BR. TALMAGEIN EUROPR

A SERMON ON THE EFFICACY OF USE-FUL SUFFERING.

What King can Summon so Many Subjects as Christ ?- Eloquent Discourse on the Text : "It Behoved Christ to Suffer.

London, Aug. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage's European preaching tour is drawing to a close. During the week he has preached three or four times in different cities, fellewing out the programme already announced, and everywhere meeting large and enthusiastic audiences. This week he speaks at Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and Derby. The subject chesen for to-day is "Useful Suffering," the text taken being Luke 24:46. "It behoved Christ to suffer." There have been scholars who have ventured the assertion that the pains of our Lord were unnecessary. Indeed, it was a Lerd were unnecessary. Indeed, it was a shecking waste of tears and blood and agony, unless some great end were to be reached. If men can prove that no good result comes of it, then the character of God is impeached, and the universe must stand abnorrent and denunciatory at the fact that the Father allowed the butohery of His only begotten Son. We all admire the brave six hundred men described by Tannyson as dashing into the conflict, when Tennyson as dashing into the conflict, when shey knew they must die and knew at the same time that "some one had blunder'd;" but we are abhorrent of the man who made the blunder, and who caused the sacrifice of these brave men for no use. But I shall show you, if the Lord will help me, this merning, that for good reasons Christ went through the torture. In other words, "It

behoved Christ to suffer." 1. In the first place I remark, that Christ's lacerations were necessary, because man's rescue was an impossibility except by the payment of some great sacrifice. Outraged law had thundered against iniquity. Man must die unless a substitute can intercept that death. Let Gabriel step forth. He refuses. Let Michael, the Archangel, step forth. He refuses. No Roman citizen, no Athenian no Corinthian, no reformer, no angel volunteered. Christ, then bared His heart to the pang. He paid for our redemption in tears and blood, and wounded feet, and scourged shoulders, and torn brow. "It is done." Heaven and earth heard the snap of the prison bar. Sinai ceased to quake with wrath the moment that Calvary began to rock in crucifixion. Christ had suffered. "Oh!" says some man, "I don't like this doctrine of substitution; let every man bear his own burdens, and weep his own tears and fight his own battles." Why, my brother, there is vicarious suffering all over the world. Do not your parents suffer for you? Do you not suffer sometimes for your children; Did not Grace Darling suffer for the drowning sailors. Vicarious suffering on all sides! But how insignificant compared with this scene of vicarious suffering.

Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree Amazing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond degree.

Christ must suffer to pay the price of our

redemption. But I must remark again: The sufferings of Christ were necessary in order that the world's sympathies might be roused. their sympathies. The world must feel aright before it can act aright. So the cross was allowed to be lifted that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men who have been obdurated by the cruelties they have enacted, by the massage they have inflicted by the barrens of many of us. There are some of us who can say this morning, "Lord Jesus, my light and my song; my hope for time, my expectation for eternity." Altogether lovely thou art. My soul is ravished with the vision. Thou art mine. Come, let me clasp thee. Come life, come death, sacre they have inflicted, by the horrors of which they have been guilty, have become little children in the presence of this dying Saviour. What the sword could not do, what Juggernauts could not subdue, the wounded hand of Christ has accomplished. There are this moment millions of people held under the spell of that one sacrifice. The hammers that struck the spikes into the Cross have broken the rocky heart of the world. Nothing but the agonies of a Saviour's death-throe could rouse the world's sympathies. I remark again: "It behoved Christ to

suffer," that the strength and persistence of the divine love might be demonstrated. Was it the applause of the world that induced Christ on that crusade from heaven? why, all the universe was at His feet. Could the conquest of this insignificant planet have paid Him for His career of pain, it had been a mere matter of applause? All the honors of heaven surging at His feet. Would your Queen give up her throne that she might rule a miserable tribe in Africa? Would the Lord Jesus Christ, on the throne would the Lord Jesus Christ, on the threne of the universe, come down to our plant if it were a mere matter of applause and acquiration? Nor was it an expedition undertaken for the accumulation of vari wealth. What could all the harvests and the diamonds of our little world do for Him whose are the giories of infinitude and eternity? Nor was it an emeriment—an attempt to show what He could do with the hard-boarted race. He who wheels the stars in their courses and holds the pillars of the universe on the tips of his fingers needed to make no experiment to find what he could do. Oh! I will tell you, my friends, what it was. It was undisguised, unimited, all-conquering, all-consuming, instite, eternal, empipotent lave, that opened the gate, that started the star in the Bast, with finger of light pointing down to the manger; that arrayed the Christmas choir above Bethlehem, that opened the chable door where Christ was born, that Mited him on the Cross, Love thirsty at the well. Love at the sick man's couch. Love at the cripple's crutch. Love sweating in the cripple's crutch. Love sweating in the garden. Leve dying on the Cross. Leve wrapped in the grave. You cannot mis-take it. The blindest eye must see it. The hardest heart must feel it. The deafest ear must hear it. Parable and miracle, wayside telk and seaside interview, all the scenes of his life, all the suffering of his death, proving beyond controversy that for our ingrate earth God yearned with stupendous, inex-

