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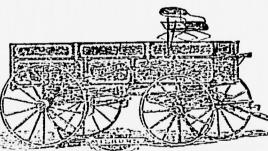
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A robin sang. The dull world wakened from its sleep Cast off its robe of winter sadness, The leaves from bondage 'gan to deep; The brooks o'erflowed in jol'y madness. All nature listened to the warning And laughed with glee in springtime's morn-

When robin sang.

A poet sang. It was a song that reached the heart Of many a man, of every woma-It was the fruit of perfect art. It showed a power divinely human. His name was known to all, and then Fame on her tablets wrote it, when The poet sang.

A mother sang. Two little eyelids blinked and drooped And bright curis nestled on her breast, Contentment's bounty richly trooped; Sweet innocence found loving rest. The slumber fairies tiptoed near, And all the angels stopped to hear

When mother sang. -Charles E. Cook, in Godey's Lady Book.

A MODERN CUPID.



braces supported his principal and most necessary gar-

muffler was twisted around his neck found a resting place inside his trousers; over this mufiler he wore an old pleted his indiscriminate attire.

His hair, which would apparently there been sufficient of it to admit of an impartial judgment as to its color, was cropped very short. His eyes were keen and bright, and forever on the watch, probably from force of smoky London summers had passed up the attempt. over his head.

I was a young and struggling docappellation which surely points to a of my life since. love of color dormant in the breasts of the great unwashed, adverse criti- and gentle women whom one somecisms notwithstanding.

The enmity terminated in what was, I believe, locally known as a "scrap," the cotlar and bore him inside, with name. the object of inflicting summary chas-

mind. I merely stood over him urgent cases-rare and hurried visits, | Lord!-he goes right over in the road, awaiting the turn of events.

"Garn!" he exclaimed. "Who yer 'ittin' of? I ain't done nuffink." to suggest. "What do you mean by its dependent veil, shrouding enviously breaking bottles and punching inoffen- | the wavy brown hair.

sive errand boys?" guv'nor. What's 'e want to go givin ill, and I want you to come to him. me 's lip for, eh? 'E's always at it." It's fever, and he has been taken sud-"I regret that he should have of- denly; I have got him in bed." fended your deep sensibilities," I re- "I'il come at once, nurse," I said. plied, "but who is going to pay for But there is nothing to be sorry the medicine?"

ly silent and serious. He shuffled to the day and night." his feet, and stood there furtively glancing round the room and hopelessly thrusting his hands into one and another of his ragged pockets. "Was it much, guv'nor?" he asked,

glancing up at me wistfully.

The awful nature of his situation appeared fully to dawn upon him. He cast one hungry glance towards the closed door and another to the across his eyes and began to cry. "It warn't my fault, guv'nor, sw'elp

me, it warn't. I was a dobbin' 'im on presently. "Do I know him?" the kisser and never seed 'is bawsket, guv'nor.'

laughter and spoke seriously. "What's your name?"

"Green, guv'nor; they calls me Gin-"Well, Ginger," I replied, "are you aware that those bottles of medicine were for two people-three people, in

fact-who are very seriously ill, and who are waiting for it?" He became more solemn than ever. "Oh, lor!" he exclaimed in a breathless whisper; "will they pop it, guv"

you meaa?"

"Die-guv'nor-die." "I think it's very likely," I said, as

gravely as I could. "Cawn't yer send 'em some more?" "I might do that, but --" "If you mix up some more, guv'nor,

and tell me where they live, I'll cut odds, an' I'll 'ave it dry." round wiv it now-straight, I will, guv'nor." I looked in some wonderment at and do exactly as the nursetells you,' him; he was so desperately in earnest. "Right yer are, guv'nor," he re-But the end of the matter was, that I joined, philosophically. "On'y mind paper the capturing and shipping of

wounds and anointing them with stand it." maudlin tears, I gave the bottles into | He was certainly very ill, but Mary | sulted last year in the shipment from

