

ATTRACTIVE SERMON. MACHPELAH; OR, EASTER THOUGHTS.

Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., Sunday, April 6.—The Full Text Here Reported.—The Resurrection Idea a Most Blessed Thought to All Christians.

BROOKLYN, April 6.—The Academy of Music was appropriately decorated today for Easter service, and the regular artists of the Brooklyn Tabernacle were assisted by eminent musical performers. The hymn sung before sermon was:

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

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Machpelah; or, Easter Thoughts." It was based on the words in Gen. xxiii, 17, 18: "And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Manasse, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the border, were made sure unto Abraham."

Following is the sermon in full:

MACHPELAH.

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up his ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah his wife had died—that remarkable person who at ninety years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached one hundred and twenty-seven years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last summer. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in much sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—four hundred shekels of silver. This cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after, himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and memorable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis.

The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and porticoes in honor of the inhumated. The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into exquisite bas-reliefs and the features of dead faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with its silent habitations, and Paris has its Père-Lachaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Fayette and Moliero, and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, monumental and incineration.

RESTING PLACES OF THE DEAD.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion, as well as its art, in the manner in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills and its Evergreens and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants sleeping among hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, liads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Among preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Witt, and Bishop Doane, and Tyng, and Abner the missionary, and Bescher and Buddington, and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Chrys, Alice and Phoebe, James K. Paulding and John G. Saxton. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchel, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars"; the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson, and Marion Sims, and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epithet which he ordered cut in honor of the Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

A NOVEL QUESTION.

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their spiritual beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden, I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near to each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see today had to be sown and sown and put under shelter, or they would not have blossomed at all. They are the children of the conservators. But at this season, and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablaze with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north, and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, magnolia and sweet morning-glory, in the valleys at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the

tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and yew. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the fields, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear. His last drop of blood had congealed. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree-studded. In June, Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

THE RESURRECTION IDEA.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the Resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed-up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and still not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but the two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charles'?" Well, I will tell you the Resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any callidly, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the Judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last thimble after, if out of the broken soil shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it or sang into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You turn the wire, and then come forth the very tones, the very accentuation, the very cough, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voices of the departed? And if he can return the voices, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voices? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not then the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection. Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved.

Our bodies change every seven years, and yet, in one sense, it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at 12 years of age, when, disposed at the presence of two warts, I took a red hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. And we never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If he can do it ten times, I think he can do it eleven times. Then look at the resurrection year leucists. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine-dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years!

THE GOSPEL ALGEBRA.

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of the mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it! Oh, yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries! Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence. I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your feet walk, or your hand is extended. So find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up.

THE REST OF THE GRAVE.

They will come up improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience, and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your feet are tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness have put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its charities are all exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and quiets the feet, and folds the hands, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would be attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum beat for the march of life thirty or forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night; and whether in conscious or comatose state, it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the musician or says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throbb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can lie!

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and left bath of good, fresh, clean soil will wash off the last year, and then some of the same style is dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no reprieve from the dust since the time of Adam in paradise, get

any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original, life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the lowlands heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body.

Factor's care up to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy for that, when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments of exquisite upholstery. What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world saw ever. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave you put in pneumonia and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out halcyons. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

THE PERFECT RESURRECTION BODY.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts have penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost every one has some defective spot in his physical constitution; a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuragic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the cast wind or a season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will therefore have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected, and been the pasture ground for cattle and rooting places for swine, will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestors; but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles and mullen stalks and thistles and slabs shall, they shall rise with a glory that shall flash the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what orator never did for an academy, what orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection men will do for all the cemeteries.

HE IS RISEN INDEED.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured. For he was "the first fruits of them that sleep." He says he did not rise, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw him. On a mountain the eleven saw him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the five hundred and eighty who did see him. Yes, yes, he got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Frowl himself from the shackles of clay, he is not going to leave us an hour in the lurch.

There will be no door knob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, as we have a door knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and, opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladness rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the warping of the nose, but as we ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate! And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck in the sky. Farwell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, antenae that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to be broken, and friendships never again to part! I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up.

THE EIGHTH ONE TO GO.