done right away for its repair and re-adjustment. But the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and hate, and recklessness, and infernal energy of the human heart for sin would not have been demonstrated if against the holy and inno-cent One of the Cross it had not been hurled in one bolt of fire. Christ was not the first man that had been put to death. There had been many before Him put to death; but they had their whims, their bodies, their sins, their inconsistencies. But when the med outside of Jerusalem

had He done? None. Whose eyesight had He put out? None; but He had given vision to the blind. Whose child had He slain? None; but He restored the dead damsel to her mother? What law had He broken? None; but He had inculcated obedience of government. What foul plot had He enacted against the happiness of the race? None; He had come to save a world. The only cruelty He ever enacted was to heal the sick. The only estentation He ever displayed was to sit with publicans and displayed was to sit with publicans and sinners, and wash the disciples' feet. The only selfishness He ever exhibited was to give His life for His enemies. And yet, all the wrath of the world surged against His holy heart. Hear the red-hot scern of the world hissing in the pools of a Saviour's blood! And standing there to-day, let us see what an unreasonable, loathsome, hateful, blasting, damning thing is the inquity of the human heart. Unloosed, what will not sin do? It will scale any height, it will fathom the very depth of hell, it will revel in all laccivity ousness. There is no blasphemy it will declared centuries before the truth, but not

desperately wicked." Again: "It behooved Christ to suffer, that our affections might be excited Christward. Why, sirs, the behavior of our Lord has stirred the affections of all those who have ever heard of it. It has hung the art-galleries of the world with such pictures as Ghirlandajo's "Worship of the Magi;" Giotto's "Baptism of Christ;" Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple;" Tintoret's "Agony in the Garden;" Angelo's "Crucifixion;" and it has called out Handel's "Messiah," and rung sweetest chimes in Young's "Night Thoughts," and filled the psalmody of the world with the penitential notes of sorrow and the hosannas of Christian triumph. Show me any other King who has so many subjects. What is the most potent name to-day in the United States, France, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland? Jesus. Other kings have had many subjects, but where is the king who has so many admiring subjects as Christ? Show me a regiment of a thousand men in their army, and I will show you a battalion of ten thousand men in Christ's army.

until sin shot out its forked tongue at the

crucifixion and tossed its sting into the soul

of a martyred Jesus was it illustrated, that

'the heart is deceitful above all things, and

Show me in history where one man has given his property and his life for anyone else, and I will show you in history hundred and thousand of men who have cheerfully died that Christ might reign. Aye, there are a hundred men in this house, who, if need were, would step out and die for Jesus. Their faith may now seem to be faint, and sometimes they may be incon-sistent; but let the fires of martyrdom be kindled, throw them into the pit, cover them with poisonous serpents, pound them, flail them, crush them, and I will tell you what their last cry would be ; "Come, Lord

Jesus, come quickly !" Oh, yes! the Lord Jesus has won the affections of many of us. There are some come scorn and pain, come whirl-wind and darkness, Lord Jesus, I cannot give thee up. I have heard thy voice. I have seen thy bleeding side. Lord Jesus, if I had some garland plucked from heavenly gardens, I would wreathe it for thy brow. If I had some gem worthy of the place, I would set in thy crown. If I had seraphic harp, I would strike it in thy praise. But I come lost and ruined and undone, to throw myself at thy feet.

No price I bring: Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee.

But I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer" that the world might learn how to suffer. Sometimes people suffer because they cannot help themselves; but Christ had in his hands all the weapons to punish his enemies, and yet in quies-cence he endured all outrage. He might have hurled the rocks of Golgotha upon his pursuers, he might have cleft the earth until it swallowed up his assailants; He might have called in reinforcement or taken any thunderbolt from the armory of God Omnipotent, and hurled it seething and fleey among His foes; but He answered net

O my hearer! has there ever been in the history of the world such an example the history of the world such an example of enduring patience as we find in the Cross? Some of you suffer physical distresses, some of you have long-life ailments, and they make you fretful. Sometimes you think that God has given you a cup too deep and too brimming. Sometimes you see the world laughing and romping on the highways of life, and you look out of the window while seated in invalid's chair.

