

No.

SERMON

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BY

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Text, Psalms 90:10, & Luke 12:40

Script. Lessons Ps. 90:1-10

Luke 12:35-40

Subject,

~~Supper & features~~

Brevity of Life -

Psalm 90:10. The days of our
^{years} life are three score and ten
xx It is soon gone and we
fly away."

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

There 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 obliga-
tions. Slowly but surely
like the ^{opening} petals of a rose
in the glowing sun of
the morning, the unseen
beauties of life are ^{gradually unfolding} opening
the designs and lessons of the all beautiful
universe to us ~~in an ever~~
concentrated in a short 3 score & 10 years
increasing opportunity.

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 future comes and
"it is ^{again} gone and we fly"
away.

There are two ways
of dealing with the mo-
ments of our life. Let
me illustrate. I watched
an endless chain
in Armour's Packing
house moving by ~~the~~
^{scores} ~~hundreds~~ of men as they
stood in position, by
^{the chain's} ~~the~~ side, ^{doing their cutting}
as the slaughtered
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 one time glory of the plains, ^{was finally} ~~now~~ 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 ^{carrying automobile parts} moved along. I watched the beginning. The material entered, ill shaped, dirty

almost repulsive pieces
of iron. Every man
did his work well, ~~and~~ ^{took}
down his piece and

added his bit as this
endless chain carried
the material by. At the
passing out of the material
into the shipping room

I was astounded to find
a beautiful, servicable
automobile assembled

ready to carry me
Mexico and back to P. Rico and
to the ends of the earth.
is now owned by a man in Juarez.

And I thought how
much like life these
the Armour and the Ford
two plants are. In the
every day life we find
two classes of people
busied with as time

moves by. Some use knives
to cut - to destroy, to mar
the beauty created or
formed for man's service.
They are more content
unless they are criticising,
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
it. They take the roughness and turn it into
their fellowmen. ^{useful beauty.} ~~Some~~

~~may do so with their~~
~~but~~ These 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 word and work for
your friends. There is a
time coming when you
shall spend your last
~~most~~ moment with
every friend you have.
That moment has come
already for many of our
acquaintances. xxx.

Oliver Wendell Holmes
compares friends to
pieces of wood thrown
overboard at sea. For
a time our friends are
riding the same wave

of joy or sinking in
the same depression
with us. But by & by we
drift further and further
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.
Then they are gone from
us - out upon the ocean
of life.

We part with people
^{hoping} ~~thinking~~ to see them again
some, only to hear the report
of their death. Never again
shall we have that oppor-
tunity 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 reparation for the
wrong done; or to speak
that word of cheer upon
which 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 ^{and restitution} 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 ~~time~~ ^{day} 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 ^{what} others were or were not doing? If this truth of the shortness

and uncertainty of the duration of our life here, were burned down deep into our consciences. 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 soon gone and we fly away.

The glory of life would sparkle with beauty

and splendour of precious
gems, as we look ~~through~~
forward through our tears
and hopes, if we could
only realize the full im-
port of the sudden, unex-
pected and final call which
may come ^{to us} at any moment.
The realization of the
infinite value of our
lives during ~~this~~ ^{our} all
too short sojourn here
would lighten our burdens
and minimize our trials
and disappointments.

Probably no one ever came
to the end of his life just
as he had expected. Abraham
Lincoln meets death while

sitting at Ford's Theatre,
Garfield meets it while
waiting for a train; ~~meeting~~
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 hymn writer
was plunged with his
train through a bridge
while he slept. Livingstone
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 friendships;
would we be so calculating,
so formal, so egotistically
selfish, ~~would this thought~~
of our ~~inability~~ ~~to~~
frailty thoughtfully considered?

What a change in our lives
would ~~be made by the realization~~
not of the fear of
death, but the ~~realization~~ ^{realization} of the
shortness
of the duration of our life ~~and~~
~~make~~ in our conversation,
in our service to others,
and in our attitude to
the duties of daily life!

We want to die amidst the glories of a
willowent life. We want our souls to go down
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 en-
courage 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. These years
will soon be gone and we fly away
to the King of kings who will
welcome us into his kingdom
in Heaven. The angels will bring
forth white robes for our clothing.
Other angels will come out with

the crown of eternal joy. ~~The~~ Our
loved ones who preceded us, will
start the chorus and the
angels hosts will join in ~~and~~
~~and sing -~~

~~Hallel~~

With the morning stars in concert sing,
The rolling heavens, with halleluiah
will
sing,

The days of ^{our years} ~~your life~~ are 3 score
and ten — It is soon gone and
to be with Jesus.
we fly away — Halleluiah!