LITERATURE OF THE DUST.

DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON YESTERDAY.

The Popular Divine Discourses of Earth's Ruined Temples—Why Did Christ Write on the Ground?—His Wonderful Calligraphy—The Lessons for Us.

BROOKLYN, 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 thundered it down. Zorobabel'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 19 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 ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept 10,000 workmen busy 46 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 reprehension. 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 scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursurers, 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 have 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."

His Wonderful Caligraphy.

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that 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 that 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 finger 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 feet 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 meteors 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 waited 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. The homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. 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.

Christ Writing 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 writing 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 caligraphy 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 of 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 lillies 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-thresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, yet we could hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saring, "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 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 afloat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam loss 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 an 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.

Why They Took to Their Heels.

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 these 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 once, 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-appointing constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, 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 everythiug, 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 libertines, 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 arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behaviour and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground, he wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when he writes the offense of this woman he writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh, he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about him. He was walking through the streets of a city and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness. Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though he write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that his sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offence she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offence in great capitals upon ineffaceable marble.

American Society is Rotten.

For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazarettos of abomination, our American princesses of fortune walt, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness for ever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East river at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind, it is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on.

Where, Where are They?

But while I speak of Christ of the text, his stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust. Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cessar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Cheronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled and all these volumes unclasped and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve, and muscle, and bone, and flesh, as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie!' 'Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess from the way you cry you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that he had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

INDIGNANT PROTESTANTS

EVERYWHERE DENOUNCING THE JESUITS AND ALL THEIR WORKS.

The Crisis Approaching—Resolutions Passed in Churches Yesterday—Great Excitement in Montreal—Toronto Church Utterances—The Jesuits Defended at St. Michael's.

In most of the churches yesterday more or less direct reference was made to the Jesuit question. Some of the Protestant utterances were bold and unflinching. Politics and the gospel were ably mingled, and some sanctuaries resounded with applause as though the occasion were a political meeting. Father Flannery at St. Michael's took up the cudgels for the much-abused Jesuits.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

Sensational Despatch from Montreal—Protestants Uniting in Opposition.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—The Herald publishes a sensational despatch from Montreal declaring that the Jesuit issue has reached such a stage as to threaten a civil war.

The Quebec Legislature's action in awarding indemnity to the Church for Jesuit property seized last century has aroused the Protestants to anger, and if the Dominion Government sanctions the measure the Protestants of all the province will, according to the correspondent, unite in strong action to prevent the project being carried out.

Resolutions Passed in Churches.

MONTREAL, Feb. 17.—In many of the Protestant churches here to-day resolutions protesting against the Jesuits Estates Act, adopted recently by the Protestant Ministerial Association, were read and petitions carrying out the resolutions largely signed. The resolutions and petitions are being circulated throughout the Province of Quebec and the Province of Ontario as well.

CRYING OVER SPILT MILK.

Dr. Wild Says All the Mischief Arose from Jesuit Incorporation.

Never in the history of Bond-street Church has a larger audience attempted to squeeze within its walls than that which thronged there last evening. Shortly after six o'clock the crowd began to collect and before half-past six the pavements in front of the church was thronged by a pushing, eager, impatient crowd. Some lively scenes were enacted before the doors were opened.

The Doctor chose his text from Galatians v., 1, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." He said: Liberty is a pleasant thing to enjoy but it is a hard thing to keep. We find by experience that, when put into the hands of a man or men, it has a tendency to generate tyranny. Looking as liberty through the gospel, we find that it implies a certain kind of quality, which is authorized by the brotherhood of man, whose very foundation is in the fatherhood of God, and who in His inspired Word tells us that he is no respecter of persons. As British subjects we recognize no temporal power higher than or equal to that of our own beloved Queen. As spiritual creatures we acknowledge no authority nor head but Jesus Christ. Nay we will not allow our own beloved Queen to take the place of Jesus in the realm of our conscience, much less a pope, a cardinal, an archbishop, a bishop, a priest, a minister, a leader or a deacon.