I want to show you this morning one who had worse pains in the head than you have ever had whose back was scourged, who was wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet, and suffered all ever, and I want that example to make you say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." You never have had any bodily pain, and you will never have any bodily pain, and you will never have any bodily pain that equalled Christ's torture.
"It behoved Christ to suffer," that he might show you how physically to suffer.

show you how physically to suffer.

Some of you are persecuted. There are those who hate yeu. They criticise you. They would be glad to see you stumble and fall. They have done unaccountable meanness toward you. Sometimes you feel angry. You feel as if you would like to retort. Stop! Look at the closed lips, look at the still hand, look at the beautifal demeaner of your Lord. Struck, not But I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer" that the nature of human guilt might be demonstrated. There is not a common-sense man in the house to-day that will not admit that the machinery of society is out of gear, that the human mind and the human heart are disorganized, that something ought to be done, and done right away for its repair and reto suffer" persecution, that He might show

you how to endure persecution. Some of you are hereft. It is no random remark, because there is hardly a family here that has not passed under the shadow. You have been bereft. Your house is a different place from what it used to be. The same furniture the house is a different place from what house is a different place from what it used to be. The same furniture, the is 28 inches. Ten years ago he did not same books, the same pictures, but there weigh mere than 150 pounds. He is under has been a voice hushed there. The face 40 years of age. N. Y. Journal. that used to light up the whole dwelling has vanished. The pattering of the other feet does not break up the loneliness.

ower be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forevec.

ONE WEEK WITH OUR NEW GIRL.











WESTERN BAD MEN.

They Are Not Always the Heroes Fancy Paints Them.

"These 'bad men' out West are as a general thing the biggest cowards on earth," said a ranchman who is tarrying within the pale of civilization for a few days to the man about town. "Mind you, I don't say that men of the West are cowards. Far from it. But I have in mind a case which illustrates my meaning. When I first struck a Skye terrier—with both ends so alike Leadville some years ago I was the tender- that one could not distinguish the head est tenderfoot that ever left home. Stopping at the same hotel, or apology for a hotel, that I went to was a fellow that posed as a 'bad man.' He was a magnifiposed as a bad man. He was a magnin-cent looking specimen, fully 6 feet 2, rather sparely built, but with great broad shoul-ders and sinewy muscles. He wore his hair down to his shoulders, and it and his eyes were coal black. Across his shoulders were two straps with spy-glasses at the end. He had four pistols—two great big barkers and two pearl-handled little beauties. He was dressed in buckshin from head to foet, wore a wide sombrero and, yes—had an eight-inch knife stuck in his belt. My, but didn't I think he was the grandest specimen I ever saw.
He told me how he had started half a dozen
graveyards and depopulated as many Indian villages, and filled me chock full of
big tales. He used to take hunting parties and the like out, but finally went broke and came to work at the smelting works where I worked. He ran an engine that pumped water out of a hole where we had a little red-headed Irishman digging. Mr. Bad Man was lazy and would let the water creep up and wet the Irishman. The Irish-man kicked like a steer. One day Mr. Bad Man was sitting in the window half asleep and had let steam run away down. The and had let steam run away down. The little Irishman leoked up out of the well and saw him. Ohe there, you lazy lump of deformity, he halloced, 'I'm a-coming up there and break your face.' I looked to see Mr. Bad Man literally eat him up. Did he? Why, the little lishman grabbed hold of him and just mepped up the engine-room with him and he never showed a bit of fight. My first Western romance died right there."

—St. Louis Republic.

London Theatres.

Boxes cost from \$5.25 to \$21. A seat in the parquet is worth \$2.62\frac{1}{2} and a seat in the first balcony costs \$1.75. Full dress is de rigueur in boxes, parquet and first balcony; dressing rooms are provided for both men and women, and bonnets in the places above mentioned are not allowed to be worn. The dressing room attendant with whom you leave your wraps expects a fee (which varies from four cents up to a charter), and you pay about six cents for your programme. Women in gowns of black and white aprons and caps conduct you to your seat, while between the acts, ices and cones are served, twenty-five cents being the price for these delicacies. A smoking-room and bar are attached to the theatre, and it is the usual thing for men to leave the ladies to go down stairs to revel in a wee nippie and an odorous cigarette.