the hands of Ginger, with many in- was with him almost night and day, that place of over 20,000 tarantulas to ward misgivings and many directions, and I went to see him as often as pos- meet the demand of the tourist trav-"Oh, I knows 'em," he said, listen- sible, for reasons not wholly connect- eler and it is estimated that in the ng eagerly. Billy Collins lives in ed with himself. It was on one of last five years 250,000 spiders have the buildings; I aced Lis muvver go | those occasions that I first confessed | been sold. -- Detroit Free Press,

in just now. This ole gal," indicating my love to her! perchance something another bottle, "angs out up Angel of her loneliness-her bravery in that court; this one lives in our 'ouse." "All right," I said. "But be quick." "Right rou are, guy nor." He escent then, and had, after his delirturned at the door and came back

again. "Ain't I to give 'em no d'rections about the doses, nor nuffink?" "Certainly not; it's all put on the bottles—on the labels. And come back here when you have delivered them, so that I may know that you have left them properly. Do you understand?"

He seemed doubtful for a moment, of gamins who had waited outside to hear the result of his capture.

In an incredible short space of time he was back again. He passed his late enemy, who opened the door, straight into the surgery.
"I done it, guv'nor,,' he said breathlessly. "Billy Collins's muv-

ver thought I was a-guying 'er, but I told 'er to 'old 'is nose, an' rub 'is E was small and took it. Tother ones was all right." sallow - faced 'I didn't ask you to give instrucand not partic- tions to Mrs. Collins or to anyone ularly clean; elsc," I said, severely. "Are you the half of a pair of old bottles?"

"'Course I did, guv'nor. Can't I read?" he replied, scornfully. "But yer does write a queer fist; yer wouldn't pass the third standard." I saw a great deal of Ginger Green

and wound several times round his the more I liked him. I had thoughts my dreams had painted; I ran away small body before the ends finally of taking him into my service, in some and married him. Only too soon I capacity, but he was in every way too discovered the bitter wreck I had and frayed Eton jacket buttoned tight- questioning that he gained something it; suffice it that he was a coarse and ly across, or pinned where the but- of a livlihood by selling newspapers common creature, possessing no mantons were missing. An ancient pair of and matches, that his mother went out ly attributes. I lett him; I fought women's boots, many sizes too large acharing," and that his father was an my way alone; I trained myself for authority, by reason of long experithis; I hid myself here. He may find ence, on the liquor question.

I engaged him once to run errands have been of a vividly red hue had for me, and provided him with some for several days afterwards, and when he returned he wore his old clothes. In explanation he informed me that "farver 'ad shoved 'em up the spout," Ginger awoke, and we were startled habit or the necessity of circum- and mentioned an establishment near by the exclamation, in a weak voice: stance. He was very thin and very at hand fover whose doorway hung active, and probably some twelve three brass balls. After that I gave

some time or other of their lives, no tor in the East End of London at the matter what their poverty, or the he whispered: time, with hard work and poor keenness of their struggle for exispatients, and my first introduction to tence may be, to fall in love. I know the boy was on account of a fierce and that it happened to me at that time, nuffink; I 'aven't crabbed it, 'ave I. deadly enmity which had grown up even in the midst of the busy life I between the youth who dusted my led-perhaps by very reason of it. 1 surgery and carried out my medicine know that I am grateful, in this latter gratitude to his "nuss," as he called and the ragged one, who was known, time, for the love that came to me by the way, as "Ginger Green"-an then, and has been the guiding power low her respectfully at a distance; he Mary Esmend was one of those pure

times meets on this dull earth of ours, and it was my lot to meet her freoutside my surgery door, in which my nurse, attached to one of the many regarded me with a blank expression vonthful assistant was severely charitable associations which have for mauled. In addition to the injuries their object the nursing of the poor inflicted upon himself his basket was in their own homes, and her blessed knocked over in the scuille and sev- angel face carried light, and hope, and eral bottles broken. I happened to God's sweeter things, into many a return at the moment of the latter fever-stricken den, and into many a catastrophe, and seized "Ginger" by home that was no home, save in the

