

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 253, on Monday, May 6th at 7:30 p.m.

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.

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

Canadian Order Foresters.

COURT STANLEY, No. 199, C.O.F., meets on TUESDAY, May 14th, in the "Prentice Hall, King Street. T. T. RENTON, Rec. Sec.

Independent Order of Foresters.

COURT FRONTENAC, No. 59, REGULAR MEETING, Thursday evening, May 16th J. S. R. McCANN, Secretary.

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A TALK OF OTHER DAYS.

DR. TALMAGE REFUTES A STORY THAT HAS BEEN CIRCULATED.

Before Discussing the Experiences of the Past, He Denies Emphatically That He Ever Advocated Miscegenation—A Sermon on Religious Life.

BROOKLYN, May 5.—At the Tabernacle today the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon on the subject, "Other Days' Lived Over," and made reference to the falsehood that he had advocated miscegenation of the white and black races. The vast congregation sang the hymn beginning: Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come.

Dr. Talmage's text was Deuteronomy viii, 2: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." He said: Before entering on my subject I wish to say that some newspaper correspondents, referring to a recent sermon in which I welcomed foreign nationalities to this country, have said that I advocated as a desirable thing the intermarriage of the white and black races. I never said so, I never thought so, and any one who so misrepresents that sermon is either a villain or a fool, perhaps both.

A RETROSPECTIVE SERMON. But to open this morning's subject I have to say God in the text advises the people to look back upon their past history. It will do us all good to rehearse the scenes between this May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or town. A few days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited the place of my boyhood. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stands the old house, and as I went through the rooms I said, "I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in forty years." There was the sitting room where a large family group every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the places where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples, and such apples, too. There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses, bareback and with a rope halter. We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection—the old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors, who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting house and sit at the end of the pew, singing "Duke Street," and "Balerna," and "Antioch." Oh, they were a glorious race of men and women, who did their work well, raised a splendid lot of boys and girls, and are now as to their bodies in silent neighborhood on earth, but as to their souls in jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God. I feel that my journey and visit last week did me good, and it would do you all good, if not in person, then in thought; to revisit the scenes of boyhood or girlhood. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties.

IT IS GOOD TO LOOK BACK.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far uptown, and the site of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the ows at night, and find them wagging their

heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the lusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farm house, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

THE IVY GREEN.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk, and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the fields and sit down on the door sill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blissfulness. You twain sat at the table morning and night, and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One lay a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to lead in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your home was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you today in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother, who in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence today.

THE CONVICTION HOUR. I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bed room, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and though those hands are all withered away that Communion Sabbath is resurrected this morning; it is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start today as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf and I wrap them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood-bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourself keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical fine beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright, clear air you made the boat skip. You went on and life grew brighter until after a while, suddenly, a voice from heaven said: "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippers feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer. You went to your room and you said, "God, save my child! God save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

GOD'S CONSOLATION. But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, and was about to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's

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