

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 233, on Monday, Mar. 14th, at 7:30 P.M.

L. O. O. F. M. U. UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, meet every other Friday in the Sons of England Room.

Sons of England. LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, will meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess Sts., over Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month.

Canadian Order Foresters. COURT STANLEY, No. 119, C.O.F., meets the SECOND AND LAST TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH in the "Prentice Boys' Hall, King Street, T. T. KENTON, Recording Secretary.

INSURANCE.

GLASGOW AND LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CAPITAL -- \$1,500,000. THE GLASGOW AND LONDON INSURANCE COMPANY transacts the SECOND LARGEST BUSINESS of all British Companies in Canada, depositing annually with the Canadian Government \$100 of assets for every \$100 of liability as calculated by the Government.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This Company is one of the best in the world. Its available funds amount to \$13,852,139, in addition to which is the unlimited liabilities of shareholders.

THE ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD CONN.

Cash Capital, \$4,000,000.00. Total Assets, January 1st, 1882, \$3,922,372.30. Losses paid in 1881, \$3,400,000.00.

GUARDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Subscribed Capital, \$2,000,000. Total Invested Funds upwards of \$3,900,000. Total Income, \$780,000.

MONEY TO LOAN. INSURANCE.

MONEY TO LOAN in large or small sums on farm or city property. WANTED—Persons having money to invest can always obtain first-class mortgages of the undersigned at six to seven per cent.

J. S. R. McCANN, ACCOUNTANT, ASSIGNEE, AUDITOR, INSURANCE AND ESTATE AGENT.

Estates Managed and Accounts Collected. One hundred Choice Building Lots for sale. Office at Polson's Drug Store.

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BRECK & BOOTH Wharfingers, Vessel Agents and Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered.

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Beesa Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood Sawn or Un-sawn.

WOOD & COAL YARD

COR. BAY AND RIDEAU STREETS. THE VERY CHEAPEST PRICES JOHN L. JOYCE.

COAL AND WOOD.

Scranton Coal, Best Quality Hard Wood, Mill Wood, Verona Lime. P. WALSH OFFICE—Cor. Barrack and Ontario Sts.

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Best and Cheapest in the city. Foot of Clarence and Barrack Streets, M. MALLEN.

W. B. & S. ANGLIN, SOLE AGENTS

In this locality for Gilmour & Co.'s (Trenton) KILN DRIED DOORS, Sash and Blinds, Mouldings and other factory work.

W. B. & S. ANGLIN, Wellington Street, North.

CHRIST'S WRITING.

TRACING IN THE DUST THE WORDS HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS.

The World is Still Under the Divine Eye. Christ's Gentle Treatment of the Erring Woman—An Illustration of the World's Injustice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 17.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "The Literature of the Dust." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture concerning Christ, he gave out the hymn:

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!

Text: John viii, 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground."

A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant.

Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamental gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him, when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that He sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprobation. If he say, "Let her die," they will charge him with cruelty. If he let her go, they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does, they would howl at him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee or both knees, and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of transgression, until he looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written, the souldered skulked away. Finally the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, he looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and he says to the woman, "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you. Go and sin no more."

CHRIST WROTE IN SHIFTING AND VANISHING DUST.

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that it is the only time that he ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page or a paragraph or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes, there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the fingers of Christ. All that he ever wrote, he wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust.

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get, at least, on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the foot of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air 10 degs. below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven and down from second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteor: ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waded on at the banquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. From homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Caesar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down, before with his feet, he could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billow was higher yet, but he had to come down, before with his lip he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before and with self abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple he stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words he was writing were in Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, I cannot say, for he knew all those languages. But he is still stooping down and with his finger writ-

ing on the ground; in the winter, in letters of crystals; in the spring, in letters of flowers; in summer, in golden letters of harvest; in autumn, in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world, could we see Christ's calligraphy all over it! This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes his hand off it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light" was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, "Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring, and says, 'Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground! If we could see his hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric and again we would hear him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown thrasher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominican of the barn yard could not cluck for her brood, but we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off of the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high hath visited us;" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe, there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking glass was put near the floor and now, visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror and the things that are above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's bibles, aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well, they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest, namely, that which was written before Moses was put aboard on the boat of leaves which was called with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked the ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

THE WORDS CHRIST WROTE: "HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS."

