WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 23, 1895.

LESSON OF A RESCUE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

"The Lamb of God Who Takes Away the Sins of the World" - A Remarkably Powerful and Clear Bible Story-Abra-

ham and Isaab.

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New York, Oct. 13 .- In his se to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject Abraham's supreme trial of faith and the angelic rescue of Isaac from being offered by his father as a crifice. The text was Genesis xxil, 7, "Behold the fire and the wood, but there is the lamb?"

Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance, you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has watching the herds. The mour tain air has painted his cheek rubi cund. He is 20 or 25, or, as some sup pose, 38 years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a son is never anything but a boy to a father. I reme nber that out a poy to a rather. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion and say, "where are the boys?" although "the boys" were 25 and 30 and 35 years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father' tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk and Isaac's apparal and Isaac's manner and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heartstrings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nineths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and prot

roudly he looked at his only son. Well, the dear old man had born at deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyph. ics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest for If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wai him. If the father gets dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at las into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No. no! A thunerbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stur patriarch back into instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!". The old man answered, "Here I am." God said to him, "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering. other words, slav him, cut his body infragments, put the fragments the wood, set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes. "Cannibalism! Murder!" says som one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him solioquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended. Oh, How I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now I must surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with son? But then, it is ways safer to do as God asks me to. I have been in dark places before, and God has got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it dis very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and nit myself and my

terrific news that he must be the vic-

self a lamb.'"

hilltops.

only

Thank you, mother, for that short

ing up a long flight of stairs, and I

saw an aged woman, very decrepit,

and with a cane, creeping on up. She

thank you. I am very thankful."

of God. On those two "only"

I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac, O

Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife

was lifted over Calvary, there was no

voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand

arrested it. Sharp, keen and tremen-

dous, it cut down through nerve and

artery until the blood sprayed the faces

of the executioners and the midday

sun dropped a veil of cloud over its

spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah!

O Jesus of Mount Calvary! Better

could God have thrown away into an-

nihilation a thousand worlds than to

have sacrificed his only Son. It was

not one of ten sons-it was his only

Son. If he had not given up him, you

and I would have perished. "God so

loved the world that he gave his

only"-I stop there, not because I have

forgotten the quotation, but because

want to think. "God so loved the

world that he gave his only begotten

Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlast-

ing life." Great God, break my heart

at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac

You see Isaac going up the hill and

carrying the wood. O Abraham, why not take the load off the boy. If he

is going to die so soon, why not make

his last hours easy? Abraham knew

that in carrying that wood up Mount

Moriah Isaac was to be a symbol of

Christ carrying his own cross up Cal-

vary. I do not know how heavy that

cross was-whether it was made of

oak or acacia or Lebanon cedar. I

suppose it may have weighed 100 or 200

or 300 pounds. That was the lightest

part of the burden. All the sins and

sorrows of the world were wound

around that cross. The heft of one,

the heft of two, worlds-earth and hell

were on his shoulders. O Isaac, carry-

ing the wood of sacrifice up Mount

wrapped around that cross. I shall

never see the heavy load on Isaac's

back that I shall not think of the

crushing load on Christ's back, For

whom that load? For you. For you.

Mariah, O Jesus, carrying the

the only, typical of Jesus the only.

face because it could not endure the

Ah, Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair, he said to him-"How shall I give him up? What will 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 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 blo and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son Yes, father. I thought you had said:

something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son Isaac, thou are has the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was 20 or 30 years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." were stretched on the cross will flung around you and you will be hoist. ed with a glorious life beyond Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scence was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilder ness. The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry: "My son! My son!" The answer: "My father! made a suggestion. I will make a suggestion-Isaac going up the hill makes My father!" me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham, Jesus, the

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 rifices were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings the martyr, when he was dving for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may So Isaac's arms struggle mightily.' stened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put un-der the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham-struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the commands of God on the other-takes that knife rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, takes a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work-the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, 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 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 seizes it gladly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on In his place, sets the lamp under the of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell brushwood of the altar, and as the oke 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."

