

AROMATICS FOR EASTER.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES SCENES OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

The Adornments of the Tomb—The Innumerable Hosts of the Dead—The Glories of the Resurrection of the Righteous—The Life Beyond the Tomb.

BROOKLYN, April 21.—A vast multitude attended the Easter services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning. The pews, the aisles and all the adjoining rooms were thronged and multitudes in the street could not gain an entrance. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject "Aromatics for Easter." The pulpit and galleries of the church had elaborate floral decorations. The congregation sang the opening hymn:

We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Dr. Talmage took two texts, Luke xxiv, 1; "Bringing the spices which he had prepared." I Corinthians xv, 52: "The trumpet shall sound." He said:

Enchanting work have I before me this Easter morning, for, imitating these women of the text, who brought aromatics to the sepulchre of Christ, I am going to unroll frankincense and balsam and other odors from Arabia, and, when we can inhale no more of the perfume, then we will talk of sweet sounds and hear from the music that shall wake the dead. Having on other Easters described the whole scene, I need only in four or five sentences say: Christ was lying flat on his back, lifeless, amidst sculptured rocks, rocks over him, rocks under him, and a door of rocks all bounded by the flowers and fountains of Joseph's country seat. Then a bright immortal, having descended from heaven, quick and flashing as a falling meteor, picks up the door of rock and puts it aside as though it were a chair and sits on it. Then Christ unwraps himself of his mortuary apparel and takes the turban from his head and folds it up deliberately and lays it down in one place, and then puts the shroud in another place, and comes out and finds that the soldiers who had been on guard are lying around, pallid and in dead swoon, their swords bent and useless. The illustrious prisoner of the tomb is discharged and five hundred people see him at once. An especial congress of ecclesiastics called pay a bribe to the resuscitated soldiers to say that there was no resurrection, and that while they were overcome of slumber the Christians had played resurrectionists and stolen the corpse. The Marys are at the tomb with aromatics.

SYMBOLISM OF THE FLOWERS.

Why did not these women of the text bring thorns and nettles, for these would more thoroughly have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord? Why did they not bring some national ensign such as that of the Roman eagle, typical of conquest? No, they bring aromatics suggestive to me of the fact that the Gospel is to sweeten and deodorize the world. The world has so much of putrefaction and manure that Christ is going to roll over it waves of frankincense and sprinkle it all over with sweet smelling myrrh. Thousands of years before this Solomon had said that Christ was a lily and Isaiah had declared that under the Gospel the desert would bloom like the rose, but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now the women of the text bring hands full and arms full of redolence and perhaps unwittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization. When Christ's Gospel has conquered the earth the last offenses to the factories will have left the world; sweet, pure air will have blown through every home and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation and the world will become two great gardens, the empurpled and emblazoned and emparadised hemispheres. Sin is a buzzard, holiness is a dove. Sin is nightshade, holiness is a flower. If you are trying to reform the world open the windows of that tenement house and pour through it a draught of God's pure atmosphere and set a geranium or a heliotrope on the window sill; cleanse the air and you will help cleanse the soul. How dare the world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy? To prove how he himself loves aromatics I bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fastnesses the fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and he must have grown them there for his own regalment. And for the compliment the world paid Christ by giving him a sepulcher in Joseph's garden he will yet make the whole earth a garden. Yes, he expressed his delight with fragrance in the first book of the Bible, when he said, "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;" and he filled the air of the ancient tabernacle and temple with sweet incense; and there are small bottles of perfume in heaven described in Revelations as golden vials full of odors. I preach an aromatic gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness and rancidity and the last noisomeness and the last mephitic gas. Glad am I that though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the magi put frankincense upon his cradle and the Marys brought frankincense for his grave.

ORDER OUT OF DISCORD.

