after
the main harvest had been reaped, in-
stead of raking 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 toil in the sun; and can you
expect that Ruth, the young and beau-
tiful, should tan her cheeks and blis-
ter 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-drowned reapers, he beholds a beau-
tiful woman gleaming—a woman more fit
to bend to a harp or to 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 full of undying interest
to 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 of
Moab in darkness, and traveled through
an undying affliction for her mother-in-
law, in the harvest field of Boaz, is ad-
vanced to one of the best families in Judah,
and becomes in after time the ancestress
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 sub-
ject how trouble develops character. It
was improvement, poverty, and need that
developed a character and prepared it to
do all the noblest things that God's char-
acter has ever produced. That is a very un-
fortunate man who has no trouble. It was
sorrow that made John Bunyan the better
dreamer, and Doctor Young the better
preacher, and O'Connell the better orator,
and Lushington the better soldier, and
Havelock the better general, and Pitt the
better statesman, and Ruth the better
daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to
his pastor who was a very brilliant man.
"Why is it that your pastor, so very bril-
liant, seems to have so little honor and
respect?" "Well," he replied, "the reason
is our pastor has never had any trouble.
When misfortune comes upon him, his
sorrow will be different." After a while
he said: "After a while the Lord will
send a child out of that pastor's house,
and though the pastor was just as brilliant
as he was before, oh the woman, the
tenderness of his discourse! The fact is
that trouble is a great educator. You
see some men who seem to come down at
an instant and his execution is cold and
formal and unfeeling. The reason is
that all his life he has been prospered.
But let misfortune or bereavement come
to that man and he sits down at an in-
stant and you discover the pathos in the
first sweep of the keys."

Misfortune and trials are great educa-
tors. A young doctor comes out a sick
room where there is a dying child. Per-
haps he is very rough in his prescrip-
tion, and very rough in his manner, and
though in his answer to the mother's
anxious question, "how you feel," and
there has been one dead in his own
house, and how he comes into the sick
room, and with his own eye he looks at
the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how
this child will die!" "Trouble," the
great educator, says, "I see its
truth in the grandest part of it. I hear
its truth in the sweetest part of it. I feel
its power in the mightiest argument."

Great mythologies say that the founda-
tion of Hippocampus's strength is out of
the foot of the winged horse, Pegasus. I have
often noticed in life that the brightest
and most beautiful mountains of Christian
compassion and spiritual life have been
struck out by the iron-shod hoof of mis-
fortune and calamity. I see Daniel's cour-
age lost by the flash of Nebuchadne-

zar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best
when I find him on the foundering ship
under the glare of the lightning in the
breaker of Melita. God crowns his
children and the howling of wild beasts
and the chopping of blood-splashed gal-
loping and the crackling fires of martyr-
dom. It took the persecutions of Marcus
Aurelius to develop Polyarp and Justin
Martyr. It took the world's anathema
to develop Martin Luther. It took all
the hostilities against the Scotch Govern-
ment and the fury of Lord Claverhouse
to develop James Benwick and Andrew
Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious
martyrs of Scotch history. It took the
slaughter of the December blast, and the
war-whoop of savages, to show forth the
prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers.

"When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim world
Rang to the anthems of the free!"

It took out all our past national dis-
tresses to lift up our nation on that high
career where it will march along after the
foreign aristocrats that have
mocked, and the tyrannies that have
jeered, shall be swept down under the
omnipotent wrath of God, who hates
despotism, and who, by the strength of
His own real right arm will make all
men free. And so it is individually,
and in the family, and in the church,
and in the world, that through dar-
ness and trial and trouble men, women,
churches, nations are developed.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of
unfading friendship. I suppose there
were plenty of friends for Naomi while
she was in prosperity, but of all her ac-
quaintances, how many were willing to
trudge off with her toward Judah, when
she had to make that lonely journey?
One—the heroine of my text, a new
absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's
husband was living, and they had plenty
of money, and all things went well, they
had a great many callers, but I suppose
that after her husband died, and her
property went, and she got old and poor,
she was not troubled very much with
callers. All the birds that sing in the
bower while the sun shone have gone to
their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunbeams that
spread out their color in the morning
hour! but 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 Zo-
phar 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 ban in panic, and
all the imputations rush on him and
break down in a day that character which
in due time would have had strength to
defend itself. There are reputations
that have been half a century in building,
which go down under some moral ex-
posure, 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 one as faithful in 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 the cause. But had such a friend
in Osephorus, who visited him in jail;