Well, what are you going to get out tears that we have ever wept over our ged minister of "I should get morning, and that we might now pour of this There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get morning, and that we might now pour out of it that when God tells you to them out on the lacerated back and thing, whether it seems reason able to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech or some body else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, h said, "Abraham!" Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance, and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. "Jehovahjireh"-Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us. Out yonder in his house is an aged woman. The light of heaven in her face, she is half way through the door: she has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh, she says, I would learn that it is in the las pinch that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings So it has been in my life of 70 years. Why, sir, there was a fime when th flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don' mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him Why, there are neighbors who away. have three and four sons. This is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you? But I saw he wa getting worse and worse all the time and I turned round and praved, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say. 'Thy will, O Lord, be done The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the cus tom in those times, we had made grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises when I looked and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of diswas loosened from that altar. ease. And, bless your souls, that's been so for 70 years, and if my voice were no weak, and if I could see better. I could preach to you younger people sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this: Whenever you get into gh place, and your heart is break ing, if you will look a little farther Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. THE WEEKLY SUN. \$1.00 a year.

into the woods you will see caught in SAMUEL THE JUDGE. the branches, a substitute and a delly-erance. 'My son, God will provide him-FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL

SERIES, NOVEMBER 3. sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear. I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. I was go-

Text of Lesson-I Samuel vil, 5-13-Golden Text-Hitherto Hath the Lord Helped Us -I Samuel vil, 42-Commentary by Rev.

D. M. Stearns.

made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her, 5. "And Samuel said, Gather all Is-Why mother, that is no way to go rael to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord." After the death of Eli and his sons the ark which the up stairs," and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, Philistines had taken remained in their country seven months, but it brought so much trouble upon them Oh, mother, when youiget through this life's that they were glad to get rid of it, work and you want to go up stairs and rest in the good place that God and so sent it home on a new cart drawn by two milk cows and accomby a trespass offering (chapter provided for you, you will not have to climb up-you will not have to The men of Beth-Shemesh vi. 10-12). crawl up painfully. The two arms that were glad to see the ark again, but transgressed by looking into it, and over 50,000 perished. The man of Kirall dath-jearim then came and fetched weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with up the ark of the Lord, and it abode in the house of Abinadab in the hill until you see the Lamb on the for 20 years (verse 2). It was some time during those 20 years that Samuel Now that aged minister has made a suggestion and this aged woman has

time during those 20 years that Samuel urged the people to put away all their idols, turn to the Lord with all their heart, and serve Him only, and he would pray for them. 6. "And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water and poured it out before the Lord." The name "Mizpeh," is found just seven times in this chapter and just 14 times in Jer. xl and xli. Its significance is seen in Gen. xxxl, 49, to be that of God judg-ing or watching between people-God as a witness. The water poured out represented their utter helplessness and true penitence; they were as wa-

represented their utter helplessness and true penitence; they were as wa-ter poured upon the ground which culd not be gathered up again (II Sam. xiv, 14). Samuel lived before God and sought the people so to do. 7. "The children of Israel were afraid of the Philistines." It troubles satan when he sees the people of God giving themselves to prayer and fasting. He seems to understand that such things seems to understand that such con-duct means some definite business with God and some sure results ; hence the God and some sure results ; hence God and some sure results; hence the Philistines are stirred to action by Is-rael's conduct. But Israel had no cause to fear and would not have feared had they remembered the Lord's past deal-ings on their behalf in Egypt, and the wilderness, and in the days of the judges. To be afraid of man is to for-get God (Isa. II, 12, 13).

get God (Isa. ll, 12, 13). 8. "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hands of the Philistines." Perhaps they thought of the successful pleadings of Moses on behalf of the people (Num. xiv. 19, 20), and believed that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much (Jas. y. that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much (Jas. v. 15). In Fs. 1, 15, it is written: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." In I Thess. v. 17; I Pet. v. 8; we are to pray without ceasing and be sober and vigilant. 9. "Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel, and the Lord heard him." The burnt offering spoke of the meetin ed

