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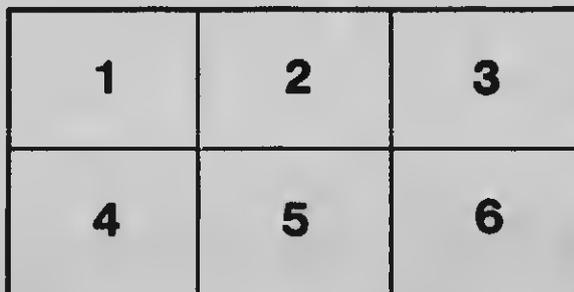
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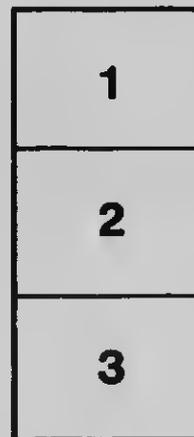
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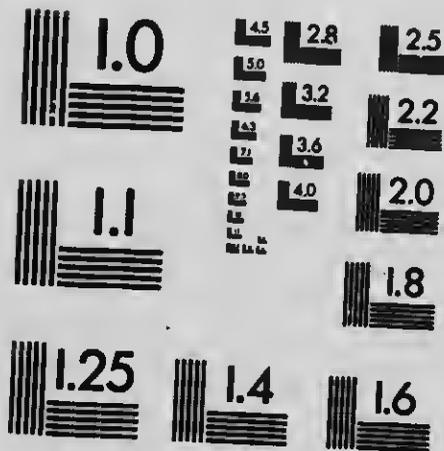
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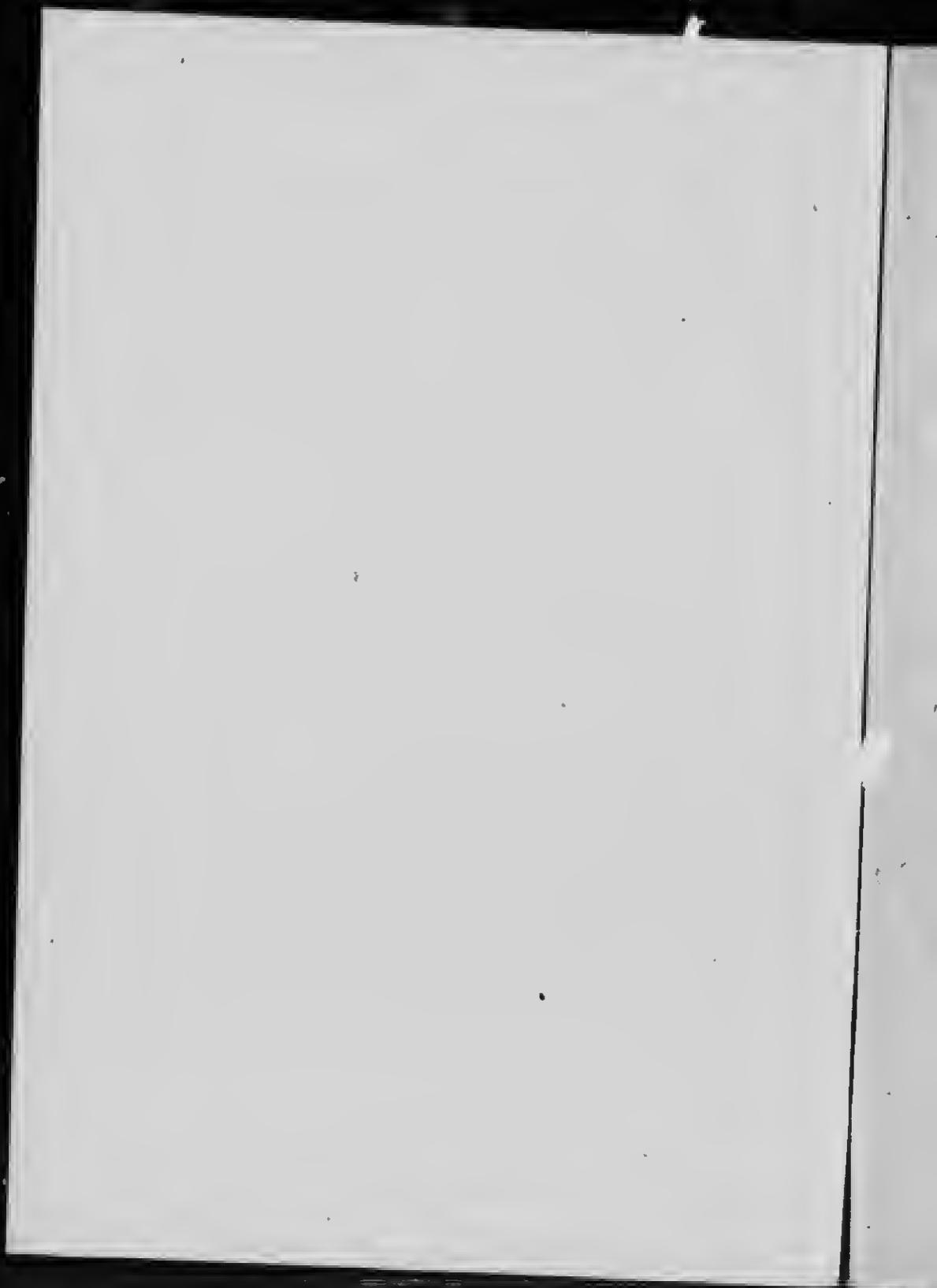


