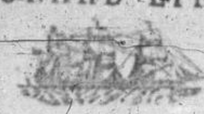
NAVIGATION.

CUNARD LINE



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" 4	1:55 p.m	" 3	1:00 a.m
" 6	12:20 p.m	" 5	2:05 a.m
" 14, mixed	6:05 a.m	" 13, mix d	8:35 a.m
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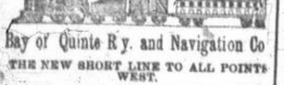

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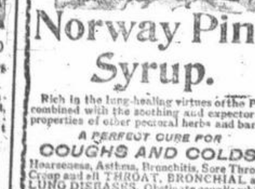

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CHRISTMAS TIMES.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LESSONS OF THE ANNIVERSARIES.

The Great Nativities—The Lessons of Decay—The Suggestions of New Birth. Rejoice in the Coming Year—1893 Is Destined to Be a Year of Wonders.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—The sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning was of a character especially appropriate to the holiday season, and was listened to with rapt attention by an audience that crowded the Tabernacle. Before beginning his discourse the preacher gave out the opening hymn:

Joy to the world; the Lord has come;
Let earth receive her king.

The text selected was Colossians ii. 16, "In respect of a holy day."

What the Bible here and elsewhere calls a holy day we, by change of one letter and a change of pronunciation, call holiday. But by change of spelling and accentuation we cannot change the fact that holidays have great significance. As long as the world stands Christmas day and New Year's day and Easter day will be charged and surcharged with solemn suggestiveness and holy mirth. Whether you take the old style of my text and call them holy days, or the modern style and call them holidays, they somehow set all my nerves a tingle and my deeper emotions into profoundest agitation. I am glad that this season we have the holidays completely bounded.

For years Christmas day, starting in the midst of one week, and New Year's day, starting in the midst of another week, we have been perplexed to know when the holidays begin and when they ended, and perhaps we may have begun them too soon or continued them too long. But this year they are bounded by two beaches of gold—Sabbath, Dec. 25, 1892, and Sabbath, Jan. 1, 1893. The one Sabbath this year commemorates the birth of the greatest being that ever walked the earth; the other celebrates the birth of that which is to be one of the greatest years of all time, the one day supernatural because of an unhinged star and angelic doxology, and the other day natural, but part of a procession that started with the world's existence and will go on until the world is burned up; both the first and the last days of these holidays coming in with Sabbatical splendor and solemnity, and girdling all the days between with thoughts that have all time and all eternity in their emphasis. How shall we spend them? At haphazard and without special direction, and, they leaving, as they go away from us, physical fatigue and mental exhaustion, the effect of late hours and recklessness of diet, adding another chapter to the moral and spiritual and eternal disasters which have resulted from misspent holidays? Oh, no! A stout and resounding no! for all the eight days.

I propose that we divide this holiday season, the two Sabbaths of the holiday and the six days between, into three chapters—the first part a chapter of illustrious birthday, the second part a chapter of annual decadence, the third part a chapter of chronological introduction.

THE GREAT NATIVITIES.

First, then, a chapter of illustrious birthday. Not a day of any year but has been marked by the nativity of some good or great soul. Among discoverers the birthday of Humboldt was Sept. 14 and of David Livingston March 19. Among astronomers the birthday of Isaac Newton was Dec. 25 and of Herschel Nov. 17. Among orators the birthday of Cicero was Jan. 3 and of Chrysostom Jan. 14. Among prison reformers the birthday of John Howard was Sept. 2 and of Elizabeth Fry May 1. Among painters the birthday of Raphael was March 28 and of Michael Angelo March 6.

Among statesmen the birthday of Washington was Feb. 22; of Hamilton, May 8, and of Jefferson, April 2. Among consecrated souls the birthday of Mrs. Hemans was Sept. 25; of Lucretia Mott, Jan. 3, and of Isabella Graham, July 29. But what are all those birthdays compared with Dec. 25, for on or about that day was born one who eclipsed all the great names of all the centuries—Jesus of Bethlehem, Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of Golgotha, Jesus of Olivet, Jesus of the heavenly throne?