Canada's Biggest Man, Leonard Whitton, of Brighton, a brother of the cheese inspector, James Whitton, of Belleville, has continued to gain in flesh, and now is classed as the biggest man in Canada, says the Detroit Sun. He weight 469 pounds. His measurement is as follows: Around the shoulders, 5 feet 6 inches; chest, 5 feet 2 inches; hips, 6 feet 2 inches; neck, I foot II inches; arm at shoulder, I foot 2 inches; arm below elbow, 1 foot 5 inches; thigh, 3 feet 9 inches; calf, 2 feet.

A Magistrate's Retort. have sometimes thought what you would have sometimes thought what you would candidate in his magisterial capacity in Newcastle, is very well known among the candidate in his magisterial capacity in Newcastle, is very well known and the castle, is very well known and castle, Mr. Hamond, the successful Unionist

FROM THE EARTH TO THE SUN. The Exact Distance, as Measured

man Astronomers Many of the read- ers of the Comvenus in 1882, when the earth's beantiful sister planet, moving in its orbit extetly between the earth and sun, appeared upon the bright disk of the latter in the shape of a round black spot—a world in silhouette. Although most ten years have elapsed, astronomers have hardly yet completed the computations and discussions required to give the best possible knowledge of the sun's distance that can be derived

from the observations made at that time. Prof. Anwers has recently published the results of the observations made by the German astronomers during both the transit of 1882 and the previous transit of Venus in 1874. After carefully comparing the measurement made on the two occasions, and correcting as nearly as possible all the known errors, he finds for what is known as the sun's parallax 8,880 seconds. This simply means that half of the diameter of the earth, as seen from the sun would subtend an angle of eight seconds and eight hundred

and eighty thousandths of a second.

The distance of the sun, as indicated by the parallax given above, would be 92,059,-700 miles; but, owing to probable errors in the observation which cannot be corrected, the parallax is uncertain to the extent of about 1.400 part either way, so that the true distance may be as great as 92,289,700 miles or as small as 91,289,700 miles.

The German computation makes the sun's distance somewhat less than has usually been assumed in the recent text-books of astronomy. Other measures based on the transits of 1874 and 1882 have varied from 91,850,000 miles up to 93,428,000 miles, the number generally preferred being about 92,000,000 miles, although the distance corresponding to the parallax adopted for use in the nautical almanac is about 92,000,

At first sight it may appear surprising that there should be such wide differences in the various measures, but really the differences are not as serious as they may appear to be. The sun is a body about 866, 000 miles in diameter, so that the probable error, one way or the other, in any of the measures given above does net amount to one-quarter of the sun's own diameter, while the variation of the distance in the course of every year, owing to the elliptical form of the earth's orbit, is more than a dozen times as great as the error in question and twice as great as the difference between the extreme measures. - Youth's

Gossip About Robert Lowe. Lord Sherbrooke's death recalls one of the most bitter jeus d'esprit of modern peli-tics. It professed to decorate his headstone and ran thus:

Here lies the body of Robert Lowe, A treacherous friend, a bitter foe, Whither his restless soul has fled May not be thought, much less be said. If to the realms of peace or love, Farewell to happiness above: If haply to some lower level We can't congratulate the devil.

Mr. Lowe was so delighted with the lines that he turned them into Latin. The Guardian followed with a Greek version, which inspired this radical retort:

His abuse in his own sour throat is sticking, But our jolly friend Lowe is alive and kicking. It was Mr. Bright who, during the debates that raged around the Cave of Adullam, applied a famous comparison to the twin kingship of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman. They seemed to him like from the tail. Mr. Hors

the ire of the poet; Then there's Mr. Horsman That yulgar and coarse man, etc.

How Lord Sherbrooke looked in his Australian days may be ascertained by turning up in the British Museum an illustrated Sydney weekly for 4th September, 1847. The full page engraving represents Robert Lowe in the act of addressing an audience. He was then in his 36th year, and the dark spectacles he is wearing do not detract in the least from the juvenility of his countenance. The expression is eager and alert, and, with the palms of both hands pressing the table behind which he is standing, he strikes one as persuasively pressing home the point which he wants to make. His collar is somewhat suggestive of the familiar Gladstonian pattern, and beneath it, in-stead of the small and natty ties of to-day, there is one of those huge arrangements in black which our grandfathers affected. A long, clerical-looking coat completes the picture, which altogether gives one the idea that Robert Lowe must have been the grantest man in Sydney in 1847.—London Star.

Said About Women. Braced up-the suspender-wearing girl. A German writer attributes to American must have been an American.