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EVANGELIST H. D. KENNEDY

JACOB THE WRESTLER

BY

H. D. KENNEDY

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PREFACE.

This sermon on "Jacob the Wrestler" has been listened to by many audiences while engaged in evangelistic work. It has been used of God to arouse conviction in the heart of the sinner. At different times it has found its way into local newspapers, and now I am urged by many to print it, which I do, trusting that it may do good to the reader, as it has done to those who have listened.

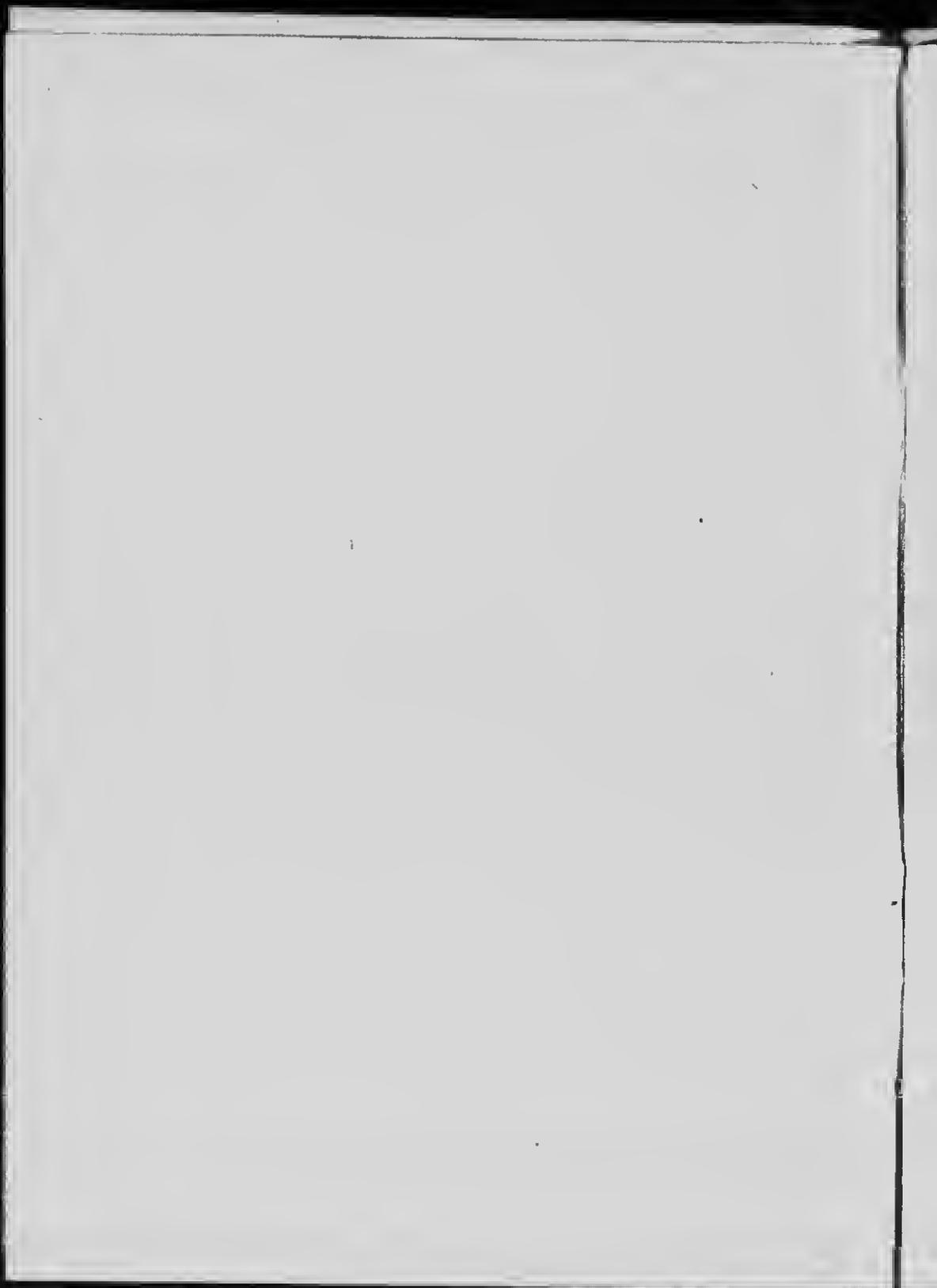
I have been further encouraged to publish this sermon by the receipt of a letter from Rev. Prof. Wallace, of Victoria College, saying that it impressed him as "fresh and vigorous in thought, piquant in style, practical in spirit, and most wholesome in tendency."