The greatest pictures have been made about scenes in his lifetime. The greatest sacrifices on field of battle or in hospital or on long march or in martyrdom have been inspired by his self abnegation. The finest words of eloquence ever spoken have been uttered in the proclamation of his Gospel. The grandest oratorios that have ever rolled from orchestras were descriptive of his life and death. There have been other orators, but none like him who "spake as never man spake." There have been other reformers, but none like him who will not have completed his mission until the last prison is ventilated, and the last blind eye opened, and the last deaf ear unstopped, and the last lame foot bounds like a roe, and the last case of dementia shall come to its right mind.

There have been other discoverers, but none like him, able to find how man may be just with God. There have been other deliverers, but none like him, the rescuer of nations. There have been other painters, but none like him who put the image of God on a lost soul. No wonder we celebrate His birth—Protestant church, Catholic church, Greek church, St. Isaac's of St. Petersburg, St. Peter's at Rome, the Madeleine at Paris, St. Paul's in London, joining all our American cathedrals and churches and log cabin meeting houses and homes in keeping this pre-eminent birth festival.

Elaborate and prolonged efforts have been made to show that the star that pointed to the manger in which Christ was born was not what it appeared to be, but a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. Our wise men of the west say that the wise men of the east were mistaken. Astronomers, you know, can calculate backward as well as forward, and as they cast tell what will occur a hundred years from now among the heavenly bodies, so they can accurately calculate backward and tell what occurred eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago. And it is true that seven years before Christ in Chaldea, about three hours before day dawn, there was a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn.

Standing in Jerusalem and looking over toward Bethlehem those two stars would have seemed to hang over that village, and it is suggested by a learned professor that the magi may have had weak eyes, so that the two stars may have looked like one. In order to take everything supernatural out of the story we have to blind the eyes of the magi and introduce a second star to help out the idea of the one star. But I prefer the simple story of the Bible, that a light of some kind—stellar or meteoric—pointed from the sky to the straw cradle.

When it is so easy for God to make a world that he puts eighteen millions of them within one sweep of the telescope, he could certainly afford one silvery or fiery signal of some kind to point the world to the place where the sovereign of the universe lay incarnated and infantile. If God could afford to make an especial earthquake at the crucifixion, the splant rocks on Mount Calvary still showing that there was a convulsion of nature at that particular spot which was felt in none of the surroundings, then he could afford something unusual, something brilliant, something positive, something tremendous at the nativity.

If a king at the birth of a son can have the palace illuminated, and couriers sent with swift despatch to announce the gladness at the gates and wake up an empire with cannonade, I am not surprised that at the birth of the Son of God there was celestial agitation, and my only wonder is that, instead of one star or one meteor giving signal, all worlds did not make demonstration. Why not other worlds take interest in the event when Christ came from another world and another world was to get the souls that would be saved by this celestial descent? It would have been a stellar disgrace, an astronomical scandal, if, when the Godhead lay compressed in the form of an infant, something from above had not pointed down, as much as to say: "There he is! Look, all earth and heaven! Look, all time and all eternity!"

CRUCIFIED NATIONS.

You see, the birth at Bethlehem must have been more novel and startling to the heavens than the crucifixion on Calvary. It was expected that Christ would be maltreated. The world always had maltreated its good and great friends. Joseph hurled into the pit, Shadrach put into the fire, Jeremiah lowered into a dungeon, David hounded from the throne, Elijah compelled to starve or take his food from the beak of a filthy raven, and Socrates condemned to death, so that the Calvarian massacre was in the same old line of maltreatment. But the novelty of all the ages was the conjunction of divinity and humanity. Invisible deity, muzzled and nerved and fettered in masculine physique. A child and yet a God! Why, if the meteor had not pointed down that night some angel would have rushed down and pointed with his glittering scepter.

Isaiah and David and Ezekiel, who foretold the coming, would have descended from their thrones and stood on the roof of the barn or in some way designated the honored locality. As the finger of light that Dec. 25 pointed to the straw cradle, now all the fingers of Christendom this moment, fingers of childhood and old age, fingers of sermon and song and decoration and festivity, point to the great straw cradle. Am I not right in saying that the first of the three chapters of the holidays should be devoted to the illustrious birthday? By song and prayer and solemn reflection and charities to-day, and by gifts and trees that bear fruit in an hour after they are planted, and family gathering and hilarities sounding from cellar to garret to-morrow, keep Christmas.

