

SOCIETIES:

Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 253, on Monday, June 3rd, at 7:30 p.m. Ancient St. John's, No. 3, on Thursday, June 6th, at 7:30 p.m. Cataract, No. 92, on Wednesday, June 12th, 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. Next meeting May 15th. W. BUSHILL, Recording Secretary. Sons of England. LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess Streets, 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 "Frontier Boys' 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. THE CITY DIRECTORY. Hotels and Restaurants. 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A POISONED DINNER.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE SERMON, MAY 12.

Parallel Drawn Between the Past and Present—The Coloquintida of Mighty Temptation—Caldrons of Iniquity to Be Found Everywhere in Modern Life.

BROOKLYN, May 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today to a vast congregation, who sang with grand effect the hymn beginning: My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise, And hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

His subject was "A Poisoned Dinner," and his text II Kings iv, 40: "So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof."

Elisha had gone down to lecture to the students in the theological seminary at Gilgal. He found the students very hungry, as students are apt to be. It is very seldom the world makes large provision for those who give themselves to intellectual toil. In order that these students may be prepared to hear what Elisha says, he first feeds their hunger. He knew very well it is useless to talk, to preach, to lecture, to argue with hungry men.

So Elisha, recognizing this common sense principle, which every Christian ought to recognize, sends servants out to get food for these hungry students. They pick up some good, healthful herbs, but they happen to pick up also some coloquintida, a bitter, poisonous, deathful herb. They bring all these herbs, they put them into the boiling pot, they stir them up, and then a portion of this food is brought to the students and their professors. Seated at the table, one of the hungry students begins immediately to eat, and he happens to get hold of some of the coloquintida. He knew it by the taste. He cries out: "Poison, poison! O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Consternation is thrown over the whole group. What a fortunate thing it was that this student so early found the coloquintida in the mixture at the table! You will by reference find the story is precisely as I have mentioned it.

WELL, in our day there are great caldrons of sin and death. Coloquintida of mighty temptation is pressed into it. Some dip it out, and taste, and reject it and live. Others dip it out, taste it, keep on and die. And it is the business of every minister of religion and every man who wishes well to the human race, and who wants to keep the world back from its follies and its sufferings, to cry out: "Beware! poison, poison! Look out for this caldron! Stand back! Beware!"

SIN has done an awful work in our world. It has gone out through all the ages, it has mixed up a great caldron of trouble and suffering and pain, and the whole race is poisoned—poisoned in body, poisoned in mind, poisoned in soul. But blessed be God that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the antidote, and where there was sin there shall be pardon, and where there was suffering there shall be comfort, and where there was death there shall be life.

Some time ago, you will remember, I persuaded you of the importance of being charitable in judgment of others. At the same time I said to you with great emphasis, that while we sympathize with the sinner we must denounce the sin, that while we pity the unfortunate we must be vehement against transgression. Sin is a jagged thing that needs to be roughly handled. You have no right to garland it with fine phrases or lustrous rhetoric. You cannot catch a buffalo with a silken lasso.

A group of emigrants settle in a wild region. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off one of the children. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off another child. Forthwith all the neighbors band together, and they go out with torch in one hand and gun in the other to hunt these monsters down, to find their hiding place, to light up and ransack the caverns, and to destroy the invaders of their houses. So we want now not merely to talk about the sins and the follies of the world; we want to go behind them, back of them. Down into the caverns where they hide we need to go with the torch of God's Word in one hand and the sword of God's eternal Spirit in the other to hunt out and slay these iniquities in their hiding places. Or, to come back to the figure suggested by my text, we want to find what are the caldrons of sin and death from which the iniquities of society are dipped out.

UNDISCIPLINED HOMES. I. In the first place, I remark that unhappy and undisciplined homes are the caldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government—wickedly loose in their government—are raising up a generation of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfulness are dominant is a blood relation to the gallows and the penitentiary! Petulance is a serpent that crawls up into the family nursery sometimes and crushes everything. Why, there are parents who even make religion disgusting to their children. They scold them for not loving Christ. They have an exasperating way of doing their duty. The house is full of the warwhoop of contention, and from such a place husband and sons go out to die.

Oh, is there a Hagar leading away Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thurst and parched of the sand? In the solemn birth hour a voice fell to thee from the throne of God, saying: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." At eventide when the angels of God hover over that home, do they hear the children lisping the name of Jesus? O traveler for eternity, your little ones gathered under your robes, are you leading them on the right road, or are you taking them out on the dangerous winding bridle path off which their inexperienced feet may slip, and up which comes the howling of the wolf and the sound of loosened ledge and tumbling avalanche? Blessed is the family altar at which the children kneel. Blessed is the cradle in which the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed is the song the little ones sing at nightfall when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed is that mother whose every heart throb is a prayer for her children's welfare.