H. D. KENNEDY.

Peterboro', Ont., March, 1901.

Pastors desiring my services in evangelistic work address:

H. D. KENNEDY, Peterboro', Ont.



JACOB THE WRESTLER.

TEXT.—“What is thy name?” Genesis 32 : 27.

In choosing this text I have not done so with any intention of staying with the text. I have simply chosen these words to show that they are the most important in this long chapter, and that an answer to this question, “What is thy name?” meant a great deal to Jacob and to all generations after him.

In dealing with the character of Jacob it will be necessary to deal also with the character of his brother Esau. Here we have two boys, born of the same parents, brought up in the same home, under the same influences and training, educated in the same way; yet how very different they are. In physical appearance they are different: Esau is an hairy man, while Jacob is smooth. Their ambitions, aspirations and gifts all seem so different: Esau was a rambler, while Jacob loved his home. Esau the favorite of his father and Jacob his mother's boy. At first sight we would be inclined to choose Esau rather than Jacob. Esau was an honest sort of

a fellow, while Jacob was full of selfishness and deceit. Jacob seems to have been born with a selfish nature that always wanted to get the start of some one else. At the time of his birth he took hold of Esau's heel. This seems natural to some, always envying the one a little ahead, like the boy who shouts "Whip behind!" when the other boy catches on the sleigh that he missed.

Another day Esau returns from the field, where he has been in search of game, and though a "skilful hunter," for some reason that day had failed to take anything; but he had a brother, and he naturally went to him in his distress. There sat Jacob cooking "pottage," the sight of which made Esau hungry, so he asked Jacob to share up. Now, the most natural thing for Jacob to have done would have been to have given his brother—his only brother, his twin brother—his dinner. But no; Jacob was a man of bargains, and would not move until he saw he was likely to make something. This is where a man's true self becomes manifest: when another is in his power. Somehow the devil always has some Jacob around to tempt a weak Esau. "Well," said Jacob, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Esau; if you give me the thing you hold next dearest to your life, if you will sell me your birthright, I'll give you your dinner;" and poor, foolish Esau was taken in by his clever brother and swallowed the bait. He was sorry for it afterwards, as men generally are who walk by sight and act when in the

blues. This was possibly the weakest moment in Esau's life, and he forever lost his opportunity by yielding to this temptation. Temptations blind men's eyes, guilt opens them. What the fish wants is the bait. When he gets it that is the very thing he doesn't want. What Judas wanted was money; when he got it that was the thing above all else he did not want. So with Esau; he saw his mistake when it was too late. But did Jacob do right? By no means; what he did was mean in the extreme, and I am not going to try to justify him. Still, I see faith in it.

Some time after this Isaac called his favorite son, Esau, and sent him to the field in search of venison. Now, Isaac was like Esau—he liked a good dinner—a kind of a weak, negative character, who never did much of note except dig wells and move on and leave them when others wanted to quarrel with him over them. Some people never get angry because there is not enough in them to get angry. We cannot compare Isaac with his father, Abraham, or with his son, Jacob, or his still greater grandson, Joseph. And while Esau is away Jacob's mother told Jacob to go in and lie to his old, blind father and steal Esau's blessing. Poor old Isaac is fooled by his crafty son! He tried to be cautious, but Jacob was too many for him. "The voice sounds like Jacob's voice," he said; but Jacob went near and he felt him, and Isaac allowed himself to be influenced by the lower sense of touch rather than by the higher sense

of hearing, and so becomes an easy victim to the snare of Jacob. Has Jacob done right? By no means. His sin here is twofold; he not only robs his brother, but deceives his father. This was wrong, indeed, still I see faith in it. Jacob had a better appreciation of what these blessings meant than Esau, and Paul might have added in the eleventh of Hebrews, "By faith Jacob robbed Esau of his birthright and of his blessing." Though the means employed were wrong indeed, no doubt God in some way would have brought this about, and Jacob should have waited God's time.

Jacob has sinned, there is no doubt, and "the way of the transgressor is hard." No sooner was Jacob out of Isaac's presence than Esau returned and learned what had happened. He was angry, and we cannot blame him, and Jacob must suffer. Rebekah learns of Esau's threats and does what a mother generally does when her boy does not get along at home—she packs him off to her father's people. So Jacob must leave home and never on earth see his mother again. Look at him as the night comes on and he lays himself down under the canopy of heaven, with a stone for a pillow! See the poor, lonely boy the first night he is away from home!—a crisis in any boy's life. There he lies, a big, overgrown country boy, who has always been tied to his mother's apron strings; but now he is cut loose, and as never before life becomes a real thing to him and he must look at things as they are. He must face the world

alone. There he lay fresh from his sin, and God from heaven looked down and saw beating beneath that bosom one of the greatest hearts ever in an man, if He could but touch it by the power of His grace. Jacob belonged to that class of men who develop late in life, and only God could see the hidden gem within the rough exterior of a man whose life thus far seemed to be a bundle of contradictions. So God put down the ladder and gave the dreamer a sight into the unseen, the invisible and the eternal, such as few men have ever beheld. There stood the ladder from heaven to earth to teach him the possibility of man's communion with God. Heaven and earth seemed to touch. What a sight for a man to behold!

