## 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-

New York, Oct. 13.-In his sermon for 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 sacrifice. The text was Genesis xxii. "Behold the fire and the wood, but where 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 been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is 20 or 25, or, as some suppose, 33 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 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's 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 ninetenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had seft its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on 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 last 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 stun the 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." In to fragments, put the fragments on the wood, set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some 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 you? But then, it is always 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 is very dark. I can't see my way, but know God makes no mistakes, and to him I commit myself and my dar-

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, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the ax hewirg 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 onethere are four of them-Abraham, 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 matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had trou-

ble enough in other days to kill him!" The third morning has come, and it is the third day of the tragedy. The two servants are left the beast of burden, 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 back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of 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 wantingthere is no victim-no pigeon, or heifer 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 have cut the old man to the bone-"My father!" 'The 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 tip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in tickening anguish as he struggles to çain 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 occurof the field and build an altar 3 or 4 feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over Isaac has helped to build it.

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through his son's hair, he said to him-"How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back I thought he would have been pe 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 this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings amd 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

father said, "My son Iscac, thou are 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." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scence was typical of a Messiah who 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 wilderness. The 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 | artery until the blood sprayed the faces to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifices were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings; the martyr, when he was dying for O Jesus of Mount Calvary! Better Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith | could God have thrown away into anwho held the manacles, "Fasten those nihilation a thousand worlds than to chains tight now, for my flesh may have sacrificed his only Son. It was struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms not one of ten sons-it was his only are fastened, his feet are tied. The old Son. If he had not given up him, you man, rallying all his strength, lifts him and I would have perished. "God so on to a pile of wood. Fastening a loved the world that he gave his thong on one side of the altar, he only"-I stop there, not because I have makes it span the body of Isaac, and forgotten the quotation, but because fastens the thong at the other side of I want to think. "God so loved the the altar, and another thong, and an- world that he gave his only begotten other thong. There is the lamp flick- Son that whosoever believeth in him ering in the wind, ready to be put un- should not perish, but have everlastder the brushwood of the altar. There ing life." Great God, break my heart is the knife, sharp and keen. Abra- at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac ham-struggling with his mortal feel- the only, typical of Jesus the only. ings on the one side and the commands of God on the other-takes that knife carrying the wood. O Abraham, why rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up is going to die so soon, why not make to the side of the altar, takes a part- his last hours easy? Abraham knew ing kiss on the brow of his boy, takes that in carrying that wood up Mount a message from him for mother and Moriah Isaac was to be a symbol of home, and then, lifting the glittering Christ carrying his own cross up Calweapon for the plunge of the death vary. I do not know how heavy that stroke-his muscles knitting for the work-the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but suppose it may have weighed 100 or 200 on the arm of God, who arrests the or 300 pounds. That was the lightest stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry: "Abraham! Abraham! Lay not thy hand upon the lad nor do around that cross. The heft of one,

him any harm!" woods! It is a crackling as of tree ing the wood of sacrifice up Mount branches, a bleating and a struggie. Mariah, O Jesus, carrying the wood Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the the agonies of earth and hell woods, has its crooked horns fastened wrapped around that cross. I shall and entangled in the brushwood and never see the heavy load on Isaac's could not get loose. And Abraham back that I shall not think of the slay him, cut his body inspect on Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on whom that lead? For you. For you. in 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 them out on the lacerated back and 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 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 seems reasonable 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 somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he 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 who'e duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhars you will not have to give up anything. "Jehovahjireh"— the 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 last 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. flour was all out of the house, and I ral of St. Mark stands in a quarter to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very regions round about the city fly to the sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't square and settle down. It came in mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him passing one noonday across the square away. Why, there are neighbors who saw some birds shivering in the cold, have three and four sons. This is my and she scattered some crumbs of Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away bread among them. The next day at from me, will you? But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time, and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!" queathed a certain amount of money. The doctors gave him up, and we all to keep up the same practice, and now, gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering when the clock has struck 12 the about the last exercises when I looked square is covered with them. How 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, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disgoing to be the stones so as to help and invite the for 70 years, and if my voice were not fame. The altar is done—it is all so weak, and if I could see better, I so weak, and if I could see better, I so weak, and if I could see better, I see has helped to build it. 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 place, and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther whether the wood is properly pre-pared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abra-

made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her. without my boy? I thought he would "Why mother, that is no w 7 to go have been the comfort of my declining 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 sail: "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." Oh, mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go up stairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up-you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you and you will be hoisted with a glorious life, beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the

Now that aged minister has made a suggestion and this aged woman has 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 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 tremendous, it cut down through nerve and 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!