On the worldly side of our existence we may have titles, but on the spiritual side no man should assume supremacy or have a title that implies that he has a special right of dispensing sacraments. No man on God's earth can damn me.

We should not be indifferent nor ignorant, for popes from time to time have published their creeds and have made known their intentions through bulls and encyclical letters. The present pope has issued a half-dozen already to tell the world what they ought to do, as though we didn't know as much as an Italian shut up in a palace and knowing very little about the world.

There is something very interesting in the present Jesuitical agitation going on in the pulpit, on the platform and through the press. It is the talk of everyone even in our homes. How comes all this excitement? Are we crying after the milk has been spilt? Are we shutting the door after the horse has been stolen? The Parliament of Quebec had a right to dispose of its money as it chose. I do not think that the Dominion Government, the Governor-General or Sir John have a right to interfere with the money grant of Quebec to an incorporated society of that province. The wrong lay back of that money grant. Some years ago the Jesuits were incorporated by an act of the Parliament of Quebec. That is the act that should have been disallowed. We are crying a little too late. The Jesuits have been too sharp for us except in this pulpit.

In a few years they will come to the Dominion Parliament and ask that parliament to refund this $400,000 with interest to the Province of Quebec.

I don't believe that the Province of Quebec had power to incorporate the Jesuits. I don't believe that in the sight of British law the Jesuits can be an incorporated body. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1585, a law was passed making it treason for even a Catholic priest to be found in England and a felony to harbor one, and the Jesuits were expelled at the point of the penalty of death. That law has never been repealed.

In the conquest of Canada by Great Britain in 1759 nothing is said in the articles of capitulation about Jesuits. It was simply agreed that Roman Catholics shall be allowed to practice their own religion agreeably with the laws of Great Britain, not according to the laws of France or Rome. These were the very favors they asked, but the British General, in reply to their petition, said: "You are by conquest British subjects and must be obedient to British law." A Jesuit couldn't have any status after the conquest, hence the order to disband and their property escheated to the crown.

It would be a strange thing if a province should pass laws that would over-ride the Dominion laws, or pass laws that would override Britain's laws; and the British law says it is a penalty of death for a Jesuit to be in our presence, and if you killed one I question if you could be hung to-morrow.

O THE SHAME OF IT!

Mr. McGregor Says He Will Join the New Crusade.

There was something suggestive in one of the verses in the National Hymn sung at the Western Congregational Church last night. The words are:

Guard our shores from every foe.
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Rev. A. F. McGregor, pastor of the church, preached the sermon. It dealt exclusively with the Jesuit question, and was a straight out-and-out condemnation of their tactics, their aggressiveness and encroachments upon the rights of Protestant Canadians. He said, "There are dangerous powers in our very Dominion, powers that are organized, which are becoming more thoroughly organized every day and developing strength with their years. Now, this creates in the judgments of very many men to-day the necessity of organizing the Protestant powers of our land, the Christian Protestant powers of our country. It becomes those who wish the country to be defended should also more or less thoroughly organize and in obedience to this law: that a society must preserve its own life. But if organic union of a certain kind is not thought desirable as some judge, then there is a very considerable number in the community that believe some means is necessary for the expression of common Christian sentiment and judgment." Mr. McGregor continuing said: "We have every reason to call ourselves a nation. My endeavor this evening will be to help you to secure clear and intelligent views regarding a subject that engages justly the earnest study of the best friends of the cause of man and God in this country. I refer to the encroachments of the Jesuit order in the Province of Quebec as revealed by the concession recently made to them by the various legislatures, particularly that of the Province of Quebec. We refer to this matter with no desire to stir hot blood to hotter heat. We are endeavoring to keep quiet and to maintain a level head, but as God's ministers we must speak out. We want no rupture or revolution. In dealing with Jesuitism and Roman Catholicism we desire to be understood as believers in the right of Roman Catholics to all the rights of British subjects; that, but no more the second duty of allowing religious orders of that faith the full freedom of their religious dogmas and forms of worship." There were two great principles in the British North America Act, the preservation of federal authority and the constitutional freedom of local action.