Eight representatives have died since the election of members of the Fifty-first congress—four from each party. The last to pass away was Hon. David Wiltier, who expired recently at his home in Milford, N. Y. He never occupied his seat in the house during the present session because of illness. The oath of office was administered at his home at the same time Samuel J. Randall, also an invalid, was sworn in, and the two men remained paired until Mr. Wiltier's death.

Mr. Wiltier was born in Schenectady county, N. Y., in 1820. In childhood he removed to Milford, in Otsego county. He was a Republican in politics, and represented Herkimer, Otsego, and Schoharie counties in the Twenty-fourth congressional district—in the Twenty-third, Forty-sixth and Fifty-first congresses, and in private business he was a banker and a hog grower.

"A humanitarian bull fight" was one of the recent attractions at Birmingham, England. Convenient recesses were provided in which the bull fighters might take refuge whenever the bull's wrath was aroused. The game of tag continued for some time, and all-otted thirty minutes for the men and also the animal. No blood was spilled.

To Judge James V. Campbell, who died recently at Detroit, Michigan, undoubtedly owes much for the present condition of her statute books. For sixty years Mr. Campbell occupied a place on the bench of the state supreme court, and during that period was nine times chief justice.

A Wise Head.

First College Boy—What are you going to go in for—wealth or fame?

Second College Boy—Both. I'm going to be a ball player.—New York Weekly.

JOAN OF ARC MEMORIALS.

Two Costly Structures to Be Built by the French People.

The French people are at present a unit, at least on one thing, and that is the determination to honor the memory of the Maid of Orleans by the erection of two remarkable structures. At Domremy, Joan of Arc's birthplace, a basilica is already in process of construction, and the monumental group, representing Joan listening to the voices, has been completed. At Vaucouleurs a more ambitious memorial



LISTENING TO THE VOICES.

It will be a colossal edifice of medieval design. The design above the castle will be 150 feet high, and at the summit it is intended to place a gigantic group, of which Joan shall be the central figure. The Vaucouleurs enterprise involves the collection of an enormous sum of money, but contributions are being liberally made, and it is thought the needed sum will be realized within a reasonable time. The Domremy memorial displays Joan as receiving her mission; the other is to represent her as the warrior maid who saved France.

A Man with a Charmed Life.

Lawrence Long, a young man who resides at Jeffersonville, Ind., had had at least three escapes from death of a most remarkable nature. When a lad he fell off the Louisville bridge, and despite the terrific tumble did not receive a scratch or bruise, his only damage being a thorough wetting. When 17 years old Long married the daughter of a neighbor secretly. On hearing the news, the girl's father loaded a shot gun and started out to kill his son-in-law. They met, and the old man emptied both barrels at the boy, but failed to hit him. Long's latest adventure occurred at Louisville on the night of the recent tornado. He was in the ill-fated Falls City hall when it was struck by the whirlwind, and went down with the wreck. He promptly crawled out of the ruins and found that the only injury he had sustained was a small scratch on one ear.

Emin to Remain in Africa.

"The charm of Africa," that mysterious spell which lures back to the jungles and the forests of the dark continent every explorer who has once set foot upon its soil, remained potent in the case of Emin Pasha. He has faced danger and death for years in the Sudan and in the equatorial belt, and his rescue was a feat in which all the world took interest. But he cannot even move beyond the confines of the magic power that holds him. He has abandoned his proposed visit to Europe, joined Maj. Wisman's exploring expedition, and is preparing once again to plunge into the mighty wilderness of Central Africa.

Sixty Years a Sailor.

During his sixty years of naval service Vice Admiral Stephen Clogg Rowan, who died recently at Washington, participated in many exciting events. As a midshipman he took part in the Sennebois war, conducting boat expeditions and engaging in operations on shore. As lieutenant he served in the coast survey, was executive officer of the sloop Cyane on the Pacific squadron, and during the Mexican war was present at the capture of Monterey and San Diego. On blockade duty in the Gulf of California the Cyane captured a score of Mexican vessels and destroyed several gunboats. At the victories of San Gabriel and La Mesa Rowan was wounded in the shoulder. He espoused the cause of the north on the breaking out of the civil war, saw much active service, and at the end of the conflict had attained the rank of rear admiral. He was promoted to vice admiral while in command of the Asiatic squadron in 1868. He was a native of Ireland, and was 81 years old at the time of his death.

VICE ADMIRAL ROWAN.

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