As far as possible gather the children and the grandchildren, but put no estoppel on racket, whether of laughter or swift feet or toys in shape of rail trains or trumpets or infant effigy. Let the old folks for one day at least say nothing about rheumatism, or prospect of early demise, or the degeneracy of modern times, or the poison in confectionery. If you cannot stand the noise, retire from it for a little while into some other room and stop your ears. Christmas for children without plenty of noise is no Christmas at all.

If children and grandchildren cannot have full swing during the holidays, when will they have it? They will be still soon enough, and their feet will slacken their pace, and the burdens of life will bear them down. Houses get awfully still when the children are gone. While they stay let them fill the room with such resounding mirth that you can hear the echoes twenty years after they are dead. By religious celebration to-day and by domestic celebration to-morrow keep Christmas.

As for our beloved church, we to-morrow night mean to set the children of our Sabbath school wild with delight, and in The Christian Herald, with which I am connected, we are celebrating the holidays by sending out two to four thousand Bibles a day, and they will continue to go out by express, by messengers and by mails until we have distributed at least 100,000 copies of the good old Book on which Christmas is built, and which gives the only healthful interpretation of these swift flying years.

LESSONS OF AN ANNIVERSARY.

The second chapter of the holidays must speak of annual decadence. This is the last Sabbath of the year. The steps of the year are getting short, for it is old now. When it waved the springtime blossoms the year was young, and when it swung the scythe and cradle through the summer harvest fields the world was strong, but it is getting out of breath now, and after six more throbs of the pulse will be dead. We cannot stop this annual decadence. Set all the clocks back, set all the watches back, set all the chronometers back, but you cannot set time back.

For the old family clock you might suppose that time would have especial respect, and that if you took hold of those old hands on the face of that centenarian of a timepiece and pushed them back you might expect that time would stop or retreat for at least a few minutes. "No, no!" says the old family clock. "I must go on. I saw your father and mother on their wedding day. I struck the hour of your nativity. I counted the festal hours of the day in which you brought home a bride. I sounded the knell at your father's death. I tolled at your mother's departure. Yea, I must sound your own going out of life. I must go on. Tick, tock! Tick, tock!"

NO PAUSE FOR THE NEGLIGENCE.

But there was a great city clock high up in the tower. There are so many wrongs in all our cities to be righted, so many evils to be extirpated, so many prisons to be sanitarized—stop the city clock until all these things are done. Let common council and all the people of the great town decree that the city hall clock shall stop. We do not want the sins of 1892 to be handed over to 1893. We do not want the young year to inherit the misfortunes of the old year. By ladders lifted to the tower and by strong hands take hold and halt the city clock.

"No, no!" says the city clock. "I cannot wait until you correct all evils or soothe all sorrow or drive out all sin. I have been counting the steps of your progress as a city. I have seen your opportunities. I have deplored your neglects; but time wasted is wasted forever. I must go on. I must go on. Tick, tock! Tick, tock!" But in the tower of the capitols at Washington and London and Berlin and Vienna and all the great national capitals there are clocks.

Suppose that by presidential proclamation and resolution of senate and house of representatives our national clock in the Capitol turret be ordered to stop. "Stop, O clock, until sectional animosities are cooled off, until our Sabbaths are better kept and drunkenness turns to sobriety, and bribery, fraud and dissipation quit the land! Stop, O clock in the tower of the great United States Capitol!" "No, no!" says the clock. "I have been going on so long I cannot afford to stop. I sounded the birthday of American independence. I rang out the return of peace in 1865. I have seen many presidents inaugurated. I struck the hour of Lincoln's assassination. I have beat time for emancipation proclamation, and Chicago fire, and Charleston earthquake, and epidemics of fever and cholera. Nations never stop. They march on toward salvation or demolition. And why should I stop? I chime for the national holidays. I toll for the mighty dead. I must go on. I must go on. Tick, tock! Tick, tock!" There may be a difference of a few seconds or a few minutes in the timepieces, but it will be a serious occasion when next Saturday night about the same hour the family clocks, and the city clocks, and the national clocks strike one! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve!

THE GLORIOUS NEW YEAR.

But on opening this subject, "In respect of a holy day," as my text puts it, or a holiday, as we moderns write and pronounce it, I advised that you divide this season into three chapters—the first chapter of illustrious birthday, the second a chapter of annual decadence, and the third a chapter of chronological introduction, and this last chapter we have reached. In olden times there was a style of closing an old year and opening a new one that was very suggestive.

