

HE PREACHES ON THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

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 himself: "How shall I die this time? What will my mother say when I come back without you?" He thought he would have been the comforter of his declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving and yet to die unfulfilled! Oh God, is there not some other sacrifice that I can make for my life and spare his! Pour out my blood 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, my son, I will give him." He said: "Yes, father. I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't he say, 'Isaac, my son, I will give you 30 years of age, unite into the dust of my father's grave.' He could have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scene

Typical of Jesus.

Now, this again might have made a suggestion and this aged woman had made a 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 these two "only's" I build a very emphatic point. "Only 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. Sharp, keen and tremendous, it cut down through Gethsemane and artery until blood sprayed the faces of the executioners and the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! O Jesus of Mount Calvary! How could Gethsemane and Calvary into annihilation a thousand worlds that we have sacrificed his only Son. **IT WAS NOT**

seives to be the better it is. It is noon,
and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in
flocks! Come in droves to the window!
All the air is filled with the liquid chime;
Come! Come! Come!

Surveys and examinations of the bituminous coal beds of Pennsylvania have led the Government experts to announce that at the present rate of consumption the supply will not be exhausted for 800 years to come.

at the top. The boards should hold the top of the stalks fairly close, but not bind them.

Care of Young Pigs.
If the pigs scour at three or four weeks old, it is in most cases on account of an overfeeding of milk.

Pedigree Pigs.
Well-bred pigs that are kept growing are ready for the market all the time. Scrub hogs do not begin to get fat until they have outgrown them.

Every Housewife Knows the Truth.
There is not a housewife in the land who has not felt by experience the advantages of the *Willamette* to the

A Point in Political Economy.
Sooner or later Mr. McKinley's demand for a tax on raw wool will puncture the tire of his boom. Put a tack