You see Isaac going up the hill and not take the load off the boy. If he cross was-whether it was made of oak or acacia or Lebanon cedar. I part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were wound the heft of two, worlds-earth and hell What is this sound back in the were on his shoulders. O Isaac, carryof sacrifice up Mount Calvary, For you. For you. tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour 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 was 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 of 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 themselves 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 dominion. But there was one thing that the

omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered him. He could not bear 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 boited 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 willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation and sanhedrin outrage and whipping post matreatment and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to save you. I have been told that the cathed in the centre of the city of Venice, and

quent unnecesary accounts of a

HINTS TO BRIDEGROOMS.

No Reason Why He Should Appear in Such a Poor Light.

bridegroom which is a little cruel certainly, but which pretty well describes the position of that personage. A om is said to be a thing in a lack coat who attends weddings, And it is quite true that in point of imrtance he ranks very low down ined in the eyes of the spectator. Yet there is not the slightest reason really why he should appear in such a very poor light as he too often does.

He need not, for instance, come into church or the room as if he were being led to execution. He need not hang his head as if caught in the commission of crime, or blunder about with an awkwardness which makes every girl present feel thankful she is not in the bride's shoes.

No doubt his position is painful and trying. He feels he is the target for all eyes, when, in fact, he is nothing of the kind. Let him start by convincing himself that no one is likely to waste a glance on him when there are the bride and bridesmaids to be looked at, and he will find it easier to preserve his self-possession. He must try to look happy, no matter how he feels

Can a worse compliment be paid to the girl he has induced to marry him than looking as if he had regretted his folly? He must try to look manly, not only for her sake but for his own, for she is very likely to regret her decision at the last moment when she sees how it seems to affect him. He should look proud.

Surely it ought to be the proudes moment of his life; he should be elated, and not ashamed. He should be in good spirits, yet not carried away by A jocular bridegroom is a thing one

has only to see once to remember with horror for the rest of one's days.-Tid-The Limitations of Youth.

I'd lik to be a cowboy, and ride a fiery

Way out into the big and boundless I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across, An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from

his nest! With my pistols at my side, I'd roam the prairies wide, to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride-If I darst; but I darsen't!

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there, An' the bigest ollyfunts you ever

would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair, beard the cannibull that eats folks raw!

I'd chase the pisen snakes An' the pottimus that makes His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes-If I darst; but I darsen't!

would I were a pirut to sail the in silver. With a black flag a-flyin' overhead; my gallant pirut crew An dye the sea a gouty, gory red!

With my cutlass in my hand On the quarter deck I'd stand And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band-If I darst; but I darsen't!

And if I darst. I'd lick my pa for the

times thath e's licked me!

I'd lick my brother, an' my teacher I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea, An' I'd keep on licking folks till I Report of a Writer Who Visited a Scene got through!

You bet I'd run away From my lessons to my play, If I darst; but I darsen't! -Eugene Field in Chicago Repord.

PRESS PROVERBS.

Fair play-Flirtation. Nobody's claim-perfection. Folly is simply pleasure which hurts. The true reformer is never out of a

Fate means anything which gets the hest of us. You can't be happy if you expect too

The ideal husband seldom outlasts Faint heart is often won by fair faceable has been put beyond recovthe honeymoon. A fault acknowledged is a fault re-

paired. Happiness is something which cannot be earned. The husband who is proud of his wife should occasionally tell her so. Charity is something everybody else

People who wish to do good don't stop to make resolutions about it. Time is turned backward in its

flight every time a woman tells her etimes 'tis better to have loved and lost than ever to have loved and

woman is so pretty that she doesn't like to be reminded of it oc-To some men the best wife is the ne that will put up with the most

Don't argue with a fool. It sounds neer to hear a man talking to himthe other half lives, and nine-tenth

They had ribbons all over their lugge and the young woman's back hair The porter approached the happy

On the Grand Stand.

She-Don't you know our minister draws only half as much salary as the pitcher on this nine? ter delivery.

From the American Monthly Magazine.
A song sung by General George Washington to the little children of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth. iver Ellsworth.

As I was going to Derby
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

That ever was fed on hay, sir,
That ever was fed on hay,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay,
Tow de row de dow, dow,
Tow de row de da,
Tow de row de da,
Tow de row de da.

He had four feet to walk, sir, He had four feet to stand, And every foot te had, sir, Covered an acre of land. Chorus :

Covered an acre of land, sir, etc. The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached up to the sky,
And eagles built there nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry. Chorus:

For I heard their young ones cry, sir, etc. The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three hundred yards of cloth,
For he wove it in a day.

Chorus: For he wove it in a day, sir, etc. The horns upon this ram, sir,
They reached up to the moon;
Anigger climbed up in January,
And never came down till June.