burnt offering spoke of the merits of the great sacrifice of which all sacri-fices were typical, whose merits alone fices were typical, whose merits alone can avail anything. It also spoke of whole hearted surrender to God as fully shown forth in Lev. i, and Rom. xii, 1.2. Samuel in a measure repre-sented both prophet, priest and king. The king rules in righteousness, the prophet is for God to the people and the priest is for the people before God. On encouragements in prayer see Mark xi, 23, 24; I John v, 15. 10. "The Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Phill-

thunder on that day upon the Phill-stines and discomfited them." The Philistines drew near to battle while Samuel was having dealings with God in the matter of the burnt offering. That was a poor time for them to touch the people of God when they were accepted before Him in the offer For me. For me. Would that all the ing (Lev. 1, 4). Believers are always "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. 1, 6),

whoever touches them touches Thunder is the voice of God, as xxix, 3, 4; Job xxxvii, 1-5: John and Him.

ADAM'S PICKANINNY.

Every one in the circus kicked and uffed him; and certainly he was the very ugliest nigger ever seen! He had joined the troop when quite a lad and because of his lage and grayness all saw fit to make his hard life harder than it need have been.

Every one except Mimi, the eight year-old child of the circus proprietor. and she, with the unerring instinct of the young, knew that a most loval and loving heart beat beneath that hideous exterior and that the brown, patient eyes of the poor old man were the kindest ever seen. Consequently, and in defiance of all orders, she would seek out the much abused Adam, and with her innocent questions and adorable ways flood his barren existence with such sweetnes that he sometimes forgot the smart of his bruises and, at night, his ex reme weariness.

"Why are you so black, Adam" Why is your hair like wool, and why have you a mouth like a frog?" one day asked the little damsel, pressing, evertheless, to the old parched lips her own rosebud mouth.

"I dunno, honey missey," answered the old man, looking as though an angel had refreshed and sanctified "Spects God made ole Adam him. ugly jes' to show what a sweet wee ey ye is! Niggers doan' have golden hairs and white skins, dearle niggers is made to be kicked and do all the work that no one else will do. Can't spect niggers to be treated like white folks, dearie. But ole Adam he to wish his mouth was like a hummin bird's instead of a frog's."

"Birds have beaks, you silly old dam!" laughed Mimi.

"So they hev, ye blissed, cleve ambkin. Did ye ever see such a tiny hand"-taking the child's fingers and laying them across his horny palm-'dey jes' like lilley spikes; dey allus makes ole Adam's head better." "Adam got headache?" queried Mimi. "Why, what a big lump on Mimi. your eye! How did it come there?" "Carlo hed an acciden' with his vhip, honey-hit me, instead ob 'oss. Kissin' it to make it well, are ye? God bless lilley honey baby. Now tell ole Adam how ye gettin on wid yer ridin. Only anubber week, and then we shall see pickaninny on a lilley white pony, and won't folks jes' clap! She'll her bowkets and flowers, and-and sweet ies, and when she gets dem wings on her shoulders Adam'll be 'fraid honey 'ull fly straight away to de blue, blu sky. What'll Adam do den?" "Come too.' "Dat he would: couldn't do widout

illey missey; she just keep 'im 'live. "Do you says prayers every night Adam, and do you put clean clothes

on every week?" "Yes. Adam says his prayers ebbery night-prays to the big, kind Jesus what honey told him about, and when Adam's very sore with kicks he t'inks of the dear Lord on his wooden cross of his bleedin sides an 'an's, and den he feels comforted, and prays for lillev missey too. As for dem clean clo's, I washes dem mysel' cos granny won't wash nigger's clo's. No. Adam couldn't be dirty when he has a white missey wot comes to him. Adam feels 'shamedi! Pickaninny come and see the

monkeys?" "Drop that kid, nigger!" broke in a loud voice upon them. "I'll tell the boss how you neglecks yer duties, and him and laid him on a heap of old he'll flog yer for slobberin over his sacking outside the stable of Floss. he'll flog yer for slobberin over his sacking outside the stable of Floss. child. She ain't brought up like a They did not heed the bunch of lilac. lady to have a nigger always arter; A brutal, coarse faced man, dressed n a greasy check suit came forward and then he by and by opened his dim her!"

in a greasy check suit, came forward eyes.

the better for merely looking upon her dear form. Half an hour before the performance

began Mimi sent for Adam to see her dress. On tiptoe he stole into the room and when he met the smile of the radiant little child he suddenly stopped. Then into the dog-like, weary eyes of the old man came bitter, sweet tears. "Oh, pickaninny, little angel!" he

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cried, and then he fell on his knees. "Get up, you stupid old Adam!" commanded Mimi, running toward her friend and putting her arms around his neck.

