

EASTER SUNDAY SERMON

"COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY."

Text of the Eloquent Discourse Delivered on Sunday, March 29, by the Rev. T. De Witt Talbot—Title of the Sermon, "The Split Mausoleum."

NEW YORK, March 30.—Dr. Talmage preached an Easter sermon to his two audiences today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at the Christian Herald service in New York in the evening the Academies of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers. Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew xxviii, 6. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting a great city, we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of epitaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case it is a matter of public interest, in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest.

THE MAJOR OF JOSEPH. It has for surroundings the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a broad climber, and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around these were the beauties of hick and arbutus. After the fatigue of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and topographical!

MARK WELL THE MAUSOLEUM. Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages: catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered, and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens, as was customary with crucified bodies, and here he is promptly and effectively hid from Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

THE GUARD OF THE TOMB. A regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a fight took place which decided the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in the shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ, having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman. I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener. These and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the tenets of earthly masonry cannot stand. Forever and forever is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible end under the angel's spear of flame, and met himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace.

THE LORD IS RISEN. The Lord is risen, and he is risen again. When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "R" and he said "I cannot understand what that letter means, but I know it is the letter 'R'." "The Lord is risen," said the old man, "I know what it means; that letter 'R' stands for 'resurrection.' I gather up all these broken words and I show them now the greatest piece of Christ's resurrection. 'The Lord is risen,' 'R' for 'resurrection,' 'R' for 'resurrection,' 'R' for 'resurrection.' 'The Lord is risen.' He is risen!

While standing around the place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ? If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglect to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey is an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub street. I go into that Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear today as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel I cannot forget the fact that his fellow musicians tried to destroy him with their discord. I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors, but I cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune, and that he made a contract for a thousand verses as a pension. I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors. Where did he die? In a garret. I move farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If it's long be no virtue it has none." I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent monument. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! Oh, unfortunates, give your old parents less tombstones and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom! Five percent of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the frugery of an excise man. Horace Greeley—entirely unburied while he lived—going out to his tomb was followed by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and the navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived; all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts at the tomb of Charles Sumner tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. It was too late. The costly monument at Springfield, Ill., can't pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between \$200,000 and \$300,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield. Do justice to the living. All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite or read the words of eulogical commemoration. Costly monuments of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

APPROPRIATE ORNAMENTS FOR TOMBS. Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the "hour time of the Saviour's inhumation he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where, amid the announcements and obituaries, the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are signs of resurrection. Death is not an end of anything. Let conservatory and arborium do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunny days twist a garland for her still heart.

BROOKLYN HAS NO GRANDER GLORY THAN HER GREENWOOD, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is afloat and the mound is caved in and the grass is the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle. Are your father and mother of so little account you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straggle up the fence and lift the slab and bank up the mound and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs. After a while you yourself will want to lie down to the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no deference for your bones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

FOUR ONLY PRESENT AT THE BURIAL. Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liverman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the Universe. Let this be consolatory to those who, through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long lines of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, can be of costly wood, pall bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance, and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies. Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That want for craps which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly kept into the "R" than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

AGAIN, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that the possibilities of unburied dead are fast becoming apparent. Not content with shrouds, gloves, hats, boots, parasols, cards, cases, etc., made of the plant material, mankind will now have her bodies of lead. Latest advice from Paris show that bodies will enter largely into the composition of waists, which will fasten in a manner to defy detection.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

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Miss Million—But, Mr. Matigold, I could never be a party to a marriage for money. Mr. Matigold—Do not be alarmed, Miss Million. I really haven't a cent to my name.—Munsey's Weekly.

Not a Marriage for Money. I was waiting at a station on the Second Avenue "L" road the other day when I noticed an umbrella mender and a traveling glazier. The first had a lot of ribs and handles and old umbrellas, and the second had a dozen pans of glass in a box on his back. Seeing that they regarded each other with coldness, I asked of the umbrella mender: "Don't you recognize the profession when you meet?"

The Amnities. "It's not the same line of business, sir," he replied. "Anybody can putty in a pan of glass, but it takes an artist to mend an umbrella." While he walked to the other end of the platform I shied up alongside of the glazier and remarked: "Any hard feelings between you and the umbrella man?"

Humoring the Girls. The other day Mrs. McFivrol, of Van Ness avenue, entered her parlor with her four daughters were waiting for the carriage to take them to the Bigwalleter's ball, and said: "My dear girls, I have just received a letter in a black bordered envelope, from London, where, you know, your Uncle William has been seriously ill for—" "Great heavens!" exclaimed the young ladies, beginning to weep.

A Chinese Joke. A rich man, living between the forges of two blacksmiths, was continually annoyed by the noise of their hammers, and was in despair at being unable to rest either by day or by night. At first he tried to induce them to hammer more quietly; then he made them all kinds of promises if they would only change their abodes. The two blacksmiths at last fell in with his proposals, and he transported with joy at the prospect of their departure, entertained them regardless of expense at a farewell banquet. At the end of the feast he asked them where they intended to set up their smithies. "Well," said one of them, "he who lived on your left will go to the smithy on your right, and he who lived on your right will go to that on your left."—From a Chinese Jest Book, quoted in St. James' Gazette.

A Mean Revenge. Bullrich—Say, see here, Wooden, if you have any grudge or grievance against me I wish you'd come to me and have it out like a man, and not try to get back at me in this underhand way. Wooden—Why, I don't know what you mean. Bullrich—Don't know what I mean? Wasn't it you that sent that new cook book to my wife?—Boston Courier.

Explanatory. Johnny—Uncle Horace, why is it so many little boys call you uncle? You ain't anybody's real uncle but mine, you know. Bachelor Relative (somewhat sadly)—The mothers of a good many of them, Johnny, became my—sisters many years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

From "The Tramp"—A Tragedy. First Beggar—I asked her for some oysters. Second Beggar—An' what said she? First Beggar—She said "go to." Second Beggar—Whereat you said— First Beggar—Aye, that and more, madam. I could easily go six.—New York Herald.

Long Legs. A lecturer is explaining the beauties and contrasts to be seen in the Alps. Winter and summer combined. With one foot I stood upon the icy glacier and with the other plucked blooming flowers from the bosom of the valley.—Pileggi's Blatter. Turning the Tables. Aunt Isabel—Gracie, those crusts are not bad. If I were you I'd eat them. North Side Two-year-old (pushing them under the edge of her plate)—No, auntie. If you was me you wouldn't eat 'em but if I was you I would.—Chicago Tribune. Sweet and Bitter. A girl is sweet. But oh how bitter. The same girl is When her dress don't fit her. —Hullville Bazar.