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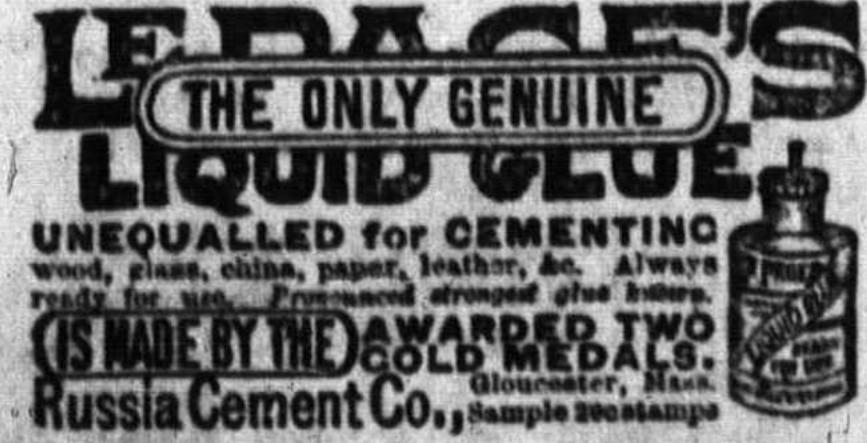
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OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

World?-No One Can Tell Until He Gets on the Other Side of the River of Death. Imparting Comfort to the Troubled.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Sept. 2.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., who spends Job zvi, 2. Following is the sermon:

The man of Uz had a great many trialsthe loss of his family, the loss of his prop had said, he utters the words of my text.

the world fair and beautiful at the start. they might have gone out of that garden and found fifty paradises all around the South America—so many flower garden crehards of fruit, redolent and luscious. suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel he poured out at the same time the Hudson and the Susquehanna; the look upon. Why did it not stay sof God had the power to keep back sin and woe Why did he not keep them back! Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women! God can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood I will tell you why God let sin come into the world-when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysterfes solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. All 1 know is one great fact, and that is, that a herd of woes have come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A Tierney Bros, have removed to their new premises, Brock Street, Market Square, where they show the largest and finest stock of Imported and Domestic Liquors, Teas, Cigars, &c., yards in vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more scars than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands, and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted

were put side by side, you might step on

them and on nothing else, going all around

the world, and around again, and around

again. These are the facts. And now I have

to say that, in a world like this, the grandest

occupation is that of giving condolence.

This holy science of imparting comfort to

the troubled, we ought all of us to study.

There are many of you who could look

around upon some of your very best friends

who wish you well and are very intelligent,

and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of wouble, "Miserable comforters I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse after a while. Silence! Do you expect with a thin court plaster of words to heal a wound deep as the soul! Step very gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it," But the neighbors have heard of the accident, OFFICE 52 Earl Street, near King. Tele- and they come in, and they say, "Let us see it," And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how

much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says: "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal Liless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say: "Show is now the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" Tearing off the bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to , heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever

rettling tongues, go into the homes of the Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philosophers. They ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way;" and then they get eloquent over something they have seen in postmortem cuaminations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is region. If the phil sopher be of the stoical school be will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have salf reliance, self government, self control;" an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and h sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of enrotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck. caressing him and some one said: "Why, the great man has lost him mind!" No, that heres belonged to his sen who had recently

died, and his great heart broke over the

grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are

overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for

the relief of tears. Have you never been in

trouble when you could not weep, and you

Lazarus, and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of

trouble is a worldly philosopher. face dawning upon a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone, do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want now

Again I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake-it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, who have old people in the house, or near at hand so that they can easily reach them, many friends around about us, we have wished that father and mother were still alige that we might go and tell them. Perhaps they could not say much, but it would have been such a comfort to have them around. These aged ones who have been all through the trials of life know how to give condolence. Cherish them; let them lean on your arm-these aged people. If, when you speak to them, they cannot hear just what you say the first time, and you have to say it a second time, when you say it the second time do not say it sharply. If you do you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old people! They may not have so much strength to go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken heart.

People who have not had trials themselves cannot give comfort to others. They may talk very beautifully, and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowess, it is a grave yet. Those who have not had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories-the door mat where she sat, the cup out of which she drank-the place where she stood at the door clapped her hands—the odd figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah, no; you must have trouble yourself before you can comfort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I had that very sorrow myself. God comforted me, and he will comfort you;" and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others we must have faith in God, practical experi-

ence and good, sound common sense. But there are three or four considerations that I will bring this morning to those who are sorrowful and distressed, and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is, that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me!" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune have come. Oh no. Do you not remember that passage of Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?" A child comes in with a very bad splinter in its hand, and you try to extract it. It is a very painful operation. The child draws back from you, but you persist. You are going to take that splinter out, so you take the child with a gentle but firm grasp; for although there may be pain in it, the splinter must come out. And it is love that dictates it and makes you persist. My friends, really think that nearly all our sorrows in this world are only the hand of our Father extracting some thorn. If all these sorrows were sent by enemies I would say, arm yourselves against them; and, as in the tropical climes, when a tiger comes down from the mountains and carries off a child from the village, the neighbors band together and go into the forest and hunt the monster, so I would have you, if I thought these misfortunes were sent by an enemy, go out and battle against them. But no; they come from a Father so kind, so loving, so gentle, that the prophet, speaking of his tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of a father, and says, "As one whom his mother comforteth,

so will I comfort you." Again I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplish the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow! Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth, Ah, no. I once went through an ax factory, and

saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then besweated workmen with long tongs stirred the bluze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery-each one a half ton in weight-that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken, it would have said, "Why all this beating! Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said, "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes-axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, anderect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out, "O Lord, what does all this mean?" God says, "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you." Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more bores with which to drill; we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp, well tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnace,

Continued on page three.

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