



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 there 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 whom this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Imitate. Adam was a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from 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; Joshua a type of Christ, because he was a conqueror; 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, in which he was cast away, without any cry for water as they lay on the hold the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in lusher, 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 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 a principle they died. Life for life! Blood for blood! Substitution!

Blood for Blood.

About thirty-eight years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle. 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 feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws fractured and eyes extinguished and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay on the hold the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in lusher, 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 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 a principle they died. Life for life! Blood for blood! Substitution!

The Red Word.

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. Hungry for pang, hungry for hunger, fatigued 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 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.

A Story of Seward.

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a white slave, and a black negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nostrand family. The foaming 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 these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudiced prisoner and condemned 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 crowd of faces of his 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 him. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where even in his heart 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 asseverate 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 gallow 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 were wrong and William H. Seward was right and that hard, stony 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 treasury of American history. Nothing addid was ever shown in an American court room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the furious populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

An Exalting Principle.

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kind as enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or claims poetic cant, 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 wonderful-sounding scale. The shepherd lay as a champion for his flock with a sling toward the giant of Pharaoh brazened in the dust, but here is another David who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, bris the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at

From the Top of Glory.

He forsok 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 seraphic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came down, past meteors, swifter than they, past starry thrones, himself more lustrous, past larger worlds to smaller worlds, down stairs of firmaments and from cloud to cloud and through trestles 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 misdoings and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel amid the drenching surf of the sea and passed mid-nights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabers—our substitutes!

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 menutranous croup as Christ for us and Christ for you and 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 Christy suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been stirred 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 their sorrows under his other arm and said: "I will atone for those under my right arm and will bear all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, or 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, hurricanes after hurricane and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, 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.

The Religion of Blood.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood! I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental oil, whether it be of burnished silver set on cloth immaculately white or rough hewn 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 passed 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 Bosphor," and whom the Apocalypse means when it describes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood," and what John the apostle means when he speaks of the "precious blood that cleanseth from all sin," 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. In all the ages of the world God has not once pardoned a single sin except through the Savior's expiation, and he never will. Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battlefield on which Christ achieved our liberty!

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 demonic and the myriads 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 battalions struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incandescent with scorching life, but he fought on until he gave a final stroke with sword from Jehovah's buckler, 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.

Short Sermons.

God and Man.—Man is God's big thought in this earth. Man is greater than all institutions. Man, you and I, we are masters; we are the objects God cares for. As he looks upon earth he is not anxious to know whether a certain portion of holy time is kept according to set rubs, but whether that time is used to make us better men and women, more Godlike, truer to his own image. That is what concerns God and that is his solution of the Sabbath question.—Rev. F. A. Horton, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

The Ways of Wounded Men.

"Wounded men," said the Colonel, "were often misunderstood. General Fuller of Toledo told me that he never expected forgiveness for one harsh judgment of his. In the midst of a battle he was trying to stop the flight of panic-stricken men. One man came stumbling along, not heeding a word that was said to him. Indignant and impatient, Fuller as he came near him leaped from his horse and touched the man with his sword, saying sharply: 'Go back, sir!' The man looked up with a look that said as plain as words: 'I am looking for a place to die.' He opened his blouse and showed a great, gaping wound in his breast. Then he dropped to the ground. The general dismounted as soon as he could, but almost as he took the man's head on his arm the poor fellow died."

"Some men when struck showed no sign. I remember one little fellow who was struck three times in as many minutes. The first shot struck his right arm, and he proceeded to load with his left. The next shot struck him in the leg, and brought him to his knees. He had his left arm up, ramming home a load, when a bullet struck that arm. Then he looked up and said quietly: 'They have a particular spite against me. I guess I'll quit,' and he dropped down."

Fighting Forces of the World.

The latest addition to the military census of the world presents some queer figures. At the present time Europe has 3,500,000 men under arms. The following are the figures of the different armies on a peace footing:

Country	Men
Denmark	10,000
Serbia	20,000
Holland	22,000
Greece	25,000
Portugal	30,000
Romania	47,000
Belgium	82,000
Sweden and Norway	171,000
Spain	200,000
Switzerland	245,000
Hungary	750,000
Great Britain	250,000
Italy	220,000
Austria	220,000
France	270,000
Prussia	580,000
Russia	850,000

The above armies employ 550,000 horses in time of peace.

In Asia there are about 800,000 men under arms, divided as follows: Persia, 25,000; Japan, 100,000; India, 200,000; China, 270,000; and the remainder in the other Asiatic countries.

North and South America are set down as the least protected, considering the extent of territory. They foot up on a peace footing of course, only 100,000 regular soldiers, scattered as follows: Mexico, 40,000; the United States, 30,000; and 90,000 in Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Paraguay, Peru, Venezuela and Colombia.

In Africa and the archipelagoes of Oceania there are about 150,000 regulars.

The standing armies of all civilized nations amount to 4,410,000 soldiers with 700,000 horses. The cost of keeping this military population amounts to about \$7,000,000,000 a year.

