

COUNTING THE APPLE SEEDS.

Made rosy by the great light.
She sits, while up the chimney flies
That flaming up the chimney dark,
Hit every craney, every oak,
Upon the rug a little maid
Bat curled, in pose demure and staid.

In pensive mood, with dreamy eyes
She sits, while up the chimney flies
A thought with every fiery spark
Glancing and flashing through the dark,
Till with a sigh profound and deep
She moves, as one moves in her sleep.

A rosy apple in her hand
A weight of thought seems to demand,
She taps it with a finger light,
Then carefully she takes a bite,
Another bite, now one, now two—
The core is thus exposed to view.

Another sigh! what can it be,
My little maid, that aileth thee?
Ah! what is this? Some incantation?
Muttered with such reiteration?
Hark! as each seed her bright eyes see,
These are the words that come to me:

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say!
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I must away."

Here a tear rolls brightly down,
What secret she has won,
Who can say? But just behind
Sounds a voice so soft and kind:
"Look again! Thou must indeed
Find for me another seed!"

Rosier her bright cheeks glow
Two freights the ruddy glow,
Sure enough! a eniprit seed—
From thy lips I fain would hear—
What the sixth one means, my dear."

"Six he loves," she murmured low,
And the freights the flickering glow
Two happy faces now disclose
With cheeks aglowing like the rose,
But here will let the curtain fall,
For the end is best of all.
—Sacramento Union.

DEVAL'S ESCAPE.

It was a red-letter day in my life when I was first put in charge of a "passenger." I'd worked my way up by successive stages from the post of cleaner in the sheds, and being always a steady-going young fellow, had reached the topmost rung of the ladder sooner than most. There was, perhaps, an extra incentive in my case, as I was courted by a little girl who was, she had told me, only waiting till I earned enough to make me the happiest of men.

To be sure, I had a rival, Ernest Deval by name, who was "something in the city" and possessed the showy attractiveness and the art of insidious flattery which sometimes lure fickle-minded women to forsake the true metal for the glittering dross. I must own he occasioned me some slight cause for jealousy, still, secure in the knowledge of our mutual love, and knowing Alice to be a sensible little thing, I was on the whole as happy as most chaps who see their sweethearts but once or twice a week.

She had told me on more than one occasion that she wanted nothing to do with him, but in spite of her obvious dislike he persisted in persecuting her with his attentions, and only the day before the incidents happened which I am about to relate I had found it necessary myself to display the finger of Alice to him with my ring upon it, to his ill-concealed chagrin and evident mortification.

On the next night I was, as usual, ordered to take out the sleeping saloon express to the north. My mate had secured the couplings, the old engine was panting and snorting like a thing of life, as if eager for the coming journey, and the bustle on the platform had subsided. The signals were right and I had my hand on the throttle only waiting for the "right away" when, just as the green light was displayed, a cab rattled into the station, from which an excited man hastily jumped. Flinging some money to the driver, he rushed along the platform and sprang into the first compartment of the train, the next one to the engine, just as I pressed the lever and my fireman had loosened the brake.

We had hardly begun to move when another man, who had been waiting on the station, in the shadow of a pillar, and I knew as Detective Jobson, of Scotland Yard, sprang to the carriage and ejaculating, "Thought I should nab you here, my beauty!" endeavored to enter. I was busy getting under way, but my mate told me that the man in the carriage struck the detective in the face and forced him off the footboard. His hat flew off in the struggle and fell between the platform and the moving train, but the officer, determined not to lose his quarry, was up again in an instant, and though the carriages were flying past him, he sprang upon the footboard of the last coach, heeding not the cries of the excited porters and terrified onlookers; and just as the train cleared the platform he saw the guard lean forward from the open door, and grasping the man by the arms, assist him into the van.

The fugitive in the first coach saw the detective's disappearance also, and his bloodless face blanched a shade paler.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed the fireman, drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss, "that was a narrow shave, Jobson means to have that chap somehow, and have him be will. I wonder what he's wanted for. He'll never reach the landing stage this journey, that's a dead cert!"

"No," said I; "they'll have him at Crew's right enough. Poor beggar! He might as well be a dead cert for anything." "The 'beggar,' as we called it, was a stout straight-looking man with a high forehead, and a pair of eyes that were as blue as the sky. There were no signs of any wound on his face, but he looked as if he had been through a bad time.

