Saved by

Ecv. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage on the Doctrine of the Atonement.

Washington, April 10.—The radical theory of Christianity is set forth by Dr. Talmage in this discourse. The text is Helbrews, ix., 22: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." John Greenleaf Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of this century brilliant, asked me in the White Moun- haif. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, tains one morning after prayers, in without intellect, sense or emotion. My which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled arms my care-worn face of its frown with Blood?" "Do you really believe whenever I cross my threshold. The there is a liberal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply pass. My dog caresses me with fond-ness if I will but smile on him. My "There," so all physicians, and all physiologists, horse recognizes me when I fill his land regiments lay down on their manger. What reward, what gratitude, faces, waiting for the moment to spring blood is the life, and in the Christian what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. life was given for our life. Hence all Look at him. Look at the assemblage this talk of men who say the Bible around you. Listen to their ill-supthis talk of men who say the Bible around you. Listen to their in-sup-that know rode marshal Ney on his pressed censures and excited fears, and they don't want what they call a tell me where among my neighbors or der him. Here the ranks of the French their incapacity or unwillingness to

of my text, we have only to exercise evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate we do in everything else. Pang for pang, 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 post-mortem examination of the poor substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccen-

At two o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be a not 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 towards their decease. They have gone through all crises 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 drudging at business early and late? For fun? No. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no. Because their own personal expenses are lav-4sh? No. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. He is simply the champion of a homestead for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and educations bread, and wardrobe, and educations of critics to shoot at. In detailed the myrmidons of darkness. From 12 champion of darkness. tion, and prosperity, and in such battle fense of this outrageously abused man, o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the article of the unit

At one o'clock tomorrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted, and profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and are as dark as though uninhabited. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on a 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 mother has sat up with that sufferer. 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 and nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three departed ones in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted

rumber 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. Martyrdom of the domestic circle. Substitution. About 38 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 snow-banks. 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 fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of men cried for water as they lay on the field the night after the battle, and they got it not. They were homesick, 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 stitute! who knows everything, knows the tenbattlefields. 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! But we need not go so far. What the cametery? It is to the doctors who fell in the south- lifted out of all the ages of eternity as ern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in deemed under bins of those to be rethe doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians. He arrives in a city over which a great hor- ing shafts, O Eternal Justice! Roll over ror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until some morning finds him in a delirium and he dies for people with whom he has no kinship, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb. Yet he has touched he furthest 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

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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:

heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, look through the figure of speech tow- a thought, not to say of reward, or of acknowledgment, or even of recogni-In order to understand this red word tion. Gentlemen you may think of this 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 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 treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American courtroom than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the furious populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution In the realm of the fine arts there

brilliant but hypercriticised painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galhave since won the applause of all civllized nations, "The Fifth Plague of famous essay on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see-John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the batthere you will find a dim light, but in poverty and broken-heartedness, the tles of the maltreated artist, and after, most of the houses, from base to top, painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him 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 assorted 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. He will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay his author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil.

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetical 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. 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 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; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to a smaller world; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree-top 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 midnights on the mountains and wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabres-our Sub-

When did attorney ever endure so thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of the Northern and Southern mother for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membraneous croup, as Christ for us, and Christ for you, and Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audition of that one moment which was deemed under his one arm, and all their sorrows under his other arm, and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm, and will heal all those under my left me with all they 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—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. 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 the sacramental cup. 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 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 door posts. Now I know what Isalah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bozrah"; and whom the Apocalypse means when it describes a heavenly chieffein whose Them. It is the most wonderful it describes a heavenly chieftain whose preventative of disease known.

John, the apostle, means when he speaks of the "precious blood that cleanseth from all sin"; and what the small price.

and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same cries, "By that blood you and I will be bishop Baillargeon on a visit to Rome."

On his return he received the amoint. In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept back of Jerusalem was the battle field on which Christ achieved our liberty! It was a most exciting day I spent on the battle field of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on the famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand

times the who story recited, accom-panied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont Chateau, the walls dented and shattered by grape shot and cannon ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were piled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English, and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hus-

sars fled for the woods.

Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, which the French cavalry, not knowing the ground. that it was a hollow in the ground, rolled down and down, troop after troop, tumbled into one awful mass

upon the foe. In that orchard 2,500 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington, with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed by a sword, and his hat off. and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle field.' From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French reinforcement: but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to reinforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arms through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene of a battle

out: "Boys, you can't think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries

was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high-a mound at the expense of millions of was as remarkable an instance. A dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. leries of Europe. His paintings, which There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon and the great Cap-Eyypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," of the Apocalypse going out against the Sun Rising Through Mist," and the black horse cavalry of death, and ten thousand men fall. Of ten business a young author of 24 years, just one ternoon, the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were verse went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and the battleaxes 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 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

Busy Life Ended.

was slain.

Death of Cardinal Taschereau at Quebec

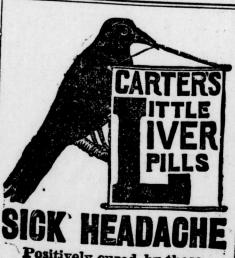
After a Long Illness-Result of Spine Disease and an Over-Worked Brain -The First Canadian Cardinal,

Quebec, April 13.—Cardinal Taschereau died at 6:30 last evening. His ailment was spine disease, accompanied by an over-worked brain. Preparations have begun already for the funeral, which will take place next Tuesday morning.

Elzean Alexander Taschereau, the late cardinal, was born in Ste. Mary de Beauce, Que., in 1820. He was of French descent. When 8 years of age he was sent to the Seminary of Quebec. Nine years later he went to Rome and a year later received the tonsuret. The same year he returned to Quebec and resumed his theological studies, and on Sept. 13, 1842, was ordained a priest. He was soon afterward appointed to the chair of moral philosophy in the Seminary of Quebec, which position he filled for twelve years with great ability.

In 1847, when an unknown and fatal fever devastated Grosse Isle, he volunteered to assist in ministering to the sick and dying, and labored assiduously until he was stricken with the fever, and for weeks his life hung by a

In 1854 he was sent to Rome by the second provincial council of Quebec to present its decrees to Pope Pius IX. for ratification. He remained there for two years, making a study of canon law. He received the degree of doctor of canon law from the Roman Seminary in 1856. On his return he became director of the Petit Seminaire, and he held the office of the superior of the Grand Seminary till 1859, when he was appointed director of public instruction for Lower Canada. In 1860 he became superior of the



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On his return he received the appointment of vicar-general of the diocese of Quebec. In 1865 business of the university again called him to Rome, and in the following year he was reappointed superior of the Grand Seminary.

He was in attendance at the Ecumenical Council at Rome in 1870, and on the death of the Archbishop of Quebec, in the same year, he was appointed administrator of the archdiocese jointly with Vicar-General Cozeau. In February, 1871, he was appointed Archbishop of Quebec, and consecrated on March 19 by Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto. He visited Rome a number of times on business connected with the affairs of the archdiocese.

In 1886 he was created the first Canadian cardinal, the beretta being conferred upon him with great pomp at Quebec on July 21. He was exceedingly active in promoting the cause of popular education, and establishing charitable and benevolent institutions in all portions of the Dominion. In 1893, upon his own request, Mgr. Begin took charge of the archbishopric. From this till the time of his passing away he has been sick nearly all the time, while the last six months his disease has kept him almost continually to his room.

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LICENSES ISSUED BY THOS. GILLEAN—
Jeweler, 402 Richmond street. MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. Bartram, 99 Dundas street. MARRIAGE LICENSES AT WESTON'S grocery, 64 Stanley street. Take a belt MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY J. G. Shuff, chemist, 540 Dundas street (corner William). Trolley cars pass the door. No witnesses required. MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED AT Johnston's shoe store, 198 Dundas street. No witnesses required. Residence, 394 Dundas. MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED AT Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street. Residence, 289 Dufferin avenue.

Jewelers. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO REPAIRING— J. T. Westland, Engraver and Manufac-turing Jeweler, 340 Richmond street (up stairs), London, Opa