SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 253, on Monday, Feb. 4th, at 7:30 Ancient St. John's, No. 3, on Thursday, Feb 7th, at 7:30 p.m. Cataraqui, No. 92, on Wednesday, Feb. 13th,

Canadian Order Foresters. COURT STANLEY, No. 199, C.O.F., meets the SECOND AND LAST TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH in the 'Prentice Boys' Hall, King Street. r. T. Renton, Recording Secretary.

I. 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, Princess Street. Next meeting FEBRUARY 15TH. W. BUSHELL, Recording Secretary.

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 Stanover Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month.

FULNISHINGS.

DON'T FORGET

THAT ON

SATURDAY, Feb. 2nd, THE BIG CLEARING SALE

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This will be a rare opportunity to buy Robes, Coats, Caps, Muffs Boas, &c., as the entire stock is to be sold without reserve.

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ONE DOOR BELOW CITY HOTEL. FOR A CHOICE LOT OF NECKTUES, UNDERSHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS,

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JUBILEE SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES OF RE-TURNED PRODIGALS.

He Says They Should Not Be Received Coldly and Looked Upon Askance, but with Open Arms and Cheering Mien. Some New Conclusions About Time.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 3.—A jubilee sermon was preached this morning by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., at an especial communion for the reception of 240 persons making the present communicant membership of the Brooklyn Tabernacle 4,508. This is also moving day in this church. The annual rental of pews has just occurred and today many of the congregation occupy new places. The pews brought higher premiums this year than ever before and the income of the church this year will be \$33,804. But both plans are observed in this church. A vast space is kept free from all expense and only a part of the building is mapped off for rent. Dr. Talmage took his text from the fifteenth chapter of Luke, twenty-third verse: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it." Dr. Talmage said:

Joy! Joy! Joy! We banquet today over this accession of 240 persons to whom I have given the right hand of fellowship, making our present communicant membership four thousand five hundred and eight. ... Is it not appropriate that we spread the banquet?

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivitythe signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sight seeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration.

WHEN A LOST SOUL COMES HOME TO GOD. There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh! how they missed him; glad they are to have brother indeed stands poutback door and "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted: veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry making when a soul comes home to God.

I. First of all there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my door bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel: I came here this | home to your father's house. Come home, morning to express it. I have found more oh prodigal, from the wilderness. Come joy in five minutes in serving God than in al! the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that, compared with the running for one's everlasting life-the terrors of the law after him, but Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the Pilgrim put his fingers in his ears, and ran, crying: "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver in this city some years ago, after having had a struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to be wilderment; but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the fitle deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of Heaven, and he can truly say: "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!"

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry making. It is the killing | ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible hever compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than enything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water, bright, flacking water; to the morning, rosenta, fire worked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could today take all the Bible expressions about pardon, and peace, and life, and comfort, and hope, and Heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage and cry "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty." Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches, the church on earth and the church in heaven, and he said: "Now this is my experience: 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing-poor, yet making many rich-having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this

house this morning knew the joys of the Christien religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera his attendant said: "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him: "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would; tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging-joys of this world -into the raptures of the Gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out -Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes' around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket-all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the penmel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight began to sing: There is a land of pure delight,

and when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting:

Where saints immortal reign. The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded, until it was said there were at least ten thousand wounded men reuniting their voices as they came to the verse:

> There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers; Death like a narrow stream divides That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by and it is a

great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle-they could not pass. But one day a temptress with a diamonded hand stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back! This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and, worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power, the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one, she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that cleck?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. .If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this morning, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home, come home!

GREETED. II. But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter; go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in; we have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in

THE RETURNED PRODIGAL IS NEVER COLDLY

charged the other with having exten his rice; and the king said: "Then slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was glain. Ah! the cruelty of a scene like that. Our God is not a sultan, not a czar, not a Caspot, but a Eather-kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of

one of the eastern lands a king riding along,

and two men were in altercation, and one

him that dieth. If a man does not get to heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sir. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite occan of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than ell width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe.

Who can tell what God's joy is? You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people and sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but, methinks, when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new (Continued on page three.)

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