"Oh, lilley missey, ye make old Adam feel so good.' "Mind and throw that bunch of

lilac when I leave the ring. Adam." continued the child. "And isn't my dress pretty-real spangles, Adam, and openwork stockings!"

"Ye bet, lilley missey, Adam's got a bunch ob lublay white lilac. He bought it all hisself. Will missey too proud to come to him after all the shoutin' and clappin' and give him a kiss for true lub's sake?'

"I'll come to you, Adam. You may kiss me now, 'Adam."

And he kissed her. When the time came for his little pickaninny to appear he grew hor-

ribly nervous. He had been forbidden from going near the ring, but what cared he for all the orders in Christendom? In the distance he could see Mimi

nounting her little white steed, and then Beppo, the riding master, sprang on his own brown horse, and, taking the long silken reins suspended from Floss' mouth, prepared to ride behind the excited child. The music was beginning to play an old plantation song, and Mimi, blowing kisses, rode in front of Beppo into the ring.

The old man's heart swelled at the round of applause that greeted her. Adoringly he watched the little figure diaphanous drapery, and he in its could have wept for joy when the first "turn" was successfully accomplished. Presently the time arrived when Signorina Dingo and Beppo were to jump through four gaily decorated hoops.

This part of the performance filled Adam with nervous apprehension,and he did not like the look of the great brown horse in the wake of the white pony. He crept forward into an opening of the ring, unheeding the blows and curses levelled at him. In his hand he held a great bunch of lilas, the perfume of which contrasted with the close, unpleasant air.

What a pretty waltz tune they were playing, and that darling pickaninny! how well she jumped! One ring was successfully accomplished-two !rings when she slipped and fell in front of Beppo's horse, just as his master was preparing to jump.

A shrill cry rang through the circus. The multitude turned their faces shudderingly aside and women fainted. But instead of a little child wending her way to the kingdom of God, Jesus saw fit to call to him an old, old man! For Adam, seeing the terrible danger of his darling, had, with marvellous agility, bounded forward and rescued the child from beneath the trampling hoofs, receiving the death wound that might have been the fate of his little pickaninny.

And then for the first time, and, alas! too late, they who had ever used rough words to the old man spoke to him gently. Gently, too, they He lay there moaning faintly as the

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Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no diclosure of the awful secret At the break of day he says: "Come comme, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." hear the ax hewing and splitting amid 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 onethere are four of them-Ab raham, the father: Isaac, the son, and two servants. Going along the road, I see Isaac looking up into his father's face and saying: "Father, what is the mat-ter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says, "Ah, fath-er is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him!' The third morning has come, and it

is the third day of the tragedy. The wo servants are left the beast of bur den, while Abraham and his son Isaac as was the custom of 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 Abraham has in one hand pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here all the appliances for sacrifice you say. No, there is one thing wanting there is no victim-no pigeon, or heifer or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone-"My father!' ' The father said. son Isaac, here I am. The son "Behold the fire and the wood. but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face, with a thousand rushing tendernesses, and says, "My son, God will provide himelf a lamb." The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gathered some stones out of the field and build an altar 3 or 4 Then they take this feet high. 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 Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even and ther the top of the table as properly pre-whether the wood is properly pre-Then there is a pause. pared. son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught Abraand butchered for the offering. m tries to choke down his fatherly ceelings and suppress his grief, in order that he may break to his som the

of the Son of God. "You say: "If this young man was 20 or 30 years of age, why did not he resist? Why was it not Isaac binding Abraham, instead of Abraham binding Isaac? The muscle in Isaac's arm stronger than the muscle in Abraham's withered arm. No young man 25 years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of burning.' Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and so a type Christ who willingly came to save the world. If all the armies of heaven had resolved to force Christ out from the gate, they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed them selves and resolved to put Christ forth and make him come out and save this world, they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke he would have toppled over angelic and archangelic lominion.