The power to veto is necessary to a well-governed country. The framers of our constitutional charter kept steadily in view this principle of central control, which system of central government the rev. gentleman strongly endorsed. He then said: "The next point to consider is whether the concession of Quebec is a matter of common import to all the provinces. It is boldly affirmed that this matter does not concern the Province of Ontario, for instance. Now we must emphatically declare this to be of common and vital import to all Protestants in the Dominion. We will speak no evil of dignitaries, of the Dominion Premier, or of the Provincial Chief Minister. They have by no means an easy task in their hands to meet every measure in just the way in which intelligent persons and the men who love their own country desire these measures to be met. We are dealing with a principle, not with individuals. Granting that no man did lift up his head in the Local House at Quebec or a hand either in protest of this unjust and dangerous procedure, must Protestants all over the land be acquiescent?"

Mr. McGregor spoke strongly against those preachers of a false peace who pipe to the dancing of the Jesuit. The Jesuit was being nourished by the best milk of the national breast, and said he: "We are asked to believe, that by warming, nursing and domesticating the Jesuit viper in our bosom he will lose the poison from his fangs."

He continued: "O the shame of those preachers, editors and leaders who speak of a great issue in this way! The Jesuits are stealing away our liberties, they are stealing away our privileges, and it is only the beginning of troubles and sorrows of our fair Dominion unless the development of that order is arrested by a strong and united front being presented by the Protestants of our own land. To strengthen the Jesuit in our land is simply to strengthen a determined and skilful foe of every liberty worth preserving to a Christian people. To coddle and nurse them by this and that corporation is going too far. But," he said, "we are asked not to fear lest there be a disruption of Canadian federation and it is asked: 'Are we prepared to enter upon a crusade of this kind with our eyes open to the consequences?' Now we want to know what are the consequences of right doing. I am prepared to enter that crusade, because it is a crusade against popular ignorance, superstition and corruption."

"WOULD KISS THE POPE'S TOE."

That is What Hugh Johnston Says Our Political Leaders Would do.

"Romanism and Our National Danger," was the subject of Rev. Hugh Johnston's sermon last night. The church was crowded to overflowing, and judging by the frequent bursts of enthusiasm it was evident that the sermon was much appreciated.

The preacher first referred to the power and importance of the Church of Rome. "Romanism," he said, "has become a great political power, but her breath is contagion, her touch is death. The Church of Rome is greatly imperiled by the presence of Jesuits. In the United States they control the seven million of Catholics; they are in our houses, our bedchambers and kitchens. They have been incorporated in Quebec, and as well might you incorporate an army of dynamiters. Their hand is in the public money chest, and when will it come out? They have plundered the province of Quebec and what will be the result? Why, the Province of Ontario will have to pay that money."

He then drew attention to the dangers that we have to contend with. First, he said, our great danger is quieting ourselves with the assertion that there is no danger. But there is great danger, and you and I must help to avoid it. [Applause.] There are Catholics in this land that are ready to light the fires of the Inquisition again. Rome is no better to-day than she ever was.

The next danger, he said, is from political influence. I believe he said, that if Sir John M[illegible] to-day was ordered to go down an[illegible] toe of his Holiness the Pope he wo[illegible] do—[laughter]—and I believe that if [illegible] Oliver Mowat was ordered to [illegible] same thing. I believe firmly, that he would take that form of worship to which he is not accustomed in Sabbath services. [Great laughter.] Our school and education system, he said, is also being assailed.