What effect did this have on Jacob? In the morning, when he awoke, he cried, "How fearful is this place!" Was he converted that night? I hardly think so. No doubt the vision had some marked influence on him; but do we not see him for the next twenty years the same crafty Jacob? True, he made a vow to God there and then. Still, was that vow anything more than a bargain with the Almighty, that if He would protect and care for him and bring him safely home, he would then promise to obey and serve Him?

See him as he journeys on, meditating, no doubt, and wondering what it all could mean! Towards evening he arrives at a place where flocks and herds are being watered. He inquires of the men near by regarding Laban,

his uncle, and soon learns that he is near Laban's home and that the maiden who was coming to water the flocks was his cousin Rachel. Jacob is struck with the beauty of this damsel and does the gallant thing and helps her water her flocks. Yes, Jacob loved Rachel; it was love at first sight, and before he leaves the well he kisses her and then weeps. I could never exactly understand why he wept, because he seems to have been very successful in what he has done. I suppose Jacob saw the reflection of his own dear mother in Rachel, and the fact that he was again among those of his own kindred touched his heart. Here Jacob's better nature is showing itself. He had a big heart of love, rough as he appeared on the outside. He loved Rachel so intensely he worked for years for her. He wanted no more; he never asked for Leah. He never wanted a lot of women around him. Those other women were all played on him; all he wanted was Rachel. So pure and true was that love that as an outcome came the purest man that ever graced the pages of history.

Well, Jacob saw Rachel home that evening; and, not like some boys, he went in and met her father, and stayed round a few weeks and used to go out and help the girls to water the flocks. Then Laban asked him to stay with him and name his wages. Jacob was agreeable, and offered to work seven years for Rachel. He was rather slow here. He, no doubt, might have had Rachel without working for her. Still, even

here, it may have been that Jacob had all this pre-arranged. When we consider his circumstances, and the kind of a man he was, it would not be too much to suspect him here. Jacob was in no hurry to go home, for just now he had no home to go to, and even if Rachel were his own he had no way of caring for her. Jacob, no doubt, had studied his own situation from different standpoints, and he himself may have been the origin of Laban's suggestion for him to remain.

I can imagine I see him one evening shortly after he came walking home from the well with Rachel, and he tells her of his love for her, and finds to the joy of his own soul that his love for her is no greater than her love for him. So they pledge themselves there and then and are betrothed. This being so, they would naturally want to be together. Seven years was nothing to Jacob if in Rachel's company, and this would give Esau time to forget his meanness and give himself time to plan and prepare for Rachel's future happiness. So he tells Rachel to suggest to her father that night the idea of his staying, which she gladly does, and Laban thought it was all right, so mentioned it to Jacob next morning, and Jacob, after a little hesitation, agrees and names his wages. Now his way is clear; he is out of the reach of Esau, in the home of his own uncle and near Rachel all the time.

Now there is one thing I want you to notice all the way through this narrative, and it is this, "That whatsoever a man sows that shall he

also reap." Jacob had sown deceit at home, now he works seven years for Rachel, and when he gets her it was Leah he had. The deceiver is deceived. If you sow deceit, it is deceit you will reap, not something else. If you sow wheat, you will reap wheat, not corn. If you sow falsehood, you will reap lies. If the wind, you will reap the whirlwind. If indolence or luxury, you will reap want. If you sow gossip, you will reap slander. If you sell whisky, somebody sometime will sell whisky to your boys. If you beat your wife, some man will marry your daughter and beat her. That law works in all nature and would be true if it were not in the Bible; and the atonement of Christ does not interfere with cause and effect: "The tares will grow with the wheat until the harvest."