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott, of olden times, was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder those Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that one, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman who, evidently, was very penitent for her sin, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was Hypocrisy and the other word was Forgiveness. From the way these Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were first class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, he must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these liberties dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on optics. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner, I am sure that erring woman was penitent. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her

(Continued on page 17 c.)

4 CASES LACES JUST RECEIVED. VALENCIENNES, 8, 12 and 40 inch. SPANISH IN CREAM AND BLACK. ALL OVERS IN CREAM AND BLACK: Also a Job Lot of CREAM LACES at 5c. a yard. These are a special importation, which we can offer at wholesale prices. Inspection invited at MURRAY & TAYLOR'S.

GREAT PRINT SALE. RICHMOND, ORR & CO. A large range of Prints to be sold at 5c. Another large range worth 12 1-2c to be sold at 8c. Another large range worth 15c to be sold at 10c. Attend this sale of Prints, Seersuckers, Gingham and Chambrays to be held at the CARPET HOUSE OF RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co. PRESIDENT, Sir John A. Macdonald. VICE-PRESIDENTS, George Gooderham, Wm. Bell. SECRETARY-TREASURER, J. L. Kerr. Business Written and Policies Issued over \$7,000,000. Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$621,300. Amount Paid Up, \$127,320. The Surplus on Policy Holders' Account, \$584,402. JOSEPH F. SWIFT, Agent, Kingston.

JOHNSTON & CO. RETIRING FROM BUSINESS SALE IS BOOMING. GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR WEEK \$4,500 Worth of Fine DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SATINS, etc. \$800 WORTH OF NEW PRINTS, ALL AT ACTUAL WHOLESALE PRICES. Store to be let April 1st.

J. JOHNSTON & CO New Dress Goods ARRIVING DAILY. BETTER VALUE AND ASSORTMENT Than we have ever shown in any previous season. Cousineau, Quinn & Corrigan, SUCCESSORS TO F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

FANCY FURNITURE. Fancy Walnut Cabinets, Bevel Plate Mirror, \$25 to \$40. Ladies' Work Baskets, \$2.50 to \$6.50. Gentlemen's Fancy Rattan Arm Chairs, \$5.50 to \$12. Gentlemen's Fancy Rattan Rocker, \$6.50 to \$10. Fancy Rattan Reception Chairs, \$1.75 to \$10. Platform Carpet and Plush Rocker, \$5 to \$18. Marble Top Hall Stand, \$12.50 to \$25. Marble Top Bed-room Set, \$40 to \$125. Ladies' Fancy Desk, etc., \$12 to \$18. Music Racks, Fancy Tables, Wood and Marble Top, \$2.50 to \$25. Do not fail to examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere. JAMES REID, 254 and 256 Princess Street.

LOOK AT THIS BILL OF FARE THIS WEEK AT SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S. ALL MUST BE CLEARED OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS. HEAVY MERTON DRESS GOODS, 5c. per yard or 30 yards for \$1. FANCY TWEED DRESS GOODS, 5c. per yard or 30 yards for \$1. FANCY STRIPED COSTUME, 5c. per yard or 30 yards for \$1. COLORED SILK PLUSH only 35c worth 50c. CHILDREN'S KID MITTS, 15c. per pair worth 30c. ALL OUR LADIES' FINE FELT HATS reduced to 25c each. 20 doz. WIRE TAPE BUSTLES only 10c and 15c. Regular prices 25c and 35c. CLOUES, TOQUES AND SASSES all at net cost. SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S, 132 and 134 Princess Street.

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