and had such a friend in the Marys, who ad-
hered to him on the cross; Naomi had
such a friend in Ruth who cried out:
"I will follow thee, wherever thou goest,
for where thou goest I will go, and where
thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall
be my people, and thy God, my God; where
thou shalt die, I will die, and there will I
be buried; thy God do to me and to my
bone also, as it might be death part and
mine."

I learn from this subject that
paths which open in hardship and dark-
ness often come out in places of joy.
When Ruth started from Moab toward
Judah, she was going along with her mother-
in-law, I suppose the people said: "What
a foolish woman! to go away from her
father's house, to go with a poor
old woman toward the land of Judah.
They won't live to get a cross the desert.
They will be drowned in the sea or the
back of the wild man will destroy them."
It was a very dark morning
when Ruth started off with Naomi; but
when I read in my text in the harvest
field of Boaz to be advanced to one of
the best families of the land, and become one
of the grandest of Jesus Christ, that
is a path which starts very darkly and is
very bright.

When you started out for heaven, oh,
how dark was the hour of conviction—
how dark the hour of conviction—
and the darkness thick and cold. And
Jesus of your life pronounced upon you,
and it was the darkest hour of every day
when you first went out of your sins. Af-
ter a while you went into the harvest
field of God's glory; you began to glean
in the fields of divine promise, and you
had more sheaves than you could carry,
and the voice of God addressed you, say-
ing: "Blessed is the man whose trans-
gressions are forgiven, and whose sins
are covered." A very bright path in the
darkness 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
darkness may shrink back, but there is a
voice from above, saying: "You must
go, and we have to drink the gall, and
we have to carry the cross, and we have
to travel the desert, and we are pointed
out by the world as men of no account,
and we have to urge our way
through ten thousand obstacles that must
be slain by our own sword arm. We have
to ford the river, we have to climb the
mountain, we have to storm the castle,
and, 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 death, no
burial, no carry, no battles to fight.
How do I know it? Know it! I know
it because God says so. "They shall
hunger no more, neither thirst any more,

neither shall the sun smite upon 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."

It was very hard for Noah to endure
the scoffing 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 tops of the mountains dis-
appeared like the backs of sea monsters,
and the elements fashed up in fury,
clapped their hands over a drowned
world, then Noah, in the ark rescued in
his own safety and in the safety of his
family, and looked out on the wreck of a
ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied
a pillow, worse maltreated than the
thieves on either side of the cross, human-
ly smacking his lips in satisfaction after
it had been draining his last drop of
blood, the sheeted dead bursting from
the sepulchres at his crucifixion. Tell
me O Gentile and O Colothian, were
there ever darker times than those? Like
the booming of the midnight sea against
the rock, the surges of Christ's
anguish beat against the gates of eter-
nity, to be echoed back by all the thrones
of heaven and all the dignities of hell.
But the day of reward comes for Christ;
all the pomp and dominion of this world
are to be laid on his throne, uncrowned
heads are to bow before him on whose
head are many crowns, and all the cele-
stial worship is to come up at his feet.
Like the humming of the forest, like the
rushing of the waters, like the thunder-
ing of the seas, while all heaven, rising
on their thrones, beat time with their
septrs: "Hallelujah, for the Lord
God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah,
the kingdoms of this world have become
the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"That song of love, now low and far,
The low shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined Apocalypse!"