She was so sweet and quiet—such a tisement. I had dragged him into the softened emblem of all the better possurgery and closed the door before he sibilities of life, that I hesitated to fully realized his position, and then breathe anything of my love for her. he crouched on the floor huddled up More than this, I was poor, and I had in a heap, with one arm put up to nothing to offer any woman that would draw her to me; such was my thought. 'e says, 'So I've found yer, 'ave I,' an' He was such a forlorn little figure I met her often, in the many squalid and so very helpless that all thoughts places to which I was called; someof punishment vanished from my times she came to the surgery in

the memory of which I treasured. Once she came late at night to summon me. I remember now how I saw "I think you have done a great her then, standing in the little surdeal, my young friend," I ventured gery, with the neat little bonnet, with I on'y meant to make 'im let go of my

"I am so sorry, Dr. Richards," she "I didn't want to break no bottles, said, "but there is a boy who is very

about; the pity is that you should have That question rendered him sudden- to keep at it like this, at all hours of "Oh, that's nothing!" sheanswered.

smiling. "I'm used to it." "I have often wondered," I said, as we walked on towards the place, "that you have never taken up some quieter branch of your profession. There are "More than you could pay." I re- so many better patients whom you plied. "I suppose I had better send might get; so many better people among whom you might work, under improved conditions, as regards com-

fort, and -" "No, no," she said, hurriedly. "I -- I have no wish to change. I like window, then drew his ragged sleeve these people. I am glad to be able to help them, even so little." "Who is your patient?" I asked,

"Oh! he is a most terrible boy," she replied, laughing, "the terror of I restrained a sudden inclination to all the people about here. I believe his name is Green." "Not Ginger Green!" I cried. "

haven't seen him for a day or two, and vondered what was the matter. "I believe that is the title they give him," she said, smiling. "Here is the place-mind this step-I am used to it, you see. Shall I go first?"

She went up the dark and rotten staircase, that creaked even beneath ker light trend, and I followed. In a room at the top of the house I found the boy on a wretched bed, tossing in "Pop it!" I echoed. "What do a high fever. He nodded, in his old weak voice:

> a little shampine, if it don't make no twenty days' march, September 5.— "You'll be quiet, Ginger," I said, controlling my face, "and keep still,

made up the medicine afresh and, as yer keep my strength up; I mustn't be tarantulas may be classed as one of my own boy was still dressing his let down—my constitueshun won't the industries of the Pacific coast.

squalid room-drew the confession from me. Ginger was almost convalium, fallen into a sleep which told mo that his danger was over.

To my surprise, Mary Esmond

shrank away from me and covered her face with her hands. "It has come at last," she said, in a

low voice, sobbing bitterly as she spok?. "I have known that that first mistake must cling to me forever; I have known that some day I should but immediately nodded his head, and meet some good man who would love was out of the door like a flash, and I me, and who could be to me all that I saw him from the window, scudding could desire, and that then that misdown the street, followed by a crowd take should hold me back and say: 'You shall not!"

I was beside her in an instant and my arms were about her. "Mary, for the love of Henven," I said, "don't torture me like this. with lordly indifference, and marched What mistakes do you mean? What mistake can you have made, at any time, my darling-"

But she thrust me away from her. "I must tell you; you must know now. I had thought to hide it here, stummick when it was down, and so to bury myself here, and live my life, she seed I knowed the ropes a bit, and and do some little good, and be remembered, perchance, for that, and the rest forgotten. But it cannot be, to anyone I suppose. I—I am grateful, Dr. "Are you Richards, for all that you have said; I am more, much more than grateful. But it cannot be. I-am a married

woman." I looked at her incredulously, and would have spoken, but she stopped

me gently and went on. "When I left school I met a man after that, and the more I saw of him who was, to my girlish fancy, all that erratic. I discovered from casual made of my life. I will not dwell upon me again when he wants money. That

is my story." In my pity and distress I took her decent clothing; but he was missing in my arms again, and she leant her head upon my breast, and cried there softly for a few minutes. It was just at that moment that

"Oh, my eye!" Mary sprang away and busied herself with the window curtain; I walked I suppose it happens to all men at neross to the patient, who was regard-

"Ain't she a daisy, guv'nor. But, guv' nor, straight, I didn't mean to say

Thereafter Ginger's admiration and her, knew no bounds. He would folneglected his precarious business disgracefully in order to be near her and to perform small services for her. One night, some months after his

illness, he burst suddenly into my quently in my daily work. She was a surgery, and sank into a chair, and of terror. I saw that he was trembling in every limb.

