SERMON

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By

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Script: Jeremiah 9:1-10
Zec. 12:13-15

Subject: Brevity of Life -
Psalm 90:10. "The days of our years life are three score and ten it is soon gone and we fly away."

Luke 12:40. "For in an hour that ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Here is one of two ways which terminate our present life and begin a new life in the presence of Jesus Christ. Most of the human race will end this life by what we term death. Some will pass into the blessed life when
Jesus returns to establish His Kingdom on Earth. We live by moments. Each moment finds us in a new atmosphere, facing new privileges, new obligations. Slowly but surely, like the petals of a rose in the glowing sun of the morning, the unseen beauties of life are opening. The designs and lessons of the Lord are gradually unfolding to us in our lives. You have never lived this moment before, nor will you ever live it again. Time is a chain attached to eternity past and is dragging eternity future.
by our threshold at the rate of 60" per minute, and 86400" per day.

The picture comes and upon it is gone and we fly away.

There are two of ways dealing with the movements of our life. Let me illustrate. I watched an endless chain in Armour's Butchering House moving by hundreds of men as they doing their cutting stood in position by the chain's side. As the slaughter animal passed each
man, with his knife in hand, cut here and there. What was once a beautiful, strong animal, passed out literally cut to pieces—all the beauty and strength of the once tall glory of the plains gone.

I visited another establishment—the Ford factory in Detroit. I saw another endless chain three miles long. Thousands of men stood by it, as it moved along. I watched the beginning. The material entered, ill shaped, dirty...
almost imperative pieces of iron. Every man did his work well, took down big piece and added his bit as his endless chain carried the material by. At the passing out of the material into the shipping room, I was astonished to find a beautiful, serviceable automobile assembled ready to carry me, Mr. T. J. Ricc and back. It reached the end of the earth, now owned by a rich Mexican. And I thought how much like life Hale said. In the two plants are, in the every day life we find two classes of people busied with so time.
Moves by. Some are fain to cut— to destroy to mar
The beauty created or
formed for man's service
They are more content
unless they are criticizing,
comparing or destroying
the lives of their fellowmen.
There are others who see
the beauty in all things
and dedicate their lives
to the development of
things to the roughness and turn to kills
Their fellowmen.

Those in their turn
enrich the lives of others
and deepen their own
spiritual conceptions as
their days go by. They come
to be known as the friends of man. Now is the time to do you kindly deeds of work and work for your friends. Here is a time coming when you shall spend your last moment with every friend you have. That moment has come already for many of my acquaintances. A. Oliver Wendell Holmes compared friends to pieces of wood thrown overboard at sea. For a time our friends are riding the same wave
I find or sinking in the same depression with us. But by and by we drift farther and farther apart. Different waves of life come to us. We catch sight of each other only now and then on the crest of a high wave. Hugs they are gone from us—out upon the ocean of life.

We part with people hoping to see them again some, only to hear the report of their death. Shall we ever seize that opportunity to speak that word of appreciation, of gratitude?
or it may be of apology
that we had intended to
speak to them. This
may be your last day
to make atonement for the
wrong done, or to speak
that word of cheer upon
things should be spoken.
If we realized that
This is to be the last
sunset for us here in
this world, would we not
gladly correct our mistakes
and mistakes
make apology for wrong;
would we not be glad to
welcome our enemies
to our forgiving heart?
If this was to be our last day here, would we not be glad to forgive wrongs, to be cheerful and happy? Would we not be eager to comfort those in sorrow, to strengthen the faith of the weak. Our hearts would be so filled with service for others that we would have no time to find fault with others. Would we not be more willing to bear the responsibility and burden of daily life, than we are now? Would we be so concerned about others as we were not doing? If this truth of the useless...
and uncertainty of the duration of our life, love, were burned down deep into our conscience. How willing we would be to look on our neighbor's good qualities and to forget his weaknesses, to forget grudges, suspicions and jealousies, which things now so often choke the life of Christians. And yet none of us is assured of seeing the light of another day. Our day is gone and we fly away. The glory of life would sparkle with beauty
and splendor of precious gems, as we look forward through our tears and hopes, if we could only realize the full import of the sudden, unexpected and final call which may come at any moment.

The realization of the intimate value of our lives during our too short sojourn here would lighten our burdens and minimize our trials and disappointments.

Probably no one ever comes to the end of his life, just as he had expected. Abraham Lincoln meets death while
sitting at Ford's Theatre.
Harfield meets it while
waiting for a train; McKinley
while greeting friends in
Buffalo; Wm. Jennings
Bryan, while asleep.
went up to his room
to rest where he was
found dead. P. P. Bliss
the great lawyer writing
was plunged with his
Train through a bridge
while he slept. Livingston
meets death while he
knelt in prayer by the
side of his bed in central
Africa. While laughing,
while playing, while
sleeping, while praying.
at the blaze of noon or in the still of night, we meet death. Our life is soon gone and we fly away.

Would there be so much cold hearted friendship; would we be so calculating, so formal, so egotistically selfish, were this thought of our mortality thoughtfully considered? What a change in our lives would be made by the realization of the duration of our life! How in our conversations, in our service to others, and in our attitude to the duties of daily life!
We want to die amidst the glories of a well-spent life. We want our souls to be brought in the beauty of a cloudless day. We want our influence to continue to cherish, to strengthen and to encourage mankind on the road to glory. We can only be sure of a glorious ending by living today in a glorious way, by doing our best to encourage others to do their best, to add to their faith, to brighten, to strengthen and to cheer the lives of all. This will lead to the Coronation day, at the end of every day of the three score and ten years of life on earth. Those years will soon be gone and we fly away to the King of kings who will welcome us into his Kingdom in Heaven. His angels will bring forth white robes for our clothing. Other angels will come out with
The crown of eternal joy. The true Lord Jesus who preceded us, will start the chorus and the angelic hosts will join in and sing:

Hallelujah!

With the morning stars in concert sing, the rolling heavens, with Hallelujah will ring:

The days of our life are a score and ten—21 is soon gone and to be with Jesus, we fly away—Hallelujah!