In waiting to take it "up" express later in the morning. I knew that as soon as we reached Crew there would be a crowd of policemen waiting to search the train from end to end. Jobson was up to his work, and the telegraph would be clicking its warning message a moment or two after we had passed through the first station.

It was not the only capture, by any means. I had witnessed this astute officer make, and the despairing faces of the men, robbed of the last hope of escape, the show of the criminal's cell already upon them, came into my mind as we rushed past Willenden, and looking backward for a moment in the fitful light I saw the fatal piece of paper flutter from the detective's hand.

The officials would understand the significance of that scribbled message, and unless Providence miraculously interposed the man was doomed. To leave the train as it flew through the night at the rate of fifty miles an hour was impossible. One man had done so once, but his body was found mangled beyond recognition on the track in the morning. There was no escape, and with such passing thoughts I dismissed the matter and concentrated my attention on the work in hand.

Suddenly I was startled by an ejaculation of horror from my mate.

"Look, Ben!" he shouted, his eyes starting out from his head as he gazed into the dim light which surrounded the train like a haze, "the fool will kill himself!"

I turned, and though I prided myself on my steady nerves, the sight that met my eyes sent a cold thrill down my back and made me lean against the brake for support.

The man had swung himself out of the end of the carriage and was endeavoring to work his way, in face of the terrific back draught, toward us. Every moment I expected to see him torn from his precarious hold and dashed to pieces on the lines, but with the tenacity of a leech he clung to the handle of the door while he leaned forward to grasp some new support. Suddenly a distant roar burst on our terrified ears. My mate turned, his face as white as milk, and the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"Merciful powers!" he screamed in a harsh, discordant voice, "the 'up' man! Heaven have mercy on him!" and he hid his face in his hands, as with a deafening shriek we flew toward each other and crashed past in the darkness, but above the din I fancied I heard the wild scream of terror as the wretched man realized his horrible peril. It was a full minute before I could turn my throbbing head behind.

With a feeling of sickness that was new to me I peered through the glass.

"Thank God!" I ejaculated fervently, as the blood rushed through the veins once more. There, with his body pressed flat against the oscillating surface, still stood the man who had been so near to an awful death. Slowly he moved his head in our direction and with an expression of grim resolution he pulled himself together. With bated breath we wondered what he would do next. As far as we could see his way was stopped, but, undeterred, he steadied himself, and, reaching forward, felt around the corner of the coach.

Unexpectedly his hand encountered one of the steps by which the men mount to the roof, and though we could not see his face distinctly, we fancied he set his lips in a terrible smile of accomplished purpose, as he clutched it and with a desperate effort pulled himself to the end of the footboard and round into comparative safety on to the couplings between the tender and the coach.

"By Jove!" Bill exclaimed, when at last the tension removed from his nerves, he could speak. "He's a good plucked 'un, an' no mistake. But what's his game, I wonder?"

"The madman is coming on the engine," I burst out excitedly, divining his intention as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal.

"Anyhow, we can't see him commit suicide without raising a hand to stop him," he returned, and began to scramble over the coal, where I saw him stoop down and grasp the man, dragging him with an almost superhuman effort on to the tender, where he sank down utterly exhausted.

Coming forward my mate threw open the stoke hole with the intention of replenishing the fire and the ruddy glow from the raging furnace within lit up the tender from end to end.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, as my eyes met the haggard face of the rescued delinquent. "Ernest Deval!" and my nerveless hand fell from the polished lever.

"Ben!" he gasped, wonderingly, his wild eyes encountering mine, as he struggled toward us.

My lips refused to frame the questions that tumultuously arose to them and my mate silently handed me his can.

"Take a drink," he said, curtly, "and pull yourself together."

I complied readily. The cool draught brought me round somewhat and I resumed control of the engine.

"Now, Mr. Deval," I shouted, hotly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the little game you've been playing to-night, but let me tell you, if you think you've furthered your chances of escape you're wrong."

"Yes, mate," Bill sternly remarked, "you haven't done a lot for yourself by coming here."

"Ben!" he at last jerked forth, gasping for breath, his bloodshot eyes wandering round the cab and into the darkness as we flew along. "Ben, I've been a fool—you saw the detective on my track—be in the train now—I've been betting—and you know—the books at the office—found out this morning—I've done for my life—but you'll help me to get them the other way, Ben!"

ering wretch fell down helpless and clasped my knees.

"Don't talk nonsense, man," I answered, roughly; "what you ask is an impossibility. My duty as a servant of the company is to hand you over to the authorities who will be waiting for you at Crew; beside, your own sense should tell you there is no place to hide a child here."

