

ON THE NEW YEAR.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON ABOUT 1892.

Text of His Discourse. "This Year Thou Shalt Die." from Jeremiah xxviii. 16.

Lesson of Importance Dwelt Upon by the Talented Preacher.

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 stranger, Would not detain them as they fly.

Dr. Talmage read several passages relating to antediluvian longevity, making characteristic comments as he read, and then preached from the ominous words, Jeremiah xxviii. 16. "This year thou shalt die."

Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addressed Haniah in these words. They proved 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.

It is 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.

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straight, for "This year thou shalt die." I advise, also, that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you, it does not say at what time you may die, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts, what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the church and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class, that Daniel Baser, the evangelist, took thousands into heaven, that Doxbridge has taken in hundreds of thousands, that Paul took in a hundred millions. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven and find none there that you sent and that there are none to come through your instrumentality, I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner and never come out lest the redeemed get their eyes on you and some one cry out, "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his fellows. Look at him, all heaven!" Better be busy. Better put the plow in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die!"

GET READY. In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world, or whether the book of Jonah is inspired, or who Melchisedec was, or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "What must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what sawmill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. 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. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather, they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. 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—so slight that you hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

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, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides and horribly devoured him. Thou art the man. Some one sin of your life summing on all the rest, they surround thy soul and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assaults of their bloody muzzles. Oh, the unnumbered, clamoring, ravaging, all devouring sins of thy lifetime! A maniac was found pacing along the road with a torch in one hand and a pall of water in the other, and some one asked him what he meant to do with them. He answered, "With this torch I mean to burn down heaven, and with this water I mean to put out the fires of hell." He was a maniac. He could do the one thing just as well as he could do the other. No time to lose if you want to escape your sins for "This year thou shalt die."

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. He has waited for you with blood on his brow and tears in his eyes, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love. You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him: "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse him thanks, but stand on the beach and say: "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself!"

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. They kicked him. They cuffed him. They scoffed at him. They scourged him. They murdered him! Blood! blood! As he stoops down to lift you up the crimson drops upon you from his brow, from his side, from his hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee the hunger, the thirst, the thorn sting, the suffocation, the darkness, the groan, the sweat, the struggle, the death!

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. A Dr. Guyon said, "Tomorrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will, prepared for death, went into the hospital, dissected a body, wrote out the results of the dissection, and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self sacrifice, you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven and saw a plague-stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made his will, giving everything to his people. He comes down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays his hand to the work. Under our plague he dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue!

WILL YOU HAVE JESUS? Decide on this first Sabbath of the year whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here his plea ends right speedily. "This year thou shalt die!"

This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer to every man, woman and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. Scotch writer says that a poor woman one cold winter's day looked through the window of a king's conservatory and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass.

She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning wheel she earned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The king's soldier thrust her out very roughly, and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her and told her to be off. The king's daughter was walking in the garden at the time, and she heard the excitement, and seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant to sell, but he is a king and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes and dropped them in the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of his pardon he freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job, "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" or a text in Psalm, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" or the prayer of the vine dresser, "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention first of all, and last of all, and above all, were the words, "This year thou shalt die."

How to Be Friends with Your Mother-in-law. If a man be very well supplied with sense and his mother-in-law be a reasonable woman they will usually get along without any friction. But sometimes even sensible persons bearing this relationship to one another will clash. When you find that there is likely to be a disagreement, and if you wish to avoid it, don't make the mistake of entering into an argument of the subject. Talk when a man and woman disagree, never meddle matters yet. The best way is to silently seem to acquiesce. You can have your own way just as much without a proclamation as with one. When your mother-in-law makes a plan for your family which does not please you don't adopt it, but don't talk about it. If one of her plans be good do not reject it because it is hers. Firmness without discussion will bring any mother-in-law to a proper condition of subjection. Why there should be a natural antagonism between mothers and sons-in-law it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt of it. Tact and consideration on the part of the man will nearly always reduce this friction to a minimum, but there are some women with whom to get along smoothly requires that a man should have, to quote M. Honore de Balzac, "the wit of a young page and the wisdom of an old devil."