Again, I learn from my subject that
events which seem to be most insignifi-
cant may be momentous. Can you imagine
anything more unimportant than the
coming of a poor woman from Moab
to Judah? Can you imagine anything
more trivial than the fact that this Ruth
just happened to alight as they say, on
that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all
generations, have an interest in the fact
that she was to become an ancestor of
the Lord Jesus Christ, and all patriots
and king-lovers must look at that one
little incident with a thrill of unspeak-
able and eternal satisfaction. So it is in
your history and in mine; events that
you thought of no importance at all have
been of very great moment. That casual
conversation, that accidental meeting—
you did not think of it again for a long
while; but how it changed all the phase
of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that
Jubal invented rude instruments of music,
calling them harp and organ; but they
were the introduction of all the
world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the
vibration of a stringed instrument, even
after the fingers have been taken away
from it, so all music now of lute and
drum and cornet is only the long-con-
tinued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's
organ. It seemed to be a matter of very
little importance that Tubal Cain learned
the uses of copper and iron; but that
rudimentary art of ancient days has its echo
in the rattle of Birmingham machinery,
and the roar and bang of factories on the
Merinae.

It seemed to be a matter of no impor-
tance that Luther found a Bible in a
monastery; but as he opened that Bible
and the brass-bound lids fell back, they
jerked everything, from the Vatican to
the furthest convent in Germany, and
the rustling of the wormed leaves was
the sound of the wings of the angel of
the Reformation. It seemed to be a
matter of no importance that a woman,
whose name has been forgotten, dropped
a tract in the way of a very bad man by
the name of Richard Baxter. He picked
up the tract and read it, and it was the
means of his salvation.

In after days that man wrote a book
called "The Call to the Unconverted,"
that was the means of bringing a mil-
litude to God, among others Philip Do-
dridge. Philip Doeridge wrote a book
called "The Rise and Progress of Religion,"
which has brought thousands and
tens of thousands into the kingdom of
God, and among others the great Wilber-
force. Wilberforce wrote a book called,
"A Practical View of Christianity,"
which was the means of bringing a great
multitude to Christ, among others Leigh
Richardson. Leigh Richardson wrote a
tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter,"
which has been the means of the salva-
tion of uncounted multitudes. And
that tide of influence started from the
fact that one Christian woman dropped a
Christian tract in the way of Richard
Baxter; the tide of influence rolling on
through Richard Baxter, through Philip
Doeridge, through Leigh Richardson, on,
on, forever, forever. So the insignificant
events of this world seem, after all, to be
most momentous. The fact that you
come up that street, or this street seem-
ed to be of no importance to you, and the
fact that you went into of some church
may seem to be a matter of very great
insignificance to you, but you will find it
the turning point in your history.

Again, I see in my subject an illus-
tration of the beauty of female industry.
Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest
field under the hot sun, or at noon taking
plain bread with the reapers, or eat-
ing the parched corn which Boaz handed
to her. The customs of society of course,
have changed, and without the hard-
ships and exposure to which Ruth was
subjected, every intelligent woman will
find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality
on this subject. In some families there
are persons of no practical service to the
household or community, and though
there are so many woes all around about
them in the world, they spend their time
laughing over a new pattern, or burst-
ing into tears at midnight over the story
of some lover who shot himself! They
would not deign to look at Ruth carry-
ing back the barley on her way home to
her mother-in-law, Naomi. At this
last hour may seem to do very well

while they are under the shelter of their
father's house; but when the sharp
winter of misfortune comes, what of
these butterflies? Persons under in-
dulent parentage may get upon them-
selves habits of indolence, but when they
come out into practical life their soul
will recoil with disgust and chagrin.
They will feel in their hearts what the
poet so severely satirized when he said—
"Forks are so awkward, things so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morning until
night."

Through that gate of indolence how
many men and women have marched,
useless on earth, to a better eternity!
Spinoza said to Sir Horace Vere: "If
what did your brother die?" "Not hav-
ing nothing to do," was the answer.
"Ah," said Spinoza, "that is enough to
kill any general of us." (He can't be
possible in this world where there is so
much suffering to be alleviated, so much
darkness to be carried, that there is any
person who can do nothing to do.")
"Make some do, did a world of work
in her time, and one day, while she was
sitting and instruments of music, all of
which she had mastered, and many man-
uscript books which she had written,
she once said to her: "How do you find
time to attend to all these things?"
"Oh," she replied, "these are not the
things I am proud of. My chief boast is
in the fact that I have seventy-two trades,
by any one of which I could make a
livelihood if necessary." And it is in
secular spheres there is so much to be
done, in spiritual work how vast the
field! "We want more Abazis, more
Hannals, more Rebecca, more Marys,
more earths consecrated, more minds,
sold to the Lord who bought them."