"Oh, yes," added my mate, grimly; "you're every bit as bad off as if you were sitting on them comfortable cushions in the carriage there. I wouldn't give much for your chance."

"But you can help me if you like!" he screamed, his eager face upturned and the hunted expression of a wild animal at bay in his eyes. "Slow up the train a little—you do it. I've money—I will give you 500—1000—anything you like, and he pulled out a handful of glittering gold.

"It can't be done, I tell you," I replied, shaking myself free from his grasp. "Get up and be a man. You're here in it. No man on this earth could get out of this scrape, so make the best of it."

Seeing that I was immovable, he turned his attention to Bill, and I saw him proffer a handful of gold. My fireman turned his back and busied himself with his duties. "It's no use, matey," I heard him say, "if Ben says it can't be done it can't, and that's the end of it. I'm sorry for you, for you're a rattling good-plucked 'un."

The despairing creature detected the tone of commiseration in Bill's voice, and redoubled his entreaties.

"If it could be done I'd do it," Bill murmured. "I've got a wife and six kids to look after at home, and that brass would come in useful, but there, and he cast his eyes around the tender. Suddenly they lit up with a peculiar light, and, turning to me, he said apologetically: "Ben, I don't ask you to have any hand in this at all. You know nothing about it. If the worst comes to the worst, we enforced yer to silence, and all I says is this: Will you give me a chance to get the bezgar off? I think I can do it without danger to you or me. All I asks yer to do is to know nothing about it. What say now?"

"Well, Bill," I remarked, "I hear the fellow no love, as you can see, but if by keeping silent I can do you a good turn to the tune of 500 you can depend on me, though I must say I don't see how you can possibly do the trick."

"You put your money on me," he returned smilingly, as he gripped my hand, and retired to the end of the tender with Deval.

We had left Stafford behind some time since, and if nothing happened should run into Crew in another twenty-five minutes or so. Having to do Bill's work as well as control the engine, I had my hands pretty full and during the next ten minutes I was fully occupied. At the end of that time Bill rejoined me, and threw open the furnace doors once more. I looked around the engine. Deval had disappeared! Not a vestige or sign of his visit remained, but Bill's pocket bulged considerably, and his grimy face was expanded in a broad grin.

A few minutes later we slowed up at our destination for the night. There they were, just as I had expected. One policeman at the station gates and five or six stationed along the platform.

Before we had quite stopped out jumps Jobson and rushes up the train. As the sergeant threw open the door of the compartment Deval had occupied we saw an expression of consternation cross the face of the bewildered detective, but, quickly regaining his composure, he superintended the examination with a practiced eye. My mate had fastened the couplings, and we were just 50 to the sheds when Jobson approached the engine.

"Ben," he queried anxiously, "did you see anything extraordinary on the way down? I've been sold nicely, and no mistake."

"I don't have time to see anything except signals ahead when I'm in charge of an express," I returned, unceremoniously. "Did you see anything, Bill?"

"Can't say as I did," Bill answered ardently. "Have you lost your man, Mr. Jobson?"

"I have so," replied the officer. "I expect he dropped off somewhere."

"If he did he's a goner for certain," said Bill. "We were never under fifty since we left Willenden."

"I'll look along the track for him going back," I remarked. "Are you going on or back with the morning mail?"

"I hardly know," he returned, disappointedly. "Well, thank you, anyhow. Good-night, or, rather, good-morning." And he made his way to the telegraph office.

We returned his salutation and steamed off to the sheds.

"What did I tell yer?" said Bill, joyously. "We drop him outside and let him take his chance."

"Then he is on the engine?" I asked, as we pulled up.

For answer Bill got off and went to see if the coast was clear. Returning in five minutes, he proceeded to the rear of the tender and carefully lifted up a large piece of coal. Underneath was the head of Deval! Bill had artfully walled him in against the side, and in such a manner as to defy suspicion, little bits being scattered about in the most natural way possible.

Did I ever hear from him again? Oh, yes. About two years afterward a letter reached me one morning from Columbia, inclosing a Bank of England note for £100. It was from Deval, and in it he told how he had succeeded in doubling on his tracks to Birmingham, and thence had worked down to Southampton, in disguise, and got clear away. He expressed the hope that Alice and myself were happily wedded, and begged us to keep the note and give it as a present to our first-born child—London Times.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ILLUSTRATES THE ATONEMENT.