"Gawd elp me, guv'nor," he whispered. "I've done it this time, an" no error. It's a 'anging job-that's wot it is, guv'nor."

By degrees I got his story from him,

told in jerks. "I was a walkin' along be'ind my nuss, when a bloke 'e stops in front of 'er, an' speaks an' she shoves 'er 'ands on 'er face, and begins to cry. Then the bloke lays 'old of 'er arm, and speaks rough like, an' shakes 'er, an' 'e shakes her again. An' I rushes up to 'im and I jumps on 'im, an' 'e staggers, wi' me on top of 'im an'-oh, an' a railway wan was a comin' round the corner, and it misses me, an' goes slap over 'is 'ed. An' it warn't my

fault, guv'nor-sw'elp me, it warn't;

nuss. An' they've took 'im to the 'orspital, guv'nor." I had started up, in my excitement, when I suddenly saw Mary's quiet fig-ure in the room. Her upraised hand

stopped me. "You can do nothink," she said, in a low voice.

"Is he—" "Dead. Died before he reached the hospital-almost before the cab started.'

"And-Mary-was he-" I began. "Yes, the man of whom I spoke to

Mary and I were married some twelve months after that, and the sense of the fitness of things urged us both to do something for Ginger; but he stoutly declined. We see him sometimes; he was even present at our quiet wedding, and scaudalized everyone by standing on his hands, in the presence of a very dignified beadle, in the church porch.

But he persists in living his old life; his "scraps" with neighboring urchins are as numerous as ever; and I firmly believe he wears the same suit of clothes. But we have not lost sight of him,

and we cherish hopes.—Illustrated

Experiments With Soldiers' Rations. A packing company of this city is making experiments in condensed food to be used by the army on forced marches. Special cans were made. The smaller one contains seven ounces of bacon and the large one about twenty-eight ounces of hard bread. soup and coffee, the two latter in the form of square tablets. The entire patronizing fashion, and spoke in a package weighs thirty-five ounces, and contains about sixty-five cubic in-"hor' lummy! Things is a lookin' ches of food. In the larger can the up! My doctor—au' my nuss! "Adn't yer better 'old a consooltashun about this 'ere case, guv'nor? An' I'll tike track the first practical test will be made by

Tarantula Trade.

Times.

According to a Pasacena (Cal.) The business in this unique traffic re-

REV. DR. TALMAGE. POPULAR SCIENCE.

A flash of lightning is often a mile NOTED DIVINE.

Artificial ivory is now made from

condensed skim milk.

Prussian blue paint is made from Subject: "An Angelie Rescue."

the ashes of the burnt hoofs of horses. When a snake has gorged itself with large meal, its skin is so stretched that the scales are some distance apart. The New York Central Railroad ran train from New York to Buffalo the other day, 4361 miles, in six hours and forty-seven minutes. Papier mache is now used in constructing bicyclas. It is said that these machines stand the wear and tear of heavy road work very well. The sting of a bee, when compared with the point of a fine needle, under a powerful microscope, is hardly dis-cernible. The point of the needle appears to be about an inch in diameter. The Omaha Street Railway Company is being sued for \$250,000 damages for injury done by the electric currents, which it turns loose in the ground, to the pipes of the water works company. The pipes are rapid-ly destroyed by electrolysis.

There is no lower limit to wave lengths in the ether. An electromagnetic wave produced once a second is 186,000 miles long; a wave to affect the eye is one-fifty-thousandth of an inch long, and soap-bubble phenomena show waves much shorter. A sound vibration is the to-and-fro motions of the air molecules, if the sound be in air, the motions being in the line of the movement of the air wave; that is, lodgitudinal vibrations. The air particles act upon the tympanie membrane and cause it to move It is reported officially that there are 9433 science classes in England at present and some 183,12) students attending them. The report states that there are fully 10,000 fewer science students in the country than there were last year. This falling off is said to be due to the recent organization

Oil is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like shell from a gun. As a wave approaches a shell filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The shell will be perforated with small holes, so that the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a

otherwise be the case. The reason why ships are not struck by lightning is attributed to the general use which is now made of wire rope for rigging purposes, as well as to the fact that the hulls of ships are usually constructed of iron or steel. Thus the whole ship forms an excellent and continuous conductor, by means of which electricity is led away into the ocean before it has time to do any serious damage.

greater length of time than would

to and fro at the same rate.

of purely technical colleges.