Another danger he pointed out was that the Romish Church claimed everything and yielded nothing. We are willing, he said, to pour out our heart's blood for our liberties and we are willing and ready to die before we will become slaves ourselves. [Applause.] Whether or not this Jesuit Bill will be disallowed I cannot say, but the gravest injustice has been done to our fellow-Protestants in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Johnston then pointed out how we might contend with these dangers. Let us endeavor, he said, to create, every one of us, a healthy public sentiment in this matter. Let the church be independent of party politics and stand up with right and justice and in the long run Jesuitism must surely fail.

"WHY ALL THIS FUSS AND FURY?"

Father Flannery Answers the Question and Defends the Jesuits.

St. Michael's Cathedral was well filled last evening to hear Father Flannery of St. Thomas, who is well known here, preach on the history and condition of the Jesuits in Quebec. Beginning with the apostles, the rev. father traced the successive religious orders of historical importance that have arisen, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, and lastly the Jesuits. The Order of Jesuits was founded in the year 1640. In the beginning it only numbered about 60 members by authority. About 1650 they were sent to Ireland, where persecution then reigned against the Catholics. At this time by special decree it was declared that their number could be increased to an unlimited extent. From that time the history of the Jesuits has been a story of persecution and suffering. He related how the Jesuits were driven out of France and Spain. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, after they had revolutionized France, they were persecuted by the Jansenists, Calvinists, infidels and debauchees. About this time they were driven out of Spain. Titus Oates was responsible for the death of several of the fathers about the year 1678. It was admitted by all that he had calumniated them and perjured himself. Then coming to the western hemisphere the reverend gentleman discoursed on the persecution which the Jesuits and christianized Indians suffered in different parts of South America by fanatical oppression. "Why were not these men brought up before some judge and told that they were accused of certain crimes? Was there ever any trial given them in Spain or France? They never had a trial. All their property was confiscated and they themselves banished from their native country." "The Jesuit Fathers came to this country in 1620. They received land and property from those they had benefitted. They never received any property from the French Government. They received it from the people for the purpose of building churches and colleges, and they did build churches and colleges, and gave up their lives for the benefit of their flock. They remained in possession of their estates until 1800 and then their property fell into the hands of the Government." There is property in Montreal and Quebec and along the banks of the St. Lawrence, belonging to the Jesuits, worth from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. That property falls into the hands of the Province of Quebec, and all they are asked to give and all they have consented to give is $400,000, and as the money was originally given for charitable and educational purposes the question has been submitted to Pope Leo XIII. as to what disposition shall be made of this sum. One-half should be given towards the Laval University, and the other half to the Jesuits themselves for educational, devotional and charitable purposes. "And this is what causes all the cry to be raised in this country, and this is what raises such fuss and fury in this province. But here are the exact facts of the case as they exist, and I defy contradiction by a writer in any paper or pamphlet. There are only 25 Jesuit Fathers in the Province of Ontario." In conclusion the speaker referred to the prejudice that exists amongst a great mass of the people against the Jesuits, when if we knew them better our hatred and enmity would cease and we would admire their devotion, love and self-sacrifice and seek to imitate them.

OUR BRAVE DEFENDERS.

Proposal to Alter the Title of the Army and Navy Veterans Society.

At the Army and Navy Veterans' Society last meeting Captain Bridgewater gave notice of the following motion:

That it is deemed desirable in order to augment this society and as a means of its becoming a more useful and prominent organization, "Her Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans' Society" be supplemented by adding the words "and Auxiliary Forces," and include as members therein officers, non-commissioned officers and men who shall have served five years in the Canadian Volunteer Militia, subject to such rules and regulations as may hereafter be embodied in the constitution and by-laws of this society.

The Captain in giving this notice of motion paid a very complimentary and well-deserved tribute of praise to our volunteers. He considered that their loyalty and devotion in gallantly aiding in sustaining the time-honored reputation of British Arms when called out in active service was deserving of the highest praise; their bravery was such as any regular army might be proud of. Mention of their services should never in his opinion be excluded from any military gathering of British army veterans. The Egyptian contingent performed the duties assigned them in such a manner as to gain the well-merited praise of one of our best generals. Their conduct in the Northwest Rebellion richly deserves the admiration of any soldier in any army, and he was quite sure Her Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans would gain prestige by unanimously supporting the motion.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For *Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions* Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Bishop Vincent at the Metropolitan.