He Explains the Theory of Vicarious Sacrifice—The Blood of Christ—Cases of Substitution—Life for Life—Frequency of Suffering for Others.

Our Washington Pulpit.

From many conditions of life Dr. Talmage, in his sermon, draws graphic illustrations of one of the sublimest theories of religion—namely, vicarious sacrifice. His text was Hebrews ix. 22. "Without shedding of blood is no remission."

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about the "fountain filled with blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all scientists, and all physiologists, and all ecologists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion" only shows their inequity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed or trickled or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared, and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

Voluntary suffering.

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pain for pain, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history, when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point you to 500 cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock, to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toll. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through nervous in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drooping at business early and late? For fun? No, it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are anxious. In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? Not a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exhaustion and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a household, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork or other causes. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life, blood for blood, Substitution!

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child. The food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that the mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has for the last point o'clock the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life, Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption, some call it nervous prostration, some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition, but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life, blood for blood, Substitution!

A Sacrificing Mother.

Or perhaps a mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home, worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life, Substitution!

About thirty-six years ago there went forth from our Northern and Southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry

of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud; they slept in snowbanks; they marched till their cut feet tracked the earth; they were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog; they had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homeless and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten-thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood, Substitution!

Cases of Heroism.

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes! But the doctor gets a few medical books in his valise and some vials of medicine and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and afflicted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest. You look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back and is weaker and weaker and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is lastly put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice, his name just being mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the farthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited me." Life for life, blood for blood, Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a paupered and blighted negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder.

He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The fuming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent, save one, a young lawyer, with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering those beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemn me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile, disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed sobs and their excited fears and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where, even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I assert before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right, and that hard-earned step of obloquy in the Auburn court room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile, Substitution!

What Ruskin Did.

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercritical painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations—"The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Leas Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage"—were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of 24 years just one year out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken health, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo him, his critics turned him and his family into a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months observation and arranged them for public observation. "People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world innocent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's painter, John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood, Substitution!

Waterloo.

Our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demagogue, and the tyrannids of darkness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our chieftain, and the battleaxe struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life, but he fought on until he gave a final stroke, and the commander in chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the lion of Judah's tribe, and the lamb that was slain.

The Queen of Portugal's medical library is the best of its kind in Portugal, and she is said to know as much about medicine and surgery as any of the physicians of her country.

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm, or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ the martyr, Christ the celestial hero, Christ the defender, Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human nature, but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world-reounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust, but here is another David, who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, huris the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute, but here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell who this substitute was like, and every confessor, inspired and uninspired, evangelist, prophetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ because he came directly from God, Noah a type of Christ because he delivered his own family from the deluge, Melchisedec a type of Christ because he had no predecessor or successor, Joseph a type of Christ because he was cast out by his brethren, Moses a type of Christ because he was a deliverer from bondage, Samson a type of Christ because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility, Solomon a type of Christ in the affluence of his dominion, Jonah a type of Christ because of the stormy sea on which he threw himself for the rescue of others, but put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ.

What Christ Did.

He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and changed a circumference scrip for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar high up he came down; past meteors swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more illustrious; past stargate worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdeeds, and stood on the shifting decks of a foundering vessel amid the drenching surf of the sea, and passed midnight on the mountains amid wild boasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabers—our substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrong in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm and all his sorrows under his other arm and said: "I will suffer for these under my right arm and will heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, O eternal justice! Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thunderbolts struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell—yes, all worlds witnessing—the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their hearts changed mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood. I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental cup, which is made of burnished silver set on cloth immaculately white, or rough heven from wood set on table in log hut meeting house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see the altars of ancient sacrifice crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the destroying angel, passing over Egypt in the night, spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their doorposts. Now I know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bosrah," and whom the Apocalypse means when it describes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood," and what Peter, the apostle, means when he speaks of the "precious blood that cleanseth from all unrighteousness," and what the old, worn-out, decrepit missionary Paul means when in my text, he cries, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I will be saved or never saved at all. Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battlefield on which Christ achieved our liberty!

Waterloo.

Our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demagogue, and the tyrannids of darkness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our chieftain, and the battleaxe struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life, but he fought on until he gave a final stroke, and the commander in chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the lion of Judah's tribe, and the lamb that was slain.

The Queen of Portugal's medical library is the best of its kind in Portugal, and she is said to know as much about medicine and surgery as any of the physicians of her country.