It is a chronological fact that we are all the time coming nearer to the world's edenization first and then to its incineration, to its redemption and its demolition. And so I expect that 1893 will be a greater year than 1892. Its wedding bells will be merrier. Its obsequies will be sadder. Its scientific discoveries more brilliant. Its prosperities more significant. Its opening more grand. Its termination more stupendous. Look out for 1893! Let printers have in their cases of type plenty of exclamation points to set up a sudden paragraph. Let the conservatories have profusion of flowers that can be twisted into garlands. Let churches have plenty of room for increased assemblages. Let men and women have more religion to meet the vacillations, and the exigencies, and the demands, and the raptures, and the woes of this coming 1893.

In what mood shall we open the door of the new year? With faith, strong faith, buoyant faith, triumphant faith. God will see you through. His grace will be sufficient if you trust him. You can go to him at any time and find sympathy. My little child got hurt one morning during her mother's absence. We looked after the case as well as we could. Toward night her mother returned, and for the first time the child cried and cried vociferously.

Some one said to her: "What do you cry for? You did not cry all day." Her reply was, "There was no one to cry to." And so you sometimes suppress your trouble because there is no full response of earthly sympathy. But I rejoice to tell you that in God you always have some one to try to. He will console and help in every crisis. Come, now, let us unstrap that knapsack of care from your shoulders. Come prosperity or adversity, come wedding or burial, come health or sickness, come life or death, come time or eternity, all's well, all's well! Keep your heart right, and all else will be right.

Men and women have sometimes given strange and whimsical directions in regard to what shall be done with their hearts after death. Robert Bruce ordered his heart to be sent to the Holy Land for burial. The Earl of Leicester ordered his heart sent to Brackley hospital. Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, died at Berkhampstead, but ordered her heart taken to Tewkesbury cathedral. Lord Windsor dying in a foreign land, ordered his heart inclosed in lead and sent to England for burial in the chapel of Bradenham. Now, what shall we decree for our heart? That it be the Lord's, and then it makes no difference what else becomes of it. Living and dying, may it all be His!

REJOICE IN THE LORD.

Thus in three chapters I have counseled that the holidays be grouped. May nothing interfere with their felicities. May they be so spent that they will be food for pleasant reminiscence further on. You know that after awhile the old homestead will be broken up. For years and years the children come home to spend the holidays, and the house is rummaged from garret to cellar, and the scenes of childhood are rehearsed, and we laugh till the tears come as we talk over some boyish or girlish freak or cry over some old trouble ended, but the heart swings back again to the mirth, for it does not take a half second for a tear of the eye to strike the smile of the lip. For a few years the grandchildren make the holidays merry.

One of the many uses of grandchildren is to keep old folks young. Then after a few years the annual gathering at the old homestead is half broken up, for father or mother is gone. About two years after (for there are generally about two years between the time of their going) the other half of the holiday season is broken up. Then the old house goes into the possession of strangers, and the sons and daughters by that time have homes of their own. They plant their own Christmas trees, and hang up their own children's stockings, and twine their own holly and mistletoe, and have their own good times.

They will perhaps be riding out on some of those holidays either in sleigh or carriage twenty or thirty years from now along the places where we slumber the last sleep, and may we have been so considerate and sympathetic in our demeanor toward them now that they will then say one to another as they pass the silent mounds of the village graveyard or city cemetery, "There rest as kind a father and as kind a mother as ever wished their children a merry Christmas or a happy New Year."

Meanwhile we, their parents and grandparents, will, I hope, through the atonement of our blessed Lord, be keeping holidays livelier and higher up—in the presence of the very Christ whose birth the earthly Christmas commemorates, and of the "Ancient of Days" who saw the first year open and will see the last year close, in companionship with the ever widening circle of heavenly kindred, many already there and many soon to come, and the tables of that festivity will purple with the grapes of Eschol, and redden with "the new wine of the kingdom," and glow with "twelve manner of fruits" from the trees of life, and the gifts of those holidays will be mansions and thrones and crowns of glory that never fade away. Oh, that these delightful holidays of earth may fit us for those more delightful holidays of heaven!

Very Much Pleased.

SIRS,—I am very much pleased with the effects of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Our family has been greatly troubled with every cold, pains in the chest, etc., and have been promptly relieved by this valuable medicine which we warmly recommend. CLARA A. MCKENZIE, Clarendon Station, N.B.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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