Jacob stayed out in that country for twenty years, and when he started back home and got near the land of Canaan again he began to wonder what Esau would think and do now, so he sent messengers ahead and they returned and said, "We met Esau, and lo, he cometh and four hundred men with him." This frightened Jacob, his wronged brother coming and four hundred men with him. Poor Jacob had had a good time for twenty years, and had become very rich, but he has to meet his sin again, and reap what he sowed. Many a man in middle life wonders why such strange providences come upon him, and says, "God's ways are not equal." He is no longer sowing his wild oats, and yet there may be many a forgotten, but not forgiven,

sin away back in his life, and he is simply reaping from seed sown years before. Men grow away from the sins of youth and forget what they have sown. Look at Jacob: he falls on his knees and prays: "O God of my father Abraham: he was a good man, for his sake, hear me." He felt so mean he did not want to pray direct to God, so he cried through the goodness of his fathers: "O God of my father Isaac, for his sake, hear me;" and as he prayed his faith seemed to grow and to link his trusting soul to the eternal throne as he cried: "Thou God that saidst unto me, Return and I will deal well with thee, hold now to thine own side of the contract; be true to thy promise, for I fear Esau my brother, and my wives and children are all in danger." Talk about Jacob wrestling all night and getting a blessing—the wrestling had nothing to do with the blessing, as we will see a little farther on. Jacob was no coward, he could have faced Esau single handed; but Esau had a host, and Jacob's family were all depending on him for protection. He had no body guard, so he did the only thing left for him to do—he prayed as if all depended on God, then planned as if all depended on himself. Yes, it was here Jacob prevailed. What did he do now? Wait for an angel to smite Esau? No; some men want God to do everything, but God's hand never moves until we have done our utmost. When Christ was on earth He never did a thing He could get a disciple to do. See Him at the tomb of Lazarus! "Roll away the stone," He said. He could

have done that with a word. After the stone is rolled away He called the dead to life, then told others to loose him and let him go. Jesus did the bare necessity, and here Jacob waits for no angel, but plans with the tact of a Joshua. He said to himself: "Let me see—Esau is a man of the world; he likes a good dinner; I'll buy him off with a present." So he prepares and sends it ahead and makes ready a second and a third in case the first does not satisfy; but notice Jacob here trying to hide in his sin: "Tell my lord Esau this present is from his servant Jacob." Hear the supplanter, who had made himself lord over his brother, reversing the order and licking the dust! Sin is a cheat and an enemy, and we cannot afford to have it against us. It will get us into a corner and leave us there, and Jacob, who had exalted himself, is now humbled; but how shrewd he is, and in the division of his little band how wisely he acts!—puts those of his family he loves least nearest the place of danger, and keeps Rachel and Joseph nearest himself.

All pass over the brook that night and Jacob is left alone; it's a good thing for a man to get alone with himself sometimes, and review the past. Twenty years before Jacob had crossed this brook with a staff in his hand, and now he is one of the richest men on earth. I can imagine I see him as he sits there; the experiences of twenty years crowd into his mind. The vision of Bethel again flashes before his eyes. "Am I as good a man as I ought to be?" he

says, half aloud, to himself. "I made a vow to God twenty years ago, and there is no doubt He has blessed me. Laban was reckoned a clever business man out in that country, but I beat him even at his own tricks, and even God seemed to bless the means I used, and He has told me to return to the land of my fathers and has promised to deal well with me. I will therefore arise and cross over." I see him about to step over, when a man's arm is thrown around him and he is held fast. Talk, I say, about Jacob wrestling for a blessing—it does not say so. Jacob was on the defensive all that night. What he was trying to do was to stay on his feet. H. was a good wrestler, for he was full of tricks and deceit, and a man to be a good wrestler must be false. He pretends to be going over here when it is there he means; he pretends to go this way when it's that way he is going. Yes, Jacob was a good wrestler—trained for twenty years in the school of hard work; so strong was he that all night long this silent wrestler could not by human means throw him. I do not suppose Jacob knew who had hold of him the first part of the night. He may have thought it was Esau. All night long they wrestle. What a struggle! And when the first ray of the morning sun was showing forth the dawn in the East the silent Wrestler, by divine power, touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh and put his knee out of joint, and no man can wrestle when his knee is gone, and now I believe Jacob for the first time realized who it

was had hold of him. Like many others of Old Testament times who seemed to talk freely with this same Stranger, and feared for their lives when they knew He was Divine, so all night Jacob wrestled with the freedom of man with man ; but now Jacob knows he is face to face with a divine One, who endeavors to free himself from his grasp ; but Jacob clings on. Did wrestling bring blessing? No ; if you are wrestling with the Almighty, quit it. Wrestling never brings blessing, it will keep blessing away.

If God's spirit, the silent wrestler of the night, is striving with you, yield to Him ; give in. No ; wrestling brought no blessing ; quit fighting God.

Did Jacob's clinging bring blessing? No ; you may cling like Joab to the horns of the altar and get no blessing. Where, then, did the blessing come in? "What is thy name?" said the Wrestler. My name is Jacob (Supplanter). Yes ; Jacob must confess it. There is only one door into the kingdom, and that is the door of confession. Jacob must take the sinner's place if he would have a sinner's forgiveness. Yes ; at last Jacob confessed his name, and got a new name. The next day he crosses into Canaan, meets Esau, and they are reconciled ; but does that alter the fact that he must reap what he sowed? No ; for twenty years he has deceived Laban and the men of that country, and for twenty years he mourns for Joseph through the deceit of his own sons, and he who had lied to his father years before now reaps ten lies at the hands of his sons as they stand

before him with Joseph's coat dripping with blood, though he is the best man on the earth at that time. Yes, you must reap what you sow, no matter who you are. Look at Pharaoh! he thought he could sow as he pleased, so he did, and threw the men-children of Israel into the river. Did God forget to make him reap? By no means. One night God called an angel to His throne and told him to wing his way to earth, and slay the first-born of Egypt from the palace of the king to the lowest hut in the land, and before the dawn of morning the saddest calamity that ever befell a nation was meted out to the Egyptians, for a corpse was in every home.

