

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT

TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE YEAR JUST CLOSED.

The First Sunday of New Year is a fitting time to think on the uncertain ties of life—the Antediluvian Patriarchs.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 3.—This morning the Tabernacle congregation, meeting for the first Sunday service of the new year, found the pastor disposed to serious reflections on the flight of time.

My days are gliding swiftly by. And I, a pilgrim's stranger, would not detain them as they fly. Those hours of toil and danger.

Dr. Talmage read several passages relating to antediluvian longevity, making characteristic comments as he read, and then preached from the ominous words, Jeremiah xxviii. 10, "This year thou shalt die."

Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addresses Haniah in these words. They prove true. In sixty days Haniah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas trees have been taken down, or have well nigh cast their fruit.

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life.

We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by his dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age.

In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now.

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down, until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken, and only one hundred and twenty-four persons were found.

The vast majority of the race passes off before twenty years. To every app' there are five blossoms that never get to be apples.

The character of occupation adds to the probability. Those who are in the professions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations.

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Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic.

In view of this, I advise that you be ye temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your worldly affairs at the mercy of administrators.

POSSIBILITIES OF SABBATH WORK. I advise also that you be busy in Christian work.

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertook when he carried your case to Calvary. They crowded him to the wall. They struck him. They spat on him.

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation, and decided that a corpse must be dissected or they would never know how to stop the plague.

Decide, on this first Sabbath of the year, whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love.

SALVATION CANNOT BE BOUGHT. This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer to every man, woman and child.

At her spinning wheel she earned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardener thrust her out very roughly and said he had no grapes to sell.

If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold on God. It is high time to get out of your sins.

So the sins of your youth and the sins of your manhood and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate to the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job, "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle."

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder and took aim, and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves.

Let me announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life.

CHARACTERISTIC LAST WORDS. I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness.

I would rather have for my dying words those of one greater than Chesterfield or Dr. Adam or Lord Tenterden: "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand."

Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth."

Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality.

CHILDHOOD IN HEAVEN. I see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years' absence.

There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign, and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse and then he sat down weeping.

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution.

That hymn? He said, "I could not stand it—the joys that are coming." When heaven rises for the doxology, I cannot see how we can rise with it.

But I must close this sermon. This is the last January to some who are present. You have entered the year, but you will not close it.

A woman may dress a turkey better than she can dress her person; she may blend harmoniously into a sauce divers flavors, and out of simple elements evolve triumphs of culinary good taste.

There are no means lacking in definiteness, but unfortunately they are confined to the elaboration of toilets for high days and holidays.

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In some such garb as this she often applies for a situation, never dreaming that she thereby imperils her chances of obtaining a good home.

There are exceptions, of course, and memory dwells fondly on the merits of an excellent cook who joined to her skill the rare virtue of appropriate, even tasteful, dressing.

It is said that some men will steal anything from a hairpin to a red hot stove. That saying may be an exaggeration.

A patron of the restaurant suggested to the proprietor that it would be a good thing if he would put a number of individual butter plates on each table.

When examining a horse with a view to purchasing, always have him led down a steep or stony descent at the end of a halter.

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THE SONG OF SALVATION

LESSON II, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 10.

Text of Lesson, Isa. xxvi. 1-10—Memory Verses 14; Golden Text Isa. xxvi. 4—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah. We have a strong city: salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." This, like chapter xii, will be one of Israel's millennial songs.

2. "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in." This is the righteous nation of Isa. lx. 21; Jer. xxxi. 34.

3. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The Scriptures everywhere speak of Israel's restoration.

4. "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The peculiar name "Lord Jehovah," or "Jah Jehovah" (R. V. margin), is found only here and in the other millennial song, Isa. xli. 2.

5. "For He bringeth down them that dwell on high; the lofty city, He layeth it low; He layeth it low even to the ground; He bringeth it even to the dust."

6. "The foot shall tread it down, even the feet of the poor and the steps of the needy." Here is humility exalted. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Math. v. 3).

7. "The way of the righteous is the way of the just." The righteous Lord loveth righteousness. His countenance doth behold the upright (Ps. xi. 7).

8. "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yes, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early; for when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

9. "Let favor be showed to the wicked yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord."

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