Notice also that Christ's mausoleum was opened by concussion. It was a great earthquake that put its twisted key into the involved and labyrinthine lock of that tomb. Concussion! That is the power that opens all the tombs that are opened at all. Tomb of soul and tomb of nations. Concussion between England and the thirteen colonies, and forth comes free government in America. Concussion between France and Germany, and forth comes republicanism for France. Concussion among the rocks on Mount Sinai and on two of them was left a perfect law for all ages. Concussion among the rocks around Calvary, and the crucifixion was made the more overwhelming. Concussion between the United States and Mexico, and a vast area of country becomes ours. Concussion between England and France, and most of this continent west of the Mississippi becomes the property of the American Union. Concussion between iceberg and iceberg, between bowlder and bowlder, and a thousand concussions put this world into shape for man's residence. Concussion between David and his enemies, and out came the palms which otherwise would never have been written. Concussion between God's will and man's will, and ours overthrown, we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Concussion of misfortune and trial for many of the good, and out comes their especial consecration. Do not, therefore, be frightened when you see the great upheavals, the great agitations, the great earthquakes, whether among the rocks or among the nations or in individual experience. Out of them God will bring best results and most magnificent consequences. Hear the crash all round the Lord's sarcophagus and see the glorious reanimation of its dead inhabitant. Concussion! If ever general European war, which the world has been expecting for the last twenty years, should come, a concussion so wide and a concussion so tremendous would not leave a throne in Europe standing as it now is. The nations of the earth are tired of having their kings

born to them, and they would after a while elect their kings, and these would be an Italian republic and a German republic and a Russian republic and an Austrian republic, and out of the cracks and crevices and chasms of that concussion would come resurrection for all Europe. Stagnation is deathful; concussion is Messianic.

Notice also that the angel did with the stone after he had rolled it away from the mouth of the Saviour's mausoleum. The book says he rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. All of us ministers have preached a sermon about the angel's rolling away the stone, but we did not remark upon the sublime fact that he sat upon it. Why? Certainly not because he was tired. The angels are a fatigued race, and that one could have shouldered every rock around that tomb and carried it away and not been besweated. He sat upon it, I think, to show you and to show me that we may make every earthly obstacle a throne of triumph. The young men who get their education easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. There is no end of the story of studying by pine knot lights and reading while the mules of the towpath were resting, and of going hungry and patched and barefoot and submitting to all kinds of privation to get scholastic advantages. But the day of graduation came, and they took the diplomas with a hand nervous from night study and pale from lack of food and put their academic degrees in the pocket of their threadbare coat. Then starting for another career of hardship, they entered a profession or a business where they found plenty of disheartenment and no help. Yet saying: "I will succeed; God help me, for no one else will," they went on and until the world was compelled to acknowledge and admire them.

STRENGTH BY STRUGGLING.

The fact was that the obstacle between their discouraging start and their complete success was a rock of fifty tons, but by resolution, nerve and muscularized and re-energized by Almighty God, they threw their arms around the obstacle and with the strength of a supernatural wrestler rolled back the stone, and, having become more than conquerors, they sat upon it. Men and women are good and great and useful just in proportion as they had to overcome obstacles. You can count upon the fingers of your one hand all the great singers, great orators, great poets, great patriots and great Christians who never had a manly struggle. That angel that made the stone of the bowlder at Christ's tomb went back to heaven and I warrant that, having been born in heaven and always had an easy time, he now speaks of that wrestle with the rock as the most interesting chapter in all his angelic lifetime. O men and women with obstacles in the way, I tell you that those obstacles are only thrones that you may after a while sit on. Is the obstacle in your way sickness? Conquer it by accomplishing more for God during your invalidity than many accomplish who have never known an ailment. Are you persecuted? By your upright and courage compel the world to acknowledge your moral heroism. Is it poverty? Conquer it by being happy in the companionship of your Lord and Master, who in all his life owned but sixty-two cents, and that he got from a fish's mouth and immediately paid it all out in taxes to the Roman assessor, and who would have been buried in a potter's field had not Joseph of Arimathea contributed a place, for he who had not where to lay his head during his life had a borrowed pillow for the last slumber. There is no throne that you are sure to keep except that which you make out of vanquished obstacles. An ungrateful republic at the ballot box denied Horace Greeley the highest place at the national capital, but could not keep him from rising from the steps of a New York printing office, on which he sat one chilly morning waiting for the boss printer to come that he might get a job, until he mounted the highest throne of American journalism. He rolled back the stone and sat upon it. A poor orphan boy, picking up chips at Richmond, Va., accosted by a passing sea captain and invited to come on board his vessel, drops the chips and starts right away and is tossed from port to port, and homeless and friendless wanders one day along Tremont street, Boston, and sees Park Street church open, and speaking of it afterward on a great occasion and using sailors' vernacular, as was usual with him, he says: "I put in, I up him, unfurled sail, and made for the gallery and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. Then I hove to and came to anchor."

A NAUTICAL SERMON.