But there was one thing that the omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered him. He could not hear to see the world die without an offer of pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double barred, Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges and would have sprung forth, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as he cried: "Lo, I come to suffer Lo, I come to die!" Christ-a villing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation and sanhedrin outrage and whipping post matreat ment and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willling to suffer Willing to die. Willing to save you. I have been told that the cathed-ral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the centre of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the quare and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman passing one noonday across the square saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day at the same hour she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so n from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she be queathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, first stroke of the bell at noon at the the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How eautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more ungry you feel yourselves to be the better fit is. It is noon and the gospe clock srikes 12. Come in flocks Come as doves to the window! All the air 1 wih he liquid chime. Come Come! Come-

stand before Him. Just two words from Jesus sent the soldiers who came to take Him falling backward to the ground (John xviii, 6). 11. "And the men of Israel went out

of Mizpeh and pursued the Philistines and smote them." When David went forth in the name of the Lord of Hosts the God of the armies of Israel, he pre-vailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone (I Sam xvii 50) Whe the children of Judah relied upon the Lord God of their fathers, they pre-valled over their enemies (II Chron. xill, 18). "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong on behalf of them whose heart is perfect (or whole or quiet) toward Him" (II Chon. xvi,

"Then Samuel took a stone and 12 set it between Mizpeh and Shen and called the name of it Ebenezer (the stone of help), saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The name "Ebethe Lord helped us." The name "Ebe-nezer" is found only in chapters iv, 1, and v, I, and here. In the two former places it is associated with the victory of the Philistines, but here with their defeat. The Philistines triumphed because I scal relied upon the ark and not upon the Lord (chapter iv, 3), but now Israel triumphs because it relies upon the Lord. He who reads the heart can always tell whether we heart can always tell whether we really rely on Him or only pretend to (Jer, xvil, 9, 10). 13. "The hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel." They were subdued and came no more into the coast of Israel in his days. This was "the hand of the Lord" not the work of Samuel

the Lord," not the work of Samuel, but it was the hand of the Lord be-cause of Samuel's whole heart for God. Ezra could testify that "The hand of our God was upon us, and He de-livered us from the hand of the enemy livered us from the hand of the enemy, and of such as lay in wait by the way" (Ezra vili, 31). He also testifies in chapter vil, 23, "I was strengthened as the hand of the Lord My God was upon me." 14. "And the cities which the Phili-

stines had taken from Israel were re-stored to Israel. And there was peace between Israel and the Amorites. They had peace and prosperity because the Lord was with them. "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even the enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. xvi, 7). The way of peace and victory is fully stated in verse 3 of our lesson chapter -a whole hearted turning to the Lord a whole hearted turning to the —a whole hearted turning to the Lord, all idols put away and a prepared heart to serve Him only. Then we are ready to see some of the "great and mighty things." which He will do for those who trust in Him that His name may who trust in Him that His name may be glorified (Jer. xxxiii, 3). "Walk be-fore Me, and be thou perfect" is still the word for each believer Gen. xvii, 1; Deut. xviii, 13). 15. "And Samuel judged Israel all days of his life." We shell

Samuel again in connection and David, but it is set in in connection with his room in Israel that we are ed man, he cou' he had defra witnes taken a bribe fe

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and flourished a whip before the ol man, but Mimi, the color leaping to her soft cheeks, sprang off Adam's knee, and, fronting the bully, said: 'If you hits Adam, I'll kick you!

