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Our 1891 Horse Hoe is one of the greatest labor saving farm tool ever seen. Made almost entirely of steel; it has Lever Expanders, Lever Wheel, Parrel Frame, Hollow Steel Standards, all Reversible Teeth, Handles adjustable for height and sidewise. Has Marker, Furrower, Ridger, Sweep and Vine Lifter Attachments, etc.

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# R. M. WADE & CO.


# 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 Talmage—Title of the Sermon, "The Split Mausoleum."**

NEW YORK, March 29.—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 any great city, we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an 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. At this sepulcher, I have to tell you—in this sepulcher there was buried a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

THE MANOR 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 hot climate, and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological!

I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs and come to a portico over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico, and on either side there are rooms, two or four or six rooms of rock; in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

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, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. 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.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operater would come and make the incision, and then run for his life else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt of niter, and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalmment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States government or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

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 its 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 as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

O weep no more, your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen; he lives again.

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "V," and he said, "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said, "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for 'victory.'" I gather up all these flowers today and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "heaven." "The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

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 Christ such a costly sepulcher 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 neglects 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 discords. 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 at sixpence a line. 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 length 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 mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! Oh, unfilial children, give your old parents less tombstones and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom! Five per cent. 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 drudgery of an excise man. Horace Greeley—outrageously abused 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, Ills., cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between $300,000 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 to read the words of epitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarean 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 short 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 obsequies, 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 parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum 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 sunshiny 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 aslant 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 straighten 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, liveryman—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 line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket 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 went for crape 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 put into the grave 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 you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower or Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certain as you and I go down into the grave, just so certain we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the bowlders of the mountains you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean we will rise to the surface.

Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one—Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulcher, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

WITH TRUMPETS AND SHOUTINGS.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb crying: "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! Over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude! That is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude! That is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie. That is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster abbey as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up.

Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good, and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine or simmered in the fire or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all!

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing, not one foot clogged, not one arm palsied, not one tongue dumb, not one ear deaf.

PEACE TOWARD HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the deserts until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international goodwill. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today.
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

### Rather a Mean Trick.

A gentleman who resides within a Sabbath day's journey of Springfield is very sore over a horse transaction. He visited a dealer with a view to buying a mate to a horse he owned. The dealer showed him one which suited him, but advised him not to buy the animal, as he did not consider him "right," and he went his way. As the story goes, another dealer learned that this man wanted a horse, and accordingly stepped around to dealer No. 1 and bought the horse in question, and after a week or more drove the horse around to the would-be purchaser, who was taken with the animal, and made a trade, paying $100 in excess of the price asked by dealer No. 1. The purchaser soon found he had bought the horse he had first looked at.—Springfield Homestead.

### Bodices of Kid.

The possibilities of undressed kid are fast becoming apparent. Not content with shoes, gloves, hats, bags, portemannaies, card cases, etc., made of this pliant material, madam will now have her bodices of kid. Latest advices from Paris show that Suede 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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**AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.**

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly curse
A spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take,
And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say [tion
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

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