David was a good man—the best living in his day—and he thought he could do as he pleased, being king, so he committed adultery, murder, and raised his hand of rebellion against God. Did God let him off? If God ever had a pet it was David; but David must reap, and God filled his cup to the brim and he is compelled to reap, even in his own home, adultery, murder and rebellion, and his lovely son Absalom drives him from his throne.

Look also at Saul of Tarsus: he thought he could sow as he pleased. He who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel so long was not going to submit to the teachings of unlearned fishermen. So he breathed out persecution against the Church, helped to stone Stephen to death, threw others into prison, and gave his voice against them in their dying agonies; but he gets con-

verted, a wonderful conversion too, and, like Jacob, his name is changed ; but must he reap ? Oh, yes, though a "chosen vessel of the Lord," he who had stoned Stephen is himself stoned ; he who had thrown others into prison must himself linger long behind the bars, and he who had given his voice against others in their death is at last himself beheaded at Rome.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked : whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and the "bird with the broken wing will never soar as high again." The wages of sin is death, not "will be." The man who sins dies instantly ; that is that much of him. Cut your hand off—you are that much less a man, and no amount of conversion will put your hand on again. Let a man break any law of his being, physical, mental, moral or spiritual, he dies that much—is that much less what he might have been. Don't mistake me here, the blood of Christ atones for all sin. Your soul may be saved, but as long as you remain in this world you will reap just what you sowed. "The tares will grow with the wheat until the harvest." So it is to the sinner's advantage to quit right now sowing the wrong thing. We are all sowing something, but what are we sowing ? What is thy name, man ? What are you sowing ? Is thy name Jacob, Supplanter, Cunningness, Craftiness, Selfishness, Deceit ? Are you trying to get the start of everybody else ? Make money—yes ; that is all right ; some of us ought to make more than we do. Some men should lay up more

treasure on earth than they do ; but do not always try to beat the other fellow ; you will reap it sure if you do. What is thy name ? Is it Pharisee, Hypocrite, Formalist, Sham, Make-believe, Simply Church-member ? or is it Sincerity, Truth, Child of God, Christian ?

Woman, what is thy name ? Where are you living ? What would those answer who know you best ? Is it Gossip, Backbiter, Slander, Temper, Faultfinder ? or is it Kindness, Unselfishness, Virtue, Love, Hope, Purity, Goodness ? Young man, what is thy name ? Is it Carelessness, Indifference, Neglect, Drink, Vice ? What is it ? Own up ! Young woman, what is thy name ? Is it Frivolity, Giddiness, Light-headedness, Pleasure ? Answer to your name, everybody ! Own up ! Who are you ? Be honest, what is it ?

Confess ! confess !—not to man, but to God : to the silent Wrestler of the night, for one of those days God shall bring everything into judgment, and every idle word you have spoken and every secret thing you have done will be brought to light and revealed, unless confessed before that day comes. Then make haste and confess your name to Him who is faithful and just to forgive. Jacob confessed, and, as an outcome, was not only himself a changed man, bearing a new name, but also stamped that same new name on all his posterity, and gave the world the civilization and Christianity of the ages ; while Esau went back the same rambler of the desert. It was worth the Lord's while to spend a night