The Dangerous Sperm Whale. The sperm whale is an extremely awkward fish to approach, for at times she uses her mouth (the lower jaw of which is armed with a formidable row of teeth), flukes and tail with terrible effect. There is an instance of a fish destroying three boats and injuring the ship itself; and the ship Essex was netually sunk by a sperm deliberately

charging her twice. Sir W. H. Gore-Booth says: "The best way to approach this fish is heat on, under sail if possible, as, owing to the position of her eyes, she cannot see well ahead. The other alternative recommended is to approach the whale from behind on the starboard side, so as to give a right handed dark. The boat, ranging alongside, proceeds parallel to the fish one or two fathoms or possibly three or four, from her, until far enough forward, when the

harpoon is thrown into the back." But none of these precautions was required by a lucky settler on the west coast of New Zealand, who, while pigeon shooting, happened on a school of twenty-seven lying dead on the beach, and who had merely to put his mark on each to make the whole his property. The whales, which varied in size from a baby of seven feet to a monster of sixty, lay mainly in pairs for a space of about four miles. On the whole they were in excellent condition, and there is no explanation as to what drove them ashore, though it is noted that the sea

had been exceptionally rough for some time previously. On a different part of the seaboard a whale of another species, eighty-six feet in length, had been found under similar circumstances a little before this great find. The discovery not unnaturally attracted a large amount of attention, and everybody in the distriet went to view the stranded leviathan. Luck follows luck, and so another settler, bent on an errand of curiosity, came upon 800 ounces of ambergiis some two miles away.-Black and White.

An Antidote for Poison Ivv.

A friend who is very susceptible to poison oak and ivy, and who has suffered terribly from it, tells me that the best thing he has found is the tincture of grindella. Dilute it with about three parts of water and bathe the affected parts. It should be applied as soon as the irritation is felt and before the characteristic pustules appear. Applied at this time it will prevent the formation of the pustules and soon check the irritation. But if not applied until the pustules appear, it will only prevent the formation of new pustules, and thus check the spreading of the affection to other parts; the pustules that are already formed will simply take their course without spreading. The diluted tineture should be applied to the affeeted parts as often as two or three times every hour .- Rural New Yorker.

Don't Like Hedges. Bicyclists in the region round about

St. Johns, Mich., have a queer but substantial grievance. The fields and farms thereabouts are bounded and guarded with quick-set hedges instead of by fences. At this time of year the farmers trim their hedges, and as a consequence all the roads in the region are strewn thickly with boughs full of briers, sharp slivers of tough wood and shirt snippings of hedge points, which paneture bioyeletires as readily and perhaps more seriously than steel inci s. - Washington Star.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE

TEXT: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"—Genesis xxii., 7. but where is the lamb?"—Genesis xxii, 7.

Here are Abraham and Isaae, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the one his broaty optimizers, the control of the Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a

Early in the morning there is a stir around I could preach back to you for a minute or Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed two and say, never do you fear! I wish I had and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure haif as good a hope of heaven as you have. of the awful secret. At the break of day he Do not fear, mother. Whatever happens, no says: "Come, come, Israe, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey."

I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the woman, very decrept and with a cane, wood until the stides are ready to the control of 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 on. There are four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaa; the son, and two servants. Going along the road I set Isaa looking up into his father's face and saving: "Father what is the mating? Are then the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you. I am very saving: "Father what is the mating? Are then the landing at the top of the stairs. saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything bappened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says. "Ah, father is getting old, and he has ball trouble enough in other days to kill him!"