The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overshadow it, and its long story of sin and shame and glory and triumph will soon turn to ashes; but influences that started in the early home roll on and roll up through all eternity—blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song, or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children?

A FATAL FORGETFULNESS. A house took fire and the owner was very careful to get all his furniture out. He got all his books out, and he got all his pictures out, and he got all his valuable papers out, but he forgot to ask, until it was too late,

"Are my children safe?" Oh, when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the mountains shall blaze, and the seas shall blaze, and the earth shall blaze, will your children be safe? Will your children be safe? Unhappy and undisciplined homes are the source of much of the wretchedness and sin of the world.

I know there are exceptions to it sometimes. From a bright and beautiful Christian home a husband or son will go out to die. Oh, how long you had that boy in your prayers. He does not know how many sleepless nights you have spent over him. He does not understand how many tears you have shed for his waywardness. Oh, it is hard, after you have tolerated and every kindness, to have him pay you back in ingratitude. As one Sabbath morning a father came to the foot of the pulpit as I stepped out of it and said: "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" There is many a young man proud of his mother, who would strike into the dust any man who would insult her, who is at this moment himself, by his evil doing and his bad habits, sharpening a dagger to plunge through that mother's heart. A telegram brought him from afar. He went bloated and scared into the room and stood by the lifeless form of his mother.

Her hair gray; it had turned gray in sorrow. Those eyes had wept floods of tears over his wandering. That still white hand had done him many a kindness and had written him many a loving invitation and good counsel. He had broken her old heart. He came into the room and threw himself on the basket and he sobbed outright: "Mother, mother!" But those lips that had kissed him in infancy and uttered so many kind words spake not; they were sealed. Rather than have such a memory come on my soul I would prefer to have roll over on me the Alps and the Himalayas.

But while sometimes there are sons who turn out very badly coming from good homes, I want to tell you for your encouragement it is a great exception. Yet an unhappy and undisciplined home is the poisonous caldron from which a vast multitude drink their death.

II. I remark that another caldron of iniquity is an indolent life. All the rail trams down the Hudson river yesterday, all the rail trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long Island road brought to these cities young men to begin commercial life. Some of them are here this morning, I doubt not. Do you know what one of your great temptations is going to be? It is the example of indolent people in our cities. They are in all our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement—plenty of money, and yet idle. They hang around our great hotels—the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, the Brunswick, the Stuyvesant, the Gipsey house—all our beautiful hotels, you find them around there any day—men who do nothing, never earn anything, yet well dressed, having plenty. Why should I walk? Why should you work? Why should I toil and toil in bank and shop and office, or on the scaffolding, or by the anvil, when these men get along so well and do not work?

Some of them hang around the city halls of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall from the office holder's table. Some of them hang around the city hall for the city van bringing criminals from the station houses. They stand there and gloat over it—really enjoy the disgrace and suffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts.

THE FOUR WAYS OF MONEY GETTING. Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only four ways of getting money—only four: By inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it; and there are a vast multitude among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging it. I do not like to take the responsibility of saying how they get it.

Now, these men are a constant temptation. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store, or the shop, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal better. And that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steep. The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight of hand is all the time increasing.

A New York merchant saw a young man, one of his clerks, in half disguise, going into a very low place of amusement. The merchant said to himself: "I must look out for that clerk; he is going in bad company and going in bad places; I must look out for him." A few months passed on, and one morning the merchant entered his store, and this clerk of whom I have been speaking came up in assumed consternation and said: "Oh, sir, the store has been on fire; I have put out the fire, but there are a great many goods lost, we have had a great crowd of people coming and going." Then the merchant took the clerk by the collar and said: "I have had enough of this; you cannot deceive me, where are those goods that you stole?" The young man instantly confessed his villainy.

O, the numbers of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are a mighty temptation to the industrious young man, who cannot understand it. While these others have it so easy, they have it so hard. Horatius of olden time was told that he could have just as much ground as he could plow around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plow and he cut a very large circle, and plowed until he came to the same point where he started, and all that property was his. But I have to tell you today that just so much financial, just so much moral, just so much spiritual possession you will have as you compass with your own industries, and just so much as from the morning of your life to the evening of your life you can plow around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." One of the most awful caldrons of death today is an indolent life. Thank God that you have to work.

THE AWFUL SALOON. III. Once more I remark that the dram shop is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anacharsis said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was Pleasure, the next was Drunkenness, and the next Misery. Every saloon, above ground or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license, and it may go along quite respectably for a while, but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh," says some one, "you ought to be easier on such a traffic when it pays such a large revenue to the government, and helps support your schools and your great institutions of mercy." And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said—I think it was the first time he was chancellor of the exchequer—when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English government. Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentlemen, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of sober people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus."

We might in this country—this traffic per-

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