"The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text. Pretty soon he unfurled the main-sail, raised the topsail, ran up the pennants to free breeze, and I tell you the old Gospel ship never sailed more prosperously. The salt spray flew in every direction, but more especially did it run down my cheeks. Stanan had to strike sail, his guns were dismounted or spiked, his various crafts by which he led sinners captive were all beached, and the captain of the Lord's hosts rode forth, conquering and to conquer." Before that sailor was poverty, but he conquered it; and orphanage, but he conquered it; and ignorance, but he conquered it; and the scuff of the world, but he conquered it; and he rose till every sailor's berth in the world blessed him and great anniversary platforms invited him, and Daniel Webster and Charles Dickens and Frederika Bremer and poets and orators and senators sat electrified at his feet, and his gospelized influence will go on until the last jack tar is converted and the sea shall give up its dead. All the obstacles of his life seemed gathered into one great bowlder, but Edward T. Taylor, the world renowned sailors' preacher, rolled back the stone and sat upon it.

Yet do not make the mistake that many do of sitting on it before it is rolled away. It is bound to go if you only tug away at it. If not before, then I think about 12 o'clock noon of resurrection day you will see something worth seeing. The general impression is that the resurrection will take place in the morning. The ascent to the skies will hardly occur immediately. It will take some hours to form the processions skyward, and we will all want to take a look at this world before we leave it forever and see the surroundings of the couch where our bodies have long been sleeping. On that Easter morning the marble, whether it lay flat upon your grave or stood up in monument, will have to be jostled and shaken and rolled aside by the angel of Resurrection, and while waiting for your kindred to gather and the procession to reform, your resurrected body may sit in lonely triumph upon that chiseled stone which marked the place of your protracted slumber. On that day what a fragile thing will be Aberdeen granite and column of basalt and the mortar which will rattle out of the wall of vaults that have been sealed a thousand years, and the Taj, built for a queen in India, a sepulcher two hundred and seventy-five feet high, and made of jasper and cornelian and turquoise and lapis-lazuli and diaphanous and onyx and sapphire and diamond, which shall that day rain into glittering dust on groves of banyan and bamboo and palm. And all under what power! Ponderous crowbars wielded by giants! No. Thunderbolt cleaving asunder the granite! No. Battering ram swung against the walls of cimeteries! No. Dynamite drilled under the foundations of cenotaph and abbey! No. It will be done by

music. Nothing but music, sweet but all penetrating music. The trumpet shall sound! You say that is figurative; how do you know? But, whether literal or figurative, it means music anyhow. The trumpet, that stirring, incisive, mighty instrument, with a natural compass from G below the staff to E above, blown around Jericho when the walls tumbled, blown when Gideon discomfited the Midianites, blown when the ancient Israelites were gathered for worship, to be blown for the raising of the dead in the last great Easter. The mother, who when the child must be awakened, kisses its eyes awake, does well.

THE GREAT RESURRECTION.

But the trumpet, which when the dead are to be aroused kisses the ear awake, does better. Be not surprised if the dead are to be awakened by music. Why, that is the way we raise the dead. Take the statistics, if you can, of the millions of souls that have been raised from the death of sin by hymns, by psalms, by solos, by anthems, by flutes, by violins, by organs, by trumpets. Under God what hosts have been resurrected by Ira D. Sankey, by Thomas Hastings, by William D. Bradbury, by Lowell Mason, by motherly lullabies, by church doxologies, by oratorios. If we raise the dead now by music, be not surprised that on the last day the dead are to be raised by music.

The trumpet shall sound! And that instrument shall have plenty of work to do on the day mentioned. It will have to sound through all the pyramids, which are only names for sepulchers, and liberate the buried kings. And through hypogean graves which were built in mounds and the hypogean graves which were dug in rocks and through the nine hundred winding miles of catacombs under and around the Roman Campagna, where over seven millions human beings sleep. And through all the crystal sarcophagi of Atlantic and Pacific, Mediterranean and Caspian and Black sea deeps. And over all the battle fields of continents, until all the fallen troops of English and French and Italian and German and Russian and Persian and American and the world's battlefields answer the call. Marathon, come up! Agincourt, come up! Blenheim, come up! Acre, come up! Hohenlinden, come up! Sedan, come up! Gettysburg, come up! New Sharpsburg, during our civil war, when I was with some others, under the auspices of the Christian commission, looking after the wounded, Federal and Confederate, one moonlight night I was where I could look down upon the tents of the sleeping army. Oh, what an imposing spectacle! But my subject calls us to look down upon a mightier host of soldiers slumbering their last sleep in the bivouac of the dust; the seven hundred and fifty thousand slain in the Crimean war; the eight hundred thousand slain in our American war, the fifteen million slain in the wars of Sesostris, the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, the thirty-two million slain in wars of Gheungis Khan, the eighty million slain in the wars of the Crusaders, the one hundred and eighty million slain in the Roman wars. Aye, according to Dr. Dick, the dead in war, if each one occupied four feet of ground, would make enough graves to reach four hundred and forty-two times around the earth.