Chorus: And never came down till June,

The butcher that cut his throat, sir, Was drownd-ed in the blood, And the little boy that he'd the bowl, He was carried away in the flood. Chorus :

He was carried away in the flood,

A flagstone, two feet square, was raised from its bed in a Liverpool street by mushrooms. A tiny Yorkshire terrier was sold not long ago for 30 times her own weight

The largest police static world is the new Scotland Yard, Lonwould scour the billowy main with don, in which 3,000 officers can be accommodated. The notes of the Bank of England

cost exactly one halfpenny each. It is estimated that 3,000 marriages are daily performed throughout the world. It is said that the fossilized remains of an Irish giant, about 12 feet in height are lying unclaimed at a Lon-

### ARMENIAN SLAUGHTER.

don railway station.

of Recent Massacres.

The following letter has been receiv-I'd shoo the hens an' tease the ed in Boston from a trustwerthy Amcat, an' kiss the girls all day- erican who has been the companion of an English Consul in a trip through a part of the Sasson region, where the survivors of the recent massacre arc.

"I write this sitting by the altar in a desecrated church, where its two martyred priests, Der Bedros and Der Hohannes, were performing their last office, for their simple-minded, inoffensive people last year at this time. As the houses are in ruins, and we have naught save a poor tent to accommodate us amid abnormal rains and winds for this time of season, we betake ourselves here for more stability and comfort, now and then. Everything about the building destructible or deery, the portico in front being burned. The church property is of stone, with arched roof, and so stood the ordeal, though the fire cracked the carved stone over the door. But squalid as the old structure is in appearance to ordinary mortals, those devoted ones come to the door to pay their respects by kissing the stones, as at least two have done since I began this page, while another points to the crule cross their sainted Der Hohannes calved above the door. "We visited Gelignzan for a hasty

inspection. Of their former 175 houses some 30 places have been hastily built, though whether they will stand the winter is uncertain. Ruin marks every nick and corner that way the same as here. One stands amazed at the total lack of common sense at such wanton destruction of property, even in a selfish point of view, for a evidence of being tired of Armenians and bound to wipe them out to give the place to Koords. If they would out off this race, root and branch, why need they spit out their spite upon every sort of building, from the commonest sheepfold up to the house or mill, though hidden away up some mable material as hardly leaves a marred brand behind; so everything at immense expense and delay in time? Just as though these structures could not have been of some value to the Koords that the Government seems bound shall possess the land; for they are, or were, much better than the wild race ever have for homes. 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad' seems applicable in the conduct of Turks, of late anyway, and they seem in process of killing the goose that lays the golden egg; for have not the Armenians done most of the hard labor as serfs, paid most of the taxes, and yet in the centers been



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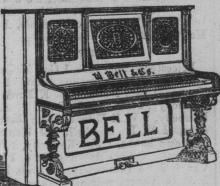
The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury.

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# the pitcher on this nine? He—Yes, but the pitcher has the better delivery. He—OPS, but the pitcher has the better delivery.

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ORGANS, - PIANOS,

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# NO SUCH THING AS OLD AGE

To those who use South American Nervine

A Lady of 80 Years Permanently Cured by this Wonderful Medicine.

Three Doctors said "Old Age was Her Complaint" and Gave Her Up—Three Bottles of Nervine Gave Relief—Twelve



MRS. JOHN DINWOODY, Flesherton, Ont.

Wordsworth speaks of "An old age was one of old age and no one, nor any serene and bright, and lovely as a Lap-land night." And elsewhere this same writer talks of "An old age, beautiful at any time she did not despair. She and free." These are conditions was influenced to try Nervine. She that come to the man or woman, though took three bottles, and this was sufficient their years may border close on to a cen- to show her that her end was not yet tury, when in the enjoyment of good From these she obtained relief. She perhealth. In fact it is difficult to think of severed, and in all took twelve bottles of stage of life to-day as old people, there to-day completely cured of that breakseems to be such a perennial youthful- ing-up of the system that threatened her ness about their every movement and three years ago.

Does someone tell us that cases like this must be the exception and not the rule with those who have approached to out this broad land, that with old age does not necessarily come decline, decreptive and ten? Not so, if they have become acquainted with the virtues contained in South American Nervine. Before us in this sketch is the mistage of the century? fore us in this sketch is the picture of South American Nervine, whether the Mrs. John Dinwoody, of Flesherton, person be young or old, gets at the nerve Ont, a resident of that town for forty centers, and when they are kept in proyears. No person in the town and per condition the system is as well able country side around is perhaps better to withstand disease at eighty as at known than this lady, and none more thirty. With this prospect in view who highly esteemed. Three years ago it would not live to an old age and enjoy was her sad lot to loose a daughter who the pleasures of family, friends and sohad been all the world to her. The ciety, and take a part in watching the shock sustained by this event completely marvelous progress and developments of broke up the system of Mrs. Dinwoody, these closing days of a wonderful cen-She supposed her end had come. She doctored for one year with three doctors, and they gave her case up, saying that it South American Nervine.

ome of the old men and women on the the medicine, with the result that she is

There is nothing wonderful in the

Agent for Lindsay.