I see more. I learn from my subject
the value of gleaming.
"I'm going into that harvest field
right now," said she. "There is a straw, a
straw, a straw, but what is a straw? I
can't get any barley for myself or my
mother-in-law out of these separate
straws." "Not so said beautiful Ruth,"
she gathered two straws, and she put
them together, and more straws, until
she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting
that down, she went and gathered more
straws until she had another sheaf, and
another, and another, and another, and
then she brought them all together, and
she threshed them out, and she had an
ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh,
that we did it all be glaners!

Eliza Burtt learned many things
while toiling in a blacksmith shop.
Abercrombie, the world-renowned phi-
losopher, was a physician in Scotland,
and he got his philosophy, or the chief
part of it, while, as a physician, he was
waiting for the door of the sick room to
open. Yet how many there are in this
day who say they are so busy they have
no time for mental or spiritual im-
provement; the great duties of life cross
the field like strong reapers, and carry off
all the hours, and there is only here and
there a fragment left that is not worth
gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go
into the busiest day and busiest week of
your life and find golden opportunities,
which, gathered, might at last make a
whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is
the stray opportunities and the stray
privileges which, taken up and found
together and beaten out, will at last fill
you with abounding joy.

There are a few moments left worth
the gleaming. Now, Ruth, to the field!
May each one have a measure full and
running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the
field! And if there be in your house-
hold an aged one or a sick relative that
is not strong enough to come forth and
toil in this field, then let Ruth take home
to glean. Naomi this sheaf of gleaming:
"He that goeth forth and weeps his
bearing precious seed, shall don the same
again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves
with him." May the Lord God of Ruth
and Naomi be our portion forever!

PRETTY BOHEMIANS.

Hard Work, But Have a Good Time.

I know one young art student whose
lady protested against the four hour sit-
tings in the front parlor of the
girl and her "best man." The young
woman gave a week's notice on the spot
and determined that her next hall room
should be fitted up as a parlor so that
she might enjoin the society of her friends
in peace. Having discovered and hired
a room at the very top of a large house,
in order to carry out the artistic-beran-
ger-Murzar idea of genius starving in a
garret, she immediately tore up the carpet
and sent away the comfortable bed,
she painted the floor a red brown and
bought an imitation Turkey rug to lay
on it. Then she purchased at a neigh-
boring grocery six macaron boxes, which
are made together by means of strips of
wood. She covered the mattress and
pillows that belonged to the discarded
bed with French chintz of a pretty pat-
tern. Combined with the macaron
boxes they made a comfortable bed,
which also served as a table. Trapped
with chintz, the washbowl assumed the
air of a table. The washbowl and pitcher
were hidden away during the day in a
closet in company with various cooking
utensils.

An effect of splendor was given to this
modest Bohemian apartment by the
cane-stem window curtains, which were
of heavy red and yellow damask. There
was a large mirror over which was sus-
pended an open Japanese mandala. An-
other mandala crowned the bookcase.
The wall paper was a trial to the artist's
eye of the dweller in Bohemia. The
pattern was a straight up and down as
the designer of a New York Chinaman.
But Japanese fans of various sizes and
many colors, in color with brass-headed
nails, broke its monotony in an agree-
able and fantastic manner. On the
sawdust were pots of red geraniums.

