

heard the loving Saviour's voice from His throne in heaven say : ' Daughter, wait ; in my Father's house are many mansions ; I am here preparing a place for thee.' As I listened, He spoke on and called aloud : " Oh daughter of Moab, rejoice, for he, for whom thou didst mourn is not dead, but liveth evermore.' Then didst hope rise within my breast, for I, though Moab's daughter, and not of Israel born, saw a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea, and I trusted Him to bring me safely home. And now, Naomi, turn me not away from following after thee, for although thou art homeless, friendless and poor, yet will I go with thee, and where thou lodgest will I lodge, for I, too, am but a pilgrim and a stranger in the earth ; but I know if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Oh ! send me not back again to the gods of Moab, for they are cold dead things, made of wood and stone. Entreat me not to leave thee, from following after thee, for thy God shall be my God, and thy people shall be my people, and naught but death shall part thee and me." And Naomi, overcome by the pleadings of Ruth, yields and the curtain falls and the scene is changed.

Fifty years roll by. Come again with me to the land of Moab. We enter a lowly cot, and on a dying bed see a wasted form. Her hair is white ; her face is pale ; her eyes are closed ; her friends and neighbors gather around to see her pass away. Hush ! she speaks. Listen ! what does she