The third morning has come, and it is the finer around you, mill be The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all wearileft with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of ham and Isaac be with you until you see the 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 characteristic. I will make a suggestion: Isaac coals or a lamp and in the other a characteristic with you will 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 coals or a lamp and in the other a characteristic with you will you see the 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 helfer 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 be 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 is to be the victim, looks up into his father's a more tremendous one. When the knife face and asks a question which must have cut was lifted over Calvary there was no voice the old man to the bone, "My father!" The that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. 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 quiverely, and his heart fainted, and his knees through together and his will be sold together and the sold together knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not Jesus of Mount Catvary! Better could God

into his son's face with a thousand rushing tendernesses and says, "My 200, God will provide Himself a lamb." sand worlds than to have sacrified His only Son. It was not one of the ten sons; it was provide Himself a lamb." The twain are now at the foot of the hill. The twain are now at the foot of the hill, you and I would have perished. "God so the place which is to be famous for a most loved the world that He gave His only—" I the place which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gather some stop there, not because I have forgotten occurrence out of the field and build an altar of quotation, but because I want to think. Then feet high. Then they take this "God so loved the world that He gave His through the son that whosoever believeth three or four 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 disagreed whether the total of the violation, but because I want to think. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotton 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, 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 that can be caught and botain. for the offering. Abraham tries to choke cle in Isane's arm was stronger than the down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief in order that he may break to his son young man twenty-five years of age would the terrifle news that he is to be the victimthan on that day to his father. As the old than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciate I fingers through his son's hair he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What wi'l 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 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 there was one thing that the omniton.

But there was one thing that the omnitotic stand. Our sorrows this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?"
His son said: "Yes, father; I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The keep Him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double barred, Christ would have the everlasting doors from their controls. this time that the scene was typical of a "Lo! I come to suffer. Lo! I come to die. 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 sacrifice were always bound, Christ's sake, said to the blacksman was chains abused Him long enough. Ones, held the manaeles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightight now, for my flesh may struggle mightight." So Isaac's arms were fastened, his throbbing with the invitations of an all commissions of the commission of t Fastening a thong on one side of the altar. he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fas-tens the thong at the other side of the altar, city of Venice, and that when the clock and another thong, and another thong. strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city There is the lamp flickering in the wind and the regions round about the city fly to ready to be put under the brushwood of the the square and settle down. It came in this altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen.

Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the ene side and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs

the square and settledown. It came in this squar the flat of it on the palm of his hand, eries at the same hour, she scattered more crumbto God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, pu's a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then lifting the gittering weapon for the plunge of the death how, at the first stroke of the bell at noon

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 selzes it gladly and quickly untoosens Isaac from the altar, puts the rum on 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!"

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 should get out of a shead

burnt offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on wood; set fire to the wood and let Isaae'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 must I surrender him? O Isaae, my son! Isaae, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as Go I asks me to. I have been in dark places before, and tood got me out. I will implicitly do as Go4 has tol! 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."

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. He did get well, and my son Isaae, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless your souls, that's been so for seventy 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 blace 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,

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon.

want to break down. And then he looks have thrown away into annihilation a thou-

typical of Jesus the only. stead of Abraham binding Isaae? The mushe terrifle news that he is to be the victim.

Ah, Isaac never looked more beautiful pile of wood with intention of burning."

Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and so a type is a sacrifice was a willing sacrifice.

potent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows father said. "My son, Isaac, thou art the bolical and double barred. Christ would have lamb!" "Ob." you say, "why didn't that young man, it he was twenty or thirty years hinges, and would have sprung forth, seatof age, smite into the dust his infirm father? tering the hindering hosts of heaven. like He could have done it." Ah, Isane knew by chaff before the whirlwind, as He cried: Messiah who was to come, and so he made Christ--a willing sacrifice. Willing to take no struggle. They fell on each other's neeks Bethlehem humilation, and Sanhedrin outand wailed out the partine. Awful and rage, and whipping post maltreament, and matchless scene of the wilderness! The Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to

How does this affect you? Do not your very best impulses bound out toward this pain struck Christ? Get down at His feet O ye people. Put your lips against the wound in His right foot and help kiss away the panc. Wipe the feam from His dying lip. so that they might not struggle away. Baw- tism of His rushing tears. Take Him into lings, the martyr, when he was oying for your heart with warmest love and undying Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who enthusiasm. By your resistances you have

I have been told that the cathedral of St. tering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the band begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isane, 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