The favorite bill of fare of this young
dancer during her periodical attacks of
improvisity was bread and cheese and
beer. It is astonishing how much nour-
ishment is contained in a quarter of a
pound of American cheese. But even
the "proper cheese" may have its evil
effects, and this youthful Bohemian
found herself growing purple. Not car-
ing to be taken for a cheese-monger's
daughter she changed her staple of diet
to canned salmon, she used to give
Bohemian banquets at which canned

salmon formed the *piece de resistance*.
When plates ran short the soap dish was
pressed into service, and, there being
only one knife and fork in the establish-
ment, long hairpins were used like chop-
sticks. One of the charms of canned
salmon is its flakiness. It may be read-
ily eaten with only one hairpin, and may
thus be warmly recommended as an ar-
ticle of Bohemian diet. Favored in
immoderate quantities, however, on ac-
count of its cheapness and flakiness, it
may prove the innocent cause of fishy
actions on the part of the consumer.

Finally, some well-meaning journalist
announced in the society column of one
of the newspapers that Miss So-and-so,
of such a street and number, received
her literary and artistic friends on Sun-
day afternoons. Her modesty and her
sense of expediency took fright. There
came a Sunday afternoon when the
habitués of her saloon knocked in vain
at the door of the Japanese-macaroni
box—French chintz apartment. At that
very moment the addressal lodger was
aring her charms in the front parlor of a
genteel, religious, private family board-
ing house, with female boarders to the
right of her and female boarders to the
left of her, all of uncertain age and
equally uncertain temper. Who would
have supposed that only the previous
Sunday, at the same hour, this pious
young person had been smoking unmiti-
gated cigarettes, like a second Carmen,
while she listened to the catfish maun-
derings of her second best man, who was
matrimonially disposed on nothing a
year.

Punishment in the French Army.

At Valenciennes, the other day, several
newly enrolled dragoons were receiving
riding lessons. One of them, who was a
fat and clumsy fellow, failed to get well
through his exercises. The sergeant or-
dered the other men to toss him in a
sheet—a kind of punishment commonly
practiced in the army, although forbid-
den. The poor fellow, after being thrown
in the air, came down with such force
that he tore the sheet and fell senseless
on the ground. Restoratives were given
to him but in vain, and he was then
taken to the hospital, where he is still
lying in a critical condition. At Valenci-
ennes, recently, three cuirassiers were
also tossed in the same manner. One of
them died in consequence of the injuries,
another had a shoulder put out of
joint and a third broke a leg.

The Bridge of Love.

The female barber, with a pair of
scissors, removes every outlying hair
to a region of the lady's eyebrows.
It is the ambition of every Persian
woman that her eyebrows shall meet, or
at least appear to do so. So a trade
is eyebrows that meet that they are
called the "bridge of love."

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

The Etiquette of Matrimonial Relation-
ship among Savage Tribes.

Among savage tribes some very strange
rules of etiquette appear to govern the
matrimonial relationship.

Convention prevents a Yoruba wife
from either speaking to, or even seeing
her husband, if it can be avoided, and the
rude Aleutian Islanders have the same
regulation about speaking.

In parts of the Fiji Islands a husband
and wife, if they wish to meet, must meet
in secret, a similar secrecy is a custom
obligatory among the Circassians, and even
among the Tartars. But the African
kingdom of Futa Jallon of the palm in
these respects, if an old trader, is to be
credited, who resides in that wilder there
wishes to send a letter to his wife, he
must see her without a veil for three
years after their marriage.

Among the Esquimaux, even in cases
where the course of true love runs its
smoothest, and acceded fully with par-
tial settlements, certain old women had
to be sent to bring the bride forcibly to her
husband's bed, she being obliged under
the penalty of an ill name to "make as if
it went against the grain, and as if she
were much grieved at it."

A Warning.

The modes of death's approach
are various, and statistics show con-
clusively that more persons die from
diseases of the Throat and Lungs than
any other. It is probable that every-
one, without exception, receives vast
numbers of Tubercle Germs into the
system and where these germs fall
upon suitable soil they start into
life and develop, at first slowly and
is shown by a slight tickling sensa-
tion in the throat and if allowed to
continue their ravages they extend
to the lungs producing Consumption
and to the head, causing Catarrh.
Now all this dangerous and if allow-
ed to proceed will in time cause
death. At the onset you must act
with promptness; allowing a cold
to go without attention is danger-
ous and may lose you your life. As
soon as you feel that something is
wrong with your Throat, Lungs or
Nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boschee's
German Syrup. It will give you
immediate relief.