THE INNUMERABLE DEAD.

The most of people are dead. The world is a house of two rooms—a basement and a room above ground. The basement has two to one, three to one, four to one more occupants than the superstructure. Sickness and war and death have been stacking their harvests for near six thousand years. Where are those who saw the Pilgrim Fathers embark, or the Declaration of Independence signed, or Franklin lasso the lightning, or Warren Hastings tried, or Queen Elizabeth in her triumphant march to Kenilworth, or William, prince of Orange, land, or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome of Prague burned at the stake, or Tamerlane found his empire? Gone!

But the trumpet shall sound. Music to raise the dead. Oh, how much the world needs it! You take a torch and I will take a torch and we will go through some of the signed, or Frankin lasso the lightning, or Warren Hastings tried, or Queen Elizabeth in her triumphant march to Kenilworth, or William, prince of Orange, land, or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome of Prague burned at the stake, or Tamerlane found his empire? Gone!

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THE GLORIOUS AWAKENING.

But let us come out from these catacombs and extinguish our torches, for upon all these longings and expectations of all nations the morning of resurrection dawns. The trumpet shall sound! And the sooner it sounds the better. Oh, how we would like to get our loved ones back again! If we are ready to meet our Lord, our sins all pardoned, what a good thing if at this moment we could hear the resounding and reverberating blast! Would you not like to see your father again, your mother again, your daughter again, your boy again and all your departed kindred again? Roll on, sweet day of resurrection and reunion! Under the hoofs of the white steeds that draw thy chariot we strew Easter flowers. Would it not be grand if we could all rise together? You know that the Bible says we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. What if we should be among the favored ones who never have to see death, and that while in the full life of our body we should bear that trumpet sound and these mortal bodies take on immortality. Oh, how I would hasten to two places before the close of such a day, peaceful Greenwood and the village cemetery back of Somerville! And I would cry aloud: "The hour has come, the trumpet has sounded, the resurrection is here. Father and mother, you were the best of all the group, now lead the way!" The earth sinks out of sight. Clouds under foot. Other worlds only milestones on the King's highway. We rise! We rise! We rise! to be forever with the Lord and forever with each other. May we all have part in that first resurrection!

In this dark world of sin and pain

We will when we shall see the heavenly shore  
We there shall meet to part no more.  
The hope that we shall see that day  
Shall cleanse our groaning groans away.

Sheriff Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the second judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein John L. Farwell is plaintiff, and Emil Schultz et al defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 15th day of May A. D. 1889, at the front entrance to the district court rooms in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to wit: The north west quarter of section No. 36 township No. 7 north of range No. 3 east of the 6th P. M., Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 10th day of April A. D. 1889.

S. M. Melick, Sheriff.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

To all whom it may concern. You are hereby notified that on the 30th day of April, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. at the Hatter block in West Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, by authority of a chattel mortgage executed by C. W. Welsh and U. S. Grant to me dated November 5th, 1888 and filed for record in the office of the county clerk of Lancaster County Nebraska, November, 6th 1888, as No. 29,870 of chattel mortgages I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash the following articles of personal property, to wit: 2 pool tables, 1 billiard table 2 pool balls, 4 ivory billiard balls, cue racks 20 cues, 3 bridges, 2 ball racks, 2 strings of beads, 1 pin pool board, 4 chalk holders, 12 billiard room chairs, 1 round walnut table, 4 lamps with shades and hanging attachments, 1 counter, 10 chairs, 1 looking glass, 2 pictures, 9 goblets, 5 glasses, stove, 10 joints of pipe, tobacco cutter, small iron stove, brooms 3 screen doors with hangings, 1 board partition, bed stand, springs and mattress and bed clothes, wash stand, table covers, ice tank and all other articles of personal property used in connection with the billiard hall all of said articles above described being situated in the billiard hall formerly occupied by said mortgagor and mortgagee, situate in West Lincoln, Nebraska.

Default has been made in the terms of said mortgage and the mortgagor feels himself unsafe and insecure there is now due this 30th day of March, 1889 the sum of \$28.00.

J. S. BARTWICK, Mortgagee.  
By Talbot & Bryan his Atty's.



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