SON-IN-LAW. How to Cleanse Steel from Rust. Mix a half ounce of emery powder with an ounce of soap and rub well. Of course the steel should be thoroughly cleansed and dried at the close.

How to Pack an Icehouse. In the old days when icehouses were built deep holes in the ground covered with sheds, it was the universal custom to dump the ice into these places and suffer it to pack itself. This custom still prevails with some people, but it is a most uneconomical method. The ice should be cut into regular cakes of a size convenient to handle and then carefully placed into the house, layer on layer, just as a brick wall is built, attention being given to breaking joints, as in any kind of mason work. Where the cakes join one another, sawdust should be placed. This serves to stop up air holes, and it also makes it easy to take out the ice in the original cakes instead of having to bring an ax into requisition and hack the ice all up, thus causing much waste. A person who has been in the habit of putting in ice in the careless, old fashioned way will find that by adopting this method he can save at least 50 per cent in material, besides making it much less difficult to get ice when it is required.

How to Diagnose the Taste of Medicines. Have a tumbler of water handy. Take the medicine and retain it in the mouth, which should be kept closed. Then drink the water rapidly and the taste of the medicine is washed away. Even the bitterness of quinine and aloes may be prevented in this way. If the nostrils are firmly compressed by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand while taking a nauseous draft and so retained till the mouth has been washed out with water, the disagreeable taste of the medicine will be quite unperceived.

How to Take Fruit Spots Out of Cotton Goods. Apply cold soap, then touch the spot with a hair pencil or feather dipped in chlorate of soda, then dip immediately in cold water.

To Teach Tricks to Dogs. The only difficulty in the way of teaching animals to perform tricks is to make them understand what you wish them to do and to teach them there is a reward for obeying you. As food is the easiest of all rewards to give to an animal, it follows that the lessons should always be given when the scholar is hungry. To teach a dog to jump through a hoop or over a stick you begin by resting one side of the hoop on the ground, holding a scrap of food in your hand and making the dog walk through the hoop to get it. At first he will try to walk around, for all animals shrink from passing through anything. Feed him this way half a dozen times and then raise the hoop slightly. At first he will step over it, but as it gradually rises he will jump through. Give him a good lot of food then. Follow this up until the dog has learned two things; first, that he has to jump through the hoops for his breakfast, and second, that when he jumps he is petted as well as fed. Then take a stick and teach him to jump over that. When he has learned his lesson, take advantage of a dog's love of a romp and play with him, making him jump over sticks or through hoops.

How Monkeys Sleep. The sleeping monkey lies on his back with his arms thrown carelessly about. The tail is wound around the body, but a double curl of it, which serves as a soft pillow, lies under the head. If two or more sleep at the same time they huddle close together, resting their heads upon one another.

How to Arrange Crane Trimming Properly. Crane should be cut on the cross of the goods, not on the bias or lengthwise. A band or foundation of black cashmere is laid over a crinoline and tacked on the under side. The crane is laid over the cashmere rather loosely and fastened down on the under side over the cashmere, and then the whole is catstitched on to the garment. Not one dressmaker in ten knows exactly how to do it, but the art consists in cutting it in one way: on the straight cross of the goods.

How to Deal with Gossips. Change the subject gradually to something that deals with principles rather than persons.

HOW

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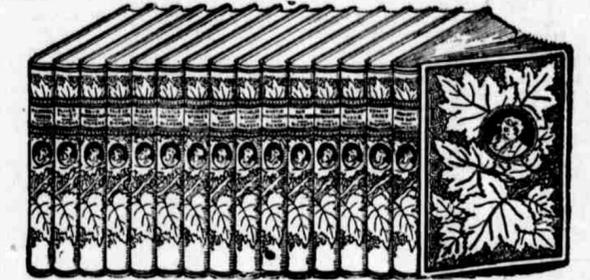
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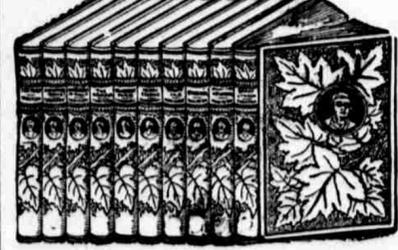
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