So much for the armies in time of peace. Now let us take a look at the figures in war paint. Here they are:

Country	Men
Turkey	100,000
Spain	100,000
Serbia	200,000
Sweden and Norway	430,000
Romania	160,000
Belgium	95,000
Denmark	107,000
Austria, including all reserve forces	2,000,000
Italy	1,000,000
Hungary	3,000,000
Germany	5,000,000
France	4,500,000
Prussia	4,200,000
England	900,000
Spain	200,000
South American republics	600,000
China	850,000
United States	290,000

No doubt the statistician, while wading through the above field of figures, forgot some of the National Guard of the United States, but one can easily afford to forgive him. His disclosures are interesting all the same.—New York Sun.

A Corporal's Lesson.

During the Revolutionary war the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders about a heavy beam that they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting at them. An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned around with the pomp of an emperor, and said: "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you? I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and taking off his hat he bowed, saying, "I was not aware of that."

Upon this, he dismounted and pulled until great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. When the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and not enough men, I will gladly come and help you a second time."

The little corporal was thunderstruck—it was Washington who thus addressed him.

Nebraska Notes

The men who were training the stolen hinds yesterday with bloodhounds, returned to Wymore without having captured the thieves.

William Gagan and Miss Bradbury, daughter of the late Professor Bradbury of Wymore, were married at the residence of the bride's parents in that city Thursday night.

Upon a petition of citizens the board of county commissioners issued a call for a special election to vote \$60,000 bonds for the purpose of erecting a court house in Auburn.

Bart Miner, the young man from Table Rock, who was injured in a railroad accident at Pawnee City and whose life was despaired of, is reported better, and it is thought his life may yet be spared.

At the regular meeting on Wednesday night of the Knights and Ladies of Security, at Humboldt, thirty-eight new members were initiated. At the preceding meeting forty-one new members were initiated.

The students of the musical department at the institute for the blind at Nebraska City gave a pleasing and interesting musicale in the institute hall Thursday evening. They were assisted by Mr. Fred Hollingsworth.

Polk county's board of insanity has just had the case of Mrs. Matilda Swanson, charged with being dangerous. She was adjudged insane and ordered to be sent to Lincoln, and Thursday morning she was taken to the asylum by Sheriff Nquist.

The seventy-ninth anniversary of Odd Fellowship and the twenty-second anniversary of the organization of the order in Fremont were fittingly celebrated Thursday night by the various Odd Fellows organizations. The festivities began at 8:30 o'clock with a concert at Masonic hall by the Tuxedo trio of New York, and it was attended by about five hundred.

Fire was discovered in F. H. Hollworth's general merchandise store Thursday morning at Greeley about 5 o'clock. About \$1,000 damage is said to have been done, fully covered by insurance. Had the discovery not been made just when it was a large portion of the business part of town would have been burned out. The origin of the fire is not known.

The executive committee of the Nebraska Woman's Christian Temperance Union considered the midyear session at Crete Thursday night. A very busy and as well profitable meeting had been held. Much interest was displayed from the state abroad. The interests of the woman's temple were presented by Mrs. A. M. Bunting of David City. The Nebraska woman stand loyal and true to this enterprise.

Timothy Cliff, a carpenter living in Auburn, committed suicide Thursday afternoon at 3:50 by shooting himself through the right temple with a 22 calibre revolver. He died at 5:30. He has been a hard drinker for several years past. He leaves a wife and four small children. He is an old resident of the county, aged about fifty years. Less than a week ago Sam Smith of Auburn committed suicide by hanging.

A man giving the name of Morgan was arrested at Ashland as a deserter from the United States army. It is claimed that he deserted from a regiment passing through the state and has been followed for some distance by Deputy Sheriff Daily of Douglas county. He stole a horse in Saline county which he rode as far as this place and made a sale to James Eggart, who keeps a feed barn. The sheriff of Saline county is expected, but whether he will be tried as a thief or as a deserter is as yet unsettled.

Judge Stull finished the work of the April term of the district court at Fall City and adjourned. Henry Hoffman and John Murry were each given a sentence of thirty days in the county jail for petit larceny. Hoffman is the young man whose desire to go to Alaska overcame his former notions of honesty to such an extent that he represented to Power Bros. that he owned corn, and hogs which he desired to contract, when in fact he owned none at all, and obtained an advance on the same. Power Bros. soon discovered that they had been imposed on and followed Hoffman to Beatrice, where he was arrested.

The trial of Edward Lorenz at McCook for the alleged murder of Michael Travers ended Thursday in the acquittal of the young man. This case was recently sent back from the supreme court for a hearing. On the first trial Lorenz was found guilty and given a life sentence. Perhaps no trial in the history of Red Willow county has attracted so much attention as has this one, public sentiment being widely divided as to the facts in the case. The prisoner and the state were ably represented in the trial and the sentence has been watched with intense interest. It is said that Lorenz will go to Kansas for the present, at least, as there is considerable feeling against him in the neighborhood in which the murder was committed. Quite a demonstration followed the announcement of the verdict.

R. A. Wherry, the member of the board of supervisors from Falls City, is very sick and is not expected to live.

J. W. Hyatt's residence, corner of I. and Ninth streets Fremont was burglarized Thursday night and a gold watch, \$12 in money and other minor articles taken. The robbers entered the house through one of the sitting room windows which had been unlocked. The watch was taken from Mr. Hyatt's vest in the sitting room and the money from his trousers in the bed room.

Mortality from Amputations.

The surprising statement is made that the mortality from amputations, which was 48.7 per cent. in our civil war, is now only 6.9 per cent. Antiseptic methods of surgery would have saved a large army of soldiers in 1861.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.