Yesterday was Missionary Sunday at the Metropolitan Church. Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church preached both morning and evening. His sermon on the former occasion was devoted to the subject of missions. He said the Chinese possessed quite as much refinement as ourselves. Their scholars were quite competent to discuss great problems with our most thoughtful men. We therefore might sometimes wonder whether we were wasting our time in trying to effect an improvement in such a people; but the fundamental doctrines of the Bible were more radical and quickening than those of any other book, and it was the duty of Christians who were acquainted with these doctrines to tell them to the heathen.

The reverend gentleman had no objection to the theory of evolution, but he wanted nothing of the science that believed in evolution and ignored divine interposition in its working out. Speaking of the different modes in which the Christian religion is presented to man, he expressed disapproval of that which presented it as a gospel of darkness, the gospel that believed in a larger hell rather than in a larger heaven. It was in reality harder to be lost than we knew and much easier to be saved than we thought. God would do the very best He could for every soul in the universe. The Bishop would preach no gospel of hope to a persistently impenitent man, but for a sinner however deeply steeped in crime, if he were but penitent, he would hold out every hope. Speaking of the faith we should always exhibit in the ultimate fulfilment of good works, the Bishop said because of Jesuitism and other influences the Church might sometimes be discouraged, but we should remember that God rules and that He is preparing the way for some sudden movement for the fulfilment of Christian hopes.

If you don't want to disgust everybody with your offensive breath, cure your catarrh upon which it depends. $500 reward is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is sold by druggists 50 cents.

An Agnostic Lecture.

Science Hall was occupied last night by a large audience, among them many ladies, to hear the last but one of a series of lectures by Mr. Burnham. The subject for the evening was: "Mind—What Is It and Whither?" The speaker dealt with the subject in a manner that elicited warm applause from his hearers. The address, although interesting, contained no noticeable features, being substantially a rehearsal and explanation of the Darwinian theory of evolution. The last lecture of the course will be given next Sunday evening and the subject will be "The New Civilization."

Another big clothing house in trouble—offering one dollar's worth of goods for sixty cents. Where? Oh, at the Army & Navy. You can have any kind of fall goods, overcoats, furs, suits, etc., etc., for a little over half the old price. New goods every season is the motto of the Army & Navy. Already new spring clothing is piling in and the old goods must be cleared out at some price.

Dominion Land Surveyors.

The Association of Dominion Land Surveyors hold their sixth annual meeting at Ottawa commencing to-morrow. Lectures, papers and discussions will occupy three days.

We hate to talk about ourselves so much in the newspapers, but if we don't blow our own trumpet nobody else will do it for us, except our customers, and we don't care to ask them to talk as much as they have so many things to do for themselves, but if you want to buy any clothing for men or boys see the new spring goods at the Army & Navy stores. The styles for the coming season are away ahead and the price lower than ever for good reliable ready made clothing at the Army & Navy stores.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

The National Electric Light Association will hold its annual meeting in Chicago next week.

The lighting of the Hoosac tunnel by electricity makes the track visible a mile ahead of the train.

The House Committee on Ways and Means has completed the McMillan bill reducing the revenue $70,000,000.

Four states—Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Nebraska—will this year vote on the prohibition question.

The output of the iron mines of Lake Superior for last year was larger than that of any previous year and amounted to over 5,000,000 tons.

A mother and four small children were found starving in a hovel in Brooklyn last week and the woman died shortly after being taken to the hospital.

Diamond Dyes

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Beware of imitations, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, crocky colors. To be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Carpets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., &c. We warrant them to color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond* and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
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Garments Renewed } FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

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WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and