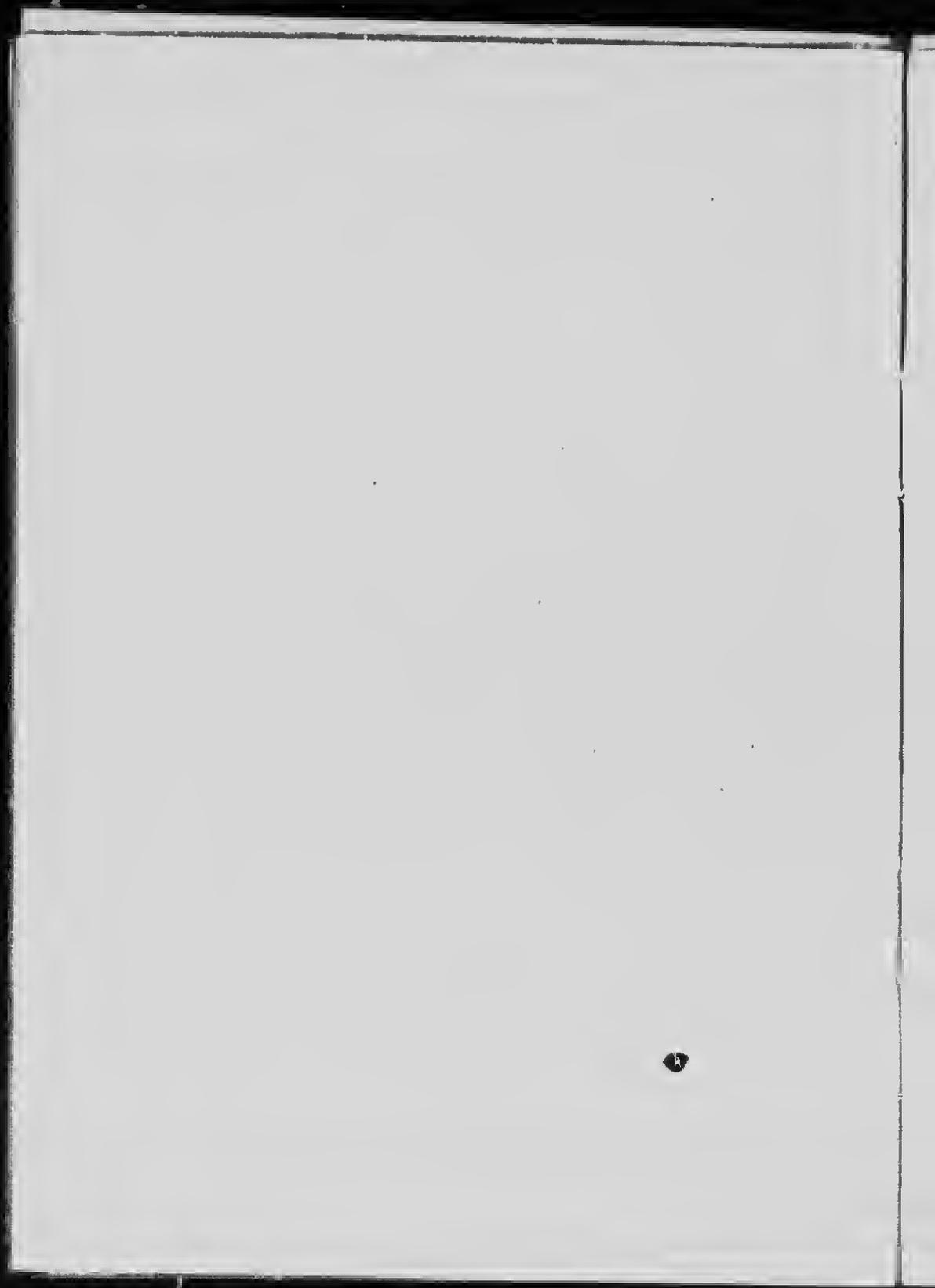
wrestling with this man, who, after all, proved to be of true value to God and men.

Let us, like Jacob of old, confess to God our names, and cry, every one: "Search me, O God, and see if there be any evil way in me." May the search-lights of heaven be thrown upon us, and our true selves revealed as we appear before the eyes of Him who sees not as man seeth. Confess, I say, confess to God your name, for there is no promise in the Bible for the man who will continue in sin; and if you regard iniquity in your heart, He will never hear your prayer. Therefore, quit your wrestling, lay down your arms, and confess your name. What is thy name? Amen.

RUTH'S VISION.

“Ruth's Vision” was first written at the request of one of Canada's noted elocutionists, intended for recitation purposes in church entertainments. It is now sent forth in the printed form, trusting that those who read or listen may be both entertained and profited.

H. D. K.



RUTH'S VISION.

Come back with me into olden times, and I will show you a roadside scene. Three women stand—one old, while two are young. Who are they, do you ask? Listen! and I will tell you. One is Naomi: old, friendless and poor; one is Orpah: young, beautiful and fair; the other is Ruth: virtuous and true. See! They gaze on each other. Hark! Naomi speaks—with pleading tones she beseeches the others to return to Moab. Will they go? Look! Orpah, with loving face and tearful eye, kisses her mother dear, then turns away, not that she loves Naomi less, but that she loves Moab more. On, on, she goes; but see! she stops, once and again, and, looking back, sees Ruth locked in Naomi's arms and hopes that she will come. On, on, she plods, with heavy step and lonely heart, till she reaches her cabin home. She retires for the night, the lamp still lit, the door unbarred. Hush! she hears a step, "'Tis Ruth! 'tis Ruth, my sister dear; I knew that she would come." Listen! But no; the step it passeth on. She tosses on her bed, but cannot rest, and the night wears on. But look!—does she sleep? Yes, Orpah sleeps. Hush! I hear her

sob, and in the morn I see her wake. She feels for Ruth ; but, lo ! Ruth is not there, and Orpah is alone. And now let us return to the roadside scene.