Adam's goin to show me the monkey -so, there, you nasty, ugly, fat man! Come along, Adam!" turning to her olored friend. "Give me your hand, Adam-I'll take care of you!" and the little creature, with a ridiculous air of dignity, marched past the stableman, who could only rub his nose and mutter, "Well, I'm blowed!" Thus, hand in hand, Mimi and Adam made the round of the animals comprising the bulk of Signor Dingo's-in

other words, plain Jim Brown's-circus. These were not-alas, for the success of Signor Dingo!-of particularly uncommon breed, nor many in num ber. The lion, their piece de resistance, was growing almost too old to rcar; the two-elephants were also somewhat hoary, having passed their prime in a circus very different to the one they now adorned. A cage of lackals, a chimpanzee and a few wizened monkeys were the other features of attraction, and of course there were

performing horses, bad or indifferent. But one beautiful little animal Signor Dingo did possess, and that was the white pony on which Mimi was to make her debut. It was like a tiny, dainty lady with its satin coat and pink nose and owed much of its ele-gance to the constant and loving grooming of Adam. How gently the old man tended the little brute only Mimi knew, and it was a beautiful sight to see the poor old nigger with his baby friend on one side and his pretend that Floss was talking to him

dumb friend on the other, for he would ninny.'

of her little mistress, and Mimi would listen, entranced. And when the day of days arrived, ah! how important was Adam! Non;

so anxious as he that the site chosen to pitch the circus tent should be favorable, none so eager that the tent should be full. He stole into the town to gaze upon the gaudy posters that announced the fact that Signorina Dingo, child prodigy, would make her first appearance that evening, and no pilgrim before a shrine could have gazed more devotedly upon his patron

saint than did Adam upon the little figure thus glaringly advertised. All during the afternoon he went restlessly in and out of the circus ring, raking the sawdust and remov-Sketch. ing every obstacle that might tend

in any way to make Floss stun nhle And the coat of Floss, how it shone! John Russell, a citizen of the city of What did he care that the clown St. John, N. B., has been the guest of kicked, the juggler offended him? What heed paid he when the stable-Col. R. J. Coffey, during the past week. They are cousins and recently met each other at the Crawford house in Bosman knocked him down because his ugly nigger gave him the "jumps?" ton. They had not seen each other His little pickanniny was to ride forth previous to that time, since 1848 .- Benlike a queen and the world would be nington. Vermont, Banner.

"Pickaninny," he sighed. "Here, Adam!" cried the voice he loved so well. "Here!" And Mimi in her white wings and white robe came and knelt by his side

"Not hurt nowhere, honey dear?" Nowhere, Adam."

"Ain't got no bunch of lilac, dearie." The child hung tenderly above him. 'Oh, Adam! Are you very ill? Does it hurt very much

"Don't cry, dear honey pickaninny. Ole Adam, he used to pain. Ebber since he was a black boy baby he not had much luck. But nebber mind, missey; all ober now."

"Are you going to die, Adam, dear?" "T'ink so, pickaninny; ole Adam, he no more good-ole 'orses, ole dogs, ole niggers, who wants 'em? Very weary, missey, lub."

"Poor old Adam! Shall pickaninny sing to him?"

The sufferer nodded feebly. And then from among those squalid surroundings there arose the sound of

a child's nure voice. I do not think that Adam was aware of the hymn his darling was singing. He only knew that it was exceeding sweet and that a burden seemed to slipping away from his aching oulders. The brave old mouth shoulders. smiled quietly, he stretched forth his trembling hands, and two tears trick led from his dying eyes.

In the ecstacy of the moment he for-got even pickaninny-forgot all save that he was no longer sore distressed. 'Our Fadder which art in 'ebben'is that right, pickaninny? 'Our Fader,' the only Fader Adam ever knewed. Dying ain't so bad, picka-And Jesus knew it, too, for surely

death was never kinder than to that poor, lonely old man. For he touched his eyes and gave him beauteous vis-ions ,He passed His hand down the

aged form, and rest most exquisite

for yours. Surely you would not have him back, pickaninny? He suffere. greatly. The world has no room for such as he. Go back to the ring and find the bunch of lilac. Kiss him, dear,

me, O my servant!" whispered the kind-eyed God, and with a sigh of perfect trust Adam meekly folded his hands and went. Ah, you weep, little pickaninny, for the loyal friend who, like the Great Example, gave his life in exchange

stole into the aching limbs. "Come to

and say goodby .- Mrs. Alfred Hant in

ference to goo For instance, th mitted whether of France if in United States. the treaty tariff contained. The will be so admi duty, but the in

conclusive proof igin of the imp The marine notified that Sa ravaged by locu has been requ tons of hay for Recently an

to the natent