The caterpillar is here again and the summer girl will meet the supreme test as to whether or not she is weethy of her suspen-Olive Thorne Miller, the authoress, knows about as much ernithology as a professor. She devotes six menths of every year to the

study of birds and birdlife.

On her father's death a Reading daughter presented a bill for the years she had taken care of him. This is a noteworthy in-stance of combining filial piety and business. Miss Is bel F. Hapgeod, the Russian translator, of Besten, has personally raised \$7,000 for the famine-stricken Russians during the last few menths, and sent the mency to the Tolstois for distribution. Miss Hillyard, the new lady tennis cham-

pien of England, is spoken of as a short, slight, agile, and prepossessing young lady, in almost all respects the opposite of the lady whom she succeeds in that position. Aunt Sarah Heath of Bedminster, N. J. is now 103 years of age, and when she has all her family around her the "little ones" include five grandchildren, seventeen greatgrandchildren, and six great-great-grand-children.

The numerous strikes of suspendermakers are easily accounted for in the present fashion of women to add "gallus" to their wardrobes. The demand for suspenders is greater than at any other time in the his-of the market.

The pretty girl, the summer maid,
Ah! who would not detend 'er?
But not so shy nor looks afraid
When strapped in black suspender.
There comes a time when on the sand,
The tale is sad to tell, Oh!
A button flies—she vainly thes
To swear just like a fellew. The Other Side of the Shield,

When Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke, became Chancellor of the Da-Sherbrooke, became Chancellor of the Dechequer he wrote these pathetic lines which, as The London Speaker says, reveal a side of his character which was not completed in the eyes of the world:

"Success has come—the thing that men desire;
The toil of office and the care of State.

Ambition has naught left her to acquire.

Success is come! But, ah, it comes too late.

Where is the bounding pulse of other days
That would have dhilled anchantment through
The lips that would have kindled at my name? Vanity of Vanities! Fee Truth

And Time dry up the source where joy wa

the us we are but shadows of our youth,

much us with the emptiness of Life."

CORNEIL

A Prompt Settlement.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., my barn in Emily was burnt by a blasing shingle from a burning barn on an adjacent farm. On the 21st, my claim for loss on contents was adjusted to my satisfaction, and to-day, the 25th, Mr. S. Corneil has a cheque for the amount of my claim in full. It is hardly necessary to say that I am highly pleased with the fairness of the settlement, and the promptness of the insurance company in paypromptness of the insurance company in paying my claim. Farmers will promote their own interests by entrusting their insurance business to Mr. Corneil. JAMES MITCHELL.

Ops, 25th April, 1892.

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Having recently purchased the steamer Mary Louise, I am in a position to engage for family excur-sions at reasonable rates during the present pleasure season. This bright little steamer has been rebuilt, repainted and fitted up in a style abreast with the times, and no pains will be spared to add to the com

JOS. B. PARKIN. Lindsay, June 7, 1892. -38-8 LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT COMPANY.



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Will run as follaws until further notice: Leave Bebcaygeen at 6.30 a.m., and 3.10 p.m.

Arrive Lindsay " 9.00 " 5.30 "

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Single tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeo Single tickets between Lindsay and Bobbsygeo ,
75 cents, return tickets \$1.
Single tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point
25 cents, return tickets 50 cents.
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Family tickets at reduced rates can be procured
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Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for EXCURSIONS of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat. For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T.V.N. Co. Bobcaygeon. J. W. DIAMENT, PURSER.



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66	Peterbero	5. 52 p.m.	5.11 a.m.	S'RA S'RI'!
Pass P	N. Toronto	6.86 p.m.	W 00 m	7.43 s.m.
Reach	U Station	8.55 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	11.45a.m.
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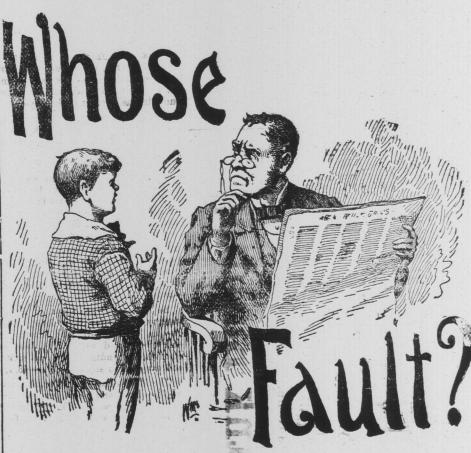
Lindsay, June 22nd, 1891.

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