Behold once more Ruth in Naomi's arms ! Naomi speaks ; in tender words she pleads with Ruth to return. " See ! " she says " thy sister is gone and she'll need thee with her in her home. " Does Ruth obey ? Methinks I hear her voice praying that she may stay. I hear her say, " Naomi, listen awhile to me, and I will tell thee all. Rememberest thou not the day when thy husband lay dying ?—how thou didst kneel by his bedside with heavy heart, and thy cup of sorrow seemed more than full ? Mother, I watched thee that day and heard thee pray, and as thou didst intercede, thy face didst shine, and a joy appeared to thrill thy soul as thou didst rise from his bedside, didst wrap him in a shroud and lay him in the tomb. Oh ! yes, Naomi, thou didst let thy light shine in that dark hour and reveal to me thy confidence in thy God. 'Tis true, Naomi, thou didst walk among the daughters of Moab like a queen and glorified thy God. And oh, my mother, dost thou not recall that other day when I, a broken-hearted wife, knelt by the dying bed of him I loved ? And oh, how dark it seemed—the clouds hung thick o'er my head ; my sun had set and no star of hope appeared. I gazed upon that face and saw the brightness fade, the eyes began to stare, and felt the hands grow icy cold. I beseeched the gods of Moab, but they heard not my cry. I was alone, and my

grief was greater than I could bear, when, dear mother, thou camst and didst kneel by my side ; tenderly didst thou put thine arm about me and didst whisper in my ear, "Daughter, look up." I obeyed ; I raised mine eyes unto the hills, from whence came my help ; mine eyes were opened, and by faith I saw a cross ; and upon it a Form like unto the Son of man : on His brow a crown of thorns, and as I beheld I heard Him say ; ' Daughter, thy sins which were many are all forgiven,' and I felt the burden of my guilt roll away, for He said : ' I have borne thy sins in mine own body on the tree.' As I still gazed, the cross it disappeared, and far beyond I saw seated on a throne the same Form, yet now in glory He appeared, as the ' Lily of the Valley fair' and the ' Rose of Sharon sweet'—to me the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings, and lo ! a great multitude stood around His throne and sang the praises of His name.

" As I yet beheld, I saw him whom I had loved stand in raiment white amongst the throng ; with gentle hand he bade me come, when lo ! the voice of the King was heard hushing the harps of gold and stopping the songs of praise. I saw Him bending toward me and heard Him say, ' Daughter, be of good cheer, for I have borne thy griefs and carried thy sorrows,' and as He spoke my heart grew calm and a flood of light engulfed my soul, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms. Then once more I saw him whom I had loved, stand in flowing robes and on his head a crown, and I longed to go ; but I

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

say? "Ruth never came! Ruth never came! Oh! if I had only gone! Oh! if I had only gone! But now too late, too late!" Poor Orpah! Look at her as the clouds hang o'er her pillow! Hark! Hear her cry, "I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!" as her feet touch the chilly Jordan and its dark waters o'erwhelm her soul. Down, down, down, she sinks, in the blackness and the gloom! Hush! oh, listen! Hear her wail, ye sons of men, from the eternal flame, as she looks across the gulf that's fixed and on the farther side; sees again in Paradise Ruth in Naomi's arms. Be still! oh, hear her call!—"Naomi, oh, Naomi, send Ruth that she may dip her finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame!" But Naomi answers: "Daughter, remember that on earth thou didst choose Moab's pleasures and her gods, and Ruth choose that better part, and now she is comforted, while thou art tormented; and Orpah shrieks in dark despair till her voice is hushed, and we turn from this black scene to a brighter one in Canaan's land and Bethlehem's town.

Another death-bed scene—see! a woman lies, her children gather round, Look at her, with silvery hair and queenly face! Hush! be still! Her heart throbs fainter and fainter, when lo! what is that I hear?—a shepherd's harp and Israel's sweetsinger sings: "Though thou shouldst walk through the valley of the shadow of death, thou shalt fear no evil: for thy God is with thee; He is thy keeper and thy shade upon thy right hand, therefore shalt thou abide in the cleft

of the rock and under the shadow of His wing." When, lo! the place is filled with heavenly light and two angels appear in shining apparel and hover o'er her pillow. With tender touch they lift her soul, and soar away—up! up! up! Look! look! look! They bear her away on their snowy wings to her immortal home, the gates of pearl, they swing ajar; they sweep through the streets of gold, and Ruth clasps hands with her mother dear, who has beckoned her to come, and they walk together this very night in their eternal home. They sit beneath the tree of life that stands beside the throne and drink of the river sparkling bright, that flows in the land where there's no night; they're clothed in garments pure and white; they live in a mansion fair, and crowns are on their heads so bright, which they'll forever wear—

May God grant that none here may fail
To reach that heavenly home!
That none may cry with Orpah's wail,
Or go down to her doom;
But rise with Ruth to a mansion built,
A home beyond the sky,
And live forever free from guilt,
Where the soul shall never die.



